

## MS Shorthand Verse<sup>1</sup>

MS Shorthand Verse is a bound volume with pages about 3.75 x 6.0 inches in size. There were originally about 100 leaves (200 pages) in the volume. Three-fourths of these leaves have been torn from the volume, including twenty leaves at the beginning. The first leaf (2 pages) and last eight leaves (16 pages) remaining in the volume are blank. But on the other thirteen leaves (26 pages) are found four poems, all written in Charles Wesley's distinctive form of the shorthand that he learned from John Byrom. From the evidence on the stubs, most of the items torn from the volume were also in shorthand.

None of the items remaining in MS Shorthand Verse were published by Charles Wesley during his life. But one is found in longhand among his other manuscripts—an abridged version of “An Epistle to a Friend, July 1743” appears in MS Epistles, 1–35. It was the discovery of this longhand key that helped Oliver Beckerlegge cultivate his ability to interpret Charles Wesley's shorthand materials.<sup>2</sup> A major fruit of his efforts was the expansion of the items in MS Shorthand Verse for publication in *Unpublished Poetry*.

We gratefully began with Beckerlegge's expansion in preparing the transcription of each item below. Timothy Underhill, an expert in John Byrom's shorthand, then checked the transcription against the shorthand. This confirmed the general reliability of Beckerlegge's expansion, while clarifying several items that he had marked as uncertain or left unexpanded. Underhill also proposed some alterations of Beckerlegge's rendering. Richard Heitzenrater was consulted on significant cases where Beckerlegge and Underhill differed, because of his expertise in reading shorthand materials by both John and Charles Wesley. In most cases Heitzenrater concurred with Underhill and the alternative was adopted.

This process accounts for differences that readers will find between the transcription of the four items below and the versions in *Unpublished Poetry*. We have footnoted only those cases where the expansion proposed by Beckerlegge seems a viable alternative to the one we propose. We have adopted Charles Wesley's typical spelling of words and his usual pattern of capitalization in expansion of the shorthand. But we have generally reproduced the punctuation in the shorthand.<sup>3</sup>

We indicate at the beginning of each item its place within the pages that remain in MS Shorthand Verse. But we have not tried to reproduce the pagination of the notebook in the transcript, because the use of shorthand allowed Wesley to place much more material on a page than can fit when it is expanded. To be specific, two lines of poetry are present in each line of shorthand throughout the collection.

MS Shorthand Verse is part of the collection in the Methodist Archive and Research Centre, accession number MA 1977/565 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 2). The transcription below is provided with permission of the Librarian and Director, The John Rylands Library, The University of Manchester.

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<sup>1</sup>This document was produced by the Duke Center for Studies in the Wesleyan Tradition under the editorial direction of Randy L. Maddox. Last updated: September 29, 2021.

<sup>2</sup>See his account of this connection, and his advice for reading the shorthand, in Oliver A. Beckerlegge, *The Shorthand of Charles Wesley* (Madison, NJ: Charles Wesley Society, 2002).

<sup>3</sup>The main exception is those sections of Epistle to a Friend that also appear in longhand, where we reflect Wesley's punctuation of the longhand version.

## Table of Contents

I. [Autobiographical Reflections]	1–10
II. An Epistle to a Friend, July 1743	11–29
III. Stillness. Written for Lady Huntingdon	30–45
IV. Matthew 19:11–12	46–47

**[Autobiographical Reflections]<sup>1</sup>**

[...]

Come then my Soul Thou restless Exile come,  
 Suspend a while thy Languishings for Home,  
 With back cast Eye the Maze<sup>2</sup> of Life explore,  
 An Age of Misery that returns no more, [4]  
 Lose thy incumbent Sufferings in the Past,  
 And calmly wait the Hour that brings the Last.

Scarce had the Morn of op'ning Life began,  
 When young in [devious Paths<sup>3</sup>] of Ill I ran [8]  
 From Parents I with fatal Haste remov'd<sup>4</sup>  
 Unseiz'd for GOD thro' Nature's Wilds I rov'd;  
 Where Vice with learning mask'd the Youth drink in,  
 And Babel's Curse is taught and Babel's Sin, [12]  
 Where Reverend Sires their Labours well employ  
 To Principle with Pride th' aspiring Boy:  
 Eager he hears, pursues the glorious Goal,  
 And Emulation poisons all his Soul. [16]

Here first I learnt to catch an empty Name,  
 To idolize Esteem and covet Fame,  
 My own Renown on Others' fall to raise,  
 And gasp insatiate for destructive<sup>5</sup> Praise. [20]  
 Still in my inmost Soul the Fiend I find  
 To Vanity's eternal Bonds consign'd;  
 Still in my inmost Soul the Demon reigns,  
 And holds me captive in a D[emon's]<sup>6</sup> Chains; [24]

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<sup>1</sup>The poem is found on pages 3–7 remaining in the notebook. It appears to be missing an opening sheet, which would explain why it is not titled. The title given above should be considered merely descriptive. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:395–403. Readers might want to consult as well a shorter autobiographical hymn in MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 12–17.

<sup>2</sup>This could also be rendered “mass.”

<sup>3</sup>The shorthand is not clear, {dvs} {prs or pths}, but this is the most probable expansion.

<sup>4</sup>Referring to his move in 1716 to London, to study at Westminster.

<sup>5</sup>Other possibilities: “destructive” or “distracting”.

<sup>6</sup>The shorthand indicates a word starting with “d.”

Thro' all my Thoughts and Words his Course pursues,  
 Steals on my Verse and desecrates my Muse.  
 From [Follies well descried<sup>7</sup>] would rise to Fame,  
 And glories in my aptly pictur'd Shame. [28]

Farther yet farther from eternal Truth,  
 Full of the heady Violence of Youth,  
 O'er pleasing Paths of various<sup>8</sup> Vice I stray'd,  
 As Lust impell'd me or as Fancy sway'd. [32]  
 Charm'd by the sweetly warbling wanton Lyre,  
 I catch the Pagan's with the Poet's Fire,  
 Or gaze on thundring fornicating Jove,  
 Or loosely range thro' all the Art of Love:<sup>9</sup> [36]  
 Deep sinks the Poison in my tender Mind,  
 Nor Help from vain Mythology I find,  
 While Sins the latter's nearer Influence fills,  
 And Memory holds it in her d[amn'd]<sup>10</sup> Seals. [40]

Neglected lay th' unkindled Spark within,  
 Nor ever struggles with congenial Sin:  
 Careless my Soul slips on in Nature's Night,  
 Unfelt the Darkness and unmist<sup>11</sup> the Light; [44]  
 Ignobly sepulchr'd in Flesh remains,  
 Nor knows its fall from GOD nor feels its Chains,  
 Nor tames the Void, nor stirs the quick'ning Breath,  
 But all is silent, calm and cold as Death. [48]

Who then shall say whence second Life began,  
 Who deign'd<sup>12</sup> this Prospect of the heavenly<sup>13</sup> Man?  
 Unconscious of my Change I never knew  
 To fix the Point from whence the Spirit blew, [52]  
 So imperceptibly the Stroke was given  
 The Power divine that<sup>14</sup> turn'd my Face to Heaven.

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<sup>7</sup>The shorthand is {fols wl de-skd}; the expansion above is one possibility.

<sup>8</sup>Beckerlegge renders this "furious."

<sup>9</sup>Likely a reference to Ovid's *Ars Amatoria*.

<sup>10</sup>The shorthand indicates only an adjectival word starting with "d."

<sup>11</sup>I.e., "unmiss'd," but spelled in shorthand as above.

<sup>12</sup>Beckerlegge renders this "donn'd."

<sup>13</sup>The shorthand could also be rendered "holy." Similar in lines 81 and 171.

<sup>14</sup>The shorthand could be read as "and."

Sudden o'ercome and plung'd in vast Delight,  
 Eager I seem'd to grasp the Infinite! [56]  
 With strange<sup>15</sup> Expansion swell'd my ravish'd Breast  
 And glow'd to full impress th' enticed Guest:  
 Forever here I deem'd it good to stay  
 Where florets fair bestrow'd the narrow Way, [60]  
 The narrow Way with heedless Joy I trod,  
 And gave my fond unwary Heart to GOD.

Scarce had my Soul fix'd her directer Eye,  
 And aim'd at Heaven, and vow'd to scale the Sky, [64]  
 When dire commenc'd the latent War within,  
 And feeble Nature felt awakening Sin.  
 Strong in ten thousand Lusts<sup>16</sup> the Tyrant rose  
 And storm'd my Bosom with ten thousand Foes, [68]  
 O'ertook my Flight, mock'd my Resistance vain,  
 Subdu'd and gall'd me with an Iron Chain,  
 Refus'd omnipotent to set me free,  
 And thought and acted, reign'd and liv'd in me. [72]

Nor yet retir'd the Principle divine,  
 Nor quite forgot th' ethereal Spark to shine,  
 Quicken'd by these I still renew'd the Strife,  
 And groan'd for GOD, and struggling long'd for Life: [76]  
 Constrain'd to yield, yet strengthen'd to rebel,  
 Oft with alternate Pangs I rose and fell,  
 Sunk and resisted in unequal Fight,  
 Th' indigent Slave of grovelling Appetite. [80]

Stronger at length the heavenly Instinct grew,  
 And just Despair brought infinite Hope in view:  
 I own'd that in my Flesh Sin only liv'd,  
 And Death's sad Sentence in myself receiv'd. [84]  
 By strong Temptation suffer'd to respire  
 Then first I felt relax'd the plaguing Fire,  
 Then in my humbled Soul the Woman's Seed  
 Victorious woke and bruis'd the Serpent's Head, [88]  
 Bade inbred Sin its cruel Power suspend,  
 And in a Moment's Peace th' internal Conflict end.

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<sup>15</sup>Beckerlegge renders this as "strong."

<sup>16</sup>The shorthand could also be rendered "Lists."

But O how short my Interval of Woe,  
 How fierce the Pangs I next am doom'd to know; [92]  
 Pleas'd with the Calm as down I sunk to rest,  
 Nor fill'd with Life divine my vacant Breast,  
 In stronger Gusts a mightier Tempest rose  
 (In vain would Flight avoid or Force oppose [96]  
 Nor wish'd I to resist, nor car'd to fly)  
 It spreads, it mounts and gains upon the Sky;  
 Headlong I fell by Passion's Whirlwind driv'n  
 Swept from the Margin of remoter Heav'n, [100]  
 Down to profoundest Hell my Hopes it hurl'd,  
 Tore me from GOD, and interpos'd a World!

O what avail'd it that from Sins got free,  
 I gain'd a scarcely tasted Liberty!<sup>17</sup> [104]  
 In vain does Appetite her Web remove  
 Severest (?) Change of Punishment I prove  
 More surely chasten'd by the Scorpion Love. ]

Distant at first my Danger I survey, [108]  
 Now idly with the nearer Ruin play;  
 Refusing now the pleasing Bane to shun,  
 I sink, I yield deliberately undone,  
 Gladly deceiv'd and sensibly betray'd [112]  
 While sweetly listening smil'd the docile Maid,  
 Wisely admir'd the Poet's sacred Song,  
 And caught the Counsel falling from my Tongue.

Nor yet would treacherous Reason's timely Care [116]  
 The unstill'd Mischief from my Bosom tear,  
 My Bosom soon by Reason self thrown wide  
 Receiv'd the vile Affection's total (?) Tide;  
 Fed by the Stream of fond Benevolence, [120]  
 And swiftly rising with the Torrent sense,  
 Resistless now th' impetuous Waters roll,  
 O'erpass their Bounds and deluge all my Soul.

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<sup>17</sup>Wesley first wrote "victory"; then circled it and added shorthand for "Liberty." We have treated it as a replacement, but it may be simply a considered alternative.

But O could Longing paint the deep Distress, [124]  
 The idolizing Passion's just excess!  
 Description flags, the languid Colours fail—  
 Cease then thy labour Muse, and draw the Veil—  
 No! be the Veil forever cast aside, [128]  
 May no false Art the genuine Maiden hide,  
 Forever stand expos'd<sup>18</sup> my fond Design  
 T' augment the Plenitude of Love divine,  
 To swell th' essential, all-sufficient Bliss [132]  
 With the poor Drop of creature Happiness.  
 Hear ye Adulterers my warning Call,  
 Who low before your Maker's Image fall,  
 With caution'd (?) Soul the gradual Tale pursue [136]  
 Of one that languish'd, griev'd, and lov'd like you;  
 A God behind the Infinite requir'd;  
 Attend and mark the Rock where shipwreck'd Faith expir'd.

Vainly at first my labouring Bosom strove [140]  
 To heed the Pain of unsuspected Love,  
 The sad Discovery lingring I delay'd  
 Lest shy Reserve should arm the alter'd Maid,  
 The Lover manifest supplant the Friend, [144]  
 And Friendship's Offices in coldness end.  
 Scarce could my rising Grievs at last prevail,  
 Or wild Despair extort the written Tale,  
 Scarce could my trembling Hand perform its Part [148]  
 And give the Token of my pleading Heart.  
 Guiltless she read: I mark'd her conscious Eyes,  
 Eager I saw the flutt'ring Spirits (?) rise:  
 Soon the fair Prophetess my Anguish guess'd, [152]  
 Sudden broke off, and fear'd to read the Rest,  
 Gently refus'd the full (?) Case to explore  
 "I dare pursue your fatal (?) Tale no more"  
 She sigh'd and sigh'd: I begg'd and urg'd in vain; [156]  
 Compell'd at last th' unfinish'd Lines t' explain,  
 Hardly I spoke, with doting (?) Transport mov'd;  
 And blush'd; and wondring told her that I lov'd!

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<sup>18</sup>Beckerlegge rendered this as "dispos'd."

Who then can paint her soft confus'd Distress, [160]  
 Her sweet Surprise and pitying Tenderness!  
 The lovely Soul transparent from within  
 In every Motion, Word, and Look was seen.  
 With kindest Sympathy for me she griev'd, [164]  
 For me she wept "Unhappily deceiv'd,  
 To think so mean a Creature worth my Care,  
 To prize or love or ever sigh<sup>19</sup> for her!  
 Rather she hop'd my Soul from Passion free [168]  
 Miscall'd its own exalted Charity,  
 A generous Warmth mistook for low Desire,  
 And only glow'd with Friendship's heavenly Fire."

Mistaken Comforter! could Tears remove, [172]  
 Could soft Compassion's Balm extinguish Love?  
 Her good Concern increas'd my tender Care,  
 And check'd and combated my just Despair.  
 Restless I follow'd the relenting Maid, [176]  
 Call'd Tears and Sighs and Letters to my Aid,  
 In softest Accents prov'd my growing Flame,  
 And weeping kiss'd the lov'd Arpasia's<sup>20</sup> Name.

Nor long enjoy'd my Soul the pure Relief [180]  
 Of patient Love and calmly pensive Grief;  
 Rous'd by fierce Jealousy's corroding Smart,  
 And all its Vipers fast'ning on my Heart,  
 The helpless Maid I saw with blasted Eyes, [184]  
 By kindred Hands dragg'd out to sacrifice;  
 Ar[pasia] sentenc'd to be vilely sold  
 Ar[pasia]'s Happiness exchange'd for Gold.  
 In horrid League the venal Tribe combin'd [188]  
 With lust of Wealth to taint her purer Mind,  
 Prepar'd the only Good themselves desir'd,  
 By Avarice they and curst Ambition fir'd:  
 Ungenerously they urg'd their dear Pretence [192]  
 "Kind Guardians of her Orphan Innocence,  
 The proffer'd (?) Benefit she needs must own,  
 Requite their Care, and yield to be undone."

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<sup>19</sup>Here and elsewhere in this poem (and in other scattered manuscript materials) Charles spells this in shorthand as "sithe"; but it becomes "sigh" when he renders it in longhand.

<sup>20</sup>Beckerlegge suggests that Wesley is shifting an "s" to an "r" to disguise "Aspasia"; i.e., Mary (Granville) Pendarves.

In vain her Tears their Pity strove t' engage, [196]  
 In vain she started from obtruded Age,  
 Trembling renew'd her oft-rejected Plea  
 Th' eternal Bar of fixt Antipathy,  
 Which scarcely could his irksome Form behold [200]  
 Tho' Wealth had touch'd their Lover into Gold.  
 Basely they bore her weak Resistance down,  
 And specious Friendship help'd the Ruin on;  
 {trs} {d} {t} {w.s}<sup>21</sup> torment good (?) prevail'd, [204]  
 Bound to their Force the feeble Victim fail'd;  
 Yielding she sunk, to worse than Death pursu'd;  
 O strange Excess of fatal Gratitude!

Love, only Love their Purpose dar'd t' oppose, [208]  
 A single Succour 'gainst a World of Foes.  
 Inspir'd by Love I started to her Aid,  
 I flew to rescue the devoted Maid,  
 'Twi't Fate and her resolv'd to stand alone, [212]  
 And guard a Safety dearer than my own.  
 I begg'd her stay conjur'd herself to spare,  
 With all the labouring Vehemence of Prayer.  
 I warn'd her and encourag'd by my Fears, [216]  
 Arm'd her with Groans and fortified with Tears.  
 Oft as she mark'd my heaving Bosom rise,  
 And genuine Sorrow bursting from my Eyes,  
 She gently sooth'd my wildly frantic Grief, [220]  
 And prest my trembling Hand and sigh'd<sup>22</sup> Relief:  
 To comfort me resolv'd her Fate to shun,  
 Nor yet consent, nor haste to be undone.  
 Again she strove by generous Pity still'd, [224]  
 And dar'd her Kinsmen's Rage and scorn'd to yield;  
 Her generous Pity stopp'd the dire Decree,  
 And sav'd the Victim but it ruin'd me.

Could Friendship self so deep concern express, [228]  
 So strange an Height of melting Tenderness!  
 Surely she wept by more than Friendship mov'd,  
 Surely I deem'd th' infected Virgin lov'd.  
 Fir'd with the Thought I chid<sup>23</sup> my hasty Fears, [232]  
 Again gave up my Heart, and hop'd for hers,  
 Hop'd the dear Maid would feel an answering Care,  
 And watch'd her artless Soul to find it there.

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<sup>21</sup>We reproduce the shorthand for the first four words because the expansion is uncertain.

<sup>22</sup>Spelled "sith'd."

<sup>23</sup>I.e., "chided."

Once as her Innocence I warmly prest [236]  
 To own my tender Interest in her Breast,  
 To grant the only Bliss I liv'd to prove,  
 Some small Return for all my Waste of Love—  
 She sigh'd, she blush'd—confess'd my Passion true: [240]  
 “The worthless Love you ask is all your Due,  
 Yet O,” she cried, “in vain you claim a Part,  
 Too late you claim it—I have lost my Heart!”

Here if Thou dar'st severe Remembrance tell [244]  
 What more than Tortures did my Bosom feel!  
 What more than Fires or Racks did I sustain,  
 What sad Vicissitude of smarting Pain!  
 How oft my struggling Spirit groan'd to bear [248]  
 The strong Confliction of extreme Despair!  
 How oft with sense of softer Anguish mov'd  
 For her I wept and trembl'd, pray'd and lov'd!  
 How oft to lonesome Woods in fancy ran [252]  
 And hid me from the hated Sight of Man;  
 How oft impatient of continu'd Breath,  
 Idly I call'd, and rav'd, and gasp'd for Death!  
 To catch her feeling Soul would Life resign, [256]  
 Rush to the Grave and die to call her mine,  
 As if to me by Fate would soon be given  
 First to assert Propriety in Heaven!

When thus my Bosom torn by raging Love [260]  
 Had long with the remorseless Passion strove,  
 At length I yielded all; at length gave o'er  
 The Contest vain and combated no more,  
 But madly sunk beneath th' unequal Load [264]  
 Disclaim'd my Reason, and threw off my GOD.

No longer now my drooping Hands I rear,  
 Or force my stubborn Heart to irksome Prayer,  
 Toward the celestial Prize no longer press, [268]  
 Plung'd in the Gulf of gloomy Recklessness:  
 My Calling's Hope indigent I resign,  
 A willing Alien from the Life divine,  
 While down the Stream of headlong Nature driven [272]  
 Nor Earth I wish'd to hold nor aim'd at Heaven;

While from my Centre loos'd, and dead within,  
 I only tend and move and live to sin,  
 So dear th' Effect of an abandon'd Will, [276]  
 So deep the fatal Curse of Passion's utmost Ill!

Why then to Heaven do I desire to bow,  
 Why deprecate th' Almighty's Anger now?  
 Whence this imperfect Wish my Sin to mourn, [280]  
 These faint Endeavourings toward a full Return?  
 Still can Remorse this flinty Bosom move?  
 O wondrous Proof of unexhausted Love!  
 O Saviour, once again to Thee I call, [284]  
 Bring back my Struglings and retrieve my Fall!  
 If Prayer can yet find favour in thy Sight,  
 And stop thy Spirit's everlasting Flight,  
 Regard ev'n Man, forget the Outrage past, [288]  
 Accept my Groans, or let me breathe the Last.

If while this Principle for Thee remains  
 Clogg'd and entangl'd in corporeal Chains,  
 It haply be thy Will to make me free [292]  
 Rais'd to thy Children's glorious Liberty,  
 From now triumphant King thy Ties controul,  
 And plant thine Interest in my newborn Soul,  
 Thro' all its Pores renew'd from now appear, [296]  
 From instant now set up thy Kingdom here,  
 Thy hidden Sweetness give my Heart to know  
 And taste the Eden of thy Love below.

But if thy sovereign Will, severe yet just [300]  
 Still leaves me dark and humbl'd in the Dust,  
 There let me bless thy just severe Decree,  
 And in thy (?) secret Tongues belong to Thee!  
 Disgust of Life no more my Eye repine, [304]  
 But bear my Nature till exchang'd for thine;  
 In calm Despair live out my wretched Span,  
 Nor once depart, or struggle with my Pain.  
 No—let me never to thy Creatures flee, [308]  
 Or seek or taste a Joy distinct from Thee.  
 Tho' still condemn'd to mourn my Eden's Loss,  
 Uncheer'd my Grief uncomforted my Cross,  
 Yet grant me Strength to bear the penal Load, [312]  
 To want, and ever wail my absent GOD.

So when thy Waves and Storms are all pass'd o'er,  
When Pain torments and Guilt distracts no more  
Let my Eye find in Thee my long-sought Heaven [316]  
My Warfare ended and my Sin forgiven;  
Be Thou my all my final Passion Thou,  
Of this secur'd I live—I welcome Judgment now.

**An Epistle to a Friend, July 1743.<sup>1</sup>**

My more than Friend,<sup>2</sup> accept the Warning Lay,  
 The Little All a gratefull Heart can pay.  
 An Heart with Sorrow, Shame, and Love weigh'd down,  
 Which in Another's Folly feels its own, [4]  
 The mournfull Matter comes with pain t' indite,  
 And bleeds to dictate what my Hand must write.

Partner of all my Cares, on Thee I call,  
 Come, weep with me my hapless Brethren's Fall; [8]  
 A man of griefs, I only live to weep  
 The smitten Shepherds, and the scatter'd Sheep;  
 To mourn, and pray for Those that did run well,  
 And mark the Rocks on which they foully fell, [12]  
 If haply aftertimes may warier prove,  
 And stand securely low in Jesus' pardning Love.

Since first the Master bad us quickly go,  
 And call the Guests to his great Feast below, [16]  
 Whome'er in the high-ways or streets we find,  
 The poor, and maim'd, and impotent, and blind:  
 What Havock of the Flock hath Satan made,  
 What wild Confusion when the Shepherds stray'd! [20]  
 Poor wavering Souls, he sifted them like Wheat,  
 Trod all their graces down beneath his feet:  
 Angel of light, he charm'd their dazzled eyes,  
 Suited to every Taste his pleasing Lies, [24]  
 Beguil'd them by a feign'd Humility,  
 And Promises to set Poor Sinners free:

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<sup>1</sup>The shorthand poem is found on pages 8–17 remaining in the notebook; an abridged version, with some variants, appears in MS Epistles, 1–35 (omitted lines are noted there). Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:171–87. Wesley mentions reading this epistle to a congregation in London on July 9, 1743 in his *MS Journal*. It reflects the final rupture of the Wesley brothers and their followers from the Moravian and Calvinist wings of the early revival.

<sup>2</sup>The friend to whom this long poetic lament about the disruptions in the early revival caused by controversy over “stillness” and “eternal security” is directed/dedicated is surely Lady Selina (Shirley) Hastings, Countess of Huntingdon. See CW's shorthand copy of a longhand letter he sent her on July 9, 1743, in MARC, MA 1977/561 (“MS Clarke”), p. 226.

Free from the Yoke, the Cross, the Christian Law,  
The contrite Mourning, and the trembling Awe, [28]  
The Work of growing Faith, the tender Care  
Of patient Hope emerging from Despair,  
The joyfull Labour of unwearied Love,  
The bold Contention for a Throne above, [32]  
The wrestling Fight, the Strife to enter in,  
The gospel-hope of Liberty from Sin,  
The great Salvation here, the glorious Prize,  
The perfect Heart, the sinless Paradise. [36]

From these the Tempter labour'd to remove  
Those that first tasted of the Saviour's Love,  
Labour'd alas! with too successfull Toil,  
And made their helpless Souls his easy Spoil. [40]  
"No Law, no Sufferings, no subjected Will,"  
His other Gospel only preach'd, "Be still,"  
From all the Bondage of Obedience free,  
And rest in carnal German<sup>3</sup> liberty. [44]

They heard, they listen'd to the soothing Tale,  
They let the Foe with flesh and blood prevail,  
No more continued in the written Word,  
But vilely cast away both Shield and Sword; [48]  
Gave up the Cause of Christ to Satan's Hands,  
Rejected GOD's, and bow'd to Man's Commands.

No longer now their watch the Watchmen keep,  
But love to slumber, and lie down to sleep, [52]  
Their eye-lids in Poor Sinnership they close,  
Or, rock'd in Calvin's Arms,<sup>4</sup> supinely doze.  
"Always in grace, if once!" their foot stands sure,  
Their Lives unholy, and their Hearts impure, [56]  
The reedy Pillars can no more remove,  
Secure, to Satan's Wish, in self-electing Love.

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<sup>3</sup>This is a reference to Moravians, whose roots go back to Germany.

<sup>4</sup>Alluding to the Calvinist affirmations of unconditional election and eternal security.

Who first the foul Apostasy began,  
 Cast off his Church, and wore a foreign Chain? [60]  
 A bold and hardy Soldier once he was,  
 And chearfully took up the Master's Cross,  
 Set like a Flint his honest open Face,  
 And witness'd Jesus' free unbounded Grace: [64]  
 But soon into Delusion's<sup>5</sup> Whirlpool drawn,  
 We mourn our Friend forever lost and gone:  
 Gone from his Mother-Church, and native Land,  
 And tamely subject to our Foe's Command. [68]  
 In deeper Mire his stumbling Feet stick fast,  
 And the poor Sinner turns elect at last;  
 Disowns the Truth<sup>6</sup> his Pen did once maintain,  
 And Ingham<sup>7</sup> now brings up the ghostly Train;<sup>8</sup> [72]  
 Abandon'd to his headstrong carnal Will,  
 A monstrous Compound of elect and still,  
 Poor [fainting]<sup>9</sup> Ingham quits the glorious Strife  
 And sells his GOD and Churches for a Wife. [76]

He falls; but not alone; the Ruin spreads  
 To steadier Hearts, and more discerning Heads:  
 My Pattern of intrepid constant Zeal  
 Into their Hands, a nobler Victim, fell. [80]  
 A Soul in each hard Trial fully shown  
 The kindest Brother, and most pious Son,  
 Mild, duteous, loving to his household Foes,  
 As strong to suffer He, as they t' oppose: [84]  
 No Threatnings then his steady Purpose broke,  
 Firm as the beaten Anvil to the Stroke.  
 Sweet, humble Soul, dispassionate and meek  
 He suffer'd Wrong, and turn'd the other Cheek, [88]

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<sup>5</sup>Ori., "the German."

<sup>6</sup>Ori., "P[en]."

<sup>7</sup>Benjamin Ingham (1712–72).

<sup>8</sup>In MS Epistles Wesley adds a note: "alluding to his sermon against Predestination 'Piscator shall bring up the ghostly train'." The intended reference is uncertain.

<sup>9</sup>Wesley leaves a blank space in the shorthand, but supplies the word "fainting" in lines that are struck out in MS Epistles.

He turn'd against the Storm his fearless Face,  
 And calmly triumph'd in his Lord's Disgrace:  
 He triumph'd till the German Tempter<sup>10</sup> came  
 And caught his Heart by a poor Sinner's Name, [92]  
 With speacious Promises of cheaper Ease,  
 Of sudden Freedom, and unlabour'd Peace:  
 Who could at first discern th' Angelick Foe,  
 So fair his voluntar'y humble Show, } [96]  
 So soft he whisper'd, and he stoop'd so low!

My Friend, himself devoid of glozing<sup>11</sup> Art,  
 Open'd with ease his unsuspecting Heart,  
 Receiv'd un'wares the deadly Doctrine in [100]  
 Of smooth-tongued Pleaders for the World and Sin;  
 Who taught him to forego the painfull Strife,  
 And led him down a flowery way to Life,  
 Easy, and broad; without Disgrace or Loss, [104]  
 Clogg'd with no Thorns, and cumbred with no Cross:  
 A way, from Thought far distant, and from Care,  
 No Works, no Bondage, no Obedience there,  
 No Law to wake him from his golden Dream, [108]  
 (The Lamb was lowly, meek, and chaste for Him):  
 No thwarting of his dear lov'd stiff-neck'd Will;  
 The Law was all fulfill'd in one soft Word—Be still!

True to his Principle, the sinner poor [112]  
 Threw off the Cross, and pray'd, and work'd no more:  
 His Fastings, Toils, and Fights, and Sufferings end,  
 He quits his Standard, and deserts his Friend,  
 Lets his worst Foe his dearest Friend exclude, [116]  
 And makes a Virtue of Ingratitude;  
 Foregoes his Function, and his Calling's Prize,  
 Sees the Wolf come, and as an Hireling flies,  
 The Shepherd flies, forsakes his trembling<sup>12</sup> Fold, [120]  
 And Stonehouse<sup>13</sup> sells his little Flock for gold.

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<sup>10</sup>I.e., Philipp Heinrich Molther (1714–80), a Moravian.

<sup>11</sup>Ori., “gallful”; “gloze” means to flatter.

<sup>12</sup>“Weeping” is written above this as an alternative.

<sup>13</sup>George Stonehouse (1714–93), vicar of Islington.

Ah! what avails it, that our friendly Care  
 Had pluck'd him once off out<sup>14</sup> the Fowler's Snare!  
 From Bonds of Mystic Dotage set him free, [124]  
 Reserv'd alas for worse Captivity!  
 While new Delusions charm his dazzled eyes,  
 And other Schemes, and other Germans rise:  
 'Scap'd from one Gulph a deeper he descends, [128]  
 And Tauler<sup>15</sup> but begun what Molther<sup>16</sup> ends.

Here let me pause, my former Friend survey,  
 Ere yet he started from the narrow way:  
 Brave, generous, just, and open as the Light, [132]  
 Firm as a Rock, and obstinately right.  
 Demons and Men he knew with ease to chase,  
 Or stop their flight, and heighten their disgrace:  
 Quick to retort, and ready to reply, [136]  
 He bound his Foes, nor suffer'd them to fly,  
 While from his Lips resistless Wisdom broke,  
 He look'd in Lightning, and in Thunder spoke.

His shining Steps I follow'd from afar, [140]  
 The meanest Captain in the glorious War.  
 Imbolden'd by his Faith, disdain'd to fly,  
 With him determin'd or to live or die.  
 Vain flattering Hope! my fellow-Soldier's fled, [144]  
 My dear right-Hand cut off, my Stonehouse dead!  
 Dead, worse than dead! lost in inglorious Ease,  
 Buried in Sloth and Sin and Satan's Peace.  
 A Demas who his Portion here will have,<sup>17</sup> [148]  
 A silken Glutton and a German Slave,  
 A Friend and Brother false, an impious Son,  
 His Church's Foe, his Nation's, and his own.

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<sup>14</sup>Wesley replaces “off out” with “out of” in MS Epistles.

<sup>15</sup>Johannes Tauler (c. 1300–1361).

<sup>16</sup>Philipp Heinrich Molther.

<sup>17</sup>See 2 Tim. 4:10.

And must I give him up, and never more [152]  
 With joyfull Lips our common Lord adore?  
 Never with Him to GOD's own Temple move,  
 And take the Tokens of expiring Love?  
 With solemn Reverence at his Altar bow! [156]  
 Must I no more embrace my Stonehouse now,  
 Or cheerfully with him pursue the Gospel-plow?  
 The German Pope<sup>18</sup> cries, "No!" To exile driven  
 A Prey into our Hands He now is given, [160]  
 And if he 'scapes from Us—may meet his Friends in Heaven.

Weak, wavering Rogers<sup>19</sup> too the Work gives o'er;  
 Enters; goes out; and shuts the Gospel-door.  
 Drawn in by Sectaries' insidious Art, [164]  
 He gives them all his Head, and all his Heart:  
 Labours, and toils the five dear Points to prove,  
 Nor boggles<sup>20</sup> once at Reprobating Love  
 ("What's that to Thee,<sup>[21]</sup> quoth Acourt's<sup>21</sup> tirading<sup>22</sup> Zeal, [168]  
<sup>[4]</sup> If GOD should blow ten thousand Worlds to Hell?<sup>[23]</sup>)  
 Against his Friends the Party-tool exclaims,  
 His Haters gladdens, and his Lovers shames,  
 Rashly renounces his Baptismal Vow, [172]  
 And rails on his forsaken Mother now,  
 Dips in th' unhallow'd Stream (baptiz'd before)  
 Sinks down in Stillness, and is seen no more.

Whitefield<sup>23</sup> begins his Course, and rises fair, [176]  
 And shoots, and glitters like a Blazing Star.  
 He lets his Light on all impartial shine,  
 And strenuously asserts the Birth divine,  
 While Thousands listen to th' alarming Song, [180]  
 And catch Conviction darted from his Tongue.  
 Parties and Sects their antient Feuds forget,  
 And fall, and tremble at the Preacher's Feet,  
 With Horror in the wise Inquiry join, [184]  
 "What must we do to 'scape the Wrath divine?"

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<sup>18</sup>I.e., Count Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf (1700–60), leader of the Moravians.

<sup>19</sup>Jacob Rogers; cf. Wesley's *MS Journal* (16 April 1739).

<sup>20</sup>Ori., "stumbles."

<sup>21</sup>John Acourt; cf. John Wesley's Letter to Howell Harris, July 29, 1740, *Works*, 26:22.

<sup>22</sup>Wesley may have intended an elision: "t' rading"; in MS Epistles he changed to "fiery."

<sup>23</sup>George Whitefield (1714–70).

Meek, patient, humble, wise above his years,  
 Unbrib'd by Pleasures, and unaw'd by Fears,  
 From Strength to Strength the young Apostle goes, [188]  
 Pours like a Torrent, and the Land o'erflows:  
 To distant Climes his healing Doctrine brings,  
 And joins the Morning's with the Eagle's Wings, [192]  
 Resistless wins his way with rapid Zeal,  
 Turns the World upside down, and shakes the Gates of Hell.

O had he kept the Post by Heaven assign'd,  
 Sent to invite, and waken all Mankind!  
 O had he 'scap'd that Plague, that deadly Draught, [196]  
 Which rigid Calvin from old Dominick caught!  
 Unless to Heathen Zeno we ascribe  
 What Mahomet taught his wild Elected Tribe.  
 Shall Whitefield too misspend his noble might [200]  
 To wash the Ethiop Reprobation white?  
 Shall Whitefield too to prop the Doctrine try  
 The hellish blasphemous, exploded Lie,  
 The horrible Decree, the foulest Tale, [204]  
 The deadliest, that was ever hatch'd in Hell!  
 And shall I spare the Doctrine? spare the Fiend?  
 Th' old Fatalist? the Murderer of my Friend?  
 No: while the Breath of GOD these Limbs sustains, [208]  
 Or flows one Drop of Blood within these Veins,  
 War, endless War, with Satan's Host I make,  
 Full vengeance on the hellish Doctrine take, }  
 Its sworn, eternal Foe, for my own Whitefield's sake! [212]

Poor piteous Youth, while innocent of Thought  
 His feeble Mind the dear Infection caught.  
 He drank the venomous Tongue, by Grace kept down,  
 Till Satan's Victors help'd the Mischief on. [216]  
 Blind furious Zealots for a pretty Lie,  
 They clipt his Wings while tow'ring to the Sky,  
 Entic'd and dragg'd him down into their Snare;

He must to all the forty Points declare, [220]  
 He must (for Satan stood at his right-Hand)  
 In Calvin's Cause against his Brethren stand,  
 Cast all behind, be cruel and unjust,  
 Betray his Friends and falsify his Trust, [224]  
 "Free Grace forever" cry from the House's-top,  
 While Nations yet unborn in Hell shut up,  
 Straiten GOD's Bowels, bind the Saviour's Call,  
 And teach Mankind he did not die for all. [228]

O what a Fall was there!<sup>24</sup> The giddy Youth  
 Gives up the glorious altercating<sup>25</sup> Truth,  
 Commences Champion of a desperate Cause,  
 And the rash Sword of fierce Division draws. [232]  
 By party Zeal lash'd on, the Bigot blind  
 Casts his old Friends and his old Loves behind;  
 Worse than deserts, he dragg'd them out to fight,  
 He sins like Absalom in open Light, [236]  
 At the House-top his Folly dares proclaim,  
 Blazons in Gath and Askelon his Shame,  
 Gladdens the World, GOD's little ones offends,  
 And arms his Enemies against his Friends; [240]  
 The Secret of his Bosom-Friend displays,<sup>26</sup>  
 Hails and salutes him, kisses and betrays,  
 With oily Words acts a false Brutus' Part,  
 His dear, dear Wesleys hangs, and stabs them to the Heart. [244]

See him (but O with pitying Sorrow see,  
 With Eyes and Heart like mine) if this is he!  
 [<sup>6</sup>Come, see my Zeal for GOD,<sup>7</sup>] he lightly cried,  
 But now he asks, [<sup>6</sup>O who is on my Side?<sup>7</sup>] [248]  
 Or warns with moving Sobs and flowing Eyes  
 Against those W[esleys], Papists in disguise,  
 Or scatters Death and Firebrands all around,  
 And rails and rants, and raves and tears the Ground: [252]  
 Stabs harmless Souls, and kills and lies for GOD,  
 And turns the Church into a Field of Blood;

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<sup>24</sup>Alluding to Mark Anthony's speech in Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*, Act 3, scene 2.

<sup>25</sup>This might be rendered "glories, altercating."

<sup>26</sup>CW is likely referring to Whitefield's revelation in *A Letter to the Reverend Mr. John Wesley* (London: W. Strahan, 1741), p. 7, that JW's decision to print his sermon *Free Grace* was based on casting lots.

Drives furious on, as Chief of Jehu's Host,  
 An aw'd, unlearn'd Benj'min Seward's<sup>27</sup> Ghost— [256]  
 (My own, not his; my Friend also he was,  
 My Son, and worthy of a nobler Cause!)

What did I not, before his Rage begun,  
 To save my Friend, who call'd himself my Son! [260]  
 Him the right-hand of Fellowship I gave,  
 Resolv'd to rescue, obstinate to save:  
 Honour'd before the People of my GOD,  
 And silent at his other Gospel stood; [264]  
 Stood while he basely broke the closest Tie,  
 Abus'd my Confidence, and preach'd his Lie.  
 How did I warn him still, conjure, entreat,  
 And laid my Neck beneath my People's Feet, [268]  
 Shew'd him the Cunning of our common Foe,  
 Offer'd to distained W[ale]s and hell to go,  
 Labour'd for Peace, but all alas in vain!  
 His loving Gratitude dispos'd my Pain, [272]  
 My Spirit's Anguish, and my pious Fears,  
 And mock'd (O Heav'n Thou say'st) he mock'd my Tears;  
 Spurn'd me away, as irksome to his Sight,  
 By Satan's Counsel arm'd him for the Fight, [276]  
 On Honour, Virtue, Power r[ejecting]<sup>28</sup> trod,  
 False to his Friend, and Traitor to his GOD.

Quench'd by Ingratitude, the heavenly Fire  
 Of social Love doth now at last expire; [280]  
 The one sad Cause of Death diverse is found,  
 Betraying Secrets and a treacherous Wound;  
 For this alone will every Friend depart,  
 O Whitefield, Thou hast lost, and broke my Heart! [284]

Mourn all who love the all-redeeming Lamb,  
 Their Faces cover'd with Another's Shame,  
 While on from bad to worse he still proceeds,  
 With all his Might for Sin and Satan pleads, [288]  
 Gives GOD the Lie, and labours to remove  
 Unstable Souls from Hopes of perfect Love,  
 Corrupts and falsifies the Truths of GOD,  
 And builds the Devil's Works he once destroy'd. [292]

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<sup>27</sup>Benjamin Seward (b. 1705), of Evesham. Cf. Wesley's *MS Journal*, August 16, 1739 and following.

<sup>28</sup>The shorthand indicates a substantive beginning with r; other renderings are possible.

Surely a meaner Tongue sufficient was,  
 A baser Advocate for such a Cause?  
 Let Germans rest, from Christ's sweet Yoke set free,  
 And hug themselves in fleshly Liberty, [296]  
 Call themselves happy, wretched, rich and poor,  
 Sick and in health, and cured without a Cure,  
 Honour in words whom they in works deny  
 Or humbly dare to give their GOD the Lie, [300]  
 Immortalize their pitifull Complaints,  
 And live, and die, poor Sinners—and poor Saints:  
 But O! shall Whitefield yield with sin to dwell?  
 Shall Whitefield make a covenant with Hell? [304]  
 No marvel<sup>29</sup> then that vulgar Souls should rise,  
 Translating Sin, like Enoch, to the skies,  
 That Fools should rave to highest Madness driven  
 And poorest Hutchings<sup>30</sup> plead for Sin in Heaven. [308]

O that his Masters never here had been,  
 His smooth outlandish Advocates for Sin!  
 Who bring us Faith, to aggravate our Want,  
 Who proselyte us first, and then transplant: [312]  
 Who teach their simple Convert to decoy  
 The Remnant, and its Blessedness destroy,  
 In Fetters<sup>31</sup> of false Freedom vow to bind  
 Every unsettled, every gracious Mind, } [316]  
 Nor leave one Shepherd, or one Sheep behind.

I see their cruel Waste with streaming eyes,  
 And still my Soul in strong Abhorrence cries,  
 What all, ye spoilers, must ye needs seize all? [320]  
 Not leave us One? Not my own Flesh? My Hall?<sup>32</sup>  
 My Bosom-friend? And will ye Brothers part?  
 And can ye steal away his loving Heart?  
 Then all are lost: our human Hopes are fled: [324]  
 We cease from Man—for Hall to Us is dead!

Yet One, and only One, I thought secure,  
 His Eye so single, and his Foot so sure,

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<sup>29</sup>Ori., “wonder.”

<sup>30</sup>John Hutchings (b. 1716), one of the Oxford Methodists, was present at the origins of the revival in London in 1739, but soon sided with the Moravians.

<sup>31</sup>Likely an allusion to the Fetter Lane society.

<sup>32</sup>Westley Hall (1711–76), Wesley's brother-in law. Cf. his lament about “poor Moravianized Mr Hall” in *MS Journal* (July 3, 1743).

A Friend so oft approv'd, so thoroughly tried, [328]  
 So closely by my every Heart-string tied, }  
 Nor Men nor Friends could tear him from my Side.  
 My other Soul, another, yet the same,  
 My first of Friends—and Gambold<sup>33</sup> was his Name. [332]  
 My first of Friends he was—but is no more,  
 O German Witchcraft! O Satanic Power!  
 Shall Gambold too (a Name forever dear,  
 Forever mention'd with a following Tear) [336]  
 Shall Gambold too his hold at last let go,  
 Start from his Calling like a broken Bow,  
 Counsel with flesh and blood, and Germans take,  
 His weeping Flock, and blushing Friends forsake, [340]  
 Give up the Fulness of eternal Life?  
 And could they bribe his Virtue with a Wife?<sup>34</sup>  
 Him from his Friends, and Church, and Oath remove?  
 And chain him down their slave by Creature-love? [344]

Or let our poor degraded Brother say  
 What mov'd him first to cast his shield away,  
 His Country, and his Ministry disclaim,  
 And all his Friends, and all his Brethren shame? [348]  
 “He found an Impulse”—and with reason just  
 Obey'd his Impulse to betray his Trust.  
 He found an Impulse to soft slumbring Ease,  
 He found an Impulse his own Flesh to please, [352]  
 To eat, and drink, and sleep out half the day,  
 To cast his Living, and his Cross away:

An Impulse to take part with flesh and blood,  
 “A downward Appetite to mix with Mud,”<sup>35</sup> [356]  
 An Impulse to our fallen Nature's Shame,  
 What all except The Brethren<sup>36</sup> blush to name.

And is it come to this? Poor ruin'd Friend,  
 Here must his excellent Endowments end? [360]  
 For this did he go thro' the Learned Round,  
 With Knowledge, and Self-diffidence abound?  
 So meekly wise, so awed with modest Fear,

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<sup>33</sup>John Gambold (1711–71).

<sup>34</sup>After his resignation of his Church of England parish in 1742, Gambold married Elizabeth Walker, a Moravian, in May 1743.

<sup>35</sup>John Dryden, “Sigismonda and Guiscardo,” l. 344.

<sup>36</sup>Wesley wrote first “What all but Bores (?) and Courtiers (?) blush to name”; struck out “but Bores and Courtiers”, replacing it with “but weary [or wary] sinners” above the line; then replaced this with “except The Brethren.” The Brethren was another name for the Moravians.

So kind, and constant, simple and sincere! [364]  
 Had GOD for this enrich'd his noble Mind,  
 And all his Gifts and all his Graces join'd,  
 Form'd for Himself, as with divinest Art,  
 The wisest Head, and yet the humblest Heart? [368]  
 He seem'd design'd our Breaches to repair,  
 The Burden<sup>37</sup> of our guilty Land to bear,  
 A chosen Vessel of peculiar Grace,  
 The Tabernacle of our GOD to raise. [372]  
 But who shall raise the fallen Champion up?  
 Our Age's Boast, the Pillar of our Hope,  
 He sinks, with such a Waste of Blessings crown'd,  
 And buries his Ten Talents in the ground, [376]  
 Bids Country, Friends, and Church, and State farewell,  
 Skulks in a Widow's House,—and teaches Boys to spell!<sup>38</sup>

Shame on his Teachers! wanton to subdue  
 Our choicest Souls, and strip, and mock them too! [380]  
 Would none but Gambold serve your meanest Needs,  
 And plant your Cabbage with inverted Heads?  
 Surely by Heaven ordain'd for nobler Ends;  
 Till torn by you from his dismembred Friends, [384]  
 He now forgets their Constancy and Truth,  
 The kind Companions of his helpless Youth,  
 Who joy'd for Years his every Grief to share,  
 Lov'd him, and cherish'd with a Father's Care, } [388]  
 And snatch'd him from the Whirlpool of Despair,  
 Held, when he oft would back to Egypt draw,<sup>39</sup>  
 And kept him close imprison'd by the Law.  
 Who still, when Faith in the first Measure came, [392]  
 Urg'd and provok'd him all the Grace to claim,  
 Restless th' immeasurable Breadth to prove,  
 The Length, and Height, and Depth of perfect Love.

He now beholds us struggling with our Fate, [396]  
 Crush'd by our own, and a whole Nation's Weight,  
 Beholds as those his Soul had never known,  
 Standing to fall the last: o'erpow'r'd, alone,  
 Worn out with endless Toil: in youth decay'd, [400]

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<sup>37</sup>The shorthand clearly has a “d” here and in line 442, but Wesley spells it as “burthen” when he expands it in MS Epistles.

<sup>38</sup>In MS Epistles Wesley adds the note: “At Broadoaks, in Essex.” The manor house at Broadoaks was owned by CW’s former friend Martha (Clifton) Claggett (1691–1773), who had recently suffered the loss of her husband, Wyseman Claggett (1688–1741). They had opened the house for a school for Moravian children.

<sup>39</sup>Wesley first wrote “go,” then erased and replaced with “draw.”

By Friends deserted, and by Friends betray'd;  
 Hated by all: Expos'd to Satan's Power,  
 And jeoparding our Lives thro' every Hour.  
 He sees, and leaves us, in our greatest Need, [404]  
 Our dearest Friend to our worst Foe is fled;  
 Leaves us, to lavish our last Drop of Blood,  
 Leaves us to Bonds, or Pain, or Death pursued: }  
 O glorious Proof of German Gratitude! [408]

Could I in such Distress my Gambold leave?  
 My gushing Eyes the ready Answer give.  
 Still must I weep o'er my departed Friend,  
 Till all my Sympathy above shall end; [412]  
 There, only there, the Rest from Grief is given,  
 And GOD shall wipe away these Tears in Heaven.

Till then, on you I call, ye Sinners poor,  
 My Brethren, Friends, and Countrymen restore, [416]  
 All who have e'er beneath your Harrow stood,  
 All whom your cruel Treachery hath subdued }  
 To draw your Water, or to hew your Wood. [420]  
 Ye knew to clip their Wings, and cool their Zeal,  
 And bow their Spirits to your wanton Will,  
 To captivate, and make them yours for Life,  
 "Bow down, ye Slaves, and catch a German Wife!  
 "Or raise your Hopes,<sup>40</sup> ye dowried Damsels,<sup>41</sup> higher, [424]  
 "We have a Count for you! A Count admire,  
 Almost as noble—as an English 'Squire!" }

Such the Inducements, such the prosperous Arts,  
 Wherewith ye steal away their Goods and Hearts, [428]  
 O'er British Souls your foreign Rule extend,  
 Unnaturaliz'd to serve your basest End.  
 The long-sought Proselyte that cleaves to you  
 Must bid his Country, Friends, and Church adieu, [432]  
 From all his Bonds, and old Engagements free,  
 Wean'd of his Love for Truth and Piety.  
 Plain honest Jacob now is taught to lie  
 And artless Hutton<sup>42</sup> lisps Hypocrisy, [436]  
 Ready on all your Services to run,  
 A zealous Brother, but a wretched Son,  
 A faithless Friend, a weak misguided Youth,

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<sup>40</sup>"Zeal" is written above the line, as an alternative.

<sup>41</sup>In MS Epistles Wesley adds a reference: "Miss R."; i.e., Dinah Raymond, who became the wife of the Moravian Henry Conrad de Larisch.

<sup>42</sup>James Hutton (1715–95).

A shortliv'd Boaster of his constant Truth, [440]  
 Dearest of all that fell by German Art,  
 And still the Burden of my aching Heart.

But do ye thus your Gratitude approve,  
 And pay us back our hospitable Love? [444]  
 Ye generous Strangers, whom our Voice commends,  
 Ye calm Supplanters of your thoughtless Friends,  
 Your Friends and Patrons WE, who made you known,  
 Gave you your Power to hurt, and rob us of our own, [448]  
 Like Rachel of our little ones bereav'd,  
 By Those excluded whom ourselves received.  
 'Tis yours by Whispers base to undermine,  
 Stab in the dark, and compass your Design. [452]  
 Trusted by Us our feeble Flock to keep  
 (Alas! we set the Wolf to guard the Sheep).  
 Ye caught th' Occasion, and with deepest Art  
 Labour'd to alienate our People's Heart, [456]  
 Wean from their Fondness for their Absent Guide,  
 And turn the lame unsettled Souls aside:  
 While weak in Faith our infant Church ye<sup>43</sup> find,  
 Like Children tost about with every Wind, [460]  
 Ready to listen to each specious Tale,  
 And hastning lest their Bread of Life should fail:  
 How did ye make their helpless Souls a Prey,  
 Wide-scattering in the dark and cloudy Day! [464]  
 How did ye catch [them<sup>44</sup>] with a lying Hope,  
 "To Us ye all must come, to be built up!  
 "We are the Men," ye insolently cry,  
 "Wisdom, Experience, Faith, with us shall die: [468]  
 "Your Teachers may awaken Souls, and draw,  
 "But cast off them, they only preach the Law.  
 "Works, Bondage, Holiness, Obedience press;  
 "We are the Guides to Ease, and Happiness! [472]  
 "Your Pastors, Works, and Ordinances leave,  
 "Our Promises instead of GOD's receive;  
 "Call yourselves poor; be happy, and be still,  
 "Souls, take your ease, and follow your own Will, } [476]  
 "And dress, and eat, and drink, and sleep your fill.  
 "Or marry—in the name of flesh and blood, }  
 "Increase, and multiply; but at our Nod, }  
 "Fly hence, and freight our Ships, and till our Land abroad. [480]  
 "Our own dear Children are not fit for Toil,  
 "Your coarser Hands shall cultivate their Soil,

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<sup>43</sup>Ori., "we."

<sup>44</sup>Not in the shorthand, but added in MS Epistles to preserve metre.

“Labour to feed your Lords with zealous Strife,  
 “Free from the Law divine, but German Slaves for Life.” 484

Hail, happy Souls, by Mercy snatch’d away,  
 By Jesus taken from this evil Day!  
 Kinchin,<sup>45</sup> my earliest Friend, than Life more dear,  
 Thy sacred Memory claims the pious Tear. [488]  
 Man cannot now estrange thy simple Heart,  
 Join’d to the Spirits of the Just Thou art  
 And never more shalt from thy Brethren part. }  
 How swiftly here did thy kind Saviour move [492]  
 Thy Soul to rescue from a meaner Love,  
 With jealous Care thine Innocence to save,  
 And caught thee from the Bride-bed to the Grave,  
 Ordain’d the Marriage-feast above to share, [496]  
 And solemnize thy nobler Nuptials there.

Thou too to thine eternal Rest art gone,  
 O lovely Delamotte,<sup>46</sup> my Son, my Son!  
 Swift as a fleeting Shade or short-liv’d Flower, [500]  
 Thy Soul is fled beyond th’ Oppressor’s Power.

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<sup>45</sup>Charles Kinchin (1711–42).

<sup>46</sup>William Delamotte (1718–43).

But didst Thou not, ere yet the Gulph was past,  
 Look back, and make thy former Love thy last?  
 Didst thou not for thy old Companions mourn, [504]  
 And pine, and wish, and languish to return?  
 Thy Masters may thy dying words conceal,  
 But could not in their Toils detain thee still;  
 Out of their Reach thou art forever gone, [508]  
 The Charm is broken, thou art all our own,  
 O lovely Delamotte, my Son, my Son!

Yes, ye still Tyrants, Death shall set them free,  
 Who cannot sooner fly your Tyranny, [512]  
 Or from your Yoke, like resty Simpson,<sup>47</sup> break,  
 Or shake the iron Bondage from their Neck:  
 Yet some shall fly, and clean escape away,  
 Ye cannot always hold your slippery Prey, [516]  
 Witness your trustiest Friend, and best Associate Bray.<sup>48</sup>  
 Ye caught with Guile, but could ye hold him fast?  
 He settles in the best Extream at last,  
 Dead Souls the Temple of the Lord miscalls, [520]  
 And for the Church once more mistakes the Walls;  
 Blindly admires, and copies Wogan's<sup>49</sup> Zeal,  
 Wrongheaded Wogan, who with right good Will [524]  
 Runs on, and sweats, and works, and labours up the Hill;  
 Chearfull th' intolerable Yoke to draw,  
 And kiss the Rod, and hug the scourging Law.

Yet better to the Law Divine submit,  
 Than trample it, like you beneath their feet, [528]  
 Better to quake<sup>50</sup> the Prison-walls within,  
 Than bold break out, and serve the Law of Sin,  
 Than listen to your Antinomian Lore,  
 Make void the Law of Christ, and work for GOD no more. [532]

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<sup>47</sup>John Simpson (b. 1709–10).

<sup>48</sup>John Bray.

<sup>49</sup>William Wogan (1678–1758).

<sup>50</sup>Ori., “fear.”

We now have weigh'd you in the sacred Scale,  
 Your virtues light fly up, your Faults prevail;  
 We find you wanting and throw off your Power,  
 Teachers ye are and Popes to us no more: [536]  
 Learn then for once from Us; the Word receive,  
 The kindest Word our injur'd Love can give.

Ye little Foxes, who our Vinyard spoil,  
 Ye cunning Hunters, who lay waste our Isle, [540]  
 Go hence, and steal, and lie for GOD no more,  
 Warn'd by my friendly Lay, ye Sinners poor:  
 (Or call it Railing; Railing it shall be:  
 Your Words and Thoughts with mine can ne'er agree) [544]  
 Evil, that Good may come, no longer do,  
 But quit your Spoils, and bid our Land adieu,  
 Release your Prisoners, and give back your Prey,  
 Depart in peace—and ship yourselves away; [548]  
 Leave, if you love us, leave our pillag'd Shore,  
 Go hence, and lie, and steal for GOD no more.

Dare ye reject my Love? reject, but know  
 Henceforth I list myself your open Foe, [552]  
 Foe to your Deeds, not you: with sword and fire  
 Your Deeds I persecute, till all expire:  
 To thwart your Aim, I spend my latest Breath;  
 I live to pluck the Prey out of your Teeth: [556]  
 Be sure I still will on your Shoulders fly,  
 And chase you hence, or in the Effort die:  
 No foot of Earth unfought ye here shall have,  
 Till W[esley] sinks into his Mother's Grave, [560]  
 Till level lies our Temple with the Ground,  
 And not one Stone is<sup>51</sup> on another found.

But shall it fall? My Soul your Hope defies,  
 Our Church shall yet out of her Ruins rise, [564]  
 Spite of your Pains, the Remnant shall take root,  
 Revive once more, and bring forth golden Fruit:  
 Yes, we again shall see our Gospel-days,  
 Sion again her drooping Head shall raise, } [568]  
 And all the Earth resound her everlasting Praise.

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<sup>51</sup>Ori., “be.”

Sion, kind Mother of degenerate Sons,  
 My Spirit for thy Desolations moans;  
 Thy Children's Plagues with awfull Grief I see,  
 The Rebels smart for their impiety. } [572]  
 They surely fall from GOD who fall from Thee.

They saw the Ship by many a Tempest tost,  
 Her Rudder broken, and her Tackling lost, } [576]  
 Left her to sink without their helping Hand,  
 Secur'd Themselves and basely 'scap'd to Land.  
 But shall I too the sinking Church forsake?  
 Forbid it, Heaven, or take my Spirit back! } [580]  
 No, ye Diviners sage,<sup>52</sup> your Hope is vain,  
 While but one Fragment of our Ship remain,  
 That single Fragment shall my Soul sustain. }  
 Bound to that sacred Plank my Soul defies } [584]  
 The great Abyss, and dares all Hell to rise,  
 Secure that Christ on that shall bear me to the Skies.

And ye, my Brethren, whom I leave behind,  
 Lay up my Sayings in your thoughtfull Mind; } [588]  
 Beware the German Wolf, when I am dead,  
 When from these Limbs the weary Soul is fled,  
 His warfare when your Guide and Shepherd ends,  
 Escap'd from all his Foes, and all his Friends: } [592]  
 Then hear me speak, tho' dead, and cry, "Beware!"  
 Remember then my ever-watchfull Care,  
 My Zeal to keep you from the Hunter's Snare. }  
 Your steady Faithfulness, like me, approve, } [596]  
 Nor ever from a desolate Church remove;  
 Your Faith let neither Fiends nor Germans shake,  
 Your Legacy, my Zeal for Sion take, }  
 And love Jerusalem for the great Shepherd's sake! } [600]

Thou too my best of Friends, the Word receive,  
 A Daughter of our Church, a Mother leave!  
 My best of Friends next him who freely gave  
 The blessed Instrument my Soul to save, } [604]  
 The Loss of all my Comforts to supply  
 When all my Comforts as at once shall die;

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<sup>52</sup>Ori., "wise."

Brethren and Friends at once reviv'd I see,  
For GOD hath more than given them back in Thee. [608]

A Friend above all Title and Esteem,  
Nearest and dearest in my Heart to him!  
O let me glory in thy heavenly Love,  
Most like my ministerial Friends above. [612]

A guardian Angel to my tested Soul,  
Thy Prayers did all the adverse Powers controul,  
Thy Prayers kept off my Sin, renew'd my Might,  
And brought all Heaven to aid me in the Fight. [616]

They still confirm my Knees, my Hands lift up,  
And force my Weakness against Hope to Hope,  
I shall not perish with th' accursed Race,  
But Lot shall still escape for Abraham prays. [620]

Father, regard the faithfull fervent Prayer,  
And me, and all my scatter'd Brethren spare;  
Recall the Shepherds, and the Sheep bring back,  
And save the Remnant for thy Jesus' sake. [624]

See the great Advocate for Sinners stand,  
To ward thy vengeance from a guilty Land,  
Turn not away the Presence of thy Son,  
But save us, save us, by thy Grace alone, } [628]  
Thy Jesus cries, Forgive, and seal them for thine own.

**Stillness**  
**Written for Lady H[untingdon]<sup>1</sup>**

**[Part I]**

1. O my Father, GOD and King,  
    How shall I thy Mercy praise,  
How my kind Preserver sing,  
    Kept from Evil all my Days!  
Crush'd beneath thy Mercy's Weight  
    Far Thou know'st I cannot move,  
Overwhelm'd with Joy to greet,  
    Lost in Wonder, Shame and Love.
  
2. How hast Thou my Soul secur'd  
    Since my earliest Breath I drew,  
How my foolish Heart allur'd  
    Long before thy Face I knew!  
From the day that I was born  
    Strangely hast Thou hedg'd me in,  
Fenc'd me with the legal Thorn,  
    Forcibly withheld from Sin.
  
3. Born to Trouble, Grief and Care,  
    As the Sparks that upward fly,  
Sin I find a Cross to bear,  
    Daughter of Affliction I;  
But the Cross to me was good,  
    Chasten'd by domestic Ill,  
Chang'd I was, if not subdu'd,  
    Broke if not destroy'd my Will.

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<sup>1</sup>The shorthand poem is found on pages 18–27 remaining in the notebook. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:404–419. Central to the struggles in the revival in the early 1740s was the emphasis on “stillness” that Philip Henry Molther introduced among the English Moravians. Molther argued that those who truly trust in grace alone will be “still” or refrain from religious works like regular attendance at sacrament. CW was apparently drawn to this teaching briefly in early 1741. Lady Huntingdon played a role in his reclaiming of a more positive emphasis on God meeting us *in* the means of grace. This makes it very appropriate that he would place this long poem rejecting the “stillness” model in the mouth of Lady Huntingdon. Cf. John Wesley’s letter to Charles Wesley (April 21, 1741), *Works*, 26:55–57; and a letter from Lady Huntingdon to John Wesley (October 24, 1741), *Works*, 26:67–68.

4. Nature, by the Cross kept down,  
    Waited for renewing Grace;  
In an earthly Parent's Frown  
    Smil'd my heavenly Father's Face.  
Good was out of Evil brought;  
    Now thy Hand in all I see,  
All for Good together wrought,  
    All reserv'd my Heart for Thee.
  
5. When the Fiend in Shape of Man  
    For my Soul had laid his Net,  
Didst Thou not my Soul restrain,  
    Turn aside my heedless Feet?  
Ever-watching Providence  
    Baffl'd all the Tempter's Art,  
Screen'd my helpless Innocence,  
    Kept my fond, unwary Heart.
  
6. Me how often didst Thou save  
    From, or in, the fiery Hour,  
Long before I left my Grave  
    Thro' thy Resurrection's Power!  
Thou didst all my Foes controul  
    While I knew not they were nigh;  
He who touch'd this worthless Soul  
    Touch'd the Apple of thine Eye.
  
7. Still my Soul was in thy Hand,  
    And Thou would not let me go,  
Pluck'd each Moment as a Brand  
    From the fiery Realms of Woe;  
Still on Snares and Deaths I trod,  
    Dealt where Satan keeps his Seat,  
Safe in Death's dark Shade abode  
    Standing with the lawless Great.
  
8. Thou didst give me to despise  
    All their Poms and Pleasures vain,  
Slaves to Passion, Pride and Vice,  
    Foul with Sin's ignoble Stain.  
O how idly did they boast,  
    Strangers to the Saviour's Blood,  
Poor and vile, undone and lost,  
    Guilty Worms that knew not GOD.

9. Stranger to the Way of Peace,  
Ignorant of Jesus' Name,  
Yet I scorn'd their Happiness,  
All their Pleasures, Wealth and Fame;  
All, I say, was Vanity;  
Father, by thy only Grace,  
Greatness I ascrib'd to Thee,  
Power and Majesty and Praise.

## Part II

1. Praise and Majesty and Power,  
G[lory],<sup>2</sup> now to Thee I give;  
Falling, dying, every Hour,  
By thy Grace I rise, I live;  
O the Miracle of Grace!  
How shall I my GOD admire?  
Guardian of my early Days,  
Safe with Thee I walk'd in Fire.
2. Now thy Spirit brings to Mind  
Tongues which then I did not know;  
Never would Thou let me find  
Ease or Happiness below.  
O how miserably great  
Did I for Deliverance groan,  
Languish'd to throw off my State,  
Long'd to live and die unknown.
3. Envious of the Peasant's lot,  
How did I for Quiet pine,  
Wish'd to be by all forgot,  
Hid from every Eye but thine;  
O how set in fond Desire  
Did I to the Cloister fly:  
"Let me from the World retire,  
Let me in the Desert die."

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<sup>2</sup>The shorthand is simply {g}, but two syllables are needed. Beckerlegge renders "Jesus."

4. Weary of the War within,  
    Weary of my endless Strife,  
Weary of myself and Sin,  
    Weary of a wretched Life,  
Harass'd with an iron Yoke,  
    Burden'd with an Heart of Stone,  
All to Thee I could not look,  
    Durst not then for Mercy groan.
  
5. Tortur'd in the legal Fire (?),  
    Long I toil'd, and toil'd in vain;  
Higher grew the Storm and higher,  
    Deeper my Distress and Pain;  
Self-condemn'd I could not rest,  
    I was as the troubled Sea,  
Legion Sin my Soul possest  
    Sin is perfect Misery.
  
6. O the grievous Agonies,  
    O the cruel wracking Smart!  
Guilt, the Worm that never dies,  
    Gnaw'd and fasten'd on my Heart.  
Who the Anguish can declare,  
    Who can know but those that fell  
All the Torment of Despair;  
    Inbred Sin is inbred Hell.
  
7. In the Toils of Death I lay,  
    Looking for my fearful Hire.  
Satan came and seiz'd his Prey,  
    Hurrying to eternal Fire:  
Satan came—and Jesus too!  
    Just as into Hell I drop,  
Jesus to my rescue flew,  
    “Satan, give thy Prisoner up!”
  
8. Jesus spoke the powerful Word  
    (How shall I adore the Grace!  
O my dear redeeming Lord,  
    Let me dwell upon his Praise);  
Jesus suddenly drew nigh,  
    Cast me from the Lion's Teeth;  
“I have found a Ransom, I  
    Died to save that Soul from Death.”

9. Satan heard, and trembling fled;  
Rescu'd from the Fowler's Snare,  
Him who lifted up my Head  
Jesus I to all declare;  
Jesus is the Sinner's Peace,<sup>3</sup>  
Jesus is our Liberty,  
Jesus is our Righteousness,  
Jesus liv'd and died for me!

**[Part] III**

1. Help me, Lord, thy Works to praise,  
Jesus, dear atoning Lamb;  
Countless are thy Works of Grace  
Since I knew Thee by thy Name;  
Thee, my Saviour, I adore,  
Glory, Strength ascribe to Thee;  
Thou hast shed forth all thy Power,  
Jesus prov'd indeed to me.
2. Thou hast rescu'd me from Death,  
Spoil'd the Lion of his Prey,  
Pluck'd from the Devourer's Teeth,  
Tore my trembling Soul away;  
Thou hast been my Sun and Shield,  
Sav'd me from the Fowler's Net,  
Still from falling hast withheld,  
Set upon the Rock my Feet.
3. Satan all his Arts essay'd,  
Now no more a Fiend in sight  
Slyly his Approach he made  
As a Messenger of Light;  
Mask'd in deep Humility,  
Unsuspected he drew near;  
Who in him could Evil see,  
What could a poor Sinner fear?

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

4. As a Lion once he walk'd  
Seeking whom he might devour,  
Now with silent Tread he stalk'd,  
Wiser now, he would not roar:  
My Destruction to ensure,  
Closely he disguis'd his Skill,  
None like him so meek, so pure,  
None so tame, so smooth, so still!
5. Weak, unarm'd, of Sin afraid,  
Sick he found me, weary, faint;  
He was ready with his Aid,  
He would banish my Complaint,  
He would find me out the Way,  
Sure and only Way to Peace,  
If I would but him obey  
All my Cares at once should cease.
6. Simple Love no evil Thought:  
Cheated with a Show of Good,  
Greedily the Hook I caught,  
Baited with my Saviour's Blood;  
Baffl'd by the Tempter's Art  
Willing I receiv'd his Yoke,  
Binding my unwary Heart,  
Listning while the Serpent spoke.
7. "Foolish Child," he subtly cried,  
"Spare thyself this needless Pain,  
"Cast thy zealous Works aside,  
"Hurry not thyself in vain;  
"Do not pain so much and strive,  
"Do not labour up the Hill,  
"I a new Commandment give,  
"Spare thyself, I say; be still.
8. "Run not after Means of Grace,  
"Fancying them by GOD enjoin'd,  
"Leave the consecrated Place,  
"Look at him and ye shall find:  
"Ordinances profit not,  
"Ordinances cannot save,  
"Cast them by, be all forgot,  
"Word and Church and Altar leave.

9. “All who use, in Means confide,  
    “Vainly you the Charge deny;  
“Lay them for a while aside,  
    “Only for a Season try:  
“Give your Prayers and Reading o’er  
    [incomplete]
  
10. “Toward the Mark you need not press,  
    “Need not strive to enter in,  
“Following after Holiness,  
    “Lab’ring to extirpate Sin.  
“Let not Sin disturb your Rest,  
    “Sin, ’tis a mere thing of nought,  
“Need not be with Grief confest;  
    “Sloth despise and mind it not.
  
11. “Why should Sin occasion Pain?  
    “Sin in you must always be;  
“Let it quietly remain,  
    “Sin and Christ may well agree:  
“Christ, you know, did all fulfil,  
    “Nought is left for Man to do,  
“Freely follow your own Will,  
    “Christ was meek and chaste for you.
  
12. “Go not after empty Schemes,  
    “Schemes of Righteousness brought in,  
“Listen not to idle Dreams,  
    “Dreams of living without Sin:  
“If you once have tasted Peace,  
    “Never can you farther go,  
“No inherent Righteousness,  
    “No Perfection, is below.

13. "Safely then set up your Rest,  
    "Where you are, in stillness keep;  
"Let not casual Sin molest  
    "Like the Child when put to sleep:  
"Hurry fix yourself no more,  
    "Care not what you are or how;  
"Hush, be still, all Work is o'er,  
    "You are a poor Sinner now.
14. "Other Followers of the Lamb  
    "Painfully deny their Will;  
"Call yourself ('tis all the same)  
    "A poor Sinner, and be still;  
"After Christ their Cross they bear,  
    "You may use your Liberty;  
"Only cry, My Saviour dear,  
    "He hath borne the Cross for me.
15. "Be not into Bondage brought,  
    "What need a poor Sinner do?  
"Christ, I say, the Work hath wrought,  
    "Nothing now remains for you:  
"Men may bid you strive and press,  
    "Ask, and seek, and knock, and call;  
"Works, and Means, and Holiness  
    "All are empty, legal all.
16. "Lay your zealous Scruples by,  
    "Be not to yourself severe,  
"With the World you may comply,  
    "Little Tongues you need not fear:  
"Put your Gold and Jewels on,  
    "You are born to high Estate;  
"Pride in baser Minds is shewn,  
    "You are truly good and great."
17. Here my Spirit took th' Alarm,  
    Half perceiv'd the naked Snare,  
Started from th' apparent Harm,  
    Flattery too gross to bear;  
Back recoil'd my frightened Heart,  
    Satan his advantage knew,  
Left within his poison'd Dart,  
    Dropp'd his Feignings and withdrew.

18. Oft he went and came again,  
    Watch'd me with an evil Eye,  
Sent me many an humble Man,  
    Smooth Retailers of his Lie;  
All my Goings they beset,  
    Soothing me with nicest Skill,  
Hunting me as with a Net,  
    Sweetly whispering, "Be still."
19. Willingly I heard them speak  
    Of my dear Redeemer's Blood,  
(Men so loving, mild, and meek,  
    All they said must needs be good!)  
Long'd my Judgment to submit,  
    Lov'd them for their dying Lord,  
Kiss'd the Ground beneath their Feet,  
    Honour'd and almost ador'd.
20. How then, O my simple Heart,  
    Didst Thou 'scape out of their Toils?  
Christ the tempted took my Part,  
    Would not quit his lawful Spoils,  
Would not let me wholly yield,  
    Blest forever be his Name;  
Me he forcibly withheld,  
    Kept me till the Rescue came.
21. GOD who sends by whom he will,  
    GOD the good, the mighty GOD,  
Baffl'd all their Strength and Skill,  
    All his Power in Weakness shew'd,  
Sent from out their Host of Foes  
    One in Sin and Stillness drown'd;  
Where the rankest Poison grows  
    There the Antidote is found.<sup>4</sup>

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<sup>4</sup>CW is likely referring here to himself, recovered from his temptation to stillness and able to help fortify Lady Huntingdon against it.

22. Mene tekel!<sup>5</sup> here the Days,  
Here the Reign of Stillness ends;  
I disclaim the faithless Race,  
Hold no Fellowship with Fiends.  
Thou art in the Balance weigh'd,  
Wanting art Thou found at last;  
Stillness, all thy Hell's display'd,  
All thy Hour of Darkness past.
23. Now I see with other Eyes  
What before I would not see,  
Froward (?), Haplessness (?), disguise,  
Close serpentine Subtlety,  
Shy Reserve that shuns the Light,  
Double Heart and Double Tongue,  
Wisdom dark and deep as Night,  
Deep as Hell from whence it sprung.
24. Who the Cunning can declare  
Of these silent, simple ones?  
Simple, yet surpassing far  
Loyola and all his Sons!  
O how skillful to o'erthrow  
Altar, Church, Foundations, Walls!  
None suspects the secret Blow  
Till the sudden Ruin falls.
25. Who can all their Virtues paint!  
Tell me, which shall I commend?  
Say, ye mighty to supplant,  
Wise to undermine, your Friend;  
Shall I praise your magic Art?  
Exquisite Dissemblers, say;  
Dearest Friends your Whispers part,  
Steal th' unwary Heart away.

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<sup>5</sup>See Daniel 5:25–28.

26. O how winning your Address,  
When the first Approach ye make!  
Every carnal Taste ye please,  
Every Shape and Colour take;  
Now your Brother dear ye praise,  
Now your Brother dear exclude,  
On his Fall yourselves to raise,  
Genuine German Gratitude!
27. Gainers ye by others' Loss,  
Ye like Persian Monarchs reign,  
All into your Hands engross,  
All besides yourselves disdain;  
All to you for Faith must come,  
All beside yourselves are blind,  
Closely keeping after Rome,  
Popes ye are of all Mankind.
28. Such ye were too long to me,  
But I now reject your Sway,  
Guile and I can ne'er agree,  
All your Cords I cast away:  
Now the full Divorce is made,  
Now the Gulf is brought between,  
Ordinances disobey'd,  
Pleadings for the World and Sin.
29. Will ye claim my Friendship now  
More than heathen Turks or Jews?  
Do ye stiffneck'd Rebels bow  
GOD's appointed Means to use?  
Use because by GOD enjoin'd,  
Seek the antient Christian Way,  
Undefil'd and unrefin'd,  
Now repent, believe, obey.
30. Haste, ye Advocates for Sin,  
Haste, ye Foes to Holiness,  
Rent, O rent, your Hearts unclean,  
All your Guile and Sin confess;  
All your Blasphemies abjure,  
Turn and sue to be forgiven,  
Turn in time, ye Sinners poor,  
Turn, and we may meet in Heaven.<sup>6</sup>

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<sup>6</sup>There is a blank sheet between the end of Part III and the beginning of Part IV, which may indicate that Wesley intended to add more to Part III.

[Part] IV

1. Glory, Honour, Thanks and Praise,  
Dearest Lord, I render Thee,  
Strong to succour, rich in Grace,  
Thou hast got the Victory;  
Hewn in Pieces all their Snares,  
Glory, Praise to Thee I give,  
Sav'd me from my Sins and Fears,  
Bade me stedfastly believe.
2. Thou art King, and reign'st alone,  
Scatt'ring Evil with thine Eyes,  
Trampling Sin and Satan down,  
Conqu'ring all my Enemies;  
Thou hast sav'd my Soul from Hell,  
Thou dost still my Soul defend,  
Thou shall save (I know, I feel)  
Thou shall save me to the End.
3. Thou hast made my Terrors cease,  
Thou hast made my Sins depart,  
Stablish'd me in Righteousness,  
Arm'd with Love my faithful Heart;  
Evil now I cannot fear,  
Satan, Death, the World, and Sin,  
Let them to my Soul draw near,  
Christ my Saviour stands between.
4. Still he bids me look to him,  
Looking I am sav'd from All;  
He is mighty to redeem,  
While he stands I cannot fall;  
He my helpless Soul defends,  
He my Strength and Fortress is,  
Christ the Rock his Shade extends,  
Christ, th' eternal Rock of Peace.

5. Now I dare my hellish Foe,  
    Challenge Thee to take the Field,  
All thy fiery Arrows throw,  
    Can they pierce this sacred Shield?  
Tremble Thou when this appears,  
    Lo, I lift it up on high,  
See the dreadful Sign it bears,  
    See the bloody Cross, and fly.
  
6. When their Chief I put to flight,  
    Dare his Soldiers turn their Face?  
Can the World withstand my Might,  
    When their Prince and God I chase?  
What if here I Trouble have,  
    Faith is still the Victory,  
From this evil World to save  
    Jesus liv'd and died for me.

**[Part] V**

1. Lo, again the silent Fiend  
    Calls for my extorted Lays!  
Thou whose Witchcrafts never end,  
    Lovely Monster, shew thy Face!  
Stand in all thy Charms display'd,  
    Skulk no more in deepest Night,  
Let me draw Thee from the Shade,  
    Drag thy Modesty to Light.
  
2. See we then the Sinners poor,  
    Poor as Popish Mendicant!  
No design have they, be sure,  
    Christ and only Christ they want.  
What if rich ones they respect?  
    Rich ones do the greatest Good;  
What if Beggars they reject?  
    Beggars only turn for Food.

3. From the Poor they turn away,  
Where there is not Store of Wealth,  
Bigots still may Fast and Pray,  
Are not worth the Charge of Health.  
But if Riches wave her Hand,  
Here they follow Day and Night,  
Fly to compass Sea and Land,  
Seize th' important Proselyte!
4. When the Prey is in their Net,  
Surely then they merit Praise  
Generously (?) their Captive treat  
Lead him on through flowery Ways.  
Easy is their Yoke and Light;  
Nothing need their Convert do,  
Need not stand on Wrong or Right,  
Let him his own Will pursue.
5. He may enter into Life,  
Negligent of GOD's Commands,  
Spare himself the Toil and Strife,  
All is ready to his Hands:  
GOD's Commands he need not mind,  
Holy Church so he obey,  
Heaven he now with Ease may find,  
Wide the Gate and broad the Way.
6. Say, ye Prophets smooth and still,  
Answer if I do you wrong  
Please ye not the carnal Will?  
Tell me with your silver Tongue.  
Who can captivate the Heart,  
Who like you the Beasts can soothe?  
Say, ye Masters of your Art,  
Say, ye Prophets still and smooth!

7. You like Rome with Laws dispense,  
Human Duties and divine,  
Trample on Man's Ordinance,  
When your happy Praise ye join.  
Gath and Askelon rejoice  
O'er your Bridegroom and his Bride,  
Hellish Shouts confirm your Choice,  
Blasphemies on every Side.
8. Heathen scoff the Saviour's Name  
Whom ye still with Guile confess,  
Silent, ye enjoy your Shame,  
Bid your Churches take their Ease;  
Marry whom or how ye will,  
Or if weary of your Lives  
Cast away the Cross, be still,  
Sell your Livings,—or your Wives!
9. Hail, ye nursing Fathers' God (?),<sup>7</sup>  
Take the Praise to Virtue due!  
Who so careful of the Good,  
Who can cherish Self like you?  
Ye your Churches' Ease secure,  
Feed them with convenient Food,  
For their every Want procure,  
Build the Church with Flesh and Blood.
10. Hail, successful Levellers,  
Ye your happy Arts employ  
Arms and Titles to reverse,  
Ranks and Orders to destroy:  
Ye can compass your Design,  
Undistinguish High and Low,  
Strangest Contraries ye join,  
Yoke the Coronet with the Plough.

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<sup>7</sup>The interpretation is uncertain, as the last word in lines one and three is identical in the shorthand, i.e. "God" and/or "good."

11. Advocates with Flesh and Blood,  
Wrong in you alone is Right;  
Appetite to mix with Mud,  
Groveling, downward Appetite.  
Pride and Avarice and Lust  
Yours may follow, if they please,  
Sin commences good and just,  
Licens'd by your Holiness.

**Matthew 19:11–12<sup>1</sup>**

1. With humble, meek, submissive Fear,  
Dark, foolish, blind to what is Best,  
To Thee my Jesus I draw near,  
And trembling urge my fond Request.
2. Give me thy Saying to receive,  
Thy Innocence to emulate,  
In every Point like Thee to live,  
To live and die in thy Estate.
3. Not that I dare my GOD blaspheme,  
Or blithely slight the nuptial Tie,  
Holy and just and good I deem  
The great tremendous Mystery.
4. Worthy the pure primeval Man  
Before he touch'd the mortal Tree,  
Worthy of Thee O Christ to reign,  
Fit Emblem of thy Church and Thee.
5. Yet O my Soul would fain decline  
The Marriage Yoke I know not why[;]  
I bless the Ordinance divine,  
And as I am request<sup>2</sup> to die.
6. Lord if Thou didst the Wish inspire,  
The Breathings of thy Spirit own,  
Fulfil my trembling Heart's Desire  
And let me live with Thee alone.
7. Let me from Man forever cease,  
Let all my Creature-Comforts die,  
Be Thou my Soul's immortal Place,  
Thou only all my Wants supply.

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<sup>1</sup>The shorthand poem is found on page 28 remaining in the notebook. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:419–20.

<sup>2</sup>Beckerlegge rendered this word “exist.”

8. Fairer than all the Sons of Men,  
    Fairest among ten thousand Thou,  
I pant thy only Love to gain,  
    And all my Soul requires Thee now.
9. Come Thou dear Pardoner of my Soul,  
    Thou the Desire of Nations come,  
Come take possession of the Whole,  
    Fit and receive my Spirit Home.
10. Fix my Affections all above,  
    Where Thou my [heav'nly Haven<sup>3</sup>] art,  
Take the poor Treasure of my Love,  
    And keep, O keep, my virgin Heart.
11. Mark every Thought that rises there,  
    Nor let me for a Moment stray,  
Watch over me with jealous Care,  
    And lead me in thy perfect Way.
12. Lover of Souls on Thee I call,  
    Save me from every Love but thine,  
And let me on thy Bosom fall,  
    And rest within the Arms divine.

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<sup>3</sup>The shorthand shows only the initial {h} for both words. Other possible combinations besides the one suggested could fit the metre.