

## *Moral and Sacred Poems (1744)*<sup>1</sup>

### Volume 3

[Baker List, #78]

#### **Editorial Introduction:**

Poetry played a prominent role in genteel culture in eighteenth-century Britain. In addition to well-selling collections by poets like John Dryden, Alexander Pope, and Edward Young, there were regular sections of poetry in most of the leading periodicals. The genre was embraced for political critique, moral instruction, philosophical argument, religious devotion, light diversion, and a range of other public purposes. John Wesley was typical of many in his day in keeping a manuscript notebook during his Oxford years where he copied poems that he found instructive or worthy of reading repeatedly (see the MS Poetry Miscellany in this collection).

While Wesley's manuscript collection includes several selections that he would have viewed as entertaining, it is clear that he particularly valued poems with strong moral and religious themes. Thus, he was sympathetic to a suggestion made by Selina Hastings, Countess of Huntingdon, in 1742 that public culture would greatly benefit from a collection of "chaste" moral and sacred poems. Wesley soon began work on such a collection. It was issued as a series of unbound leaflets, beginning in 1743. The last installment appeared in 1744 and the full compliment were bound as a three-volume set. While the target audience of Wesley's *Collection of Psalms and Hymns* series was Anglican worshipers, and the *Hymns and Sacred Poems* series was particularly aimed at those involved in the renewal movement, the hoped-for audience of this series was the larger public, particularly those of genteel society. Slow sales suggest that it was not well received in this setting. About 150 sets of the initial bound copies remained in the inventory at John Wesley's house in London at his death, nearly fifty years after its publication. Despite this lack of commercial success, the three volume collection remains valuable as a window into Wesley's moral and spiritual emphases in the 1740s.

While the first two volumes of this series included several prominent poets of the last century, this third volume was devoted mainly to the Wesley family—with one hymn by Samuel Wesley Sr, fifty items drawn from Samuel Wesley Jr. (the elder brother), eighteen from Charles Wesley (the younger brother), and one translation of a German hymn by John himself. The only other contributor that appears in the volume is John Gambold, a close friend of John and Charles Wesley through their Oxford years and into the early revival. Seventeen of the items in the volume had appeared in earlier publications by John or Charles Wesley (shown in blue font in the Table of Contents).

While we have modernized capitalization in the transcription below, we have generally retained the spelling and punctuation of the original, correcting only the printer errors that are scattered through the text.

#### **Edition:**

John Wesley. *Collection of Moral and Sacred Poems*. 3 vols. Bristol: Farley, 1744.

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<sup>1</sup>This document was produced under the editorial direction of Randy L. Maddox, with the diligent assistance of Aileen F. Maddox. Last updated: January 21, 2013.

## Table of Contents

|   |        |
|---|--------|
| Eupolis' Hymn to the Creator [Samuel Wesley Sr.] <i>CPH (1737), 71–74</i>             | 3–8    |
| On Happiness [Samuel Wesley Jr.]  | 9–12   |
| The Battle of the Sexes [Samuel Wesley Jr.]   | 13–38  |
| On Isaiah 40:6–8 [Samuel Wesley Jr.]  | 39–40  |
| Epitaph on an Infant [Samuel Wesley Jr.]  | 40     |
| To a Friend in the Country [Samuel Wesley Jr.]  | 41–43  |
| From Martial [Samuel Wesley Jr.]  | 43–44  |
| To Sir Herbert Powell, Baronet [Samuel Wesley Jr.]                                    | 44–48  |
| The Parish Priest [Samuel Wesley Jr.]   | 49–57  |
| Epigram from the Greek [Samuel Wesley Jr.]  | 58     |
| A Letter from a Guardian to a Young Lady [Samuel Wesley Jr.]                          | 58–64  |
| Song [Samuel Wesley Jr.]  | 65     |
| On Mr. Hobbes [Samuel Wesley Jr.]   | 66–69  |
| On the Death of Mr. Morgan of Christ-Church, Oxford [Samuel Wesley Jr.]               | 70–72  |
| Reflections upon these two Verses of Mr. Oldham [Samuel Wesley Jr.]                   | 73–77  |
| To the Memory of the Right Reverend Francis Gastrell, D.D. [Samuel Wesley Jr.]        | 78–86  |
| An Anacreontick [Samuel Wesley Jr.]   | 86     |
| To a Young Gentleman, on his Recovery ... [Samuel Wesley Jr.]                         | 87–88  |
| The Descriptive: A Miltonick [Samuel Wesley Jr.]                                      | 89–93  |
| Epigram on the foregoing Miltonicks [Samuel Wesley Jr.]                               | 93     |
| An Ode to James Oglethorpe, Esq. [Samuel Wesley Jr.]                                  | 94–97  |
| [Blank]   | 98     |
| The Prisons Open'd [Samuel Wesley Jr.]  | 99–112 |
| A Wedding-Song [Samuel Wesley Jr.]  | 113–17 |
| To the Memory of the Reverend Dr. South [Samuel Wesley Jr.]                           | 118–23 |
| A Pindarick Ode to the Right Hon. the Earl of Oxford [Samuel Wesley Jr.]              | 124–27 |
| Advice to One who was about to Write, ... [Samuel Wesley Jr.]                         | 128–33 |
| On the Death of Mrs. Morice [Samuel Wesley Jr.]                                       | 134–39 |
| Anacreontick [Samuel Wesley Jr.]  | 139    |
| The December's Day: A Song [Samuel Wesley Jr.]  | 140–42 |
| Anacreontick, on parting with a little Child [Samuel Wesley Jr.]                      | 142    |
| On the Death of the Right Honourable Henrietta Countess of Orrery [Samuel Wesley Jr.] | 143–46 |
| To Kitty, a Poetical Young Lady [Samuel Wesley Jr.]                                   | 147–50 |
| A Pindarick Ode to the Right Hon. the Earl of Oxford [Samuel Wesley Jr.]              | 151–54 |
| From a Hint in the Minor Poets [Samuel Wesley Jr.]                                    | 154    |
| An Ode to James Oglethorpe, Esq. [Samuel Wesley Jr.]                                  | 155–60 |
| On the Death of a Friend [Samuel Wesley Jr.]  | 160–63 |
| On some Blasphemous Discourses ... [Samuel Wesley Jr.]                                | 164–69 |
| Love and Reason [Samuel Wesley Jr.]   | 169    |
| An Epitaph [Samuel Wesley Jr.]  | 170    |
| Upon my Hairs Falling [Samuel Wesley Jr.]   | 171    |
| On Humility [Samuel Wesley Jr.]   | 171–73 |
| On the Passion of our Saviour [Samuel Wesley Jr.] <i>CPH (1737), 44–45</i>            | 173–74 |
| Ode upon Christ's Crucifixion [Samuel Wesley Jr.]                                     | 175–76 |
| An Hymn on Easter-Day [Samuel Wesley Jr.] <i>CPH (1741), 36</i>                       | 177    |
| An Hymn for Sunday [Samuel Wesley Jr.] <i>CPH (1741), 36</i>                          | 178    |
| An Hymn to God the Father [Samuel Wesley Jr.] <i>CPH (1737), 11–12</i>                | 179–80 |
| An Hymn to God the Son [Samuel Wesley Jr.] <i>CPH (1737), 12–13</i>                   | 180–81 |

|   |         |
|---|---------|
| An Hymn to God the Holy Ghost [Samuel Wesley Jr.] <i>CPH (1737)</i> , 13                            | 182–83  |
| An Hymn to the Trinity, Three Persons and One God [Samuel Wesley Jr.] <i>CPH (1737)</i> , 14        | 183–84  |
| A Paraphrase on the 8 <sup>th</sup> Psalm [Samuel Wesley Jr.] <i>CPH (1741)</i> , 60–62             | 185–88  |
| Hezekiah’s Thanksgiving for His Recovery from Sickness: Isaiah 38 [Samuel Wesley Jr.]               | 188–92  |
| The Mystery of Life [John Gambold] <i>HSP (1739)</i> , 7–8  | 193–94  |
| Epitaph [John Gambold] <i>HSP (1739)</i> , 9  | 195     |
| Upon List’ning to the Vibrations of a Clock [John Gambold] <i>HSP (1739)</i> , 10                   | 195     |
| On Clemens Alexandrinus’s Description of a Perfect Christian [J. Gambold] <i>HSP (1739)</i> , 37–38 | 196–97  |
| After Considering Some of His Friends [John Gambold] <i>HSP (1739)</i> , 57–58                      | 198–99  |
| Religious Discourse [John Gambold] <i>HSP (1739)</i> , 58–63  | 200–205 |
| God’s Greatness [John Wesley translation of German hymn by Ernst Lange] <i>CPH (1737)</i> , 15–18   | 206–9   |
| [Blank]   | 210     |
| An Elegy on the Death of Robert Jones, Esq. [Charles Wesley][ <a href="#">published in 1742</a> ]   | 211–32  |
| The 6 <sup>th</sup> Chapter of Isaiah [Charles Wesley]  | 233–38  |
| Part of the 9 <sup>th</sup> Chapter of Isaiah, Verse 2, etc. [Charles Wesley]                       | 238–41  |
| Part of the 10 <sup>th</sup> Chapter of Isaiah, Verse 24, etc. [Charles Wesley]                     | 241–43  |
| The 11 <sup>th</sup> Chapter of Isaiah [Charles Wesley]   | 243–47  |
| The 14 <sup>th</sup> Chapter of Isaiah [Charles Wesley] [ <a href="#">published in 1742</a> ]       | 247–55  |
| The 25 <sup>th</sup> Chapter of Isaiah [Charles Wesley]   | 255–61  |
| After the Death of a Friend [Charles Wesley]  | 261–66  |
| Desiring to be Dissolv’d [Charles Wesley]   | 266–67  |
| Another [Charles Wesley]  | 267–68  |
| Another [Charles Wesley]  | 269–70  |
| The Christian [Charles Wesley?]   | 270–71  |
| The Same [Charles Wesley]   | 271–73  |
| The Life of Faith. [Part I] [Charles Wesley]  | 273–75  |
| [The Life of Faith.] Part II [Charles Wesley]   | 275–78  |
| For a Dying Friend [Charles Wesley]   | 278–84  |
| Epitaph [Charles Wesley]  | 284–85  |
| On the Death of Mrs. Anne Cowper [Charles Wesley]   | 285–88  |

A  
COLLECTION  
OF  
MORAL AND SACRED  
POEMS.

**Eupolis' Hymn to the Creator.<sup>1</sup>**

**From the Greek.  
By Samuel Wesley, Sen. A. M.**

Author of being, source of light,  
With unfading beauties bright,  
Fulness, goodness, rolling round  
Thy own fair orb without a bound:  
Whether thee thy suppliants call  
Truth, or good, or one, or all,  
Ei, or Iao; thee we hail  
Essence that can never fail,

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<sup>1</sup>Samuel Wesley Sr., from manuscript. Wesley published first in *CPH* (1737), 71–74. Despite the title, this is almost certainly a poetic rendering of the Greek text of “Hymn to Zeus” by Cleanthes.

*Grecian or barbaric name,*  
Thy stedfast being still the same.

Thee, when morning greets the skies  
With rosy cheeks and humid eyes:  
Thee, when sweet-declining day  
Sinks in purple waves away;  
Thee will I sing, O parent Jove,  
And teach the world to praise and love.

Yonder azure vault on high,  
Yonder blue, low, liquid sky,  
Earth on its firm basis plac'd,  
And with circling waves embrac'd,  
All creating pow'r confess,  
All their mighty Maker bless.  
Thou shak'st all nature with thy nod,  
Sea, earth, and air confess the God:  
Yet does thy pow'rful hand sustain,  
Both earth and heaven, both firm and main.

Scarce can our daring thought arise  
To thy pavilion in the skies;  
Nor can Plato's self declare  
The bliss, the joy, the rapture there.  
Barren above thou dost not reign,  
But circled with a glorious train,  
The sons of God, the sons of light,  
Ever joying in thy sight:  
(For thee their silver harps are strung,)  
Ever beauteous, ever young,  
Angelic forms their voices raise,  
And thro' heav'ns arch resound thy praise.

The feather'd souls that swim the air,  
And bathe in liquid ether there,  
The lark, precentor of their choir  
Leading them higher still and higher,  
Listen and learn; th' angelic notes  
Repeating in their warbling throats:  
And e're to soft repose they go,  
Teach them to their lords below:  
On the green turf, their mossy nest,  
The ev'ning anthem swells their breast.  
Thus like thy golden chain from high,  
Thy praise unites the earth and sky.

Source of light, thou bidst the sun  
On his burning axle<sup>2</sup> run;  
The stars like dust around him fly,  
And strew the area of the sky.  
He drives so swift his race above,  
Mortals can't perceive him move:  
So smooth his course, oblique or strait,  
Olympus shakes not with his weight.  
As the queen of solemn night  
Fills at his vase her orb of light,  
Imparted lustre: thus we see,  
The solar virtue shines by thee.

Eiresione we'll no more,  
Imaginary pow'r, adore;  
Since oil, and wool, and chearful wine,  
And life-sustaining bread are thine.

Thy herbage, O great Pan, sustains  
The flocks that graze our Attic plains;

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<sup>2</sup>Ori., "Axles"; corrected in the errata.

The olive, with fresh verdure crown'd,  
Rises pregnant from the ground;  
At thy command it shoots and springs,  
And a thousand blessings brings.  
Minerva, only is thy mind,  
Wisdom, and bounty to mankind.  
The fragrant thyme,<sup>3</sup> the bloomy rose,  
Herb, and flow'r, and shrub that grows  
On Thessalian Tempe's plain,  
Or where the rich Sabeans reign,  
That treat the taste, or smell, or sight,  
For food, for med'cine or delight;  
Planted by thy parent care,  
Spring, and smile, and flourish there.

O ye nurses of soft dreams,  
Reedy brooks, and winding streams,  
Or murm'ring o'er the pebbles sheen,  
Or sliding thro' the meadows green,  
Or where thro' matted sedge you creep,  
Travelling to your parent deep:  
Sound his praise, by whom you rose,  
That sea, which neither ebbs nor flows.

O ye immortal woods and groves,  
Which the enamour'd student loves;  
Beneath whose venerable shade,  
For thought and friendly converse made,  
Fam'd Hecadem, old hero, lies,  
Whose shrine is shaded from the skies,  
And thro' the gloom of silent night  
Projects from far its trembling light;

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<sup>3</sup>Ori., "theme"; corrected in the errata.

You, whose roots descend as low,  
As high in air your branches grow;  
Your leafy arms to heav'n extend,  
Bend your heads, in homage bend:  
Cedars, and pines that wave above,  
And the oak belov'd of Jove.

Omen, monster, prodigy,  
Or nothing are, or Jove from thee!  
Whether various nature play,  
Or re-invers'd thy will obey,  
And to rebel man declare  
Famine, plague or wasteful war.  
Laugh, ye profane, who dare despise  
The threatenning vengeance of the skies,  
Whilst the pious, on his guard,  
Undismay'd is still prepar'd:  
Life or death, his mind's at rest,  
Since what thou send'st must needs be best.

No evil can from thee proceed:  
'Tis only suffer'd, not decreed.  
Darkness is not from the sun,  
Nor mount the shades 'till he is gone:  
Then does night obscene arise  
From Erebus, and fill the skies,  
Fantastic forms the air invade,  
Daughters of nothing and of shade.

Can we forget thy guardian care,  
Slow to punish, prone to spare!  
Thou brak'st the haughty Persian's pride,  
That dar'd old ocean's pow'r deride;

Their shipwrecks strew'd the Eubean wave,  
At Marathon they found a grave.  
O ye blest Greeks who there expir'd,  
For Greece with pious ardour fir'd,  
What shrines or altars shall we raise  
To secure your endless praise?  
Or need we monuments supply,  
To rescue what can never die!

And yet a greater hero far  
(Unless great Socrates could err)  
Shall rise to bless some future day,  
And teach to live, and teach to pray.  
Come, unknown instructor, come!  
Our leaping hearts shall make thee room  
Thou with Jove our vows shalt share,  
Of Jove and thee we are the care.

O Father King, whose heav'nly face  
Shines serene on all thy race,  
We thy magnificence adore,  
And thy well-known aid implore:  
Nor vainly for thy help we call;  
Nor can we want: for thou art all!

**On Happiness.<sup>4</sup>**

**By Samuel Wesley, Jun. M. A.**

1. What art thou, HAPPINESS, or where?  
    In mirth, or wisdom of the mind?  
In hermit's peace, or heroe's war?  
    To cots, or palaces confin'd?  
In friendship's breast, or beauty's eye?  
In madness, or in piety?
2. Did peace in rural shades abide,  
    Were groves and fields the seat of rest,  
The conqu'ror punish'd for his pride,  
    Thrown from a monarch to a beast,  
Had found, when grazing in the field,  
The bliss his palace could not yield.
3. Whose mind with loneliness can suit,  
    Who makes in caves his dark abode,  
Is unreflecting as a brute,  
    Or self-sufficient as a god.  
But care no desert can exclude,  
We haunt ourselves in solitude.

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<sup>4</sup>Samuel Wesley Jr., *Poems on Several Occasions*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (Cambridge: J. Bentham, 1743), 1–4.

4. Mischance can reach the high entron'd,  
Nor pow'r, nor fame, can fill the thought;  
This weeping Alexander own'd,  
And falling mighty Julius taught:  
And who than Julius hopes to rise  
More brave, or generous, or wise?
5. Transported if our spirits grow,  
Obeying wine or musick's call,  
The higher at their rise they flow,  
The lower at their ebb they fall:  
And finest wit affords delight  
As short as lightning, tho' as bright.
6. With knowledge sorrows will increase,  
If Solomon himself we hear:  
And who would grasp at hopes like these,  
And length of toil and watching bear,  
Merely by length of toil to gain  
A farther usury of pain?
7. But friendship, that can fate disarm,  
Exerts in life a pow'r divine;  
Yet often impotent to warm,  
The meteor can no more than shine:  
And noblest friends sometimes we find  
Are cold, uneasy, or unkind.

8. Love, when mutual passions rise,  
Sweetest happiness below;  
See, the pleasing vision flies,  
See, the end of joy is woe!  
Either cloy'd, or else but tasting;  
'Tis not great, or 'tis not lasting.
9. Suppose no boding inward stings,  
Repentant sighs, or guilty tears;  
Or jealousy, that frequent brings  
Himself the mischief that he fears:  
Or falshood, or fantastick jar,  
Or fainting swooning of despair.
10. The madman, merry monarch, raves,  
While pleasing phrenzy soothes his brain;  
He wars and revolutions braves,  
Of fear insensible and pain:  
Yet friends the lunatick bemoan,  
Curst in misfortunes not his own.
11. Where piety, celestial born,  
Her genuine influence bestows,  
Unpointed is the sharpest thorn,  
And brighten'd is the fairest rose.  
She care from greatness can exclude,  
And gild the gloom of solitude.

12. Ev'ry loss she turns to gain,  
    Joys unclog'd with guilt assuring,  
Pleasures void of after-pain,  
    Love well-grounded and enduring.  
Knowledge blest, presenting still  
Truth to wit, and good to will.
  
13. Lo! the friend a brother makes!  
    Heighten'd love disdains to fly!  
Ev'ry bliss the present lacks  
    Heav'n hereafter will supply!  
Never cloy'd, tho' more than tasting,  
Ever great, and ever-lasting.

**THE  
BATTLE  
OF THE  
SEXES.**

... *Paribus se legibus ambæ  
Invictæ gentes æterna in fœdera mittant.*<sup>5</sup> Virg.

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<sup>5</sup>Virgil, *Aeneid*, xii.190; "Under equal terms, let both nations, unconquered, enter upon an everlasting compact (Loeb).

[blank]

**The  
Preface  
to the  
Second Edition  
of the  
Battle of the Sexes.**

The first edition of the following poem was printed more correctly than could have been reasonably expected, since it was published without the writer's knowledge, and a great many undeserved compliments were passed upon him in the preface; so that he now is utterly prevented from alledging what is usual in such cases,—the necessity of doing justice to himself. But there is a much better reason for giving the reader this trouble, which is, the doing justice to another. Mr. Addison, in the *Guardian*, Numb. 152. has printed an allegory, which is the argument of these stanzas. He design'd to have written a whole canto, in the spirit of Spenser,<sup>6</sup> upon the contention for superiority between the two sexes, which gave the hint to a mean-

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<sup>6</sup>I.e., Edmund Spenser (1552?–1599).

er hand, to build upon that foundation; who has found it much easier to imitate the stanza, than the spirit of that excellent poet.

It would be a mortifying consideration for any man, who hoped to establish a reputation by composition, to reflect, that a production of one of our finest wits should be so much unknown to the world, as to be mistaken for new, and attributed to a wrong person, a little while after it had been dispersed in loose papers in *coffee-houses*, nay, and reprinted even with the author's name. The fable was plainly intended, as that great man's works generally were, to promote the interest of virtue; for which very reason, perhaps, it sunk in oblivion, while several other pieces, far less valuable, have been more frequently read, and more loudly applauded. There are never wanting *miscreants*, ('tis an authorized term,) who admire no part of Milton so much as his political prose, and who would prefer a Marvel<sup>7</sup> to a Spencer.

'Tis hoped it will not be thought arrogance, to have made a few alterations in the plan, which seems not altogether finished. The war is carried on chiefly by auxiliaries not belonging to either sex, though there seems a necessity they should be either male or female, and consequently

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<sup>7</sup>I.e., Andrew Marvell (1621–1678).

they might as well have been mustered as such. The sexes of the combatants are seldom marked; nay, *modesty*, the peculiar character of women, is called a hero, which supposes it a virtue of the masculine gender. The sexes here are always distinguished, and maintain their own cause; since people generally fight their own battles best: for he must be a consummate politician indeed, who by forming barriers and alliances can make men more concerned for others than for themselves.

There is but one other change of Mr. Addison's expression, which need be taken notice of. The *gods* and *hymen* are left out, and *angels* and *marriage* substituted in their places. As long as the heathen polytheism was established, and according to Hobbs's definition of religion, tales feigned in private were believed publicly;<sup>8</sup> those machines might reasonably contribute to the marvellous in poetry, without appearing monstrous and incredible: but having been long universally disbelieved, they now transgress all bounds of probability. Besides, they are necessarily obscure to most readers, since it requires a competent share of learning, to understand the allusions to antiquated fables; not to insist upon what Bossu grants,

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<sup>8</sup>Thomas Hobbes, *Leviathan*, Ch. 6: "Fear of power invisible, feigned by the mind, or imagined from tales publicly allowed, religion; not allowed, superstition. And when the power imagined is truly such as we imagine, true religion."

that the shell of the antient allegories was more calculated to do mischief, than the *moral* was to do service to mankind. Tho' 'tis a very doubtful point, whether, generally speaking, the poetical fictions were at first designed to have any *moral* at all. Neither is it impracticable to be a compleat poet upon a Christian scheme; if any one thinks so, let him read *Paradise Lost*. Yet the majority of modern poets stand up stily for an indefeasible right to their old heathenism; and some of them seem by their writings to take in the *agenda*, as well as *credenda*, of that *no-religion*; and to be PAGANS in practice, as well as belief.

If the following lines should be peremptorily pronounced to have nothing poetical in them, because utterly destitute of gods and goddesses, the author will be very easy upon that head, if it may be allowed him to have given any hints not unprofitable for the *conduct of life*. To this end he has expatiated in drawing the characters much farther than was requisite, meerly with a view to the battle of the sexes. For he had rather be of some use to a single *reader*, than, without that degree of usefulness, to be esteemed the *best poet* that ever wrote.

**The  
Battle of the Sexes.<sup>9</sup>**

1. Thou, for whose view these numbers were design'd,  
    A while with favour, Hamilton, attend;  
Smile, and begin not now to be unkind,  
    But tho' the poet please not, spare the friend.  
And thou, dear object of my growing love,  
    Whom now I must not, or I dare not name,  
Approve my verse, which shines if you approve;  
    Let giddy madmen court delusive fame;  
Let your acceptance sweet o'erpay my toil;  
Let age and rigour frown, so youth and beauty smile.
  
2. Of arms, which fierce contending sexes bore,  
    I sing; and wars, for fame and empire made.  
Despotick man rul'd with tyrannick pow'r,  
    Obey'd, but with reluctance still obey'd;  
With words his long-disputed cause he tries,  
    But woman's equal wit disdains to yield;  
At length to arms ungenerously he flies,  
    As quick the female takes the profer'd field;

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<sup>9</sup>Samuel Wesley Jr., *Poems on Several Occasions*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (Cambridge: J. Bentham, 1743), 15–40.

Each their superior merit to maintain:  
For man was learn'd and proud, and woman fair and vain.

3. A plain there was, call'd *Life*, extended wide,  
    To which a single painful passage led,  
With num'rous outlets plac'd on ev'ry side;  
    Scenes smiling fair the prospect overspread:  
Flourets, and myrtles fragrant, seem'd to rise:  
    All was at distance sweet, but near at hand  
The gay deceit mock'd the desiring eyes,  
    With thorns, and desert heath, and barren sand.  
Severest change afflicts th' uncertain air,  
Expos'd to summer suns, to blasts of winter bare.
4. 'Twas here each sex their field of battle chose,  
    The narrow entrance by consent they past;  
But enter'd, soon their enmity disclose,  
    And to their different standards march with haste.  
Before directing reason yet awoke,  
    Was passion taught them ev'n in infant age,  
While antient sires the kindling sparks provoke,  
    And warning dames impertinently sage.  
Thus either sex in mutual feuds combin'd,  
As tho' for wars and hate by nature's God design'd.
5. Brigades of crafty neuters hov'ring lay  
    Camp'd on the margin of the spacious plain,  
To wait the doubtful fortune of the day,  
    And publick loss improve to private gain:

Detested prudence! others, nobler far,  
Their unresolving march to neither bend,  
Purpos'd in friendship to compose the jar,  
Or timely succour to th' oppress'd to send.  
Here *Marriage* chaste, there *Love* the conqu'ror lies,  
Adverse to ranging *Lust*, and groveling *Avarice*.

6. The women first, quick to revenge, were seen  
In shining rich enamel'd arms advance;  
Like antient Spartans, o'er the level green,  
To breathing flutes they trod a measur'd dance.  
Dreadful to man so moving! strait in air,  
Male banners wave, while sounding trumpets breath  
Kindles in martial breasts stern love of war,  
Delib'rate valour, and contempt of death.  
Furious they charge, while *Fortitude*, their guide,  
Conspicuous in the van, his female foes defy'd.
7. In freshest pride of life, and strength of years,  
The male battalions worthy to command,  
In times of danger unappal'd with fears,  
A chieftain swift of foot, and strong of hand;  
Nor tir'd with labours, nor dismay'd with pains,  
Arm'd at all points, a stranger to despair,  
He dreads not treason, and he force disdains;  
In bitter taunts he thus accosts the fair:  
By women charg'd, shall warriors back recoil?  
Sharp swords and pointed spears shall feeble distaffs foil?

8. *Beauty*, great gen'ral of the female war,  
    Sprung from the front with *Fortitude* t' engage;  
Too slight for toil her tender limbs appear,  
    Yet stoutest heroes trembled at her rage.  
Stiff ribs of whale her coat of mail compos'd;  
    Compos'd with art, her taper waste to show:  
A bever wrought with black her helmet clos'd,  
    Which by th' name of mask the moderns know.  
Each step, each motion, shot an artless grace;  
She seem'd of conquest sure, sure e'en without her face.
  
9. The warlike virgin, and the hero, chose  
    In diff'rent ways to wage an equal fight;  
With giant strength he heaps redoubled blows;  
    Of force inferior, she depends on slight:  
Eluding furious strokes by quick retreat,  
    Long time she wards, and wary shifts her place;  
At length her helm his sword descending met,  
    And of her sable vizard cut the lace;  
Millions of sudden charms discover'd lye,  
Her skin, her hair, her brows, her cheeks, her lip, her eye.
  
10. Disdainful frowns and smiles alternate rise,  
    Swift to her cheeks the lovely crimson streams,  
While kindling rage darts lightning from her eyes,  
    And adds new brightness to their native beams;

Nor shalt thou boast, th' undaunted virgin said,  
Nor am I yet defenceless, and o'erthrown.  
His forward foot the shrinking warrior stay'd,  
Damp'd with resistless fear, till then unknown;  
Th' enchanting voice his utmost nerves unstrung,  
And what her eyes began, she perfects with her tongue.

11. But *Wisdom* next slow-marching to his aid,  
In heavy armour took the doubtful field;  
Temper'd his helm, by wondrous magick made;  
And proof to witchcraft was his pond'rous shield.  
Calm without fear, and fervent without rage,  
In action quick, and wary to advise,  
He seem'd advanc'd to more than middle age;  
For when had youth the leisure to be wise?  
Valiant to charge, but not too proud to fly;  
Resolv'd his lifted arm, and quick his piercing eye.
12. Now *Beauty* small avails, for *Wisdom* knows  
How soon her transitory glories fail;  
That age brings languid eyes, and wither'd brows,  
Her hairs all hoary, and her face all pale.  
The more he view'd, he view'd with less applause;  
Whom rage distorted, and whom pride deform'd:  
Sternly his unrelenting sword he draws,  
Nor by her looks, nor by her language warm'd.  
Scarce could frail *Beauty* stand his awful view,  
When timely to her aid deep-mining *Cunning* flew.

13. Artful her bosom heav'd, her rolling eyes  
Allur'd with glances whom in heart she scorn'd;  
Sweet flow'd her words with ever-pleasing lies,  
An infant lisp her double tongue adorn'd.  
Her feet half dancing, negligently pac'd;  
Her motion, nay, her rest was all design;  
Her arms a scarf and ribband bridle grac'd,  
Whose colours glorious in the sun-beams shine;  
Their hue still varying with the changing place,  
Yet each alternate dye was suited to her face.
14. The springs and passions of the secret mind,  
The wily sorceress could surely move;  
Now cruel false, now seeming faithful kind,  
With well-dress'd hate, and well-dissembled love:  
Fast fell her tears, obedient to her will,  
A side-long glance her roving eyes would throw;  
Simple in shew, and innocent of skill,  
Observing most what least she seem'd to know:  
Then farthest off when most approaching near,  
Was never fraud so deep, in 'semblance so sincere.
15. A fierce and dubious conflict now began;  
*Cunning*, great engineer of womankind,  
*Wisdom*, main champion for contending man,  
Met, wond'ring each, their match in arms to find:  
Equal the fight, while both their station held,  
While neither chief the adverse camp invades,  
But furious onsets either part repell'd,  
By warlike wiles and viewless ambuscades:

Their safety not in strength, but flying, stood;  
They conquer'd who retir'd, they yielded who pursu'd.

16. Mean time, far to the left, great *Patience* fought,  
    Experienc'd veteran, harden'd in alarms;  
His mail seem'd proof 'gainst mortal fury wrought,  
    Yet furrows deep indent his batter'd arms;  
Loss with persisting diligence he retriev'd,  
    Arm'd by his present ills for future wars;  
Leader of men, wounds had he oft receiv'd,  
    Nobly deform'd with honourable scars:  
A branching palm the chieftain's target bore,  
Whose boughs the more oppress'd, superior rise the more.
17. Him *Scorn* oppos'd, an Amazonian fair,  
    Whose haughty eyes were ever glanc'd askew;  
Her neck writh'd backward with disdainful air,  
    As some distasteful sight offends her view.  
That silly maid incur'd her steady hate,  
    That could to man, tyrannick fawner, bow.  
At distance let the menial spaniel wait,  
    Or cringing at her feet his duty know.  
Studios of flight, she fear'd to trust her feet,  
But rode a Moorish barb, than eastern winds more fleet.
18. Tho' man, as trodden dirt, her soul despis'd,  
    Yet ill her habit and her words agree;  
A manlike hunter's dress her form disguis'd,  
    Shafts at her back, and buskins to her knee:

She fought like antient Parthians, flying fast,  
And frequent stop'd her swift pursuers speed,  
Still as she shot, redoubling strait her haste,  
Quick born far distant by her light-foot steed;  
E'er on her cask, her foe man's sword descends,  
Who 'gainst impassive air his idle fury bends.

19. At length, oft wounded by her backward dart,  
Dismounted *Patience* headlong greets the plain;  
The boastful conqu'ress glories in his smart,  
Stops, and alights, to view and mock his pain.  
The seeming breathless champion light arose,  
By wounds unweaken'd, fiercer for his fall;  
Nor could astonish'd *Scorn* his force oppose,  
Debar'd of wonted flight, a sudden thrall.  
So dear th' unwary short-liv'd brav'ry cost;  
What hours with toil preserv'd, with ease a moment lost.
20. But now the neutral troops to move began,  
Threat'ning the wearied hosts with fatal war,  
Led by their chieftain *Lust*, a giant man,  
With boastful voice, loud shouting from afar;  
Like mountain-torrents swell'd by winter-show'rs,  
Resistless, fierce he sweeps along the plain:  
His lep'rous mouth a flame infectious pours,  
Darting slow death and strength-consuming pain;  
His ever-rolling eyes like beacons glare,  
Shag'd as the goat his limbs, and black his bristling hair.

21. Still to new conquest eager he aspir'd,  
    Leaving with scorn whom he subdu'd in fight;  
'Gainst all repulses steel'd, nor ever tir'd  
    With toilsome day, or ill-succeeding night.  
Active when e'er the lucky moment call'd,  
    And least advantage obstinate to press:  
His harden'd front unblushing, unappall'd,  
    Laugh'd at reproaches, and enjoy'd disgrace;  
Sporting with oaths, unmov'd with parent's moans,  
With rifled virgin's shrieks, or infant's dying groans.
22. His shield was painted with lascivious lies,  
    Whoredoms divine, devis'd to veil his shame,  
Of Jove the thund'rer, and of Phœbus wise,  
    The bull, the goat, the serpent, and the flame:  
Diana midwife prude, by day-light chaste,  
    Asleep lay pictur'd in Endymion's arms;  
There Bacchus' feasts and Venus' rites were plac'd,  
    With philtres base, and lust-compelling charms,  
A crest obscene o'ershades the monster's head,  
A Jove in eagle's form, with ravish'd Ganymede.
23. 'Gainst *Lust* the rash coquets their forces bent,  
    But sunk beneath the fury of the storm;  
When *Modesty*, from the main army sent  
    T' oppose his rage, advanc'd her angel form;  
Skilful with darts to wage an equal fight,  
    Her arm resists not, but prevents the blow;  
A guiltless blush crimsons her snowy white;  
    Her voice reserv'dly soft, and sweetly low.

Few women-chiefs did like perfection share,  
Scarce *Cunning* more of might, or *Beauty*'s self more fair.

24. The championess quick seiz'd a rising ground,  
Where ramparts high by parent hands were wrought,  
Whose fence the giant traversing around,  
Now here, now there, in vain an entrance sought.  
Upwards he press'd with unavailing speed,  
Ardent in equal fight his foe t' assail;  
Her ready lance meets his aspiring head,  
Strongly rebuff'd he tumbling strikes the vale;  
But undismay'd, up-starting from the plain,  
Again he rises fierce, disgrac'd to fall again.
25. Stunn'd with the shock, the scarcely conqu'ring fair  
Now wisely meditates a distant blow;  
A pond'rous stone hurl'd through the whistling air,  
Prevents the grappling of her stronger foe;  
Full on his helm the rocky fragment fell,  
And soil'd in humble dust his lofty crest;  
But wounds on wounds his course in vain repel,  
For ten-fold fury fires his stubborn breast;  
His glaring eyes shot red revengeful flame;  
He roar'd, and would have blush'd, if capable of shame.
26. His fraud, th' artificer of falshood try'd  
In borrow'd shape t' elude her wary eye;  
His shield and well-known casket thrown aside,  
Disguis'd like *Love*, he march'd as an ally.

With unsuspecting faith the maid believ'd,  
'Till now the rampart's top the foe had gain'd;  
Too late the lurking treason she perceiv'd,  
Surpris'd un'wares, she scarce his force sustain'd;  
Courage her heart, and strength her arm forsook;  
Weak, sinking by degrees; faint, yielding to the shock.

27. The self-sufficient prudes embattled stood  
Near hand, but none t' assist the vanquish'd flies;  
Their neighbour ranks they saw with joy subdu'd,  
With spiteful mirth triumphant in their eyes;  
With scoffs and sage reproaches they upbraid  
Those that o'erpower'd for help or pity call:  
And can they yield to *Lust?* in rage they said,  
Unaided, friendless, let the wretches fall.  
Themselves were now assail'd, the rest o'erthrown,  
And weakness scorn'd so late, too soon became their own.
28. At length the chieftain prude obstructs his speed,  
By men call'd *Honour*, but by angels *Pride*;  
On lowly earth her foot disdain'd to tread,  
High in a martial car she chose to ride:  
The load six dappled coursers proudly drew,  
Their harness bright with tinsel overcast;  
Still as she rode, a conscious glance she threw,  
To mark what gazers view'd her as she past.  
Studded with burnish'd brass the chariot shin'd,  
And drag'd with useless pomp six glittering slaves behind.

29. She clanks her rattling arms, and shouts aloud,  
    Strengthen'd by num'rous troops that gaz'd around;  
While *Lust*, half-faint, amidst the thronging croud,  
    Himself on foot, a match unequal found:  
He leaves the field, as desp'rate of success,  
    But with recruited rage and strength returns,  
Drawn by eight steeds, he breaks the wond'ring press;  
    With gold his slaves are bright, his chariot burns.  
*Pride* turn'd her reins, soon as her car she view'd;  
The monster shouts, she yields; she flies to be pursued.
30. Now sable-mantled night advancing nigh,  
    Colours, distinct before, confus'dly blends;  
While far from either host the chariots fly,  
    'Till *Honour* tir'd, to parley condescends,  
And deigns submit her haughty crest to lower;  
    For privacy she deems her shame will screen:  
No more defying, striking now no more,  
    Since nor her vaunts are heard, nor prowess seen:  
She yields a willing captive to his might,  
Obscur'd in guilty clouds of all-concealing night.
31. From yielded *Honour*, *Lust* returning flew,  
    Where camp'd in rest the male battalions lay,  
And rous'd their wearied host with battle new,  
    With rage still fiercest when remote from day.  
Not all the noontide heat and toil of war  
    Equal'd the dangers of this midnight hour;  
The centry sink, unnerv'd with sudden fear,  
    And groans of wretches speak the victor's pow'r;

'Till, spread from rank to rank, th' alarm was heard,  
Where *Reason*, wakeful chief, his utmost tent uprear'd.

32. From courts and cities frequent he retir'd,  
Rev'rend his hoary head, in council sage;  
Scorn'd in extremes, and in extremes admir'd;  
Decry'd in youth, and idoliz'd in age:  
His voice was small, and still, and rarely known  
Where direful trumpets vex the troubled air;  
He starts from earth, where arm'd his limbs were thrown,  
His squadrons fate or to revenge, or share:—  
Your enter'd camp from swift destruction keep,  
Or instant rous'd awake, or slain for ever sleep.
33. He spake; they rise obedient to his call,  
Who near their chief their ready tents had plac'd;  
Yet baffled soon, the conqu'rors prey they fall,  
Their leader standing but to yield the last.  
A while unconquer'd prov'd his aged arm,  
A while his fortune hung in equal scale:  
He sunk, enfeebled as he grew more warm;  
But *Lust* press'd on, accustom'd to prevail,  
With strength un'bated by laborious sweat,  
Greatest when most oppos'd, increasing with his heat.
34. Now ruddy morn purpled the glowing east,  
And show'd the waste the monster's rage had made;  
Whose force nor floods, nor mountains could resist,  
Nor brass, nor diamond barriers, could have stay'd.

At length both shatter'd hosts their councils bent,  
How surest to revenge their common foil;  
Made wise by smart, a championess they sent,  
Whose arm alone was equal to the toil;  
Sometimes on earth by *Virtue's* title fam'd,  
By wiser angel-minds divine *Religion* nam'd.

35. Mild, sweet, serene, and chearful was her mood;  
Nor grave with sternness, nor with lightness free;  
Against example resolutely good,  
Fervent in zeal, and warm in charity:  
Who ne'er forsook her faith for love of peace,  
Nor sought with fire and sword to show her zeal;  
Duteous to princes, when they most oppress;  
Patient in bearing ill, and doing well:  
In pray'rs and tears she sought and found defence,  
Nor rais'd rebellious arms to strengthen providence.
36. Her prudent care was fix'd on heaven's height,  
Yet by her steps on earth that care was shown:  
Fearless of harm in darkness, as in light;  
Fearful of sin at midnight, as at noon:  
A bloody cross was pourtray'd on her shield,  
Whose sight the monster scarcely could sustain;  
Feeble to gain, yet loth to quit the field;  
Blasted and thunder-struck with chilling pain;  
When 'gainst his head her sacred arms she bent,  
Strict watch, and fast severe, and prayer omnipotent.

37. Murm'ring he fled, yet backward turn'd his face,  
 Whom step by step th' angelick maid pursued;  
 Yet oft, as slack'ning he observ'd her pace,  
 He stay'd his flight, and battle fierce renew'd.  
 Mean while the yet-remaining neutral bands  
 Advanc'd with open look and friendly mind;  
 Whose timely march a glorious pair commands,  
*Marriage*, and *Love*; unhappy when disjoin'd;  
 Who over *Lust* the surest triumph gain'd;  
 Friends to *Religion* firm, by wisest GOD ordain'd.
38. *Love*, the most general conqu'ror here below,  
 Whose subtle nature hard is to be told;  
 Whom all can feel, but few aright can know;  
 Who cheats the crafty, and who fools the old.  
 He seem'd of jarring contraries compos'd,  
 To-day sharp-sighted, and to-morrow blind;  
 His beaver lifted up, his face disclos'd,  
 Where simple faith, and winning sweetness shin'd.  
 High on his crest sat perch'd a gall-less dove,  
 Emblem of changeless truth, and chastity, and love.
39. Th' immortal glories of the *nut-brown maid*,  
 Emblazon'd lively on his shield appear:  
 The various parts the shifting lover play'd;  
 The test for human frailty too severe.  
 Wealth, ease, and fame, and sex she cast behind;  
 Where friendship leads, determin'd to pursue:  
 Not falshood's self could shake her steady mind,  
 Firm to the base, and to the perjur'd true.

All but her virtue, she for Henry leaves;  
*Love* stands the sore assault, tho' rival'd woman grieves.

40. Sometimes more fleet the swift-foot pow'r would go  
    Than morning light, or quicker thought can fly;  
Sometimes with stealing motion, silent, slow;  
    Unseen, unmark'd, but by the jealous eye:  
Dauntless, resolv'd, mindless of perils past,  
    Rewarded in an hour for years of pain;  
Trembles his eye, with modest awe down-cast,  
    Faulters his tongue, scarce daring to complain;  
Yet, when grown bold, their moving force he tries,  
Manna is on his tongue, and witchcraft in his eyes.
41. Of winged boys a num'rous troop he led,  
    Whose shafts both sexes wound with certain aim,  
The wounds not pain, but doubtful pleasure bred;  
    For not from hostile bows the arrows came.  
Forgetting feuds, they long to be ally'd,  
    And softer passions on their bosoms seize:  
Down from their hands their wrathful weapons slide,  
    Chang'd is their hatred for desire to please:  
In sudden peace the jarring kinds agree,  
With reconcilment dear, and cordial amity.
42. Transform'd by magick love the males appear,  
    New cast their natures in a finer mould;  
Prudent the fool, well-natur'd the severe,  
    The wise grew humble and the coward bold.

Nor less his friendly darts improve the fair;  
Was none or loosely free, or coyly rude;  
The gay coquet now liv'd not to ensnare,  
To meekest passive woman sunk the prude:  
Nor could the brave resist, or fearful run,  
For heav'n made man to win, and woman to be won.

43. Next close to *Love*, well suited *Marriage* came,  
Who hand in hand their social steps advance;  
Kindly as warmth of life, her even flame,  
Not fevers heat, nor flutt'ring spirits dance;  
Who pleasure tasted with reflecting thought,  
Nor life upbraided for avoidless pains  
Entail'd on mortal state; but wisely sought  
Too flitting love with long-enduring chains,  
Of int'rest and of duty fast to bind;  
Fountain of chaste delight, great parent of mankind.
44. Where *Love* had touch'd the hearts, she joins the hands,  
And grants an holier, and a stronger tye;  
For death alone could disunite her bands,  
Nor shorter space could friendship satisfy.  
While thus she join'd the pairs, the matron spoke;  
Attend, ye sexes, and my words approve,  
My doom nor male nor female shall revoke;  
Since nature form'd the kinds for mutual love:  
Your battle vain, vain is your anger shown,  
For more distinguish'd hate mere dotage shall atone.

45. Tho' *man* shall awful rule o'er *woman* bear,  
Not sprung from greater worth, but right divine;  
Yet she shall in her turn dominion share,  
E'er to his will her empire she resign:  
But, while she reigns, her mercy let her show,  
And well employ the quickly-fleeting time;  
Not unrewarded shall her mildness go,  
And strictest justice shall o'ertake her crime.  
Gently shall those be rul'd, who gently sway'd;  
Abject shall those obey, who haughty were obey'd.
46. *Ambition* proud, and sordid *Avarice*,  
Two mighty troublers of the world were near,  
Abhor'd by all men, when without disguise;  
But now the garb of *Love* they chose to wear.  
*Ambition* stooping popularly low,  
Still pleaded publick welfare, not his own;  
Dissembling deep, yet unreserv'd in show,  
Imposing all things, but believing none:  
Whose subtle wit could cross events command,  
Scorner of heav'n and earth, his God his own right hand.
47. Skill'd in the various turns of giddy tides,  
With dextrous timeing of his watchful skill,  
With cool disdain, the preacher he derides,  
Who marks th' eternal bounds of good and ill:

By him were princes barr'd of equal love,  
And lost to quiet if they greatness prize;  
Oppress'd with state unwillingly they move,  
Crown'd are the victims dragg'd to sacrifice.  
Absent, unknown, and unendear'd they wed,  
Mean while the naked sword divides the loveless bed.

48. Next, close to him crept *Avarice* the old,  
Quick to receive, but ever slow to pay;  
Wanting for fear of want, adoring gold;  
Nearer his inn, more careful for his way:  
His flinty breast could ne'er compassion show,  
He pity *Weakness*, virtue *Folly* calls;  
Friendless, and to himself the deadliest foe,  
Harden'd he lives, and unrepenting falls.  
He blooming youth to palsy'd age would tye,  
To raise and to enrich, would end his family.
49. These traitors, mask'd like *Love*, in marriage join'd  
Thousands by nature form'd to disagree;  
While thoughtless youth the future list not mind,  
And age dim-sighted help'd their treachery.  
Their pairs were soon distinguish'd by th' event;  
Unkind reproach, too biting to endure,  
Pining distrust, and brawling discontent,  
Curs'd jealousy, which heav'n alone can cure.  
Foul perjur'd guilt, sad causer of divorce,  
And late repentance vain, of hell itself the source.

50. Forgive the voice that useful fiction sings;  
Not impious tales of deities impure,  
Not faults of breathless queens or living kings,  
In open treason, or in veils obscure.  
What here I write, each knowing eye will see  
To all but brutes and angels must belong:  
Still will the sexes jar, and still agree,  
And each day's truth shall moralize my song.  
Still will each sex for sov'reignty contend:  
Wars with the world begun, with that alone shall end.

**On the Sixth and Eighth Verses of the  
Fortieth Chapter of Isaiah.<sup>10</sup>**

Occasioned by  
The Death of a Young Lady.

**“All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness  
thereof is as the flower of the field.”**  
—[Isa. xl. 6].

**“The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but  
the word of our God shall stand for ever.”**  
—[1 Pet. i. 24, 25.]

1. The morning flow'rs display their sweets,  
And, gay, their silken leaves unfold;  
As careless of the noon-day heats,  
And fearless of the evening cold.
2. Nip'd by the wind's unkindly blast,  
Parch'd by the sun's director<sup>11</sup> ray,  
The momentary glories waste,  
The short-liv'd beauties die away.
3. So bloom the human face divine,  
When youth its pride of beauty shows;  
Fairer than spring the colours shine,  
And sweeter than the virgin rose.

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<sup>10</sup>Samuel Wesley Jr., *Poems on Several Occasions*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (Cambridge: J. Bentham, 1743), 41–42.

<sup>11</sup>Ori., “director”; corrected in the errata.

4. Or worn by slowly-rolling years,  
Or broke by sickness in a day;  
The fading glory disappears,  
The short-liv'd beauties die away.
5. Yet these, new rising from the tomb,  
With lustre brighter far shall shine,  
Revive with ever-during bloom,  
Safe from diseases and decline.
6. Let sickness blast, and death devour,  
If heav'n must recompence our pains;  
Perish the grass, and fade the flow'r,  
If firm the word of God remains.

**Epitaph on an Infant.**<sup>12</sup>

Beneath a sleeping infant lies,  
To earth whose ashes lent,  
More glorious shall hereafter rise,  
Tho' not more innocent.

When the arch-angel's trump shall blow,  
And souls and bodies join,  
What crouds will wish, their lives below  
Had been as short as thine!

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<sup>12</sup>Samuel Wesley Jr., *Poems on Several Occasions*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (Cambridge: J. Bentham, 1743), 42. Wesley included earlier in MS Poetry Miscellany, 73.

**To a Friend in the Country,**<sup>13</sup>

Who complain'd of his Condition, and  
admired High Spirits in Low Fortunes.

1. This would be still my wish, could I  
Such bitter curse allow,  
Let those I hate have spirits high,  
With fortunes that are low.
2. But surely when we vapour most,  
If angry fortune frown;  
She'll pull in spite of all our boast,  
Our lofty spirits down.
3. Ev'n I—but I can laugh and sing,  
Tho' fetter'd and confin'd;  
My mind I may to fortune bring,  
Not fortune to my mind.
4. How seldom is our good enjoy'd,  
Our ill how hardly born,  
When all our fancies are employ'd  
To kick against the thorn!

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<sup>13</sup>Samuel Wesley Jr., *Poems on Several Occasions*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (Cambridge: J. Bentham, 1743),  
43–45.

5. A lowly heart, and little eye,  
Kind heaven, on me bestow;  
Let those I hate have spirits high,  
With fortunes that are low.
6. These maxims sage and dry, you'll say,  
These rigid moral rules,  
Take our superior sense away,  
And sink us into fools.
7. Whoe'er can ease by folly get,  
With justice may despise  
The thoughtful unenjoying wit,  
The miserable wise.
8. But sure our selves aright to see,  
True wisdom well may bear:  
'Tis nobly great to dare to be  
No greater than we are.
9. Think not I envy courts and kings,  
Or peevish hate mankind;  
Think not this declaration springs  
From meanness of my mind.

10. Ev'n I perhaps, if heav'n would deign  
High place on me to show'r,  
As well as any lord might reign,  
As equal to my pow'r.
11. My mind, with weight of business charg'd,  
Of course would bigger grow;  
As rivers length'ning when enlarg'd  
Enlarge their channels too.
12. 'Till then,—a lowly heart and eye,  
Kind heav'n, on me bestow;  
Let those I hate have spirits high,  
With fortunes that are low.

**From Martial.**<sup>14</sup>

*Vitam quæ faciunt beatiorem, &c.*<sup>15</sup>

Pleasantest companion this,  
This in life is happiness:  
Timely an estate to gain,  
Left, not purchas'd by your pain:  
Grounds that pay the tiller's hire,  
Hearths with ever-during fire;  
Safe from law t' enjoy your own,  
Seldom view the busy town;

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<sup>14</sup>Samuel Wesley Jr., *Poems on Several Occasions*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (Cambridge: J. Bentham, 1743), 45.

<sup>15</sup>Martial, *Epigrammata*, x.47.

Health with mod'rate vigour join'd;  
True well-grounded peace of mind;  
Friends, your equals in degree,  
Prudent, plain simplicity;  
Easy converse mirth afford,  
Artless plenty fill the board:  
Temp'rate joy your ev'nings bless,  
Free from care as from excess:  
Short the night by sleep be made:  
Chaste, not chearless, be the bed:  
Chuse to be but what you are;  
Dying, neither wish nor fear.

**To**  
**Sir Herbert Powell, Baronet.**<sup>16</sup>

Upon his going to Travel.

In friendly part a well-meant gift receive,  
The best, tho' small, that I have pow'r to give:  
Boldly without reluctance lend an ear,  
Nor flatt'ring verse, nor dedication fear,  
Which only tells us what we guess'd before,  
How rich the patron, and the bard how poor.  
If wisely covetous of precious time,  
You dread the long impertinence of rhyme,  
These lines with patience may be over-past,  
My first, and what is more, perhaps my last.

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<sup>16</sup>Samuel Wesley Jr., *Poems on Several Occasions*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (Cambridge: J. Bentham, 1743), 49–52.

From all such danger shortly you'll be free,  
If not on this side, yet beyond the sea.

RELIGION first be made your utmost care,  
Nor drop your native faith in foreign air;  
Nor, like the flutt'ring triflers of the town,  
Go forth with little, and come back with none.  
Mother of errors Rome we well may call,  
Parent of too much faith,—and none at all:  
Where lying miracles, and monkish dreams,  
Fright thoughtless fools to contrary extremes:  
Who their twelve articles of faith give o'er,  
Because the Trental creed has twenty-four:  
And count the flames of hell a fabled story,  
Because they see the frauds of purgatory.  
In vain you boast from popery you are free,  
If ting'd with unbelief in Italy:  
As justly desolate Marseilles may brag,  
That she has no disease, except the plague.

Foe to their church, O copy not their vice,  
Nor envy their Italian liberties;  
Nor aim so much in breeding to excel,  
To think it worth the price of certain hell.  
The devil's lab'ers must receive their hire;  
There's no insurance from eternal fire.  
In vice we Tramontanes must quit the field,  
And Wy——rn sure to Elephantis yield.  
With far-fetch'd lust our modish closets shine,  
But Britain ne'er produc'd an Aretine;  
Nor vile intrigues avow'd, as lawful flame,  
Nor e'er by statutes authoris'd her shame:

Tho' large returns the publick might take in,  
From licens'd practice of imported sin;  
Might British rakes Dutch musick-houses use,  
And build them Roman or Venetian stews.

Next, travel not for nought thro' distant lands;  
Be wise, and just, and diligent as Sands,  
Whose penetrating eye distinctly sees  
Religions, governments, and polities.  
Some only learn the diff'rence all the while  
Betwixt an English and a German mile:  
What nations reck'nings at their inns are least,  
If coaches or post-chaises travel best:  
That Adria's isles are pleasing to behold;  
That Spain is hot, and Swisserland is cold.  
Your party politicians will aspire  
A little, and indeed but little, higher.  
Fir'd with their country's love, they range abroad,  
To find, by toils, that liberty is good.  
Dauntless for this the free-born Briton goes  
O'er Danish ice, and Pyreanean snows.  
So round the globe on foot great Coryat strays,  
To search how long the roads, and deep the ways;  
To know where meat was good, and liquor fine,  
How strong the sign-post, and how gay the sign.

Nor doat on antique pieces, nor despise:  
Oft view, but seldom purchase rarities.  
Trust not their medals lately dug from dust,  
With modern soil, and imitated rust.  
Your VIRTUOSO travels with design  
To heap up treasures of uncurrent coin:

Doats on the letters round a Græcian head,  
Half raz'd; which, were they plain, he could not read:  
Pays weight for weight, new gold for antient stone;  
And for an Otho's head would give his own.

Curious abroad, forget not all the while  
The matchless beauties of your native isle;  
In British straits what mighty navies ride,  
What wealth flows in with each returning tide.  
Our callow youth for paintings visit Rome,  
And know not the CARTONS they left at home.  
Strange sights o'er Alps and Appennines they seek,  
But stare with silence if you name the Peak.  
The fam'd Venetian arsenal they explore,  
But slight the arm'ry in the London Tower.  
With floods of speech the Vatican they praise,  
But never heard of Bodley in their days.  
Asham'd of home, of foreign climes they boast,  
And Thames and Humber are in Tyber lost.

When back return'd, let not your whole discourse  
Assert the priviledge of travellers:  
Nor strange relations of adventures give,  
Which few delight to hear, and none believe.  
Throw not your country's manners quite aside,  
Nor taint our honest air with foreign pride.  
An Englishman, (the proverb tells you true)  
Who turns Italian, turns a devil too:  
And none, unless distracted, would forego  
The British substance for the Gallick show.  
Own that a man of worth may justly shine,  
Who never Paris view'd, or pass'd the Rhine:

Such was your grandsire,\* glory of your name,  
(O might your virtue merit equal fame!)  
Friend to religion fix'd, and true to laws,  
When suff'ring prelates prop'd the church's cause.  
Like him accomplish'd, Britain few can boast,  
And yet the narrow seas he never cross'd.

Observe these rules, 'till others better skill'd  
More useful lessons to your youth shall yield.  
When far from home, or from a wiser friend,  
These rules, tho' mean, may some assistance lend.  
If aught of common sense I understand,  
Who ne'er saw Dover cliffs, or Calais sand.

---

\* Sir John Powell, one of the judges of the  
King's-Bench, who acquitted the seven  
bishops.

**The  
Parish Priest.**<sup>17</sup>

**“Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.”—Rev. xiv. 13.**

Accept, dear Sire, this humble tribute paid,  
This small memorial to a parent's shade.  
Tho' fair the hope thou reign'st enthron'd on high,  
Where sin can never stain, nor sorrow sigh;  
Yet still a son may duteous mourning wear,  
And nature unprov'd may drop a tear.  
No glosing falshood on thy name is thrown,  
Which oft pollutes the monumental stone.  
Plain truth shall speak, which thou thy self might'st hear,  
As far from flatt'ry, as it is from fear.

A PARISH PRIEST, not of the pilgrim kind,  
But fix'd and faithful to the post assign'd,  
Through various scenes with equal virtue trod,  
True to his oath, his order, and his God.  
Wise without art he shone in doubtful days  
Of fear, of shame, of danger, and of praise.  
When zealous James unhappy sought the way  
T' establish Rome by arbitrary sway,

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<sup>17</sup>Samuel Wesley Jr., *Poems on Several Occasions*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (Cambridge: J. Bentham, 1743), 55–63. Wesley wrote this poem to honor his father-in-law, Rev. John Berry, vicar of Walton, Norfolk.

Whose crime from fondness for religion springs,  
 (A crime ne'er pardon'd in the lives of kings!)  
 'Twas then the Christian priest was nobly try'd,  
 When hireling slaves embrac'd the stronger side,  
 And saintly sects and sycophants comply'd. }  
 In vain were bribes shower'd by the guilty crown,  
 He sought no favour, as he fear'd no frown.  
 Nor loudest storms his steady purpose broke,  
 Firm as the beaten anvil to the stroke.  
 Secure in faith, exempt from worldly views,  
 He dar'd the *declaration* to refuse:  
 Then from the sacred pulpit boldly show'd  
 The dauntless Hebrews true to Israel's God,  
 Who spake regardless of their king's commands,  
 "The God we serve can save us from thy hands;  
 "If not, O monarch, know we chuse to die,  
 "Thy gods alike and threatnings we defy,  
 "No pow'r on earth our faith has e'er controll'd,  
 "We scorn to worship idols, tho' of gold." \*  
 Resistless truth damp'd all the audience round,  
 The base informer sicken'd at the sound;  
 Attentive courtiers conscious stood amaz'd,  
 And soldiers silent trembled as they gaz'd.  
 No smallest murmur<sup>18</sup> of distaste arose,  
 Abash'd and vanquish'd seem'd the church's foes.  
 So when like zeal their bosoms did inspire,  
 The Jewish martyrs walk'd unhurt in fire.

Nor yet could Romish faith so dreadful seem,  
 To fright his judgment to a worse extreme;

---

\* He preach'd on Dan. iii. 17, 18.

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<sup>18</sup>Ori., "murmer"; corrected in the errata.

To throw up creeds for fear of papal pow'r,  
 And blame St. Peter for his successor.  
 For when the church her danger had subdu'd,  
 And felt on earth the usual gratitude,  
 When favour'd sects o'erspread Britannia's plains,  
 Like frogs thick-swarming after summer rains;  
 Against far diff'rent foes alike prepar'd,  
 No wild disputer found him off his guard.  
 Nor those who following late Socinus' plan,  
 Degraded God incarnate to a man;  
 Nor those, who wresting texts with greater slight,  
 With heav'n, as taught by elder Arius, fight:<sup>19</sup>  
 Reasoners, who no absurdity can see  
 In a new-made dependent deity.  
 Amongst his corn no tares neglected spring;  
 That free-born subjects ought to rule their king,  
 That sense and revelation disagree,  
 That zeal is still at war with charity;  
 That dust-born reptiles may their God disown,  
 And place their foolish reason in his throne.  
 No colours false deceiv'd his wary eye,  
 Nor lukewarm peace, nor atheist liberty.  
 Scripture and Fathers guide his footsteps right;  
 For truth is one, but error infinite.  
 With love to souls, and deepest learning fraught,  
 His Master's gospel undisguis'd he taught.  
 He show'd the pow'r of king's, the mitre's sway,  
 Which earth can neither give nor take away.  
 That duty from divine command is known,  
 Fix'd on th' Almighty's will, and not our own.

---

<sup>19</sup>Ori., "Arius's sight"; corrected in the errata.

That unbelievers must receive their hire,  
The sure allotment of eternal fire.  
And God the faithful sower pleas'd to bless,  
And crown'd his harvest with a vast success.  
While forty years his heav'nly doctrine charms,  
No single son forsakes the church's arms:  
No Romish wolf around his fences prowl'd,  
Nor fox dissenter earth'd within his fold.\*

Not but when parties fierce in feuds engage,  
When moderation spurs her sons to rage,  
When all elect or reprobate have been,  
In these no virtue dwells, in those no sin;  
Then their low scandals on his head they show'r,  
As friend to papal and despotick pow'r.  
E'en those who once were tools to popish aims,  
The treach'rous darlings of deluded James,  
Who now the purest reformation boast,  
Tho' then their tender consciences were lost,  
E'en those far off with lies his fame assail,  
And their bad patrons help the wicked tale.  
'Tis thus the serpent to his cavern glides,  
And safe his wily head from winter hides;  
But when returning seasons warmth inspire,  
And wake his sleeping poison into fire,  
With youth renew'd, behold the reptile rise,  
He waves and glitters in the dog-day skies,  
Shoots cross the road, when sounding steps draw near,  
And springs t' assault the way-beat traveller;

---

\* There was not a *dissenter* nor *papist* in his parish.

Who durst his course in rains and whirlwinds hold  
 And pass'd unshelter'd through December's cold.

Griev'd for the church's shame, with pitying eye,  
 He saw the worthless objects lifted high;  
 Empty alike of learning and of brain,  
 As if the Pope had re-assum'd his reign, }  
 And brought our antient Mumpsimus again.  
 With fruitless toil let midnight scholars pore,  
 And dig the mine, while others gain the ore;  
 Proud of demerit, claiming as their own  
 The stall prebendal, or prelatick throne:  
 While Johnson from his Cranbrook ne'er shall part,  
 And Fiddes pining sighs with broken heart;  
 While Grabe in vain t' unthankful Britain flies, }  
 And Wall neglected in a corner lies,  
 And poor, and unrewarded, Bingham dies;  
 While names obscure undue advancement meet,  
 And T—— could conquer Stillingfleet.  
 Nor yet on those prefer'd he cast the blame,  
 Far more the patrons than the clerks inflame.  
 Patrons afraid of sense, but not of vice,  
 Elate with pride, or sunk with avarice.  
 Patrons by villains sought, by slaves ador'd;  
 Scorn'd by the gen'rous, by the good abhor'd.  
 Or private rascals, who from conscience free,  
 Search ev'ry latent nook of simony;  
 Who but on base conditions ne'er present,  
 And future tythes by present bonds prevent:  
 Or knaves more publick, studious to promote  
 Elections, bart'ring benefice for vote.

Is he self-will'd, or knows he to obey?  
 Enough! no farther tittle need you say:  
 An useful man may as he pleases live,  
 But worth's a crime we never can forgive.  
 So when the Roman Peter wants an heir,  
 If rogues of both religions we compare,  
 Tho' worthy candidates the popedom seek,  
 Expert in Latin, and well-read in Greek;  
 The conclave sly with Machiavilian views,  
 One to be govern'd, not to govern chuse.  
 Like ——, human learning they forswear,  
 And ignorance best fills th' unerring chair.  
 That statesmen laugh, let Bellarmine go fume,  
 No fam'd Perron the purple shall assume,  
 No, nor Baronius' self, the Atlas of their Rome.

When age, not hasten'd on by guilt or cares,  
 Grac'd him with silver crown of hoary hairs,  
 His looks the tenour of his soul express,  
 An easy unaffected chearfulness;  
 Stedfast, not stiff; and awful, not austere;  
 Tho' courteous, rev'rend; and tho' smooth, sincere:  
 In converse free; for ev'ry subject fit,  
 The coolest reason join'd to keenest wit;  
 Wit, that with aim resistless knows to fly,  
 Disarms unthought-of, and prevents reply:  
 So lightning falls the mountain oaks among,  
 As sure, as quick, as shining, and as strong.  
 Skilful of sportive stories forth to pour,  
 A gay, an humorous, an exhaustless store,  
 With sharpest point and justest force apply'd,  
 The purport never dark and never wide.

Not adversaries selves applause forbore,  
And those who blam'd him most, admir'd him more.  
Scarcely the Phrigian fam'd for moral tales,  
Who useful truth in pleasing fiction veils,  
Who wisdom deep in plants and brutes can find,  
And makes all creatures tutors to mankind;  
In apter fable solid sense convey'd,  
With sounder substance, or with finer shade.

He mourn'd with those who pain or want endure,  
A guardian angel to the sick and poor;  
Where the two best of charities he join'd,  
To cure the body, and to heal the mind.  
Across his path no wretch expiring lies,  
Nor querulous blind bewail their loss of eyes:  
No mangled cripple there expos'd his maim,  
The shock of nature, and the nation's shame:  
The stranger's view no startling object meets,  
And no complaining griev'd his happy streets.\*  
Oft as the year brought back the glorious day  
When infant Jesus in a manger lay,  
Or when from death the God triumphant came,  
Or when the Holy-Ghost descends in flame,  
Around his board the welcome needy sate,  
And croud his parlour, not besiege his gate;  
T' obey their word his children waited near,  
And learnt their Saviour's image to revere.  
This charity perform'd, the wealthier guest  
Was call'd to share his hospitable feast;  
The poor invited first, his table grace,  
And riches only held the second place.

---

\* There were no beggars in his town.

While silken courtiers and embroider'd lords,  
To whom the earth her mines in vain affords,  
Too oft their need unable to supply,  
In spite of wealth are pinch'd with poverty;  
His scanty rent suffic'd for ev'ry call,  
Large was his plenty, tho' his income small;  
Alike in prudence and in bounty skill'd,  
He never drain'd his purse, nor ever fill'd.  
None e'er did twice his ready alms desire,  
Nor lack'd the lab'rer his expected hire:  
Enrich'd by doing good a thousand-fold,  
He rarely gain'd, and never wanted gold.  
Well-stor'd to give, and furnish'd still to lend,  
To raise the friendless, and support the friend.  
With ceaseless streams his well-plac'd treasure flows,  
When spent increases, and by less'ning grows.  
So when Elijah dwelt on earth, (as far  
As miracle with conduct we compare,)  
Sarepta's widow, hoping no supply,  
Thought on her little store to eat and die:  
Soon as she welcom'd her prophetick guest,  
The cruse flow'd lib'ral, and the corn increas'd;  
Th' Almighty pow'r unfailing plenty sent,  
The oil unwasted, and the meal unspent.

Such was the man by friends and foes confest,  
Worthy the glorious name of PARISH PRIEST.  
Had not kind heav'n some champions pleas'd to show,  
In merit high, tho' in preferment low;  
Whose pray'rs and tears might stop th' Almighty's hand,  
Protecting angels to a guilty land,

From earth's vain hopes and base ambition free,  
 Whose slighted but effectual piety  
 Stood like a mound unshaken, to repress  
 Th' o'erbearing floods of prosp'rous wickedness;  
 The Christian faith had left Britannia's coast,  
 Her lamp extinguish'd, and her gospel lost:  
 Our eyes e're this had seen religion fall,  
 And black apostacy had delug'd all;  
 Nor more remains of truth had flourish'd here,  
 Than where poor Asia's ruins scarce appear,  
 And Unitarian Turks their impious crescent rear. ]  
 O could the PRIEST by God and angels priz'd,  
 By fiends insulted, and by fools despis'd,  
 His fight well-fought, when summon'd hence to go,  
 Not then regardless of his charge below,  
 Tho' sudden snatch'd from our desiring eyes,  
 Bequeath his mantle, as he mounts the skies!

O may his friends at the last dreadful day,  
 When all the frail creation fades away,  
 When God incarnate fills the judgment throne,  
 Crown'd with his Father's radiance and his own,  
 Arise with gladness, bliss ordain'd to share,  
 And I transported meet a Father there!  
 See him lead up his flock with happy boast,  
 "These sheep thou gav'st me, and not one is lost."  
 Exulting hear the final Euge giv'n,  
 "Enter thou faithful<sup>20</sup> servant to my heav'n.<sup>[?]</sup>  
 Glory, which here tho' faith may well believe,  
 No speech can utter, and no thought conceive;  
 When weary time his utmost race has run,  
 Glory through endless ages but begun,  
 Beyond the glimm'ring spark of our meridian sun. ]

---

<sup>20</sup>Ori., "fathful"; corrected in the errata.

**Epigram from the Greek.**<sup>21</sup>

A blooming youth lies buried here,  
Euphemius, to his country dear:  
Nature adorn'd his mind and face  
With ev'ry muse, and ev'ry grace:  
About the marriage-state to prove,  
But DEATH had quicker wings than love.

**A  
Letter  
from  
A Guardian to a Young Lady.**<sup>22</sup>

Say, shall I try your growing sense t' improve  
With friendly counsel of a guardian's love;  
On moral verse awhile your thoughts engage,  
Soft as your sex, and cheerful as your age;  
Say, shall I try to suit with flowing rhyme  
The joyous season of your virgin prime?

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<sup>21</sup>Samuel Wesley Jr., *Poems on Several Occasions*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (Cambridge: J. Bentham, 1743), 66. Wesley included earlier in MS Poetry Miscellany, 62.

<sup>22</sup>Samuel Wesley Jr., *Poems on Several Occasions*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (Cambridge: J. Bentham, 1743), 74–79.

Intreat you early to be wise and good,  
To rest and peace, the sure and only road?  
So may your pleasure with your life-time stay,  
Time unrepented wing its happy way,  
As ev'ry year fifteen, and ev'ry month were May.

]

Look on embroid'ry, not a sprig that's there  
Was made by chance, or finish'd without care.  
By art the flowers beneath the needle grow,  
The stems rise verdant, and the rose-buds blow.  
Art governs life; who happiness attains  
Must spare no thinking, and refuse no pains;  
Nor fear from hence that trouble should arise,  
For thought is never trouble to the wise.  
And few were ever bless'd by chance alone;  
It fails in thousands where it hits in one.

Of all the charms the female sex desire,  
That lovers doat on, and that friends admire,  
Those most deserve your wish that longest last,  
Not like the bloom of beauty, quickly past;  
Virtue the chief: this men and angels prize,  
Above the finest shape, and brightest eyes.  
By this alone untainted joys we find,  
As large, and as immortal as the mind.  
What'er your age would reap, your youth should sow,  
For the great seed-time of your life is now;  
When fancy's mimick pow'r is warm and strong,  
Engraving deeply, and retaining long,  
What age can scarcely learn and hardly hold.  
The signet thus cast in the best-wrought mould,  
Imprints no likeness when the wax is cold.

]

'Tis no disgrace a book to understand,  
And spelling well becomes the fairest hand.  
Boldly with knowledge stock your soul within,  
It adds no freckle to the whitest skin,  
In song or dance mars not a single grace,  
And spoils no feature in the loveliest face.  
Could you like warbling Arabella sing,  
With flying fingers wake the vocal string,  
In sprightly dance th' exactest judges please,  
At once with fire, and decency, and ease;  
Age stiffens joints, and makes our motion weak,  
And turns the sweetest quaver to a squeak.  
Virtue and knowledge will for ever stay,  
And cheer the life-blood when the hairs are grey.

One gen'ral caution through your youth be shown,  
To trust nor man nor woman when unknown:  
Let sure experience to esteem commend  
Both the male suitor and the female friend;  
Or strict enquiry prove their conduct true  
To God and man, else think them false to you.  
Too oft unworthy wretches favour share,  
For bosom friends, an auction they declare, }  
And to the highest bidder sell the fair.  
Too oft the trusted confident prevails,  
The handmaid conqu'ring, where the lover fails.  
'Tis hard for heedless youth the snare to shun,  
By their own gold the fortunes are undone.  
Unwary maids of their own sex are fond,  
And diamond is cut with diamond.

To pass their time need mortals e'er be told?  
Lost by the young, and wish'd-for by the old.

Devotion's practise claims the earliest part,  
 And books, that clear the head, and warm the heart.  
 Besides, brisk youth amusements may invent,  
 At once genteel, ingenious, innocent.  
 Behold, to please the eye if she incline,  
 Colours to limn, and pencils to design;  
 Grave histories employment may supply,  
 Or the gay scenes of slighter poetry.  
 Nor need the fair th' industrious needle shun,  
 Or hate the nun's-work, tho' she hates the nun.  
 When great Augustus rul'd the world and Rome,  
 The cloth he wore was spun and wove at home,  
 His emp'ress ply'd the distaff<sup>23</sup> and the loom;  
 And English laws the proudest beauty name  
 When single, *spinster*, and when married, *dame*.  
 Nay, household cares to wisest women yield  
 A large, an useful, and a grateful field;  
 To make the cleanly kitchen send up food,  
 Not costly vain, but plentifully good:  
 To bid the cellar's fountain never fail,  
 Fill'd with the well-brew'd stores of native ale;  
 To cheat the palate with domestick wines,  
 Tho' Norman William grub'd up all our vines;  
 To buy, to pay, to blame, or to approve,  
 Within, without, below-stairs and above;  
 To shine in ev'ry corner, like the sun,  
 Who ne'er pollutes his beams with looking on.  
 Or grant such care no pleasure could produce,  
 'Tis prudent not to slight it for its use.

---

<sup>23</sup>Ori., "disttaff"; a printer's error.

The greatest wealth needs care: a famous peer  
 With forty-thousand pounds *per annum* clear,  
 Has run beyond his income ev'ry year. }  
 The nobles daily find it to their cost,  
 Tho' antient hospitality is lost.  
 For no estate with negligence can hold,  
 And those who count not, never keep their gold.

One glorious scene of action yet behind,  
 The fair that likes it is secure to find:  
 Cordials and med'cines *gratis* to dispense,  
 A beauteous instrument of providence:  
 Plaisters, and salves, and sores to understand,  
 The surgeon's art, befits a lady's hand.  
 To friendless pain unhop'd-for ease to give,  
 And bid the hungry eat, and sickly live.  
 And thus, if we may credit fame's report,  
 The best and fairest in the Gallick court,  
 An hour sometimes in hospitals employ,  
 To give the dying wretch a glimpse of joy;  
 T' attend the crowds that hopeless pangs endure,  
 And sooth the anguish which they cannot cure;  
 To clothe the bare and give the empty food,  
 As bright as guardian angels and as good.  
 Better import this custom out of France,  
 Than the last top-knot, or the newest dance.

I grant these rules suit not the fashion now,  
 Not thus our modern girls to women grow:  
 Their hours far diff'rent studies entertain,  
 They learn to deal the cards, and throw the main;  
 Whose mothers at a single stake will play  
 Their fame, their fortunes, and their souls away.

Perhaps a little farther miss proceeds,  
Writes without rule, and without spelling reads:  
Enters and leaves a room with perfect skill,  
The fan can flutter, and the tea can fill.  
But oh! if dear mamma she can persuade  
To change quadrille at night for masquerade;  
Where she her pretty fancy may express  
In some unnat'ral and improper dress,  
She grows a woman strait, the work is done,  
For hot-beds ripen faster than the sun.  
There dang'rous converse to the virtuous fair,  
The scum and refuse of mankind are there:  
Yet good or bad, this priviledge they claim,  
To speak their thoughts without restraint of shame:  
The very vilest both of rich and poor,  
From the lewd peeress to the hackney whore:  
The lordly rakehell taints the chastest ear,  
And "fly-blows"<sup>[?]</sup> all his wit and poison there.  
Notorious profligates, whom none admit  
Of common prudence at their board to sit;  
Scoundrels, who, if bare-fac'd they durst appear,  
Would kicks, and blanketting, and cudgels fear.  
As if the maid could be discreetly bred,  
Who minds the board, but never guards the bed.

But lest too much your patience I offend,  
Like an old man I'll with a story end.  
A celebrated lady\* once there was,  
In Charles the Martyr's and the second's days,

---

\* Lady Fanshaw: Sir Richard was Ambassador  
in Spain.

Who foreign courts and princes had survey'd,  
When ask'd what an accomplish'd woman made,  
With memorable answer,—thus she said:  
She who her present business learns to do,  
High without pride, and without meanness low;  
She only with compleat desert is crown'd,  
Who never at a loss for action found,  
To scour a kettle knows, or set a diamond.

**Song.**<sup>24</sup>

1. What man in his wits, had not rather be poor,  
Than for lucre his freedom to give?  
Ever busy the means of his life to secure,  
And so ever neglecting to live.
2. Environ'd from morning to night in a crowd,  
Not a moment unbent or alone;  
Constrain'd to be abject, tho' never so proud,  
And at ev'ry one's call, but his own.
3. Still repining, and longing for quiet each hour,  
Yet studiously flying it still;  
With the means of enjoying his wish in his pow'r,  
But accurst with his wanting the will.
4. For a year must be past, or a day must be come,  
Before he has leisure to rest;  
He must add to his store this or that pretty sum,  
And then will have time to be blest.
5. But his gains, more bewitching the more they increase,  
Only swell the desire of his eye.  
Such a wretch let mine enemy live, if he please;  
Let not even mine enemy die.

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<sup>24</sup>Samuel Wesley Jr., *Poems on Several Occasions*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (Cambridge: J. Bentham, 1743), 80.

**On Mr. Hobbes.**<sup>25</sup>

Occasioned by a Copy of Verses written by  
the Earl of Mulgrave.<sup>26</sup>

'Tis justly thought! to praise is ever hard,  
When real virtue fires the glowing bard:  
But harder far, whene'er the poet's mind  
Lab'ring creates the worth he cannot find.  
'Twill task a Cowley's genius, to commend  
False Brutus cringing while he stabs his friend;  
To make the trifler Hobbes unworthy shine,  
Will ask the utmost of a wit like thine!

The reader's malice makes the satyr please:  
Yet praises void of truth are flatteries,  
Which steal from genuine worth the honours due;  
Romantic heroes thus obscure the true.

“The wise and good morality will guide,  
And superstition all the world beside.”<sup>27</sup>  
As wise and great no longer then must shine,  
Good Socrates, or Plato the divine;  
On antient Greece is pass'd a gen'ral doom,  
And Tully pleading for the gods of Rome.  
All statues to their fame are overthrown,  
And Hobbes or Epicurus stands alone!

Shall Christian virtues too the slander share,  
And wait, as captives, his triumphal car?

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<sup>25</sup>Samuel Wesley Jr., *Poems on Several Occasions*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (Cambridge: J. Bentham, 1743), 81–84.

<sup>26</sup>I.e., John Sheffield, “On Mr. Hobbes, *The Works of the Most Noble John Sheffield* (London: E. Curl, 1721), 47–50.

<sup>27</sup>Sheffield, “On Mr. Hobbes,” lines 25–26 (p. 48).

As by superior excellence compell'd,  
 Shall Anna bow; shall Charles the Martyr yield?  
 Hyde, wise in calms, and faithful in the storm,  
 Great<sup>28</sup> to record, but greater to perform?  
 Wide-conqu'ring Raleigh, and far-searching Boyle,  
 And Newton, glory of our age and isle?  
 Are these the vulgar superstitious croud,  
 That own the maxims of th' incarnate God?  
 Rather than heav'n, let earth be disesteem'd,  
 And Hobbes exploded, than our God blasphem'd.  
 Hobbes! in whose ev'ry page display'd we see  
 His "privilege of man," absurdity!  
 'Tis hard to point where most his merits shine,  
 In human learning, or in laws divine.  
 "All matter thinks as such,"<sup>29</sup> he gravely says,  
 The smallest grain of sand, and spire of grass;  
 Only t' express their thoughts they wanted pow'r,  
 'Till he arose, their sweet-tongu'd orator.  
 Rome's wildest legends are excell'd at once,  
 With thinking blocks and philosophick stones.

Say, whence his far-fam'd politicks began,  
 Whence his admir'd and lov'd Leviathan:  
 Wearied with exile, basely he comply'd,  
 And, coward, started from the suff'ring side;  
 With abject lies usurping force ador'd,  
 And measur'd justice by the longest sword.  
 Bless'd moralist! who taught ev'n good and ill  
 To veer obsequious to the tyrant's will:  
 Prone to renounce his sense at Cromwell's nod,  
 And traitor to his prince, as to his God.

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<sup>28</sup>Ori., "Graet"; corrected in the errata.

<sup>29</sup>This is not a direct quote from Hobbes; but many charged that his strong materialism led to a type of panpsychism.

Hear, all ye wits, his gospel! “Tales receiv’d,  
 In private feign’d, and publickly believ’d,  
 These are religion.”<sup>30</sup> He like esteems  
 The *prophets* visions and the *rabbies* dreams;  
 Nor matters who the rising sect begun,  
 Or Mary’s offspring, or Abdalla’s son.  
 No smallest diff’rence can his wisdom find;  
 For colours all are equal to the blind.

Yet tales, when once establish’d by the state,  
 He holds for sacred, and as fix’d as fate:  
 Nor shall th’ Almighty Lord his pleasure show,  
 Without dependance on the gods below.  
 The civil creed no subject must deny,  
 Or disbelieve it, though ’tis own’d a lie.  
 Hither from farthest east, ye Bramins come;  
 Hither, ye western locusts—monks of Rome:  
 Behold this frontless, all-imposing man,  
 And match him with your priest-craft, if ye can.

Prodigious sage! who taught mankind to know  
 The dang’rous cheats of Robin Goodfellow!  
 Of faries tripping light a moon-shine round,  
 Where rising verdure marks the circled ground!  
 Charm’d down by him, each airy spirit flies,  
 And grosser witches vanish from our eyes:  
 Croncs, untransform’d, their own bad figures keep,  
 And broomstuffs peaceful in their corners sleep;  
 Yet vulgar tales this mighty champion scare,  
 This foe to shades, this conqu’ror of the air;  
 Ghosts immaterial he as<sup>31</sup> dreams decries,  
 Yet dreads their pow’r, whose being he denies.

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<sup>30</sup>Hobbes, *Leviathan*, Ch. 6: “Fear of power invisible, feigned by the mind, or imagined from tales publicly allowed, religion; not allowed, superstition. And when the power imagined is truly such as we imagine, true religion.”

<sup>31</sup>Ori., “has”; corrected in the errata.

The noon-day boaster, strait a coward grown,  
Shudders and trembles in the dark alone:  
Spectres and phantoms glare before his sight,  
Which when the candle enters, cease to fright.  
'Twas thus he liv'd our nation's boasted pride!  
And, (Oh! that truth could hide it!) thus he dy'd.  
Dreams, whimsies, fancies, nothings, then he fear'd;  
And "leap'd into the dark,"<sup>32</sup> and disappear'd.

Not thus his matchless wisdom Bacon show'd,  
He found in all things, and he own'd, a God:  
As farther learn'd, still readier to adore;  
And still the more he knew, believ'd the more:  
Glories to virtue due secure to find,  
Unbounded and immortal as his mind.  
Could Hobbes, alas! an equal prospect see  
In the sad gloom of dark futurity!  
Who dreamt that man once dust shall never rise,  
That when the carcass falls, the spirit dies;  
If quite extinct, insensible of fame,  
Yet barr'd the poor reversion of a name.  
While yet alive, by vanity betray'd,  
He saw his fleeting groundless honors fade:  
Nor sacred verse their lustre can prolong;  
No, not a Cowley's nor a Mulgrave's song.

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<sup>32</sup>Hobbes is reported to have said on his death-bed, "Now am I about to take my last voyage—a great leap in the dark."

**On the Death of  
Mr. Morgan of Christ-Church,  
Oxford.**<sup>33</sup>

If aught beneath them happy souls attend,  
Let Morgan hear the triumph of a friend,  
And hear well-pleas'd.—Let libertines so gay  
With careless indolence despise the lay;  
Let critick wits and fools, for laughter born,  
Their verdict pass with supercilious scorn:  
Let jovial crowds, in wine their senses drown'd,  
Stammer out censure in their frantick round:  
Let yawning sluggards faint dislike display,  
Who while they trust to-morrow lose to-day.  
Let such as these the pious strains condemn,  
For 'tis true glory to be hiss'd by them.

Wise in his prime, he waited not 'till noon,  
Convinc'd that mortals "never liv'd too soon."  
As if foreboding then his little stay,  
He made his morning bear the heat of day.  
Fix'd, while unfading glory he pursues,  
No ill to hazard, and no good to lose;  
No fair occasion glides unheeded by,  
Snatching the golden moments as they fly,  
He by few fleeting hours ensures eternity.

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<sup>33</sup>Samuel Wesley Jr., *Poems on Several Occasions*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (Cambridge: J. Bentham, 1743), 85–87.

Friendship's warm beams his artless breast inspire,  
 And tend'rest rev'rence to a much-lov'd sire.  
 He dar'd from heav'n this flatt'ring world forego,  
 Ardent to teach, as diligent to know.  
 Unwarp'd by sensual ends, or vulgar aims,  
 By idle riches, or by idler names.  
 Fearful of sin in ev'ry close disguise,  
 Unmov'd by threat'ning, or by glosing lies.  
 Seldom indeed the wicked came so far,  
 Forc'd by his piety to defensive war:  
 Whose zeal for other men's salvation shown,  
 Beyond the reach of hell secur'd his own.  
 Glad'ning the poor where e'er his steps he turn'd,  
 Where pin'd the orphan, or the widow mourn'd:  
 Where pris'ners sigh'd beneath guilt's horrid stain,  
 The worst confinement, and the heaviest chain;  
 Where death's sad shade the uninstructed sight  
 Veil'd with thick darkness in the land of light.  
 Our Saviour thus fulfill'd his great design,  
 (For human may be liken'd to divine,)  
 Heal'd each disease that bodies frail endure,  
 And preach'd th' unhop'd for gospel to the poor.

Nor yet the priestly function he invades,  
 'Tis not his sermon, but his life, persuades.  
 Humble and teachable to church he flies,  
 Prepar'd to practise, not to criticize.  
 Then only angry, when a wretch conveys  
 The deists poison in the gospel phrase.  
 To means of grace the last respect he show'd,  
 Nor sought new paths, as wiser than his God.

Their sacred strength preserv'd him from extremes  
 Of empty outside, or enthusiast dreams:  
 Whims of Molinos, lost in rapture's mist,  
 Or Quaker, late-reforming Quietist.  
 He knew that works must here our faith employ,  
 And that 'tis heav'n's great business, to enjoy.  
 Fix'd on that heav'n, he death's approaches saw,  
 Nor vainly murmur'd at our nature's law.  
 Repin'd not that his youth so soon should go,  
 Nor griev'd for fleeting pleasures here below.  
 Of sharpest anguish scorning to complain,  
 He fills with mirth the intervals of pain:  
 Not only unappall'd, but cheerful, sees  
 The dark cold passage that must lead to peace.  
 Strong with immortal bloom, secure to rise,  
 The tears for ever banish'd from his eyes.

Who now regrets his early youth would spend  
 The life so nobly that so soon should end?  
 Who blames the stripling for performing more  
 Than doctors grave, and prelates of three-score?  
 Who now esteems his fervour indiscreet,  
 His pray'rs too frequent, and his alms too great?  
 Who thinks, where blest he reigns beyond the sky,  
 His crown too radiant, and his throne too high?  
 Who but the fiend, who once his course withstood,  
 And whisper'd,—“Stay till fifty to be good.”  
 Sure, if believ'd, t' obtain his hellish aim,  
 Adjourning to the time that never came.

**Reflections**  
**Upon these two Verses of Mr. Oldham:**<sup>34</sup>

“Lord of myself, accountable to none,  
But to my conscience, and my God alone.”<sup>35</sup>

1. Live there, compos'd of earthly frame,  
Who dare such height of pride to own,  
Lords of themselves, themselves to name,  
As if accountable to none?
2. How vain th' assuming in a dream  
The greatness due to God alone!  
Who self-sufficient, and supreme,  
Still reigns accountable to none.
3. Thus Lucifer his honours lost,  
Hurl'd headlong from his azure throne;  
So dear the short aspiring cost,  
To reign accountable to none.
4. Pride soars for seraphims too high;  
Shall man be proud, a wretch forlorn!  
E'er well he lives ordain'd to die,  
Of sin conceiv'd, and woman born?

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<sup>34</sup>Samuel Wesley Jr., *Poems on Several Occasions*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (Cambridge: J. Bentham, 1743), 94–98.

<sup>35</sup>John Oldham, “A Satire Addressed to a Friend, that is about to leave the University and come abroad in the World,” lines 121–22.

5. An angry look, or sudden word,  
A stinging weed, or little thorn,  
Can discompose this mighty lord,  
Of sin conceiv'd, and woman born.
6. The slightest toy can end his span,  
The meanest object of his scorn  
Can crush this independant man,  
Of sin conceiv'd, and woman born.
7. But few perhaps desire, while here,  
To reign accountable to none;  
The wisest may vouchsafe to fear  
Their conscience and their God alone.
8. While fools, for terror or reward,  
Are steer'd by motions not their own,  
These cent'ring in themselves, regard  
Their conscience and their God alone.
9. The world may flatter, or revile,  
May court the mitre or the throne;  
These fear the frown and seek the smile  
Of conscience and of God alone.
10. Here surely they may refuge take;  
No, lower yet descend and lower;  
For see the windings of the snake  
Beneath the beauties of the flower.

11. Saints from accounting are not free,  
When chains of duty bind their hands;  
And e'en when these are loose, we see,  
That strong necessity commands.
12. Go! bid the wisest pleader gain  
The cause, of which he nothing sees:  
Go! bid physicians heal our pain,  
Without enquiring the disease.
13. Depending seemingly on air,  
Her nets the lab'ring insect spreads;  
The nearer nothing they appear,  
The easier 'tis to break their threads.
14. Through nature we may search in vain;  
Where can this fond *chimera* be,  
This vision of the waking brain,  
This idol independancy?
15. The larger half of all mankind,  
Nor yet to years of reason grown,  
By God and nature are assign'd,  
Nor will, nor freedom of their own.
16. Woman, a goddess to the fool,  
Without usurping cannot sway:  
By what commission shall she rule,  
Sworn, nay created, to obey?

17. Subjects with sworn allegiance bow  
    To sov'reigns, heaven's peculiar care!  
And just degrees of duty owe  
    To all that Cæsar's image bear.
18. Nay, tho' th' unworthiest of the crowd  
    Above their fellows heads should soar,  
A Pembroke great, a Thanet good,  
    May bow to —— when in pow'r.
19. If aught our brother's fall may cause,  
    The scandal giv'n we must remove;  
Enjoin'd by Christ, if not by laws,  
    To veil our dignity to love.
20. At charity's almighty call,  
    Down, down is human grandeur thrown,  
We then must give account to all:  
    And thus accountable to none!
21. The greatest sov'reign of the ball,  
    High-rais'd on his imperial throne,  
In love must give account to all;  
    In law accountable to none.
22. To friends and foes, to great and small,  
    Our country's servants, nay our own,  
We all must give account to all:  
    And thus accountable to none!

23. But grant that, far from human-kind,  
Obliging and oblig'd by none,  
We graze like anchorites, resign'd  
To conscience and to God alone;
24. Tho' the first thought perhaps may rove,  
As if from awe of all we ran;  
Severely will the second prove,  
That pride was never made for man.
25. If all we think, and do, and say,  
To men and angels will be shown;  
What boots it for an hour, or day,  
To lurk accountable to none?

**To the Memory of the  
Right Reverend Francis Gastrell, D.D.  
Lord Bishop of Chester.<sup>36</sup>**

**“The memory of the just is blessed, but the name of  
the wicked shall rot.”—Prov. x. 7.**

I sing a *prelate* good, unbodied now,  
Nor longer angel of the church below;  
Enthron'd triumphant!—may the lines be free  
From sordid hope, and servile flattery.  
Such views, if known, this happy saint would move  
To shake his radiant head, and frown above.  
A gen'rous plainness thro' the verse be shown,  
Truth without fear, and roughness like his own:  
Roughness, by none despis'd, by most rever'd;  
By fools avoided, and by villains fear'd.

While Gastrell's praises fill the hallow'd strain,  
Far hence ye false, ye vicious, ye prophane!  
Whoe'er can virtue out of place despise,  
And sneak inglorious when ye stoop to rise;  
Whoe'er for int'rest have your honour sold,  
And truck'd your conscience, or your friend for gold:  
Whoe'er with changing factions, change your minds,  
And veer obsequious to the shifting winds;  
Or shun to read, or reading scoff his name,  
And where you mean him scandal, give him fame.

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<sup>36</sup>Samuel Wesley Jr., *Poems on Several Occasions*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (Cambridge: J. Bentham, 1743), 99–107.

Ye sacred founts, whence truth and learning spring,  
At once accept, and witness what I sing.  
Mean poet I, to bid in numbers rise  
Gastrell, the learn'd, the pious, and the wise!  
By Cam's and Isis' grateful sons approv'd;  
By Anne promoted, and by Harley lov'd.  
Him Isis early bless'd with calm retreat,  
Where arts ingenious fix'd their happy seat;  
Where Laud of old intrepid rul'd the gown;  
Where Fell presided, and where Aldrich shone:  
Studious in youth, here learn'd he to excell,  
And gain'd the wisdom he employ'd so well.  
Whether his nervous eloquence he show'd,  
T' assert creating and presiding God,  
Author and end of all; whose will is fate,  
Almighty to revenge, as to create:  
Or Christ, his consecrated pen require,  
Coëval Son descending from the Sire!  
Whom ransom for his foes the Father gave,  
Who liv'd to teach us, and who dy'd to save.  
From truth to truth the solid reas'ner goes,  
Nor fraud can 'scape him, nor can force oppose;  
And earth and hell may try their arts in vain,  
To break one link of th' adamantine chain.

Hear him, when learning seems his voice to need,  
For academick honours boldly plead;  
Mindful of truth, as mindless of applause,  
With strength and candour worthy of his cause.  
Long may those bulwarks of religion stand,  
True to the mitred head, and scepter'd hand:

To future times let Hyde immortal tell,  
 How bravely once they stood, how nobly fell.  
 When viper sects our parent church subdu'd,  
 And traitor Cromwell gorg'd himself with blood;  
 Nor less distinguish'd courage dar'd they show,  
 Against a diff'rent, but an equal foe.  
 Their worthies stem'd the tide in danger's hour,  
 Against the papal, as the rebel power:  
 In youth, for firmness to the sire, undone,  
 In hoary age, ejected by the son.  
 In vain each shape the subtle serpent tries,  
 With schism would tear, with heresy surprise,  
 Where Jane or Potter trac'd the latent snare;  
 Where James and Beaumont fill'd the sacred chair,  
 And worthy fill'd: such foreign lands may stile  
 Justly the glories of Britannia's isle.  
 Whate'er self-praising pedants idly say,  
 More proud of ign'rance than of learning they!  
 Let thrifty atheists vote their charters down,  
 Let faction storm, and superstition frown:  
 Let glitt'ring beaus their little wits engage,  
 And well-drest *vandals* barbarously rage.  
 The more the wise admire, convinc'd the more,  
 The banks are needful when the billows roar.

A spoiler once possess'd the British throne,  
 Who cur'd the church's av'rice by his own;  
 Scatter'd to priests or death or famine round,  
 Reform'd the antient temples to the ground:  
 Yet puritanick saints some gleanings met,  
 And what the hail had spar'd, the locusts eat,  
 This Anna deign'd with pitying eye to see,  
 Supreme alike in pow'r and piety!

In deserts wild the prophet's sons she fed,  
And made the hungry ravens bring them bread;  
And wisely lib'ral rais'd their growing store,  
Nor plunder'd from the rich to feed the poor.  
How wide diffus'd the charity extends,  
When what the prince begins, the prelate ends!  
For see the loaves, which Gastrell's hands divide,  
Almost by miracle are multiply'd.  
At once by precept and example led,  
From breast to breast infectious bounty spread.  
The deists scarce from offering could withhold,  
And misers wonder'd they should part with gold;  
Who grudge the smallest mite to churches giv'n,  
And count it loss on earth, to gain in heav'n.

Nor gifts nor wealth th' Apostles need require,  
When God descending crown'd their heads with fire:  
Subjected nature's course to their commands,  
Inspir'd their lips, and acted by their hands;  
Thro' palsy'd limbs fresh blooming vigour shed,  
And speak the dead alive, and living dead.  
No pow'rs like these their successors can claim;  
Tho' yet their gospel and their God the same:  
The noblest preachers only now present  
The calm still wonder of a life well-spent.  
Such Gastrell liv'd on duty bent alone,  
Studious to profit all, but flatter none;  
List'ning attentive to the wretch's cry,  
The griefs low-whisper'd, and the stifled sigh:  
When gath'ring storms would touch his soul with fear,  
Unmov'd, tho' peals of thunder struck his ear:

Careful by works his faith unfeign'd to prove,  
 By zeal unshaken, and unweari'd love:  
 For tend'rest love and warmest zeal agree;  
 Nay, zeal well-bounded turns to charity,  
 That cheers the faint, bright-shining from afar,  
 And guides to Jesus like the wise-men's star.  
 Oh! would th' incarnate God to prelates give  
 To all like him to write, like him to live!  
 So faith divine might wider beams display,  
 And win resistless o'er the world its way:  
 So Rome the gospel uncorrupt might own;  
 And haughty pontiffs vail their triple crown.  
 The frozen north might bishops' thrones befriend,  
 And far as Thule to the mitre bend!

Cautious and strict, what steadfastness he show'd,  
 Ordaining servants for the courts of God!  
 Thither thro' him, no feet unhallow'd came,  
 The pass was guarded with a sword of flame.  
 No criminals his awful looks could bear,  
 Who fled to shelter, not to worship there:  
 Far let them fly, and seek in distant lands  
 For less intrepid hearts, and meaner hands.  
 Nor frown, nor smile, nor terror, nor reward,  
 Mov'd him the Saviour's church to disregard;  
 Almost as soon might Peter's zeal have sold  
 His heav'nly pow'rs for perishable gold;  
 At *mammon's* beck dispens'd ethereal fire,  
 And made apostles for a wizard's hire.

Some future *poet* rise, the *prelate's* praise  
 Record sublime in ever-during lays;

To deathless ages give his fame declar'd;  
 Such heat celestial fir'd the glowing bard,  
 For David's heir his harp when *prior* strung,  
 Or *pope* with noblest flight Messiah sung.  
 His glory thus preserv'd by lays divine,  
 In song coëval with the world might shine;  
 When gusts of passion sink, no more to rise,  
 And envy mould'ring with his ashes lies:  
 When charms of present int'rest shall decay,  
 And faction's less'ning murmurs die away:  
 When virtue shall no more be deem'd a crime,  
 But truth emerging triumph over time.  
 So when of old, a patriot great and good,  
 In Rome imperious or in Athens proud;  
 Some sore affront to clowns or tribunes gave,  
 And scorn'd to flatter whom he fought to save;  
 His hated worth they doom'd by publick voice,  
 And banishment or death was all the choice:  
 Too late convinc'd, their rashness they deplor'd,  
 And whom they judg'd before, they now ador'd;  
 By crowns and statues vain repentance show'd,  
 And voted the condemn'd into a god.

Gastrell the art of courts disdain'd to know,  
 And the smooth polish of a fawning brow;  
 His tongue refus'd the subtle stateman's part,  
 And spoke the genuine language of his heart:  
 Fearless of pow'rful anger's threat'ning eye,  
 Too plain to double, and too brave to lie.  
 Those slavish abject souls he scorn'd severe,  
 Who count promotion never bought too dear;

Who ply for years the meanest, basest toil,  
 Pleas'd with a nod, transported with a smile:  
 Practise th' obeisant cringe, th' expecting face,  
 And watch each turn of whimsy in his grace:  
 To ev'ry favour'd liv'ry they can see,  
 Who crook the supple hinges of the knee;  
 Hard lab'ring on their worthless heads to set  
 A mitre menial to a coronet.

His loyalty from genuine motives flow'd,  
 True to his prince, as faithful to his God:  
 Him solemn oaths could tie tho' unconfi'd  
 By bonds of int'rest base, or passion blind:  
 By meaner views while vulgar subjects steer;  
 And fix allegiance as they hope or fear;  
 Whom rays of favour must to duty charm,  
 (Those who in sun-shine bask may well be warm)  
 If plac'd on high they rule the common-weal,  
 And well-paid pensions recompense their zeal:  
 But let the much-lov'd sov'reign please to frown,  
 And coldly cast these zealous servants down,  
 Down sinks the weather-glass; no more they praise,  
 But lose their duty when they lose their place.  
 So common trees their annual dress put on,  
 Cheer'd by the vernal show'rs and summer sun;  
 While smiling seasons last, they flourish fair,  
 But stormy autumn leaves them dead or bare:<sup>37</sup>  
 Not so the laurel's constant green we find,  
 Careless of fav'ring sun or adverse wind,  
 It holds its leaf, when wint'ry tempests blow,  
 And keeps its verdure underneath the snow.

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<sup>37</sup>Ori., "bear"; corrected in the errata.

The *prelate* doom'd in exile sad to rove,  
 (Forgive, ye great ones, for I still must love!)  
 E'er yet the thunder from its cloud was fled,  
 Or lanc'd the lightning pointed at his head,  
 Found Gastrell firm an enemy to defend;  
 Let cowards leave, and villains crush a friend:  
 No conscious guilt in common danger ty'd,  
 No partial favour warp'd him to his side.  
 You that in pomp of grandeur strut your hour,  
 In bright meridian of an envy'd pow'r,  
 Try all your friends, of ev'ry rank and kind,  
 A man like this amid your thousands find:  
 Nor levées throng'd his equal can supply;  
 Nor honours gain you, nor exchequers buy!

When loss of best-lov'd friends ordain'd to know,  
 Next pain and guilt the greatest ill below;  
 For vain the hope which mortal breath supplies,  
 Since Oxford yields to fate, and Anna dies!  
 Griev'd, not dismay'd, to providence resign'd;  
 Nor death he courted, nor at life repin'd,  
 Tho' crowds before him slept, from toil releas't,  
 And pious Smalridge had retir'd to rest:  
 Nor fear'd, had heav'n decreed it, to have stood  
 Adverse against a world, and singly good.

So brave Nassau oppos'd the Gallick reign,  
 And found the Belgian moles and ramparts vain;  
 For less the task old ocean's rage to guide,  
 Than stem the fury of ambition's tide.  
 Dauntless tho' foil'd, and tho' out-number'd bold,  
 Unaw'd by faction, and unbrib'd by gold.

No spot of earth unfought the hero gave,  
No; 'till his foes had earn'd it, not a grave:  
Late in the farthest dike resolv'd to lie,  
'Till then to battle, and but there to die.

**An**  
**Anacreontick,**<sup>38</sup>  
Alter'd from Herbert.<sup>39</sup>

I pluck'd this morn these beauteous flow'rs,  
Emblem of my fleeting hours;  
Tis thus, said I, my life-time flies,  
So it blooms, and so it dies.  
And, lo! how soon they steal away,  
Wither'd e'er the noon of day.  
Adieu! well-pleas'd, my end I see,  
Gently taught philosophy:  
Fragrance and ornament alive,  
Physick after death they give,  
Let me throughout my little stay  
Be as useful, and as gay:  
My close as early let me meet,  
So my odour be as sweet!

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<sup>38</sup>Samuel Wesley Jr., *Poems on Several Occasions*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (Cambridge: J. Bentham, 1743), 107.

<sup>39</sup>Cf. George Herbert, "Life," in *The Temple* (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 87.

**To a  
Young Gentleman,  
On his Recovery from a Fit of Sickness.**<sup>40</sup>

I, who was late concern'd to hear  
The danger of a life so dear,  
Would now a friendly verse employ  
To claim an interest in your joy;  
Joy to your-self, a second time  
Rescued from falling in your prime;  
Joy to your parents, happy now,  
To whom so often life you owe,  
As guarded by a father's care,  
Or granted to a mother's pray'r.  
How did they mourn your early bloom,  
The promise of a man to come!  
The pleasing hope they us'd to raise,  
When planning of your future days!  
What pangs the former transport cost,  
Which seem'd, alas! for ever lost!  
What tenderness of grief! which you,  
'Till you're a parent, cannot know:  
For who can know except they feel  
The pains that are unspeakable?  
Pains that are heighten'd to excess,  
By thoughts of transient happiness.  
So various scenes amuse the eye  
In clouds that paint a summer's sky;

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<sup>40</sup>Samuel Wesley Jr., *Poems on Several Occasions*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (Cambridge: J. Bentham, 1743), 113–14.

Short pleasure! ev'ry fleeting breeze  
Destroys the wav'ring images;  
Well, if the prospect disappears  
Without dissolving into tears.

O tread in virtue's happy road,  
True to your-self, and to your God:  
To him perpetual homage give,  
And live to him, by whom you live:  
No vicious course your youth engage,  
To treasure sorrow for your age;  
That none, by blood or love ally'd,  
Have cause to wish you now had dy'd;  
That each one, who your worth surveys,  
May bless the length'ning of your days.  
'Tis well if all your coming years  
May pay a father for his tears;  
If joy, that from your welfare flows,  
May recompence a mother's woes.

**The  
Descriptive:  
A Miltonick.<sup>41</sup>**

After the Manner of the Moderns.

“*Torva Mimalloneis implerunt cornua bombis.*” Nero.<sup>42</sup>

The Argument.

The invocation: the poem slides insensibly into the midst of things, and presents a flower-piece; then proceeds to the heat of Africa, the fertility of harvest, and the cold usually ensuing: this naturally leads to the stages of man’s life: infancy: a bird’s-nest, illustrated from Homer: youth, closed with a simile: APHROGALA μεμασιγόμενον.\* The next two ages slightly touched, make way for a sketch of the morning: a moral reflection on the uncertainty of human things, by way of transition to night; wherein is introduced an assemblage of allegorical persons, perfectly picturesque, and highly suitable to the nature of this kind of poetry. The conclusion.

O thou sweet-musing in th’ umbrageous grots  
Of cool Cithæron, or th’ embow’ring shade  
Of Pimpla’s lofty top, ærial height;  
Or hear’st thou rather from the secret cave

---

\* Al. leg. μασιγόφορον vid. Steph.

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<sup>41</sup>Samuel Wesley Jr., *Poems on Several Occasions*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (Cambridge: J. Bentham, 1743), 117–21.

<sup>42</sup>Persius, *Satires*, i.99.

Oracular, yawning with awful night?  
 Or else where-e'er by visionary bard  
 Thou sitt'st enthron'd, to me alike where-e'er,  
 Present to me alike. Not unobserv'd  
 By rural swains, and not unwish'd the guest  
 Approaches glad, with smiling chaplets crown'd,  
 And odours floating soft on *zephyr's* wings,  
 With early blooming sweets: the primrose fair,  
 Nam'd from the joyous prime. The violet  
 Impurpled, blue-ey'd, thicket-loving flow'r.  
 With ruddier specks their paly gold among,  
 Cowslips distinct emblazon'd. He who speaks,  
 Speaks adequate the numbers numberless  
 Of various flowrets, from all-bearing earth  
 Self-rais'd, spontaneous, may perchance recount  
 Or buds which swell with vernal warmth's return,  
 Or drops descending in prolifick show'rs,  
 Or epithets in sacred poet's song.

Thee, torrid zone adust, thee who shall praise?  
 Except by Sirius or his brother star  
 Haply inspir'd. Phœbus' meridian fires  
 Intense, extreme, (while the fierce lion reigns,  
 Malignant reigns, morbifick, pestilent,)
 Heat Africk's furnace into sev'n-fold flame;  
 Whose burnings join'd, reflexive and direct,  
 Half vitrify her sands; impois'ning more  
 Dragons impoison'd, basilisks death-crown'd  
 And *dipsas* dry, and sublimate their stings  
 Or teeth, erst dang'rous; now avoidless fate,  
 Quick, instantaneous. When autumnal boughs  
 Fruit-bent to earth hang pendent, parent earth

As studious to repay; apples forth pour  
 Draughts emulous of the vine, mature produce,  
 Nectareous; vales with yellow harvests crown'd,  
 Ambrosial, tempt the careful reaper's toil.  
 Nor Ceres, fancy'd pow'r! but nature boon  
 Roughens the furrow'd plain with beardy gold.  
 Behold he comes with trembling pace, but sure,  
 Whose icy breath the circum-ambient air  
 Chills froze; by rustick foot or carriage prest,  
 Unyielding, unobsequious stands the frost,  
 Nitrous, incrusted, cripsy, crackling, crimp.

Life's stages fleet in quick succession roll,  
 Each after each. Babes tell aloud their woe,  
 Too plain, alas! tho' inarticulate:  
 Tho' unexperienc'd yet to form the sound  
 Distinct, syllabick; while the infant tongue  
 With still-born motion flutters into speech.  
 See! the boy storms the bird's weak citadel,  
 Straw or stick-built, or of what stuff so'er  
 They choose, instinctive, lin'd with smoothest moss,  
 Or down still smoother, waving in mid sky,  
 Transcending boasted architecture far,  
*Dorick, corinthian, plain or composite;*  
 The helpless brood small, callow, bare, unfledg'd  
 He seizes, sportive; ah! their tender limbs  
 With ruthless hands he pulls, he tugs, he tears.  
 So blind Mæonides, in body blind,  
 Of soul sharp-sighted, sung a snake devour'd  
 Eight young in presence of their frighted dam;  
 The dam the ninth; which shadow'd Ilium's fall,  
 And the robb'd bird's-nest show'd the fate of Troy.

In wild designs is giddy, youth absorpt,  
 Conceiv'd with rashness, and with rage pursu'd,  
 Idle, unprofitable, void, and vain.  
 So in pellucid crystal turgid swells  
 The creamy viand, gently turgid swells,  
 Unsolid sweet, with vacuum full-fraught,  
 Something like nothing, flying taste and touch,  
 Yet to the transient eye alluring, soft,  
 Spumaceous, aphrodisian: manhood ripe  
 Advanc'd, autumnal yields the fruits, which erst  
 Youth's bloom had promis'd fair, but verges swift,  
 Too swiftly verges to decline of life;  
 Decrepid, querulous, unthought-of eld,  
 With unsuspected silence, creeping on,  
 Not fear'd 'till found, not understood 'till felt.

Hail! gladsome prime of day, when orient Sol  
 Shoots horizontal beams on dew-drop'd pearls  
 Mellifluous; ethereal poets chant,  
 Two-legg'd, but not unfeather'd, melting lays,  
 With trill harmonious and responsive tune:  
 Sweet *antiphon!* but what, alas! if fair,  
 In mortal state is permanent? the morn  
 Brings on meridian blaze, day beckons night;  
 And each beginning leads us to an end.  
 When birds obscene, by the all-viewing sun  
 Ages unview'd, fly forth; ill omens all!  
 With scream portentous and terrifick wing.  
 Chill *fear*, and shudd'ring *guilt*, and pale *dismay*,  
 Moony *distraction*, life-consuming *grief*,  
 And *horror* raven-plum'd, enormous group!  
 Cut the dank moist, and cleave the dark obscure.

To thee, O night! what shall to thee compare?  
Save the black grave, where loftiest poets' dust  
Undreaming sleeps, stiff, senseless, motionless,  
Silent, untuneful all; far, far remov'd  
From mortals' busy paths and sight humane,  
From touch ethereal of heaven's fiery rod;  
Vocal their harps no more, in rory damp  
Moulders the lifeless, ever-living choir.

**Epigram**  
**On the foregoing Miltonicks.**<sup>43</sup>

What makes you write at this odd rate?  
Why, sirs, it is to imitate.  
What makes you rant and ramble so?  
Why, 'tis to do as others do.  
But there's no meaning to be seen:  
Why, that's the very thing I mean.

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<sup>43</sup>Samuel Wesley Jr., *Poems on Several Occasions*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (Cambridge: J. Bentham, 1743), 121.

**An Ode  
To James Oglethorpe, Esq.  
In the Country. A.D. 1728.<sup>44</sup>**

1. Arise, and soar, my tow'ring soul,  
    To flights of lofty Pindar's song,  
When scorning laws, his torrents roll  
    Their dithyrambick tide along:  
No fall like Icarus, I fear,  
    Who dar'd with artful pinions fly;  
Me stronger nature shall up-bear,  
    Nor follower, but a rival, I.
  
2. Tho' long extinct Apollo's rage,  
    And lost is Aganippe's stream,  
Nature, the same in ev'ry age,  
    Still shines my unexhausted theme!  
Whether her favour deign to crown  
    Some darling son with wit refin'd,  
Or wisdom show'r, and virtue, down,  
    Those glories of the human mind!
  
3. Or else her pencil she prepare  
    For spring's returning scene,  
To paint inimitably fair  
    The fields with living green:

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<sup>44</sup>Samuel Wesley Jr., *Poems on Several Occasions*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (Cambridge: J. Bentham, 1743), 127–30.

Her gaudy bow aloft to spread,  
When clouds their treasure pour;  
Or earth embroider, for our tread,  
With beauties of the flow'r.

1. Wisely, from smoke and noise remov'd,  
Each morn you view, with ravish'd eye,  
The country sweet, by poets lov'd,  
Which fancy must to me supply.  
On breezes vernal odours float,  
The dew-drops glitter on the spray,  
The feather'd songsters swell their note,  
And the sun smiles, and you are gay.
2. Senates, supreme on earth, we see,  
Bid new-built temples threat the skies;  
White-Hall itself, at their decree,  
Improv'd might from its ashes rise.  
But say, would all their art and care  
One single vegetable show?  
With cowslips' scent perfume the air,  
Or teach the haw-thorn how to blow?
3. Did fortune answer to my mind,  
My wishes to my love,  
No need of invitations kind  
To lead me to the grove,  
Where nature's works I might admire,  
Free from the city's crowd,  
And from the art of man retire,  
To view the art of God.

1. Vast navies, built by human skill,  
The pilot's wond'rous art obey;  
The oak deserts its native hill,  
O'er ocean's liquid world to stray:  
Yet vain the ship-wright's boasted pride,  
The chart or compass nought avails,  
If nature joins not with her tide,  
Nor lends assistance with her gales.
  
2. From pole to pole our squadrons go,  
Excelling antient fables far,  
Of Argo, when a ship below,  
Or when exalted to a star:  
Preserv'd from rocks and storms in vain,  
Laden with wealth or fame they come,  
Should erring counsellors ordain,  
They suffer shipwrack here at home.
  
3. Them virtue rises to defend,  
In spite of numbers bold,  
See avarice a-while suspend  
Its wonted thirst of gold!  
What pride or fraud may have design'd,  
See reason over-bear!  
And fleets a port of safety find,  
If Oglethorpe is there.

1. The pious, grateful duty owes  
    To the dear land, where he was born;  
A glorious debt! which nature knows  
    With fairest interest to return.  
He merits first his country's praise,  
    Who steers her helm through danger on,  
And he deserves the second place,  
    Who guards her safety with a son.
  
2. 'Twas thus the father of my friend  
    Wisely secur'd a lasting fame,  
Beyond the reach of death t' extend  
    His publick and domestick name.  
'Tis single, 'tis imperfect light,  
    The world from worth unwedded shares,  
He only shines compleatly bright  
    Who leaves his virtues to his heirs.
  
3. Oh, thus too may his offspring haste,  
    His glory to improve,  
And, fir'd by love to Britain, taste  
    The bliss of private love!  
With joy his summons I attend,  
    And fly with speed away;  
Let but the patriot condescend  
    To fix his marriage-day.

[blank]

**The  
Prisons Open'd:  
A  
Poem,**<sup>45</sup>

Occasioned by the  
Glorious Proceedings of the Committee of the  
House of Commons, appointed to enquire into  
the state of the Gaols<sup>46</sup> of this kingdom, in the  
year 1728.

*... facilis descensus Averni;  
Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis:  
Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras,  
Hoc opus, hic labor est. Pauci quos æquus amavit  
Jupiter, aut ardens evexit ad æthera virtus,  
Diis geniti, potuère. ...* Virg.<sup>47</sup>

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<sup>45</sup>Samuel Wesley Jr., *Poems on Several Occasions*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (Cambridge: J. Bentham, 1743), 135–49.

<sup>46</sup>Ori., “Goals”; a misprint.

<sup>47</sup>Virgil, *Aeneid*, vi.126 ff; “The descent to hell is easy ....”

Humbly inscribed to

James Oglethorpe, Esq. Chairman.

Lord Visc. Percival.  
Sir Th. Lowther, Bart.  
Sir H. Howarth Bart.  
Robert Byng, Esq.  
Charles Selwyn, Esq.  
Erasmus Philips, Esq.  
Stam. Brooksbank, Esq.  
John La Roche, Esq.  
Charles Withers, Esq.  
John Crosse, Esq.  
Velters Cornwall, Esq.  
Robert Huckes, Esq.  
Sir R. Clifton, Kt. of the Bath.  
Sir Archibald Grant, Bart.  
Mr. Alderman Parsons.  
Edward Vernon, Esq.  
John Campbel, Esq.  
Rogers Holland, Esq.  
James Tuffnel, Esq.  
Th. Lewis, Esq. of Radnor.  
Robert More, Esq.  
John Norris, Esq.  
Edward Hughes, Esq.  
Thomas Towers, Esq.  
Sir Abraham Elton, Bart.

And the rest of the  
Acting Members of the Committee.

**The  
Prisons Open'd.**

Let arms and warriors other poets fire,  
Or love's sweet anguish tune the softer lyre;  
I sing of pris'ners freed, and guilt pursu'd  
With gen'rous ardour by the great and good.  
O thou from whom that gen'rous ardour came,  
(A heat far nobler than poetick flame,)  
Father of goodness! hear, and teach my lays  
That best that darling attribute to praise;  
Make list'ning crowds detest tyrannick wrong,  
And learn the love of mercy from my song;  
Make patriots' fame with fairest lustre shine,  
And raise their glory, by exalting thine.

What various paths unhappy mortals tread,  
Which down to dungeons and to tortures lead!  
In goal a few secure their ill-got store,  
By vices many fall, by folly more.  
The flatter'd heir in short-liv'd pomp behold,  
How flush'd with youth, and wine, and love, and gold!  
All arts, all baits unnumber'd tempters try,  
Friendship's endearing form, and beauty's eye.  
Manors are lost, tho' petty stakes are won,  
And garter'd sharpers urge his ruin on.

By pity some, a glorious fault! have fail'd,  
 A friend supported, or a father bail'd:  
 Some perish void of error and offence,  
 Cast headlong by resistless providence:  
 Orphans, who frauds of guardians cannot shun,  
 Clients by legal labyrinths undone:  
 The trader strictly just, yet overthrown  
 By others' crimes, and losses not his own.  
 Nor more redress the breaking merchant finds  
 From Spanish seizures, than from adverse winds.  
 Lo! countless swarms the dire abode receives,  
 Thick as in autumn drop the sapless leaves,  
 Whom state deceit and South-Sea plunder drain'd,  
 Which like a gen'ral deluge swept the land:  
 Whom publick faith could no protection lend,  
 Seeming, and only seeming, to defend.

When wretches, stripp'd of fortune's gifts, repair  
 To the dark dome of temporal despair,  
 Fast by the prison-gates with sleepless eyes  
 Sits griping never-sated *avarice*;  
 To him th' admitted fine for being poor,  
 And ope with gold th' inhospitable door;  
 Compell'd, since laws and goalers so ordain,  
 To pay for misery, and to bribe for pain:  
 To gain th' *asylum* of the *fleet* they strive,  
 The privilege to be entomb'd alive.  
 So, as the pagan fabling poets tell,  
 Was Charon fee'd for wafting souls to hell:  
 To pass the lake thick-thronging ghosts desire,  
 To torments most condemn'd, and penal fire;

As if Alecto's snakes they long'd to feel,  
 Or Tityus' vulture, or Ixion's wheel.  
 The goal, (sad emblem of flagitious times,  
 Revenging virtues, and rewarding crimes,)  
 Sees only villains thrive, by ruin great,  
 Who owe to guilt the splendour of their state;  
 Who plac'd by fraud and wealth from justice free,  
 In ease or pomp enjoy captivity;  
 Who sure escape by massy gold can force,  
 While wardens share the wealth of creditors.  
 Or those who basely join t' afflict the good,  
 Comrades of theft, and instruments of blood;  
 Whose well-feign'd worth the merchant's trust deceives,  
 And stocks with monthly spoils the den of thieves:  
 Who, as superiors dictate, witness bear,  
 To riot, murder, nay to treason swear;  
 Who aid to worst barbarities afford,  
 Relentless hell-hounds worthy of their lord;  
 Who drink to burning fever's thirst deny,  
 And see the famish'd swoon with stony eye;  
 Permit not pris'ners ev'n on alms to feed,  
 But snatch from starving mouths the scanty bread.  
 These, these alone, from H——s met regard,  
 And these the favours of a B——e shar'd;  
 While wrath avoidless fell on all beside,  
 With utmost fury of despotick pride.  
 So fam'd Procrustes old, (if bards may dare  
 A less with greater tyrants to compare,)  
 Offers his formidable bed to all,  
 And racks the dwarfish guest, and lops the tall:

Those only from the couch unhurt arise,  
Whose stature answers to the robber's size.

The *fleet's* stern king, circled with guards like these,  
Each helpless subject robs, and strips, and fleas;  
Incarnate fiends for torturing shackles call,  
Except the captive yields them—more than all:  
In prison within prison stak'd he lies,  
And keepers under keepers tyrannize:  
With weighty fetters gall'd the suff'ers groan,  
Or close-scru'd rivets crack the solid bone;  
Their only bed dank earth unpav'd and bare,  
Their only cov'ring is the chains they wear:  
Debar'd from chearful morn, and human sight,  
In lonely restless and enduring night:  
The strongest health unsinew'd by disease,  
And famine wasting life by slow degrees:  
Piece-meal alive they rot, long doom'd to bear  
The pestilential foul imprison'd air;  
Unless the friendly fumes on reason prey,  
And kind distraction take their sense away.  
But each black view of horrible restraint,  
What verse can number, and what pencil paint?  
Dire scenes! which H——s and his B——e know,  
Where ghastly spectres utter tales of woe!  
As if the pris'ners were condemn'd to dwell  
With pains, with darkness, and with fiends of hell.  
No smallest glimpse of distant hope they see,  
Oh! lowest depth of human misery!  
When wish'd-for death's approach shews quiet nigh,  
The soul just flutt'ring is forbid to fly:

Then seeming kind, the curst tormentors strive  
To keep departing anguish still alive.  
So when the long-rob'd murderers of Rome,  
Inquisitors, a wretch to tortures doom,  
They heal the limbs, which can no more endure,  
Less cruel when they rack, than when they cure;  
That nature spent, recruits of strength may gain  
For fresh distortion, and repeated pain.  
When wild despair, impatient of its woes,  
By fond self-murder would suborn repose;  
A life destroy'd unmov'd the keeper sees,  
And only mourns his loss of bribes and fees.  
Here, tho' his barb'rous rigours find an end,  
Farther will pow'rful avarice extend;  
Like the grand Turk, he pleases to declare  
Himself, of all that die, the gen'ral heir:  
What ev'ry vassal leaves, he speaks his own,  
But yields no portion to the wife or son.  
No plaints can reach the courts, or timely art  
Prevents their sinking to the hearer's heart.  
Had not a *price* in spotless glory shin'd,  
Our justice had been deaf as well as blind:  
No laws, no priviledge redress could give,  
For subjects' right, nor king's prerogative;  
Not acts of grace, 'till heav'n's appointed hour  
To dart just vengeance on tyrannick pow'r:  
Not God's vicegerents broke the iron chain,  
Ev'n Anne herself was merciful in vain;  
Not sov'reign smiles the prison gates unfold,  
Without large tributes of extorted gold.  
So purgatory's realm the Pope obeys,  
The founder he, and warden of the place!

There souls are feign'd fierce flames to undergo,  
 Intense, as everlasting burnings glow;  
 Tho' Christ had clear'd their guilt, they long remain  
 Pardon'd and pris'ners to infernal pain;  
 No charitable pontiff turns the keys,  
 'Till priestly goalers have secur'd their fees.  
 Is ours the land where peace and freedom smile!  
 What wrathful influence curst our age and isle,  
 Monsters of boundless avarice to see,  
 Unblushing fraud, unsated cruelty!  
 Here B——e breaths as yet the vital air!  
 Here partial great ones conscious H——s spare!  
 Yet, Britain, cease thy captives' woes to mourn,  
 To break their chains, see Oglethorpe was born!  
 Vernon, whose steady truth no threats can bend!  
 And Hughes, the sailor's never-failing friend!  
 Towers, whose rich youth can ease and pleasure fly,  
 And Percival, renown'd for piety!  
 Cornwall, to aid the friendless never slow,  
 Whose gen'rous breast still melts at others' woe!  
 These dare the tyrants long secure oppose;  
 Thus gracious heav'n its benefits bestows,  
 The antidote is found there where the poison grows. }

These, and the rest for ardent goodness fam'd,  
 Unnam'd, tho' greatly worthy to be nam'd,  
 Who seek to merit praise, but not receive;  
 (May those I name as easily forgive!)  
 Who fear not to relieve the afflicted, rise  
 Girt with false friends, and real enemies.  
 Numbers at first with scorn their fervour view,  
 And smile in secret at the active few,

Faint-hearted or designing murmurs sound,  
 And whisper "'Tis impossible" around:  
 And craft, by publick clamours overborn,  
 When tides of justice grew too strong to turn,  
 Boasted its aim by specious vain pretence  
 T' elude their strength, and mock their diligence.  
 Short boast! all dangers to their courage bow,  
 And where appears the vaunted cunning now?  
 So was Alcides sent to dang'rous war,  
 (If false with real labours we compare,)  
 The dreaded youth that monsters might devour.  
 Thus sly Eurystheus us'd his fatal pow'r;  
 But saw with conquest crown'd the gallant boy,  
 And rais'd the fame he purpos'd to destroy.

The glorious few, by bounteous heav'n ordain'd  
 To loose the fetters of a nation chain'd,  
 Urge their appointed toil with utmost speed,  
 Almost proportion'd to the wretches' need:  
 No by-design retards the destin'd race,  
 They plead no stated business of a place;  
 No thoughts of meaner ends their souls detain,  
 Of soothing pleasure, or of sordid gain:  
 Soon as the *fleet* receives each welcome guest,  
 Joy long-forgotten cheers the faintest breast;  
 Pain at their presence stops the rising sigh,  
 And languid famine opes her hollow eye;  
 Horror flies thence, they once appearing there,  
 And the worst torment of the goal, despair.  
 So at th' Almighty's nod with rapid wings,  
 Forth from the throne a guardian angel springs,

Through space immense, quick as the morning ray,  
 To succour earth distress'd he shoots away,  
 Bids Peter rise, from bonds and keepers free,  
 And looks the pris'ner into liberty.

Fear'd, honour'd, lov'd, long may the patriots stand,  
 Support and honour of their native land!  
 Warm without rage, without vain-glory brave,  
 Firm to protect, and obstinate to save!  
 Whom no false scents deceive, no searches tire;  
 Resistless to revenge, as to enquire!  
 He, who for injur'd right dares strongly plead,  
 The prisoners' council, earnest tho' unfeed;  
 To guard the weak, who scorns the mighty's frown,  
 Despising no man's danger, but his own;  
 In camps his courage as in senates try'd,  
 Daunts with severe rebuff the sons of pride.  
 Oh that his soul with healthier limbs were join'd,  
 A body less unequal to his mind!  
 He, who to H——n's, crimes eternal foe,  
 When wav'ring numbers would connivance show,  
 Shall ill-got wealth secure the robber? cry'd;  
 And singly stedfast, turn'd the rapid tide:  
 'Till impudence itself asham'd gave way,  
 And bribery yielded, blushing to gainsay.  
 The man, who wisely studious not to lose  
 His heav'n, the only interest he pursues,  
 Points to his offspring the celestial way;  
 Who hundreds feasted on that happy day,  
 Which saw from conquer'd death the Saviour rise;  
 Alms giv'n for Christ, accepted sacrifice!

The man who toil'd, the vicious poor t' amend,  
Foe to intemperance, as to need a friend;  
To punish starving sots, our nation's shame,  
And snatch the firebrands from the liquid flame;  
To save them from the snare of low estate,  
And raise their minds, but not intoxicate:  
The youth, whose dextrous and impartial skill,  
As diligent in good, as knaves in ill,  
Unfolds the knotty mazes of the laws,  
And strictly faithful to the righteous cause,  
Baffles each quirk, each subterfuge of wrong,  
Of lawyers' double heart and double tongue.  
And he, who, cautious lest design'd delay  
For guilt's escape should yield an easy way,  
Obtain'd Augusta's civil powers' decree,  
That law for once might side with equity;  
Full space for just accusing might allow,  
Nor teacher H——s leave his scholar now.  
And others, tho' unmention'd, not unknown,  
Who justly glory in their conduct shown;  
Who stand each shock, each stratagem defeat,  
Superior to the bribe and to the threat;  
And H——s half his thousands well might spare,  
Could half his thousands make a coward there.

Yet noblest acts as fury some esteem,  
For what so good but Satan can blaspheme?  
'Tis fury all, to dry the captive's tears,  
To heal his sickness, and prevent his fears:  
Fury! for orphans' diligence t' employ,  
And make the mournful widow weep for joy:

Fury! the wrongs past sufferance to redress,  
While crowds transported their deliv'ers bless:  
Fury! the poor and friendless to regard,  
Without mean prospect of a base reward;  
Life, freedom, health, and gladness to bestow,  
The only fury statesmen never know.

When villains first beheld the tempest lour,  
They sneer'd and trusted to the screen of pow'r;  
Numbers t' avoid the dire example bent,  
Lest righteous vengeance grow to precedent;  
And gifts, which fiercest anger oft appease,  
And secret friends, and secret services.  
No pangs of conscience struck the harden'd mind,  
To God's right-hand and heav'nly justice blind.  
But when their boasted engines nought avail'd,  
And gold itself, oppos'd by virtue, fail'd;  
Sudden, alas! their groundless quiet flies,  
Unusual doubts, and fatal bodings rise,  
Lest wrath divine might flagrant guilt pursue,  
And who suborn false witness die by true.  
Conscious of ill-us'd pow'r and publick hate,  
Then other tyrants fear'd approaching fate;  
An universal groan the prisons gave,  
And Newgate trembled thro' her inmost cave,  
Lest farther searches farther crimes reveal,  
Which arts infernal labour to conceal;  
Lest pity's eye those regions should explore,  
Where beams of mercy never reach'd before;  
Unwelcome light on darkest dungeons throw,  
And ev'ry latent depth of horror show.

So, as inventive Homer's fiction taught,  
Earth-shaking Neptune for the Grecians fought;  
The solid ground quak'd to the centre down,  
The king of shades leap'd frighted from his throne,  
Lest earth should cleave, and hell appear in light,  
Display'd to mortal and immortal sight:  
Drear dreadful realms, rul'd by a tyrant lord,  
By man detested, and by heav'n abhor'd!

Here real pow'r divine its pleasure shows,  
And God's right-hand what mortal can oppose!  
Or aw'd by mercy issuing from the throne,  
Or borne by popular compassion down,  
The wordy fool, renown'd for flourish long,  
Suspends th' unmeaning torrent of his tongue;  
The friend to knav'ry plays a publick part,  
His head o'er-bearing his corrupted heart;  
Compell'd his darling int'rest to discard,  
And speed the motion he would fain retard:  
The self-admiring politician joins,  
Spight of his open mocks and secret mines,  
Forc'd tho' reluctant, to dissemble good,  
And share the action he in vain withstood.  
So, when from heav'n increas'd by sudden show'rs  
The stream swift-rolling down the mountain pours,  
A tree's declining trunk, which years divide  
Half from its rooted strength, obstructs the tide,  
The rapid course unable long to bar,  
Or stem the violence of the wat'ry war,  
It yields, by mother earth sustain'd no more,  
And swells the torrent which it stop'd before.

Proceed, disinterested few, proceed;  
 Heal ev'ry wound, and succour ev'ry need:  
 Let all Britannia's misery be redrest,  
 Cite ev'ry tyrant to the righteous test;  
 The test which innocence can never fear,  
 Candid tho' strict, impartial tho' severe.  
 No artful guesses there to proofs advance,  
 Help'd by dark dubious distant circumstance:  
 Nor bribes, nor threats, nor hinting prompters there  
 Inform the wav'ring witness how to swear.  
 Go on! let none your ardent zeal withstand,  
 And show'r diffusive mercies o'er the land;  
 That heav'n by you may bless our happy isle,  
 And e'en the tradesman and the merchant smile;  
 While crowds unchain'd your fame with shouts declare,  
 Restor'd to vital light, and vital air.  
 So sudden this deliv'rance which they meet,  
 Their grief so hopeless and their joy so great,  
 Scarce to the change they yet can credit give,  
 Scarce are they yet persuaded that they live!  
 So when th' *archangel* gives the fated sign,  
 (If human joys we liken to divine)  
 The summons universal nature hears,  
 Nor pleads prescription of six thousand years;  
 Not everlasting hills their dead retain,  
 Not deep abysses of th' unfathom'd main;  
 The sleeping saints look up with joyful eyes,  
 And quick'ning at the sacred trump, arise;  
 Their pains all pass'd, their transport to succeed,  
 Immortal lives in endless bloom they lead,  
 From death's tyrannick chain, and earth's dark prison freed.

**A**  
**Wedding-Song.**<sup>48</sup>

*Ut ameris, amabilis esto.*<sup>49</sup>

1. See the springing day from far,  
Usher'd by the morning-star!  
Hear the lark with upward wing  
Meeting dawn, her carol sing!  
See the sun in eastern skies  
Joyous as a bridegroom rise!  
Wake, my dear, and come away,  
Smiling, greet the happy day;  
Ne'er was yet thy lovely breast  
Idly slow to my request;  
Now begin not to delay,  
Dear, awake, and come away:  
Join thy plighted hand, and join  
First thine oraisons with mine:
  
2. If e'er thy kind paternal care  
Join'd and bless'd the wedded pair  
With social dear domestick joys,  
Height'ning lonely paradise;  
In spotless bonds ordain'd to be  
Emblems of thy church and thee;

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<sup>48</sup>Samuel Wesley Jr., *Poems on Several Occasions*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (Cambridge: J. Bentham, 1743), 150–54.

<sup>49</sup>“Be amiable, then you will be loved.”

If e'er thy mightier love decreed  
Life from Jesu, woman's seed,  
The loss of Eden to retrieve,  
Sprung from Mary, second Eve!  
If e'er thy word has endless rest  
Shadow'd by the nuptial feast;  
Heav'n, our last wish and farthest aim,  
Mystick marriage of the Lamb!  
Show'r thine influence from on high,  
Author of the nuptial tye!

3. Quit not thine Olympick snows,  
Juno, guarding marriage vows:  
Venus, sleep in Ida's grove,  
Laughing sea-born queen of *love*!  
Cupid, banish'd hence away,  
Idle Cupid with her stay:  
Here nor *hymen* shall preside,  
Clasp'd in mantle saffron-dy'd;  
Wanton *graces* dance, nor hours  
Scatter odours, leaves and flow'rs,  
Twist the blooming wreath, nor spread  
Rose and myrtle where we tread:  
All unfeign'd and real be,  
Truth, transcending poetry.
4. Ye virgins hast, my bride prepare,  
Dress be now the dear-one's care;  
Well-suited, unaffected, free,  
Worthy her, and worthy me:

Nor poorly mean, nor costly vain,  
    Neat, and elegant, and plain.  
Her ornaments are toys no more;  
    Love's engaging chymick power,  
Like Midas fabled king of old,  
    Touches all things into gold.  
The fair that unadorn'd can please,  
    Shines yet lovelier in her dress;  
Still wisely careful to remove  
    Slightest hindrances of love:  
For nought that love concerns is small,  
    All's important, solemn all.

5. Ope the hospitable gate,  
Ope for friendship, not for state,  
Friends well-chosen enter here,  
Equal, affable, sincere;  
Cheap-bought plenty, artless store  
Feed the rich, and fill the poor;  
Converse cheer the sprightly guest,  
Cordial welcome crown the feast;  
Easy wit with candour fraught,  
Laughter genuine and unsought;  
Jest from double meaning free,  
Blameless, harmless jollity;  
Mirth, that no repenting gloom  
Treasures for our years to come.
6. May social life, so well begun,  
    Glide with equal tenor on:

May timely fruit our bliss improve,  
Children, dearest bonds of love!  
The darling boy, the daughter fair,  
Objects of delightful care!  
Rejoic'd, while oft the babes we see  
Sportive clasp their mother's knee;  
And oft from lisping prattle find  
Reason op'ning in their mind;  
While soothing hopes our hearts presage  
Pleasures of our middle age:  
'Till rightly taught, the rising brood,  
Healthy, happy, wise, and good,  
Fulfil our hopes, and pay our cares,  
Glory of our hoary hairs!

7. Give, Oh give our days to bless,  
Virtue, source of happiness!  
Prudence, stifling infant-strife;  
Friendship, remedy of life;  
Trust, in mutual faith secure;  
Transport generous and pure,  
Sparkling from the soul within,  
Never boasted, always seen:  
Kind, while each their care employs  
Griefs to part, and double joys,  
Joys to libertines unknown,  
Fruits of wedlock truth alone;  
Joys that angels may approve,  
All the dignity of love!

8. When late the summons from above  
    Parts the life, but not the love,  
Resign'd and calm may she or I  
    Teach survivors how to die!  
Be free from sin's polluting stain,  
    Void of fear, and void of pain!  
For tedious years may neither moan,  
    Sad, deserted, and alone;  
May neither, long condemn'd to stay,  
    Wait their second bridal day,  
Grant us, oh grant, almighty pow'r!  
    Soon to meet, and part no more,  
In heav'n, where love and joys are known  
    Only purer than our own!

**To the Memory of  
The Reverend Dr. South.**<sup>50</sup>

Hail venerable South! be honour paid  
Tho' late, yet lasting, to thy awful shade!  
Unbrib'd, unask'd, I offer willing lays,  
Careless alike of censure and of praise;  
Nor, didst thou yet on earth adorn the Gown,  
Would court thy favour, or would fear thy frown.

Thy conduct uniform, and life sincere,  
By hope not blinded, nor depress'd by fear,  
Before our eyes divine religion brought,  
Thy life presenting what thy doctrine taught;  
The wild perverseness curb'd of flesh and blood,  
Against the bent of temper strongly good.  
So Socrates, if pagans rightly say,  
Moulded by culture his reluctant clay;  
Virtue embrac'd, tho' prone to ev'ry vice,  
With all materials of a fool was wise.

Vast stores of learning deep adorn'd thy mind,  
And bounteous nature equal treasures join'd;  
Whate'er by antient Greece or Rome was known,  
The *fathers* and the *schoolmen*, were thy own;  
Nor libertines could pleasure dearer hold,  
Th' ambitious greatness, or the miser gold.

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<sup>50</sup>Samuel Wesley Jr., *Poems on Several Occasions*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (Cambridge: J. Bentham, 1743), 162–67.

Nor lett'st thou unimprov'd thy riches lie,  
 Ardent to gain, and studious to apply;  
 Whether thy stile would light us or would warm,  
 Instruct with reason, or with fancy charm;  
 Or lash with scorpions some enormous crime,  
 Or reach the utmost height of true sublime;  
 To state the right, and to refute the wrong,  
 Distinctly clear, indissolubly strong.

Some all their anger pour on Rome alone,  
 Plant all their batteries at the papal throne;  
 In sects of deists they no harm can see,  
 All danger is compris'd in Popery;  
 While others freely schismatics will blame,  
 The zeal of Scots, or sects of Amsterdam;  
 Forgetting Rome, so plain in Scripture shown,  
 That Bellarmine confess'd her Babylon.  
 Not thus, O South, thy well-weigh'd censures flew;  
 Severe as fate, but as impartial too,  
 The sentence past where-e'er<sup>51</sup> the guilt had been,  
 Certain as death is the reward of sin.  
 Not only rebel saintship felt thy wit,  
 The sly precise censorious hypocrite,  
 But courtly revellers, who lost in sense  
 Abus'd the kindest smiles of providence:  
 A just regard thy equal judgment show'd  
 To heav'n and earth, to Cæsar and to God.  
 True to thy monarch's crown in blackest times,  
 But never flatt'ring to disguise his crimes:  
 Nay, careless of the storm thy words might move,  
 Quick to discern, and faithful to reprove.

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<sup>51</sup>Ori., "were-e'er"; corrected in the errata.

O might the kings of each illustrious line  
Enjoy the counsels of a soul, like thine!

Thy rigid honesty could ne'er descend  
Socinus and his followers to commend,  
Or yield up points their favour to engage,  
Transcribing Episcopius by the page:  
Nor zeal for truth in hereticks could see,  
Nor candour well-beseeming charity;  
Since all their books with impious lies are strow'd,  
With vile blasphemings of the Christians' God;  
Taunts worse than Julian's far, too foul to name,  
And only fit for hell, from whence they came.

A pert, self-taught, self-pleasing author rose,  
Our faith by weak defenses to expose;  
Condemn'd the language us'd by Christians all,  
From slighted *schoolmen* to th' Apostle Paul;  
Against hard words would new-coin'd terms advance,  
(For Greek is always hard to ignorance;)  
Of mysteries the manner would express,  
And Three are One by mutual-consciousness:  
Thou, South, stood'st up a learn'd and sound divine,  
Thy reas'ning nervous, as thy wit was fine;  
Through his poor sides a blow at Locke dost deal,  
A wound which all mankind can never heal.  
Essay your strength, ye sophists, and object,  
"No cause arises from its own effect."  
This single stroke for ever sets us free,  
Both from self-conscious and identity.

But does not spleen, on sport untimely bent,  
To vent its jest neglect its argument?

No! solid strength first meets the reader's eye;  
Deep's the foundation, as the building's high.  
Thy reasons stand unshook, and still prevail,  
They ne'er have fail'd us, and can never fail.  
Whence wisely some thy arguments repeat,  
Thy sense remember, tho' thy name forget.  
Sharp was the sting; but oft was cast at thee  
The basest dirt, the worst scurrility:  
Foes on thy fame their utmost malice shed,  
Full venom of the heart, tho' not the head.  
Whence comes it thy reproofs as yet survive?  
Still live thy satirs and will ever live;  
While their's to dark oblivion soon were thrown:  
Thy raileries had wit, but their's had none.

Nor shall my honest pen attempt to draw  
"A faultless monster that the world ne'er saw."  
Great as thou wert, this error I must own,  
The more conspicuous since 'twas thine alone;  
Thy greatest fault from too much wit arose,  
Not Satan's self could charge it on thy foes:  
Sometimes too bright the flashing lustre flies,  
For light is always pain to owl's eyes.  
Thrice happy for Britannia's church 'twould be,  
If half her champions could offend like thee.

Yet not in life was equal rigour seen,  
Thy heart was tender, tho' thy words were keen.  
Whene'er the poor beneath affliction bent,  
Thou gav'st them, not a stone or compliment;  
Preventing modest worth's half-spoke desire,  
Wise to dispense, unwearied to enquire.

While the smooth courtier lets his censure fall  
 On want of charity, and height of gall,  
 Thy bounty unexhausted flow'd around,  
 And for his six-pence durst bestow a pound.  
 Each fond of good, but in a diff'rent way;  
 Thy fashion was to *do*, and his to *say*.

O had'st thou liv'd their insolence t' oppose,  
 When late our modish modern Arians rose!  
 Who infinite as God make space and time,  
 And idly feign a prior to the prime:  
 Foes to the *schoolmen*'s cobwebs in pretence,  
 Without their learning, and without their sense,  
 Yet from that fount their boasted nostrums came,  
 They weed the very authors which they blame;  
 Or dip at random, and the errors glean,  
 Or scorn unopen'd, and reject unseen.  
 Hence ev'ry callow fopling joins the cry,  
 And rallies at scholastick nicety.  
 Can that unmeaning creature find a blot  
 In Tom of Aquin, or in subtle Scot?  
 All Latin barbarous he alike must see,  
 He knows no more of *quid* than *quiddity*.  
 Grave anti-sages send their lengthen'd sight,  
 To view the starry orbs, those worlds of light;  
 Then cast on earth their phylosophick eye,  
 "Should God for such a speck descend to die?"  
 O wondrous proof of mathematick sense,  
 By size and bulk to measure excellence!  
 Is each minutest atom nobler far  
 Than worlds of unextended spirit are?

The hill more precious than th' included veins?  
And space more worth than all that it contains?

To see in silence drop'd thy glorious name,  
Or slightly<sup>52</sup> mention'd with diminish'd fame,  
Provokes, O South, this indignation shown,  
Tho' not so great, as honest as thy own.  
Well-shown, if one, but one, with greater heed  
Thy steps should follow, and thy works should read.  
Long may thy mother-church enjoy thy pains,  
Long as the Athanasian mound remains;  
Thy sermons light to wond'ring Britain give,  
While Gospel faith and human reason live;  
Thy name, 'till time expires, be precious known  
To all th' adorers of the great Three-One!

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<sup>52</sup>Ori., "slighty"; a misprint.

**A**  
**Pindarick Ode**  
**to the**  
**Right Hon. the Earl of Oxford.**<sup>53</sup>

Written  
Soon after the Lady Margaret Harley was  
Recovered from a Fever.

1.   When Cowley to his native isle  
      Imported the Dircæan song,  
      And high as Pindar rais'd his stile,  
      As bold and spirited and strong,  
      The judging few the strain admire  
      Unheard before in modern lands,  
      And ignorance condemns the lyre  
      Which only learning understands.
  
2.   Not quite compleat the *poet* rose,  
      Inferior in his numbers still;  
      Rugged the rapid torrent flows,  
      By nothing limited but will.

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<sup>53</sup>Samuel Wesley Jr., *Poems on Several Occasions*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (Cambridge: J. Bentham, 1743), 169–72.

Th' audacious verse no fetters bind,  
But wild as air and unconfin'd,  
He leaves the Theban swan behind. }

3. Sacred to devil-gods the sports  
That claim'd the Græcian lays;  
The Briton truer virtue courts,  
Yet, ah! his lyrick praise  
We find unworthy objects share,  
We meet assassin Brutus there.
1. No smiling murderer be here,  
By whom the better tyrant dies,  
But faith and constancy appear,  
And Harley's envied virtue rise.  
What time ungrateful party strove  
T' insult the dust of Anna dead;  
And thunder of an earthly Jove  
Was pointed at his fearless head:
2. His country's love no foes repress,  
No Cæsar threat'ning from afar,  
More nobly valiant in his peace,  
Than bravest veterans in their war.  
Steady he steers the commonweal,  
Tho' S——n's rage ordain'd to feel,  
And fury of a Guiscard's steel. }

3. Imperial wrath intensely burn,  
And angry senates low'r;  
And mean-soul'd faction merit spurn  
With insolence of pow'r.  
So providence with gracious care  
Rewards an Oxford by his heir.
  
1. Hail, heav'n-born piety! unknown  
Where mad ambition taints the mind:  
The son usurps his father's throne;  
The father, by resentment blind,  
To death or bonds his son consigns;  
Both loudly pleading publick good:  
And oft th' unbaptiz'd sultan shines  
In purple of his kindred blood.
  
2. Not kingdoms, from a sire obtain'd,  
Can filial jealousy remove;  
See Savoy by his son enchain'd,  
Depos'd from liberty and love,  
Nor need we roam so far to see  
Gay guilty glitt'ring great ones free  
From nature and from piety. }
  
3. Where love the balm of life we miss,  
What station can be blest?  
Nor highest pomp affords us bliss,  
Nor softest pillows rest.

If love domestick smiles not there,  
How poor the garter and the star!

1. Unmingled pleasure, whence there springs  
    No evil, fate forbids below;  
Diseases fruitful autumn brings,  
    Fevers in fairest sunshine glow:  
The darling offspring sinks beneath  
    A fire wide-wasting through the veins,  
And terrors of a daughter's death  
    Make happiest parents suffer pains.
  
2. Its anguish either breast conceal'd,  
    Proportion'd as the fever grows,  
Throbb'd as the vital current swell'd,  
    And panted as the pulses rose.  
Untented silent-wounding smart,  
Mead, who from death can wrench the dart,  
Could ne'er yet reach it by his art. }
  
3. May each, the dreaded danger past,  
    Grateful their hours employ,  
To welcome coming good, and taste  
    Vicissitude of joy:  
Joy, that may long as life remain,  
And great as their forgotten pain.

**Advice to One who was about to Write,  
To avoid the Immoralities of the Antient  
and Modern Poets.<sup>54</sup>**

1. If e'er to writing you pretend,  
Your utmost aim and study bend,  
The paths of virtue to befriend,  
    However mean your ditty;  
That while your verse the reader draws  
To reason's and religion's laws,  
None e'er hereafter may have cause  
    To curse your being witty.
  
2. No gods or weak or wicked feign,  
Where foolish blasphemy is plain;  
But good to wire-draw from the strain,  
    The critick's art perplexes:  
Make not a pious chief forego  
A princess he betray'd to woe,  
Nor shepherd, unplatonick, show  
    His fondness for Alexis.
  
3. With partial blindness to a side,  
Extol not surly stoick pride,  
When wild ambition's rapid tide

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<sup>54</sup>Samuel Wesley Jr., *Poems on Several Occasions*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (Cambridge: J. Bentham, 1743), 184–89.

Bursts nature's bonds asunder:  
Nor let a hero loud blaspheme,  
Rave like a madman in a dream,  
'Till Jove himself affrighted seem,  
Not trusting to his thunder.

4. Nor chuse the wanton ode, to praise  
Unbridled loves, or thoughtless days,  
In soft epicurean lays;  
    A num'rous melting lyric:  
Nor satyr, that would lust chastise  
With angry warmth and maxim wise,  
Yet, loosely painting naked vice,  
    Becomes its panegyrick.
  
5. Nor jumbled atoms entertain  
In the void spaces of your brain;  
Deny all *gods*, while Venus vain  
    Stands without vesture painted:  
Nor show the foul nocturnal scene  
Of courts and revellings unclean,  
Where never libertine had been  
    Worse than the poet tainted.
  
6. Nor let luxuriant fancy rove  
Through nature and through art of love,  
Skill'd in smooth elegy to move,  
    Youth unexperienc'd firing:  
Nor gods as brutes expose to view,  
Nor monstrous crimes; nor lend a clew  
To guide the guilty lover through  
    The mazes of desiring.

7. Nor sparrow mourn, nor sue to kiss,  
Nor draw your fine-spun wit so nice,  
That thin-spread sense like nothing is,  
    Or worse than nothing showing:  
Nor spite in epigram declare,  
Pleasing the mob with lewdness bare,  
Or flattery's pestilential air  
    In ears of princes blowing.
  
8. Through modern Italy pass down,  
In crimes inferior she to none!  
Through France, her thoughts in lust alone  
    Without reserve proclaiming:  
Stay there, who count it worth the while,  
Let us deduce our useful stile  
To note the poets of our isle,  
    And only spare the naming.
  
9. Sing not loose stories for the nonce,  
Where mirth for bawdry ill atones,  
Nor long-tongu'd wife of Bath, at once  
    On earth and heaven jesting:  
Nor, while the main at virtue aims,  
Insert, to sooth forbidden flames,  
In a chaste work, a squire of dames,  
    Or Paridell a feasting.

10. Nor comick licence let us see,  
Where all things sacred outrag'd be,  
Where plots of mere adultery  
    Fill the lascivious pages:  
One only step can yet remain,  
More frankly, shamelessly unclean,  
To bring it from behind the scene,  
    And act it on the stages.
  
11. Nor make your tragick hero bold  
Out-bully Capaneus of old,  
While justling gods his rage behold,  
    And tremble at his frowning:  
Nor need'st thou vulgar wit display,  
Acknowledg'd in dramatick way  
Greatest and best;—O spare the lay  
    Of poor Ophelia drowning.
  
12. Nor dress your shame in courtly phrase,  
Where artful breaks the fancy raise,  
And ribaldry unnam'd the lays  
    Transparently is seen in:  
Nor make it your peculiar pride  
To strive to show what others hide,  
To throw the fig-leaf quite aside,  
    And scorn a double meaning.

13. Nor ever prostitute the muse,  
Malicious, mercenary, loose,  
All faith, all parties to abuse;  
    Still changing still to evil,  
Make Maximin with heav'n engage,  
Blaspheming Sigismonda rage,  
Draw scenes of lust in latest age,  
    Apostle of the devil.
  
14. Detest prophaning holy writ,  
A rock where heathens could not split:  
Old Jove more harmless charm'd the pit  
    Of Plautus's creation;  
Than when th' adulterer was show'd  
With attributes of real God:  
But fools, the means of grace allow'd,  
    Pervert to their damnation.
  
15. Mingle not wit with treason rude,  
To please the rebel multitude:  
From poison intermix'd with food  
    What caution e'er can screen us?  
Ne'er stoop to court a wanton smile;  
Thy pious strains and lofty stile,  
Too light, nor let an Alma soil,  
    Nor paltry dove of Venus.

16. Such blots deform the tuneful train,  
Whilst they false glory would attain,  
Or present mirth, or present gain,  
Unmindful of hereafter.  
Do you mistaken ends despise,  
Nor fear to fall, nor seek to rise,  
Nor taint the good, nor grieve the wise,  
To tickle fools with laughter.
17. What tho' with ease you could aspire  
To Virgil's art or Homer's fire;  
If vice and lewdness breaths the lyre,  
If virtue it asperses;  
Better with honest Quarles compose  
Emblem, that good intention shows,  
Better be Bunyan in his prose,  
Or Sternhold in his verses.

**On the Death of  
Mrs. Morice,<sup>55</sup>**

Wife to William Morice, Esq. and  
Daughter of the Right Reverend Francis,  
Late Lord Bishop of Rochester.

... *Heu! nunc misero mihi demum  
Exilium infelix! nunc alte vulnus adactum.*

No fabling song, my mournful heart, assay;  
But genuine grief adorn the flowing lay:  
In numbers such as friendship can inspire,  
Wail the lost *daughter*, and the living *sire*:  
'Till flinty breasts resistless sorrow know,  
And melt reluctant at another's woe;  
'Till party zeal the father shall deplore,  
And those who hate him most shall pity more.

What time the *state* its indignation shed,  
And lanc'd its second thunder on his head:  
When nobles judg'd the well-defended cause,  
And commons' care supply'd defective laws;  
Then first the wound relentless fortune made,  
Which, fest'ring, secret on her vitals prey'd.  
Guiltless she pin'd, or wholly guiltless she,  
Or only stain'd with filial piety.

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<sup>55</sup>Samuel Wesley Jr., *Poems on Several Occasions*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (Cambridge: J. Bentham, 1743), 191–96.

In vain might friends to sooth her anguish try,  
No friend a father's absence could supply;  
No darling children could afford relief,  
Nor parent's fondness heal the daughter's grief:  
No sweets of life sufficient balm could prove,  
Not the dear softness of a wedded love:  
The pangs of loss unbated still endure,  
She tastes no cordial, and admits no cure.  
With health-impairing sighs, unseen decay,  
She wears the slender threads of life away:  
Nor ease, nor period can her mourning have,  
But the dark shelter of the quiet grave.  
So when Italians with destructive skill,  
Or Indians rude in good, but learn'd in ill,  
A fatal draught mix for their secret foe,  
Avoidless sure, yet unsuspected slow,  
The latent death creeps on with ling'ring smart,  
And mocks the antidotes of human art:  
So imperceptibly the work is done,  
That nature half mistakes it for her own.

When inward fretting grief had almost drain'd  
Her ebbing veins, nor much of life remain'd,  
Each hour her pious pray'rs more ardent grow  
To meet her exil'd father once below.  
Whoe'er the hazards of her health display,  
Against their purpose urge her speedy way,  
Lest death prevent her reaching Gallia's shore;  
That only sting the king of terrors bore.  
Still pleasing hope her sickly limbs upheld,  
Weakness itself, by true affection steel'd,

Distance, and toils, and dangers could disdain,  
 And seas and mountains were oppos'd in vain.  
 Rise to her wishes, rise, propitious gales,  
 And with new swiftness wing the flagging sails.  
 What sails can equal to her wishes go?  
 The tide rolls tedious and the wind flies slow;  
 The pensive days in heavy march proceed,  
 Time, ever-hasting, seems to slack his speed:  
 For love too slow, for life he flies too fast,  
 And ev'ry painful hour forebodes the last.  
 Long-swooning faintness wakes her consort's fear,  
 And waneing strength shews dissolution near.  
 Her soul unconquer'd yet, disdains to part,  
 And holds the citadel of love, the heart;  
 Determin'd stedfast not to seek the skies,  
 'Till the dear father bless her longing eyes.  
 In vain did nature, spent, forbid her stay,  
 And guardian angels beckon her away:  
 With frailer flesh th' immortal spirit strove,  
 Strong to delay the stroke, tho' not remove, }  
 And death all conqu'ring yields a while to love. }  
 So the brave Theban Chief, transfix'd by foes,  
 (With whom Boetia's empire fell and rose)  
 To death, tho' deeply wounded, scorns to yield,  
 'Till his lov'd soldiers gain'd the well-fought field;  
 Then bids his willing soul triumphant fly,  
 And when his vows are heard, consents to dye.

Behold they meet! so providence decrees,  
 All she desires on earth, on earth she sees:  
 Her terrors now are ceas'd; when he is near,  
 Her father's daughter knows not how to fear.

The long-fought strife her spirit now gave o'er,  
And sought the quiet that it shun'd before.  
The father bless'd her e'er to heav'n she went,  
The priest absolv'd the dying penitent.  
But lest she grieve for sorrows not her own,  
And nature's yearning cause a single groan,  
He, self-collected, check'd th' ascending sigh,  
And springing tears commanded from his eye.  
Mean while his aking heart tumultuous strove,  
With grief despairing and paternal love,  
Love in 'ly wounds him with distracting woe,  
Compels to feel it, but forbids to show.  
His voice unfault'ring, and his looks serene,  
An outward calmness veils the storm within.  
So when in subterranean caverns pent,  
The winds hard-struggling labour for a vent,  
Direful, but secret, works the mine below,  
Strong and more strong th' imprison'd tempests grow:  
The surface smiles, and verdant fields appear  
Secure, and far from danger as from fear:  
Not long; for instant springs the breaking ground,  
And scatters waste avoidless all around.

When death had seal'd her eyes in lasting sleep,  
And gave th' afflicted father leave to weep,  
In words like these bursts his long-stifled moan,  
(If any may be liken'd to his own).  
"Is this the healing of my former care?  
"This the sad answer of continued pray'r?  
"No longer space could angry heav'n bestow?  
"And thus! thus only! must we meet below?

“Me to remotest realms my fortune sends,  
“Depriv’d of present, nay, of absent friends:  
“Tis fatal with my woes to sympathize!  
“He dies who writes, as he who sees me dies!  
“Nor e’en this exile seem’d enough severe,  
“To my lost country Brussels rose too near;  
“Nor Paris’ walls these hoary hairs can screen,  
“My fate pursues me to the bank of Sein!  
“Let it pursue! still, still could I withstand  
“The utmost fury of a mortal hand.  
“But with resistless force the vengeance flies,  
“When God inflicts the *pains and penalties*.  
“Yet, Oh! had judgment fall’n on me alone,  
“Nor broke a heart far dearer than mine own!  
“The arrow glancing pierc’d her faithful side,  
“For me she languish’d and for me she dy’d!  
“My late sole stay!—<sup>[’s]</sup>  
But hold—if speech the anguish may reveal,  
He only can describe it, who could feel.  
Then cease, my soul, Oh! cease the plaintive tale,  
And where the pencil fails thee, draw the veil.

Yet, still himself let the great prelate know,  
Still rais’d superiour to his weight of woe;  
Instruct mankind their load of life to bear,  
And shame the murm’rer, and the wretched cheer:  
Try’d, not forsook; one refuge yet remains,  
So nature’s everlasting law ordains;  
Which statesmen’s art and soldiers force defies,  
And mocks the rage of keenest enemies;  
Which kindly softens the severest doom,  
The loser’s conquest, and the exile’s home:

To that sure refuge let him calmly fly,  
And bless the glorious privilege—to die.  
Late may he land on that safe happy shore,  
Where loss afflicts, and pain torments nor more;  
There sleep, from grief and banishment releas'd,  
And there the wearied father lie at rest;  
His course well ended, heav'nly glory share,  
And rise triumphant to the last great bar.

**Anacreontick,**<sup>56</sup>

From Herbert.

Never tempt me to caress  
Grief, disguis'd like happiness:  
Earth to bless me wants the pow'r,  
Take my reasons in a flow'r:  
Let the rose its beauty show,  
Emblem of the bliss below;  
Fair and sweet, it yields delight,  
To the smell, and to the sight;  
Yet the bloom is quickly past,  
Yet 'tis bitter to the taste.  
If then all that worldings prize,  
Biting ends, and sudden flies,  
Bear me, friend, if I pursue  
Pleasure otherwise than you;  
Say, that fairly I oppose,  
Say, my answer is—a ROSE.

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<sup>56</sup>Samuel Wesley Jr., *Poems on Several Occasions*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (Cambridge: J. Bentham, 1743), 196.

**The  
December's Day:  
A Song.<sup>57</sup>**

To the tune of, "The sun was sunk beneath the hill," &c.

1. Let various seasons boast their pride,  
    The *spring* with flow'rs the earth adorn,  
With cloudless days the *summer* glide,  
    And *autumn* shew her fruits and corn;  
These may demand a vulgar lay,  
I sing of a December's day.
  
2. What day my joy should rather move  
    Through the fair circle of the year,  
Than that which gave my wedded love  
    The months in their decline to cheer?  
Not August with his Dog-Star ray  
Can vye with this December's day.
  
3. No silks unpaid-for rustle here,  
    Nor foreign fripp'ry we import,  
No velvets or brocades appear;  
    But, what few birth-days see at court,  
Friendship unbought and love display  
Their beams on this December's day.

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<sup>57</sup>Samuel Wesley Jr., *Poems on Several Occasions*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (Cambridge: J. Bentham, 1743), 204–6.

4. Not sharp and ever-during pain  
Her cheerful constancy can move,  
From toil incessant to refrain,  
To slight her duty or her love:  
The soul upholds the mould'ring clay,  
And brightens the December's day.
5. Observant of the orphan's tear,  
And heark'ning to the wretch's groan,  
The lives of others holding dear,  
But still regardless of her own;  
Throughout the year what numbers may  
Rejoice for this December's day.
6. If either India we could gain,  
The wings of time we could not bind;  
What living ministers obtain,  
And dying misers leave behind,  
Could never bribe our youth to stay,  
Or keep off the December's day.
7. When frosted o'er with age's grey,  
From guilt exempted and from pain,  
Long may she easy live and gay,  
Nor spend a single wish in vain,  
Back to recall the by-past May,  
Nor mourn for the December's day.

8. Long may she happy rest below,  
    E'er call'd to happier rest above;  
Diviner life prefer'd to know,  
    And raptures of sublimer love;  
Where time can never bliss impair,  
For no December will be there.

**Anacreontick,  
On parting with a little Child.<sup>58</sup>**

Dear, farewell, a little while,  
Easy parting with a smile;  
Ev'ry object in thy way  
Makes thee innocently gay;  
All that thou can'st hear or see,  
All is novelty to thee.  
Thoughts of parents left behind  
Vex not yet thine infant mind;  
Why should then their hearts repine?  
Mournful theirs, and merry thine.  
'Tis the world, the seeming wise,  
Toil to make their children rise;  
While the heir that reaps their gains  
Thankless thinks not of their pains.  
Sportive youth in haste to live  
Heeds not ills that years may give:  
Age in woe and wisdom grey  
Vainly mourns for them that play.

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<sup>58</sup>Samuel Wesley Jr., *Poems on Several Occasions*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (Cambridge: J. Bentham, 1743), 206.

**On the Death of  
The Right Honourable  
Henrietta Countess of Orrery.<sup>59</sup>**

While the full breast swells with unutter'd woe,  
While tears gush genuine, tho' forbid to flow;  
While the stol'n sigh the deep distress reveals,  
The friend, the lover, and the husband feels;  
While orphans scarce their parent lost deplore,  
Whose age, the less it mourns her, wants the more:  
Late, at her tomb, a distant bard appears,  
With faithful, fruitless, sympathetick tears;  
Nor asks a muse's aid: nor needs there art  
T' express the anguish of a bleeding heart.

How soon the mightiest earthly blessings pass!  
She was—what now avails us that she was?  
Mature for heav'n, e'er life had reach'd its noon;  
For earth, at sev'nty, she had dy'd too soon.  
She gospel truth, with steady faith, believ'd,  
And liv'd the glorious doctrine she receiv'd:  
Her pious breast glow'd with devotion's fire,  
Whose flames, "the more they tremble, mount the higher."  
Spotless, as infant souls, her life she spent,  
Yet humble, as the prostrate penitent.

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<sup>59</sup>Samuel Wesley Jr., *Poems on Several Occasions*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (Cambridge: J. Bentham, 1743), 207–10.

Not puff'd by rank, descended or ally'd,  
 She seem'd to wonder what was meant by pride;  
 Which, boasting blood, degrades the noblest veins;  
 Which, boasting virtue, ev'ry virtue stains.  
 Here honour pure, with tend'rest softness join'd,  
 Softness, transcendent in the softest kind;  
 Ill-fortune found its keenest rage repress;  
 The darts might reach, but scarcely wound her breast.  
 So balls in yielding wool fall gently down,  
 That tear resistless through a rock of stone.  
 Sore was the storm! let mem'ry ne'er report  
 How long the tempest, and the calm how short!  
 When fever's fire rag'd in her consort's blood,  
 And drove to dang'rous height the vital flood,  
 Lo! at his side her constant duty lies,  
 And love, still fearful, watch'd with sleepless eyes  
 Almost o'erpower'd, 'till nature, weary grown,  
 Had, for a dearer safety, lost her own.

Hail, wedded love! by gracious God design'd  
 At once the source and glory of mankind!  
 'Tis this, can toil and grief and pain assuage,  
 Secure our youth, and dignify our age;  
 'Tis this, fair fame and guiltless pleasure brings,  
 And shakes rich plenty from its brooding wings;  
 Gilds duty's roughest paths with friendship's ray,  
 And strews with roses sweet the narrow way.  
 Not so the harlot—if it lawful be  
 To mention vice, when praising chastity—  
 Not so the harlot plights her venal vow,  
 With heart obdurate, and Corinthian brow,

She fawns unfriendly, practis'd to beguile,  
Stings while she weeps, and murders in a smile.  
Fame, peace, and virtue, she at once destroys,  
And damns, most surely, whom she most enjoys.

Too oft the rich their alms refuse to show'r,  
Or put off mercy to their latest hour:  
Too oft the great affliction scorn to know;  
Strangers to half their species here below.  
But Orrery with penetrating ray,  
Through darkest distance found her willing way:  
Where-e'er the pris'ner pin'd, with fruitless moan,  
To hearts far harder than the circling stone;  
Where-e'er the widow wept in vain for bread,  
The merchant bankrupt, or the sailor dead;  
Where-e'er the orphan, friendless wretch, complain'd,  
Who feels the woes he scarce can understand;  
Where-e'er the sick were destin'd to sustain  
Hunger and cold, and solitude and pain;  
Where-e'er the poor groan'd at th' oppressor's feet,  
Bore down and trampled by the lawless great;  
With gen'rous charity behold her fly,  
Each ill to soften, and each want supply:  
Not meanest objects 'scap'd her daily care,  
She saw, and rev'renc'd, a Redeemer there.  
So fairest cherubs left their heav'nly state,  
When a loath'd Lazar languish'd at the gate;  
T' attend his death they stoop'd with ready wings,  
Courtiers and fav'rites to the King of kings.

When God's high summons bade her virtue try  
That one great business of mankind, to die,

No conscious doubt her parting soul dismays,  
 No guilt of idle or of ill-spent days:  
 There the still calm of innocence appears,  
 And glorious hope th' expiring Christian cheers,  
 Welcomes the hour that ends her worldly toil,  
 And greets the king of terrors with a smile.  
 Love's stronger flame, when vital heat retir'd,  
 A while, with warmth, her dying breast inspir'd:  
 An husband, parent, child, her soul detains,  
 And stops the chillness in her ebbing veins;  
 To these, ev'n then, some pious thoughts were giv'n;  
 These stay'd th' ascending spirit from its heav'n.  
 O! who shall now the orphan's loss repair?  
 Whose arm shall clasp them with a mother's care?  
 Who now shall form their minds with heav'nly truth,  
 And guide the heedless violence of youth;  
 Warn them to shun the world's delusive snares;  
 Teach by her life, and guard them by her pray'rs?

Forgive me, Boyle, if deeply I bemoan  
 The lot, that soon, too soon, may prove my own!  
 To part!—O bitter fruit of sin—to part!  
 Pain, beyond language, to a faithful heart!  
*No more to meet! the bliss for ever o'er!*  
 What love can bear the thought—*to meet no more!*  
 Yes, love divine your soul may yet sustain,  
 And lead, in spite of death, to meet again;  
 May bid you both, your *grief* for ever o'er,  
*In endless glory meet—to part no more.*

**To  
Kitty,  
A  
Poetical Young Lady.<sup>60</sup>**

1. Dear Kitty! now my counsel take,  
Now is the dang'rous season;  
If not, admit the rhyme to make  
Atonement for the reason.
2. Take heed, lest affluence beguile,  
Lest pride should over-pow'r ye,  
Now kinder fortune seems to smile,  
With prospect of a dowry.
3. If e'er in other sphere you move,  
And higher life appear in,  
Take heed the station does not prove  
The worse for Kitty's wearing.
4. If from simplicity you range,  
If shew and form controll ye,  
Your charms to ugliness you'll change,  
Your prudence into folly.

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<sup>60</sup>Samuel Wesley Jr., *Poems on Several Occasions*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (Cambridge: J. Bentham, 1743), 211–14.

5. For affectation looks so foul,  
When man or maid it seizes;  
That neither then the noblest soul,  
Nor fairest body, pleases.
6. Whoe'er to play the coxcomb's part  
By niggard nature's driv'n,  
May pardon find; but fools by art  
Can never be forgiv'n.
7. Remember you, for others will,  
That woman is a creature,  
Of flatt'ry vain, expos'd to ill,  
And doubly frail by nature.
8. Should she for art and learning glow,  
Applause and glory wooing,  
On lofty verse her time bestow,  
As you may now be doing;
9. Yet still, to rule her house aright  
Would better far become her,  
Than to surpass the noblest flight  
In Milton or in Homer.
10. What tho' her youth may hearts engage,  
Her bloom will quickly leave her;  
The certain spoil of coming age,  
If 'scaping from a fever.

11. What tho' her wit should never fail?  
How few will long endure her?  
The ship that ballast wants, by sail  
Is upset the surer.
12. Who jests alike on friends and foes,  
With raillery all retorting;  
Her folly she in earnest shows,  
And only wit in sporting.
13. 'Tis hard to govern witty spleen;  
Time, person, place, be chosen:  
'Tis more one satire to keep in,  
Than 'tis to make a thousand.
14. Suppose a damsel, unconfin'd  
By decency or duty,  
Exulting in her haughty mind,  
With riches, wit, and beauty:
15. Her treasure, more than miser's eye  
By South-Sea aim'd at getting,  
Enough all forfeit land to buy,  
Nay all the land of Britain:
16. A Cleveland for her beauty nam'd,  
Than Dorchester more witty;  
For learning more than Elstob fam'd,  
For poetry, than Kitty:

17. If she does nought but swell and brag,  
Her talents have undone her;  
The wise will fly her like the plague,  
The tokens are upon her.
  
18. What's beauty, wealth, and wit beside?  
Nor God nor man will love her;  
For tho' she were an angel, pride  
Will make a devil of her.

**A**  
**Pindarick Ode**  
**to the**  
**Right Hon. the Earl of Oxford.**<sup>61</sup>

On the Marriage of  
The Lady Margaret Harley, with His  
Grace the Duke of Portland.

1. Hymns, ye regents of the lyre,  
    Pouring plenteously along,  
Nuptial friendship's hallow'd fire  
    Claims the torrent of my song.  
Hither wing ye from your sky  
Spotless faith and piety.
  
2. Say, if your heav'n its morn displays  
    Less beauteous here below,  
Than when the sun first spread its rays  
    Five thousand years ago?  
Let those who hate the cheerful light  
    To darksome graves descend,  
And all who sacred marriage slight,  
    And lawless lust defend,

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<sup>61</sup>Samuel Wesley Jr., *Poems on Several Occasions*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (Cambridge: J. Bentham, 1743), 267–70.

Instant from mankind remove;  
None should live that never love.

3.                   Pernicious fable old  
                      Unfixes nature's bounds;  
Love reigns the same in all we're told,  
                      If man or beast it wounds.  
The Latin bard adorns the shame  
Of mad Pasiphae's hateful name,  
                      And gilds what he should hide;  
In fields of sorrow sets to view  
The monstrous false, and faithful true,  
And ranges wives that husbands slew  
                      With wives who for them dy'd.
  
1.                   Truth superior drives away  
                      Thinly wove poetick lies;  
Bids well-grounded passion stay,  
                      Deathless constancy supplies:  
Truth makes wedlock happy prove,  
                      Truth is duty and is love.
  
2.                   When love exerts its genuine pow'r,  
                      Deduc'd from virtue's spring;  
When parents blessing, richest dow'r,  
                      Prevents a future sting;  
When mutual trust and mutual vows  
                      Put all reserve to flight,  
The bliss our mortal state allows  
                      Attains its utmost height:

Bliss the virtuous and the chaste  
Only give and only taste.

3.           When Anna grac'd the throne,  
              To Britain justly dear,  
She found that nuptial love alone  
              Could toils of greatness cheer:  
              A faithful consort's friendly breast  
              Could lull imperial cares to rest,  
              And spotless pleasure yield:  
Pleasure she might have sought in vain  
From martial glories of her reign,  
From Calpe or Ramillia's plain,  
              Or Blenheim's well-fought field.
  
1.           Chance, the atheist and the fool  
              Call absurdly to their aid;  
Wisdom always acts by rule,  
              Who by chance is happy made?  
Youth and wisdom join'd presage  
Love triumphant over age.
  
2.           Blest in their love, may Portland's eyes  
              Ne'er weep their offspring gone;  
Much less may just and bitter sighs  
              Bewail a living son.  
No! let them view with dear delight  
              Their blossoms op'ning prime,  
Matur'd to virtue's perfect height  
              By culture and by time:

Well rewarded for their cares,  
Fully answer'd in their pray'rs.

3.                Each virtue of their line  
                    Reviv'd again, be known;  
Nor let th' immortal lustre shine  
                    In memory alone:  
Let heirs from their distinguish'd blood  
Prosp'rous and healthy, wise and good,  
                    Through ev'ry age arise;  
'Till seasons leave the circling years,  
'Till heav'n dissolve its radiant spheres,  
'Till Harley's honour disappears,  
                    And Anna's glory dies.

**From a Hint in the Minor Poets.**<sup>62</sup>

1.    No! not for those of women born,  
          Not so unlike the die is cast;  
For, after all our vaunt and scorn,  
          How very small the odds at last!
2.    Him, rais'd to fortune's utmost top,  
          With him beneath her feet compare;  
And one has nothing more to hope,  
          And one has nothing more to fear.

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<sup>62</sup>Samuel Wesley Jr., *Poems on Several Occasions*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (Cambridge: J. Bentham, 1743), 270.

**An Ode to  
James Oglethorpe, Esq.**<sup>63</sup>

Written soon after the Death of  
The Lady Oglethorpe, his Mother.

1. No! not through envious time's continued course  
Not ev'ry age degenerates from the past;  
Whether for toils of war and rugged force,  
Or arts, whose fair memorials ever last.
2. Tho' twice the strength in Diomedé appear,  
That heroes nerves, when Homer liv'd, could show;  
Tho' Turnus hurl'd a rock, half-dead with fear,  
Which twelve selected Romans could not throw.
3. Tho' blind Mæonides unmatch'd displays  
His fire, and Pindar scarce 'till Cowley known;  
Tho' antient pyramids and temples raise,  
And Græcians wake to life the breathing stone.
4. When wild Octavius, in Augustus lost,  
Bless'd his Italians with a golden reign,  
What worthies rise, their country's happy boast,  
The dignity of nature to maintain!

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<sup>63</sup>Samuel Wesley Jr., *Poems on Several Occasions*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (Cambridge: J. Bentham, 1743), 271–76.

5. The soul's whole vigour Cæsar's smiles forth call,  
And glorious genii round his empire sprung;  
Vitruvius nobly plan'd the pillar'd wall,  
And with immortal grandeur Maro sung.
6. Again Hesperia rises to renown,  
And Tyber's sons again bright honour share,  
When Leo bounteous wore the triple crown,  
A better sov'reign than a prelate far.
7. Then Raphael's all-creating art appear'd,  
Rival to nature, and shall live as long:  
Then from her trance old *poesy* uprear'd,  
Inspir'd her *vida* with a Christian song.
8. Nor wants illustrious names my country dear,  
Where pious Anne and learn'd Eliza reign'd.  
Lo! Tudors and Plantagenets appear,  
And Charles the Martyr consecrates the land.
9. In Stuart's age what merit claims the lyre,  
While halcyon years with cloudless splendor run?  
See! Jones's piles immortalize the sire;  
Hark! siren Dryden warbles to the son.
10. What heroines attend Britannia's throne,  
Thy pencil's pride, Vandike, or Lely thine?  
Nor Oglethorpe with meanest lustre shone,  
But asks the loftiest and the strongest line.

11. Augustan court, when Oglethorpe was there,  
Scene of the brightest wits, and brightest eyes!  
Among the fairest not disown'd for fair,  
Among the wisest ever own'd as wise.
12. Her constant soul, unwarp'd by sunny rays,  
Convey'd no poison to her prince's ear;  
But truths, while faction stamps, and cringers gaze,  
She only dar'd to speak, and he to hear.
13. 'Mong many faithless, strictly faithful found,  
'Mong many daily wav'ring, still the same:  
Prudent to chuse, and wise to keep her ground,  
Nor brib'd, nor sooth'd, nor frighted from her aim.
14. Heaven's rod afflictive prov'd her virtue's pow'r,  
In storms as well as calms too quickly try'd;  
Sleepless she guards her sov'reign's dying hour,  
Nor starts a moment from his honour'd side.
15. Charles to no saint his dying soul commends,  
Nor owns conversion to the papal sway;  
No Romish priest, no Huddleston attends,  
With useless unction, his expiring clay.
16. 'Twas this unfault'ring, unappall'd she spoke,  
When idiot Jesuits spur'd with headlong reign.  
But when weak rulers press their iron yoke,  
Sure way to lose is meriting to gain.

17. Thrown from her place, from royal favour thrown,  
A fall more grievous to a gen'rous mind,  
This truth, tho' grating, she persists to own,  
And mocks the violence of the adverse wind.
18. When o'er her master's head the clouds grew black,  
And prosp'rous William reach'd his happy port,  
When summer flies by swarms their lord forsake,  
She joins uncourtly to the falling court.
19. Can publick good on private guilt rely?  
Can worst ingratitude from conscience spring?  
Then well-paid veterans from their chief may fly,  
And pension'd fav'rites may desert their king.
20. Not wise Nassau her stubborn duty charm'd,  
Not all his mighty spirit her's controll'd;  
She scorns his anger, tho' with legions arm'd,  
Rejects his bounty, and derides his gold.
21. Fit consort for her spouse! whose faith unfeign'd  
While Monmouth sleeps, his sword undaunted draws,  
When Bothwell-Bridge rebellious Scots maintain'd,  
With clerks and captains worthy of their cause.
22. Admir'd and courted by the stronger side,  
To danger proof, his spotless honour blaz'd;  
Condemn'd by fools, by sycophants decry'd,  
Rever'd by William, and by Mary prais'd.

23. And thou, their heir, with undiminish'd fame  
Transmit hereditary glory down;  
Let publick good thy utmost ardour claim,  
Careless of coxcombs fleer and villains frown.
24. Drag out foul tyrants to th' astonish'd light,  
Where human devils chain'd their captives hold;  
For legal liberties unwearied fight,  
Nor leave a gyve unbroken, tho' of gold.
25. In distant climes a safe asylum give,  
Where friendless want, not criminals, may run;  
Where faith divine and virtue may revive,  
And flourish kindly in another sun.
26. Whether from barb'rous tortures, mercy stil'd,  
And Jesuits cruelties, they take their way;  
Or fly by lawless civil pow'r exil'd,  
Or starve by statesmen's ministerial sway.
27. Unchanging truth thy parents both demand,  
And courage nothing mortal can controul:  
Like them in life, like them too fearless stand  
In the last conflict of the parting soul.
28. The duteous son what piercing sorrows wound,  
When dying pangs a mother's breast assail!  
In senates, as in camps, intrepid found,<sup>64</sup>  
Then the heart trembles, and the spirits fail!

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<sup>64</sup>Ori., "sound"; corrected in the errata.

29. Fast by her side behold him anxious laid,  
To see the dearest life on earth expire;  
Of filial love the last hard office paid.—  
Thou, Pope, through sympathy assume the lyre.

**On the  
Death of a Friend,**<sup>65</sup>

A

Dissenter from the Church of England.

**“A woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be  
praised.”—[Prov. xxxi. 30.]**

O thou, releas'd from fears and perils now,  
From pain and tumult of the life below,  
This little tribute to thy dust I pay;  
Few tears, but friendly, suit a Christian lay,  
From him, who ne'er design'd a friend as yet,  
Alive or dead, to flatter or forget.  
But fairest truth will now no blushes raise,  
She runs no danger from the highest praise.

Open and free, honest in word and thought,  
She shun'd no questions, nor disguises sought;  
No oily flattery on her language hung,  
The heart flow'd genuine from the artless tongue;

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<sup>65</sup>Samuel Wesley Jr., *Poems on Several Occasions*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (Cambridge: J. Bentham, 1743), 277–80.

For truth in unambiguous speech delights,  
And hates the ever-cautious hypocrites:  
Wretches of ev'ry glimpse of day afraid;  
Souls under cloaks, and minds in masquerade.  
True Lord and God her Saviour she believ'd,  
Nor shews of charity her faith deceiv'd;  
Supreme with God, eternal and alone,  
The Son coæval on his Father's throne,  
Spoke at his will, this universal all,  
Call'd us from nought, and rais'd us from our fall:  
She knew belief and practise well agreed,  
Nor to observe commandments lost her creed.  
For branches never bear without a root:  
Who tears the vine up to secure the fruit?

Tho' vice with unconcern she could not see,  
Yet unaffected show'd her piety;  
Not cast in furious Pharisaic mould  
The puritannick *shibboleth* of old;  
That seem'd all mirth as sin to disavow,  
No formal frowning sunk her even brow,  
As if each look display'd its owner's fate,  
And all that smil'd were seal'd for reprobate:  
As awkward sow'ness were a sign of grace,  
And sure election blest an ugly face:  
As if hell-fire were always plac'd in view,  
Ordain'd for all men, but the gloomy few.

Her zeal began at heav'n, but did not end;  
True to her spouse, her kindred, and her friend  
Faithful and tender in relation's ties,  
Cordial to help and prudent to advise.  
Her worth domestick let her consort tell,  
So long who 'joy'd it, and who prov'd so well.

No sly reserve or loud debate was there,  
 Nor sullen negligence of household care;  
 No niggard murmurs, or profuse expence,  
 But chearful thrift, and easy diligence:  
 No sep'rate purse her private sum did hold,  
 By secret pilf'ring from the market-gold:  
 No bounty flow'd unknowing to her spouse,  
 The *meeting* never robb'd the *compting-house*:<sup>66</sup>  
 Always to want without injustice kind,  
 Doubling each alms-deed when the husband join'd;  
 No sordid lucre anxious to procure,  
 By grinding bargains with the helpless poor:  
 A gain few traders wish, she strove to reap,  
 From buying dearly, and from selling cheap;  
 Gain, where unfailing interest shall be giv'n,  
 Since no *directors* sink the fund of heav'n.  
 To cheer the wretch she wav'd all female pride,  
 And oft her own convenience laid aside;  
 Nor silks nor ornaments alone would spare,  
 To feed the hungry, and to clothe the bare.

Her zeal for church and country might appear  
 Sometimes mistaken, never insincere:  
 Our growing crimes with terror late she saw,  
 Lest publick guilt should publick judgment draw;  
 Lest God so long provok'd in 'vengeful hour,  
 Should grant us to the hands of wicked pow'r,  
 Our laws, our liberties, our faith to sell,  
 By universal bribes ensuring hell.  
 She fears not now the tempest whistling loud,  
 Nor thunder gath'ring in the low-hung cloud,

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<sup>66</sup>I.e., "counting-house."

But rests secure from dangers and from dread,  
 Where unbelief dare never lift its head;  
 Where none the sacred gospel dare disown,  
 Nor fav'rite Clarke the Son of God dethrone;  
 Where none esteem the paltry dirt of gold,  
 And truth no longer can be bought or sold.

Oh! had the Saviour me so highly grac'd,  
 Me, tho' unworthy, at his altars plac'd,  
 T' have loos'd the charms that long her soul did hold,  
 And gain'd the candid wand'rer to his fold!  
 With triumph had I seen her then expire,  
 Secure of some degrees in glory higher.  
 Now the true church in purity she owns,  
 Nor starts at bishop-angels on their thrones.  
 The one communion void of fault describes,  
 The film for ever vanish'd from her eyes:  
 Now after death at least a convert made,  
 Too good for those with whom on earth she stray'd.  
 Her teacher's self, as touch'd with inward shame,  
 Avoids the mention of her slighted fame:  
 To her no incense, no applause is giv'n,  
 Too much a saint on earth to reign in heav'n:  
 Bradshaw and Ireton had their heav'n possest,  
 Enthron'd in Baxter's *Everlasting Rest*.<sup>67</sup>  
 Amazing saintship! this perhaps you knew,  
 And wisely, teacher, from the subject flew:  
 Your place befits not characters so fair;  
 Her faith, her zeal, her piety, forbear;  
 Her best memorial is—your silence there.

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<sup>67</sup>A reference to Richard Baxter, *The Saints' Everlasting Rest; or, A Treatise of the Blessed State of the Saints in their Enjoyment of God in Glory* (London: Underhil & Tyton, 1650).

**On Some  
Blasphemous Discourses  
on our  
Saviour's Miracles.<sup>68</sup>**

Hail, Christian prelates, for your Master's name  
Expos'd by fool-born jest to grinning shame!  
Hail, fathers! to be envy'd, not deplor'd,  
Who share the treatment destin'd<sup>69</sup> to your Lord,  
What time his mortal race on earth began,  
When first the Son of God was Son of man!

Behold from night the great accuser rise,  
Retouching old, and coining modern lies;  
No slander unessay'd, no path untrod,  
To blast the glories of incarnate God!  
"An open enemy to Moses' laws;  
"A secret patron of Samaria's cause;  
"Who dar'd at Levi's race his curses send,  
"The sot's companion and the sinner's friend;  
"Who purpos'd Sion's temple to o'erthrow,  
"Traitor to Cæsar, and to God a foe;  
"Who wonders wrought by force of magick spell,  
"Possess with dæmons, and in league with hell."  
Remains there aught, ye pow'rs of darkness, yet?  
Yes; make your antient blasphemies compleat.

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<sup>68</sup>Samuel Wesley Jr., *Poems on Several Occasions*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (Cambridge: J. Bentham, 1743), 280–85.

<sup>69</sup>Ori., "distin'd"; corrected in the errata.

“The sacred leaves no prophecies contain,  
“No miracles, to prove Messiah’s reign,”  
To this each sacred leaf aloud replies,  
Nor need we trust our reason, but our eyes.  
’Tis urg’d, his mightiest wonders never show’d  
“Our Saviour nature’s Lord, and real God.”  
Whose word commanded earth, and sea, and air,  
Bid gloomy dæmons to their hell repair,  
Spoke all diseases into health and bloom,  
And call’d the mould’ring carcass from the tomb,  
O’er tyrant death exerted godlike sway,  
And op’d the portals of eternal day.

Here nobler mysteries a sage describes,  
“The letter false or trivial in his eyes.<sup>[b]</sup>”  
Suppose in ev’ry act were understood  
Some future, mystick, and sublimer good;  
Yet who the letter into air refines,  
Destroys at once the substance and the signs,  
Will find the truth is with the figure flown,  
Because by nothing, nothing is foreshown;  
Else lunaticks might deep divines commence,  
And downright nonsense be the type of sense.  
What wilder dream did ever madman seize,  
Than—“Symbols all are mere non-entities?”  
This Sion hill fast by the roots will tear,  
And scatter Sinai’s mountain into air:  
No David ever reign’d on Judah’s throne,  
For David shadow’d his diviner son.  
So fair, so glorious light’s material ray,  
That heaven is liken’d to a cloudless day:

Embodied souls require some outward sign,  
 To represent and image things divine.  
 All objects must we therefore subtilize?  
 And raze the face of nature from our eyes?  
 Dispute is over, the creation gone,  
 In noon-day splendour we behold no sun.  
 Thus, fast as pow'r Almighty can create,  
 May frenzy with a nod annihilate.  
 No marks of foul imposture then were known,  
 The cures were publick, to a nation shown:  
 And who, the facts expos'd to ev'ry eye,  
 If false could credit, or if true deny?  
 While thousands liv'd, by miracle restor'd,  
 Heal'd by a touch, a shadow, or a word!  
 Denial then had shocking prov'd and vain;  
 But now the serpent tries another train,  
 To turns and doubts and circumstances flies,  
 And groundless, endless may-be's multiplies.  
 Now ev'ry idle question dark appears,  
 Obscure by shade of seventeen-hundred years,  
 Which then each ignorant and child must know,  
 And ev'ry friend resolve, and ev'ry foe.  
 No trace of possible deceit was there:  
 Would those, who spilt his blood, his honour spare?  
 When prejudice and int'rest urg'd his fate,  
 And superstition edg'd their keenest hate,  
 When ev'ry footstep was beset with spies,  
 And restless envy watch'd with all her eyes;  
 When Jewish priests with Herod's courtiers join'd,  
 And pow'r, and craft, and earth, and hell combin'd.  
 Speak, Caiaphas,<sup>70</sup> thy prophecy be shown,  
 He dy'd for Israel's sake, and not his own!

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<sup>70</sup>Ori., "Caiphaz"; corrected in the errata.

Pilatè arise! his righteous cause maintain,  
 And clear the injur'd innocent again.  
 Truth fixt, eternal stands, and can defy  
 Time's rolling course to turn it to a lie.  
 Must ev'ry age the once-heard cause recall,  
 Replacing Jesus in the judgment-hall,  
 Cite living witnesses anew to plead,  
 And raise from dust the long-sepulchred dead?  
 That fools undue conviction may receive,  
 And those, who reason slight, may sense believe,  
 Those, who the test of former ages scorn,  
 (For men were ideots all 'till they were born)  
 Whose strength of argument in this we view,  
*'Tis so long since, perhaps it is not true.*

Ye worthies, in the book of life enroll'd,  
 Who nobly fill'd the bishops thrones of old!  
 Ye priests, on second thrones, who, true to God,  
 By tortures and by death your priestcraft show'd;  
 Ye flocks, disdainng from the fold to stray,  
 Still following where your pastors led the way,  
 Whose works thro' length of years transmitted come  
 Escap'd from *gothick* waste, and papal Rome,  
 Justly renown'd! behold, how malice tries  
 To blast your fame, and vex your paradise!  
 Let hereticks each human slip declare,  
 And ridicule the test they cannot bear:  
 To these what modish ignorants succeed!  
 And fops, your writings blame, who cannot read.  
 These open enmities to glory tend;  
 The wound strikes deeper from a seeming friend,

Let deist refugees your fame oppose,  
 And Dutch professors list themselves your foes:  
 But ah! let none asperse with vile applause,  
 And quote with praises in the devil's cause;  
 In gleaning scraps bad diligence employ,  
 The tenour of your doctrines to destroy;  
 Make you your much-lov'd Lord and God deride,  
 For whom your saints have liv'd, and martyrs dy'd.  
 Yet so pursued by love-dissembling hate,  
 You fill the measure of your Master's fate.  
 Glory to Jesu! the blasphemers cries;  
 But glaring malice mocks the thin disguise.  
 Iscariot thus false adoration paid,  
 Hail'd when he seiz'd, saluted and betray'd.  
 May Jesus' blood discharge ev'n this offence,  
 When wash'd with tears of timely penitence!  
 E'er yet experience sad assent create,  
 Convince in earnest, but convince too late!  
 E'er yet, descended from dissolving skies,  
 To plead his cause himself shall God arise.  
 Then scorn must cease, and laughter must be o'er,  
 And witty fools reluctantly adore.

So, as authentick old records declare,  
 (If past with future judgment we compare)  
 Possess with frantick and dæmoniac spleen,  
 Apostate Julian scoff'd the Nazarene;  
 His keenest wit th' imperial jester tries,  
 Sure to his breast the 'vengeful arrow flies;  
 He, while his wound with vital crimson streams,  
 Proud in despair, confesses and blasphemes;

Impious, but unbelieving now no more,  
He owns the Galilean conqueror.

**Love and Reason.**<sup>71</sup>

1. How do they err, who throw their love  
On fate or fortune wholly;  
Whom only rants and flights can move,  
And rapture join'd with folly!
2. For how can pleasure solid be  
Where thought is out of season?  
Do I love you, or you love me,  
My dear, without a reason?
3. Our sense then rightly we'll employ,  
No paradise expecting;  
Yet envying none the trifling joy,  
That will not bear reflecting.
4. For wisdom's pow'r (since after all  
Ev'n life is past the curing,)  
Softens the worst that can befall,  
And makes the best enduring.

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<sup>71</sup>Samuel Wesley Jr., "Song," *Poems on Several Occasions*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (Cambridge: J. Bentham, 1743), 295.

**An  
Epitaph.**<sup>72</sup>

1. Here lye I, once a witty fair,  
    Ill loving and ill lov'd;  
Whose heedless beauty was my snare,  
    Whose wit my folly prov'd.
  
2. Reader, should any curious stay  
    To ask my luckless name,  
Tell them, the grave that hides my clay  
    Conceals me from my shame.
  
3. Tell them, I mourn'd for guilt of sin,  
    More than for pleasure spent:  
Tell them, whate'er my morn had been,  
    My noon was penitent.

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<sup>72</sup>Samuel Wesley Jr., *Poems on Several Occasions*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (Cambridge: J. Bentham, 1743), 296.

**Upon my Hairs Falling.**<sup>73</sup>

Few and easy in your stay,  
Never curl'd, and hardly grey,  
Hairs, adieu! tho' falling all,  
Blameless, harmless may you fall.  
Light and trifling tho' you be,  
More deserving poetry  
Than the dream of guilty pow'r,  
Than the miser's gather'd ore,  
Than the world's most serious things,  
Murth'rous victors, haughty kings,  
If your moral fall presage  
Death the certain end of age,  
If a single hint you give  
Well to dye, and soon to live.

**On  
Humility.**<sup>74</sup>

1. 'Tis not because I sprung from nought,  
I bow with lowliness of thought;  
All but the Trinity most high  
Was nothing once as well as I.

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<sup>73</sup>Samuel Wesley Jr., *Poems on Several Occasions*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (Cambridge: J. Bentham, 1743), 302–3.

<sup>74</sup>Samuel Wesley Jr., *Poems on Several Occasions*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (Cambridge: J. Bentham, 1743), 312–13.

2. 'Tis not because I dwell in clay,  
Subject to sickness and decay;  
This flesh if rightly I controul,  
'Tis no pollution to my soul.
3. 'Tis not because this outward skin  
Contains unseemly stench within;  
Conceal'd 'tis well, as if all o'er  
I breath'd perfume at ev'ry pore.
4. 'Tis not because this carcase dead  
Will worms and putrefaction breed;  
'Tis well, as if from thence should come  
The violet's and the rose's bloom.
5. No, I shall ne'er deject my heart  
By thinking on my mortal part;  
Tho' mean, tho' base, tho' vile it be,  
'Twill put on immortality.
6. 'Tis not because dependant here,  
I poorly fill a narrow sphere:  
To cast our destin'd lot aside,  
Is not humility, but pride.
7. 'Tis not because in life below  
I little act, and little know;

In knowledge and in pow'r there's none  
Unlimited, but God alone.

8. What! in myself then can I find  
No cause for lowliness of mind?  
Ah, yes! for sin what thought can bear!  
'Tis there I sink! 'tis wholly there!

**On the  
Passion of our Saviour.<sup>75</sup>**

1. From whence these dire portents around,  
That earth and heav'n amaze?  
Wherefore do earthquakes cleave the ground?  
Why hides the sun his rays?
2. Not thus did Sinai's trembling head  
With sacred horror nod,  
Beneath the dark pavilion spread  
Of legislative God!
3. Thou earth, thy lowest centre shake,  
With Jesu sympathise!  
Thou sun, as hell's deep gloom be black,  
'Tis thy Creator dies!

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<sup>75</sup>Samuel Wesley Jr., *Poems on Several Occasions* (London: S. Birt, 1736), 136–37 (2<sup>nd</sup> edn., 313–14). A shorter version (omitting stanza 4) first appeared in *CPH* (1737), 44–45.

4. What tongue the tortures can declare  
of this vindictive hour?  
Wrath he alone had will to share,  
As he alone had pow'r!
5. See streaming from th' accursed tree  
His all-atoning blood!  
Is this the infinite? 'Tis he!  
My Saviour and my God!
6. For me these pangs his soul assail,  
For me the death is born!  
My sin gave sharpness to the nail,  
And pointed ev'ry thorn.
7. Let sin no more my soul enslave,  
Break, Lord, the tyrant's chain;  
Oh, save me whom thou cam'st to save,  
Nor bleed nor die in vain!

**Ode  
Upon  
Christ's Crucifixion.**<sup>76</sup>

From the Greek.

Enough of *pagan* idle toys;  
Change the strings, and raise the voice,  
To sacred notes the lyre apply'd,  
Hail the King! the crucify'd!  
Of wonders thou eternal store!  
O what first shall I explore?  
Fain would I scan, fain would I tell  
Mysteries unspeakable,  
By man or spirits blest on high,  
How the living God could die!  
I'll tell of love to creatures' sight  
Fathomless and infinite.  
His well-lov'd Son the Father chose  
Bleeding ransom for his foes!  
I'll sing in lofty strains aloud  
Triumphs of the bury'd God.  
Hell and the grave are captives led,  
Death is conquer'd by the dead!  
But hark! from Calvary rebounds  
Mixture of affrighting sounds,

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<sup>76</sup>Samuel Wesley Jr., *Poems on Several Occasions*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (Cambridge: J. Bentham, 1743), 315–16.

Loud echoing dreadful from afar,  
Of the slain and of the slayer,  
That wounds mine ear! Haste, quickly fly  
To the mountain's top, mine eye:  
Him 'midst the three expiring view;  
How unlike the other two!  
His gentle head he meekly bends,  
Wide his sacred arms extends;  
The cruel nails, his weight that bear,  
Tear him, fast'ning while they tear.  
This suffer'd, wretched man, for thee,  
Without suff'ring can'st thou see?  
Thick rise thy groans, thy vesture tear,  
Beat the breast, and rend the hair;  
The tend'rest yearning pangs be thine:  
All in purple see him shine,  
Not purchas'd from the Tyrian shore,  
Dy'd, alas! with dropping gore;  
Part by his bleeding temples shed  
From the thorns which pierc'd his head,  
Part from the long-drawn furrows flow'd,  
Which the twisted scourge has plough'd.  
High let thy streams of sorrow rise,  
Ope the fountains of thine eyes,  
Pour, pour on earth a gushing flood:  
Since, so lib'ral of his blood,  
His vital drops for thee he spares,  
Can'st thou, mortal, grudge thy tears?

**An  
Hymn on Easter-Day.<sup>77</sup>**

1. The Sun<sup>78</sup> of righteousness appears,  
To set in blood no more!  
Adore the healer of your fears,  
Your rising Sun adore.
2. The saints, when he resign'd his breath,  
Unclos'd their sleeping eyes,  
He breaks again the bonds of death,  
Again the dead arise.
3. Alone the dreadful race he ran,  
Alone the wine-press trod,  
He dy'd and suffer'd as a man,  
He rises as a God!
4. In vain the stone, the watch, the seal,  
Forbid an early rise,  
To him who breaks the gates of hell,  
And opens paradise.

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<sup>77</sup>Samuel Wesley Jr., *Poems on Several Occasions* (London: S. Birt, 1736), 240 (2<sup>nd</sup> edn., 317).  
First appeared in *CPH* (1741), 36.

<sup>78</sup>Ori., "Son"; likely a printer error. Restored to "Sun" as is shown in both Samuel Wesley Jr. and *CPH* (1741).

**An  
Hymn for Sunday.**<sup>79</sup>

1. The Lord of Sabbath let us praise,  
In consort with the blest;  
Who, joyful in harmonious lays,  
Employ an endless rest.
2. Thus, Lord, while we remember thee,  
We blest and pious grow;  
By hymns of praise we learn to be  
Triumphant here below.
3. On this glad day a brighter scene  
Of glory was display'd,  
By God th' eternal Word, than when  
This universe was made.
4. He rises, who mankind has bought  
With grief and pains extream;  
'Twas great to speak the world from nought,  
'Twas greater to redeem.

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<sup>79</sup>Samuel Wesley Jr., *Poems on Several Occasions* (London: S. Birt, 1736), 241 (2<sup>nd</sup> edn., 318).  
First appeared in *CPH* (1741), 36.

**An  
Hymn to God the Father.**<sup>80</sup>

1. Hail, Father! whose creating call  
Unnumber'd worlds attend;  
Jehovah! comprehending all,  
Whom none can comprehend.
2. In light unsearchable enthron'd,  
Which angels dimly see;  
The fountain of the Godhead own'd,  
And foremost of the Three.
3. From whom through an eternal now  
The Son thy offspring flow'd,  
An everlasting Father thou,  
An everlasting God!
4. Nor quite display'd to worlds above,  
Nor quite on earth conceal'd;  
By wond'rous unexhausted love  
To mortal man reveal'd!

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<sup>80</sup>Samuel Wesley Jr., "Hymn to God the Father," *Weekly Miscellany* 85 (July 27, 1734), 2; reprinted in *Poems on Several Occasions* (London: S. Birt, 1736), 1–3 (2<sup>nd</sup> edn., 319–20). First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 11–12.

5. Supreme and all-sufficient God,  
When nature shall expire;  
When worlds, created by thy nod,  
Shall perish by thy fire;
6. Thy name, Jehovah! be ador'd  
By creatures without end!  
Whom none but thy essential Word  
And Spirit comprehend.

**An  
Hymn to God the Son.**<sup>81</sup>

1. Hail! God the Son! in glory crown'd,  
Ere<sup>82</sup> time began to be,  
Thron'd with thy Sire, through one half-round  
Of wide eternity!
2. Let heav'n and earth, stupendous frame,  
Display their author's pow'r,  
And each exalted seraph flame,  
Creator, thee adore.

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<sup>81</sup>Samuel Wesley Jr., "Hymn to God the Son," *Weekly Miscellany* 87 (Aug. 10, 1734), 2; reprinted in *Poems on Several Occasions* (London: S. Birt, 1736), 3–4 (2<sup>nd</sup> edn., 320–21). First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 12–13.

<sup>82</sup>Ori., "E'er"; but used in sense of "before."

3. Whose wondrous love the Godhead show'd  
Contracted to a span;  
The co-eternal Son of God,  
The mortal Son of man.
4. To save mankind from lost estate,  
Behold his life-blood stream!  
Hail, Lord! Almighty to create,  
Almighty to redeem!
5. The Mediator's Godlike sway  
His church below sustains,  
'Till nature shall her judge survey,  
The King Messiah reigns.
6. Hail, with essential glory crown'd,  
When time shall cease to be!  
Thron'd with thy Father, through the round  
Of whole eternity!

**An  
Hymn to God the Holy Ghost.<sup>83</sup>**

1. Hail, Holy-Ghost! Jehovah! third  
    In order of the Three,  
Sprung from the Father and the Word  
    From all eternity!
2. Thy Godhead brooding o'er th' abyss  
    Of formless waters lay;  
Spoke into order all that is,  
    And darkness into day.
3. In lowest hell, or heaven's height,  
    Thy presence who can fly?  
Known is the Father to thy sight,  
    Th' depths of deity.
4. Thy pow'r through Jesu's life display'd,  
    Quite from the virgin's womb,  
Dying, his soul an off'ring made,  
    And rais'd him from the tomb.

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<sup>83</sup>Samuel Wesley Jr., "Hymn to God the Holy Ghost," *Weekly Miscellany* 88 (Aug. 17, 1734), 2; reprinted in *Poems on Several Occasions* (London: S. Birt, 1736), 4–6 (2<sup>nd</sup> edn., 321–22). First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 13.

5. God's image, which our sins destroy,  
Thy grace restores below,  
And truth and holiness and joy  
From thee their fountain flow.
6. Hail, Holy-Ghost! Jehovah! third  
In order of the Three,  
Thron'd with the Father and the Word,  
Through all eternity!

**An  
Hymn to the Trinity,  
Three Persons and One God.<sup>84</sup>**

1. Hail! holy, holy, holy, Lord!  
Be endless praise to thee!  
Supreme essential One, ador'd  
In co-eternal Three.
2. Enthron'd in everlasting state,  
Ere<sup>85</sup> time its round began!  
Who join'd in council to create  
The dignity of man!

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<sup>84</sup>Samuel Wesley Jr., "Hymn to the Trinity," *Weekly Miscellany*, 89 (Aug. 24, 1734), 2; reprinted in *Poems on Several Occasions* (London: S. Birt, 1736), 6–7 (2<sup>nd</sup> edn., 322–23). First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 14 (stanzas 1–2, 4–7 only).

<sup>85</sup>Ori., "E'er"; but used in sense of "before."

3. Thou Father, Son, and Holy-Ghost,  
Empow'ring to baptize,  
Restor'st, for earthly Eden lost,  
An heav'nly *paradise*.
4. To whom Isaiah's vision show'd,  
The seraphs veil their wings;  
While thee, Jehovah! Lord and God,  
Th' angelick army sings.
5. To thee, by mystick pow'rs on high,  
Were humble praises giv'n,  
When John beheld with favour'd eye  
Th' inhabitants of heav'n.
6. All that the name of *creature* owns  
To thee in hymns aspire;  
May we as angels on our thrones  
For ever join the quire!
7. Hail! holy, holy, holy, Lord!  
Be endless praise to thee!  
Supreme essential One, ador'd  
In co-eternal Three!

**A**  
**Paraphrase on the Eighth Psalm.**<sup>86</sup>

A Pindarick Ode.

1.       Jehovah! Sov'reign God and Lord!  
           Sustaining this created frame,  
           To nature's utmost bounds ador'd,  
           How great, how excellent thy name!  
           Thou bid'st thy sacred glory fly  
           Beyond th' expansion of the sky,  
           Above the highest heavens, high.        ]
  
2.       Thy praise employs the seraph's lays,  
           Suckling infants show thy praise:  
           From stamm'ring mouth, at thy command,  
           Strength resistless is ordain'd.  
           The giant wretch, who dares to cope with thee,  
           Yields to the meanest child of piety:  
           Unwilling hearts confess th' Almighty's hand,  
           Nor can the wise object, nor can the strong withstand.
  
3.       Thy pow'r divine no limit knows,  
           Weakness itself obeys thy call;  
           Still is the rage of clam'rous foes,  
           And down the proud avengers fall.

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<sup>86</sup>Samuel Wesley Jr., *Poems on Several Occasions* (London: S. Birt, 1736), 13 (2<sup>nd</sup> edn., 324–27).  
 First appeared in *CPH* (1741), 60–62.

1. Thy heavens oft, stupendous round!  
     In contemplation I admire,  
 Those heavens which thy hands did found;  
     The sun, whose unexhausted fire  
 Does light and heat to earth convey,         }  
 Runs joyous his commanded way,             }  
 Unwearied monarch of the day;
  
2. The moon, who regent of the night,  
     Shines with delegated ray;  
 The stars which constant seem to sight,  
     Stars that regularly stray;  
 Which first thy plastick will from nothing brought,  
 Assign'd their stations,<sup>87</sup> and their courses taught:  
 Distinct with worlds yon azure vault appears,  
 Seasons and days to mark, and guide revolving years.
  
3. Lord! what is man! amaz'd I cry,  
     Whose mould is dust, and life a span,  
 That thou regardest from on high,  
     With such respect, the Son of man!
  
1. Nature, and nature's God to see,  
     Mankind, thy wisdom did ordain,  
 To serve his Maker call'd to be,  
     But o'er his Maker's works to reign.  
 Thine awful image found to bear,         }  
 Thou mad'st him with peculiar care,         }  
 And all the Trinity was there.

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<sup>87</sup>Ori., "sations"; a misprint.

2.        On humble earth his seat was plac'd,  
            Than th' angelick orders lower;  
            Yet him thy bounteous mercy grac'd,  
            Crown'd with dignity and power.  
Nay, 'midst the splendor of the throne of God,  
Will highest angels, in that bless'd abode,  
Revere the nature they excell'd before,  
Join'd to the Son of man, the Son of God adore.
3.        Man governs all things here below,  
            They serve his grandeur, or his need;  
Laborious oxen drag his plough,  
            And sheep for his convenience bleed.
1.        Nor only tamer beasts we find,  
            To man, their Lord, obedience yield;  
But ev'ry fierce and savage kind,  
            That range the desart and the field.  
Each monster upon Africk's shore,  
And captive lions, while they roar,        }  
Submit reluctant to his pow'r.
2.        Of birds, the various feather'd race,  
            Lightly fleeting through the sky,  
            To him perpetual homage pays,  
            From his empire cannot fly.  
And fishes that through paths of ocean stray;  
From shoals that num'rous, and that nameless play,

To vast Leviathan, disporting wide,  
Created without fear, king of the sons of pride.

3.       Jehovah! Sov'reign God and Lord!  
          Sustaining this created frame,  
          To nature's utmost bounds ador'd,  
          How great, how excellent thy name!

**Hezekiah's Thanksgiving for His  
Recovery from Sickness: Isaiah 38.**<sup>88</sup>

A Pindarick Ode.

1.       I said, when vig'rous health was flown,  
          And God the sentence gave,  
My life descends to darkness down,  
          The portals of the grave:  
          Stopp'd th' unfinish'd course appears,  
          Lost my residue of years.
2.       Ne'er shall again my living eye  
          See the majesty on high;  
          In his courts, as heretofore,  
Behold the face of God no more;  
          View his glorious cloud divine  
          O'er the Ark and cherubs shine.

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<sup>88</sup>Samuel Wesley Jr., *Poems on Several Occasions*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (Cambridge: J. Bentham, 1743), 327–32.

3. To earth's inhabitants adieu,  
And converse of the sons of men:  
Here close my troubled days and few,  
Nor mark remains that I have been.  
The shepherd swain, as shifts the wind,  
Removes his tent, no footsteps trace we find,  
The transitory shade has left no print behind. }
1. Ere<sup>89</sup> half the age of man complete,  
I find an early doom,  
Cut like a web, imperfect yet,  
In anger from the loom:  
Pining sickness ends my days,  
God commands, and death obeys.
2. In shade of night and death I lye,  
Counting minutes as they fly,  
Ling'ring fly with slow delay,  
As doubtful to renew the day.  
Nature glad the morn shall see  
Rise, but never rise to me.
3. Before the stars their sway resign,  
My life enfeebled must depart;  
For, Oh! this instant wrath divine  
In sunder rends my bleeding heart:  
My spirit leaves the mangled clay,  
My bones all broke the 'venger's might display:  
So the fierce lion tears his unresisting prey. }

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<sup>89</sup>Ori., "E'er"; but used in sense of "before."

1.           Yet unexpected dawn arose,  
                    And shed a cheerless light;  
Which still my boding fears suppose  
                    Would set in deadly night,  
Ere<sup>90</sup> returning ev'ning shade  
Timely rest to man convey'd.
  
2.           The crane deserted and alone,  
                    Pours a melancholy moan;  
                    Flitting low in wintry skies,  
The solitary swallow flies;  
                    Murm'ring through the lonely grove,  
                    Sadly cooes the widow'd dove.
  
3.           Mine eyes with looking upward fail,  
                    With vain expectance of relief;  
                    Thy pow'r, O Lord, can yet avail,  
                    Can heal the most obdurate grief.  
                    Prostrate to dust my soul is bent,  
                    Nor death nor hell thy purpose can prevent,     }  
All impotence am I, but thou Omnipotent.
  
1.           Alas! 'tis he demands my tears,  
                    'Tis he directs the blow;  
Whence grov'ling droop my tedious years  
                    In hopelessness of woe?  
                    He, whose world-creating call  
                    Spoke forth nothing into all.

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<sup>90</sup>Ori., "E'er"; but used in sense of "before."

2. O Lord, thy pow'rful words bestow  
Life on mortal man below;  
Spirit, from corruption free,  
Exists dependantly on thee:  
Thy commands, that all controll,  
Speak recov'ry to my soul.

3. For peace my bitterness was great,  
Yet love thou deignest to display;  
My life deliv'ring from the pit,  
That turns our earth to common clay:  
Thy mercy hears my plaintive cries,  
My past misdeeds no more in judgment rise,  
And all my num'rous sins are vanish'd from thine eyes.]

1. No tongue thy glory, Lord, displays  
In death's eternal gloom;  
But dark oblivion all must raze  
Inhabiting the tomb:  
There no place for song remains  
Speechless silence ever reigns.

2. Thy truth have living saints receiv'd,  
There unheard and unbeliev'd;  
Thither hope can ne'er descend,  
For life and hope together end.  
After death no heirs we have,  
All are childless in the grave.

3.           The living shall thy mercy sing,  
              The living chant their joyous lays;  
              The father with the son shall bring  
              The joint thank-offering of their praise;  
              As I to-day: this let my son,  
              And each succeeding heir of David's crown,  
Transmit with scepter'd rule hereditary down.    ]
1.           The God of David, nature's Lord,  
                  Attentive heard my pray'r;  
              Jehovah, gracious by his word,  
                  Did raise me from despair:  
              Now my terrors all are o'er,  
              Death is dreadful now no more.
2.           Therefore, my soul, aloud proclaim  
                  Praise to th' everlasting name;  
                  Tell in sacred hymns my joy,  
              And ev'ry instrument employ;  
                  Lead the vocal quire to sing,  
                  Wake to harmony the string.
3.           Within his temple's hallow'd gate,  
              My God incessant I'll adore,  
              Those happy courts divine, which late  
              I thought alive to see no more.  
              As incense there my voice I'll raise,  
              In grateful anthems spend my added days,  
And yield my lengthen'd life a sacrifice of praise.    ]

**The  
Mystery of Life.**<sup>91</sup>

By the Reverend Mr. Gambold.

1. So many years I've seen the sun,  
    And call'd these eyes and hands my own,  
A thousand little acts I've done,  
    And childhood have and manhood known:  
O what is life! and this dull round  
To tread, why was a spirit bound?
  
2. So many airy draughts and lines,  
    And warm excursions of the mind,  
Have fill'd my soul with great designs,  
    While practice grovel'd far behind:  
O what is thought! and where withdraw  
The glories which my fancy saw?
  
3. So many tender joys and woes  
    Have on my quiv'ring soul had pow'r;  
Plain life with height'ning passions rose,  
    The boast or burden of their hour:  
O what is all we feel! why fled  
Those pains and pleasures o'er my head?

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<sup>91</sup>Rev. John Gambold (1711–71), manuscript; cf. *The Works of the late Rev. John Gambold* (Bath: S. Hazard, 1789), 263–64. Wesley had included in *HSP* (1739), 7–8.

4. So many human souls divine,  
    Some at one interview display'd,  
Some oft and freely mixt with mine,  
    In lasting bonds my heart have laid:  
O what is friendship! why imprest  
On my weak, wretched, dying breast?
  
5. So many wond'rous gleams of light,  
    And gentle ardors from above,  
Have made me sit, like seraph bright,  
    Some moments on a throne of love:  
O what is virtue! why had I,  
Who am so low, a taste so high?
  
6. Ere long, when sov'reign wisdom wills,  
    My soul an unknown path shall tread,  
And strangely leave, who strangely fills  
    This frame, and waft me to the dead:  
O what is death!—'tis life's last shore,  
Where vanities are vain no more;  
Where all pursuits their goal obtain,  
And life is all retouch'd again;  
Where in their bright result shall rise  
Thoughts, virtues, friendships, griefs and joys.

**Epitaph.**<sup>92</sup>

Ask not, who ended here his span?  
His name, reproach and praise, was man.  
Did no great deeds adorn his course?  
No deed of his, but shew'd him worse:  
One thing was great, which God supply'd,  
He suffer'd human life—and dy'd.  
What points of knowledge did he gain?  
That life was sacred all—and vain:  
Sacred how high, and vain how low?  
He knew not here, but dy'd to know.

**Upon List'ning to the Vibrations of  
a Clock.**<sup>93</sup>

Instructive sound! I'm now convinc'd by thee  
Time in its womb may bear infinity.  
How the past moment dies, and throbs no more!  
What worlds of parts compose the rolling hour!  
The least of these a serious care demands;  
For tho' they're little, yet they're golden sands:  
By some great deeds distinguish'd all in heav'n,  
For the same end to me by number given!  
Cease, man, to lavish sums thou ne'er hast told!  
Angels, tho' deathless, dare not be so bold!

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<sup>92</sup>Rev. John Gambold (1711–71), manuscript; cf. *The Works of the late Rev. John Gambold* (Bath: S. Hazard, 1789), 276. Wesley had included in *HSP* (1739), 9.

<sup>93</sup>Rev. John Gambold (1711–71), manuscript; cf. *The Works of the late Rev. John Gambold* (Bath: S. Hazard, 1789), 265–66. Wesley had included in *HSP* (1739), 10.

**On Clemens Alexandrinus's  
Description of a Perfect Christian.<sup>94</sup>**

1. Here from afar the finish'd height  
Of holiness is seen:  
But O, what heavy tracts of toil,  
What deserts lie between?
2. Man for the simple life divine  
What will it cost to break;  
Ere pleasure soft and wily pride  
No more within him speak?
3. What ling'ring anguish must corrode  
The root of nature's joy?  
What secret shame and dire defeats  
The pride of heart destroy?
4. Learn thou the whole of mortal state  
In stilness to sustain?  
Nor sooth with false delights of earth  
Whom God hath doom'd to pain.

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<sup>94</sup>This is most likely by Rev. John Gambold (1711–71), taken from manuscript, even though it does not appear in his posthumous *Works of the late Rev. John Gambold* (Bath: S. Hazard, 1789). Wesley had included in *HSP* (1739), 37–38.

5. Thy mind now multitude of thoughts,  
Now stupor shall distress;  
The venom of each latent vice  
Wild images impress.
6. Yet darkly safe with God thy soul  
His arm still onward bears,  
'Till thro' each tempest on her face  
A peace beneath appears.
7. 'Tis in that peace we see and act  
By instincts from above;  
With finer taste of wisdom fraught,  
And mystick pow'rs of love.
8. Yet ask not in mere ease and pomp  
Of ghostly gifts to shine:  
'Till death the lownesses of man,  
And pitying griefs are thine.

**After**  
**Considering Some of His Friends.**<sup>95</sup>

1. Why do the deeds of happier men  
    Into a mind return,  
Which can, opprest by bands of sloth,  
    With no such ardors burn?
2. God of my life and all my pow'rs,  
    The everlasting friend!  
Shall life, so favour'd in its dawn,  
    Be fruitless in its end?
3. To thee, O Lord, my tender years  
    A trembling duty paid,  
With glimpses of the mighty God  
    Delighted and afraid.
4. From parents' eye, and paths of men,  
    Thy touch I ran to meet;  
It swell'd the hymn, and seal'd the pray'r,  
    'Twas calm, and strange, and sweet!

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<sup>95</sup>This is most likely by Rev. John Gambold (1711–71), taken from manuscript, even though it does not appear in his posthumous *Works of the late Rev. John Gambold* (Bath: S. Hazard, 1789). Wesley had included in *HSP* (1739), 57–58.

5. Oft when beneath the work of sin  
Trembling and dark I stood,  
And felt the edge of eager thought,  
And felt the kindling blood:
6. Thy dew came down—my heart was thine,  
It knew nor doubt nor strife;  
Cool now, and peaceful as the grave,  
And strong to second life.
7. Full of myself I oft forsook  
The now, the truth, and thee,  
For sanguine hope, or sensual gust,  
Or earth-born sophistry:
8. The folly thriv'd, and came in sight  
Too gross for life to bear;  
I smote the breast for man too base,  
I smote—and God was there!
9. Still will I hope for voice and strength  
To glorify thy name;  
Tho' I must die to all that's mine,  
And suffer all my shame.

**Religious Discourse.**<sup>96</sup>

To speak for God, to sound religion's praise,  
Of sacred passions the wise warmth to raise;  
T' infuse the contrite wish to conquest nigh,  
And point the steps mysterious as they lie;  
To seize the wretch in full career of lust,  
And sooth the silent sorrows of the just:  
Who would not bless for this the gift of speech,  
And in the tongue's beneficence be rich?

But who must talk? not the mere modern sage,  
Who suits the soften'd gospel to the age;  
Who ne'er to raise degen'rate practice strives,  
But brings the precept down to Christian lives.  
Not he, who maxims from cold reading took,  
And never saw himself but thro' a book:  
Not he, who hasty in the morn of grace,  
Soon sinks extinguish'd as a comet's blaze.  
Not he, who strains in scripture phrase t' abound,  
Deaf to the sense, who stuns us with the sound:  
But he, who silence loves; and never dealt  
In the false commerce of a truth unfelt.

Guilty you speak, if subtle from within  
Blows on your words the self-admiring sin:  
If unresolv'd to choose the better part,  
Your forward tongue belies your languid heart;

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<sup>96</sup>Source: Rev. John Gambold (1711–1771), manuscript; cf. *The Works of the late Rev. John Gambold* (Bath: S. Hazard, 1789), 251–56. Wesley had included in *HSP* (1739), 58–63.

But then speak safely, when your peaceful mind  
Above self-seeking blest, on God reclin'd,  
Feels him at once suggest unlabour'd sense,  
And ope a sluice of sweet benevolence.  
Some high behests of heav'n you then fulfil,  
Sprung from his light your words, and issuing by his will.

Nor yet expect so *mystically* long,  
'Till certain inspiration loose your tongue:  
Express the precept runs, "Do good to all;"  
Nor adds, "Whene'er you find an inward call."  
'Tis God commands: no farther motive seek,  
Speak or without, or with reluctance speak:  
To love's habitual sense by acts aspire,  
And kindle, 'till you catch the gospel-fire.

Discoveries immature of truth decline,  
Nor prostitute the gospel pearl to swine.  
Beware, too rashly how you speak the whole,  
The vileness, or the treasures of your soul.  
If spurn'd by some, where weak on earth you lie,  
If judg'd a cheat or dreamer, where you fly;  
Here the sublimer strain, th' exerted air  
Forego; you're at the bar, not in the chair.

To the pert reas'ner if you speak at all,  
Speak what within his cognizance may fall:  
Expose not truths divine to reason's rack,  
Give him his own belov'd ideas back,  
Your notions 'till they look like his, dilute;  
Blind he must be—but save him from dispute!

But when we're turn'd of reason's noontide glare,  
And things begin to shew us what they are,  
More free to such your true conceptions tell;  
Yet graft them on the arts where they excel.  
If sprightly sentiments detain their taste;  
If paths of various learning they have trac'd;  
If their cool judgment longs, yet fears to fix:  
Fire, erudition, hesitation mix.

All rules are dead: 'tis from the heart you draw  
The living lustre, and unerring law.  
A state of thinking in your manner shew,  
Nor fiercely soaring, nor supinely low:  
Others their lightness and each inward fault  
Quench in the stilness of your deeper thought.  
Let all your gestures fixt attention draw,  
And wide around diffuse infectious awe;  
Present with God by recollection seem,  
Yet present, by your chearfulness, with them.

Without elation Christian glories paint,  
Nor by fond am'rous phrase assume the saint.  
Greet not frail men with compliments untrue;  
With smiles to peace confirm'd and conquest due,  
There are who watch t' adore the dawn of grace,  
And pamper the young proselyte with praise:  
Kind, humble souls! they with a right good will  
Admire his progress—'till he stands stock still.

Speak but to thirsty minds of things divine,  
Who strong for thought, are free in yours to join.  
The busy from his channel parts with pain,  
The languid loaths an elevated strain.

With these you aim but at good-natur'd chat,  
Where all, except the love, is low and flat.

Not one address will different tempers fit,  
The grave and gay, the heavy and the wit.  
Wits will sift you; and most conviction find  
Where least 'tis urg'd, and seems the least design'd.  
Slow minds are merely passive; and forget  
Truths not inculcated: to these repeat, }  
Avow your counsel, nor abstain from heat.

Some gentle souls to gay indifference true,  
Nor hope, nor fear, nor think the more for you:  
Let love turn babler here, and caution sleep,  
Blush not for shallow speech, nor muse for deep;  
These to your humour, not your sense attend,  
'Tis not th' advice that sways them, but the friend.  
Others have large recesses in their breast:  
With pensive process all they hear digest:  
Here well-weigh'd words with wary foresight sow,  
For all you say will sink, and ev'ry seed will grow.

At first acquaintance press each truth severe,  
Stir the whole odium of your character:  
Let harshest doctrines all your words engross,  
And nature bleeding on the daily cross.  
Then to yourself th' ascetic rule enjoin,  
To others stoop surprizingly benign;  
Pitying, if from themselves with pain they part,  
If stubborn nature long holds out the heart.  
Their outworks now are gain'd; forbear to press;  
The more you urge them, you prevail the less;

Let speech lay by its roughness to oblige,  
Your speaking life will carry on the siege:  
By your example struck, to God they strive  
To live, no longer to themselves alive.

To positive adepts insidious yield,  
T' ensure the conquest, seem to quit the field:  
Large in your grants; be their opinion shown:  
Approve, amend—and wind it to your own.  
Couch in your hints, if more resign'd they hear,  
Both what they will be soon, and what they are:  
Pleasing these words now to their conscious breast,  
Th' anticipating voice hereafter blest.

In souls just wak'd the paths of light to choose,  
Convictions keen, and zeal of pray'r infuse.  
Let them love rules; 'till freed from passion's reign,  
'Till blameless moral rectitude they gain.

But lest reform'd from each extremer ill,  
They should but civilize old nature still,  
The loftier charms and energy display  
Of virtue model'd by the Godhead's ray;  
The lineaments divine, perfection's plan,  
And all the grandeur of the heavenly man.  
Commences thus the agonizing strife  
Previous to nature's death, and second life:  
Struck by their own inclement piercing eye,  
Their feeble virtues blush, subside, and die:  
They view the scheme that mimick nature made,  
A fancy'd goddess, and religion's shade;

With angry scorn they now reject the whole,  
Unchang'd their heart, undeify'd their soul;  
'Till indignation sleeps away to faith,  
And God's own pow'r and peace take root in sacred wrath.

Aim less to teach than love. The work begun  
In words, is crown'd by artless warmth alone.  
Love to your friend a second office owes,  
Yourself and him before heav'n's footstool throws:  
You place his form as suppliant by your side,  
(A helpless worm, for whom the Saviour dy'd)  
Into his soul call down th' ethereal beam,  
And longing ask to spend, and to be spent for him.

**The poems that follow are by the Reverend  
Mr. John and Charles Wesley.**

**God's Greatness.<sup>97</sup>**

1. O God, thou bottomless abyss,  
Thee to perfection who can know?  
O height immense! what words suffice  
Thy countless attributes to show:  
Unfathomable depths thou art!  
I plunge me in thy mercy's sea;  
Void of true wisdom is my heart,  
With love embrace and cover me.  
While thee all-infinite I set  
By FAITH before my ravish'd eye,  
My weakness bends beneath the weight,  
O'erpower'd I sink, I faint, I die.
  
2. Eternity thy fountain was,  
Which, like thee, no beginning knew;  
Thou wast e'er time began his race,  
Ere glow'd with stars th' ethereal blue:  
Greatness unspeakable is thine,  
Greatness, whose undiminish'd ray,  
When short-liv'd worlds are lost, shall shine,  
When earth and heav'n are fled away.

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<sup>97</sup>Source: Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, ed. *Das Gesang-Buch der Gemeinde in Herrn-Huth* (Halle: Wäysenhaus, 1737), 8 (#9), by Ernst Lange. Wesley first published in *CPH* (1737), 15–18; then in a form with the tenth and twelfth line of each stanza lengthened in *HSP* (1739), 161–64. It is the latter version included here.

Unchangeable, all-perfect Lord,  
Essential life's unbounded sea,  
What lives and moves, lives by thy word,  
It lives, and moves, and is from thee.

3. Thy parent hand, thy forming skill  
Firm fix'd this universal chain;  
Else empty, barren darkness still  
Had held his unmolested reign:  
Whate'er in earth, or sea or sky  
Or shuns, or meets the wand'ring thought,  
Escapes or strikes the searching eye,  
By thee was to perfection brought.  
High is thy pow'r above all height:  
Whate'er thy will decrees is done:  
Thy wisdom equal to thy might  
Only to thee, O God, is known.
  
4. Heaven's glory is thy awful throne,  
Yet earth partakes thy gracious sway;  
Vain man! thy wisdom, folly own,  
Lost is thy reason's feeble ray.  
What his dim eye could never see,  
Is plain and naked to thy sight;  
What thickest darkness veils, to thee  
Shines clearly as the morning light.  
In light thou dwell'st: light that no shade  
No variation ever knew;  
And heav'n and hell stand all display'd,  
And open to thy piercing view.

5. Thou, true and only God, lead'st forth  
    Th' immortal armies of the sky.  
Thou laugh'st to scorn the gods of earth;  
    Thou thunder'st, and amaz'd they fly.  
With down-cast eye th' angelick choir  
    Appear before thy awful face,  
Trembling they strike the golden lyre,  
    And thro' heav'ns vault resound thy praise.  
In earth, in heav'n, in all thou art:  
    The conscious creature feels thy nod,  
Whose forming hand on every part  
    Imprest the image of its God.
  
6. Thine, Lord, is wisdom, thine alone;  
    Justice, and truth before thee stand;  
Yet nearer to thy sacred throne  
    Mercy with-holds thy lifted hand.  
Each ev'ning shews thy tender love,  
    Each rising morn thy plenteous grace;  
Thy waken'd wrath doth slowly move,  
    Thy willing mercy flies apace.  
To thy benign, indulgent care,  
    Father, this light, this breath we owe,  
And all we have, and all we are  
    From thee, great source of being flow.
  
7. Parent of good, thy bounteous hand  
    Incessant blessings down distills,  
And all in air, or sea, or land  
    With plenteous food and gladness fills.

All things in thee live, move, and are,  
Thy pow'r infus'd doth all sustain;  
Ev'n those thy daily favours share  
Who thankless spurn thy easy reign.  
Thy sun thou bidst his genial ray  
Alike on all impartial pour;  
To all who hate or bless thy sway  
Thou bidst descend the fruitful show'r.

8. Yet while at length, who scorn'd thy might  
Shall feel thee a consuming fire,  
How sweet the joys, the crown how bright  
Of those who to thy love aspire!  
All creatures praise th' eternal name!  
Ye hosts that to his courts belong,  
Cherubic quires, seraphic flames,  
Awake the everlasting song.  
Thrice holy, thine the kingdom is,  
The pow'r omnipotent is thine,  
And when created nature dies  
Thy never-ceasing glories shine.

[blank]

AN  
ELEGY  
ON THE DEATH OF  
ROBERT JONES, ESQ.  
OF  
FONMON-CASTLE, IN GLAMORGANSHIRE,  
SOUTH-WALES.

**“This was he whom we had sometimes in derision  
and a proverb of reproach. We fools accounted  
his life madness; and his end to be without  
honour. How is he numbred among the  
children of God, and his lot is among the saints!”  
—Wisdom of Solomon, chap. v. v. 3, 4, 5.**

[blank]

**On the Death of  
Robert Jones, Esq.<sup>98</sup>**

And is he gone to his eternal rest!  
So suddenly receiv'd among the blest?  
Yet will I make his fair memorial stay,  
Bring back his virtue into open day,  
The sinner, convert, friend, and dying saint display. }

Soon as the morn of opening life begun,  
His simpleness pursu'd a God unknown;  
Giver of life, the all-alluring Dove,  
Did on his soul with early influence move,  
Brooding he sat; infus'd the young desire,         ] [10]  
Kindled the ray of pure ethereal fire,  
And bad him to his native heaven aspire.         ]

But soon the morning vapour pass'd away,  
His goodness melted at the blaze of day;  
By pleasures charm'd he leap'd the sacred fence,  
The youth out-liv'd his childish innocence;  
Plung'd in a world of fashionable vice,  
And left his God, and lost his paradise.  
Dead while he liv'd, in sin and pleasure dead,  
Long o'er the world's wide wilderness he stray'd,         ] [20]

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<sup>98</sup>Published previously as Charles Wesley, *Elegy on the Death of Robert Jones, Esq. of Fonmon Castle in Glamorganshire, South Wales* (Bristol: Farley, 1742).

Eager imagin'd pleasures to pursue,  
 Tir'd with the old, yet panting after new,  
 He hurry'd down the broad frequented road,  
 Unconscious in the shade of death abode,  
 Forgot, but never dar'd to scorn his God.

}

Ah! what avail'd him then the gentle mind,  
 By schools instructed, and by courts refin'd!  
 The winning mien, the affable address,  
 And all his nature, all his art to please!  
 In vain he shone with various gifts endow'd, [30]  
 Friend to the world, and enemy to God;  
 In vain he stoop'd in trifles to excell,  
 (Gay withering flowers that strew the way to hell!)  
 Generous, alas! in vain, and just, and brave,  
 While aw'd by man, and to himself a slave;  
 A steward to his fellow-servants just,  
 But still he falsify'd his Master's trust;  
 To them their several dues exact t' afford,  
 Their own he render'd them, but robb'd his Lord,  
 O'erlook'd the *Great Concern*, the better part, [40]  
 Liv'd to himself, and gave the world his heart.

Who then the gracious wonder shall explain,  
 How could a man of sin be born again?  
 Rous'd from his sleep of death, he never knew  
 To fix the point from whence the Spirit blew,  
 So imperceptibly the stroke was given,  
 The stroke divine that turn'd his face to heaven.  
 The Saviour-God by tender pity mov'd,  
 Observ'd his wand'ring sheep, and freely lov'd,  
 Him blind and lost with gracious eye survey'd, [50]  
 And gently led him to the secret shade;

Led him a way that nature never knew,  
 And from the busy careless croud withdrew,  
 To serious solitude his heart inclin'd  
 Tir'd with the noise and follies of mankind,  
 Impatiently resolv'd to cast the world behind.

}

The power unseen which bad his wand'ring cease,  
 Follow'd, and found him in the wilderness  
 Gave him the hearing ear, and seeing eye,  
 And pointed to the blood of sprinkling nigh, [60]  
 (That blood divine which makes the conscience clean,  
 That fountain open'd for a world of sin)  
 Call'd him to hear the name to sinners given,  
 The only saving name in earth or heaven.

So when the first degenerated man  
 Far in the woods from his Creator ran,  
 Mercy pursu'd, his fugitive to seize,  
 And stop'd his trembling flight among the trees;  
 "Where art thou, man?" he heard his Maker say,  
 Calm-walking in the cool decline of day, [70]  
 Aghast he heard; came forth with guilty fear,  
 And found the bruiser of the serpent near,  
 Receiv'd the promise of his sin forgiven,  
 And for an Eden lost an antepast of heaven.

Hail Mary's Son! thy mercies never end,  
 Thy mercies reach'd, and sav'd my happy friend!  
 He felt th' atoning blood by FAITH applied,  
 And freely was the sinner justified,  
 Sav'd by a miracle of grace divine—  
 And O! my God, the ministry was mine! [80]

I spake thro' thee the reconciling word,  
 Meanest forerunner of my glorious Lord:  
 He heard impartial: for himself he heard;  
 And weigh'd th' important truth with deep regard:  
 The sacred leaves, where all their God may find,  
 He search'd with noble readiness of mind,  
 Listen'd, and yielded to the gospel-call,  
 And glorified the Lamb that died for ALL;  
 Gladly confess'd our welcome tidings true,  
 And waited for a power he never knew, [90]  
 The seal of all his sins, thro' Christ forgiven,  
 With God the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.

The Lord he sought allow'd his creature's claim,  
 And sudden to his living temple came;  
 The Sp'irit of love, (which like a rushing wind  
 Blows as he list, but blows on all mankind,)  
 Breath'd on his raptur'd soul: the sinking clay  
 O'erwhelm'd beneath the mighty comfort lay;  
 While all-dissolv'd the powers of nature fail,  
 Enter'd his favour'd soul within the vail, [100]  
 The inner court with sacred reverence trod,  
 And saw th' invisible, and talk'd with God.

Constrain'd by extasies too strong to bear,  
 His soul was all pour'd out in praise and prayer;  
 He heard the voice of God's life-giving Son,  
 While Jesus made th' eternal Godhead known,  
 Receiv'd *the living faith* by grace bestow'd,  
 "And verily,<sup>[?]</sup> he cried, [<sup>6</sup>]there is a God,  
 "I know, I feel the word of truth divine,  
 "Lord, I believe thou art—for thou art mine!<sup>[?]</sup> [110]

So when the woman did of Jesus tell,  
 The God of Jacob found at Jacob's well,  
 Eager the common benefit t' impart,  
 "Come see a man that told me all my heart;"  
 The men of Sychar came; receiv'd her word,  
 But hung upon their dear redeeming Lord;  
 "Now we believe,<sup>[b]</sup> they cry'd, <sup>[c]</sup>but not thro' thee,  
 "Our ears have heard th' incarnate deity,  
 "The glorious truth assuredly we find,  
 "This is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of mankind!" [120]

Thrice happy soul, whom Jesus gave to know  
 Eternal life, while sojourning below!  
 Thou *didst* the gift unspeakable receive,  
 And humbly in the Spirit walk and live;  
 Thou *didst* the hidden life divine express,  
 And evidence the power of godliness;  
 Thou *didst* with all thy soul to Jesus turn,  
 His gospel-truth with all thy life adorn,  
 Thy goods, thy fame, thine all to Jesus give,  
 Sober and righteous here, and godly live; [130]  
 With utmost diligence his gifts improve,  
 And labour to be perfected in love.

His word subdued at once the carnal will,  
 The sea subsided, and the sun stood still;  
 No more in thee the waves of passion roll,  
 Or violate thy calm unruffled soul:  
 The leopard fierce is with the kid laid down,  
 The gentle child-like spirit leads thee on;  
 Intent on God thy single heart and eye,  
 And Abba Father, now is all the cry! [140]

Yes, thou hast chose at last the better part,  
And God alone hath all thy simple heart.

Wholly devoted now to God alone,  
Thou mourn'st the days for ever lost and gone,  
Gay youthful days of vanity and vice  
Thou see'st confounded—vile in thy own eyes;  
Pardon'd, yet still persisting to lament  
Thy fortune, time, and talents all mispent;  
A sinner self-condemn'd, and self-abhor'd,  
But wondring at the goodness of thy Lord; [150]  
He saw thee in thy blood and bad thee live;  
Yet still thyself thou never couldst forgive.

Resolv'd each precious moment to redeem,  
To serve thy God, and only live to him,  
Thro' all at once thy constant virtue broke,  
Cast off the world, and sin, and Satan's yoke,  
The stedfast purpose of thy soul avow'd,  
Confess'd the Christian, and declar'd for God.

O what a change was there! the man of birth  
Sinks down into a clod of common earth: [160]  
The man of polish'd sense his judgment quits,  
And tamely to a *madman's* name submits:  
The man of curious taste neglects his food,  
And all is pleasant now, and all is good:  
The man of rigid honour slights his fame,  
And glories in his Lord and Master's shame:  
The man of wealth and pleasure all foregoes,  
And nothing but the cross of Jesus knows:  
The man of sin is wash'd in Jesu's blood,  
The man of sin becomes a child of God! [170]

Throughout his life the new creation shines,  
 Throughout his words, and actions, and designs:  
 Quicken'd with Christ he sought the things above,  
 And evidenc'd the faith which works by love,  
 Which quenches Satan's every fiery dart,  
 O'recomes the world, and purifies the heart.

Not as uncertainly the race he ran,  
 He fought the fight, nor spent his strength in vain:  
 Foes to the cross, themselves let others spare,  
 At random run, and idly beat the air, [180]  
 As bondage each divine command disclaim;  
 A truer follower of the bleeding Lamb  
 He bore the burthen of his Lord, and died  
 A daily death with Jesus crucified.  
 He chearfully took up his Master's yoke,  
 Nor e'er the sacred ordinance forsook,  
 Nor dar'd to cast the hallow'd cross away,  
 Or plead his liberty to disobey:  
 Under the law to Christ, he labour'd still  
 To do, and suffer all his Father's will: [190]  
 Herein his glorious liberty was shewn,  
 Free to deny himself, and live to God alone!

In fastings oft the hardy soldier was,  
 Patient and meek, he grew beneath the cross,  
 He kept his body down, by grace subdued,  
 The servant to his soul, and both to God:  
 No delicate disciple he, to shun  
 The cross, and say, "My Saviour all hath done!"  
 No carnal Esau to despise his right,  
 And damn his soul to please his appetite: [200]  
 Suffice the season past, that dead to God  
 He glided down the easy spacious road;

A willing alien from the life divine  
 Liv'd to himself, and fed on husks with swine:  
 The times of ignorance and sin are past,  
 The son obeys his Father's voice at last,  
 All heaven congratulates his late return,  
 Angels and God rejoice, and men and devils mourn.

Mourn the goodnatur'd soft voluptuous crowd,  
 Whose shame their boast, whose belly is their God, [210]  
 Who eat, and drink, and then rise up to play,  
 And dance and sing their worthless lives away,  
 Harmless; of gentle birth; and bred so well—  
 They here sleep out their time,—and wake in hell.

These thoughtless souls his happy change deplor'd,  
 And curs'd the men that call'd him to his Lord;  
 (The troublers of a quiet neighbourhood,  
 The cruel enemies to flesh and blood,  
 Who vex the world, and turn it upside down,  
 And make the peer as humble as the clown.) [220]  
 His bleeding Lord engross'd his whole esteem,  
 Where Jesus dwells there is no room for them:  
 His house no more the scene of soft excess,  
 Of courtly pleasures, and luxurious ease:  
 No longer doth their friend like Dives fare,  
 No *drunken hospitality* is there,  
 No revellings that turn the night to day,  
 (*Harmless diversions*—from the narrow way!)  
 No midnight dance prophan'd the hallow'd place,  
 No voice was heard, but that of prayer and praise. [230]

Divinely taught to make the sober feast,  
 He pass'd the rich, and call'd a nobler guest;

He call'd the poor, the maim'd, the lame, the blind,  
He call'd in these the Saviour of mankind;  
His friends and kinsmen these for Jesu's sake,  
Who no voluptuous recompence could make,  
But God the glorious recompence hath given,  
And call'd him to the marriage-feast in heaven.

Ye men that live in riotous excess,  
And loosely take your pleasurable ease, [240]  
Rich to yourselves; the bright example view  
Of one, who once forgot his God like you,  
But wisely griev'd for sins and follies past,  
Sprang from the world, and won the race at last.  
How did his soul for you in secret mourn,  
And long, and pray, and weep for your return!  
How did he supplicate the throne above,  
That you, even you might taste the Saviour's love,  
Might listen to the truth, your vileness own, } [250]  
Pursue the way of peace ye have not known,  
Renounce the world, and live to God alone.  
O might the scales fall from your blinded eyes,  
O that some prodigal would now arise,  
Accept the pard'ning grace thro' Jesus given,  
And turn, and gladden all the host of heaven!

Sinners, regard your friend who speaks tho' dead;  
In his, as he in Jesu's, footsteps tread:  
After the Lamb he still rejoic'd to go,  
He liv'd a guardian angel here below,  
A father of the poor, he gave them food, [260]  
And fed their souls, and labour'd for their good;

The little church in Jesus who believ'd  
 Into his house, his arms, his heart receiv'd:  
 With these he humbly search'd the written word,  
 Talking with these, he commun'd with their Lord,  
 Studied the sacred leaves, by day and night,  
 His faithful counsellor, and sole delight.  
 He made them all his own with happy art,  
 And practice copied them into his heart:  
 Still in the steps of Abraham's faith he trod, [270]  
 He and his house would only serve their God.

The worth domestick let his consort tell  
 Of one who lov'd so wisely and so well;  
 Who help'd her all for Jesus to foregoe,  
 And cherish'd her as Christ his church below,  
 Explain'd the glorious mystery divine  
 How God and man may in one spirit join,  
 How man the joys of heaven on earth may prove;  
 The sacred dignity of nuptial love,  
 Clearly in him the sameness all might see [280]  
 Of nuptial love and spotless purity.

Nor less the exemplary father shone:  
 Freely to God he render'd back his own,  
 Devoted all to him, his children, wife,  
 Goods, fame, and friends, and liberty and life.  
 He taught his children in their earliest days  
 To love their God, and lisp their Saviour's praise.  
 No modern parent he, their souls to sell,  
 In sloth and pride to train them up for hell,  
 T' infuse the stately thought of rank and birth, [290]  
 And swell the base-born potsherds of the earth,

The lust of praise, and wealth, and power t' inspire;  
To raise their spirit, and their torment higher, }  
And make them pass to Molock thro' the fire.

Watchful the heavenly wisdom to instill,  
He gently bent their soft unbiass'd will,  
Woo'd them to seek in God their happiness;  
Loving, yet wise, and fond without excess;  
Simple like them, and innocent, and mild:  
The father is himself a little child. [300]  
He saw himself by his great Maker seen,  
And walk'd with God while sojourning with men;  
His filial awe, and whole deportment show'd  
He saw th' invisible, and walk'd with God:  
Trembled his soul at the minutest fault,  
And felt the torture of an idle thought.  
Still he beheld the presence of his Lord,  
In all events the hand divine ador'd,  
In smallest trivial things his watchful eye  
Designs of heavenly wisdom could descry; [310]  
Nothing he deem'd beneath his guardian care  
In whom we always live, and move, and are, }  
Who skreens our naked head, and numbers every hair.

Such was the man by men and fiends abhor'd!  
A true disciple of his much-lov'd Lord,  
A valiant soldier in his Captain's cause,  
A chearful sharer of his Saviour's cross,  
A faithful follower of the bleeding Lamb,  
A glad partaker of his glorious shame,

A confessor and witness for his God, [320]  
 Against the world, th' intrepid champion stood;  
 Bold in the faith his Master to confess,  
 He dar'd the world of Jesu's enemies,  
 Satan and all his powers at once defied;  
 Who fear'd his God could nothing fear beside.

Against the storm he turn'd his steady face,  
 And calmly triumph'd, and enjoy'd disgrace;  
 A gazing-stock to the lewd godless throng,  
 The fool's derision, and the drunkard's song.  
 Yet neither smiles nor frowns his soul could shake, [330]  
 Or move the *madman* for his Master's sake;  
 Tho' Pharisees and Sadducees combin'd,  
 And all his friends, and all his kinsmen join'd  
 To scoff the man who *meanly fear'd* his God;  
 He knew not to confer with flesh and blood, ]  
 But cheerfully took up, nor ever felt the load:  
 Harder than flint or adamant his brow,  
 Unruffled then, and unconcern'd as now,  
 On all their vain contempt he still look'd down,  
 From faith to faith, from strength to strength went on, ]  
 And bore the cross that led him to the crown;  
 The scandal of his Lord with joy he bore, [342]  
 And still the more despis'd, superior rose the more.

'Twas thus the royal saint, by God approv'd,  
 His Master own'd, and honour'd whom he lov'd,  
 Stript of his robes, and in his handmaid's sight,  
 He danc'd before the ark with all his might;

He danc'd, unaw'd by Michal's scornful eye,  
 And calm return'd the resolute reply,  
 "To serve my God, to do my Maker's will [350]  
 "If this be vile, I will be viler still."

The horrid crew that dare their Lord deny,  
 Bold to dethrone the filial deity,  
 Where JONES appear'd, their blasphemies forbore,  
 And silently confess'd him conqueror.  
 Nor less resolv'd 'gainst those the champion stood  
 Who scorn the purchase of their Saviour's blood,  
 Deny the Spirit now to sinners given,  
 The life begun on earth that ends in heaven.  
 With deep concern and bleeding heart he view'd [360]  
 The general dire apostacy from God;  
 He heard the rod divine, with sacred fear,  
 And trembling foresight of destruction near;  
 Long'd that we all might see the out-stretch'd hand,  
 The sword impending o'er a guilty land,  
 Might timely all remember whence we fell,  
 Return with contrite heart and earnest zeal,  
 Confess the faith which God vouchsafes t' approve,  
 Before his wrath our candlestick remove, }  
 Do the first works, and feel the former love.

He mark'd the city of our God laid low, [371]  
 And wept in deep distress for Sion's woe:  
 It pitied him to see her in the dust,  
 Her lamp extinguish'd and her gospel lost;  
 Lost to the rich, and great, and wise, and good,  
 Poor guilty enemies to Jesu's blood,  
 Who quench the last faint spark of piety,  
 Yet cry "The temple of the Lord are we!"

Pleaders for order they who all confound,  
 Pillars who bear our Zion—to the ground, [380]  
 Her doctrines and her purity disclaim,  
 Our church's ruin and our nation's shame;  
 Leaders who turn the lame out of the way,  
 Shepherds, who watch to make the sheep their prey,  
 Preachers, who dare their own report deny,  
 Patrons of ARIUS or SOCINUS' lie,  
 Who scoff the gospel truths as idle tales,  
*Heathenish priests, and mitred infidels!*

Nor did he let his censure wildly fall,  
 Or for the sake of some reproach them all: [390]  
 He knew with wiser judgment to revere,  
 And vindicate the sacred character;  
 The sacred character remain'd the same,  
 Untouch'd, and unimpeach'd by private blame;  
 Tho' deists blind, and sectaries agree  
 To brand the heaven-descended ministry;  
 Nor God nor man the bold revilers spare,  
 T' accuse the followers with their Lord they dare, }  
 "For Judas fill'd an apostolick chair."<sup>[27]</sup>

This duteous son his piety retain'd, [400]  
 Nor left his mother by her children stain'd,  
 Dishonour'd by her base degenerate sons  
 The pure, and apostolick church he owns,  
 Her sacred truths in righteousness he held,  
 Her articles and creeds NOT YET repeal'd,  
 Her homilies, replete with truth divine,  
 Where pure religion flows in every line:

Those heavenly truths while two or three maintain'd,  
 By them he vow'd in life and death to stand:  
 By them in life and death he nobly stood, [410]  
 Tenacious of the faith, and obstinately good.  
 He never left the ship by tempest tost—  
 Or say, she now is dash'd against the coast,  
 To save a few he spent his pious pains,  
 Stay'd by the wreck, and gather'd her remains—  
 My brother here, my friend indeed thou wert,  
 A man—a Christian after my own heart!  
 For this I envy thee, while others blame,  
 And strangers brand thee with a bigot's name;  
 Glorious reproach! if this be bigotry, [420]  
 For ever let the charge be fixt on me,  
 With pious Jones, and royal Charles may I  
 A martyr for the Church of England die!

Nor did his zeal for her his love restrain,  
 His love descending like the genial rain, }  
 And shining, like the sun, on every soul of man,  
 Free as its source it flow'd, and unconfin'd,  
 Embracing, and o'whelm'd all mankind:  
 Nor sin nor error could it's course preclude,  
 It reach'd to all, the evil and the good, }  
 His Father's children all, and bought with Jesu's blood.

The men of narrow hearts, who dare restrain [432]  
 The grace their Saviour did for all obtain,  
 ("Free sovereign grace,<sup>[b]</sup> who cry! <sup>[c]</sup>perversely free!  
 "For us, thou reprobate, but not for thee:

“Millions of souls the Lord of all *pass’d by*,  
 “Who died for all, for them refus’d to die;  
 “To us, and none but us he had respect,  
 “He died for the whole world—of—us elect.”)  
 These wretched men of sin with grief he view’d, [440]  
 He lov’d these strangers to his Saviour’s blood,  
 A restless, carnal, bold, licentious crowd,  
 Bitter, implacable, perverse, and proud,  
 Stubborn, stiff-neck’d, impatient of restraint,  
 A tribe of priests unholy and unsent,  
 Whose lives their arrogant conceit disprove;  
 Vain sinful boasters of electing love;  
 To evil sold they *will* believe a lie,  
 And advocates for sin they live, and die.

Yet these, even these his pity knew to bear, [450]  
 With all their long impertinence of prayer,  
 Their factious party-zeal, their teaching pride,  
 Their fierce contempt of all mankind beside;  
 His love the mantle o’re their folly spread,  
 His candid love a just exception made,  
 O’rejoy’d to see a few of heart sincere  
 As burning, and as shining lights appear, }  
 To find a Whitefield and an Harris *here!*

True piety impartial to commend, [460]  
 He dar’d to call a Calvinist his friend;  
 His love indifferent did to all abound,  
 He bow’d to Jesu’s name wherever found:  
 Some good he found in all, but griev’d to see  
 The world combine, the brethren disagree:

Ah! Lord, regard in him thy Spirit's groan,  
And haste to perfect all thy saints in one!

Divinely warn'd to meet the mortal hour,  
And tread the path his Saviour trod before,  
Without surprize the sudden call he heard,  
Always alike for life or death prepar'd; [470]  
With calm delight the summons he receiv'd,  
For well he knew in whom he had believ'd,  
He knew himself with Christ for ever one,  
(The Lamb that died for all his sins t' atone) }  
And welcom'd death whose only sting was gone:  
The foe to nature, but a friend to grace,  
The king of terrors with an angel-face!  
He smil'd as the swift messenger drew near, }  
With stedfast faith, and love that cast out fear } [480]  
Look'd thro' the vale, and saw his Lord appear.

But O! what words the mighty joy can paint,  
Or reach the raptures of a dying saint!  
See there! the dying saint with smiling eyes  
A spectacle to men and angels lies!  
His soul from every spot of sin set free,  
His hope is full of immortality:  
To live was Christ to him, and death is gain;  
Resign'd, triumphant in the mortal pain,  
He lays his earthly tabernacle down  
In confidence to grasp the starry crown, [490]  
Sav'd to the utmost *here* by Jesu's grace,  
"I here," he cries, "have seen his glorious face."

Nor ev'n in death could he forget his own;  
Still the kind brother, and the pious son

Lov'd his own flesh, when ready to depart,  
 And lingring bore them on his yearning heart:  
 His last desire, that they might take the prize,  
 That they might follow him to paradise.  
 Witness the prayers, in which with God he strove,  
 Witness the labour of his dying love, [500]  
 The solemn lines he sign'd as with his blood,  
 That call'd and pointed to th' atoning God.  
 O Saviour, give them to his dying prayer,  
 Snatch them from earth, for heavenly joys prepare, }  
 And let the son salute the mother there!

In sure and stedfast hope again to find  
 The dear-lov'd relatives he left behind,  
 Children and wife he back to Jesus gave,  
 His Lord, he knew, could to the utmost save:  
 Himself experienc'd now that utmost power, [510]  
 And clap'd his hands in death's triumphant hour,  
 "Rejoice my friends,<sup>[b]</sup> he cries, [<sup>c</sup>]rejoice with me,  
 "Our dying Lord hath got the victory;  
 "He comes! he comes! this is my bridal day,  
 "Follow with songs of joy the breathless clay, }  
 "And shout my soul escap'd into eternal day!<sup>[b]</sup>"

A dying saint can true believers mourn?  
 Joyful they see their friend to heaven return;  
 His animating words their souls inspire,  
 And bear them upwards on his car of fire: [520]  
 His looks, when language fails, new life impart;  
 Heaven in his looks, and Jesus in his heart;

He feels the happiness that cannot fade,  
 With everlasting joy upon his head  
 Starts from the flesh, and gains his native skies;  
 Glory to God on high!—the Christian dies!  
 Dies from the world, and quits his earthy clod,  
 Dies, and receives the crown by Christ bestow'd,  
 Dies into all the life and plenitude of God!

O glorious victory of grace divine! [530]  
 Jesu, the great redeeming work is thine:  
 Thy work reviv'd, as in the antient days,  
 We now with angels and archangels praise:  
 Thine hand unshorten'd in our sight appears,  
 With whom a day is as a thousand years;  
 We see and magnify thy mercy's power  
 That call'd the sinner at th' eleventh hour,  
 Cut short the work, and suddenly renew'd,  
 Sprinkled and wash'd him in thy cleansing blood,  
 And fill'd in one short year with all the life of God. [540]  
 Receiv'd on earth into thy people's rest,  
 He now is numbred with the glorious blest,  
 Call'd to the joys that saints and angels prove,  
 Triumphant with the first-born church above,  
 He rests within thy arms of everlasting love.

Ye fools that throng the smooth infernal road,  
 And scorn the wisdom of the sons of God,  
 Censure whom angels, saints, and God commend,  
 Madness account his life, and base his end;  
 Tread on his ashes still, ye ruffians tread, [550]  
 By *venal* lies defame the sacred dead,

With Satan still your feeble malice shew,  
 The last poor efforts of a vanquish'd foe,  
 T' arraign a saint deceas'd prophanely dare,  
 But look to meet him at the last great bar,  
 And horribly recant your hellish slanders there!

Or rather now, while lingering justice stays,  
 And God in Jesus grants a longer space,  
 Repent, repent; a better path pursue,  
 Chuse life, ye *madmen*, with the happy few, [560]  
 The life your Saviour's death hath bought for you.  
 Why *will* you die, when God would have you live,  
 Would all mankind abundantly forgive?  
 Invites you all to chuse the better part,  
 And ever cries; "My son give me thy heart!"  
 He bids you in his servant's footsteps tread,  
 He calls you by the living, and the dead,  
 Awake, and burst the bands of nature's night,  
 Rise from your graves, and Christ shall give you light;  
 While yet he may be found, to God draw nigh, [570]  
 Heaven without price, and without money buy,  
 And as the righteous live, and as the righteous die.

**The  
Sixth Chapter of Isaiah.**<sup>99</sup>

1. I saw the Lord in light array'd,  
And seated on a lofty throne,  
Th' invisible on earth display'd,  
The Father's coeternal Son.
2. The seraphim, a glittering train,  
Around his bright pavilion stood,  
Nor could the glorious light sustain,  
While all the temple flam'd with God.
3. Six wings each heavenly herald wore,  
With twain he veil'd his dazzled sight,  
With twain his feet he shadow'd o'er,  
With twain he steer'd his even flight.
4. One angel to another cried,  
"Thrice holy is the Lord we own,  
"His name on earth is glorified,  
"And all things speak the great Three One.

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<sup>99</sup>By Charles Wesley; manuscript precursors appear in MS Cheshunt, 5–9; MS Clarke, 5–10; and MS Shent, 2a–4a.

5. “The earth is of his glory full;  
“Man in himself his God may see,  
“In his own body, spirit, soul,  
“May trace the triune deity.<sup>[b]</sup>”
6. He spake; and all the temple shook,  
Its doors return’d the jarring sign,  
The trembling house was fill’d with smok,  
And groan’d beneath the guest divine.
7. Ah woe is me! aghast I said,  
What shall I do, or whither run?  
Burthen’d with guilt, of God afraid,  
By sin eternally undone!
8. A man I am of lips unclean,  
With men of lips unclean I dwell,  
And I the Lord of hosts have seen,  
The King of heaven, and earth, and hell.
9. I cannot see his face, and live;  
The vision must my death foreshew—  
A seraph turn’d, and heard me grieve,  
And swift to my relief he flew.
10. Angel of gospel-peace he came,  
And signified his Lord’s design,  
He bore the mighty Jesu’s name,  
Type of the messenger divine.

11. Upon my mouth he gently laid  
A coal that from the altar glow'd,  
Lo! this hath touch'd thy lips, he said,  
And thou art reconcil'd to God.
12. His offering did thy guilt remove,  
The Lamb who on that altar lay;  
A spark of Jesu's flaming love  
Hath purg'd thy world of sin away.
13. Soon as I found my heart set free,  
I heard that all might be forgiven;  
The council of the Trinity,  
The sovereign Lord of earth and heaven.
14. I heard him ask whom shall I send  
Our royal message to proclaim,  
Our grace and truth, which never end—  
Lo! here, thy messenger I am.
15. Send me, my answering spirit cried,  
Thy herald to the ransom'd race:  
Go then, the voice divine replied,  
And preach my free, unbounded grace.
16. Go forth, and speak my word to all,  
To every creature under heaven;  
They may obey the gospel-call,  
And freely be by grace forgiven.

17. They may, but will not all believe:  
    Yet go my truth and love to clear;  
I know, they will not all receive  
    The grace that brings salvation near.
18. They me, I did not them pass by:  
    My grace for every soul is free,  
I would not have one sinner die:  
    How dare they charge their death on me!
19. Go tell the reprobates their doom,  
    Because they will not me receive.  
Ye will not to your Saviour come,  
    And therefore ye shall never live.
20. His grace, doth once to all appear  
    Thro' which, ye all may pardon'd be,  
But having ears ye will not hear,  
    But having eyes ye will not see.
21. Ye hear, and will not understand,  
    And capable of God in vain,  
Rebel against his mild command,  
    And will not let your Saviour reign.
22. Ye will not, what ye see, perceive,  
    Ye will not with your idols part,  
Your bosom-sins ye will not leave,  
    Or tear them from your harden'd heart.

23. Ye fear to use the grace ye have,  
Ye dare not with your God comply,  
Ye will not suffer him to save,  
But salvable resolve to die.
24. Against the truth ye stop your ears,  
Ye shut your eyes against the light,  
And mock your Saviour's cries and tears;  
And perish in his love's despoil.
25. Yet O! my God (I said) how long,  
How long shall the self-harden'd race  
Thy justice dare, thy mercy wrong,  
And trample on thy patient grace?
26. Until their cities are destroy'd,  
Until their palaces lie waste,  
Formless the earth, and dark, and void—  
The penal power of sin shall last.
27. Yet all the faithful shall not fail  
Diminish'd from the sons of men,  
The gates of hell cannot prevail,  
Or make the word of promise vain.
28. A remnant shall be left behind,  
A tenth to hallow all the race,  
Faith upon earth I still shall find,  
Th' election of peculiar grace.

29. As trees that cast their leaves retain  
    Their substance in themselves entire,  
So shall the holy seed remain,  
    And flourish, and to heaven aspire.
  
30. A tenth shall still return, and grow,  
    And furnish heaven and earth with food,  
Till all mankind to Jesus flow,  
    And every soul is fill'd with God.

**Part of the Ninth Chapter of  
Isaiah, Ver[se] 2, &c.<sup>100</sup>**

1. The people that in nature's night  
    Walk'd down the broad, destructive way,  
Have seen a great and glorious light,  
    The morning of a gospel-day.
  
2. Who lov'd in death's sad shade to dwell,  
    In trespasses and sins abode,  
That gloomy neighbourhood of hell;  
    On them hath shin'd the light of God.

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<sup>100</sup>By Charles Wesley; a manuscript precursor appears in MS Shent, 5a–6a.

3. Thou, Lord, hast made thy mercies known,  
Hast added to the chosen race,  
Enlarg'd, and multiplied thine own,  
And fill'd their hearts with joy and praise.
4. They joy in their Redeemer's sight  
As harvesters to crown their toils,  
As warriors from the well-fought fight  
Return'd to part their glorious spoils.
5. For thou the staff of sin hast broke,  
The dire oppressor's iron rod,  
The Egyptian and Assyrian yoke,  
And freed them from their guilty load.
6. Thou as in Midian's dreadful day  
Hast sav'd them from their tyrant-lord;  
And all our sins thou soon shalt slay  
With Gideon's and the Spirit's sword.
7. No common fight, tho' fierce, and loud  
With all the horrid pomp of war,  
Tumult, and garments roll'd in blood;  
Can with the fight of faith compare.
8. The Spirit of burning love shall come,  
Our sins shall then the fewel be,  
Thy love shall all our sins consume,  
And get it self the victory.

9. For lo! to us a royal heir  
Is born, to us a Son is given!  
His shoulder shall the burthen bear,  
The government of earth and heaven.
10. The WONDERFUL his name shall be,  
His new, unutterable name,  
The COUNSELLOR, whose powerful plea  
Acquits us of all guilt and blame.
11. The great, supreme Almighty God,  
With his eternal Father one,  
The Prince of Peace, whose precious blood  
Doth once for all mankind atone.
12. It seals the universal peace:  
His peace and power to all extend,  
His power shall evermore increase  
And never shall his mercies end.
13. His mercies flow to all mankind,  
His arms of love would all embrace,  
And every soul of man may find  
The power of his all-pard'ning grace.
14. Whoe'er receive his power t' obey,  
To them he comes, and reigns alone,  
Mildly maintains his righteous sway,  
And stablishes his peaceful throne.

15. He will the stedfast mind impart,  
The power that never shall remove,  
And fix in every sinless heart  
His throne of everlasting love.
16. The zeal of our Almighty Lord  
His great redeeming work shall do,  
Perform his sanctifying word,  
And every waiting soul renew;
17. Bring in the kingdom of his peace,  
Fill all our souls with joy unknown,  
And stablish us in righteousness,  
And perfect all his saints in one.

**Part of the Tenth Chapter of  
Isaiah, Ver[se] 24, &c.<sup>101</sup>**

1. Thus saith the Lord, th' Almighty Lord,  
To those that wait the joyful hour,  
Abide, my people, in my word,  
Nor tremble at th' Assyrian's power.
2. Th' oppressive foe that dwells within  
Shall smite thee with an iron rod,  
Lift up his staff of inbred sin,  
And force thy soul to groan for God.

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<sup>101</sup>By Charles Wesley; manuscript precursors appear in MS Cheshunt, 16–18; MS Clarke, 18–20; and MS Shent, 7a–8a.

3. Like as in Egypt's evil day,  
When Pharaoh would not let thee go,  
The fiend shall hold thee fast, and say  
"There's no perfection here below."<sup>[?]</sup>
4. Yet will I all my word fulfil,  
I will as in a moment's space  
The doom of sin, and Satan seal,  
And all their last remains erase.
5. My love shall all your foes controul,  
Destroy their being with their power,  
The poor, backsliding fearful soul  
Shall fear, and fall, and sin no more.
6. The anger shall not always last,  
Ye soon shall gain the perfect peace,  
The judgment then is all o'erpast,  
And wrath, and sin for ever cease.
7. The sin mine anger shall destroy;  
The sinner, whom my mercies spare,  
Shall sing the song of endless joy,  
And fruit unto perfection bear.
8. Sinners, for full redemption hope,  
Believe, ye prisoners of the Lord,  
A scourge he shall for sin stir up,  
And slay him with his two-edg'd sword.

9. The Lord of hosts his rod shall raise,  
His rod that smote th' Egyptian sea,  
Revive the work of antient days,  
And set his captive people free.
10. The inbred sin in that great day  
The load shall from thy soul depart,  
The yoke shall all be borne away,  
The sinner shall be pure in heart.
11. Sin shall no more in thee have place,  
Freed by the unction from above,  
The unction of thy Saviour's grace,  
The unction of his perfect love.

**The  
Eleventh Chapter of Isaiah.**<sup>102</sup>

1. Glory to God, and peace on earth!  
A branch shall spring from Jesse's line,  
Of human, yet of heavenly birth,  
And fill'd with all the Spirit divine.
2. The Spirit of wisdom from above  
Shall dwell within his peaceful breast,  
On him the Spirit of power, and love,  
And counsel, shall for ever rest.

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<sup>102</sup>By Charles Wesley; manuscript precursors appear in MS Cheshunt, 18–21; MS Clarke, 20–23; and MS Shent, 9a–12a.

3. The Spirit of godly, filial fear,  
On him for all mankind shall stay,  
And make his senses quick and clear,  
And guide him in the perfect way:
4. Shall make him apt to teach and reign,  
His heavenly mission to fulfil,  
Judgment and justice to maintain,  
And execute his Father's will.
5. Not by the hearing of the ear  
He judges, or by reason's light;  
The guilty he can never clear,  
For all his ways are just and right.
6. Yet will he plead the sinner's cause,  
The poor and self-condemn'd release,  
Freed by the sufferings of his cross,  
And sav'd by his own righteousness.
7. Their sins he shall to death condemn,  
(They here shall find their final doom)  
Their sins he shall destroy, not them;  
And by his burning Spirit consume.
8. That wicked one he shall reprove,  
Throughout the earth his power display,  
Cast out their sin by perfect love,  
And speak, and all its relicks slay.

9. Truth is the girdle of his reins,  
The sanctifying word is sure,  
They shall be sav'd from sin's remains,  
And pure as God himself is pure.
10. O what a change will soon ensue,  
What sweet tranquillity, and peace!  
His people shall be creatures new,  
And discord shall for ever cease.
11. They all shall speak and think the same,  
Their tempers and their hearts be one;  
The wolf shall stable with the lamb,  
The leopard with the kid lie down.
12. The lion with the calf shall dwell,  
The fiercest spirits shall grow mild,  
Gentle, and meek, and tractable,  
And loving as a little child.
13. The lion like the ox shall graze,  
The cow and bear together feed:  
The serpent's enmity shall cease,  
And universal love succeed.
14. The sucking child shall safely then  
Within the dragon's covert stay,  
Or put its hand upon his den,  
And with the harmless adder play.

15. My people shall in dwellings sure  
    And quiet resting-places dwell,  
Dwell in my holy hill, secure  
    From all the powers of earth and hell.
16. Hidden their life with God above,  
    The dire destroyer's hour is o'er,  
Secure they are in perfect love,  
    And sin shall never touch them more.
17. Sin shall no more in them have place,  
    Their earth in righteousness renew'd  
Is fill'd with every heavenly grace,  
    Immeasurably fill'd with God.
18. That vast unfathomable sea,  
    Shall swallow up all of Adam's line,  
And every soul of man shall be  
    For ever lost in love divine.
19. A branch shall in that gospel-day  
    Out of the root of Jesse rise,  
Stand as an ensign, and display  
    The cross in all the Gentiles eyes.
20. Thither the Gentile world shall flow,  
    And hide them in their Saviour's breast,  
Rejoice his pard'ning love to know,  
    And holiness his glorious rest.

21. Then shall the Lord his power display,  
His antient people to retrieve,  
Gather the hopeless cast-away,  
And bid the house of Israel live.
22. Jehovah shall lay to his hand,  
Collect his sheep to exile driven,  
And bring them to their native land,  
And add them to the church in heaven.

**The  
Fourteenth Chapter of Isaiah.**<sup>103</sup>

**[Part I.]**

1. Rejoice, rejoice ye fallen race,  
Fallen from God whom once ye knew,  
He waits again to shew his grace,  
The Lord a promise hath for you.
2. The gracious word of his command  
Backsliding Israel shall restore,  
And set thee in thy native land,  
Whence thou shalt never wander more.
3. Strangers shall then to thee be join'd,  
Shall to the house of Jacob cleave,  
Adore the Saviour of mankind  
Who died that all mankind might live.

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<sup>103</sup>By Charles Wesley; published previously as *Fourteenth Chapter of Isaiah* (London: Strahan, 1742). See the reference to this printed version in MS Shent, 13a.

4. Restor'd to thine unsinning state,  
Thou at thy feet the world shalt see  
As servants and as handmaids wait,  
Glad to receive the law from thee.
5. The lords to whom thou bowd'st thy neck  
Shall bow their neck beneath thy chain,  
Thy conquerors thou shalt captive take,  
And o'er thy dire oppressors reign.
6. Surely the gospel day shall come,  
The Lord thy spirit shall release,  
Satan shall have his final doom,  
And thou from sin for ever cease.
7. From all thy grief, and pain, and fear;  
Thy grief to be by sin subdued,  
Thy pain the gauling yoke to bear,  
Thy fear to perish in thy blood.
8. Then when the Lord hath giv'n thee rest  
And breath'd the Spirit of his power,  
His princely Spirit into thy breast,  
And made thee more than conqueror;
9. Thou, the poor slave of Satan, thou  
Shalt spurn thy old imperious king,  
Vanquish'd, for ever vanquish'd now,  
And thus the song triumphal sing:

10. How hath the proud oppressor ceas'd!  
    Fallen the height of Babel's tow'rs,  
Fallen the king who long oppress'd  
    The earth with all its struggling powers.
11. The world's fierce ruler, and their god  
    Who bow'd the nations to his yoke,  
And bruis'd them with an iron rod,  
    And smote with a continual stroke;
12. How hath the Lord destroy'd his power,  
    O'erturn'd his kingdom from within,  
Ended the dark, oppressive hour,  
    And broke his staff of *inbred* sin!
13. That man of sin is now cast down  
    Who held the captive world in chains,  
And none the cause of Satan own,  
    And none contend for sin's remains.
14. All the new earth is now at rest,  
    From every thought of sin they cease,  
Calm holy joy expands their breast,  
    Their mouth is fill'd with songs of peace.
15. The trees of righteousness rejoice;  
    Since thou art down, the cedars cry,  
We hear no more the ax's noise,  
    Nor tremble at the feller nigh.

16. Tophet is for the king prepar'd,  
The sorest doom thy crimes require,  
Hell from beneath, for thy reward,  
Stirs up its everlasting fire.
17. O Lucifer, bright morning-star,  
Brighter than all with thee who fell,  
How art thou fall'n from glory far,  
From glory to profoundest hell!
18. Reserv'd, in dark, substantial chains,  
To the tremendous judgment day,  
Our God shall then fill up thy pains,  
Thy bruiser shall for ever slay.
19. He now thy nature hath expell'd,  
And forc'd thy malice to submit,  
Our sin is gone, our soul is heal'd,  
And thou art bruis'd beneath our feet.
20. How art thou humbled to the ground,  
The feeble world's tyrannic lord,  
In us no more thy place is found,  
Slain by the Spirit's two-edg'd sword.
21. Faded and thunder-struck thy brow,  
From all thy hopes of empire driven,  
Where is thy glorious vaunting now?  
"I, even I will mount to heaven."

22. “Above the stars of God once more  
“I will exalt my sovereign throne,  
“And force his sons to own my power,  
“And cast the earth-born potsherds down.
23. “I will compel them to submit  
“A thorn in all his people’s side,  
“I in his mount will fix my seat  
“Th’ unconquerable strength of pride.
24. “I in their hearts will still remain,  
“Will have my party still within,  
“My throne immoveable maintain,  
“My kingdom of *inbeing* sin.
25. “The soul of man shall be my shrine,  
“And entertain my deity,  
“That temple built by hands divine  
“My everlasting home shall be.
26. “Above the clouds I will aspire,  
“I will aspire, and scale the sky,  
“Higher than men, than angels higher,  
“And bold to rival the Most High.”
27. Yet shalt thou be brought down to hell,  
O Antichrist, thy day shall come,  
In us thou shalt not always dwell,  
The judge shall quickly seal thy doom.

28. Is this the man of hellish birth  
    (Thy former vassals then shall say)  
Who shook the kingdoms of the earth,  
    And made the trembling world obey!
29. Who made the world a wilderness,  
    Laid waste the souls of all mankind,  
Nor ever would his slaves release,  
    To sin's eternal bonds consign'd.

**Part II.**

30. Prepare, the slaughtering sword prepare  
    For Babylon's devoted sons,  
The children from their mother tear,  
    Dash all your sins against the stones.
31. No more let Satan's offspring rise,  
    Or build the heaven-invading tower;  
Your sins no more shall threat the skies,  
    But lose their being with their power.
32. For I (the Lord of hosts hath said)  
    Will against Babylon rise up,  
Throughout their towers destruction spread,  
    And quite cut off their latest hope.
33. Against them will I set my face,  
    The serpent's seed, th' accursed kin,  
Being, remains, and name erase,  
    And cut off the whole brood of sin.

34. Satan his kingdom's fall shall see,  
Its final period sin shall feel,  
Destruction shall the besom be,  
And sweep its last remains to hell.
35. The Lord of hosts, the mighty Lord,  
Hath sworn his promise to fulfil,  
Surely I will perform my word,  
The counsel of my sovereign will.
36. It shall be so: my word shall stand,  
I will confirm the sure decree,  
And break th' Assyrian in my land,  
And set my captive people free.
37. My mountains shall lift up their head,  
O'erlook the world and sin below;  
My people shall on scorpions tread,  
On sin—no more their bosom-foe.
38. This is the purpose of my grace,  
My grace which every soul may have,  
This is the hand o'er Adam's race  
Stretch'd out, and ready all to save.
39. The Lord of hosts hath so decreed,  
To save the faithful from all sin,  
To make them saints and free indeed,  
Entirely whole, and throughly clean.

40. The fixt, unchangeable decree  
What power can break or disannul!  
It stood from all eternity  
Confirm'd to every faithful soul.
41. Who can the will divine withstand?  
The will divine its course shall have,  
Who can turn back that out-stretch'd hand,  
Or teach his God *how far* to save!
42. Factors for hell, ye strive in vain  
To limit his omnipotence,  
Sin shall not in our flesh remain,  
His perfect love shall drive it thence.
43. The poor shall on his promise feed,  
The needy shall in peace lie down,  
And wait to be for ever freed  
From sin, and wear the conqu'ror's crown.
44. The Saviour's hand is stretch'd out still,  
And still to sin we hear him say,  
With famine I thy root will kill,  
I will, I will thy remnant slay.
45. Howl, ye base advocates for sin,  
Your giant chief hath lost his head,  
Fall'n is the mighty Philistine:  
Goliah with his host is dead.

46. The dear remains of sin are gone,  
And all dissolv'd its system is;  
Not one of all the race, not one  
Survives to break our perfect peace.
47. We now their faithful saying feel,  
Who preach'd the all-redeeming Lord,  
And sav'd from sin, set to our seal,  
And answer to the gospel-word.
48. The Lord hath founded on a rock  
His church, which never shall remove:  
The gates of hell can never shock  
His saints, when perfected in love.
49. This is the state which all *may* know,  
To which his poor *shall* all attain,  
Be as their sinless Lord below,  
And glorious then for ever reign.

**The 25<sup>th</sup> Chap[ter] of Isaiah.**<sup>104</sup>

1. O Lord, thou art my Lord, my God,  
Throughout the world I will proclaim  
And spread thy wondrous works abroad,  
And magnify thy glorious name.

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<sup>104</sup>By Charles Wesley; manuscript precursors appear in MS Cheshunt, 23–27; MS Clarke, 25–29; and MS Shent, 13a–15a.

2. Great are thy miracles of grace,  
Thee always faithful to thy word,  
Almighty, and all-wise I praise,  
The true, the everlasting Lord.
3. Thou hast made manifest thy power,  
Thou hast thy great salvation shewn,  
And shook the heaven-invading tower,  
And cast the mighty Babel down.
4. The city of confusion now  
A nameless heap of ruins lies,  
Sin never more shall lift its brow,  
It never more shall threat the skies.
5. The strong shall therefore fear thy name,  
And tremble at thy glorious might,  
Their weakness own, and bear their shame,  
And seek salvation in thy right.
6. For thou in his distress hast been  
The needy sinner's strength and aid,  
A refuge from the storm of sin,  
A calm retreat, a cooling shade.
7. When all the rays of vengeance beat,  
And fiercely smote his naked head,  
Thy merits cool'd the scorching heat,  
And all thy Father's wrath allay'd.

8. When Satan drove the furious blast,  
And urg'd the law, and death, and hell,  
Thou hid'st him, till the storm was past,  
And gav'st him in thy wounds to dwell.
9. Nigh to thy wounds whoever draw,  
In thee shall sure deliverance find,  
A shelter from the fiery law,  
A covert from the stormy wind.
10. Burthen'd with guilt and misery,  
Lost in a dry and barren place,  
The soul that feebly gasps to thee  
Shall feel thy sweet refreshing grace.
11. Thy grace, when conscience cries aloud,  
Shall bid its guilty clamours cease,  
Shall as the shadow of a cloud  
Come down, and all the soul is peace.
12. Satan shall be at last brought low,  
Despoil'd of all his dreadful power,  
Jesus shall slay the inbred foe,  
And sin shall never vex us more.
13. The Lord shall in this mountain spread  
A table for the world his guest,  
Accept mankind in Christ their head,  
And bid them to the gospel-feast.

14. A feast prepar'd for all mankind,  
A feast of marrow and fat things,  
Of wines from earthy dregs refin'd,  
Ambrosia for the King of kings.
15. A feast where milk and honey flow,  
A feast of never-failing meat,  
Dainties surpassing all below,  
And manna such as angels eat.
16. A feast of holy joy, and love,  
Of pure delight, and perfect peace,  
Begun on earth it ends above,  
Consummated in heavenly bliss.
17. The world shall all his call obey,  
Tho' now they lie in deepest night,  
They soon shall see the gospel-day,  
Emerging into glorious light.
18. That covering o'er the people cast,  
That veil o'er all the nations spread,  
The Lord himself shall rent at last,  
And quite destroy in Christ their head.
19. The Lord his glory shall display,  
The veil of unbelief remove,  
And take it all in Christ away,  
And manifest his perfect love.

20. Jesus again their life shall be,  
    Shall recompence their Eden's loss,  
Swallow up death in victory,  
    The bleeding vict'ry of his cross.
21. That living death, that sin which parts  
    Their souls from God he shall destroy,  
Dry up their tears, and cheer their hearts,  
    And turn their sorrow into joy.
22. He shall by his renewing grace  
    Blot out the all-infecting sin,  
(That dire reproach of human race)  
    And make a world of sinners clean.
23. The Son shall make them free indeed,  
    The earth in righteousness renew,  
And what his mouth in truth hath said,  
    His own almighty arm shall do.
24. This is our God (they then shall say  
    Who trust to be thro' Christ made clean)  
This is our God; we see his day,  
    And he shall save us from all sin.
25. Our Lord, for whom we long did wait,  
    Shall purge our every guilty stain,  
Restore to our orig'nal state,  
    Nor let one spot of sin remain.

26. For in this holy mount shall rest  
The great Jehovah's sovereign hand,  
The power divine in Christ exprest;  
Who can the power divine withstand?
27. Jesus, to whom all power is given,  
Shall all his strength for us employ,  
Who cast th' accuser out of heaven  
Shall him with all his works destroy.
28. Moab shall first be trodden down,  
The child of hell, the serpent's seed,  
Sin shall the arm of Jesus own,  
And we on all its strength shall tread.
29. Our sins as dunghill-straw shall be,  
Compell'd by Jesus to submit;  
Satan with all his powers shall flee,  
And then be bruis'd beneath our feet.
30. The Saviour shall spread forth his hands,  
To take the weary sinners in,  
T' o'erturn whate'er his course withstands,  
And pull down the strong-holds of sin.
31. He shall the pride of man abase,  
Humble each vain aspiring boast,  
Confound the captives of his grace,  
And lay their honour in the dust.

32. The walls of sin shall be laid low,  
The lofty citadel o'erthrown;  
We all shall then his fullness know,  
Forever perfected in one.

**After the Death of a Friend.**

**[Part I.]**<sup>105</sup>

1. O happy soul, thy work is done,  
Thy fight is fought, thy course is run,  
And thou art now at rest:  
Thou here wast perfected in love,  
Thou now art join'd to those above,  
And numbred with the blest.
2. Thy sun no more goes down by night,  
Thy moon no more withdraws its light;  
Those blessed mansions shine  
Bright with an uncreated flame,  
Full of the glories of the Lamb,  
Th' eternal light divine.
3. Our state if parted spirits know,  
Thou pitiest now thy friends below  
In this dark vale of tears,  
Who still beneath our burthen groan,  
Or griev'd with sorrows not our own,  
Are living out our years.

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<sup>105</sup>By Charles Wesley; manuscript precursors of Part I appear in MS Richmond Tracts, 5–6; MS Shent, 154a–154b; and MS Thirty, 74–76.

4. Secure of the celestial prize,  
Thou waitest now in paradise  
    Till we are all convey'd  
By angels to our endless rest,  
Of thine and Jesu's joy possest,  
    In Jesu's bosom laid.
5. O when shall I be taken home!  
O that my latest change were come  
    For which I wait in pain!  
Weary of life thro' inbred sin!  
Speak Jesu, speak the sinner clean,  
    Nor let my faith be vain.
6. O bid me live in thee and die:  
Why Saviour, let me ask thee, why  
    Dost thou so long delay?  
A blessing hast thou not for me?  
O bid me live, and die in thee;  
    My Jesus, come away.
7. Another and another goes  
Thro' the dark vale to his repose,  
    And glad resigns his breath;  
But I alas! must still remain,  
I cannot break my fleshly chain,  
    Or overtake my death.
8. I live and suffer all my care,  
The bondage of corruption bear,

And groan beneath my load,  
Struggles my spirit to get free,  
And pants for immortality,  
And reaches after God.

9. But O! my strivings all are vain,  
Inevitable is my pain,  
Incurable my wound,  
Till Jesus ends my inward strife,  
And speaks me into second life,  
And I in Christ am found.
10. See then I all at last resign,  
Thy will, O Lord, be done not mine,  
I give my murmurings o'er:  
Do with me now as seems thee meet,  
But let me suffer at thy feet,  
And teach my God no more.

**Part II.**<sup>106</sup>

1. O death, thou art on every side,  
Thy thousand gates stand open wide  
The weary to receive:  
Yet I can find no rest for me,  
I suffer all my misery,  
And still alas I live!
2. Still my imprison'd spirit waits;  
In vain for me thy thousand gates

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<sup>106</sup>Manuscript precursors of Part II appear in MS Richmond Tracts, 7–8; MS Shent, 155a–155b; and MS Thirty, 84–85.

Stand open day and night,  
And other souls their exit make,  
On every moment's wings they take  
Their everlasting flight.

3. Envious I hear the passing-bell  
With sweetly-melancholy knell  
Their happy change declare:  
But I can see no end of strife,  
Th' intolerable load of life  
I still am forc'd to bear.
4. Weary of life in pain I breathe,  
With blind desire I covet death,  
But cannot find it nigh;  
Unsav'd and unredeem'd from sin,  
Unchang'd, unholy, and unclean,  
Yet still I long to die.
5. Wretch that I am, while unrenew'd  
Can I appear, O righteous God,  
A sinner in thy sight!  
Nay, but I trust thy blood shall cleanse  
My soul, before thou take it hence,  
And wash my garments white.
6. When thou hast<sup>107</sup> spoke my nature clean,  
When I have thy salvation seen,  
O Lord my righteousness,  
And clasp'd thee in my loving heart,  
Pronounce the welcome word, Depart,  
And let me die in peace.

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<sup>107</sup>Ori., "has"; corrected in the errata.

**Part III.**<sup>108</sup>

1. A wretched slave of sin, to thee  
Thou sinner's friend, I ever cry,  
Pity, and end my misery,  
Forgive, renew, and let me die.
2. Ah! let it not my Lord displease  
That I to thee my wishes breathe;  
Hear, Jesus, hear, my soul release,  
And let me find an early death.
3. I groan to be redeem'd from sin;  
When shall the dear deliverance come!  
Open thine arms, and take me in,  
Receive thy pardon'd exile home.
4. Alas for me! constrain'd to dwell  
Among the horrid sons of night!  
Snatch from this neighbourhood of hell,  
Translate me to the realms of light.
5. Eager I urge my sole request;  
Wilt thou not, Lord, therewith comply?  
Take me into thy people's rest,  
And bid me get me up, and die.
6. Impatient for my change I wait,  
For death I sigh, for death I mourn;  
Whom thou hast made, again create,  
And let my spirit to God return.

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<sup>108</sup>Manuscript precursors of Part III appear in MS Richmond Tracts, 8–9; and MS Thirty, 80–81.

7. This vale of tears and misery,  
This earth, I know, is not my place:  
O that I were dissolv'd in thee,  
O that I might behold thy face!
8. My life to thee I fain would give,  
And be where thou my Saviour art;  
Better it is to die than live;  
O speak, and bid my soul depart.
9. Receive my soul which gasps for death,  
My soul redeem'd by thy own blood,  
And let me now resign my breath,  
And sink into the arms of God!

**Desiring to Be Dissolv'd.**<sup>109</sup>

1. Welcome weariness and pain,  
Pledges of relief and ease!  
Loss of strength to me is gain,  
Let my wretched days decrease,  
All my days shall soon be past,  
Pain and grief shall bring the last.
2. Tenant of my troubled breast,  
Yet a little longer sigh,  
Death shall shortly give thee rest;  
Fluttering heart, the rest is nigh,

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<sup>109</sup>By Charles Wesley; manuscript precursors appear in MS Cheshunt, 202–203; MS Clarke, 167–68; MS Richmond Tracts, 9–10; and MS Shent, 156a.

Flutter, till the strife is o'er,  
Beat a while, and beat no more.

3. Wakeful eyes, for your repose  
    Yet a little longer weep,  
Death your weary lids shall close,  
    Seal them up in lasting sleep:  
Haste, your latest sorrows pour,  
Weep mine eyes, and weep no more.
4. Tears and eyes, and heart shall fail,  
    This my fainting spirit cheers,  
I have well-nigh pass'd the vale,  
    Travell'd thro' my mournful years,  
Glory to my Lord I give,  
Here I have not long to live.
5. Grief hath shook the house of clay,  
    Grief hath sap'd the ground of life,  
Grief hath hasten'd on the day;  
    Grief shall quickly end the strife,  
Grief shall soul and body part,  
Grief for sin shall break my heart.

**Another [Desiring to Be Dissolv'd].<sup>110</sup>**

1. Soothing soul-composing thought!  
    I shall soon my haven gain,  
Out of mind, and clean forgot,  
    Far from trouble, far from pain,

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<sup>110</sup>By Charles Wesley; manuscript precursors appear in MS Cheshunt, 203–204; MS Clarke, 168–69; MS Richmond Tracts, 10–11; and MS Shent, 156b.

Of my quiet grave possess,  
I shall be with those that rest.

2. Let me on the image dwell,  
    Glory o'er my mouldring clay:  
Feeble limbs, ye soon shall fail,  
    Life shall shortly pass away,  
I shall yield my wretched breath,  
Sink into the dust of death.
3. Swift as air my moments fly,  
    Less and less the destin'd store.  
Time like me makes haste to die,  
    Time and sin shall be no more,  
Sin, shall here its period have,  
Time be buried in my grave.
4. Drooping soul, rejoice, rejoice,  
    Here thou hast not long to stay,  
Listen for the Bridegroom's voice,  
    Rise, my love, and come away,  
Hasten to thy Lord above,  
Rise, and come away, my love.
5. Lo! I at thy summons come,  
    This frail tabernacle leave;  
Thou art my eternal home,  
    Now, O Lord, my soul receive,  
Take me to thy loving breast,  
Take me to thy heavenly rest.

**Another [Desiring to Be Dissolv'd].<sup>111</sup>**

1. O death, my hope is full of thee,  
Thou art my immortality,  
    My longing heart's desire,  
The mention of thy lovely name  
Kindles within my breast a flame,  
    And sets me all on fire.
  
2. Extend thy arms, and take me in,  
Weary of life, and self, and sin;  
    Be thou my balm, my ease:  
I languish till thy face appears,  
No longer now the king of fears,  
    Thou art all loveliness.
  
3. I gasp to end my wretched days,  
To rush into thy cold embrace,  
    And there securely rest;  
Come, O thou friend of sorrows, come,  
Lead to the chambers of the tomb,  
    And lull me on thy breast.
  
4. I feel that thou hast lost thy sting,  
My dying Saviour and my King  
    Bore all my sins for me,  
He tasted death, and made it sweet,  
From thee the eater brought forth meat,  
    Eternal life from thee.

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<sup>111</sup>By Charles Wesley; manuscript precursors appear in MS Richmond Tracts, 11–12; MS Shent, 157a; and MS Thirty, 182–83.

5. This earth, I know, is not my place,  
O that I now might end my race,  
And leave a world of sin!  
Receive, dear Lord, my parting breath,  
Thou, Jesus, hast the keys of death,  
Open, and take me in!

**The Christian.**<sup>112</sup>

1. Who is as the Christian great!  
Bought, and wash'd with sacred blood,  
Crowns he sees beneath his feet,  
Soars aloft, and walks with God.
2. Who is as the Christian wise!  
He his nought for all hath given,  
Bought the pearl of greatest price,  
Nobly barter'd earth for heaven.
3. Who is as the Christian blest!  
He hath found the long-sought stone,  
He is join'd to Christ his rest,  
He and happiness are one.
4. Earth and heaven together meet,  
Gifts in him and graces join,  
Make the character compleat,  
All immortal, all divine.

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<sup>112</sup>Likely by Charles Wesley.

5. Lo! his cloathing is the Sun,  
The bright Sun of righteousness,  
He hath put salvation on,  
Jesus is his beauteous dress.
6. Lo! he feeds on living bread,  
Drinks the fountain from above,  
Leans on Jesu's breast his head;  
Feasts forever on his love.
7. Angels here his servants are,  
Spread for him their golden wings,  
To his throne of glory bear,  
Seat him by the King of kings.
8. Who shall gain that heavenly height,  
Who his Saviour's face shall see?  
I, who claim it in his right,  
Christ hath bought it all for me.

**The Same [The Christian].<sup>113</sup>**

1. Happy the soul, whom God delights  
To honour with his sealing grace,  
On whom his hidden name he writes,  
And decks him with the robes of praise,  
And bids him calmly wait to prove  
The utmost powers of perfect love.

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<sup>113</sup>By Charles Wesley; manuscript precursors appear in MS Shent, 187a–187b; and MS Thirty, 168–70.

2. I cannot, dare not now deny  
    The things my God hath freely given,  
That happy favour'd soul am I  
    Who find in Christ a constant heaven,  
He makes me all his sweetness know,  
He makes my cup of joy o'erflow.
3. His grace to me salvation brings,  
    His grace hath set me up on high,  
He bears me still on eagle's wings,  
    He makes me ride upon the sky,  
With him in heavenly places sit,  
And see the moon beneath my feet.
4. An hidden life in Christ I live,  
    And exercis'd in things divine  
My senses all his love receive:  
    I see the King in beauty shine,  
Fairer than all the sons of men  
Thrice happy in his love I reign.
5. His love is manna to my taste,  
    His love is musick to my ear,  
I feel his love, and hold him fast,  
    In extacies too strong to bear,  
I smell the odour of his name,  
And all wrapt up in love I am.

6. O that the world might taste, and see  
How good the Lord my Saviour is!  
Take, Jesu, take thy love from me  
So they may share the glorious bliss:  
Thy love, (if we awhile should part,)  
Would soon flow back into my heart.
7. O might I feel the utmost power  
Of love, and into nothing fall!  
Infinite love, bring near the hour,  
Infinite God be all in all,  
Cover the earth thou boundless sea,  
And swallow up all<sup>114</sup> our souls in thee!

**The  
Life of Faith.**

**[Part I.]<sup>115</sup>**

1. O how happy am I here,  
How beyond expression blest,  
When I feel my Jesus near,  
When in Jesu's love I rest,  
Peace, and joy, and heaven, I prove,  
Heaven on earth in Jesu's love.
2. Nothing else but love I know,  
Worldly joys and sorrows end,  
Man may rage, my feeble foe,  
Thou, O Jesus, art my friend:

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<sup>114</sup>Charles Wesley dropped the word “all” in *All in All* (1761) to correct the metre of the poem.

<sup>115</sup>This is a very free paraphrase of #762 (Wolfgang Christoph Dessler, “Wie Wohl ist mir.”) in Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, ed. *Das Gesang-Buch der Gemeinde in Herrn-Huth* (Halle: Wäysenhaus, 1737), 688–89. It was written by Charles Wesley, as evidenced by its presence in MS Cheshunt, 196–98; MS Clarke, 197–98; and MS Shent, 175a–175b.

Man may smile; I trust in thee:  
Thou art all in all to me.

3. Thou my faithful friend<sup>116</sup> and true  
    Reachest out thy gracious hand:  
What can men or devils do  
    While by faith in thee I stand?  
Stand immoveably secure,  
Love hath made my footsteps sure.
4. Satan stirs a tempest up,  
    Calm I wait till all is past;  
See the anchor of my hope  
    On the Rock of Ages cast!  
Never can that anchor fail,  
Entred now within the veil.
5. Shouldst thou o'er the desert lead,  
    Will me farther griefs to know,  
After thee with steady tread  
    Leaning on thy love I'd go,  
Drink the fountain from above,  
Eat the manna of thy love.
6. O how wonderful thy ways!  
    All in love begin and end:  
Whom thy mercy means to raise  
    First thy justice bids descend,  
Sink into themselves, and rise  
Glorious all above the skies.

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<sup>116</sup>Ori., "freind"; corrected in the errata.

7. There I shall my lot receive,  
    Soon as from the flesh I fly,  
Happy in thy love I live,  
    Happier in thy love I die;  
Lo! the prospect opens fair!  
I shall soon be harbour'd there.
8. Light of life, to thee I haste,  
    Glad to quit this dark abode,  
On thy truth and mercy cast,  
    Longing to be lost in God,  
Ready at thy call to say,  
Lo! I come, I come away!
9. Ministerial spirits come,  
    Spread your golden wings for me,  
Waft me to my heavenly home,  
    Land me in eternity,  
Bear me to my glorious rest,  
Take me to my Saviour's breast.

**Part II.**<sup>117</sup>

1. Melt happy soul, in Jesu's blood,  
Sink down into the wounds of God,  
    And there forever dwell:  
I now have found my rest again,  
The spring of life, the balm of pain  
    In Jesu's wounds I feel.

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<sup>117</sup>This is a very free paraphrase of #753 (by Christian Friedrich Richter) in Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, ed. *Das Gesang-Buch der Gemeinde in Herrn-Huth* (Halle: Wäysenhaus, 1737), 681–82. It was written by Charles Wesley, as evidenced by its presence in MS Cheshunt, 199–201; MS Clarke, 199–201; and MS Shent, 176a–177a.

2. Thirsty so long, and weak and faint,  
I here enjoy whate'er I want,  
    The sweet refreshing tide  
Brings life and peace to dying souls;  
And still the gushing comfort rolls  
    From Jesu's wounded side.
3. Swift as the panting hart I fly,  
I find the fountain always nigh,  
    And heavenly sweetness prove,  
Pardon, and power, and joy, and peace,  
And pure delight, and perfect bliss,  
    And everlasting love.
4. The world can no refreshment give:  
Shall I its deadly draughts receive,  
    Scoup'd from the hellish lake?  
Nay, but I turn to the pure flood  
Which issues from the throne of God,  
    And living water take.
5. Soon as I taste the liquid life,  
Sorrow expires, and pain, and strife,  
    And suffering is no more:  
My inmost soul refresh'd I feel,  
And fill'd with joy unspeakable  
    The bleeding Lamb adore.
6. I now the broken cisterns leave;  
My all of good from God receive,

And drink the crystal stream:  
The crystal stream doth freely flow  
Thro' hearts which only Jesus know,  
And ever pant for him.

7. Jesus alone can I require,  
No mixture of impure desire  
    Shall in my bosom move:  
I fix on him my single eye,  
His love shall all my wants supply,  
    His all-sufficient love.
8. How vast the happiness I feel,  
When Jesus doth himself reveal,  
    And his pure love impart,  
Holy delight, and heavenly hope,  
And everlasting joy springs up  
    And overflows my heart.
9. He pours his Spirit into my soul,  
The thirsty land becomes a pool,  
    I taste the unknown peace  
Such as the world will not believe;  
No carnal heart can e'er conceive  
    Th' unutterable bliss.
10. Light in thy only light I see,  
Thee, and myself I know thro' thee,

Myself a sinful clod,  
A worthless worm without a name,  
A burning brand pluck'd from the flame,  
And quench'd in Jesu's blood.

11. The light of thy redeeming love,  
Like sun-beams darted from above  
Doth all my sins display,  
Countless as dancing motes, and small;  
But O! the love that shews them all,  
Shall chase them all away.
12. The Sun<sup>118</sup> of righteousness shall rise,  
Thy glory streaming from the skies  
Shall in my soul appear;  
I know the cloudless day shall shine,  
And then my soul is all-divine,  
And I am perfect here.

**For a Dying Friend.**

**[Part I.]<sup>119</sup>**

1. Happy soul, depart in peace,  
Leave awhile thy friends below,  
Jesus speaks the kind release,  
Go, to Jesu's bosom go!
2. Hark, he calls his exile home  
(Joyfully the call obey)  
[<sup>c</sup>Come up hither, quickly come,  
Rise, my love, and come away.

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<sup>118</sup>Charles Wesley changed "Sun" to "Son" in *All in All* (1761).

<sup>119</sup>By Charles Wesley; manuscript precursors of Part I appear in MS Richmond Tracts, 12–13; MS Shent, 164a; and MS Thirty, 13.

3. "I have thy salvation wrought,  
I did for thy guilt atone,  
Thou art mine, so dearly bought,  
Thee I challenge for my own.
4. "I ev'n I have purg'd thy sin,  
Have for thee a place prepar'd;  
Heaven is open, enter in,  
Find in me thy great reward.
5. "Thee the purchase of my blood,  
Thee my servant, child, and bride,  
Thee I claim, thy Lord and God,  
Who for thee have liv'd and died.
6. "Come, thro' the dark valley come!  
Do not I thy spirit stay?  
Fear no evil, hasten home,  
Rise, my love, and come away!<sup>[2]</sup>

**Part II.**<sup>120</sup>

1. Happy soul from prison freed,  
Lay thy earthy burthen down,  
Bow, with Jesus bow thy head,  
Die, and take the starry crown.
2. Let the dust return to dust,  
Thou on wings of angels borne,

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<sup>120</sup>Manuscript precursors of Part II appear in MS Richmond Tracts, 13; MS Shent, 164a–164b; and MS Thirty, 14.

To the spirits of the just,  
Perfected in love return.

3. Leave a world of sin and pain,  
Happier brother, go before,  
We shall quickly meet again,  
Quickly meet, and part no more.
4. Thou art earlier restor'd,  
Ministred an entrance is  
To the kingdom of thy Lord,  
To thy Master's endless bliss.
5. Jesus, Lord, his soul receive,  
Open now thine arms of love,  
Now the glorious circlet give,  
Bear him now to joys above;
6. Take the ransom'd captive home,  
Take the purchase of thy blood:  
Dear desire of nations come,  
Come, and bring us all to God.

**Part III.**<sup>121</sup>

1. Triumphant soul, the hour is come  
That calls thee to thy Saviour's breast,  
The exile is returning home,  
The weary entering into rest,  
The angels for their charge attend,  
And I must render up my friend.

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<sup>121</sup>Manuscript precursors of Part III appear in MS Richmond Tracts, 14–15; MS Shent, 165a–165b; and MS Thirty, 107–8.

2. My friend, how shall I let thee go,  
How can I bear with thee to part!  
Dearer than life and all below,  
Wound in the fibres of my heart,  
With thee my mingled spirits join,  
My life is all wrapt up in thine.
3. And can I see thee die unmov'd,  
In death so full of love to me?  
Most loving soul, and most belov'd,  
My sister, and my friend I see,  
My first concern, my tend'rest care,  
My child—the daughter of my prayer.
4. Labours for thee my struggling soul,  
Thy pangs my bleeding bosom move;  
Of complicated passion full,  
Pity, and grief, and joy, and love  
I feel thy last great agony,  
And gasps my soul to die with thee.
5. Envious I view that faded cheek,  
That cheek with deadly pale o'erspread,  
Faulters thy tongue, and fails to speak,  
And heaves thy breast, and droops thy head,  
Glimmers the lamp of life, and dies—  
And I am here to close thine eyes.
6. I wait to catch thy parting breath,  
And feel the answer of thy prayer;

Bless me, ev'n me, my friend, in death,  
And ask that I thy bliss may share,  
May soon like thee my life resign;  
O let thy latter end be mine!

**Part IV.**<sup>122</sup>

1. Away ye clouds of unbelief,  
I cannot sorrow without hope,  
My soul enjoys her noble grief,  
And fills her Lord's afflictions up,  
Touch'd with divinest sympathy;  
For Jesus weeps, and groans in me.
2. Right precious in his sight the death  
Of all his saints and servants is:  
Jesus receives their parting breath,  
Himself is their eternal bliss;  
And now he bids thy warfare end,  
He claims the spirit of my friend.
3. Adieu, dear, dying saint adieu,  
The summons of thy Lord obey,  
Mighty, and merciful, and true  
He bids thee rise, and come away,  
With triumph leave this mouldring clod,  
And die into the arms of God.
4. His everlasting arms are spread,  
His faithful mercies never fail,

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<sup>122</sup>Manuscript precursors of Part IV appear in MS Richmond Tracts, 15–16; MS Shent, 165b–166b; and MS Thirty, 108–11.

His hand supports thy sinking head,  
With thee he walks thro' the dark vale,  
He whispers, "Child be of good cheer,  
Rejoice in death, for I am here."

5. Say, are his consolations small?  
I read the answer in thine eyes:  
Thy smiling looks on sinners call,  
And point them to yon opening skies,  
From which thy much-lov'd Lord looks down,  
And reaches out a radiant crown.
6. Thrice happy soul, thy Lord appears,  
I feel thou art forever his,  
Weep over thee with joyful tears,  
And triumph in thy glorious bliss,  
With thee the hidden manna prove,  
Thy Lord's unutterable love.
7. Thy mighty extacies I feel,  
On thee with eager transport gaze!  
Thy forehead bears the Spirit's seal,  
And heaven is open'd in thy face;  
Thy mounting soul is on the wing,  
And hears the quire of angels sing.
8. Hovering around the new-born heir  
For thee the shining convoy waits,  
To God thy spotless soul they bear:  
Open ye everlasting gates,  
A wide triumphant entrance give,  
The glorious new-born heir receive!

9. Eternal God of truth and grace,  
    We magnify thy faithful love,  
We all shall soon behold thy face,  
    We all shall take our seats above,  
And I shall in thy kingdom share,  
And I shall meet my sister there.

**Epitaph.**<sup>123</sup>

1. Stay thou eternal spirit stay,  
And let the dead point out thy way;  
Mark where a Christian's ashes lie,  
And learn of her to live and die.
2. A virtuous maid for twenty years  
She sojourn'd in the vale of tears,  
The Father then his love made known,  
And in her heart reveal'd his Son.
3. Join'd to the Lord her righteousness,  
Fill'd with unutterable peace,  
She felt on earth her sins forgiven,  
That glorious antepast of heaven.
4. Not long for all her heaven she stay'd,  
Her soul thro' sufferings perfect made,  
With joy forsook the earthy clod,  
And sprang into the arms of God.

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<sup>123</sup>By Charles Wesley; manuscript precursors appear in MS Cheshunt, 44; and MS Clarke, 47 (where it is identified as for Miss Fanny Cowper).

5. Go, sinner, in her footsteps tread,  
Follow the living, and the dead,  
Believe on God's eternal Son,  
And heaven is all in Christ thy own.

**On the Death of  
Mrs. Anne Cowper.**<sup>124</sup>

1. Saviour of all, our thanks receive!  
With thee their righteous spirits live  
    Who liv'd and died in thee below:  
Purg'd while they liv'd from every stain,  
Sav'd when they died, from grief and pain,  
    And snatch'd out of a world of woe.  
  
We bless thee for thy tender love,  
Which call'd our friend to joys above,  
    And bad her stormy troubles cease;  
She now is harbour'd in thy breast,  
And there the weary are at rest,  
    And there she reigns in glorious bliss.
2. Long in the mortal toils she lay,  
As hell were swallowing up its prey,  
    Expos'd to all th' accuser's power:  
Who can the mystic woe reveal?  
Who can conceive but those that feel  
    The darkness of that fiery hour?

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<sup>124</sup>By Charles Wesley; a manuscript precursor appears in MS Shent, 167b–168b. It was also present in MS Richmond Tracts, 17–19; but pp. 17–18 are missing, leaving only the last two stanzas. Another hymn for the same occasion is found in *Funeral Hymns* (1746), 14–15. Anne Cowper (or Cooper) and her sister Frances (“Fanny”) were daughters of William Cowper, Esq. of Enfield Chase, a northern suburb of London. They were likely converted by the Wesleys, but our earliest explicit evidence of connection to the Methodist movement is when they met Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, while all three were “taking the waters” in Bath in February 1742. The two sisters accompanied Lady Huntingdon to her estate in Donington in late February. Fanny, who was quite infirm, died there in May 1742; Anne died the following year (1743).

Med'cine prolong'd and edg'd her pains,  
And tore its way thro' all her veins,  
    And shook her reason from its seat:  
Held on the rack she *tasted* death,  
And ground between the lion's teeth  
    Shriek'd, as he shew'd the yawning pit.

3. Conform'd to an expiring God,  
Her spirit sweat his sweat of blood,  
    And drank distraction's deepest cup,  
Higher the anguish rose and higher,  
While terribly baptiz'd with fire,  
    She fill'd her Lord's afflictions up.

Did she not to her Father look?  
Her Father still his own forsook,  
    And left her bleeding on the tree:  
She sunk beneath her Saviour's load,  
And cried his cry, "My God, my God,  
    Ah, why hast thou forsaken me!"

4. But ended is the grief unknown,  
Tis done (ye saints rejoice) 'tis done!  
    Her soul is spent in sacrifice!  
In life and death to Jesus join'd,  
Into her Father's hands resign'd  
    She meekly bows her head, and dies.

She dies into the world above,  
She lives the heavenly life of love,

And the new song of Moses sings;  
She sees the God whom saints adore,  
Whom angels hymn, and fall before,  
And wrap their faces in their wings.

5. In rapture lost the heavenly quire  
The dear Redeemer's love admire,  
Which brought his suffering servant thro',  
Loudly they sing his sovereign grace,  
Wisdom, and power, and thanks, and praise,  
And glory, are our Jesu's due.

This is the soul, with shouts they cry,  
That did in Jesus live and die,  
And wash'd her garments in his blood,  
Thro' much distress, and toil, and pain,  
Hither she comes with him to reign,  
She stands before the throne of God.

6. With all that lov'd the bleeding Lamb,  
She stands her great reward to claim,  
Adorn'd with palm, and rob'd in white;  
Shines with peculiar glories grac'd,  
In God's eternal temple plac'd  
To serve her Maker day and night.

Surely the high and lofty one  
Jehovah sitting on his throne  
Among these faithful souls shall dwell:  
Their life of pain and want is o'er,  
They hunger here, and thirst no more,  
Nor heat, nor slightest suffering feel.

7. The Lamb that with his Father reigns,  
Their happy happy spirits sustains,  
    With heavenly food delights to fill;  
His saints he shall forever feed,  
And by the living waters lead,  
    The springs of joy ineffable.

He now hath wip'd away their tears,  
And each bright soul as God appears,  
    But waits till all are gather'd home:  
Till all in one assembly meet,  
All earth and heaven the cry repeat  
    "Come glorious God, to judgment come!"<sup>[27]</sup>