

MS Preparation for Death¹

In eighteenth-century English spirituality the life of a Christian in this world was generally seen as a pilgrimage, with death bringing release from our probationary state into the reward of the afterlife. Charles Wesley was deeply shaped by this perspective, often commenting at funerals about how he envied the dead, who had reached their peace. Of course, this assumed that they had died in a state of saving relationship to God. A genre of literature had developed to give guidance on how to prepare for such a “good death”—an example Wesley would have known well is Jeremy Taylor’s *Rule and Exercises of Holy Living and Holy Dying* (1651).

Reflection on the “good death” is woven throughout Charles Wesley’s verse, reaching some prominence in his two published collections of *Funeral Hymns* (1746 / 1759). It found its strongest focus in his later years. In 1772 Charles published forty hymns on the theme of *Preparation for Death*. In the present manuscript there are an additional forty-one hymns, numbered as a continuation of the published volume. Five of these manuscript hymns found publication in the *Arminian Magazine* in 1780–81 (shown in blue font in the Table of Contents below). The combined eighty-one hymns were likely composed over the last two decades of Wesley’s life.

The general theme of the hymns is captured well in the first stanza of hymn 4 in the published collection: “I want the preparation / Before I hence depart, / The knowledge of salvation, / The purity of heart.” The hymns stress the desire for assurance of justification and for actual spiritual transformation (sanctification) as prerequisites to greeting death with peace. One of the debates among scholars of Charles’s verse is whether the plaintive plea in many of these hymns should be read as autobiographical (suggesting his negative assessment of his own state) or as the skillful crafting of poetic conversion narratives for others.

MS Preparation for Death is the first section of a manuscript notebook (with pages 6.25 x 7.5 inches in size) that Frank Baker designated “MS Death.” The notebook is part of the collection in the Methodist Archive and Research Centre, accession number MA 1977/578 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3). Since this section is numbered separately in the notebook, we present it separately here. The transcription below is provided with permission of the Librarian and Director, The John Rylands Library, The University of Manchester.

¹This document was produced by the Duke Center for Studies in the Wesleyan Tradition under the editorial direction of Randy L. Maddox, with the diligent assistance of Aileen F. Maddox. Last updated: July 29, 2022.

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**Hymns
of Preparation for Death.**

Hymn I.

Jesus, to Thee distrest I cry &c. Forty hymns
printed in 1772.²

Hymn XLI.³

- [1.] Justly Thou mightst in helpless age
 Thy most unworthy servant leave,
Leave me to faint in life's last stage,
 And never more my sins forgive,
Leave me to breathe my slighted prayer,
And perish in extreme despair.
2. But lo, I from thy justice, Lord,
 To thy redeeming grace appeal!
Justice awake its flaming sword
 Against the Man Thou lov'st so well:
He paid my ransom with his blood,
And God hath quench'd the wrath of God.
3. Whate'er I have of evil done
 Or said, or thought, on Him was laid:
My trust is in thy bleeding Son,
 My fainting soul on Christ is stay'd:

²Charles is noting that the hymns which follow are a continuation of the forty hymns published in *Preparation for Death* (1772).

³Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 7:394–95.

Father, regard his sacrifice,
And bid me live, for Jesus dies!

4. His death is present now with Thee,
As when, expiring in my place,
He bow'd his head on Calvary,
True Witness of th' accomplish'd Grace,
The pardon past, the world forgiven,
The way display'd from hell to heaven.
5. With humble faith his death I plead,
And, cover'd with th' atoning blood,
Calmly I sink among the dead,
(The dead who ever live to God)
Secure in that great day to rise,
And share thy kingdom in the skies.

[Hymn] XLII.⁴

- [1.] Jesus, my Life in death appear!
My mortal Enemy draws near,
And brandishes his dart:
To Thee my last distress I bring;
Disarm the monster of his sting,
And calm my fluttering heart.

⁴Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 7:395–96.

2. Ah, suffer not my faith to fail,
While passing thro' the dreadful vale
 This coward flesh I leave;
But show thyself my heavenly Guide,
With arms of love extended wide
 Thy purchase to receive.
3. The death Thou didst for me sustain,
O let it sooth my dying pain,
 Or into bliss convert;
Then as the Lamb of God resign'd,
Rest to my weary soul I find,
 And joyfully depart.

[Hymn] XLIII.⁵

- [1.] Let me alone this only year,
 In honour of thy Son,
Who doth my Advocate appear
 Before thy gracious throne:
Thou hast vouchsaf'd a longer space,
 And spared the barren tree,
Because for me my Saviour prays,
 And pleads his death for me.
2. Time to repent Thou dost bestow;
 But O, the power impart,

⁵Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 7:396–97.

And let mine eyes with tears or'eflow,
And break my stubborn heart:
To day, while it is call'd to day,
The hindring thing remove,
And lo, I now begin to pray,
And wrestle for thy love.

3. I now from all my sins woud turn
To my atoning God,
Woud look on Him I pierc'd, and mourn
And feel his sprinkled blood;
Woud nail my passions to the cross
Where my Redeemer died,
And all things count but dung and loss
For Jesus crucified!

4. Giver of penitential pain,
Before thy cross I lie,
In grief determin'd to remain,
Till Thou thy blood apply,
Forgiveness on my conscience seal,
Bestow the promis'd rest,
With purest love thy Servant fill,
And number with the Blest.

[Hymn] XLIV.⁶

- [1.] Thy call to lay this body down,
And venture on a world unknown
Resign'd I woud attend,
With humble thankfulness embrace
My Saviour's kindly warning grace,
And meekly meet my end.
2. I feel the fatal moment nigh,
And tremble at the point to die
A sinner unforgiven,
Without that Witness of thy grace,
Without that real holiness
Which qualifies for heaven.
3. Oft have I for thy Spirit pray'd,
Ten thousand times invok'd his aid,
And found his presence near,
Yet still unsav'd, and unrenew'd
I want the sanctifying God,
Th' indwelling Comforter.
4. That Spirit purchas'd by thy death
Jesus, on me vouchsafe to breathe
Before I hence depart:

⁶Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 7:397–98.

Now let him testify of Thee,
And take, and show thy blood to me,
And fill my sprinkled heart.

5. With all my heart I then shall love
My Friend, and Harbinger above
Who here unveils his face,
Who waits to catch my parting sigh,
Who bids me get me up, and die,
And die, in his embrace.

[Hymn] XLV.⁷

- [1.] O death, this is thy dreaded sting,
This is thy victory, O grave!
Grace doth not yet forgiveness bring,
Or Christ exert his power to save.
2. Horror of horrors! must I die
With all my sins upon my soul?
Wilt Thou not first thy blood apply,
And speak my wounded spirit whole?
3. O for thy truth and mercy sake,
Remove th' insufferable load,

⁷Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 7:398–400.

Cast all my sins behind thy back,
And show thyself a pardning God.

4. What profit is there in my death,⁸
What glory to the grace Divine,
If sad, I gasp my latest breath,
And hopeless die—without a sign!
5. Will it not all thy children shame,
And harden more the heathen's heart,
If left at my last hour I am
In dread, and darkness, to depart?
6. Before his strong arrest I feel
Close-grapling with my mortal foe,
Eternal Life, thyself reveal,
And break his last, tremendous blow.
7. Thy hoary, helpless servant hear,
Who tremble at thy threatenng word,
Asunder sawn by harrowing fear
The terrors of an angry Lord.
8. Hast Thou not many a soul reliev'd
Who all their days in bondage past,
The prisoners in thine arms receiv'd,
And scarcely sav'd, yet sav'd at last?

⁸[Ori., "blood."]

9. That saving power extend to me,
Avenger of thy people's wrong,
And set the lawful captive free,
And teach my heart the gospel-song.
10. Open my mouth, almighty Love,⁹
In death to testify thy grace,
And while my quivering lips can move
My quivering lips shall speak thy praise;
11. Shall tell the drooping sons of men,
To every soul thy bowels sound;
None ever ask'd thy grace in vain,
Or seeking, died, before he found.
12. Thus will I, Lord, my seal set to,
In publishing the sinner's Friend
So good to save, so strong, so true,
My last, triumphant moments spend.
13. Till entering thy celestial joy,
I join th' acclaiming host above,
And all eternity employ
In praise of all-redeeming love.

⁹Ori., "Lord."

[Hymn] XLVI.¹⁰

- [1.] I know it, Lord: with humble fear
Thy Spirit's warning voice I hear:
My time is past, my race is run,
I soon must lay this body down;
2. My flesh again to dust shall turn,
My soul on wings of angels borne,
If wash'd in Jesus blood, shall fly,
And find its Father in the sky.
3. Yet teach me still by special grace
To count aright my few sad days,
By surest presage to perceive
When I the weeping vale shall leave;
4. What day I shall from earth remove,
Tell me thyself in peace, and love,
Tell me in purity, and power,
And lucid be my latest hour.
5. Light in thy light O may I see
The brightness of eternity,
The rising Sun of righteousness,
The glory beaming from thy face:

¹⁰Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 7:400–401.

6. Indulg'd with this, I ask no more,
But the great God in Christ adore,
Thy image by reflection shine,
And die into the arms divine.

[Hymn] XLVII.¹¹

- [1.] The night of death will quickly come;
I now perceive it nigh,
And hasten to my heavenly home,
But am not fit to die.
2. Jesus, thy blessed self impart,
For till I Thee receive,
And love my Lord with all my heart;
I am not fit to live.
3. My only want, desire, and hope
To feel thy hallowing blood,
After thy likeness to wake up,
And then return to God:
4. Partaker of thy purity
I gladly woud remove
The Lover of my soul to see,
To see the God I love.

¹¹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 7:401–2.

5. For this I in thy Spirit cry
According to thy will
The grace bring in, the blood apply,
The perfect love reveal:
6. The meaning of thy Spirit's prayer
To Thee, O God, is known:
My gasping, dying soul prepare,
And take me to thy throne.

[Hymn] XLVIII.¹²

- [1.] My last, my most momentous days
More precious as in number less
O how shall I improve?
Thou God, who mad'st my heart's desire,
Answer the prayer by heavenly fire,
And bless me with thy love.
2. Dearer than life thy love bestow,
And after Thee I gladly go
Thy counsels to fulfil,
To suffer what my Lord ordains,
To serve Thee with my life's remains,
And prove thine utmost will.

¹²Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 7:402.

3. Tho' age benumbs my active powers,
Still may I pass my added hours
 In inward acts of grace,
Of vigorous faith, and chearful hope,
In blissful views from Pisgah's top,
 In fervent prayer, and praise.
4. And when I sink among the dead,
Saviour, thy arms of mercy spread
 Thy servant to receive
From earth unpainfully remov'd,
In the full Sight of my Belov'd
 The life of heaven to live.

[Hymn] XLIX.¹³

- [1.] On the margin of the grave,
 Father, I thy grace implore,
Pardon, and persist to save
 God of love, and praise, and power,
Till my spirit I resign
Pure into the hands divine.
2. All the ill which I have done
 If thy grace in Christ exceeds,
If He did for me atone,
 If for me his death he pleads,

¹³Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 7:403–4.

Now thy Son in me reveal,
Pardon on my conscience seal.

3. When I feel his blood applied,
 When my sins are all remov'd,
Me a little longer hide
 In the wounds of my Belov'd,
Hide, till every storm is past,
Then receive my soul at last.
4. Passing thro' the dreary vale
 With sufficient strength supply,
While my flesh and spirit fail,
 Hear my last expiring cry,
Dying more than death I dread,
Make in death my softest bed.
5. Stand omnipotently near,
 When my soul and body part,
Chasing every doubt and fear,
 Comforting my stedfast heart,
Reaching out the dear-bought prize
Joy, and bliss that never dies.
6. Let the sense of joys above
 Quite o'repower my sense of pain,

Let unutterable love
Loose me from my body's chain,
Sweetly set the prisoner free
Swallow up my soul in Thee.

[Hymn] L.¹⁴

- [1.] Warn'd from the body to depart,
What shall I of my God desire?
Pardon, and grace to keep my heart,
Till Thou my ready soul require.
2. All that is past, my God, forgive
For the short time to come defend,
And strengthening without sin to live
O bless me with a peaceful end.
3. Meet for the fellowship above
The glories of eternity,
Thy servant, Lord, with ease remove,
And let me fall asleep in Thee.
4. Do Thou, if so thy love ordain,
Gently the knot of life untie,
And free from sin, and free from pain
In mercy's arms I sweetly die.

¹⁴Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 7:404.

[Hymn] LI.¹⁵

- [1.] Left from my birth to Thee my God,
Thro' life the object of thy care,
Forsaking now this mean abode,
I ask, in agony of prayer,
Peace, when this feeble body dies,
And a smooth passage to the skies.
2. O re-assure my sprinkled heart,
Thou dost abundantly forgive,
That meet, and joyful to depart,
My friends I in thy hands may leave,
While all my cancel'd sin I see
Nail'd with thy body to the tree.
3. Open my mouth to speak thy praise,
Thy faithful love which never ends,
To minister thy balmy grace,
To cheer my sad, surviving friends
And leave a blessing large behind,
Fruit of my prayers for all mankind.
4. But chiefly let my dying cries
Avail for those I call'd my own,
Indear'd by nature's softest ties,
After the flesh no longer known,

¹⁵Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 7:404–5.

To Them, dear Lord, thy love impart,
And write thy name on every heart.

5. On Them, on me the prayer be seal'd
 In peace, and purity, and power,
That conscious of the grace reveal'd,
 I may at death's triumphant hour
Declare the glorious earnest given,
And leave them following me to heaven.

[Hymn] LII.¹⁶

- [1.] Who giv'st me yet a longer space
 A moment's merciful reprieve,
Saviour, vouchsafe the softnin[g] grace,
 The pure, divine affection give,
And then my grateful soul remove
To grasp in Thee the God I love.
2. Now let thy dying love constrain
 My heart to make the kind return,
To love my loving Lord again,
 The Comforter of all that mourn;
The weary burthen'd sinner's rest,
Prepare, and take me to thy breast.
3. United with thy sacrifice,
 Memorial sweet before the throne,

¹⁶Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 7:405–6.

O might this faithful prayer arise,
And bring the great salvation down,
The peace, which human thought transcends,
The mystic joy which never ends.

4. Soon as the antepast I feel,
Thy love's ineffable delight,
Saviour, thy majesty reveal,
That soul-beatifying Sight,
That Sight to raptur'd Seraphs given,
That Sight, which makes an heaven of Heaven!

[Hymn] LIII.¹⁷

- [1.] God of all grace and patience, hear
My supplicating cry,
And show me thy salvation near
While at the point to die.
2. Before my soul and body part,
The carnal enmity,
The plague expel out of my heart,
And part my sin and me.
3. Such power belongs to Thee alone
Who didst for sinners bleed,
And purchase by thy dying groan
The benefits I need:

¹⁷Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 7:406–7.

4. Thou shed'st thy blood, that I might find
Redemption in thy blood,
And seperated from sin, be join'd
Eternally to God.
5. Thy own kind purpose to fulfil,
Come, Saviour, from above,
And rooting out the inbred ill,
Fill all my soul with love;
6. Finish the first transgression, Thou
Who hast my sins forgiven,
And lo, my willing head I bow,
And go in peace to heaven!

[Hymn] LIV.¹⁸

- [1.] Son of God, to Thee I pray,
Ready to put off my clay,
Make to Thee my last request,
Languishing for endless rest.
2. Might I on my Lord reclin'd
Hope at my departure find,
Peace that pain and death defies,
Love, and life that never dies.
3. Whisper to my parting soul
By thy bleeding stripes made whole

¹⁸Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 7:407–8.

Thou, who didst my sins remove,
Hast prepar'd my place above:

4. Thou hast been the sinner's Friend
Thou hast lov'd me to the end,
Purchas'd by thy dying groan,
Thou art come to claim thine own.
5. Kindly then thine own receive
With my loving Lord to live,
Kiss my raptur'd soul away,
Bear me to eternal day.
6. Whom have I in heaven but Thee?
Take me up thy face to see;
Then the utmost bliss is given,
Then I reach the highest heaven.

[Hymn] LV.¹⁹

- [1.] Father of all, whose bowels move
To every object of thy love,
In honor of my heavenly Friend,
Indulge me with a peaceful end.
2. Weary of life, with guilt opprest,
I want the pledge of endless rest,

¹⁹Published in *Arminian Magazine* 4 (1781): 228.

I want thy love to testify,
And then to lay me down, and die.

3. The pardon grant for which I pray,
Because I nothing have to pay
Because a ransom'd worm I am,
And ask the grace in Jesus name.
4. Ten thousand talents, Lord, remit,
Whose mercies are more infinite,
The sins of seventy years forgive,
And then my longing soul receive.
5. Thou knowst, I wait for this alone,
Till Thou shalt manifest thy Son;
The fulness of the Deity
In Christ, reveal thyself to me.
6. Then, O my God and Father, then
When I have thy salvation seen
In peace permitted to depart,
I soar, and see Thee as Thou art.

[Hymn] LVI.²⁰

- [1.] From sudden, unexpected death,
Jesus, thy servant save,

²⁰CW sent this manuscript hymn as a letter to one of his sons, likely about Aug. 1781, after the Wesley children had been in a coach that overturned and killed one of the passengers (MARC, DDWes 4/62). In the letter it is titled by a phrase from the Litany in the BCP: "From sudden death, good Lord deliver us. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 7:409–10.

Nor let me gasp my latest breath
Unmindful of the grave;

- 2.²¹ Unconscious of the yawning deep
And death eternal nigh;
Ah, do not suffer me to sleep,
Till in my sins I die.
3. Warn'd of the sure-approaching day,
I now thy grace desire,²²
In mercy take my sins away,
And then my soul require.
4. Thy favor, and thy image, Lord,
O may I first retrieve,
And meet for my immense reward
To thy great glory live.
5. Wise to foresee my latter end,
With humble, loving fear
I woud continually attend
The welcome messenger;
6. And summon'd to the mountain-top,
Without a lingring sigh
Render my ransom'd spirit up,
And to thy glory die.

²¹DDWes 4/62 is grouped as three eight-line stanzas.

²²DDWes 4/62 reads: "Thy grace I now desire."

[Hymn] LVII.²³

- [1.] Jesus, my hope of heavenly rest,
Grant a departing soul's request,
If thy desires in mine I feel
And ask according to thy will;
2. Ah, make me, e'er I hence remove,²⁴
Meet to partake the joys above,
To triumph with the sons of grace,
And pure in heart to see thy face.
3. Soon as the mighty change I know,
Thro' life, thro' death in peace I go:
Now, Lord, thy gracious work begin,
Forgive, and finish all my sin;
4. Redeem'd from passion, and from pride,
In Thee my blameless spirit hide,
Thyself my glorious earnest be,
My life, and immortality.
5. Thou only canst my soul prepare
And stamp me with thy character,
Thy new, mysterious name impart,
Thy nature spread throughout my heart;
6. Then am I ready for my Lord,
I wait the kind, transporting word,
Thine utmost truth, and goodness prove,
And die to see the God I love.

²³Published in *Arminian Magazine* 3 (1780): 397–98.

²⁴Ori., “depart.”

[Hymn] LVIII.²⁵

- [1.] Lo, on the margin of the grave,
Jesus, omnipotent to save,
 On Thee for help I call;
Sinking into the dust of death,
O might I find thy arms beneath,
 And on thy bosom fall.
2. Reject me not, because I fear,
But rather a lost sinner cheer
 Who tremble at thy word:
The power of faith I do not prove,
And by the Spirit of thy love
 I cannot call thee Lord.
4. Without that sense of pardoning grace,
Without that real holiness,
 Oh! Where shall I appear?
They only can contemplate thee,
And face to face their Saviour see
 Who bear thy character.
3. Thy favor how shall I obtain,
Thine image, and thy life regain,
 In purest love renew'd?
Answer, Thou heavenly Man of woe,
The tokens of thy passion show,
 And wash me in thy blood.
4. Without that sense of pardning grace,
Without that real holiness
 O where shall I appear?

²⁵Published in *Arminian Magazine* 3 (1780): 398–99.

They only can contemplate Thee,
And face to face their Saviour see
Who bear thy character.

5. Thy blood, which did my pardon buy,
That, only that can sanctify
This poor, polluted heart:
Cleans'd in thy blood my soul shall shine,
Adorn'd with righteousness divine,
And ready to depart.
6. Remembring then thy mortal pain,
Receive me saved, and born again,
Thy dearly-purchas'd prize,
By faith to full salvation keep,
Till in thy arms I fall asleep,
And wake in paradise.

[Hymn] LIX.²⁶

- [1.] Tremendous God, with humble fear
Prostrate before thy awful throne
Th' irrevocable word we hear,
The sovereign Righteousness we own;
2. Tis fit we should to dust return,
(Since such the will of the Most-high)

²⁶Published in *Arminian Magazine* 3 (1780): 679.

In sin conceiv'd, to trouble born,
Born only to lament, and die.

3. Submissive to thy just decree,
We all shall soon from earth remove:
But when Thou sendest, Lord, for me,
O let the messenger be Love!
4. By whispering love into my heart
Warn me of my approaching end,
And then I joyfully depart,
And then I to thy arms ascend!

[Hymn] LX.²⁷

- [1.] O Thou, to whom all hearts are known,
My latest wish, my one desire
Breath'd in the Spirit of thy Son
Accept, and grant what I require;
2. Pardon for my offences past,
Grace for a few good days to come,
Love, the sure pledge of heaven at last,
And a smooth passage to the tomb.

[Hymn] LXI.²⁸

- [1.] Jesus, Thou knowst my Soul desires
Thyself to apprehend,

²⁷Published posthumously in *Representative Verse*, 241; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:365.

²⁸Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 7:412–13.

To Thee its Principle aspires,
To Thee its glorious End:
The secret wishes of my heart
Thou dost this moment see:
This moment, Lord, I woud depart,
Coud I depart in Thee.

2. My soul an offering to my God
I gladly woud restore,
Divested of this mortal clod,
And seen on earth no more;
Far from a life of toils and pains
I wait for wings to fly:
This only labour yet remains
To get me up and die.
3. To Thee devoted from the womb,
Thy counsels I fulfil,
And lo, in life and death I come
To serve thy blessed will;
In life and death to things above
I lift my heart and eyes,
And with an act of contrite love
Conclude my sacrifice.

[Hymn] LXII.²⁹

- [1.] Hide me by thy presence, Lord,
From the dire, infectious race,
From the men Thou call'st thy sword
From the gall of bitterness,
From the strife of tongues conceal,
Tongues inflam'd with fire of hell.
2. In thy tabernacle keep,
Till I bow my weary head,
Close mine eyes in lasting sleep,
Sink among the quiet dead,
Where the world no more molest,
Where the weary are at rest.
3. Weary of contention here,
Saviour, to thy arms I fly;
Save thine aged messenger,
Bid me get me up and die,
Die out of a world of strife,
Die into immortal life.
4. Made by pure, consummate love
Meet, and ready to depart,
Gladly woud I now remove
See thee, Saviour, as Thou art,

²⁹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 7:413–14.

Cherish'd in thy loving breast,
Lull'd to everlasting rest.

[Hymn] LXIII.³⁰

- [1.] Give me love, or else I die
Out of thy presence cast:
Only love can sanctify
And save my soul at last,
Only love can sin expel,
And change my nature into Thine,
Make me pure, and meet to dwell
With Holiness Divine.
2. God in Thee, O Christ, is Love:
To me thyself impart,
All my evil to remove
And fill my hallow'd heart:
For this thing alone I live
Till Thou with my request comply;
Holy Love, thy essence give,
And grant me then to die.

[Hymn] LXIV.³¹

- [1.] Thee I remember on my bed,
And waking lift my heart to Thee
Whose blood for dying sinners shed
Hath bought eternal life for me:

³⁰Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:366.

³¹Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:366.

Thy precious blood did all procure,
The conscious sense of sin forgiven
The Spirit, and the nature pure,
And Love the antepast of heaven.

2. Still in the flesh for this I stay;
O were I, Lord, of love possest,
How gladly woud I drop my clay,
And find repose in thy dear breast!
My soul, thy own acknowledg'd right,
I woud into thy hands commend,³²
And entring into Rest tonight
Begin the life which ne'er shall end.

[Hymn] LXV.³³

- [1.] Author of my desires
After the things above,
To Thee my strugling soul aspires
And languishes for love:
Essence of love Thou art,
On dear-bought worms bestow'd,
O coud I find thee in my heart,
And then return to God!
2. The things invisible
Of that new world unknown

³²Ori., “resign.”

³³Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 7:414–15.

O might that final day reveal
And show Thee on thy throne
Thou God of God, and Light
Of Light, I die to see,
Thy Father's glorious Image, bright
In all his majesty.

3. Thou hast his house prepar'd,
Where saints and angels live,
Who their exceeding great reward
In Thee alone receive:
The raptures of the place
Are in thy Presence given—
And I, when gazing on thy face
Shall want no other heaven.

[Hymn] LXVI.³⁴

- [1.] Scarcely I presume to pray,
God omnipotent, in love
Take my bosom-sin away,
Me out of myself remove;
Nothing is too hard for Thee,
Yet I fear it cannot be.
2. Long I every means have tried,
To subdue the inbred ill:
Still I am not sanctified;
Rules my ruling passion still;

³⁴Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 7:415–16.

Neither prayers, nor vows restrain;
Tears for ages flow in vain.

3. Is it then, most gracious Lord,
Can it be thy will, that I
Hanging on thy faithful word,
Unredeem'd should live, and die,
Gasp in death my slighted prayer,
Perish in extreme despair?
4. In an agony of doubt,
Father, I thy will attend,
Till I find thy counsel out
Fear, and tremble to the end,
Know not what my end shall be,
Leave it to thy Son and Thee.

[Hymn] LXVII.³⁵

- [1.] Mindful of thy servant, Lord,
When ready to depart,
Peace, according to thy word,
Inspire into my heart:
To mine inmost soul apply
The virtue of thy hallowing blood,
Born a child of wrath, that I
May die a child of God.
2. Saviour, on thy faithful love
My ransom'd soul I cast,
Humbly confident to prove
Thy promis'd grace at last:

³⁵Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 7:416.

Better that my latter end
 May than my beginning be
Born in sin, my God and friend,
 I come to die in Thee.

[Hymn] LXVIII.³⁶

- [1.] As on my dying bed
 I for salvation stay,
 As bowing now my head
 For grace, and mercy pray;
Earnest of happiness above,
Come, Lord, and bless me with thy love.
2. Thy love must be the Seal
 Of all my sins forgiven:
 Thy hallowing love reveal
 To make me meet for heaven,
Unite to thyself my loving heart,
And neither life, nor death shall part.
3. My last decisive hour
 Is present now with Thee:
 Defend me from his power
 Disarm mine enemy,
And trampling on a stingless foe,
With Thee into thy joy I go.
4. My ransom'd spirit I
 Into thy hands commend,
 With my Redeemer die
 And on thy cross ascend,
And folded in thy dear embrace,
Behold my Saviour face to face.

³⁶Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:257–58.

[Hymn] LXIX.³⁷

- [1.] All merciful, almighty Lord,
Recall to mind thy faithful word,
My evils to remove;
Long have I for thy promise stay'd,
And still I mourn the grace delay'd,
The pardon, and the love.
2. Mercy Thou dost for thousands keep,
For me, who at thy footstool weep
To know my sins forgiven,
And, loving Thee with all my heart,
In peace triumphant to depart,
And find my place in heaven.

[Hymn] LXX.³⁸

- [1.] Thou to whom all hearts are known,
Attend the cry of mine,
Hear in me thy Spirit's groan
For purity divine:
Languishing for my remove,
I wait thine image to retrieve;
Fill me, Jesus, with thy love,
And to Thyself receive.
2. Destitute of holiness,
I am not like my Lord,
Am not ready to possess
The saints' immense reward;

³⁷Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:367.

³⁸Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:367–68.

No; my God I cannot see,
Unless, before I hence depart,³⁹
Thou implant thyself in me
And make me pure in heart.

3. Partner of thy nature then,
And in thine image found,
Saviour, call me up to reign
With life immortal crown'd,
With thy glorious presence blest
In speechless extacies to gaze,
Folded in thy arms to rest,
And breathe eternal praise.

[Hymn] LXXI.⁴⁰

- [1.] Admonish'd of deliverance nigh,
Bred up in grief, and born to die,
A pensive sojourner
The way of all the earth I go,
And freely quit this vale below,
Before my God t' appear.
2. My God in Christ the sinner's Friend,
To Him I faithfully commend
This parting soul of mine,
Object of his paternal love,
And mark'd for happiness above
With precious blood divine.

³⁹Ori., "remove."

⁴⁰Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 7:417–18.

3. Long in the land my days have been,
And much I have of evil seen,
 And sick of seeing more,
Beyond these storms of trouble, I
Expect my eagle-wings to fly
 To that eternal shore.
4. Thou hast, O God, in special grace
Fulfill'd the number of my days,
 A man of misery
Detain'd beyond the age of man,
Why dost Thou still my soul detain
 In banishment from Thee?
5. Thy goodness wills the kind delay,
That wrestling on in prayer, I may
 Attain my calling's prize
May help my friends and brethren too
The prize immortal to pursue,
 And labour up the skies.
6. When all have heavenward set their face,
Resolv'd to run the Christian race,
 And never, never rest,
Then, then accomplishing thy word,
Fill up my faith, almighty Lord,
 And take me to thy breast.

[Hymn] LXXII.⁴¹

- [1.] My God, who from my earliest age
To lingring life's extremest stage
 Hast been my sure defence,
Wilt Thou not for my children care,
And safe conduct thro' every snare
 Their heedless innocence?
2. Their souls and bodies I commend
To Thee, whose mercies never end
 Who dost thy creatures know,
And promisest, whate'er we claim
After thy will, in Jesus Name,
 Thou freely wilt bestow.
3. Great things I do not, Lord, require,
To feed their covetous desire,
 Their sloth, or vanity,
To fill their hearts with proud conceit,
And make the worms themselves forget
 Poor Pensioners on Thee.
4. Nor poverty, nor riches give,
But let them in thy presence live
 With heavenly wisdom blest,
With food and raiment satisfied,
Rejoice in nature's wants supplied,
 And give up all the rest.

⁴¹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 7:419–20.

5. Nature with little is content,
And grace with less, when Thou hast sent
The manna from above;
O that as *such* they humbly may
Receive their portion day by day,
And banquet on thy love!
6. Thy love, which did their souls redeem,
Be here their happiness supreme,
Till call'd thy face to see
They leave this slighted earth behind,
And lost in endless raptures find
Their highest heaven in Thee.

[Hymn] LXXIII.⁴²

- [1.] Since first my earthly course begun,
I have pursued a God unknown,
Attracted from above
I have for thy salvation stay'd,
Thro' a long life of trouble pray'd,
And languish'd for thy love.
2. Why have I not my suit obtain'd,
If with sincerity unfeign'd
I ask'd the promis'd good?
Why am I, Lord, at life's sad close
Oppress'd with sins, o'rewhelm'd with woes
And dying in my blood?

⁴²Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:368.

3. The sole exception from thy grace,
The only outcast from thy face
 If Thou hast pass'd me by,
I to my righteous doom submit,
And weep unpitied at thy feet,
 Till at thy feet I die.
4. But O, if hope doth still remain,
And mindful of thy mortal pain
 Thou thinkst on Calvary;
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
Thy cross unable to forget,
 In death remember me!

[Hymn] LXXIV.⁴³

- [1.] Far from passion, and from pride,
Hide me, by thy presence hide
From the world's outrageous wrongs,
From the angry strife of tongues,
From the malice of the fiend,
From the woes that never end,
From the memory of ill,
From myself, and all I feel.
2. Poor, unnotic'd, and unknown
Let me dwell with Thee alone,
Dwell in safety and in peace,
Cease from sin, for ever cease:

⁴³Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 7:418–19; and *Representative Verse*, 241–42.

Or if grief with life must last,
Let me wail my follies past,
Live my follies to lament,
Die a pardon'd penitent.

3. Dying every mournful day,
Let me at thy footstool pray,
Drink thy indignation's cup,
Fill my penal measure up:
Then thy Servant, Lord, dismiss
With a reconciling kiss,
Binding up my broken heart
Bid me then in peace depart.

[Hymn] LXXV.⁴⁴

- [1.] Ready to render up the breath
Which I receiv'd from Thee,
While passing thro' the vale of death,
My God, remember me:
2. One only thing do I desire
(Desiring all in One)
My spirit, when Thou wilt, require,
But give me first thine own.

[Hymn] LXXVI.⁴⁵

- [1.] Take the filth of sin away,
Give the purity of love,
Then my loving soul convey
To its blisful place above,

⁴⁴Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:369.

⁴⁵Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:369.

Meet its heavenly Lord t' embrace,
Longing to behold thy face.

2. Thee I cannot see and live:
 Let me see thee then, and die!
Jesus, to thyself receive
 Whom Thou didst so dearly buy,
Crown my infinite desire,
Let me in thine arms expire!

[Hymn] LXXVII.⁴⁶

- [1.] Earth to earth, and dust to dust
 While I, at thy word, return,
O thou faithful God and just,
 Spare me who my follies mourn,
Pardon who my sins confess,
Cleanse from all unrighteousness.
2. E'er my soul and body part,
 Part, O Lord, my sin and me,
Lowly, meek, and pure in heart
 That I may my Saviour see,
See with infinite delight,
Find my heaven in THE SIGHT!

⁴⁶Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:369–70.

[Hymn] LXXVIII.⁴⁷
The Prayer of a Departing Minister.

- [1.] Shepherd of souls, the great, the good,
Who on thy Servant's side hast stood
And bless'd my ministry,
Ready my prosper'd course to end,
I to thy guardian love commend
The Flock receiv'd from Thee.
2. Beneath thy wings, their sure defence,
Protected by Omnipotence,
Thy most distinguish'd care,
The lambs and sheep of England's fold
Now in thy book of life inroll'd
Preserve for ever there.
3. Our Church a thousand fold increase,
With every gospel blessing bless,
And o're the earth disperse,
Till every heart thy kingdom own,
Till Thou art fear'd, confest, and known,
Throughout the Universe.

⁴⁷Published in *Arminian Magazine* 3 (1780): 453–54.

4. In hope of that most joyful day,
To quit this tenement of clay
 Thy summons I receive,
For when I lay my body down,
Thy work shall still be carried on
 And God for ever live.
5. The Spirit's residue is thine:
Fit instruments of thy design,
 Dispensers of thy grace,
(If some, like salt, their savour lose,)
Thou canst from other stones produce
 And nobler vessels raise.
6. Come then, thy Servant to release,
And suffer'd to depart in peace
 Without a lingring sigh,
In all the confidence of hope,
I now ascend the mountain-top,
 And get me up, and die.

[Hymn] LXXIX.⁴⁸

- [1.] Keep⁴⁹ me, Lord, by day and night,
 Every moment keep, and save,

⁴⁸Appears also in MS Miscellaneous Verse 1786, 17. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:370.

⁴⁹Ori., "Lo."

That I may, with calm delight
Find at last a long-sought grave,
That I may my burthen leave,
That I may myself forgive.

2. In that land of endless rest
All things grievous are forgot,
Memory doth no more molest,
Conscious, self-tormenting thought,
Pangs which here my spirit tear,
Pangs of madness and despair.
3. Only one faint glimmering ray
Here my drooping spirit cheers,
Jesus, Power Divine, a day
Is with Thee a thousand years;
Show me then thy wounded side,
Plunge me in the cleansing tide.
4. Hoping against hope, I wait
The stupendous change to prove;
Rais'd to my unsinning state,
In the image of thy love,
Thro' the fountain of thy blood,
Pure I then return to God.

[Hymn] LXXX.⁵⁰

Howe'er impatient to depart,
From earth I tremble to remove,
Till Thou hast shown my fluttering heart
The great salvation of thy love;
Me to the great salvation keep,
That when thy nature I partake,
I in thy arms may fall asleep,
And in thy glorious Presence wake.

[Hymn] LXXXI.⁵¹

Spirit of love, thyself impart,
Before my Spirit I resign,
If bought for me with blood Thou art,
For me redeem'd by blood divine:
Meet for that blisful Vision make,
And then, to share thy joys above,
The partner of thy nature take,
The partner of thy heavenly love.

⁵⁰Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:386.

⁵¹Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:371.