

## MS Thirty<sup>1</sup>

MS Thirty is a bound notebook volume with pages about 3.75 x 6.0 inches in size. It originally contained about 120 leaves (240 pages). Numbered pages 198–201 are now missing from the notebook. The volume as it remains contains 109 discrete items of verse.<sup>2</sup> Wesley published all but seventeen of the items in MS Thirty during his lifetime.<sup>3</sup> Their place of publication is indicated in **blue font** in the Table of Contents, as well as in footnotes. Seven of the unpublished items are found only in this collection, and this is the earliest appearance of the remainder which are also found in other manuscript collections.<sup>4</sup>

This appears to be the earliest surviving notebook collection of Charles Wesley's manuscript poetry. While it overlaps significantly with MS Shent, and some with MS Cheshunt, MS Clarke, MS Richmond, and MS Richmond Tracts, comparison shows that the verse in MS Thirty is consistently the earliest version.

The hymns in MS Thirty can be dated with reasonable certainty between late 1741 and late 1743. None of the verse included appears in *HSP* (1742), which was released in late December 1741. But early in the collection is a hymn on Ephesians 6 that Wesley published in February 1742.<sup>5</sup> There is also a hymn on p. 15 that appears in draft form on the back of a letter dated November 20, 1741. Several others were published over the next two years, though the bulk appeared only in his mass collection of *HSP* (1749). Another factor confirming the dating of this notebook are the headings that Wesley placed on pages 96 ("April"), 120 ("May"), and 146 ("June"). While he does not give the year, these references are almost certainly to 1743, since shortly thereafter in the volume appear several hymns related to the persecution of Methodists that Wesley witnessed in Wednesbury in May–June 1743.<sup>6</sup>

The other factor that helps date this notebook in 1742–43 is Wesley's reliance on scribes for entering two-thirds of the material, with his hand appearing first in the sections designated April 1743 and following.<sup>7</sup> This reliance resonates with the absence in Wesley's *MS Journal* of entries for the last three months of 1741 or any of 1742. Several factors likely contributed to this lacuna. Significant time in early 1742 would have been devoted to preparing the sermon he preached on April 4 at Oxford ("Awake Thou that Sleepest," in *Sermons*, 211–24). Then, in June 1742, Charles suffered the death of his close friend Robert Jones, and worked through his grief by composing an extended elegy. On July 30, 1742 he lost his

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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, with the diligent assistance of Aileen F. Maddox. Last updated: July 2, 2018.

<sup>2</sup>The count includes the hymn in shorthand at the front of the volume. There are actually 110 entries in the volume, but one hymn is given twice (once in Wesley's hand and once by a scribe; compare 121–22 and 183–84).

<sup>3</sup>The unpublished hymns are on pp. [1], 4–5, 111–14, 122, 124, 126–27, 159, 187–96, 204, and 228–31.

<sup>4</sup>The hymns on pp. [1] 111–14, 122, 124, 126–27, and 204.

<sup>5</sup>See the introduction to *Whole Armour of God* (1742).

<sup>6</sup>See Charles Wesley's account in his *MS Journal*. John Wesley published an account of this persecution in *Modern Christianity: Exemplified in Wednesbury* (Newcastle: Gooding, 1745).

<sup>7</sup>Four distinct scribes can be identified by style, though their identities are unknown. Their styles differ from the two scribes present in MS Cheshunt, and they are certainly not John Perronet, who did the later MS Emory and MS Psalms. The main scribe is responsible for material from pp. 1–94 and 156–207; a second scribe does two hymns on pp. 208–11; a third scribe does the hymn on pp. 212–13; and a fourth scribe supplies the hymn on pp. 225–27. Wesley's hand first appears on p. 94. We will note each hymn that appears in Wesley's hand.

Some of the scribes depart from Wesley's patterns of punctuation and spelling. Wherever we have other versions in Wesley's hand, we retain his more typical patterns (since the departures are not likely indicative of him).

mother Susanna as well. On top of all of this, however, it appears that Wesley struggled during this time with a debilitating health condition, which at times required him to dictate to a scribe writing that needed done. This is explicit in the only journal letter surviving from this period (for September 23–October 2, 1742), where Charles mentions having to write the material himself as he had just sent away his transcriber.

All of the hymns through the first forty pages are endorsed “Tr[anscribed],” in a scribe’s hand. Nearly all of these, and other hymns continuing through page 144 have another annotation in shorthand by Charles Wesley: “sent [to] Lady.”<sup>8</sup> This surely refers to Lady Huntingdon. We know that Wesley was sending her manuscript copies of his hymns by this time, for she admonished him in a May 1742 letter: “We have no tunes to your last hymns. Don’t make any more in the same measure and send us a tune for these.”<sup>9</sup> (See also the introduction to MS Cheshunt.)

The first two leafs of MS Thirty are not numbered. The verso side of leaf one contains the first half of an index of hymns in the volume (the index is completed on the last leaf in the volume). The index is in John Wesley’s hand. The recto side of leaf two contains a list of names (in Charles Wesley’s hand), apparently of early members of one or more Methodist societies. At the top of this page is also found one hymn in shorthand and a shorthand note following the name Jane Hall: “any place at Lady Huntingdon’s that she might attend the Society.”

MS Thirty was part of the family papers purchased by Thomas Jackson on behalf of the Methodist Conference. Frank Baker assigned its name based on its shelf number in the earlier Methodist Archives collection. It is now part of the collection in the Methodist Archive and Research Centre in Manchester, accession number MA 1977/424 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 1). 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>8</sup>Of those not marked as sent to Huntingdon, two were published between 1742–44 (pp. 13–14, p. 22), two are incomplete (pp. 53, 122), and the others may have been judged too polemical (pp. 124, 126, 135). It is unclear whether Wesley stopped sending hymns after p. 144, or just stopped marking them.

<sup>9</sup>John R. Tyson with Boyd S. Schlenther, *In the Midst of Early Methodism: Lady Huntingdon and Her Correspondence* (Lanham, MD: Scarecrow, 2006), p. 55.

## Table of Contents

[Happy the souls who feel and know]		[1]
[Gentle Jesu, lovely Lamb]	<i>HSP</i> (1749), 1:216–17	2–3
Deuteronomy 33:26		4–5
[O Love Divine, how sweet Thou art]	<i>Festival Hymns</i> (1746), 47–49; <i>HSP</i> (1749), 1:58–59	6–7
[Still, Lord, I languish for thy Grace]	<i>HSP</i> (1749), 1:52–53	8–9
[Dear, lovely Lamb, who on the Tree]	<i>HSP</i> (1749), 1:53–55	10–12
For a Dying Friend	<i>MSP</i> (1744), 3:278–79	13
Another	<i>MSP</i> (1744), 3:279–80	14
Hymn for the Sacrament	<i>HLS</i> (1745), 73–74	15–16
[O Thou, who hast redeem'd of old]	<i>HSP</i> (1749), 1:59–61	17–19
[Jesu, thy Word forever lives]	<i>HSP</i> (1749), 1:94–96	20–21
Ephesians 6	<i>Whole Armour of God</i> (1742); <i>HSP</i> (1749), 1:236–39	22–27
[Hark, how the Watchmen cry]	<i>HSP</i> (1749), 2:128–31	28–31
Hymn for the [Kingswood] Colliers	<i>HSP</i> (1749), 2:246–47	32–33
Another	<i>HSP</i> (1749), 2:247–48	33–35
On his Birth-day	<i>HSP</i> (1749), 1:211–12	36–37
“Rejoice not over me, O mine Enemy, ...”	<i>HSP</i> (1749), 1:167–68	38–39
Psalm 13	<i>CPH</i> (1743), 9–10	40–41
For the Nativity of our Lord	<i>Nativity Hymns</i> (1745), 19–20	42–43
Psalm 45	<i>CPH</i> (1743), 73–77	44–49
Save, Lord, or I perish	<i>HSP</i> (1749), 1:178–80	50–52
New-Years-Day 1741	<i>HSP</i> (1749), 1:250–51; <i>New Year's Hymns</i> (1749), 10–11	53
Hymns of Intercession. [I]	<i>HSP</i> (1749), 2:87–88	54–55
[Hymns of Intercession.] II	<i>HSP</i> (1749), 2:88–89	55–56
[Hymns of Intercession.] III	<i>General Rules</i> (1743), 10–11; <i>HSP</i> (1749), 2:89–91	57–59
A Morning Hymn	<i>HSP</i> (1749), 1:202–203	60–61
[Weary of Wandring from my GOD]	<i>HSP</i> (1749), 1:158–59	62–63
[Hymns of Intercession.] IV	<i>HSP</i> (1749), 2:92–93	64–65
[O what an evil faithless Heart]	<i>HSP</i> (1749), 1:198–99	66–67
At Parting of Friends	<i>Redemption Hymns</i> (1747), 68–70	68–70
At Meeting Friends	<i>HSP</i> (1749), 2:324–25	71–72
Another	<i>HSP</i> (1749), 2:325–26	72–73
After the Death of a Friend	<i>MSP</i> (1744), 3:261–63	74–76
Another	<i>Funeral Hymns</i> (1746), 12–14	77–79
Desiring to be dissolved	<i>MSP</i> (1744), 3:265–66	80–81
[Jesu, soft Harmonious Name]	<i>HSP</i> (1749), 2:329–30	82–83
[O Death, Thou art on every Side]	<i>MSP</i> (1744), 3:263–64	84–85
[O Saviour, cast a pitying Eye]	<i>HSP</i> (1749), 1:55–56	85–87
[Jesus comes with all his Grace]	<i>HSP</i> (1749), 2:190–91	88–89
[Jesus the Conqueror reigns]	<i>HSP</i> (1749), 1:232–35	90–95
For One in a declining State of Health. [I]	<i>HSP</i> (1749), 1:267–68	96–97
[For One in a declining State of Health.] II	<i>HSP</i> (1749), 1:268–69	97–98
[For One in a declining State of Health.] III	<i>HSP</i> (1749), 1:269–70	98–99
After Preaching, April 4	<i>HSP</i> (1749), 1:305–308	100–103
Another	<i>Redemption Hymns</i> (1747), 22–24	104–106
For a Dying Friend	<i>MSP</i> (1744), 3:280–82	107–108

Another	<i>MSP</i> (1744), 3:282–84	108–111
Universal Redemption		111–12
Another		112–14
[blank]		115
[To Thee, great Shepherd of the Sheep]	<i>HSP</i> (1749), 1:230	116–17
[blank]		118
[blank]		119
For a Sick Friend. [I]	<i>HSP</i> (1749), 1:66	120–21
[For a Sick Friend.] II	<i>HSP</i> (1749), 1:67	121–22
In the beginning of a Recovery		122
[blank]		123
Universal Redemption		124
[blank]		125
[Burst, struggling Soul, the Bands of Sin]		126–27
For the Evening	<i>HSP</i> (1749), 1:203–204	128
For Preserving Grace	<i>HSP</i> (1749), 1:180–81	129–30
Hosea 14	<i>HTTP</i> (1744), 45–47	130–33
Longing after Christ	<i>HSP</i> (1749), 2:168	134
[Love Divine, all Loves excelling]	<i>Redemption Hymns</i> (1747), 11–12	135–36
Psalm 51	<i>CPH</i> (1743), 11–14	136–41
“By the Mystery of thy Holy Incarnation &c.” Litany	<i>Resurrection Hymns</i> (1746), 10–12	141–44
[blank]		145
[Salvation is in Jesus’ Name]	<i>HSP</i> (1749), 2:193–94	146
[The Babes in Christ should Nothing know]	<i>HSP</i> (1749), 2:194–95	147
John 1:12	<i>HSP</i> (1749), 2:181–84	148–51
On the Death of Miss Fanny Cowper	<i>Funeral Hymns</i> (1746), 17–19	152–55
Watch in All Things	<i>HSP</i> (1749), 2:119–21	156–58
“Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do”		159
[GOD of my Life to Thee I raise—]	<i>HSP</i> (1749), 1:69–72	160–62
Proverbs 3:13ff.	<i>Redemption Hymns</i> (1747), 25–26	163–64
[How shall a Sinner come to GOD]	<i>Bloody Issue</i> (1744); <i>HSP</i> (1749), 1:168–71	164–68
[Happy the Soul, whom GOD delights]	<i>MSP</i> (1744), 3:271–73	168–70
[Jesu, the Strength of all that turn]	<i>HSP</i> (1749), 2:170–72	170–73
[Jesu, my Truth, my Way]	<i>HSP</i> (1749), 1:217–19	173–75
For Establishment	<i>HSP</i> (1749), 1:166–67	175–77
[Let all in thy great Praise agree]	<i>HSP</i> (1749), 2:192–93	177
After a Recovery from a Relapse	<i>HSP</i> (1749), 1:160–62	178–80
Desiring to love	<i>HSP</i> (1749), 1:57–58	180–81
[O Death, my Hope is full of Thee]	<i>MSP</i> (1744), 3:269–70	182–83
[O Lord, our Strength and Righteousness]	<i>HSP</i> (1749), 1:67	183–84
At Lying down	<i>HSP</i> (1749), 1:204–206	184–86
[O what a stubborn Heart have I]		187
“Woman behold thy Son—Behold thy Mother”		188–89
“To day shalt Thou be with me in Paradice”		189–90
“I thirst”		190–91
“My GOD, my GOD, why hast Thou forsaken me”		191–93
“It is Finished”		193–95
“Into thy Hands I commend my Spirit”		195–96
Rejoice evermore	<i>Resurrection Hymns</i> (1746), 12–13	196–97
Complaining of Want of Love	<i>Redemption Hymns</i> (1747), 54–55	197

[pages missing]		198–201
Hymns to be sung in a Tumult. [I]	<i>HTTP</i> (1744), 43; <i>Festival Hymns</i> (1746), 53–55	202
[Hymns to be sung in a Tumult.] II	<i>HTTP</i> (1744), 44	203
[Hymns to be sung in a Tumult.] III	<i>HTTP</i> (1744), 44–45	203–204
[Hymns to be sung in a Tumult.] IV		204
Invitation to our Absent Friends	<i>HSP</i> (1749), 2:328–29	205–207
[Lift up your Eyes, ye Sons of Light]	<i>HSP</i> (1749), 1:308–10	208–209
[See how great a Flame aspires]	<i>HSP</i> (1749), 1:315–16	210–11
For the Tinnens &c. in Cornwall	<i>Redemption Hymns</i> (1747), 41–42	212–13
For Wensbury &c.	<i>HTTP</i> (1744), 32	213–14
Gloria Patri	<i>Redemption Hymns</i> (1747), 44–45	215
[Out of the Deep I cry]	<i>Redemption Hymns</i> (1747), 39–40	216–17
[Prisoners of Hope arise]	<i>HSP</i> (1749), 2:188–89	218
For Wensbury &c.	<i>HTTP</i> (1744), 30	219
Another	<i>HTTP</i> (1744), 23–24	220
Another	<i>HTTP</i> (1744), 33–34	220–22
Another	<i>HTTP</i> (1744), 35–36	222–23
Another	<i>HTTP</i> (1744), 29	223–24
[Lord, we have all forsook]	<i>HTTP</i> (1744), 41–42	225–27
At Meeting of Friends	<i>HSP</i> (1749), 2:321–22	227–28
Psalm 94		228–31

[Untitled.]<sup>10</sup>

- [1.] Happy the souls who feel and know,  
The power of Jesu's name  
Saved from their sins they live below,  
To praise and love the Lamb.
- [2.] Salvation doth to God belong,  
Who bought them with his blood,  
Salvation is their endless song,  
Who know the bleeding God.

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<sup>10</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:200. As noted in the Introduction, the first two leaves (4 pages) in MS Thirty are not numbered. At the top of the recto side of leaf two, is a hymn in shorthand. Elijah Hoole has added his expansion of the shorthand, dated June 24, 1844, on the same page. While the verso side of leaf two is unnumbered and blank, the recto of the next page is numbered page "2." For ease of reference, we are treating the leaf on which this shorthand hymn appears as page "1."

[Untitled.]<sup>11</sup>

1. Gentle Jesu, lovely Lamb,  
Thine, and only Thine I am;  
Take my Body, Spirit, Soul,  
Only Thou possess the whole.
2. Thou my One Thing Needful be,  
Let me ever cleave to Thee  
Let me chuse the Better Part,  
Let me give Thee all my Heart.
3. Fairer than the Sons of Men,  
Do not let me turn again,  
Leave the Fountain-Head of Bliss,  
Stoop to Creature-Happiness.
4. Whom have I on Earth below?  
Thee, and only Thee I know:  
Whom have I in Heaven but Thee?  
Thou art All in All to me.
5. All my Treasure is above  
All my Riches is thy Love:  
Who the Worth of Love can tell  
Infinite, unsearchable!

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<sup>11</sup>Appears also in MS Shent, 46a. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:216–17.

6. Thou, O Love, my Portion art,  
Lord, Thou knowst my simple Heart,  
Other Comforts I despise,  
Love is<sup>12</sup> all my Paradise.
  
7. Nothing else can I require,  
Love fills up my whole Desire:  
All thy other Gifts remove,  
Still Thou giv'st me All in Love.

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<sup>12</sup>Ori., "be." Wesley changed to "is."



**Deuter. 33. 26.**<sup>13</sup>

1. O happy Life of Faith and Love!  
Jeshurun's mighty GOD is mine,  
He comes all-glorious from above,  
He comes in Majesty Divine.
2. My GOD omnipotently nigh  
Rides on the Whirlwind's rapid Wings,  
He hears my Look, and bows the Skies;  
My Helper is the King of Kings.
3. Th' Eternal GOD my Refuge is,  
And guards from all impending Harms,  
And keeps my Soul in perfect Peace  
Clasp'd in his everlasting Arms.
4. He keeps my sinful Soul from Sin  
Till I his utmost Promise know,  
Till I like GOD am pure within  
And perfected in Love below.
5. He lifts me now to Pisgah's Top,  
He gives me now the Land to see,  
He fills me now with glorious Hope,  
And all the Promise is for me.
6. He shall in me Himself reveal,  
And shine unto the perfect Day

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<sup>13</sup>Appears also in MS Shent, 194a–194b. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:200–202. Title ori., “Deuter. 33.” Wesley changed to “Deuter. 33. 26.”

- He shall this Inbred Foe expel,  
And all my Sins forever slay.
7. Sin shall not in my Flesh remain,  
The faithful Saying I receive,  
He gave me not this Faith in vain,  
And I a sinless Life shall live.
8. Love, perfect Love shall cast out Sin,  
The Lord shall to his Temple come,  
His endless Righteousness bring in,  
And make me his Eternal Home.
9. Then, only then, when clean in Heart,  
An Israelite indeed I live:  
I cannot from my GOD depart,  
I cannot for a Moment grieve.
10. From all Remains of Self and Pride  
Secure, in Christ I dwell alone,  
In Flesh and Spirit sanctified,  
One with the Lord, forever One.
11. In a good Land of Corn and Wine  
I rest, and drink of Jacob's Well,  
Th' unfailing Well of Life<sup>14</sup> Divine  
Fixt in my inmost Soul I feel.
12. Jesus, and Heaven is all my own,  
My Heaven drops Manna from above,  
And<sup>15</sup> GOD into my Soul comes down  
In everlasting Streams of Love.

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<sup>14</sup>Ori., "Live"; an error.

<sup>15</sup>Ori., "My." Wesley changed to "And."

[Untitled.]<sup>16</sup>

1. O Love Divine, how sweet Thou art!  
When shall I find my willing Heart  
All taken up by Thee?  
I thirst, and faint, and die to prove  
The Greatness of Redeeming Love,  
The Love of Christ to me.
2. Stronger his Love than Death or Hell;  
Its Riches are unsearchable;  
The first-born Sons of Light  
Desire in vain its Depths to see,  
They cannot reach the Mystery,  
The Length, and Breadth, and Height.
3. GOD only knows the Love of GOD;  
O that it now were shed abroad  
In this poor stony Heart!  
For Love I sigh, for Love I pine:  
This only Portion, Lord, be mine,  
Give *me* the Better Part.
4. O that I could forever sit,  
With Mary, at the Saviour's Feet!  
Be This my happy Choice,  
My only Care, Delight, and Bliss,  
My Joy, my Heaven on Earth be This  
To hear the Bridegroom's Voice.
5. O that with humbled Peter I  
Could weep, believe, and thrice reply  
My Faithfulness to prove,

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<sup>16</sup>Appears also in MS Shent 129a–129b. Published in *Festival Hymns* (1746), 47–49; and *HSP* (1749), 1:58–59.

Thou know'st (for All to Thee is known)  
Thou know'st, O Lord, and Thou alone,  
Thou know'st that Thee I love.

6. O that I could with favour'd John  
Recline my weary Head upon  
The dear Redeemer's Breast!  
From Care, and Sin, and Sorrow free  
Give me, O Lord, to find in Thee  
My Everlasting Rest.

- [7.] Thy only Love do I require,  
Nothing in Earth beneath desire,  
Nothing in Heaven above,  
Let Heaven, and Earth, and all things go,  
Give me Thy only Love to know,  
Give me Thy only Love.

[Untitled.]<sup>17</sup>

1. Still, Lord, I languish for thy Grace,  
Unveil the Beauties of thy Face,  
The Middle-Wall remove,  
Appear, and banish my Complaint,  
Come, and supply my only Want,  
Fill all my Soul with Love.
2. Accurst without thy Love I am,  
I bear my Punishment, and Shame;  
And droop my guilty Head,  
Unchang'd, unhallow'd, unrestor'd,  
I do not love my bleeding Lord;  
No other Hell I need.
3. O conquer this rebellious Will,  
(Willing Thou art, and ready still,  
Thy Help is always nigh)  
The Stony from my Heart remove,  
And give me, Lord, O give me Love,  
Or at thy Feet I die.
4. Whither, ah! whither should I go?  
Nothing is worth a Thought below;  
Yet while on Earth I stay,  
O let me here my Station keep,  
And wash thy Feet with Tears, and weep,  
And weep my Life away.

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<sup>17</sup>Appears also in MS Shent, 65a–65b. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:52–53.

5. To Thee I lift my weeping Eye,  
Why am I thus? O tell me why  
    Cannot I love my GOD?  
The Hindrance must be all in me,  
It cannot in my Saviour be,  
    Witness thy Streaming Blood!
  
6. It cost thy Blood my Heart to win,  
To buy me from the Power of Sin,  
    And make me love again;  
Come then, dear Lord, thy Right assert,  
Take to Thyself my ransom'd Heart,  
    Nor bleed, nor die in vain.

[Untitled.]<sup>18</sup>

1. Dear, lovely Lamb, who on the Tree  
Shed'st thy last Drop of Blood for me,  
My Sufferings to remove,  
Low in the Dust I lie, and mourn,  
That I can make Thee no Return  
For all thy Waste of Love.
2. 'Tis all thy loving Heart's Desire  
That I thy Fulness may require,  
And with my Mis'ery part;  
Thy Spirit strives to set me free,  
The Father's Wisdom speaks in Thee  
"My Son, give me thy Heart."<sup>19</sup>
3. What is it, Lord, that keeps me back?  
What is it which for thy dear sake  
I would not Now forgoe?  
Pleasure, or Wealth, or Life, or Fame?  
Thou knowst, no more my Wishes aim  
At Happiness below.
4. I dread the Human Face Divine,  
I want no other Love than Thine,  
All-lovely as Thou art:  
I view thy Creatures with Disdain:  
Tear them away! let Jesus reign  
The Monarch of my Heart.

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<sup>18</sup>Appears also in MS Shent, 131a–131b. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:53–55.

5. I would not, Lord, my Soul deceive,  
Willing I seem, my All to leave,  
    So I might purchase Thee:  
What is it then that holds me still?  
My own, my own, and not the Will  
    Of Him that died for me.
  
6. It must be so: in me alone  
It stands; some Cursed Thing unknown  
    Compels my Lord to stay;  
I will not suffer Him to save,  
Some Mystery of Sin I have  
    That bars the Saviour's Way.
  
7. Shame on my Soul! the dire Disgrace  
Covers with guilty Shame my Face,  
    And presses down my Soul;  
Hardly compell'd, I now confess,  
I love, and cherish my Disease,  
    And will not be made whole.
  
8. The Saviour-GOD of Love I clear,  
Who justifies is always near,  
    And waits his Grace to shew,  
But I, the stubborn Rebel I  
Far from his Arms of Mercy fly,  
    And will not Jesus know.



9. Here then beneath my Curse I stoop,  
I give my false Pretensions up,  
    Death's Sentence I receive,  
Guilty before my GOD I am,  
I justify the Angry Lamb,  
    He would have had me live.
  
10. I would not live, and therefore go,  
(Self-plung'd in Gulphs of endless Woe.)  
    I go to Second Death;  
And let me now to Tophet fall,  
Unless the GOD, who died for All,  
    Still spread his Arms beneath.

**For a Dying Friend.**<sup>19</sup>

1. Happy Soul, depart in Peace,  
Leave a while thy Friends below,  
Jesus speaks the kind Release,  
Go, to Jesus' Bosom go!
  2. Hark, He calls his Exile home  
(Joyfully the Call obey)  
Come up hither, quickly come,  
Rise, my Love, and come away.
  3. I have thy Salvation wrought,  
I did for thy Guilt atone,  
Thou art mine, so dearly bought,  
Thee I challenge for my own.
  4. I, ev'n I have purg'd thy Sin,  
Have for Thee<sup>20</sup> a Place prepar'd;  
Heaven is open, Enter in,  
Find in me thy great Reward.
  5. Thee, the Purchase of my Blood,  
Thee my Servant, Child, and Bride,  
Thee I claim, thy Lord and GOD,  
Who for Thee have liv'd and died.
- [6.] Come, thro' the dark Valley come!  
Do not I thy Spirit stay?  
Fear no Evil, hasten Come,  
Rise my Love, and come away!

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<sup>19</sup>Appears also in MS Richmond Tracts, 12–13; and MS Shent, 164a. Published in *MSP* (1744), 3:278–79.

<sup>20</sup>Ori., “The”; an error.

**Another  
[For a Dying Friend].<sup>21</sup>**

1. Happy Soul, from Prison freed,  
Lay thy earthly Burden down,  
Bow, with Jesus bow thy Head,  
Die, and take the Starry Crown.
2. Let the Dust return to Dust,  
Thou on Wings of Angels born,  
To the Spirits of the Just,  
Perfected in Love return.
3. Leave a World of Sin and Pain  
Happier Sister, go before,  
We shall quickly meet again,  
Quickly meet, and part no more.
4. Thou art earlier restor'd,  
Ministred an Entrance is  
To the Kingdom of thy Lord,  
To thy Master's endless Bliss.
5. Jesus, Lord, her Soul receive,  
Open now thine Arms of Love,  
Now the glorious Circle give,  
Call her up<sup>22</sup> to Joys above;
6. Take the ransom'd Captive home,  
Take the Purchase of thy Blood.  
Dear Desire of Nations come,  
Come, and bring us all to GOD.

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<sup>21</sup>Appears also in MS Richmond Tracts, 13; and MS Shent, 164a–164b. Published in *MSP* (1744), 3:279–80.

<sup>22</sup>Ori., “Take her now.” Wesley changed to “Call her up.”

**Hymn for the Sacrament.**<sup>23</sup>

1.       And shall I let him go?  
          Because I cannot<sup>24</sup> feel  
The Streams of living Water flow,  
          Shall I forsake the Well?
2.       Because he hides his Face,  
          Shall I no longer stay,  
But leave the Channels of his Grace,  
          And cast the Means<sup>25</sup> away?
3.       Get Thee behind me, Fiend,  
          On others try thy Skill,  
Here let thy Hellish Whispers end,  
          To Thee I say *Be still*.
4.       Jesus hath<sup>26</sup> spoke the Word,  
          His Will my Reason is,  
*Do this* in Memory of thy Lord,<sup>27</sup>  
          Jesus hath said *Do this!*
5.       He bids me eat the Bread,  
          He bids me Drink the Wine,  
No other Motive, Lord, I need,  
          No other Word than Thine.
6.       I cheerfully comply,  
          With what my Lord doth say,  
Let others ask a Reason why,  
          My Glory is t' Obey.<sup>28</sup>

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<sup>23</sup>Published in *Hymns on the Lord's Supper* (1745), 73–74. An initial draft of this hymn appears in shorthand on the blank backside of a letter by Samuel Webb to CW dated Nov. 20, 1741; MARC, MA 1977/501/18. The variants in this draft are noted below.

<sup>24</sup>The scribe copied “cannot” (as in the shorthand draft) and CW wrote “do not” in the margin as an alternative.

<sup>25</sup>The shorthand draft has “[[his means]].”

<sup>26</sup>The shorthand draft has “[[My God hath]].”

<sup>27</sup>The shorthand draft has “[[In memory of thy dying Lord]].”

<sup>28</sup>The shorthand draft has “[[I glory to obey]].”

7. His Will is good, and just,  
Shall I His Will withstand?  
If Jesus bids me lick the Dust,  
I bow to his Command.
  
8. Because he saith Do this,  
This I will always Do,  
Till Jesus comes in glorious Bliss,  
I thus his Death will shew.

[Untitled.]<sup>29</sup>

1. O Thou, who hast redeem'd of old,  
And bid'st me of thy Strength take hold,  
And be at Peace with Thee,  
Help me thy Benefits to own,  
And hear me tell what Thou hast done,  
Dear dying Lamb, for me.
2. Out of Myself for Help I go,  
Thy only Love resolv'd to know,  
Thy Love my Plea I make:  
Give me thy Love: 'tis all I claim:  
Give for the Honour of thy Name,  
Give for thy Mercy's sake.
3. Canst Thou deny thy Love to me?  
Say Thou Incarnate Deity,  
Thou Man of Sorrows, say:  
Thy Glory why didst Thou inshrine  
In such a Clod of Earth as Mine,  
And wrap Thee in my<sup>30</sup> Clay?
4. Antient of Days, why didst Thou come,  
And stoop to a poor Virgin's Womb,  
Contracted to a Span?  
Flesh of our Flesh why wast Thou made,  
And humbly in a Manger laid,  
The new-born Son of Man?

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<sup>29</sup>Appears also in MS Shent, 130a–130b. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:59–61.

<sup>30</sup>Ori., “~~me in thy.~~” Wesley changed to “Thee in my.”

5. Why didst Thou in this Vale of Tears  
For three and thirty mournful Years  
A Life of Sufferings lead?  
Why did thine Eyes with Tears o'reflow?  
Why would'st Thou chuse to want below  
A Place to lay thy Head?
6. Love, only Love thy Heart inclin'd,  
And brought Thee, Saviour of Mankind,  
Down from thy Throne above:  
Love made my GOD a Man of Grief,  
Distress'd Thee sore for my Relief:  
O Mystery of Love!
7. To fill my Soul it emptied Thee,  
It made Thee poor, that I might be  
Enrich'd with every Grace:  
Love made Thee to thy Father cry,  
And hid his Face from Thee, that I  
Might always see his Face.
8. Thy Life One Scene of Sufferings was  
Quite from the Manger to the Cross,  
And all sustain'd for me:  
O strange Excess of Love Divine!  
Jesus, was ever Love like Thine!  
Answer me from That Tree!

9. If Thou cou'dst stoop for me to die,  
Surely thou wou'dst that I, ev'n I  
    Thy Death's Effect should prove;  
Then help me for thy Mercy 'sake  
To weep, believe, and pay Thee<sup>31</sup> back  
    Thy Dear, thy Dying Love.
10. Because Thou lov'dst, and di'dst for me,  
Cause me, my Jesus, to love Thee,  
    And gladly to resign  
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am;  
My Life be all with Thine the Same,  
    And all thy Death be Mine.

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<sup>31</sup>Ori., "the"; an error.



[Untitled.]<sup>32</sup>

1. Jesu, thy Word forever lives,  
A new Accomplishment receives  
    In Sinners lost like me;  
Thy Word doth all my Soul express,  
In every Picture of Distress  
    I read my Misery.
2. Written for me the Gospel-page,  
The Word of GOD from Age to Age  
    Stedfast remains, and sure:  
Thou shew'st my Wants; but help them too,  
Thy Miracles of Healing shew,  
    And let me read my Cure.
3. Thy Servant, Lord, in Torment is,  
The Palsy Sin is my Disease,  
    My Better Half is dead:  
O cause me thy Free Grace to feel,  
And by thy Love my Numbness heal,  
    Thy quickning Spirit shed.
4. I am not worthy, Lord, that Thou  
To such an abject Worm shou'dst bow,  
    Or enter my poor Soul,  
But only speak the Gracious Word,  
And I shall be at once restor'd,  
    And perfectly made whole.

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<sup>32</sup>Appears also in MS Shent, 104a–104b. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:94–96.

5. A Begging Bartimeus I,  
Naked, and blind for Mercy cry,  
    If Mercy is for me,  
Jesu, thou Son of David hear,  
Stand still, and call, and draw me near,  
    And bid the Sinner see.
6. A Leper at thy Feet I fall,  
And still for Mercy Mercy call,  
    Till I am purg'd from Sin;  
With Pity see my desp'rate Case,  
And O! put forth thy Hand of Grace,  
    And touch my Nature clean.
7. Born by the Prayer of Faith I lie,  
And long to meet thy pitying Eye,  
    And feebly gasp to Heaven;  
O make in me thy Power appear,  
And answer, Son, be of good cheer,  
    Thy Sins are all forgiven.
8. O Son of Man, thy Power make known,  
That all with me may gladly own  
    Thou canst on Earth forgive,  
Bid me take up my Bed, and go,  
Cause me to live with Thee below,  
    And then to Heaven receive.

**“Take unto You the whole Armour of GOD.”**  
**—Eph[esians] 6.<sup>33</sup>**

1.       Soldiers of Christ, arise,  
          And put your Armour on,  
Strong in the Strength which GOD supplies  
          Thro’ his eternal Son;  
          Strong in the Lord of Hosts,  
          And in his Mighty Power,  
Who in the Strength of Jesus trusts  
          Is more than Conqueror.
  
2.       Stand then in his great Might  
          With all his Strength endued,  
And take to arm you for the Fight,  
          The Panoply of GOD;  
          That having all things done  
          And all your Conflicts past,  
Ye may or’come thro’ Christ alone  
          And stand entire at last.
  
3.       Stand then against your Foes,  
          In close and firm Array,  
Legions of wily Fiends oppose  
          Throughout the Evil Day;  
          But meet the Sons of Night,  
          But mock their vain Design,  
Arm’d in the Arms of Heav’nly Light,  
          Of Righteousness Divine.

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<sup>33</sup>This hymn was published first by Charles as a broadsheet in 1742, and then appended shortly thereafter to John Wesley’s *Character of a Methodist* (Bristol: Farley, 1742). It was also published in *HSP* (1749), 1:236–39.

4.       Leave no Unguarded Place  
          No Weakness of the Soul,  
Take every Virtue, every Grace,  
          And fortify the whole,  
          Indissolubly join'd,  
          To Battle all Proceed,  
But Arm yourselves with all the Mind  
          That was in Christ your Head.
  
5.       Let Truth the Girdle be  
          That binds your Armour on,  
In faithfull firm Sincerity  
          To Jesus cleave alone:  
          Let Faith and Love combine  
          To guard your Valiant Breast,  
The Plate be Righteousness Divine  
          Imputed and Imprest.
  
6.       Still let your Feet be shod,  
          Ready his Will to do,  
Ready in all the Ways of GOD  
          His Glory to pursue:  
          Ruin is spread beneath,  
          The Gospel Greaves put on,  
And safe thro' all the Snares of Death,  
          To Life eternal run.

7. But above all lay hold  
On Faith's Victorious shield  
Arm'd with that Adamant and Gold  
Be sure to win the Field:  
If Faith surround your Heart,  
Satan shall be subdued  
Repell'd his every Fiery Dart,  
And quenc'd<sup>34</sup> with Jesu's Blood.
  
8. Jesus hath died for you!  
What can his Love withstand?  
Believe; hold fast your Shield; and who  
Shall pluck you from his Hand  
Believe that Jesus reigns,  
All Power to him is giv'n,  
Believe, till freed from Sin's Remains,  
Believe yourselves to Heaven.
  
9. Your Rock can never shake:  
Hither, he saith, come up!  
The Helmet of Salvation take,  
The Confidence of Hope:  
Hope for his Perfect Love,  
Hope for his People's Rest,  
Hope to sit down with Christ above,  
And claim the<sup>35</sup> Marriage-feast.

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<sup>34</sup>I.e., "quench'd." The *Oxford English Dictionary* shows "quence" as a pre-17th century Scottish spelling for "quench."

<sup>35</sup>Ori., "th"; an error.

10. Brandish in Faith 'till Then  
The Spirit's two-edg'd Sword,  
Hew all the Snares of Fiends and Men  
In Pieces with the Word;  
*'Tis written*, This applied  
Baffles their Strength and Art;  
Spirit and Soul with this Divide,  
And Joints and Marrow part.
  
11. To keep your Armour bright,  
Attend with constant Care,  
Still walking in your Captain's Sight,  
And watching unto Prayer;  
Ready for all Alarms,  
Stedfastly set your Face,  
And always exercise your Arms,  
And use your every Grace.
  
12. Pray without ceasing pray,  
(Your Captain gives the Word)  
His Summons chearfully obey  
And call upon your Lord;  
To GOD your every Want  
In Instant Prayer display  
Pray always; pray, and never faint  
Pray without ceasing Pray.

13. In Fellowship; alone—  
To GOD with Faith draw near  
Approach his Courts, besiege his Throne  
With all the Powers of Prayer:  
Go to his Temple go,  
Nor from his Altar move,  
Let every House his Worship know,  
And every Heart his Love.
  
14. To GOD your Spirits dart,  
Your Souls in Words declare,  
Or groan to him who reads the Heart  
Th' Unutterable Prayer.  
His Mercy now implore  
And now shew forth his Praise  
In Shouts or Silent Awe adore  
His Miracles of Grace.
  
15. Pour out your Souls to GOD,  
And bow them with your Knees,  
And spread your Hands and Hearts abroad  
And Pray for Sion's Peace;  
Your Guides and Brethren bear  
Forever on your Mind,  
Extend the Arms of mighty Prayer  
Ingrasping all Mankind.

16. From Strength to Strength go on,  
Wrestle and Fight, and pray,  
Tread all the Powers of Darkness down  
And win the well-fought Day;  
Still let the Spirit cry  
In all his Soldiers "Come"  
Till Christ the Lord descends from High  
And takes th' Conq'rors Home.



[Untitled.]<sup>36</sup>

1. Hark, how the Watchmen cry!  
Attend the Trumpet's Sound,  
Stand to your Arms, the Foe is nigh,  
The Powers of Hell surround:  
Who bow to Christ's Command  
Your Arms and Hearts prepare,  
The Day of Battle is at hand,  
Go forth to Glorious War.
  
- [2.] See on the Mountain-Top  
The Ensign of your GOD,  
In Jesus' Name I lift it up,  
All-stain'd with Hallow'd Blood:  
His Standard-bearer I  
To all the Nations call,  
Let All to Jesus' Cross draw nigh,  
He bore the Cross for All.
  
- [3.] Ye who his Call obey,  
Behold the Banner spread  
To cover in the Evil Day  
His faithful Servant's Head:  
Be strong in Jesus' Might,  
The Panoply Divine  
Put on, beneath This Standard fight,  
And conquer in This Sign.

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<sup>36</sup>Appears also in MS Shent, 66a–67b. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:128–31.

4.       Go up with Christ, your Head,  
          Your Captain's Footsteps see,  
Follow your Captain, and be led  
          To certain Victory:  
          All Power to Him is given,  
          He ever reigns the same,  
Salvation, Happiness, and Heaven  
          Are all in Jesus' Name.
  
5.       Ye now have took the Field,  
          And fearlesly march on,  
Fight the good Fight, hold fast your Shield,  
          Till Satan is or'ethrown,  
          Or'ethrown he soon shall be,  
          He shall, he shall submit,  
Compel'd with all his Host to flee  
          Or bruis'd beneath your Feet.
  
6.       Only have Faith in GOD,  
          In Faith your Foes assail,  
Not wresting against Flesh and Blood  
          But all the Powers of Hell:  
          From Thrones of Glory driven,  
          By flaming Vengeance hurl'd,  
They throng the Air, and darken Heaven,  
          And rule the Lower World.

7. Angels your March oppose  
Who still in Strength excel,  
Your secret, sworn, eternal Foes,  
Countless, invisible;  
With Rage that never ends  
Their hellish Arts they try,  
Legions of dire malicious Fiends,  
And Spirits enthron'd on high.
  
8. On Earth th' Usurpers reign  
Exert their baleful Power,  
Or'e the poor fallen Sons of Men  
They tyrannize their Hour.  
But shall Believers fear?  
But shall Believers fly?  
Behold the Bloody Cross appear,  
And all their Powers defy.
  
9. Jesus, tremendous Name  
Puts all our Foes to flight!  
Jesus the meek the Angry Lamb  
A Lion is in Fight:  
By all Hell's Hosts withstood,  
We all Hell's Hosts or'ethrow,  
From conquering them thro' Jesus' Blood,  
We still to conquer go.

10. Our Captain leads us on,  
He beckons from the Skies,  
He reaches out the Starry Crown,  
And bids us take the Prize;  
Be faithful unto Death,  
Partake my Victory,  
And Thou shalt wear this Glorious Wreath,  
And Thou shalt reign with me.
  
11. Tis thus the Righteous Lord  
To every Soldier saith,  
Eternal Life is the Reward  
Of all-victorious Faith:  
Who conquer in His Might  
The Victor's Meed receive,  
And claim a Kingdom in His Might  
Which GOD is bound to give.
  
12. But let us all abide  
Throughout the glorious War,  
Till every Soul is sanctified,  
And more than Conqueror,  
Till every perfect one  
To Heavenly Joys remove  
And sit with Jesus on his Throne  
Of everlasting Love.

**Hymn  
for the [Kingswood] Colliers.<sup>37</sup>**

1. Let All Men rejoice  
By Jesus restor'd  
We lift up our Voice  
And call him our Lord:  
His Joy is to bless us  
And free us from Thrall  
From All that oppress us  
He rescues us All.
  
2. Him Prophet and King  
And Priest we proclaim  
We triumph and sing  
Of Jesus's Name  
Poor Idiots<sup>38</sup> he teaches  
To shew forth his Praise  
And tell of the Riches, of Jesus's Grace.
  
3. No matter how dull  
The Scholar whom He  
Takes into his School  
And gives him to see:  
A wonderfull Fashion,  
Of teaching He hath  
And Wise to Salvation  
He makes us thro' Faith.

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<sup>37</sup>Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:246–47.

<sup>38</sup>Ori., “Ideots”; an archaic spelling.

4. The Wayfaring Men  
Tho' Fools need not stray  
His Method so plain  
So easy his Way  
The Simplest Believer  
His Promise may prove  
And drink of the River  
Of Jesu's his Love.
  
5. Poor Outcasts of Men  
Whose Souls were despis'd  
And left with Disdain  
By Jesus are priz'd  
His Gracious Creation  
In us he makes known  
And brings us Salvation  
And calls us his Own.

**Another  
[Hymn for the  
Kingswood Colliers].<sup>39</sup>**

1. My Brethren below'd,  
Your calling you see:  
In Jesus approv'd  
No Goodness have we:  
No Riches, or Merit,  
No Wisdom or Might,  
But all things inherit  
Thro' Jesus's Right.

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<sup>39</sup>Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:247–48.

2. Our GOD wou'd not have  
    One Reprobate die:  
Who All Men would save  
    Hath No Man passed by:  
His Boundless Compassion  
    On Sinners doth call;  
He offers Salvation  
    Thro' Mercy to all.
  
3. Yet not many Wise  
    His Summons obey;  
And great ones despise  
    So Vulgar a Way;  
And strong ones will never  
    Their Helplessness own,  
Or stoop to find favour  
    Thro' Mercy alone.
  
4. And therefore Our GOD  
    The Outcasts hath chose,  
His Righteousness shew'd  
    To Heathen like us:  
When wise Ones rejected  
    His Offers of Grace,  
His Mercy Elected  
    The Foolish and Base.

5. To Baffle the Wise,  
And Noble and Strong  
He bad us arise,  
An Impotent Throng;  
Poor Ignorant Wretches  
We gladly embrace  
A Prophet that preaches  
Salvation by Grace.
  
6. The Things that were not  
His Mercy bids live;  
His Mercy unsought  
We freely receive  
His gracious Compassion  
We thankfully prove  
And all our Salvation  
Ascribe to his Love.



**On his Birth-day.**<sup>40</sup>

1.       GOD of my Life, to Thee  
          My chearful Soul I raise,  
          Thy Goodness bad me be,  
          And still prolongs my Days:  
I see my Natal Hour return,  
And bless the Day that I was born.
  
2.       A Clod of Living Earth  
          I glorify thy Name  
          From whom alone my Birth  
          And all my Blessings came;  
Creating and Preserving Grace  
Let all that is within me praise.
  
3.       My Soul, and all it's Powers  
          Thine wholly Thine shall be,  
          All, all my happy Hours  
          I consecrate to Thee,  
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am  
Shall magnify my Maker's Name.
  
4.       Long as I live beneath  
          To Thee O let me live,  
          To Thee my every Breath  
          In Thanks and Praises give;  
Me to thine Image now restore,  
And I shall praise Thee evermore.

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<sup>40</sup>Appears also in MS Shent, 68a–68b. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:211–12.

5. Thy former Gift is vain,  
Unless Thou lift me up,  
Begetting me again  
Unto a lively Hope;  
O let me know that Second Birth,  
And live the Life of Heaven on Earth.
6. I wait thy Will to do  
As Angels do in Heaven,  
In Christ a Creature New  
Eternally forgiven  
I wait thy perfect Will to prove,  
When sanctified by sinless Love.
7. O might I soon attain  
My holy Calling's Prize,  
And grow, when born again,  
And to thy Stature<sup>41</sup> rise  
From Strength to Strength, from Grace to Grace,  
Till meet to see thy Glorious Face.
8. Then when the Work is done,  
The Work of Faith with Power,  
Call home thy favour'd Son  
At Death's triumphant Hour,  
Like Moses to Thyself convey,  
And kiss my raptur'd Soul away.

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<sup>41</sup>Ori., "Nature." Wesley changed to "Stature."

**“Rejoice not over me, O mine Enemy, when I  
fall, I shall rise again.”—[Micah 7. 8.]<sup>42</sup>**

1. O my old, my Bosom-Foe,  
Rejoice not over me,  
Oft<sup>43</sup> times Thou hast laid me low,  
And wounded mortally;  
Yet Thy Prey thou could'st not keep  
Jesus, when I lowest fell  
Heard me cry out of the Deep  
And brought me up from Hell.
  
2. Foolish World, thy Shouts forbear  
Till Thou hast Won the Day  
Could Thy Wisdom keep me there  
When in Thy Hands I lay?  
Should my Heart to Thee incline,  
Christ again would set it free;  
I am His, and He is mine  
To all Eternity.
  
3. Satan, cease thy empty Boast  
And give thy Triumphs o're  
Still Thou see'st I am not lost  
While Jesus can restore  
Tho' thro' thy Deceit I fall  
Surely I shall rise again  
Christ my King is over All  
And I with him shall reign.

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<sup>42</sup>Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:167–68.

<sup>43</sup>Ori., “Of”; an error corrected in *HSP* (1749).

4. O my threefold Enemy  
    To whom I long did bow,  
See, your Lawfull Captive see,  
    No more your Captive now:  
Now before my Face Ye fly  
    More than Conqueror now I am,  
Sin, the World, and Hell defy  
    In Jesu's Powerfull Name.

**Psalm 13.**<sup>44</sup>

1. How long wilt Thou forget me, Lord,  
Wilt Thou for ever hide Thy Face?  
Leave me unchang'd, and unrestor'd,  
An Alien from Thy Life of Grace?
2. How long shall I enquire within,  
And seek Thee in my Heart in vain?  
Vext with the Dire Remains of Sin,  
Gaul'd with the Tyrant's Iron Chain!
3. How long shall Satan's Rage prevail?  
I ask Thee with a Faltering Tongue:  
See at thy Feet my Spirit fail,  
And hear me feebly groan how long?
4. Hear me O Lord my GOD and weigh  
My Sorrows in the Scale of Love  
Lighten mine Eyes, restore the Day  
The Darkness from my Soul remove.
5. Open my Faith's enlighten'd Eyes  
And snatch me from the Gulph beneath  
Save or my Gasping Spirit Dies  
Dies with an Everlasting Death.
6. Ah! suffer not my Foe to boast  
His Victory or'e a Child of Thine  
Nor let the proud Philistine's Host  
In Satan's Hellish Triumph join.
7. Will they not charge my Fall on Thee  
Will they not dare my GOD to blame?  
My GOD, forbid the Blasphemy,  
Be jealous for Thy Glorious Name.

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<sup>44</sup>Appears also in MS Psalms, 21–23. Published in *CPH* (1743), 9–10.

8. Thou wilt, Thou wilt! my Hope returns  
A Sudden Spi'rit of Faith I feel  
My Heart in fervent Wishes burns  
And GOD shall There for ever dwell.
9. My Trust is in Thy gracious Power  
I glory in Salvation near  
Rejoice in Hope of that glad Hour  
When perfect Love shall cast out Fear.
10. I sing the Goodness of the Lord,  
The Goodness I experience now,  
And still I hang upon thy Word  
My Saviour to the utmost Thou.
11. Thy Love I ever shall proclaim,  
A Mon' ment of thy Mercy I,  
And praise the mighty Jesu's Name  
Jesus the Lord, the Lord most High.

**For the Nativity of our Lord.**<sup>45</sup>

1. All-wise, all-good, Almighty Lord,  
Jesus, by highest Heave'n ador'd,  
E'er Time its Course began,  
How did thy Glorious Mercy stoop  
To take the Fallen Nature up,  
When Thou Thyself wast Man!
2. Th' Eternal GOD from Heaven came down,  
The King of Glory dropp'd his Crown,  
And veil'd his Majesty,  
Emptied of all but Love He came:  
Jesus, I call Thee by the<sup>46</sup> Name  
Thy Goodness bore<sup>47</sup> for me.
3. O holy Child, still let thy Birth  
Bring Peace to a poor Worm of Earth,  
And Praise to GOD on high:  
Come Thou, who didst my Flesh assume,  
Come to the abject Sinner, come,  
And in a Manger lie.
4. Didst Thou not in thy Person join  
The Human Nature and Divine,  
That GOD and Man might be  
Henceforth inseparably One?  
Haste then, and make thy Nature known  
Incarnated in Me.

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<sup>45</sup>Appears also in MS Shent, 107a–107b. Published in *Nativity Hymns* (1745), 19–20.

<sup>46</sup>Ori., “that.” Wesley changed to “the.”

<sup>47</sup>Ori., “Which Thou hast born.” Wesley changed to “Thy Goodness bore.”

5. In my weak sinful Flesh appear,  
O GOD, be manifested here,  
    Peace, Righteousness, and Joy  
Thy Kingdom, Lord, set up within  
My faithful Heart, and all my Sin,  
    The Devil's Works, destroy.
  
6. I long thy Power to confess  
The mystic Power of Godliness,  
    The Life Divine to prove,  
The Fulness of Thy Life to know,  
Redeem'd from All my Sin below,  
    And perfected in Love.
  
7. O Christ, my Hope, make known in me  
The great, the glorious Mystery,  
    The hidden Life impart,  
Come, Thou Desire of Nations, come;  
Form'd in a spotless Virgin's Womb,  
    A pure believing Heart.
  
8. Come quickly, dearest Lord, that I  
May own, tho' Antichrist deny  
    Thy Incarnation's Power,  
May cry, a Witness to my Lord,  
Come in my Flesh is Christ the Word,  
    And I Can sin no more!



**Psalm 45.**<sup>48</sup>

1. My Heart is full of Christ and longs  
Its glorious Matter to declare  
Of him I make my loftiest Songs  
I cannot from His Praise forbear  
My ready Tongue makes hast to Sing  
The Glories of my Heavenly King.
2. Fairer than all the Earth-born Race,  
Perfect in Comeliness thou art,  
Replenish'd are thy Lips with Grace,  
And full of Love thy tender Heart;  
GOD ever blest, we bow the Knee,  
And own all fullness dwells in Thee.
3. Gird on thy Thigh the Spirit's Sword,  
And take to Thee thy Power divine,  
Stir up thy Strength, Almighty Lord,  
All Power, and Majesty are Thine,  
Assert thy Worship and Renown,  
O all-redeeming GOD come down.
4. Come and maintain Thy righteous Cause  
And let thy glorious Toil succeed,  
Dispread the Victory of thy Cross,  
Ride on, and prosper in thy Deed,  
Thro' Earth triumphantly ride on,  
And reign in all our hearts alone.

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<sup>48</sup>Appears also in MS Psalms, 118–22. Published in *CPH* (1743), 73–77.

5. Still let the Word of Truth prevail,  
The Gospel of thy Gen'ral Grace,  
Of Mercy mild, that ne'er shall fail,  
Of everlasting Righteousness  
Into the Faithfull Soul brought in  
To root up all the Seeds of Sin.
6. Terrible Things thine own Right Hand  
Shall teach thy Greatness to perform  
Who in the vengefull Day can stand  
Unshaken by thine Anger's Storm,  
While riding on the Whirlwind's Wings,  
They meet the Thundring King of Kings.
7. Sharp are the Arrows of thy Love  
And pierce the most Obdurate Heart  
Their Point thine Enemies shall prove  
And strangely fill'd with pleasing Smart  
Fall down before thy Cross subdued  
And feel thine Arrows dipt in Blood.
8. O GOD of Love thy Sway we own,  
Thy Dying Love doth all controul,  
Justice and Love support thy Throne,  
Set up in every faithfull Soul;  
Stedfast it stands, in them and sure  
When pure, as Thou their GOD art pure.

9. Lover Thou art of Purity,  
And hatest, every Spot of Sin  
Nothing Prophane can dwell with Thee,  
Nothing unholy or unclean,  
And therefore doth thy Father own  
His glorious Likeness in his Son.
10. Therefore he hath His Spirit shed,  
Spirit of Joy, and Power and Grace,  
Immeasurably on thy Head;  
First-born of all the chosen Race,  
From Thee the sacred Unction springs  
That makes thy Fellows, Priests and Kings.
11. Sweet is the Odour of thy Name,  
Thro' all the Means a Fragrance comes,  
Thy Garments hide the Sinners Shame,  
Thy Garments shed Divine Perfumes,  
That thro' the Ivory Palace flow,  
The Church, in which thou reign'st below.
12. Thy Heav'nly Charms the Virgins move,  
And bow them to thy pleasing Sway,  
They triumph in thy princely Love,  
Thy Will with all their Hearts obey,  
Revere thine Honourable Word,  
The Glorious Hand maids of the Lord.

13. High above All at thy Right Hand  
Adorn'd with each Diviner Grace  
Thy favourite Queen exults to stand  
Thy Church her heav'nly Charms display  
Cloath'd with the Sun, for Glory meet  
She sees the Moon beneath her Feet.
14. Daughter of Heaven tho' born on Earth,  
Incline thy willing Heart and Ear  
Forget thy first Ignoble Birth  
Thy People and thy Kinsfolk here  
So shall the King delight to see  
His Beauties copied out on Thee.
15. He only is thy GOD and Lord  
Worship Divine to him be giv'n  
By all the Host of Heav'n ador'd  
By every Creature under Heav'n  
And all the Gentile World shall know  
And freely to his Service flow.
16. The Rich shall lay their Riches down  
And poor become for Jesu's Sake  
Kings at his Feet shall cast their Crown  
And humble Suit for Mercy make  
(Mercy alike on all bestow'd)  
And languish to be great in GOD.

17. Are not his Servants Kings? and Rule  
They not o're Hell, and Earth, and Sin?  
His Daughter is Divinely full  
Of Christ and glorious all within  
All-glorious inwardly she reigns  
And not one Spot of Sin *remains*.
18. Cloath'd with Humility and Love  
With every Dazling Virtue bright  
With Faith which GOD vouchsafes t' approve  
Precious in her great Father's Sight,  
The Royal Maid with Joy shall come,  
Triumphant to her Heav'nly Home.
19. Brought by his sweet attracting Grace  
She first shall in his Sight appear  
In Holiness behold his Face,  
Made Perfect with her Fellows here  
Spotless and pure, a Virgin Train,  
They all shall in his Palace reign.
20. In lieu of Seers and Patriarchs old  
Of whom she once did make her Boast,  
The Virgin-Mother shall behold,  
Her Numerous Sons a Princely Host,  
Scatter'd or'e all the Earth abroad,  
Anointed Kings and Priests to GOD.

21. Thee, Jesus, King of Kings, and Lord  
Of Lords, I glory to proclaim,  
From Age to Age thy Praise record,  
That all the World may learn thy Name,  
And all shall soon thy Grace adore,  
When Time and Sin shall be no more.

**Save, Lord, or I perish!**<sup>49</sup>

1. Jesu help! Thou Sinner's Friend,  
On Thee for Help I call,  
Send me speedy Succour, send,  
Or into Hell I fall;  
Now, ev'n now thine Aid afford,  
In Pity to a Sinner's Cries,  
Save me, or I perish, Lord,  
My Soul forever dies.
2. See me in my last Distress,  
And run to rescue me,  
Speak to all my Passions Peace,  
O calm the troubled Sea;  
All my Sin's Abyss is stir'd,  
And<sup>50</sup> high as Heaven the Billows rise;  
Save me &c.
3. Yes, without thy Help I must  
Be swallow'd up in Sin,  
Lost I am, undone, and lost  
I have my Hell within,  
Self-condemn'd and self-abhor'd,  
I sink in dying Agonies;  
Save me &c.
4. Dies a never-dying Death,  
If Thou thine Help delay,  
Yawns the Fiery Gulph beneath,  
And Hell expects its Prey,  
Tophet is my just Reward,  
And always meets my guilty Eyes;  
Save me &c.

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<sup>49</sup>Appears also in MS Shent, 87a–87b. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:178–80.

<sup>50</sup>Ori., “As.” Wesley changed to “And.”

5. Jesu, save me thro' thy Name,  
No other Hope I have,  
Damn'd, forever damn'd I am,  
If Thou refuse to save,  
But my Trust is in thy Word,  
On that alone my Soul relies;  
Save me &c.
6. Helper of the helpless Thou  
The friendless Sinner's Friend,  
Lord, on Thee I surely now,  
On Thee alone depend,  
Wilt Thou suffer me to die  
Abandon'd in my last Distress?  
Jesus answer to my Cry,  
And bid me go in Peace.
7. Wilt Thou bid a Sinner seek  
Thy lovely Face in vain?  
Speak, the Word of Comfort speak,  
O<sup>51</sup> look me out of Pain:  
Bring thy great Salvation nigh,  
My Soul from Inbred Sin release,  
Jesu, answer to my Cry,  
And bid me go in Peace.
8. Blest forever be the Name  
Of my Redeeming Lord!  
Lifted up once more I am,  
I hear the Pardning Word;

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<sup>51</sup>Ori., "And." Wesley changed to "O."



He cannot Himself deny,  
He gives my burthen'd Conscience Ease,  
Jesus answers to my Cry,  
And bids me go in Peace.

**New-Years-Day**  
**1741.**<sup>52</sup>

1.       The Lord of Earth and Sky  
          The GOD of Ages praise,  
          Who reigns enthron'd on high,  
          Antient of endless Days,  
Who lengthens out our Trial here,  
And spares us yet Another Year.
  
2.       Barren and wither'd Trees  
          We cumbred long the Ground,  
          No Fruit of Holiness  
          On our dead Souls was found,  
Yet doth He us in Mercy spare  
Another, and another Year.
  
3.       When Justice bar'd the Sword  
          To cut the Figtree down,  
          The Pity of our Lord  
          Cried Let it still alone!  
The Father mild inclines his Ear,  
And spares us yet Another Year.
  
4.       Jesus, thy speaking Blood  
          From GOD obtain'd the Grace,  
          Who therefore hath bestow'd  
          On Us a longer Space,  
Thou didst in our Behalf appear,  
And lo, we see Another Year!

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<sup>52</sup>Appears also in MS Shent, 108a. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:250–51; and *New Year's Hymns* (1749), 10–11.

**Hymns of Intercession.**

[L.]<sup>53</sup>

1. Head of thy Church, whose Spirit fills,  
And flows thro' every Faithful Soul,  
Unites in mystic Love, and seals  
Them One, and simplifies the whole;
2. Less than the least of Saints I join  
My Littleness of Faith to Theirs,  
O King of All, thine Ear incline,  
Accept our much-availing Prayer.
3. Come Lord, the Glorious Spirit cries,  
And Souls beneath the Altar groan,  
Come, Lord, the Bride on Earth replies  
And perfect all our Souls in One.
4. Pour out the Promis'd Gift on All,  
Answer the Universal COME,  
The Fulness of the Gentiles call,  
And take thine Antient People home.
5. To Thee let all the Nations flow,  
Let all obey the Gospel-Word,  
Let all their Bleeding Saviour know,  
Fill'd with the Glory of the Lord.
6. O for thy Truth and Mercy sake  
The Purchase of thy Passion claim,  
Thine Heritage the Gentiles take,  
And cause the World to know thy Name.

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<sup>53</sup>Appears also in MS MS Shent, 44a-44b. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:87-88.

7. Thee, Lord, let every Tongue confess,  
Let every Knee to Jesus bow,  
O All-redeeming Prince of Peace,  
We long to see thy Kingdom now.
- [8.] Hasten that Kingdom of thy Grace,  
And take us to our Heavenly Home,  
And let us Now behold thy Face:  
Come, glorious GOD, to Judgment come!

II.<sup>54</sup>

1. O Thou our Husband, Brother, Friend,  
Behold a Cloud of Incense rise,  
The Prayers of Saints to Heaven ascend,  
Grateful, unceasing Sacrifice.
2. Regard our Prayers for Sion's Peace,  
Shed in our Hearts thy Love abroad,  
Thy Gifts abundantly increase,  
Enlarge, and fill us all with GOD.
3. Before thy Sheep, great Shepherd, go,  
And guide into thy perfect Will,  
Cause us thy hallow'd Name to know,  
The Work of Faith with Power to fill.

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<sup>54</sup>Appears also in MS Shent, 44b–45a. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:88–89.

4. Help us to make our Calling sure,  
O let us all be Saints indeed,  
And pure as GOD Himself is pure,  
Conform'd in all things to our Head.
5. Take the dear Purchase of thy Blood,  
Thy Blood shall wash us white as Snow,  
Present us sanctified to GOD,  
And perfected in Love below.
6. That Blood which cleanses from All Sin,  
That efficacious Blood apply,  
[And wash,<sup>55</sup>] and make us throughly clean,  
And wholly wholly sanctify.
7. From All Iniquity redeem,  
Cleanse by the Water and the Word,  
And free from every Touch of Blame,  
And make the Servants as their Lord.
8. Wash out the deep Original Stain,  
And make us glorious all within,  
No Wrinkle on our Souls remain,  
No smallest Spot of Inbred Sin.
9. Then when the perfect Life of Love  
The Bride and all her Children live,  
Come down, and take us from above,  
And to the Heaven of Heavens receive.

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<sup>55</sup>This missing phrase is present in MS Shent and *HSP* (1749).

III.<sup>56</sup>

1. O most compassionate High Priest  
Full of all Grace, we know thou art  
Faith puts its Hands upon thy Breast  
And feels beneath thy panting Heart.
2. Thy panting Heart for Sinners bleeds  
Thy Mercies and Compassions move  
Thy Groaning Spirit Interceeds  
And yearn the Bowels of thy Love.
3. Hear then the pleading Spirit's Prayer  
The Spirit's Will to Thee is known  
For all who now Thy Sufferings share  
And still for full Redemption groan.
4. Poor tempted Souls with Tempests tost  
And Strangers to a Moment's Peace  
Disconsolate, afflicted, lost,  
Lost in a Howling Wilderness.
5. Torn with an endless War within,  
Vext with the Flesh and Spirit's Strife,  
And struggling in the Toils of Sin,  
And agonizing into Life.
6. O let the Prisoners mournfull Cries  
As Incense in Thy Sight appear  
Their humble Wailings pierce the Skies  
If haply they may feel thee<sup>57</sup> near.

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<sup>56</sup>Published as "Prayer for Those Who are Convinced of Sin," appended to *Nature, Design, and General Rules...* (Newcastle: Gooding, 1743), 10–11; and in *HSP* (1749), 2:89–91.

<sup>57</sup>Ori., "the"; an error.

7. The Captive Exiles make their Moans,  
From Sin Impatient to be free,  
Call home, Call home thy Banish'd Ones,  
Lead Captive their Captivity.
8. Shew them the Blood that bought their Peace  
The Anchor of their stedfast Hope,  
And bid their guilty Terrors cease,  
And bring the Ransom'd Prisoners up.
9. Out of the Deep regard their Cries,  
The Fallen raise, the Mourners cheer,  
O Sun of Righteousness arise  
And scatter all their Doubt and Fear.
10. Pity the Day of feeble Things  
O gather every halting Soul  
And drop Salvation from thy Wings,  
And make the contrite Sinner whole.
11. Stand by Them in the fiery Hour  
Their feebleness of Mind Defend,  
And in their Weakness shew thy Power,  
And make Them patient to the End.
12. O, Satisfy their Soul in Drought;  
Give them thy saving Health to see,  
And let thy Mercy find Them out,  
And let Thy Mercy reach to me.

13. Hast Thou the Work of Grace begun  
And brought Them to the Birth in vain?  
O let thy Children see the Sun  
Let all their Souls be born again.
14. Relieve the Souls whose Cross we bear  
For whom the Suffering Members mourn  
Answer our Faith's Effectual Prayer  
Bid every struggling Child be born.
15. Hark how thy Turtle Dove complains,  
And see us weep for Sion's Woe,  
Pity Thy Suffering People's Pains  
Avenge us of our inbred Foe.
16. Whom Thou hast bound O Lord expell  
And take his Armour all away  
The Man of Sin, the Child of Hell  
The Devil in our Nature slay.
17. Him and his Works at once destroy  
The being of all Sin erase  
And turn our Mourning into Joy  
And cloath us with the Robes of Praise.
18. Then, when our Sufferings all are past  
O let us pure and perfect be  
And gain our Calling's Prize at last  
For ever sanctified in Thee.



**A Morning Hymn.**<sup>58</sup>

1. Where is my GOD, my Joy, my Hope?  
The Dear Desire of Nations where?  
Jesus to Thee my Soul looks up,  
To Thee directs her Morning Prayer,  
And spreads her Arms of Faith abroad  
T' embrace my Hope, my Joy, my GOD.
2. Mine Eyes prevent the Morning-Ray  
Looking and longing for thy Word:  
Come, O my Jesus, Come away;  
And let my Heart receive its Lord;  
It pants and struggles to be free,  
And breaks to be detain'd from Thee.
3. Appear in me bright Morning-Star,  
And scatter all the Shades of Night  
I saw thee once, and came from far  
But quickly lost Thy glimmering Light  
And now again in Darkness pine  
Till Thou throughout my Nature shine.
4. In Patient Hope I now give Heed  
To The sure Word of Promis'd Grace,  
Whose Rays a feeble Lustre shed  
And glimmer thro' the Darksome Place  
Till Thou Thy glorious Light impart,  
And rise the Day-star in my Heart.

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<sup>58</sup>Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:202–203.

5. Come Lord be manifested here  
Satan and all his<sup>59</sup> Works destroy  
Now without Sin in me appear  
And fill with everlasting Joy,  
Thy Beatific Face display:  
Thy Presence is the perfect Day.

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<sup>59</sup>Ori., “And all ~~the Devil’s.~~” Wesley changed to “Satan and all his.”

[Untitled.]<sup>60</sup>

1. Weary of Wandring from my GOD,  
    And now made willing to return,  
I hear, and bow me to the Rod,  
    For Him, not without Hope, I mourn,  
I have an Advocate above,  
A Friend before the Throne of Love.
2. O Jesu, full of Pardning Grace,  
    Fuller of Grace than I of Sin,  
Yet once again I seek thy Face,  
    Open thine Arms, and take me in,  
And freely my Backslidings heal,  
And love the faithless Sinner still.
3. Thou knowst the Way to bring me back,  
    My fallen Spirit to restore;  
O for thy Truth and Mercy sake  
    Forgive, and bid me sin no more,  
The Ruins of my Soul repair,  
And make thy House<sup>61</sup> an House of Prayer.
4. The Stone to Flesh again convert,  
    The Veil of Sin again remove,  
Drop thy warm Blood upon my Heart,  
    And melt it with thy Dying Love,  
This Rebel-Heart by Love subdue,  
And make it soft, and make it new.

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<sup>60</sup>Appears also in MS Shent, 92a–92b. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:158–59.

<sup>61</sup>The scribe copied “And ~~my Heart~~,” and Wesley wrote “And ~~my House~~” in the margin as an alternative. Then Wesley finally changed it to “And make thy House.”

5. Give to my Eyes refreshing Tears,  
And kindle my Relentings Now,  
Fill all my Soul with filial Fears,  
To thy sweet Yoke my Spirit bow,  
Bend by thy Grace, O bend, or break  
The Iron Sinew in my Neck.
  
6. Ah! give me, Lord, the tender Heart,  
That trembles at th' Approach of Sin,  
A godly Fear of Sin impart,  
Implant, and root it deep within,  
That I may dread thy Gracious Power,  
Nor ever dare offend Thee more.

**IV. Intercessional.**<sup>62</sup>

1. Author of Faith, we seek thy Face  
For All who feel thy Work begun,  
Confirm, and stablish them in Grace,  
And bring thy feeblest Children on.
2. Thou seest their Wants, Thou knowst their Names,  
Be mindful of thy youngest Care,  
Be tender of thy newborn Lambs,  
And gently in thy Bosom bear.
3. The Lion roaring for his Prey,  
With ravening Wolves on every side,  
Watch over them to tear and slay  
*When* found one Moment from their Guide.
4. Satan his thousand Arts essays,  
His Agents all their Powers employ  
To blast the blooming Work of Grace,  
The Heavenly Offspring to destroy.
5. Baffle the crooked Serpent's Skill,  
And turn his sharpest Dart aside,  
Hide from their Eyes the Devilish Ill,  
O save them from the Plague of Pride.
6. The *Dreaming Visionary* Fiend  
Unmask, and drag to open Light,  
And let his wild Illusions end,  
And chase him to eternal Night.

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<sup>62</sup>Appears also in MS Shent, 45a–45b. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:92–93.

7. In Safety lead thy Little Flock  
From Hell, the World, and Sin secure,  
And set their Feet upon the Rock,  
And make in Thee their Goings sure.
8. From Idol-loves and vain Desires  
O GOD, thy Little Children keep,  
And fill their Hearts with holy Fires,  
And lull them in thy Arms to sleep.
9. There let them lie secure, and take  
Their Rest, and never thence remove,  
Till in thy Likeness they awake,  
The glorious Likeness of thy Love.

[Untitled.]<sup>63</sup>

1. O what an evil faithless Heart  
Have I, so ready to depart  
    From Thee, the living GOD!  
Not all thy Threats, and Judgments move,  
Till master'd by thy stronger Love  
    It will not hear thy Rod.
  
2. The sorest Plague Thou hast to send  
Not Sin itself my Soul can bend,  
    Or bring my Spirit down;  
Sin makes me Prouder than before,  
And blinds, and hardens more and more,  
    Till all my Heart is Stone.
  
3. My Stony Heart thy Wrath defies,  
And dares against thy Judgments rise,  
    Self-hardned from thy Fear:  
What canst Thou with the Rebel do?  
Try me by Love, and in my View  
    With all thy Wounds appear.
  
4. O who that Piteous Sight can bear!  
Behold the Lamb hangs bleeding there!  
    He hangs on yonder Tree!  
Pierc'd are his Feet, his Hands, his Side!  
My Lamb, my Love is crucified!  
    O GOD! He dies for me!

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<sup>63</sup>Appears also in MS Shent, 126a–126b. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:198–99.

5. For me He meekly bows his Head,  
He suffers in the Sinner's stead,  
My Ruin to retrieve:  
He spreads his arms to take me in,  
He sheds his blood to purge my sin;  
He dies that I may live.
6. O Love, by Thee constrain'd at last  
I yield, I yield: my Tears flow fast,  
Fast as thy Streaming Blood!  
Breaks at the Sight my Heart of Stone,  
I faint to hear that Dying Groan  
"Why, O my GOD, my GOD—!"<sup>[?]</sup>
7. O GOD, I can hold out no more,  
My Heart resents thy softning Power,  
My Heart is melting Wax;  
I feel, that Thou art Love indeed,  
Thou wilt not break the bruised Reed,  
Or quench the smoaking Flax.
8. Thou wilt not slight<sup>64</sup> the feeblest Grace,  
This Spark of Love thy Breath shall raise,  
And kindle to a Flame;  
And I, who<sup>65</sup> taste how Good Thou art,  
Shall one day<sup>66</sup> love with all my Heart  
My lovely bleeding Lamb.

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<sup>64</sup>Ori., "quench." Wesley changed to "slight."

<sup>65</sup>Ori., "shall." Wesley changed to "who."

<sup>66</sup>Ori., "And I shall." Wesley changed to "Shall one day."



**At Parting of Friends.**<sup>67</sup>

1. GOD of all Consolation, take  
The Glory of thy Grace,  
Thy Gifts to Thee we render back  
In ceaseless Songs of Praise.
2. Not unto us, but Thee, O Lord,  
Glory to Thee be given  
For every gracious Thought and Word  
That brings us nearer Heaven.
3. Further'd in Faith, or Joy, or Love  
All Praise to Thee we give,  
Thy Gifts descending from above  
We only can receive.
4. The Gift, the Grace, the Work is Thine,  
If Ours the Ministry,  
We bow, and bless the Hand Divine  
All, all descends from Thee.
5. Thro' Thee we now together came  
In Singleness of Heart,  
We met, O Jesus, in thy Name,  
And in thy Name we part.
6. We part in Body not in Mind,  
Our Minds continue One,  
And Each to Each in Jesus join'd  
We hand in hand go on.

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<sup>67</sup>Appears also in MS Shent, 76a–77a. Published in *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 68–70.

7. Subsists as in us all one Soul,  
No Power can make us twain,  
And Mountains rise, and<sup>68</sup> Oceans roll  
To sever us in vain.
8. Present we still in Spirit are,  
And intimately nigh,  
While on the Wings of Faith and Prayer,  
We each to others fly.
9. In Jesus Christ together We  
In Heavenly Places sit,  
Cloath'd with the Sun, we smile to see  
The Moon beneath our Feet.
10. Our Life is hid with Christ in GOD,  
Our Life shall soon appear,  
And spread his Glory all abroad  
In all his Members here.
11. The Heavenly Treasure now we have  
In a mean House of Clay,  
Which He shall to the utmost save  
And guard against That Day.
12. Our Souls are in his mighty Hand  
And He will keep them still,  
And you and I shall surely stand  
With Him on Sion's Hill.

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<sup>68</sup>Ori., “~~The~~<sup>2</sup> Mountains, and.” Wesley changed to “And Mountains rise, and.”

13. Him Eye to Eye we there shall see  
Our Face like His shall shine:  
O what a Glorious Company,  
When Saints and Angels join!
14. O what a General Meeting there!  
In Robes of White array'd,  
Palms in our Hands we all shall bear,  
And Crowns upon our Head.
15. Then let us hasten to the Day  
When all shall be brought Home:  
Come, O Redeemer, come away!  
O Jesus, quickly come!

**At Meeting Friends.**<sup>69</sup>

1. See, Jesu, thy Disciples see,  
The promis'd Blessing give,  
Met in thy Name we look to Thee  
Expecting to receive.
2. Thee we expect, our faithful Lord,  
Who in thy Name are join'd,  
We wait according to thy Word,  
Thee in the midst to find.
3. With us Thou art assembled here,  
But O Thyself reveal,  
Son of the Living GOD appear,  
Let us thy Presence feel.
4. Breathe on us, Lord, in this our Day,  
And these dry Bones shall live,  
Speak Peace into our Hearts, and say  
"The Holy Ghost receive."
5. Whom now we seek O might we meet!  
Jesus the Crucified,  
Shew us thy bleeding Hands and Feet,  
Thou who<sup>70</sup> for us hast died.
6. Cause us thy Record to receive,  
Speak, and the Tokens shew  
"O be not faithless, but believe  
[<sup>66</sup>That I have died for You.<sup>67</sup>]

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<sup>69</sup>Appears also in MS Shent, 71b–72a. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:324–25.

<sup>70</sup>Ori., "If Thou." Wesley changed to "Thou who."

7. Lord, I believe, for me, ev'n me  
Thy Wounds were open'd wide,  
I see the Prints, I more than see  
Thy ever-streaming Side.
8. I cannot fear, I cannot doubt,  
I feel the sprinkled Blood,  
Let Every Soul with me cry out  
"Thou art *my* Lord, *my* GOD!"

**Another**  
**[At the Meeting of Friends].<sup>71</sup>**

1. Come, Lord, with thy Disciples sit  
Assembled in thy Name,  
And let us kiss thy bleeding Feet,  
And let us love the Lamb.
2. Is this the Time, say, Jesu, say,  
Wilt Thou, O Lord, restore  
The Kingdom in our Souls to day,  
And bid us sin no more?
3. Now wilt Thou make an End of Sin  
The Kingdom of thy Peace,  
The Joy unspeakable bring in,  
Th' perfect Righteousness!
4. We wait, till Thou the Gift impart,  
The Unction from above:  
Come quickly, Lord, in every Heart  
Set up thy Throne of Love.

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<sup>71</sup>Appears also in MS Shent, 72a–72b. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:325–26.

5. Or, (for it is not Ours to know  
The Times by GOD assign'd)  
Give us, till Thou Thyself bestow,  
An humble patient Mind.
6. Thee let us praise with one accord,  
And in thy Temple stay,  
Wait for the Coming of our Lord,  
And without ceasing pray:
7. Still at Jerusalem abide  
In<sup>72</sup> Prospect of thy Peace,  
Till Thou shalt in our Hearts reside,  
And Sin forever cease.
8. Give, when Thou wilt, the Blessing give,  
The Kingdom from above,  
But let us all at last receive  
The Power of Perfect Love.

---

<sup>72</sup>Ori., "The." Wesley changed to "In."

**After the Death of a Friend.**<sup>73</sup>

1. O happy Soul, thy Work is done,  
Thy Fight is fought, thy Course is run,  
And Thou art now at rest,  
Thou here wast perfected in Love,  
Thou now art join'd to Those above,  
And numbred with the Blest.
2. Thy Sun no more goes down by Night,  
Thy Moon no more withdraws it's Light;  
Those blessed Mansions shine  
Bright with an Uncreated Flame,  
Full of the Glories of the Lamb,  
Th' Eternal Light Divine.
3. Our State if happy Spirits know,  
Thou pitiest now thy Friends below  
In this dark Vale of Tears,  
Who still beneath our Burthen groan,  
Or griev'd with Sorrows not our own,  
Are living out our Years.
4. Secure of the Celestial Prize,  
Thou waitest now in Paradise  
Till we are all convey'd  
By Angels to our endless Rest,  
Of Thine and Jesus' Joy possest,  
In Jesus' Bosom laid.

---

<sup>73</sup>Appears also in MS Richmond Tracts, 5–6; and MS Shent, 154a–154b. Published in *MSP* (1744), 3:261–63.

5. O when shall I be taken home!  
O that my latest Change were come  
For which I wait in Pain!  
Weary of Life thro' Inbred Sin!  
Speak Jesu, speak the Sinner clean,  
Nor let my Faith be vain.
6. O bid me live in Thee and die:  
Why Saviour, let me ask Thee, why  
Dost Thou so long delay?  
A Blessing hast Thou not for me?  
O bid me live, and die in Thee;  
My Jesus, hast away.
7. Another and Another goes  
Thro' the dark Vale to his Repose,  
And glad resigns his Breath;  
But I alas! must still remain,  
I cannot break my Fleshly Chain,  
Or overtake my Death.
8. I live, and suffer all my Care,  
The Bondage of Corruption bear,  
And groan beneath my Load,  
Struggles my Spirit to get free,  
And pants for Immortality,  
And reaches after GOD.



9. But O! my Strivings all are vain,  
Inevitable is my Pain,  
    Incurable my Wound,  
Till Jesus ends my inward Strife,  
And speaks me into Second Life,  
    And I in Christ am found.
  
10. See then I all at last resign,  
Thy Will, O Lord, be done not Mine,  
    I give my Murmurings or'e:  
Do with me now as seems Thee meet,  
But let me suffer at thy Feet,  
    And teach my GOD no more.

**Another**  
**[After the Death of a Friend].<sup>74</sup>**

1. Thanks be to GOD, whose faithful Love  
Hath call'd Another to his Breast,  
Translated her to Joys above,  
To Mansions of eternal Rest.
2. Ripe for the glorious Harvest made  
She first was sav'd from Inbred Sin,  
The Angel then his Charge obey'd,  
And thrust the Mortal Sickle in.
3. She the good Fight of Faith hath won,  
She heard with Joy the welcome Word,  
"Hither come up (thy Work is done)  
"And reign forever with thy Lord."<sup>[31]</sup>
4. By Ministerial Spirits convey'd,  
Lodg'd in the Garner of the Sky,  
She rests in Abraham's Bosom laid,  
She lives with GOD, no more to die.
5. Thanks be to GOD thro' Christ alone  
Who giveth her the Victory:  
O Master, say to us "Well done!"  
Let us rejoice to die in Thee!

---

<sup>74</sup>Appears also in MS Shent, 161a–161b (titled "On the Death of Robert Jones Esq."). Published in *Funeral Hymns* (1746), 12–14. This version, unlike the others, uses female pronouns.

6. Thus may we all our Warfare end,  
In Strugling to the upper Skies  
Our last triumphant Moments spend,  
And grasp in Death the Heavenly Prize.
7. O that we all may thus break thro',  
The Crown with holy Violence seize,  
The Starry Crown to Conquest due,  
The glorious Crown of Righteousness.
8. Shall not the Righteous Judge bestow  
The Prize on All who seek Him here,  
And long, while sojourning below,  
To see their much-lov'd Lord appear?
9. He will our Hearts cry out He will  
These Eager Wishes more than meet!  
These Infinite Desires fulfil,  
And make our Happiness compleat.
10. We all shall see our Life appear,  
Our Life shall be in Jesus found,  
Our Dust th' Archangel's Voice shall hear,  
And kindle at the Trumpet's Sound.
11. O what a Soul-or'epowring Thought!  
Tis Extacy too great to bear,  
We all at once shall up be caught,  
And meet the Saviour in the Air.

- [12.] Eternity stands forth in Sight,  
    We plunge us in that boundless Sea,  
Expatriate in the Plains of Light,  
    The Regions of Eternity.
13. Ev'n now we taste the Heavenly Powers,  
    The glorious Joys of Angels prove,  
A whole Eternity is Ours,  
    A whole Eternity of Love.

**Desiring to be dissolved.**<sup>75</sup>

1. A wretched Slave of Sin, to Thee,  
Thou Sinner's Friend, I ever cry,  
Pity, and help my Misery,  
Forgive, renew, and let me die.
2. Ah! let it not my Lord displease  
That I to Thee my Wishes breathe;  
Hear, Jesus, hear, my Soul release,  
And let me find an early Death.
3. I groan to be redeem'd from Sin;  
When shall the dear Deliverance come?  
Open thine Arms, and take me in,  
And then receive thine Exile home.
4. Alas for me, constrain'd to dwell  
Among the horrid Sons of Night!  
Snatch from this Neighbourhood of Hell,  
Translate me to the Realms of Light.
5. Eager I urge my sole Request;  
Wilt Thou not, Lord, therewith comply?  
Take me into thy People's Rest,  
Then<sup>76</sup> bid me get me up, and die.
6. Impatient for my Change I wait,  
For Death I sigh, for Death I mourn:<sup>77</sup>  
Whom Thou hast made again create,  
And let my Spirit to GOD return.

---

<sup>75</sup>Appears also in MS Richmond Tracts, 8–9. Published in *MSP* (1744), 3:265–66.

<sup>76</sup>Ori., “~~And~~.” Wesley changed to “Then.”

<sup>77</sup>Ori., “~~pine~~.” Wesley changed to “mourn.”

7. A Vale of Tears and Misery,  
This Earth, I know, is not my Place;  
O that I were dissolv'd in Thee!  
O that I Now might see thy Face!<sup>78</sup>
8. My Life to Thee I fain would give,  
And be where Thou my Saviour art;  
Better it is to die than live:  
O speak, and bid my Soul depart.
9. Receive a Soul, which gasps for Death,  
A Soul redeem'd by thy own Blood,  
And let me now resign my Breath,  
And sink into the Depths of GOD.

---

<sup>78</sup>Ori., "O might I see thy Blissfull Face!" Wesley changed to "O that I Now might see thy Face!"

[Untitled.]<sup>79</sup>

1. Jesu, soft Harmonious Name  
Every Faithfull Heart's Desire,  
See thy Followers O Lamb,  
All at once to Thee aspire;  
Drawn by thy Uniting Grace  
After Thee we swiftly run,  
Hand in Hand we seek thy Face:  
Come, and perfect us in One.
  
2. Mollify our Harsher Will  
Each to each our Tempers suit  
By Thy modulating Skill  
Heart to Heart as Lute to Lute  
Sweetly on our Spirits move  
Gently touch the trembling Strings  
Make the Harmony of Love  
Musick for the King of Kings.
  
3. See the Souls that hang on Thee  
Sever'd tho' in Flesh we are  
Join'd in Spirit all agree;  
All thy only Love declare  
Spread thy Love to all around  
Hark we now our Voices raise;  
Joyfull Consentaneous Sound  
Sweetest Symphony of Praise!

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<sup>79</sup>Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:329–30.

4. Jesu's Praise is all our Song  
While we Jesu's Praise repeat  
Glide our happy Days along,  
Glide with down upon their Feet,  
Far from Sorrow, Sin and Fear,  
Till we take our Seats above,  
Live we All as Angels here,  
Only sing, and praise and love.



[Untitled.]<sup>80</sup>

1. O Death, Thou art on every Side,  
Thy thousand Gates stand open wide  
    The Weary to receive:  
Yet I can find no Rest for me,  
I suffer all my Misery,  
    And still alas I live!
2. Still my imprison'd Spirit waits;  
In vain for me thy thousand Gates  
    Stand open Day and Night,  
And other Souls their Exit make,  
On every Moment's Wings they take  
    Their Everlasting Flight.
3. Envious I hear the Passing-bell  
With sweetly melancholy Knell  
    Their happy Change declare:  
But I can see no End of Strife,  
Th' intolerable Load of Life  
    I still am forc'd to bear.
4. Weary of Life in Pain I breathe,  
With fond Desire I covet Death,  
    But cannot find it<sup>81</sup> nigh,  
Unsav'd and unredeem'd from Sin,  
Unchang'd, unholy, and unclean,  
    Yet still I long to die.

---

<sup>80</sup>Appears also in MS Richmond Tracts, 7–8; and MS Shent, 155a–155b. Published in *MSP* (1744), 3:263–64.

<sup>81</sup>Ori., “~~thee~~.” Wesley changed to “it.”

5. Wretch that I am, while unrenew'd  
Can I appear, O Righteous GOD,  
A Sinner in thy Sight!  
Nay, but I trust thy Blood shall cleanse  
My Soul, before Thou take it hence,  
And wash my Garments white.
6. When Thou hast spoke my Nature clean,  
When I have thy Salvation seen,  
O Lord my Righteousness,  
And clasp'd Thee in my Loving Heart,  
Pronounce the welcome Word, Depart,  
And let me die in Peace.

**[Untitled.]**<sup>82</sup>

1. O Saviour, cast a pitying Eye,  
A Sinner at thy Feet I lie,  
And will not hence depart,  
Till Thou regard my ceaseless Moan;  
O speak, and take away the Stone,  
The Unbelieving Heart.
2. Till Thou the Mountain-load remove,  
I groan beneath my Want of Love;  
O hear my bitter Cry:  
Without thy Love I cannot live,  
Give, Jesu, Friend of Sinners, give  
Me Love, or else I die.

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<sup>82</sup>Appears also in MS Shent, 132a–132b. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:55–56.

3. Dost Thou not all my Sufferings know,  
Dost Thou not see my Eyes o'reflow,  
My lab'ring Bosom move?  
Why do I all this Burthen bear?  
Need I to Thee the Cause declare?  
Thou know'st I Cannot love.
4. This is my Sin and Misery,  
I always find thy Love to me,  
Seal'd by thy pretious Blood,  
And yet I make Thee no Return,  
I only for my Baseness mourn,  
I cannot love my GOD.
5. The World admire my Mystic Grief,  
And torture me with vain Relief,  
And cruel Kindness shew,  
They bid me give my Wailings o're,  
And weep, and vex myself no more  
For One they never knew.
6. My Father's Children feel my Care,  
With kind Concern my Cross they bear,  
And in my Sorrows join;  
The suffering Members sympathize,  
And grieve my Grievs, and sigh my Sighs,  
And mix their Tears with mine.

7. But all in vain for me they grieve,  
Their Sufferings cannot Mine relieve,  
Or mitigate my Pain:  
No Answer to their Prayers they see,  
And prevalent with GOD, for me  
They seem to pray in vain.
  
8. Thou then, O GOD, Thine Hand lay to,  
And let me all the Means look thro',  
And trust to Thee alone,  
To Thee alone for all things trust,  
And say, (let me be sav'd or lost,)  
Thine only Will be done.

[Untitled.]<sup>83</sup>

- [1.] Jesus comes with all his Grace,  
Comes to save a Fallen Race  
Object of our Glorious Hope  
Jesus comes to lift us up.
2. Let the Living Stones cry out  
Let the Sons of Abraham shout,  
Praise we all our lowly King,  
Sing his Praise for ever sing.
3. He hath our Salvation wrought,  
He our captive Souls hath bought,  
He hath reconcil'd to GOD,  
He hath wash'd us in his Blood.
4. We are now his lawful Right,  
Walk as Children of the Light,  
We shall soon obtain the Grace  
Pure in Heart to see his Face.
5. Free from Sin we here shall live,  
Here the End of Faith receive,  
The Salvation of our Soul,  
Perfectly in Christ made whole.
6. We have not believ'd in vain,  
We shall surely here obtain  
Full Redemption in His Blood,  
We, ev'n We shall be like GOD.

---

<sup>83</sup>Appears also in MS Shent, 188a–188b (with two more stanzas). Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:190–91.

7. We his Life on Earth shall live,  
We his Image shall retrieve,  
Modell'd by the Perfect Plan,  
Pure as the First Sinless Man.
8. We shall gain our Calling's Prize,  
After GOD we here<sup>84</sup> shall rise,  
Fill'd with Love, and Joy, and Peace,  
Perfected in Holiness.
9. Let us then rejoice in Hope,  
Steadily to Christ look up,  
Trust to be redeem'd from Sin,  
Wait till He appears<sup>85</sup> within.

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<sup>84</sup>Ori., "att." Wesley changed to "here."

<sup>85</sup>Ori., "appear"; an error corrected in all other appearances.

[Untitled.]<sup>86</sup>

1. Jesus the Conqueror reigns,  
In glorious Strength array'd,  
His Kingdom over All maintains,  
And bids the Earth be glad:  
Ye Sons of Men rejoice  
In Jesus' mighty Love,  
Lift up your Heart, lift up your Voice  
To Him who rules above.
  
- [2.] Extol his Kingly Power,  
Kiss the exalted Son,  
Who died, and lives to die no more,  
High on his Father's Throne;  
Our Advocate with GOD  
He undertakes our Cause,  
And spreads thro' all the World abroad  
The Victory of his Cross.
  
3. That Bloody Banner see,  
And in your Captain's Sight  
Fight the good Fight of Faith with me,  
My Fellow-soldiers fight.  
In mighty Phalanx join'd  
Undaunted all proceed,  
Arm'd with th' Unconquerable Mind  
That was in Christ your Head.

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<sup>86</sup>Appears also in MS Shent, 53a–54b. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:232–35.

4. Urge on your rapid Course  
Ye Blood-besprinkled Bands,  
The Heavenly Kingdom suffers Force,  
Tis seiz'd by Violent Hands;  
See there the Starry Crown  
That glitters thro' the Skies,  
Satan, the World, and Sin tread down,  
And take the Glorious Prize.
  
5. Thro' much Distress and Pain,  
Thro' many a Conflict here,  
Thro' Blood ye must the Entrance gain,  
Yet O! disdain to fear:  
"Courage,<sup>[b]</sup> (your Captain cries  
Who all your Toil foreknew,  
"Toil ye shall have, Yet all despise  
<sup>["I have or'ecome for You.<sup>[b]</sup></sup>
  
6. The World cannot withstand  
Its antient Conqueror,  
The World must sink beneath the Hand  
Which arms us for the War:  
This is the Victory,  
Before our Faith they fall,  
Jesus hath died for you and me,  
Believe, and conquer all.



7. Satan shall be repel'd,  
The World's Imperious God  
Shall fly before the Sacred Shield,  
Of Faith in Jesus' Blood:  
Jesus hath cleft his Crown,  
Of old from Glory driven,  
And cast the bold Aspirer down,  
As Lightning out of Heaven.
  
8. Him and his Powers below  
He bound and captive led,  
Our Rising Lord in open Shew  
His Hellish Spoils display'd;  
Or'e all th' Infernal Host  
He more than Conqueror was,  
And drag'd them at his Wheels, the Boast,  
And Triumph of his Cross.
  
9. 'Twas there our Peace He bought,  
Though nail'd to yonder Tree  
His Hands have our Salvation wrought,  
And got the Victory:  
He felt the Mortal Dart,  
The Horror-breathing King  
Shot all our Sin into His Heart,  
And Death has lost his Sting.

10.       Death is all swallow'd down,  
          Our Sins are wash'd away,  
The Guilt, the Guilt of Sin is gone,  
          The Power can never stay.  
          Our Worst, our Inbred Foe  
          By Jesus is subdued,  
Our Mountain-Sins melt down, and flow  
          And sink into his Blood.
  
11.       We now shall more than win  
          The Fight thro' Jesus Name,  
Conquerors o're Hell, and Earth, and Sin  
          In the Victorious Lamb;  
          The Lamb a Lion is,  
          And all his Foes shall slay,  
And fly upon the Spoil, and seize,  
          And keep<sup>87</sup> his lawful Prey.
  
12.       The Spirit of his Power  
          Into our Souls shall come,  
And all our Foes destroy, devour,  
          And all our Sins consume:  
          The jealous Lord of Hosts  
          Shall full Dominion have,  
Shall All who in His Merits trust  
          Ev'n to the utmost save.

---

<sup>87</sup>Ori., "take." Wesley changed to "keep."

13.       Then let us all proceed,  
          In Jesus' Conquest share,  
          Boldly march up with Christ our Head  
          That Thunderbolt of War;  
          Jesus hath all broke thro',  
          Hell, Earth, and Sin, and Death,  
          And we shall more than conquer too,  
          Who Jesus' Spirit breathe.
- 14.<sup>88</sup>      Thro' Faith in our dear Lord  
          We surely shall obtain  
          The Promise of a Full Reward,  
          And here with Jesus reign;  
          We without Sin shall live  
          Before we hence remove,  
          Our Heavenly Calling's Prize receive  
          The Crown of Perfect Love.
15.       Our Souls like GOD rais'd up  
          Shall live no more to die,  
          Our Flesh dissolv'd shall rest in Hope  
          Of Immortality:  
          Jesus shall soon appear  
          With royal Glory crown'd,  
          Our Dust the Trump of GOD shall hear  
          And kindle at the Sound.
16.       Quicken'd by Power Divine  
          We all shall see and know  
          The Son of Man's triumphant Sign,  
          The Cross we bore below;

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<sup>88</sup>Stanzas 14–16 are in Charles Wesley's hand. It appears there were only 13 stanzas in the manuscript from which the hymn was copied by the scribe into MS Thirty.

Caught up we all shall rise,  
Our Master's Glory share  
And take our Seats above the Skies  
And reign forever there!

April [1743]<sup>1</sup>

**For One in a declining  
State of Health.**

[I.]<sup>2</sup>

1. GOD of my Life for Thee I pine,  
For Thee I cheerfully decline  
And hasten to Decay,  
Summon'd to take my Place above,  
I hear the Call, Arise my Love,  
My Fair-One come away.
2. Obedient to the Voice of GOD,  
I soon shall quit this Earthy<sup>3</sup> Clod,  
Shall lay my Body down,  
Th' Immortal Principle aspires,  
And swells my Soul with strong Desires  
To grasp the Starry Crown.
3. The more the Outward Man decays,  
The Inward feels thy strengthening Grace  
And knows that Thou art mine,  
Partaker of my Glorious Hope,  
I here<sup>4</sup> shall after Thee wake up  
Shall in Thine Image shine.
4. Thou wilt not leave thy Work undone,  
But finish what Thou hast begun,  
Before I hence remove,  
I shall be, Master, as Thou art,  
Holy, and meek,<sup>5</sup> and pure in Heart,  
And perfected in Love.
5. Thou wilt cut short thy Work of Grace,  
And perfect in a Babe thy Praise,

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<sup>1</sup>See comment on date in Introduction.

<sup>2</sup>In Charles Wesley's hand. Appears also in MS Shent, 147a–147b. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:267–68.

<sup>3</sup>Ori., “~~Earthly~~.”

<sup>4</sup>Ori., “~~hear~~.”

<sup>5</sup>Ori., “~~just~~.”

And Strength for me ordain,  
Thy Blood shall make me throughly clean,  
And not one Spot of Inbred Sin  
Shall in my Flesh remain.

6. Dear Lamb, if Thou for me could'st die,  
Thy Love shall wholly sanctify  
Thy Love shall seal me Thine,  
Thou wilt from me no more depart,  
My All in Life and Death Thou art,  
Thou art forever mine.<sup>6</sup>

## II.<sup>7</sup>

1. Lamb, lovely Lamb for Sinners slain,  
In Weakness, Weariness, and Pain  
Thy tender Care I prove;  
Continue still thy tender Care,  
My Spirit for Thyself prepare,  
And perfect me in Love.
2. In stedfast Faith on Thee I call,  
Saviour, and Sovereign Lord of All,  
My Brother, and my Friend,  
Lead me my few remaining Days,  
And finish thy great Work of Grace,  
And love me to the End.
3. Till I from all my Sins am freed,  
O may I lean my languid Head  
On thy dear loving Breast,  
Thou Jesu catch my parting Breath,  
And let me smoothly glide thro' Death  
To my Eternal Rest.

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<sup>6</sup>Ori., "Thine"; an error corrected in all other appearances.

<sup>7</sup>In Charles Wesley's hand. Appears also in MS Shent, 147b–148a. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:268–69.

4. Bring near, bring near the joyful Hour,  
The Fulness of thy Spirit pour,  
And while I here remain,  
Christ let it be that lives, not I,  
Or now, permit me now to die,  
To die is greatest Gain.
5. Come then, my Health, my Hope, my Home,  
My Love, my Life Eternal come,  
Me to Thyself receive,  
Soul, Flesh, and Spirit sanctify,  
And bid me live in Thee to die,  
And die in Thee to live.

**III.**<sup>8</sup>

1. Jesu, my Hope in Life and Death,  
For Thee I spend my latest Breath,  
Till join'd to Those above,  
Thy faithful Mercies I proclaim,  
I sing the Glories of the Lamb,  
And gasp Thy Dying Love.
2. Thy dying Love hath seal'd my Peace,  
Hath made my Sins and Sorrows cease,  
And sweetned all my Pain;  
Thy Dying Love supports me now,  
And lo! with Thee my Head I bow,  
And die with Thee to reign.

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<sup>8</sup>In Charles Wesley's hand. Appears also in MS Shent, 148a–148b. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:269–70.

3. Out of the Dust of Death I rise,  
I feel a Life that never dies,  
    An hidden Life Divine,  
The Earnest of my Glorious Bliss;  
And this is Heaven, and only This  
    To know my Jesus mine.
  
4. Thou art my own, I know Thou art,  
I feel Thee, Saviour, in my Heart,  
    My Utmost Saviour Thou  
Hast seal'd me to Redemption's Day,  
And now I cannot fall away,  
    I cannot leave Thee Now.
  
5. Divinely confident I am,  
And more than conquer in Thy Name  
    Whate'er my Hope withstands:  
Upheld by Thee I all break thro',  
For Who can loose thy Grasp? for Who  
    Can pluck me from Thy Hands?
  
6. Nor<sup>9</sup> Death nor Life can now disjoin,  
Nor Fiends can tear my Spirit from Thine,  
    Nor Heighth nor Depth shall move,  
Nor This, nor any Future Hour,  
Nor All the Creature's Utmost Power  
    Can part me from Thy Love.

---

<sup>9</sup>Ori., "Not."



**After Preaching, April 4.**<sup>10</sup>

1. Jesu, accept the grateful Song,  
My Wisdom and my Might,  
'Tis Thou hast loos'd the Stammering Tongue,  
And taught my Hands to fight.
2. Thou, Jesu, Thou my Mouth hast been;  
The Weapons of thy War,  
Mighty thro' Thee I pull down Sin,  
And all Thy Truth declare.
3. Not without Thee, my Lord, I am  
Come up unto this Place,  
Thy Spirit bad me preach Thy Name,  
And trumpet forth Thy Praise.
4. Thy Spirit gave me Utterance now,  
My Soul with Strength endued,  
Harden'd to Adamant my Brow,  
And arm'd my Heart with GOD.
5. Thy powerful Hand in all I see,  
Thy wondrous Workings own,  
Glory, and Strength, and Praise to Thee  
Ascribe, and Thee alone.

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<sup>10</sup>In Charles Wesley's hand. Appears also in MS Shent, 123a–124a. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:305–308.

6. Gladly I own the Promise true  
To All whom Thou dost send,  
“Behold I always am with you,  
“Your Saviour to the End.”
7. Amen, Amen, my GOD and Lord,  
If Thou art with me still,  
I still shall speak the Gospel-Word,  
My Ministry fulfill.
8. Thee I shall constantly proclaim,  
Tho’ Earth and Hell oppose,  
Bold to confess Thy glorious Name  
Before a World of Foes.
9. Jesus the Name high over all  
In Hell, or Earth, or Sky,  
Angels and men before it fall,  
And Devils fear and fly.
10. Jesus the Name to Sinners dear,  
The Name to Sinners given;  
It scatters all their guilty Fear,  
And turns their Hell to Heaven.
11. Balm into wounded Spi’rits it pours,  
And heals the sinsick Mind,  
It hearing to the Deaf restores,  
And Eye-sight to the Blind.

12. Jesus the Prisoner's Fetters breaks,  
And bruises Satan's Head,  
Power into strengthless Souls He<sup>11</sup> speaks  
And Life into the Dead.
13. O that the World might taste and see  
The Riches of His Grace!  
The Arms of Love which compass me  
Would all Mankind embrace.
14. O that my Jesus' Heavenly Charms  
Might Every Bosom move!  
Fly Sinners, fly into those Arms  
Of Everlasting Love:
15. The Lover of your Souls is near,  
Him I to you commend;  
Rejoice the Bridegroom's Voice<sup>12</sup> to hear,  
Who calls a Worm his<sup>13</sup> Friend.
16. He hath the Bride, and He alone,  
Almighty to redeem,  
I only make His Graces known,  
I send you all to Him.
17. Sinners behold the Lamb of GOD,  
On Him your Spirits stay,  
He bears the Universal Load,  
He takes your Sins away.

---

<sup>11</sup>Ori., "it."

<sup>12</sup>Ori., "~~Your~~ Bridegroom's Voice rejoice."

<sup>13</sup>Ori., "~~Your Brother and your.~~"

18. His only Righteousness I shew,  
His Saving Grace proclaim,  
Tis all my Business here below,  
To cry Behold the Lamb!
19. For This a suffering Life I live,  
And reckon all things Loss,  
For Him my Strength my All I give,  
And glory in His Cross.
20. I spend myself, that you may know  
The Lord our Righteousness,  
That Christ in you may live and grow,  
I joyfully decrease.
21. Gladly I hasten to decay,  
My Life I freely spend,  
And languish for the welcom Day  
When all my Toil shall end.
22. Happy if with my latest Breath  
I might but gasp His Name,  
Preach Him to All, and cry in Death  
Behold, behold the Lamb!

**Another  
[After Preaching].<sup>14</sup>**

1. Jesu, my Strength and Righteousness,  
My Saviour and my King,  
Triumphantly Thy Name I bless,  
Thy Conqu'ering Name I sing.
2. Thou Lord, hast magnified Thy Name,  
Thou hast maintain'd Thy Cause,  
And I enjoy the Glorious Shame,  
The Scandal of Thy Cross.
3. Thou gavest me to speak Thy Word  
In the appointed Hour,  
I have proclaim'd my Dying Lord,  
And felt Thy Spirit's Power.
4. Superior to Thy Foes<sup>15</sup> I stood,  
Above their Smile or Frown,  
On all the Strangers to Thy Blood  
With pitying Love look'd down.
5. O let me have Thy Presence still,  
Set as a Flint my Face,  
To shew the Counsel of Thy Will  
That saves a World by Grace.
6. O let me never blush to own  
The glorious Gospel-Word,

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<sup>14</sup>In Charles Wesley's hand. Appears also in MS Shent, 124b, 134a–134b. Published in *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 22–24.

<sup>15</sup>Ori., "~~Far above~~ Thy Foes ~~in Faith.~~"

That saves a World thro' Faith alone,  
Faith in a Bleeding Lord.

7. This is the Saving Power of GOD;  
Whoe'er this Word receive,  
Feel all th'<sup>16</sup> Effects of Jesus' Blood,  
And sensibly believe.
8. Sav'd from the Guilt and Power of Sin  
By instantaneous Grace,  
They trust to have Thy Life brought in,  
And always see Thy Face.
9. The Pure in Heart Thy Face shall see,  
Before they hence remove  
Redeem'd from All Iniquity,  
And perfected in Love.
10. This is the Great Salvation, This  
The Prize at which we aim,  
The End of Faith, the Hidden Bliss,  
Th' New Mysterious<sup>17</sup> Name.
11. The Name inscrib'd in the White Stone,  
The Unbeginning<sup>18</sup> Word,  
The Mystery so long unknown,  
The Secret of the Lord.
12. The Living Bread, sent down from Heaven,  
The Saints and Angels' Food,

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<sup>16</sup>Ori., "the" changed to "all th'."

<sup>17</sup>Ori., "Unutterable" changed to "New Mysterious."

<sup>18</sup>Ori., "Th' Incorruptible."

Th' Immortal Seed, the Little Leaven,  
The Effluence of GOD.

13. The Tree of Life that blooms and grows  
I' th' midst of Paradise,  
The pure and living Stream that flows  
Back to it's Native Skies.
14. The Spirit's Law, the Covenant's Seal,  
The Endless Righteousness,  
The glorious Joy unspeakable,  
Th' Unutterable Peace.
15. The Treasure in the Gospel-Field,  
The Wisdom from above,  
Hid from the Wise, to Babes reveal'd,  
The pretious Pearl of Love.
16. The Mystic Power of Godliness,  
The End of Death and Sin,  
The Antepast of Heavenly Bliss,  
The<sup>19</sup> Kingdom fixt within.
17. The Morning-Star that glittering bright  
Shines to the Perfect Day,  
The Sun of Righteousness, The Light,  
The Life, the Truth, the Way.
18. The Image of the Living GOD  
His Nature, and His Mind,  
Himself He hath on All bestow'd,  
And All in Christ we find.

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<sup>19</sup>Ori., "GOD's."

**For a Dying Friend.**<sup>20</sup>

1. Triumphant Soul, the Hour is come  
That calls Thee to thy Saviour's Breast,  
The Exile is returning Home,  
The Weary entering into Rest,  
The Angels for their Charge attend,  
And I must render up my Friend.
2. My Friend, how shall I let Thee go,  
How can I bear with Thee to part,  
Dearer<sup>21</sup> than Life, and all below  
Wound in the Fibres of my Heart,  
With Thee my mingled Spirits join,  
My Life is all wrapt up in Thine.
3. And can I see Thee die unmov'd,  
In Death so full of Love to me!  
Most loving Soul, and most belov'd,  
My Sister and my Friend I see,  
My First Concern, my Tenderest Care,  
My Child—the Daughter of my Prayer.
4. Labours for Thee my struggling Soul,  
Thy Pangs my bleeding Bosom move,  
Of Complicated Passion full,  
Pity, and Grief, and Joy, and Love,

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<sup>20</sup>In Charles Wesley's hand. Appears also in MS Richmond Tracts, 14–15; and MS Shent, 165a–165b. Published in *MSP* (1744), 3:280–82.

<sup>21</sup>Ori., “~~Dear~~ oft.”



I feel thy latest Agony,  
And gasps my Soul with Thee to die.

5. Envious I view that faded Cheek,  
That Cheek with deadly Pale o'rspread,  
Faulters thy Tongue, and fails to speak,  
And heaves thy Breast, and droops thy Head,  
Glimmers the Lamp of Life, and dies,  
And I am here to close thine Eyes.
6. I wait to catch thy parting<sup>22</sup> Breath,  
And feel the Answer of thy Prayer;  
Bless me, ev'n me, my Friend in Death,  
And ask that I thy Bliss may share,  
May soon like Thee my Life resign;  
O let thy latter End be Mine!

**Another**  
**[For a Dying Friend].<sup>23</sup>**

1. Away ye Clouds of Unbelief,  
I cannot sorrow without Hope!  
My Soul enjoys her noble Grief,  
And fills her Lord's Afflictions up,  
Touch'd with divinest Simpathy;  
For Jesus weeps, and groans in me.

---

<sup>22</sup>Ori., "latest."

<sup>23</sup>In Charles Wesley's hand. Appears also in MS Richmond Tracts, 15–16; and MS Shent, 165b–166b. Published in *MSP* (1744), 3:282–84.

2. Right pretious in His Sight the Death  
Of all his Saints and Servants is,  
Jesus receives their parting Breath,  
Himself is their Eternal Bliss,  
And now He bids thy Warfare end,  
He claims the Spirit of my Friend.
3. Adieu, dear dying Saint, adieu,  
The Summons of thy Lord obey,  
Mighty, and merciful, and true,  
He bids thee rise, and come away,  
With Triumph leave this Earthy Clod,  
And die into the Arms of GOD.
4. His<sup>24</sup> Everlasting Arms are spread,  
His Faithful Mercies never fail,<sup>25</sup>  
His Hand supports thy sinking Head,  
With Thee He walks thro' the Dark Vale,  
He whispers "Child be of good chear,  
[<sup>26</sup>Rejoice in Death, for I am here.<sup>27</sup>]
5. Say, are his<sup>26</sup> Consolations small?  
I read the Answer in Thine Eyes;  
Thy smiling Looks on Sinners call,  
And point them to yon opening Skies,

---

<sup>24</sup>Ori., "The."

<sup>25</sup>Ori., "For Thee, His Mercies never end"; then changed to "His tender Mercies never fail," and finally changed to "His Faithful Mercies never fail."

<sup>26</sup>Ori., "thy."

From whence thy much-lov'd<sup>27</sup> Lord looks down,  
And reaches out a<sup>28</sup> radiant Crown.

6. Thrice happy Soul, thy Lord appears,  
I feel Thou art forever His,  
Weep over Thee with joyful Tears,  
And triumph in Thy Glorious Bliss,  
With Thee the Hidden Manna prove,  
Thy Lord's unutterable Love.
7. Thy mighty Extacies I feel,  
On Thee with eager Transport gaze,  
Thy Forehead bears<sup>29</sup> the Spirit's Seal,  
And Heaven is open'd in thy Face,  
Thy mounting Soul is on the Wing—  
And hears<sup>30</sup> the Quire<sup>31</sup> of Angels sing!
8. Hovering around the new-born Heir  
For Thee the shining Convoy waits,  
To GOD thy Spotless Soul they bear—  
Open ye Everlasting Gates,  
A wide triumphant<sup>32</sup> Entrance give,  
The glorious new-born Heir receive.
9. Eternal GOD of Truth and Grace,  
We magnify thy faithful Love,

---

<sup>27</sup>Ori., "~~much-lov'd~~"; then changed to "Smiling," and finally changed back to "much-lov'd."

<sup>28</sup>Ori., "the."

<sup>29</sup>Ori., "~~Foreheads bear~~" changed to "Forehead bears."

<sup>30</sup>Wesley has struck out an earlier word, rendering it illegible.

<sup>31</sup>Ori., "Quires."

<sup>32</sup>Ori., "~~abundant~~."

We All shall soon behold Thy Face,  
We All shall take our Seats above,  
And I shall in Thy Kingdom share,  
And I shall meet my Sister there!

**Universal Redemption.**<sup>33</sup>

1. Saviour of All, whose Bowels move  
To All the Souls Thy Hands have made,  
Whose Sovereign Everlasting Love  
For All a Bleeding Ransom paid;
2. All-good, all-gracious to redeem  
To Thee my loftiest Songs I raise,  
Gladly resume my darling Theme,  
And glory in thy General Grace.
3. I sing Thy Grace Divinely free,  
Let all Mankind Thy Grace adore,  
That vast unfathomable Sea  
Without a Bottom or a Shore.
4. Not all the first-born Sons of Light  
Thy Glorious Grace can fully tell,  
The Length and Breadth, and Depth, and Height  
Of Love Incomprehensible.
5. Thy Love th' Angelic Army sings

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<sup>33</sup>In Charles Wesley's hand. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:159–60.

And tremble at Thy Gracious Power,  
And wrap their Faces in their Wings,  
And fall, and silently adore.

6. Like<sup>34</sup> them I long on Thee to gaze,  
Like<sup>35</sup> them before Thy Throne to fall,  
With<sup>36</sup> Joy unutterable praise,<sup>37</sup>  
The LOVE Divine that died for All.

**Another**  
**[Universal Redemption].<sup>38</sup>**

1. Captain of my Salvation hear,  
And stand in all Thy Power confest,  
And arm thy Soldier for the War,  
And breathe Thy Spirit into my Breast.
2. With stedfast, calm, delibe'rate Might,  
With temper'd Zeal my Heart inspire,  
And teach my feeble Hands to<sup>39</sup> fight,  
And touch my Lips with hallow'd Fire.
3. Vilest of all the ransom'd Race  
I hear, and answer to thy Call,  
Assert thy free unbounded Grace,  
And witness Thou hast died for All.
4. To Thee my worthless Name I give,  
Here at the Altar of<sup>40</sup> Thy Cross

---

<sup>34</sup>Ori., "With."

<sup>35</sup>Ori., "With."

<sup>36</sup>Ori., "In."

<sup>37</sup>Ori., "gaze."

<sup>38</sup>In Charles Wesley's hand. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:160–61.

<sup>39</sup>Ori., "simple Heart" changed to "feeble Hands to."

<sup>40</sup>Ori., "at."

I plight my Faith to die and<sup>41</sup> Live  
To vindicate Thy Mercy's Cause.

5. Thro' Thee to Heaven I lift my Hand,  
The Purpose of my Soul declare,  
With All that dare Thy Love withstand  
I vow to wage an endless War.
6. An endless War, yet free from Rage  
Or cruel Hate, or proud Despight,  
With Satan, and his World I wage,  
And suffer in Thy Mercy's Right.
7. To Battle in Thy Strength I go  
Against the Trampler on Thy Grace,  
The Hellish Reprobating Foe,  
The Molock of our Helpless Race.
8. The Fiend who counterfeits Thy Seal,  
Consigns as by Thy Dire Decree  
‡ Whole Nations with their Babes to Hell,  
And damns from All Eternity.
9. Sworn Enemy to All his Art,  
And Pains to wash the Ethiop white,  
Jesu, till Soul and Body part,  
With Satan in Thy Strength I fight.

‡ Quotation from Calvin.

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<sup>41</sup>Ori., "or."

10. Whether he damns or passes by  
The wretched Reprobated Brood,<sup>42</sup>  
His utmost Efforts I defy  
To stain the Mercy of my GOD.
11. Long as in me Thy Breath remains,  
Long as the Circling Blood shall flow,  
I spend my Soul, and<sup>43</sup> Strength and Pains  
To reprobate Thy Hellish Foe.
12. To pluck the Prey out of his Teeth,  
On every Soul of Man to call,  
And testify in Life and Death  
Who died for me hath died for All.

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<sup>42</sup>Ori., “~~helpless Hell-devoted Race~~” changed to “wretched Reprobated Brood.”

<sup>43</sup>Ori., “my.”

[blank]



[Untitled.]<sup>44</sup>

1. To Thee, great Shepherd of the Sheep,  
To Thee for Help we fly,  
Thy little Flock in safety keep  
For O! the Wolf is nigh.
2. He comes of Hellish Malice full,  
To scatter, tear, and slay,  
He seizes every stragling Soul  
As his own lawful Prey.
3. Us into Thy Protection take,  
And gather with Thine Arm,  
Unless the Fold we first forsake  
The Wolf can never harm.
4. We laugh to scorn his cruel Power  
While by our Shepherd's Side,  
The Sheep he never can devour  
Unless he first divide.
5. O do not suffer him to part  
The Souls that here agree,  
But make us of one mind and Heart,  
And keep us one in Thee.
6. Together let us sweetly live,  
Together let us die,

---

<sup>44</sup>In Charles Wesley's hand. Appears also in MS Shent, 55a. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:230.

And Each a Starry Crown receive,  
And reign above the Sky.

7. Keep us till then in perfect Peace,  
And call us All to prove,  
An endless Age of Heavenly Bliss,  
An endless Age of Love.

[blank]

[blank]

May [1743]<sup>1</sup>

**For a Sick Friend.**

[I.]<sup>2</sup>

1. Come, Lord, come quickly from above,  
The Object of Thy Bleeding Love  
Is sick, and wants Thine Aid,  
Lover of every helpless Soul,  
O let Thy Pity make him whole,  
Whose Mind on Thee is staid.
2. His only Trust is in Thy Blood  
Thou Sinner's Advocate with GOD,  
Thou All-atoning Lamb,  
The Virtue of Thy Death impart,  
Speak Comfort to his drooping Heart,  
And tell him All Thy Name.
3. Give him thy pard'ning Love to feel,  
And freely his Backslidings heal,  
Repair his Faith's Decay,  
Restore the Sweetness of thy Grace,  
Reveal the Glories of thy Face,  
And take his Sins away.
4. Speak, Lord, and let him find Thee near,  
O bid him now be of good cheer,  
Declare his Sins forgiven,  
Return, Thou Prince of Peace, return,

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<sup>1</sup>See comment on date in the Introduction.

<sup>2</sup>In Charles Wesley's hand. Appears also in MS Shent, 158a. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:66.

Thou Comforter of All that mourn,  
And look him into<sup>3</sup> Heaven.

**II.**<sup>4</sup>

1. O Lord, our Strength and Righteousness,  
Our Hope, and Refuge in Distress,  
Our Saviour, and our GOD,  
See here, an helpless Sinner see!  
Sick, and in Pain he gasps to Thee,  
And waits to feel thy Blood.
2. In Sickness make Thou all his bed,  
Thy Hand support his fainting Head,  
His feeble Soul defend;  
Teach him on Thee to cast his Care,  
And all his Grief and Burthen bear,  
And love him to the End.
3. If now Thy Will his Soul require,  
O sit as a Refiner's Fire,  
And purge it first from Sin;  
Thy Love hath quicker Wings than Death,  
The Fulness of Thy Spirit breathe,  
And bring Thy Nature in.
4. If in the Vale of Tears Thy Will  
Appoints him to continue still  
O sanctify his Pain,  
And let him patiently submit

---

<sup>3</sup>“Into” has “up to” written above it as an alternative.

<sup>4</sup>In Charles Wesley's hand. Appears also below (pp. 183–84) and in MS Shent, 158a–158b. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:67.

To suffer as Thy Love sees fit,  
And never once complain.

5. O let him look to Thee alone  
(That all Thy Will on Him be done  
His only Pleasure be)<sup>5</sup>  
Alike resign'd to live or die,  
As most Thy Name may glorify  
To live, or die in Thee.

**In the beginning of a Recovery.**<sup>6</sup>

1. Jesu, thro' whom again I breathe,  
Uplifted from the Gates of Death,

---

<sup>5</sup>The first three lines were ori., "O let his Soul on Thee rely, / Alike content to live or die, / And joyful let him be."

<sup>6</sup>In Charles Wesley's hand. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:431.

[blank]



**Universal Redemption.**<sup>7</sup>

1. O All-embracing Love Divine,  
O All-illuminating Light,  
Throughout the World victorious shine,  
Victorious or 'e the Shades of Night.
2. The Smoak that issues from the Pit,  
And darkens Hea'vens All-chearing Face,  
Scatter; and bruise beneath our Feet  
The bold Blasphemer of Thy Grace.
3. Let him blaspheme Thy Grace no more,  
Or mock<sup>8</sup> us while he calls it free,  
Silence his reprobating Roar,  
Cancel his Horrible Decree.
4. Drive the Old *Fatalist*<sup>9</sup> to Hell,  
Nor longer let him Refuge take  
In Kirk,<sup>a</sup> or School,<sup>b</sup> or Mosque,<sup>c</sup> or Cell,<sup>d</sup>  
Not ev'n in his own Leman-Lake.<sup>e</sup>
5. Spare the poor Advocates for Sin,  
But let their Master's Kingdom fall,  
Destroy the Frogs, the Spirits unclean  
That croak "Thou didst not die for All."<sup>[8]</sup>

<sup>a</sup> Of Scotland. <sup>b</sup> Of Zeno, the heathen Philosopher. <sup>c</sup> Of Mahomet the Impostor. <sup>d</sup> Of Dominick the Popish Friar—all Predestinarians.  
<sup>e</sup> Of Geneva.

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<sup>7</sup>In Charles Wesley's hand. Published posthumously in *Representative Verse*, 167; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:162.

<sup>8</sup>Ori., "~~And mocks.~~"

<sup>9</sup>Ori., "*Fatal Foe.*"

[blank]

[Untitled.]<sup>10</sup>

1. Burst, struggling Soul, the Bands of Sin,  
The corruptible Body leave,  
If that can quench the Fire within,  
My Heart's last Drop of Blood I give,  
To 'scape the Inbred Tyrant's Power,  
And die that I might sin no more.
2. Tir'd with the Greatness of my Way,  
Weary alas! to Death I am,  
Ten thousand times I curse my Day;  
I cannot bear my Load of Shame.  
In Rage my Sinful Flesh I tear,  
In all the Madness of Despair.
3. What Help or Hope remains for me,  
A fallen, damn'd, apostate Soul!  
No distant Ray of Light I see;  
The Measure of my Sin is full:  
Since first from Pard'ning Grace I fell  
I have debas'd Myself to Hell.
4. Conscience, the Worm that never dies,  
Distracts, and knaws my bleeding Heart,  
Sin always meets my blasted eyes:  
I cannot from myself depart;  
O wretched Man of Sin, I cry,  
And groan, till I forever die.

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<sup>10</sup>In Charles Wesley's hand. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:156–57.

5. But let me first the Justice clear  
Of GOD who turns me into Hell:  
No dire Decree of His is here  
Compelling<sup>11</sup> me the Death to feel;  
He doth not drive me from His Face  
For Want, but for Abuse of Grace.
6. Because I Did receive the Seed,  
Th' Immortal Seed of GOD in vain;  
The Talent of my Lord I hid,  
And did not Other Talent gain,  
I would not live, I would rebel,  
And thus from Saving<sup>12</sup> Grace I fell.
7. I fell, but not by His Decree,  
He never preordain'd my Fall;  
His Saving Grace appear'd to me;  
And freely<sup>13</sup> offers Life to All;  
I Him denied who me had bought,  
He came, but I receiv'd him not.
8. Tophet is now my just Reward,  
By Sin I made it my own Place  
For Devils, not for me prepar'd—  
Yet there I clear th' All-pardning Grace,  
In Hell disprove their Hellish Lie,  
And self-destroy'd forever die!

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<sup>11</sup>Ori., "Complaining."

<sup>12</sup>Ori., "Par[dnng]."

<sup>13</sup>Ori., "And He freely."

**For the Evening.**<sup>14</sup>

1. Thou, Lord, art rich in Grace to All,  
Attend my earnest Cry,  
With lifted Hands and Heart I call,  
And look to feel Thee nigh.
2. O that my Prayers might now<sup>15</sup> to Thee  
As Clouds of Incense rise,  
And let<sup>16</sup> my Thanks accepted be  
My Evening Sacrifice.
3. Not unto me, O Lord, the Praise  
But to thy Name I give,  
If kept by Thine Almighty Grace  
Still unconsum'd I live.
4. Thro' Thee, my GOD, thro' Thee alone  
I incorrupt have been,  
Thou hast Thy Power in Weakness shewn,  
Withholding me from Sin.
5. Restrain'd from my own Wickedness  
Thy outstretch'd Hand I see,  
And bless Thee for my Faith's Increase,  
And closer cleave to<sup>17</sup> Thee.
6. With humble Thankfulness I own  
Sufficient is Thy Grace,  
Thou, who from Sin hast kept me One,  
Canst keep me All my Days.

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<sup>14</sup>In Charles Wesley's hand. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:203–204.

<sup>15</sup>Ori., “let the Prayers I make” changed to “that my Prayers might now.”

<sup>16</sup>Ori., “may.”

<sup>17</sup>Ori., “still depend on” changed to “closer cleave to.”

**For Preserving Grace.**<sup>18</sup>

1.       Jesu, go not far from me  
          For Sin is hard at hand,  
          I have none to help but Thee,  
          Enable me to stand;  
          Hear out of the Deep my Cry  
And help me now as heretofore,  
          Save me, save me, or I die,  
          I fall to rise no more.
  
2.       GOD of my Salvation, hear  
          In this my Time of Need,  
          See the Day of Battle near,  
          And skreen my naked Head,  
          Send<sup>19</sup> me Succour from on high,  
And hide me till the Storm is or'e,  
          Save me, save &c.
  
3.       Thou hast oft my Refuge been,  
          And Thou art still the same,  
          Snatch me from the Jaws of Sin,  
          O quench the Violent Flame,  
          Bring thy great Salvation nigh,  
Stir up Thine Interposing Power,  
          Save me, save &c.
  
4.       Help on Thee, Thou mighty One  
          For All Mankind is laid,

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<sup>18</sup>In Charles Wesley's hand. Appears also in MS Shent, 88a–88b. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:180–81.

<sup>19</sup>Ori., "Haste."

Let it now on me be shewn,  
Be Thou my Present Aid,  
O come quickly, and stand by  
My Soul throughout the Trying Hour,  
Save me, save &c.

5. Help<sup>20</sup> me now, but let me still  
My Want of Help confess,  
Hang upon Thine Arm, and feel  
My utter Helplessness,  
Only This be all my Cry,  
Till Thou my ruin'd Soul restore,  
Save me, save me, or I die,  
I fall to rise no more.

**Hosea 14.**<sup>21</sup>

1. Sinners, obey the Gracious Call,  
Unto the Lord your GOD return,  
The dire Occasion of your Fall,  
Your Wickedness of Folly mourn.
2. Sin only hath your Ruin been;  
In humble Words your Grievs express,  
Turn to the Lord, your shameful Sin,  
The Burthen of your Soul confess.
3. GOD of all Power, and Truth, and Grace,  
All our Iniquity remove,

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

<sup>21</sup>In Charles Wesley's hand. Published in *Hymns for Times of Trouble and Persecution* (1744), 45–47.

Spare, and accept a Fallen Race  
GOD of all Power, and Truth,<sup>22</sup> and Love.

4. Take all, take all our<sup>23</sup> Sins away,  
Nor Guilt, nor Power, nor Being have,  
Forgive us now, thine Arm display,  
Thine own for Jesus' sake receive.
5. So will we render Thee the Praise,  
With joyful Lips and Hearts renew'd,  
Present thee all our sinless Days  
A Living Sacrifice to GOD.
6. So will we trust in Man no more,  
No more to Man for Succour fly,  
The Works of our own Hands adore,  
Or seek Ourselves to justify.
7. Not by an Arm of Flesh, but Thine  
We look from Sin to be set free;  
O Love, O Righteousness Divine,  
The Helpless all find Help in Thee.
8. Surely in me, (your GOD replies)  
The Fatherless shall Mercy find,  
Whoe'er on me for Help relies  
Shall know the Saviour of Mankind.
9. I (for my Son hath died to seal  
Their Peace, and all my Wrath remove)

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<sup>22</sup>Ori., "Grace."

<sup>23</sup>Ori., "your."



I will their sinsick Spirits heal  
And freely the Backsliders love.

10. I will my Sovereign Art display,  
To perfect Health their Souls restore,  
And take their Bent to Sin away,  
And lift them up to fall no more.
11. In Blessings will I then come down,  
And water them with Gracious Dew,  
And all my faithful Mercies crown,  
And Every Pardon'd Soul renew.
12. Israel shall as the Lilly grow,  
As chaste, and beautiful, and white,  
Yet striking deep his Roots below,  
And tow'ring as the Cedar's Height.
13. His branching Arms he wide shall spread,  
And flourish in Eternal Bloom,  
Fair as the Olive's verdant Shade,  
Fragrant as Lebanon's Perfume.
14. Whoe'er beneath his Shadow dwell  
Shall, as the putrid Corn, revive,  
A Mortal quickning Virtue feel,  
And sink to rise, and die to live.
15. Their Boughs with Fruit Ambrosial crown'd  
As Lebanon's thick-clustering Vine,

Shall shed their Odours all around,  
Grateful to Human Taste, and Mine.

16. Ephraim, my pleasant Child shall say  
    "With Idols what have I to do?  
    "I cannot sin; get hence! Away  
    "Vain World! I cannot stoop to you!
17. "GOD, only GOD hath all my Heart,  
    "My vile Idolatries are o're,  
    "I cannot now from GOD depart,  
    "For born of GOD, I sin no more."
18. Whoe'er to this high Prize aspire,  
    And long my utmost Grace to prove,  
I heard, and mark'd their Heart's Desire,  
    And I will perfect them in Love.
19. Beneath my Love's Almighty Shade,  
    O Israel sit, and rest secure,  
On me thy quiet Soul be stay'd,  
    Till pure as I thy GOD am pure.
20. Surely I will my People save,  
    Who on my faithful Word depend  
Their Fruit to Holiness shall have,  
    And glorious all to Heaven ascend.

**Longing after Christ.**<sup>24</sup>

- [1.] Light of Life, Seraphick Fire,  
Love Divine, Thyself impart,  
Every fainting Soul inspire,  
Shine in every drooping Heart,  
Every mournful Sinner chear,  
Scatter all our guilty Gloom,  
Son of GOD appear, appear,  
To Thy Living Temples come.
2. Come in this accepted Hour,  
Bring thy Heavenly Kingdom in,  
Fill us with the Glorious Power,  
Rooting out the Seeds of Sin:  
Nothing more can we require,  
We will covet Nothing less,  
Thou art all our Heart's Desire,  
All our Joy and all our Peace.
3. Whom but Thee have we in Heaven,  
Whom have we on Earth but Thee,  
Only Thou to us be given,  
All besides is Vanity:  
Grant us Love, we ask no more,  
Every other Gift remove,  
Pleasure, Fame, and Wealth, and Power;  
Still we All enjoy in Love.

---

<sup>24</sup>In Charles Wesley's hand. Appears also in MS Shent, 93a. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:168.

[Untitled.]<sup>25</sup>

1. Love Divine, all Loves excelling,  
Joy of Heaven to Earth come down,  
Fix in Us thy humble Dwelling,  
All thy faithful Mercies crown;  
Jesus Thou art all Compassion,  
Love, unbounded Love Thou art,  
Visit us with Thy Salvation,  
Enter every trembling Heart.
  
2. Breathe, O breathe thy Loving Spirit  
Into every troubled Breast,  
Let us All in Thee inherit,  
Let us find the Second Rest;  
Take away Our Power of Sinning,  
Alpha and Omega be,  
End of Faith as it's Beginning,  
Set our Hearts at Liberty.
  
3. Come Almighty to deliver,  
Let us all Thy Life receive,  
Suddenly return, and never  
Never more Thy Temples leave,  
Thee we would be always blessing,  
Serve Thee as the Hosts above,  
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,  
Glory in thy Dying Love.

---

<sup>25</sup>In Charles Wesley's hand. Appears also in MS Shent, 94a–94b. Published in *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 11–12.

4. Finish then Thy New Creation,  
Pure and sinless let us be,  
Let us see Thy great Salvation  
Perfectly restor'd in Thee,  
Chang'd from Glory into Glory,  
Till in Heaven we take our Place,  
Sing, and cast our Crowns before Thee  
Lost in Wonder, Love, and Praise.

**Psalm 51.**<sup>26</sup>

1. GOD of Unfathomable Love,  
Whose Bowels of Compassion move  
Tow'ard Adam's helpless Race,  
See at thy Feet a Sinner see,  
In tender Mercy look on me,  
And all my Sins efface.
2. O let thy Love to me o'reflow,  
Thy Multitude of Mercies shew,  
Abundantly forgive,  
Remove th' Insufferable Load,  
Blot out my Sins with Sacred Blood  
And bid the Sinner live.
3. Take all the Power of Sin away,  
Nor let in me its Being stay,

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<sup>26</sup>In Charles Wesley's hand. Appears also in MS Psalms, 135–39. Published in *CPH* (1743), 11–14.

Mine inmost Soul convert,  
Wash me from all my Filth of Sin,  
Come, Lord, and make me throughly clean,  
Create me pure in Heart.

4. For Oh! my Sins I now confess,  
Bewail my despe'rate Wickedness,  
And sue to be forgiven,  
I have abus'd thy patient Grace,  
I have provok'd Thee to thy Face,  
And dar'd the Wrath of Heaven.
5. Thee, only Thee have I defied:  
Tho' all thy Wrath on me abide,  
And my Damnation seal,  
When into Outer Darkness thrust,  
I'l own the Punishment is just,  
And clear my GOD in Hell.
6. Cast in the Mould of Sin I am,  
Corrupt throughout my inmost Frame,  
My Essence all unclean,  
My Total Fall from GOD I mourn,  
In Sin I was conceiv'd and born,  
Whate'er I am is Sin.
7. But Thou requir'st thy Creatures Hearts,  
Truth rooted in the inward Parts,  
Unspotted Purity,

And by Thy Grace I humbly trust  
To learn the Wisdom of the Just  
In secret taught by Thee.

8. Surely Thou wilt the Grace impart,  
Sprinkle the Blood upon my Heart  
That did for Sinners flow,  
The Blood that purges Every Sin,  
The Blood that soon shall wash me clean,  
And make me white as Snow.
9. Thou wilt my mournful Spirit chear,  
And grant me once again to hear  
Thy sweet forgiving Voice,  
That all my Bones and inmost Soul,  
Broken by Thee, by Thee made whole  
May in thy Strength rejoice.
10. From my Misdeeds avert thy Face,  
The Guilt of Sin by Pardning Grace  
Of All my Sins remove,  
Forgive, O GOD, but change me too,  
But perfectly my Soul renew  
By Sanctifying Love.
11. My Wretchedness<sup>27</sup> to Thee convert,  
Give me an humble contrite Heart,  
My Fallen Soul restore,

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<sup>27</sup>Ori., "~~fallen Soul~~" changed to "Wretchedness."

Let me the Life Divine attain,  
The Image of my GOD regain,  
And never lose it<sup>28</sup> more.

12. Have Patience till by Thee renew'd  
I live the Sinless Life of GOD;  
Here let thy Spirit stay,  
Tho' I have griev'd the Patient Dove,  
Ah! do not quite withdraw thy Love,  
Or take thy Grace away.
13. The Comfort of thy Help restore,  
Assist me now as heretofore,  
O lift Thou up my Head,  
The Spirit of thy Power impart,  
Stablish, and fix my faithful Heart,  
And make me free indeed.
14. Then shall I teach the World thy Ways,<sup>29</sup>  
Thy Mercy mild and Pardning Grace  
For Every Sinner free,  
Till Sinners to thy Grace submit,  
And fall at their Redeemer's Feet,  
And weep and love like me.
15. O might I weep, and love Thee now!  
GOD of my Health, my Saviour Thou,  
Thou only canst release

---

<sup>28</sup>Ori., "~~grieve Thee~~" changed to "lose it."

<sup>29</sup>Ori., "~~Gr[ace].~~"



My Soul from all Iniquity;  
O speak the Word, and set me free,  
And bid me go in Peace.

16. So shall I sing the Saviour's Name,  
Thy Gift of Righteousness proclaim,  
Thine All-redeeming Grace:  
Open my Lips, Almighty Lord,  
That I thy Mercy may record,  
And glory in thy Praise.
17. No Creature-Good dost Thou desire,  
No costly Sacrifice require;  
Thy Pleasure is to give;  
Thou only seekest me not mine,  
Thou woudst that I should take of Thine  
Should All thy Grace receive.
18. A bleeding Spirit by Sin distrest,  
A broken Heart that pants for Rest,  
This is the Sacrifice  
Well-pleasing in the Sight of GOD;  
A Sinner crush'd beneath his Load  
Thou never wilt despise.
19. Then hear a Contrite Sinner's Prayer  
And Every ruin'd Soul repair,  
Remember Sion's Woe,  
Shew forth thy Justifying Grace,

And for Thyself vouchsafe to raise  
A Glorious Church below.

20. When Thou hast seal'd thy People's Peace,  
Their Sacrifice of Righteousness  
Their Gifts Thou wilt approve,  
Their Every Thought and Word and Deed  
That from a Living Faith proceed,  
And all are wrought in Love.
21. Laid on the Altar of Thy Son  
Pleasing to Thee thro' Christ alone  
The dear Peculiar Race  
Their grateful Sacrifice shall bring,  
And hymn their Father and their King  
In endless Songs of Praise.

**“By the Mystery of thy Holy  
Incarnation &c.” Litan[y].<sup>30</sup>**

1. Jesu, shew us Thy Salvation,  
(In Thy Strength we strive with Thee,)  
By Thy mystic Incarnation,  
By Thy Pure Nativity,  
Come, and be our New Creator,  
Into all our Souls impart  
Thy Divine Unsinning Nature,  
Form Thyself within our Heart.

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<sup>30</sup>In Charles Wesley's hand. Appears also in MS Shent, 51a–52a. Published in *Resurrection Hymns* (1746), 10–12.

2. By Thy first Bloodshedding heal us,  
Cut us off from every Sin,  
By Thy Circumcision seal us,  
Write thy Law of Love within,  
Let Thy Spirit circumcise us;  
Kindle in our Hearts a Flame,  
By Thy Baptism baptize us  
Into all Thy Glorious Name.
3. By Thy Fasting and Temptation,  
Mortify our vain Desires,  
Take away what Sense or Passion,  
Appetite, or Flesh requires,  
Arm us with Thy Self-denial,  
Every tempted Soul defend,  
Save us in the Fiery Trial,  
Make us faithful to the End.
4. By Thy sorer Sufferings save us,  
Save us when conform'd to Thee,  
By Thy Miseries relieve us,  
By Thy painful Agony;  
When beneath Thy Frown we languish  
When we feel thine Anger's Weight,  
Save us by thine Unknown Anguish,  
Save us by Thy Bloody Sweat.
5. By the Acme of thy Passion,  
By Thy Sufferings on the Tree,

Save us from the Indignation  
Due to All Mankind and me;  
Hanging, bleeding, panting, dying  
Save us by Thy latest Breath,  
By Thy pretious Death's Applying  
Save us from Eternal Death.

6. From the World of Care release us,  
By thy decent Burial save,  
Crucified and dead with Jesus  
Hide us in thy Quiet Grave,  
By Thy Power divinely glorious  
By Thy Resurrection's Power,  
Raise us up or'e Sin Victorious,  
Raise us up to die no more.
7. By the Pomp of Thine Ascending  
Live we here to Heaven restor'd,  
Live in Pleasures never ending,  
Share the Portion of our Lord;  
Let us have our Conversation  
With the Blessed Spirits above,  
Sav'd with All Thy great Salvation,  
Perfectly renew'd in Love.
8. Glorious Head, triumphant Saviour,  
High enthron'd above all height,  
We have now thro' Thee found Favour,  
Righteous in Thy Father's Sight;

Hears He not Thy Prayer unceasing,  
Can He turn away Thy Face?  
Send us down the Purchas'd<sup>31</sup> Blessing,  
Fulness of the Gospel Grace.

9. By the Coming of Thy Spirit  
As a Mighty rushing Wind,  
Save us into All Thy Merit,  
Into<sup>32</sup> all thy sinless Mind,  
Let the Perfect<sup>33</sup> Gift be given,  
Let thy Will in us be seen,  
Done on Earth as 'tis in Heaven;  
Lord, Thy Spirit cries Amen!

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<sup>31</sup>Ori., "Mighty."

<sup>32</sup>Ori., "Sav[e]in."

<sup>33</sup>Ori., "Glorious."

[blank]

June [1743]<sup>1</sup>

**[Untitled.]**<sup>2</sup>

1. Salvation is in Jesus' Name  
For All who Him receive,<sup>3</sup>  
To save the World from Heaven He came  
That Every Soul might live.
2. Thro' Grace we take the purchas'd Grace,  
We answer to His Call,  
The Saviour of Mankind embrace  
My GOD who died for All.
3. His Blood, we know, hath bought our Peace,  
We have no Hope beside,  
By His Imputed Righteousness  
We all are Justified.
4. Sav'd from the Guilt and Power of Sin  
For Jesus sake forgiven,  
We look to have the Grace brought in,  
The New-created Heaven.
5. Forgetting still the things behind  
To'ward the High Prize we press,  
And look the pretious Pearl to find  
The Perfect Holiness.
6. We shall be wholly sanctified  
As many' as Christ receive,  
As sure as He for us hath died,  
He in our Hearts shall live.

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<sup>1</sup>See comment on date in the Introduction.

<sup>2</sup>In Charles Wesley's hand. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:193–94.

<sup>3</sup>Ori., “defend.”

[Untitled.]<sup>4</sup>

1. The Babes in Christ should Nothing know  
But Jesus Crucified:  
Let us, till dead to All below,  
In those dear Wounds abide.
2. Then let us follow on to prove<sup>5</sup>  
His Resurrection's Power,  
Wait to be perfected in Love,  
To rise, and fall no more.
3. Jesu, our Life, in Us appear,  
Who daily die Thy Death,  
Reveal Thyself the Finisher,  
Thy Quickning Spirit breathe.
4. Unfold the Hidden Mystery,  
The Second Gift impart,  
Reveal Thy Glorious Self in me,  
In Every waiting Heart.
5. We shall attain what we pursue,  
Unless our Faith is vain,  
If Thou art Good, if Thou art True,  
We shall the Prize attain;
6. Partake on Earth the Heavenly Bliss,  
And pure and holy be,  
And perfect as Thy Father is,  
And One with GOD in Thee.

---

<sup>4</sup>In Charles Wesley's hand. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:194–95.

<sup>5</sup>Ori., "know."



**“As many as received him to them gave he power to become the sons of GOD, even to them that believe on his Name.”—John 1. 12.<sup>6</sup>**

1. Jesu, in Thine All-saving Name  
We stedfastly believe,  
And lo! the Promis'd Power we claim  
Which Thou art bound to give:  
Power to become the Sons of GOD,  
An All-sufficient Power,  
We look to have on Us bestow'd  
A Power to sin no more.
  
- 2.<sup>7</sup> We yield to be redeem'd from Sin,  
The Life Divine to live,  
Open our Hearts to take Thee in,  
And all Thy Grace receive:  
Thee we receive as GOD and Man  
Both in One Person join'd,  
To finish the Redeeming Plan,  
To rescue All Mankind.
  
3. On both Thy Natures we rely,  
Neither could<sup>8</sup> save alone,  
The GOD could not for Sinners die,  
The Man could not atone:  
The Merit of a Suffering GOD  
Alone hath bought our Peace,

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<sup>6</sup>In Charles Wesley's hand. Appears also in MS Shent, 195a–196b. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:181–84.

<sup>7</sup>Wesley first began writing the hymn in four-line stanzas but then changed the numbering to show eight-line stanzas.

<sup>8</sup>Ori., “can.”

It stamp'd the Value on thy Blood  
Which sign'd our Soul's Release.

4. Thy pretious Blood hath wash'd away  
The Universal Sin,  
And every Child of Adam may  
Have all thy Life brought in.  
Thy Office is To teach, and bless,  
T' Atone, and Sanctify,  
Ready the Spirit of thy Grace  
Thy Merits to apply.
5. To Thee, O Christ, thy Praise we give  
Thy threefold Function sing,  
The Lord's Anointed One receive,  
Our Prophet, Priest, and King.  
Thou, only Thou our Wisdom art,  
Our Strength and Righteousness;  
Sprinkle, inform, and rule our Heart,  
Victorious Prince of Peace.
6. Foolish we come to learn of Thee,  
Guilty to be forgiven,  
Poor sinful Worms to be made free  
From Sin, and fit for Heaven.  
Teach us the Perfect Will of GOD  
For us, and in us pray,  
Wash us in thine All-cleansing Blood,  
Thy Kingly Power display.
- 7.<sup>9</sup> Thy Kingly Power in us exert,  
Our Rebel Heart subdue,

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<sup>9</sup>Wesley originally had the last four lines of stanza 6 as the first four lines of stanza 7, but numbered them in the margin to show the order shown above.

More than subdue our Rebel-Heart,  
Thine Utmost Virtue shew.  
Shew us thy Sanctifying Grace,  
Take all our Sin away,  
It's Being utterly erase,  
All, all it's Relicks slay.

8. Jesu, we in Thy Name believe  
Which Fiends and Men deny,  
With Fiends and Men we dare not give  
Our faithful Lord the Lie.  
Jesus, the Sound of Jesus' Name  
Our sinless Souls shall feel,  
Lord, we believe Thee still the same,  
An Utmost Saviour still.
9. Thou wilt to Us thy Name impart,  
Thou bear'st it not in vain,  
What Thou art call'd Thou surely art,  
Saviour of Sinful Man.  
Into thy Name thy Nature We  
Assuredly believe,  
Jesus from Sin, Thee only Thee  
Our Jesus we receive.
10. Our Jesus Thou from future Woe,  
From present Wrath Divine,  
Shalt save us from our Sins below,  
And make our Souls like Thine.

Jesus from all the Power of Sin,  
From all the Being too,  
Thy Grace shall make us throughly clean,  
And perfectly renew.

11. Jesus from Pride, from Wrath from Lust,  
Our Inward Jesus be,  
From every Evil Thought we trust  
To be redeem'd by Thee.  
When Thou dost in our Flesh appear,  
We shall the Promise prove,  
Sav'd into All Perfection *here*,  
Renew'd in sinless Love.

12. Come, O thou Prophet, Priest and King,  
Thou Son of GOD and Man,  
Into our Souls thy Fulness bring,  
Instruct, Atone, and Reign.  
Holy, and pure, as Just and Wise  
We would be in thy Right,  
Less than Thine All cannot suffice,  
We grasp the Infinite.

13. Our Jesus Thee Entire and Whole  
With willing Heart we take,  
Fill ours, and Every faithful Soul  
For thy own Mercy's sake;  
We wait to know Thy Utmost Name,  
Thy Nature's Heavenly Powers,  
One Undivided Christ we claim,  
And All Thou art is Ours.

**On the Death of Miss  
Fanny Cowper.<sup>10</sup>**

1.           Thanks be to GOD alone  
              Thro' Jesus Christ His Son,  
He who hath for Us obtain'd  
              Gives our Friend the Victory:  
Sister, Thou the Prize hast gain'd,  
              Died for Him who died for Thee.
  
2.           The Mortal Hour is past,  
              Thou hast or'come at last,  
Freed from Pain forever freed,  
              Ended is thy glorious Strife,  
Death, the latest Foe, is dead,  
              Death is swallow'd up of Life.
  
3.           Thy lamblike Innocence  
              Is soon departed hence,  
From the World of Sin and Pain,  
              Thou art clean escap'd away,  
Sav'd from Sin's Infectious Stain,  
              Taken from the Evil Day.
  
4.           Stranger to guilty Fears  
              Thou liv'dst thy Twenty Years,  
From the great Transgression free;  
              Never did the Poison spread,  
Jesus, e'er it rose in Thee,  
              Jesus crush'd the Serpent's Head.
  
5.           His Spirit's gentlest Art  
              Open'd thy Simple Heart,

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<sup>10</sup>In Charles Wesley's hand. Published in *Funeral Hymns* (1746), 17–19. Frances ("Fanny") Cowper and her sister Anne were daughters of William Cowper, Esq. of Enfield Chase, a northern suburb of London. They were likely converted by the Wesleys, but our earliest explicit evidence of connection to the Methodist movement is when they met Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, while all three were "taking the waters" in Bath in February 1742. The two sisters accompanied Lady Huntingdon to her estate in Donington in late February. Fanny, who was quite infirm, died there in May 1742; Anne died the following year (1743).

Lydia-like Thou didst receive  
The Eternal Gospel-Word,  
Fall before thy Bleeding Lord,  
Own Him, and with<sup>11</sup> ease believe.

6.           Soon as thy Heart did feel  
              The Pardon-stamping Seal,  
Heard thy Soul the Warning Cry,  
              “Here<sup>12</sup> Thou hast not long to stay,  
“Rise, my Love, make haste to die,  
              “Rise, my Love, and come away.<sup>13]</sup>
7.           Thy chearful Soul obey’d  
              Thro’ Sufferings perfect made,  
Perfect made in a short Space,  
              Thy resign’d and Christ-like Soul,  
Started forth, and won the Race,  
              Reach’d at once the Glorious Goal.
8.           Aloft the Spirit flies,  
              And gains her native Skies,  
Kindred Souls salute her there  
              Springing from their azure Throne,  
All in Shouts their Joy declare,  
              All their new-born Sister own.
9.           Th’ Angelic Army sings,  
              And clap their golden Wings,  
Harping with their Harps they praise  
              Him thro’ whom she All o’recame,  
Sharer of His Richest Grace,  
              Closest Follower of the Lamb.

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<sup>11</sup>Ori., “Him, with” changed to “Him, and with.”

<sup>12</sup>Ori., “Hear.”

10.           From Love's soft Witchcraft free  
              Her Spotless<sup>13</sup> Purity  
Liv'd to only Christ below;  
              Higher now she reigns above,  
Mightier Joys ordain'd to know,  
              Honour'd with his Choicest Love.
11.           Among the Morning-Stars  
              A brighter Crown she wears,  
With peculiar Glories grac'd,  
              Seated on a loftier Throne,  
To superior Raptures rais'd,  
              Nearest GOD's Eternal Son.
12.           Mixt with the Virgin Train  
              She charms th' Etherial Plain,  
With the Lamb forever found;  
              Angels listen while she sings,  
Catch th' Inimitable Sound,  
              Musick for the King of Kings.
13.           O happy happy Soul!  
              Thy Heavenly Joy is full;  
Thee the Lamb hath made his Bride,  
              Call'd thee to his Feast above,  
Thee He now hath glorified,  
              Taught thee the new Song of Love.
14.           O that at last ev'n I  
              Like Thee might sweetly die,  
Die, and leave a World of Woe,  
              Die out of the Reach of Sin,

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<sup>13</sup>Ori., "Her ~~Thy~~ Spotless."

Die the Joys of Heaven to know—  
Open, Lord, and take me in.

15.           Give me Thy Bliss to share  
              The meanest Spirit there,  
Only let me see thy Face,  
              See with Thee my happier Friend,  
At an awful Distance gaze,  
              Taste the Joys that never end.

16.           Thou wilt cut short my Years,  
              And wipe away my Tears,  
Lo! I wait thy Leisure still,  
              Humbly at thy Footstool lie,  
Calm to suffer all thy Will,  
              Glad in Thee to live and die.



**Watch in All Things.**<sup>14</sup>

1. Ah, what a Wretch am I!  
I cannot watch one Hour:  
The roaring Lion still is nigh,  
And ready to devour;  
A constant Watch he keeps,  
He eyes me Night and Day,  
And never slumbers, never sleeps,  
Least he should lose his Prey.
  
2. The World are always nigh,  
And for my halting wait,  
The Philistines in ambush lie,  
On me to wreck their Hate,  
They watch my every Turn,  
They mark where'er I go,  
Their Malice not to sleep hath sworn,  
Till it hath kill'd their Foe.
  
3. The Delilah within  
Ready each moment stands  
To give me up fast bound by Sin  
Into their cruel Hands:  
I slight my Saviour's Aid,  
Take my Destroyer's Part,  
And still am falling self-betray'd,  
By my own treacherous Heart.

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<sup>14</sup>Appears also in MS Shent, 61a–62a. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:119–21.

4.       How weak my Heart and blind,  
          That I can think of Ease,  
Can Comfort for a Moment find  
          In such a State as This,  
          Can fold my Arms to sleep,  
          No Pain, or Horror feel,  
While sinking swift into the Deep,  
          And dropping into Hell.
  
5.       Glorious Redeemer, shake  
          This Slumber from my Soul,  
Say to me Now, Awake; awake,  
          And Christ shall make thee whole:  
          Lay to thy mighty Hand,  
          Alarm me in this Hour,  
And make me fully understand  
          The Thunder of thy Power.
  
6.       Give me on Thee to call,  
          Always to watch and pray,  
Least I into Temptation fall,  
          And cast my Shield away:  
          For each Assault prepar'd  
          And ready may I be,  
Forever standing on my guard,  
          And looking up to Thee.
  
7.       O do Thou always warn  
          My Soul of Evil near,  
When to the Right or Left I turn,

Thy Whisper let me hear  
“Come back, This is the Way,  
“Come back, and walk herein!”  
O may I hearken, and obey,  
And shun the Paths of Sin.

8. I would from every Sin  
As from a Serpent fly,  
Abhor to touch the Thing Unclean,  
And rather chuse to die:  
I would, I would my last  
This very Moment breathe,  
Would die, that I may never taste  
Of Sin, and Second Death.
9. Thou seest my Feebleness,  
Jesu, be Thou my Power,  
My Help, and Refuge in Distress,  
My Fortress, and my Tower;  
Cause me to trust in Thee,  
Be Thou my sure Abode,  
My Horn, and Rock, and Buckler be,  
My Saviour, and my GOD.
10. Myself I cannot save,  
Myself I cannot keep,  
But Strength in Thee I surely have,  
Thine Eyelids never sleep;  
My Soul to Thee alone  
Now therefore I commend,  
Thou, Jesus, having lov'd Thine own,  
Shalt love me to the End.

**“Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.”—[Luke 23:34].<sup>15</sup>**

1. “Father, forgive the sinful Race  
    “Who in my Blood their Hands imbrue,  
    “O let my Blood their Sins efface;  
    “Alas, they know not what they do!”<sup>1</sup>”
2. Hear the meek Lamb for Sinners plead,  
    For Those who nail’d him to the Tree:  
    He suffers in his Murtherers stead,  
    He prays for all Mankind, and me.
3. Our Sins have nail’d Him to the Wood,  
    Our Sins the Prince of Life have slain,  
    Have spilt his Heart’s last Drop of Blood,  
    Nor can He bleed, or pray in vain.
4. We *are* from all our Sins releas’d,  
    We trust in That expiring Groan,  
    In Him the Father is well-pleas’d,  
    He always hears his Fav’rite Son.
5. “Forgive them” gasps his parting Breath,  
    And all the World is now forgiven,  
    GOD heard Him interceed beneath,  
    And seal’d the dying Prayer in Heaven.
6. Forgive them, still the Saviour cries,  
    Sprinkling the Nations with his Blood,  
    The Blood of Sprinkling fills the Skies,  
    And speaks Believers up to GOD.

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<sup>15</sup>Appears also in MS Richmond, 38–39; and MS Shent, 47a. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 12:95.

[Untitled.]<sup>16</sup>

1. GOD of my Life to Thee I raise—  
I fain wou'd raise my Soul to Thee,  
If I have liv'd out half my Days  
And suffer'd half my Misery,  
Thy Grace preserv'd Me to this Hour;  
I glorify thy gracious Power.
2. Evil alas! thou know'st and few  
My Days of Pilgrimage have been,  
With Thankfulness and Pain I view  
My Thirty Years of Grief and Pain—<sup>17</sup>  
But O Forgive this Eager Sigh,  
This gasping of my Soul to die.
3. I do not, dare not, Lord, mistrust  
Thy Power, or Readiness to save,  
But let me Now return to Dust,  
But let me find an early Grave,  
Cut off a Length of wretched Years,  
And die—from All my Sins and Fears.
4. Long have I drank the bitter Cup,  
Of trembling, Agony, and Grief;  
So short my Intervals of Hope,  
So few my Moments of Relief  
I fear least all my Bread should fail,  
And Amalek at last prevail.

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<sup>16</sup>Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:69–72.

<sup>17</sup>The scribe copied “Pain,” and Wesley wrote “Sin” in the margin as an alternative.

5. Like Hagar's Son I lift my Hand  
    'Gainst every Rebel Soul of Man,  
Adverse to All the World I stand,  
    The World who triumph in my Pain,  
And ever for my Halting wait,  
The Object of their Endless Hate.
  
6. A Man of Strife to All the Earth  
    Me hath my hapless Mother borne,  
Unconscious of the Spirit's Birth,  
    Where're my blasted Eyes I turn,  
Suffering and Sin is all I see,  
Pure Sin and unmixt Misery.
  
7. Still the long Hour of Darkness lasts,  
    And Satan's Tyranny prevails,  
So thick his fiery Darts he casts,  
    My Spirit every Moment fails,  
While in the Toils of Death I lie,  
And from the Den of Lions cry.
  
8. Low in the deepest Dungeon laid,  
    Fast bound in Sin and Misery,  
Of Fiends, and Men and self afraid,  
    I ever hasten to be free,  
I see Them ready to devour,  
And tremble at their baleful Power.

9. Nor won nor lost subsists the Fight,  
Hovers in even Poise the Scale,  
Shudders my Soul in dread Affright,  
And quivering hangs 'twixt Heaven and Hell,  
This Doubt! 'tis more than I can bear,  
'Tis worse, 'tis heavier than Despair.
10. O Saviour, loose me from my Pain,  
O Jesu, bid my Troubles end,  
Bear not that healing Name in vain  
But shew Thyself the Sinner's Friend,  
Apply the Blood that bought my Peace,  
And give my wounded Spirit Ease.
11. Thy only Blood can be my Balm,  
And heal the Mortal Wounds of Sin,  
Thy only Word my Soul can calm,  
And lay the Storm that works within,  
Now, Lord, rebuke the Winds and Seas,  
And speak me into perfect Peace.
12. Or (for I know not what is best)  
Do with me here as seems thee Good,  
But be my everlasting Rest,  
But bring me, as Thou wilt to GOD,  
When all his Waves and Storms are o're,  
And Sin and Sorrow are no more.

**Proverbs 3. 13 &c.**<sup>18</sup>

1. Happy the Man, who finds the Grace  
The Blessing of GOD's chosen Race,  
The Wisdom coming from above,  
The Faith that sweetly works by Love.
2. Happy beyond description He  
Who knows *the Saviour died for me*,  
The Gift unspeakable obtains,  
And Heavenly Understanding gains.
3. Wisdom Divine! who tells the Price  
Of Wisdom's costly Merchandise!  
Wisdom to Silver we prefer,  
And Gold is Dross, compar'd to Her.
4. Better she is than richest Mines,  
All earthly Treasures she outshines,  
Her Value above Rubies is,  
And pretious Pearls are vile to This.
5. Whate'er thy Heart can wish is poor  
To Wisdom's all-sufficient Store;  
Pleasure, and Fame, and Health, and Friends  
She all Created Good transcends.
6. Her Hands are fill'd with Length of Days,  
True Riches, and Immortal Praise,  
Riches of Christ on All bestow'd,  
And Honour that descends from GOD.
7. To purest Joys she All invites,  
Chast, holy, spiritual Delights:  
Her Ways are Ways of Pleasantness,  
And all her flow'ry Paths are Peace.

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<sup>18</sup>Appears also in MS Shent, 100a–100b. Published in *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 25–26.



8. He finds, who Wisdom apprehends,  
A Life of GOD that never ends;  
The Tree of Life Divine she is,  
Fixt in the midst of Paradise.
9. Happy the Man who Wisdom gains,  
Thrice happy who his Guest retains,  
He owns, and shall forever own  
Wisdom, and Christ, and Heaven are One.

[Untitled.]<sup>19</sup>

1. How shall a Sinner come to GOD?  
A Fountain of polluted Blood  
For years my Plague hath been,  
From Adam the Infection came,  
My Nature is with His the same,  
The same with His my Sin.
2. In me the stubborn Evil reigns,  
The Poison spreads throughout my Veins,  
A loathsom sore Disease  
Makes all my Soul, and Life unclean,  
My every Word, Work, Thought is Sin,  
And despe'rate Wickedness.
3. Long have I liv'd in Grief and Pain,  
And suffer'd many things in vain,  
And all Physicians tried;  
Nor Men nor Means my Soul can heal,  
The Sickness is incurable,<sup>20</sup>  
The Fountain is undried.

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<sup>19</sup>Appears also in MS Shent, 105a–106b. Published as “The Bloody Issue,” in *Extract of [John] Wesley’s Journal*, [No. 4] (London: Strahan, 1744), 118–20; and in *HSP* (1749), 1:168–71.

<sup>20</sup>Ori., “~~uncurable~~.” Wesley changed to “incurable.”

4. No Help can I from These receive,  
Nor Men nor Means can e'er relieve,  
Or give my Spirit Ease;  
Still worse and worse my Case I find;  
Here then I cast them all behind,  
From all my Works I cease.
5. I use, but *trust* in Means no more,  
Give my Self-saving Labours or'e,  
Th' unequal Task forbear;  
My Strength is spent, my Strife is past,  
Hardly I give up all at last,  
And yield to Self-despair.
6. I find brought in a Better Hope,  
Succour there is for me laid up,  
For every helpless Soul;  
Salvation is in Jesus' Name,  
Could I but touch his Garment's Hem,  
Ev'n I should be made whole.
7. His Body doth the Cure dispense,  
His Garment is the Ordinance  
In which He deigns t' appear;  
The Word, the Prayer, the Hallow'd Bread,  
Virtue from Him doth *Hence* proceed,  
And I shall find Him here.

8. I follow'd with the thoughtless Throng,  
And press'd, and crowded Him too long,  
    And weigh'd Him down with Sin;  
But Him I did not hope to *touch*,  
I never us'd the Means *as such*,  
    Nor look'd to be made clean.
  
9. The Spirit of an healthful Mind  
I waited not in Them to find,  
    The Bread that comes from Heaven;  
Beyond my Form I did not go,  
The Power of Godliness to know,  
    And feel my Sins forgiven.
  
10. But now I seek to touch my Lord,  
To hear his Whisper in the Word,  
    To feel his Spirit blow;  
To catch the Love of which I read,  
To taste Him in the broken Bread,  
    And all his Sweetness know.
  
11. 'Tis here, in Hope my GOD to find,  
With humble Awe I come behind,  
    And wait his Grace to prove,  
Before his Face I dare not stand,  
But Faith puts forth a Trembling Hand  
    To apprehend his Love.

12. Surely his Healing Power is nigh,  
I touch Him Now in Faith! ev'n I,  
    My Lord, lay hold on Thee:  
Thy Power is present now to heal,  
I feel, thro' all my Soul I feel  
    That Jesus died for me.
  
13. Issues from Thee a purer Flood,  
The poison'd Fountain of my Blood  
    Is in a Moment dried;  
The sovereign Antidote takes place,  
And I am freely sav'd by Grace,  
    And I am Justified.
  
14. I glory in Redemption found:  
Jesus, my Lord, and GOD, look round,  
    The Conscious Sinner see;  
'Tis I have touch'd thy Cloaths, and own  
The Miracle thy Grace hath done,  
    On such a Worm as me.
  
15. Behold me prostrate at thy Feet,  
And hear me thankfully repeat  
    The Mercies of my GOD;  
I felt from Thee the Medicine flow,  
I tell Thee all the Truth, and shew  
    The Virtue of thy Blood.

16. With lowly reverential Fear  
I testify, that Thou art near  
    To All who ask thy Love,  
Saviour of All I Thee proclaim,  
The World may know thy Healing Name,  
    And all its Wonders prove.
  
17. Speak then once more, and tell my Soul,  
Sinner, thy Faith hath made Thee whole,  
    Thy Plague of Sin is or'e;  
Be perfected in Holiness,  
Depart in Everlasting Peace,  
    Depart, and sin no more.

[Untitled.]<sup>21</sup>

1. Happy the Soul, whom GOD delights  
    To honour with his Sealing Grace,  
On whom his Hidden Name He writes,  
    And decks him with the Robes of Praise,  
And bids him calmly wait to prove  
The utmost Powers of perfect Love.
  
2. I cannot, dare not now deny  
    The things my GOD hath freely given,  
That happy favour'd Soul am I  
    Who find in Christ a constant Heaven,  
He makes me all his Sweetness know,  
He makes my Cup of Joy o'reflow.

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<sup>21</sup>Appears also in MS Shent, 187a–187b. Published in *MSP* (1744), 3:271–73.

3. His Grace to me Salvation brings,  
His Grace hath set me up on high,  
He bears me still on Eagle's Wings,  
He makes me ride upon the Sky,  
With Him in Heavenly Places sit,  
And see the Moon beneath my Feet.
4. An hidden Life in Christ I live,  
And exercis'd in Things Divine  
My Senses all his Love receive:  
I see the King in Beauty shine,  
Fairer than all the Sons of Men  
Thrice happy in his Love I reign.
5. His Love is Manna to my Taste  
His Love is Music to my Ear,  
I feel his Love, and hold him fast,  
In Extacies too strong to bear,  
I smell the Odour of his Name,  
And all wrapt up in Love I am.
6. O that the World might taste, and see  
How good the Lord my Saviour is!<sup>22</sup>  
Take, Jesu, take thy Love from me  
So they may share the Glorious Bliss.  
Thy Love, if we a while should part,  
Would soon flow back into my Heart.

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<sup>22</sup>Ori., "Saviours" for "Saviour is."

7. O might I feel the Utmost Power  
Of Love, and into Nothing fall!  
Infinite Love, bring near the Hour,  
Infinite GOD be All in All,  
Cover the Earth Thou boundless Sea  
And swallow up all our Souls in Thee!

**[Untitled.]**<sup>23</sup>

1. Jesu, the Strength of all that turn  
The Battle to the Gate,  
Behold us for thy Glory burn,  
And for thy Kingdom wait.
2. O that thy Foes were all subdued,  
In Bonds of Love confin'd,  
And forc'd to own th' All-cleansing Blood  
That flow'd for all Mankind.
3. Captain of our Salvation hear,  
Saviour of Human Race,  
Appear, in thy own Cause appear,  
And vindicate thy Grace.
4. Thy Grace for All divinely free  
Doth Every Sinner call,  
Thou drawest All Men unto Thee  
For Thou hast purchas'd All.

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<sup>23</sup>Appears also in MS Shent, 190a–191a. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:170–72.

5. Lo! here we are thy Truth to prove  
To witness Thou art good,  
T' assert thine Universal Love,  
And All-redeeming Blood.
6. Thy Blood from All Iniquity  
Redeems, and makes us clean,  
From Pride and Self it sets us free,  
From All Indwelling Sin.
7. The Spirit's Living Law it writes  
Upon our Inward Parts,  
Our newborn Souls to GOD unites,  
And purifies our Hearts.
8. It keeps our Minds in perfect Peace,  
Thy Kingdom it brings in,  
Thine Everlasting Righteousness,  
And makes an End of Sin.
9. This Sovereign Antidote expels  
The Poison from our Veins,  
Our old congenial Sickness heals,  
And purges all our Stains.
10. A Perfect Soundness it imparts,  
Destroys the Carnal Mind,  
And forms in all believing Hearts  
The Saviour of Mankind.



11. Come then, dear Lamb, for Sinners slain,  
Bring in the cleansing Flood,  
Apply, to wash out every Stain,  
Thine efficacious Blood.
12. O let it sink into our Soul  
Deep as the Inbred Sin,  
Make every wounded Spirit whole,  
And every Leper clean.
13. Thy Sanctifying Word is sure,  
Lord, we our sins confess,  
Faithful and Just, O make us pure  
From All Unrighteousness.
14. Such Power belongeth unto Thee,  
Thy Saying we receive,  
We shall be pure in Heart, and see  
Thy smiling Face, and live.
15. Lord, we believe, and with calm Zeal  
For this our Faith contend,  
Waiting till Thou Thyself reveal,  
And hoping to the End.
16. Our high, and holy Calling's Prize  
We earnestly pursue,  
Nor fear we least our Thoughts should rise,  
Above what Thou canst do.

17. Thy Goodness, O all-gracious Lord,  
Is equal to thy Power,  
And we shall try thine utmost Word,  
And we shall sin no more.
18. Thou willest, (and it Must be done,)  
That We should holy be,  
And we shall live to Thee alone,  
And we shall die to Thee.

[Untitled.]<sup>24</sup>

1. Jesu, my Truth, my Way,  
My sure, unerring Light,  
On Thee my feeble Soul I stay,  
Which Thou wilt lead aright;  
My Wisdom, and my Guide,  
My Counsellour Thou art,  
O never let me leave thy Side,  
Nor from thy Paths depart.
2. I lift mine Eye to Thee  
My lovely bleeding Lamb,  
That I may still inlighten'd be,  
And never put to shame:  
I never will remove  
Out of thy Hands my Cause,  
But rest in thy Redeeming Love,  
And hang upon thy Cross.

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<sup>24</sup>Appears also in MS Shent, 83a–83b. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:217–19.

3. To Thee, when Sin draws nigh,  
O let me still confess  
(While trembling to thy Wounds I fly)  
My utter Helplessness:  
“Save, Lord: I cannot bear  
“This sore Temptation’s Storm,  
“Save, or I perish in Despair,  
“O save a dying Worm.”
4. Still let thy Spirit, Lord,  
Soon as the Foe comes in,  
His instantaneous Help afford,  
And stem the Tide of Sin,  
Lift up the Standard-Tree  
'Gainst my or'epowring Foe,  
And shew, me Thou hast died for me,  
And all my Sins or'ethrow.
5. Teach me the Happy Art  
In all things to depend  
On Thee, who never wilt depart,  
But love me to the End.  
Still stir me up to strive  
With Thee in Strength Divine,  
And every Moment, Lord, revive  
This fainting Soul of mine.

6. Persist to save my Soul  
Throughout the Fiery Hour,  
Till I am every whit made whole,  
And shew forth all thy Power;  
Thro' Fire and Water bring  
Me to the wealthy Place,  
And teach me the New Song to sing  
When perfected in Grace.
  
7. O make me all like Thee  
Before I hence remove,  
Settle, confirm, and stablish me,  
And build me up in Love;  
Let me thy Witness live  
When Sin is All destroy'd,  
And then my Spotless Soul receive  
And bring me home to GOD.

**For Establishment.**<sup>25</sup>

1. Jesu, Shepherd of the Sheep,  
Pity my unsettled Soul,  
Guide, and nourish me, and keep  
Till thy Love hath made me whole;  
Give me, perfect Soundness give,  
Make me stedfastly believe.

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<sup>25</sup>Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:166–67.

2. Jesu, I believe Thee Now,  
    But my ever-roving Eye  
Loses<sup>26</sup> Thee I know not how,  
    Soon I faint, fall back, and die,  
Doubt again my Heart assails,  
Unbelief again prevails.
  
3. I am never at one Stay,  
    Changing every Hour I am,  
But Thou art, as Yesterday  
    Now, and evermore the same,  
Constancy to me Impart,  
Stablish with Thy Grace my Heart.
  
4. Lay thy mighty Cross on me,  
    All my Unbelief controul,  
Till the Rebel cease to be,  
    Keep him down within my Soul,  
That he never more may move,  
Root, and ground me fast in Love.
  
5. Give me Faith to hold me up  
    Walking over Life's rough Sea,  
Holy, purifying Hope  
    Still my Soul's sure Anchor be,  
That I may be always Thine,  
Perfect me in Love Divine.

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<sup>26</sup>Ori., "Looses"; an error.

6. This the high the Heav'nly Prize,  
Perfect Love when I attain,  
I shall never quit the Skies,  
I shall never fall again,  
Pure as the Atoning Blood,  
Stedfast, as the Throne of GOD.

**[Untitled.]**<sup>27</sup>

1. Let all in thy great Praise agree  
O Saviour of Mankind,  
Our Saviour to the utmost Thee  
We soon expect to find.
2. Saviour from Sin we Thee receive  
From All Indwelling Sin,  
Thy Blood we stedfastly believe  
Shall make us throughly clean.
3. We cannot rest in Sin subdued,  
Or look for endless Wars  
We shall be Conquerors thro' thy Blood,  
And more than Conquerors.
4. Let others plead for Sin's Remains  
Their dear In-being Sin,  
If all thy Blood can purge our Stains  
We shall be pure within.
5. We dare avow the Gospel-Hope,  
And wait the Truth to prove,  
After thy Likeness to wake up,  
Renew'd in sinless Love.

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<sup>27</sup>Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:192–93.

**After a Recovery from  
a Relapse.<sup>28</sup>**

- [1.] O my Advocate above  
    Feel I yet again thy Prayer?  
Stop the Torrent of thy Love,  
    O! 'tis more than I can bear!  
Vilest of the Rebel-Race,  
    Dost Thou still my Soul reprieve,  
Still pursue me with thy Grace?  
    How shall I the Gift receive?
2. Saviour, dost Thou bid me rise,  
    Dost Thou give me back my Hope  
Can I lift my guilty Eyes,  
    Dare I, after All, look up?  
O depart from me, depart,  
    I am, Lord, a sinfull Man,  
Leave me to my wretched Heart,  
    Let me suffer All my Pain.
3. What have Fiends to do with Thee?  
    Leave me All my Hell to bear,  
Squander not thy Grace on me,  
    Give me over to Despair:  
No, thou wilt not loose thy Hold,  
    No, thou wilt not quit thy Claim  
Sold to Sin, to Satan sold,  
    Lost, and damn'd—yet Thine I am.

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<sup>28</sup>Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:160–62.

4. Overwhelm'd with Pard'ning Grace,  
    Jesu, at thy Feet I lie,  
Dare not see thy smiling Face,  
    Tremble at thy Mercy nigh;  
I, a Child of Wrath, and Hell,  
    How can I look up to Heaven!  
Lord, I faint Thy Love to feel,  
    Blush, and die to be forgiv'n.
  
5. After All that I have done  
    Saviour art Thou pacified  
Whither shall my Vileness run  
    Hide me Earth, the Sinner hide  
Let me sink into the Dust  
    Full of holy Shame adore  
Jesus Christ, the Good, the Just  
    Bids me go and sin no more.
  
6. O confirm the gracious Word,  
    Jesu, Son of GOD, and Man,  
Let me never grieve Thee, Lord,  
    Never turn to Sin again;  
Till my All in All thou art,  
    'Till thou bring'st thy Nature in  
Keep this feeble, trembling Heart,  
    Save me, Save me, Lord, from Sin.



7. Do not suffer me to live  
    To provoke thy glorious Eyes,  
Thee by Sin again to grieve,  
    Thy rich Mercy to despise,  
Rather now my Soul require,  
    Rather now take back my Breath,  
Let me now, ev'n now expire,  
    'Scape into the Arms of Death.

**Desiring to love.<sup>29</sup>**

1. O Jesu, let me kiss thy Name!  
All Sin alas! Thou knowst I am,  
    But Thou all Pity art;  
Turn unto Flesh this Heart of Stone,  
Such Power belongs to Thee alone,  
    Turn into Flesh my Heart.
2. A poor unloving Wretch to Thee  
For Help against Myself I flee;  
    Thou only canst remove  
The Hindrances out of the Way,  
And soften my unyielding Clay,  
    And mould it into Love.
3. O let thy Spirit shed abroad  
The Love, the perfect Love of GOD  
    In this cold Heart of Mine!

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<sup>29</sup>Appears also in MS Shent, 128a–128b. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:57–58.

O might He now descend, and rest,  
And dwell forever in my Breast,  
And make me all Divine!

4. What shall I do my Suit to gain?  
O Lamb of GOD, for Sinners slain,  
I plead what Thou hast done:  
Didst Thou not die the Death for me?  
Jesu, remember Calvary,  
And break this Heart of Stone.
5. Take the dear Purchase of thy Blood,  
My Friend, and Advocate with GOD,  
My Ransom and my Peace,  
Surety, who all my Debt hast paid,  
For all my Sins atonement made,  
The Lord my Righteousness.
6. Why didst Thou leave thy Throne above,  
But that the Secret of thy Love  
Might to my Soul be known?  
Hast Thou not gave Thyself for me,  
That I might only live to Thee,  
Might die to Thee alone?
7. Be it according to thy Will,  
In me thy Mystic Love reveal,  
And All in Earth and Heaven  
Shall own that I their Love outvie:  
There's none can love so much as I,  
None hath so much forgiven.

[Untitled.]<sup>30</sup>

1. O Death, my Hope is full of Thee,  
Thou art my Immortality,  
    My longing Heart's Desire,  
The Mention of thy lovely Name  
Kindles within my Soul a Flame,  
    And sets me all on fire.
  
2. Extend thy Arms, and take me in,  
Weary of Life, and Self, and Sin;  
    Be Thou my Balm, my Ease:  
I languish till thy Face appears,  
No longer now the King of Fears,  
    Thou art All Loveliness.
  
3. I gasp to end my wretched Days,  
To rush into thy cold Embrace,  
    And there securely rest:  
Come, thou O Friend of Sorrows, come,  
Lead to the Chambers of the Tomb,  
    And lull me on thy Breast.
  
4. I feel that thou hast lost thy Sting,  
My dying Saviour and my King  
    Bore all my Sins for me,  
He tasted Death, and made it sweet,  
From Thee the Eater brought forth Meat,  
    Eternal Life from Thee.

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<sup>30</sup>Appears also in MS Richmond Tracts, 11–12; and MS Shent, 157a. Published in *MSP* (1744), 3:269–70.

5. This Earth, I know, is not my Place,  
O that I now might end my Race,  
And leave the World of Sin!  
Receive, dear Lord, my parting Breath,  
Thou, Jesus, hast the Keys of Death,  
Open, and take me in!

[Untitled.]<sup>31</sup>

- [1.] O Lord, our Strength and Righteousness,  
Our Hope, and Refuge in Distress,  
Our Saviour, and our GOD,  
See here, an helpless Sinner see,  
Sick, and in Pain he gasps to Thee,  
And waits to feel thy Blood.
2. In Sickness make Thou all his Bed,  
Thy Hand support his fainting Head,  
His feeble Soul defend;  
Teach him on Thee to cast his Care,  
And all his Grief and Burthen bear,  
And love him to the End.
3. If now thy Will his Soul require,  
O sit as a Refiner's Fire,  
And purge it first from Sin;  
Thy Love hath quicker Wings than Death;  
The Fulness of thy Spirit breathe,  
And bring thy Nature in.
4. If in the Vale of Tears thy Will  
Appoints him to continue still,  
O sanctify his Pain,

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<sup>31</sup>Appears also above (pp. 121–22) and in MS Shent, 158a–158b. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:67.

And let him patiently submit,  
To suffer as thy Love sees fit,  
And never once complain.

5. O let him look to Thee alone,  
(That all thy Will on him be done  
His only Pleasure be)  
Alike resign'd to live, or die,  
As most thy Name may glorify,  
To live or die in Thee.

**At Lying down.**<sup>32</sup>

1. Omnipresent GOD, whose aid  
No one ever ask'd in vain,  
Be this night about my bed,  
Every evil thought restrain;  
Lay thy hand upon my soul,  
GOD of my unguarded hours,  
All mine enemies controul,  
Hell, and earth, and nature's powers.
2. Frail alas! my nature is,  
Ever sinking into sin;  
I cannot from sinning cease,  
All unholy, all unclean;  
Yet to Thee for help I seek,  
Perfect, Lord, thy strength in me;  
I am strong, when I am weak,  
Weak myself, but strong in thee.

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<sup>32</sup>Appears also in MS Family, 6–8. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:204–206.

3. Keep me then, my Saviour, keep,  
Till my soul is all renew'd,  
Thou, whose eyelids never sleep,  
Guard the future house of GOD;  
Let not evil enter in,  
Every selfish thought avert,  
Stop the avenues of sin,  
Keep the issues of my heart.
4. O thou jealous GOD, come down  
GOD of spotless purity,  
Claim, and seize me for thine own,  
Consecrate my heart to thee,  
Under thy protection take,  
Songs in the night-season give,  
Let me sleep to thee, and wake,  
Let me die to thee, and live.
5. Only tell me I am thine,  
And thou wilt not quit thy right;  
Answer me in dreams divine,  
Dreams, and visions of the night:  
Bid my soul in sleep go on,  
Restlesly its GOD desire,  
Mourn for GOD, and pant, and groan,  
GOD in every thought require.
6. Loose me from the chains of sense,  
Set me from my body free,  
Draw with stronger influence  
My unfetter'd soul to thee:

In me, Lord, thyself reveal,  
Fill me with a sweet surprize,  
Let me thee, when waking, feel,  
Let me in thine image rise.

7. Let me of thy life partake;  
Thy own holiness impart:  
O that I might sweetly wake  
With my Saviour in my heart!  
O that I might know thee mine,  
O that I might thee receive,  
Only live the life divine,  
Only to thy glory live!
  
8. Or if thou my soul require,  
E'er I see the morning-light,  
Grant me, Lord, my heart's desire,  
Perfect me in love to-night,  
Finish thy great work of love,  
Cut it short in righteousness,  
Fit me for the realms above,  
Change, and bid me die in peace.

[Untitled.]<sup>33</sup>

1. O what a stubborn Heart have I  
Which Nothing e'er could move,  
Till GOD Himself came down from high  
In all the Powers of Love!
2. It would not be by Wrath compel'd,  
His Threatnings it withstood,  
But Jesus made the Rebel yield  
By sprinkling me with Blood.
3. Gladly I now to Love submit  
Unaw'd by slavish Fears,  
And lie, with Mary, at his Feet  
And wash them with my Tears.
4. His dear Redeeming Grace I prove  
That Antepast of Heaven,  
And much I weep, and much I love,  
For I have much forgiven.
5. Humbly I lift my streaming Eye  
And to my Jesus pray,  
Still at thy Feet O let me lie  
And weep my Life away.
6. Thus let me all my Days or Years  
Delightfully employ,  
And reap the Harvest of my Tears  
In everlasting Joy.

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<sup>33</sup>Appears also in MS Shent, 186a. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:203–204.



**“Woman behold thy Son—Behold thy  
Mother.”—[John 19:26–27].<sup>34</sup>**

1. While hanging on the shameful Cross  
    His scatter'd Flock the Saviour sees,  
    Their Wants his dying Thoughts engross,  
    He marks and pities their Distress:
  2. In all their Griefs and Sorrows shares,  
    Nor ev'n in Death forgets His own,  
    But kindly for his Orphans cares,  
    “Woman, He saith, behold thy Son.<sup>[7]</sup>”
  3. To Us the New Command He gives,  
    O may we all obedient prove,  
    And take the Legacy He leaves,  
    His richest Legacy of Love.
  4. Us Each to Other He commends,  
    And bids us in one Spirit join,  
    Unites, and makes us more than Friends,  
    Or Kinsmen, in a Bond Divine.
  - 5.
- [6.] Then let us Each to Other give  
    The Honour to a Parent due,  
    And All with tenderest Love receive,  
    A Love which Nature never knew.

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<sup>34</sup>Appears also in MS Richmond 39–40; and MS Shent, 47a–47b. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 12:95–96.

[7.] Give, Jesu, give th' Uniting Grace,  
The Bond of Charity Divine,  
And let us all Mankind embrace,  
And love them with a Love like Thine.

**“To day shalt Thou be with me in Paradise.”**  
—[Luke 23:43].<sup>35</sup>

1. O joyful Sound of Pard'ning Grace,  
All hail Thou Bleeding Deity!  
Who would not wish that Felon's Place,  
Who would not gladly die with Thee!
  2. Thy Voice the dying Sinner hears,  
And saves him at his latest Hour,  
To dissipate our guilty Fears,  
And shew forth all thy Saving Power.
  3. O who can of thy Grace despair  
That sees the Thief on yonder Tree?  
If He could find thy Mercy there,  
Surely thy Mercy is for me.
- [4.] Remember me, O Lord my GOD,  
Thou art into thy Kingdom come,  
Sprinkle my Conscience with thy Blood,  
And take my gasping Spirit home.

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<sup>35</sup>Appears also in MS Richmond, 40–41; and MS Shent, 47b–48a. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 12:96–97.

5. Death, everlasting Death I own  
The just Reward of mine Offence,  
But Thou hast nought of Evil known,  
Thou art all Love, all Innocence.
6. For thy own sake pronounce the Word,  
Tell me in Answer to my Cries,  
“To day Thou shalt be with thy Lord,  
“And find in me thy Paradise.<sup>[37]</sup>

“I thirst.”—[John 19:28].<sup>36</sup>

1. Expiring in the Sinner’s stead,  
I thirst the Friend of Sinners cries,  
And feebly lifts his languid Head,  
And breaths<sup>37</sup> his Wishes to the Skies.
2. Not for the Vinegar they gave,  
For Life, or Liberty, or Ease,  
He thirsted all the World to save,  
He only thirsted after This.
3. He thirsted for this Soul of mine,  
That I might his Salvation see,  
That I might in his Image shine;  
Dear, wounded Lamb, He long’d for me!
4. Willing that All his Truth should know,  
And feel the Virtue of his Blood,  
He thirsted to redeem his Foe,  
And reconcile a World<sup>38</sup> to GOD.

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<sup>36</sup>Appears also in MS Richmond, 41–42; and MS Shent, 48a–48b. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:276–77. Stanzas 1–5, 7 appeared in *Poetical Works*, 12:94.

<sup>37</sup>Ori., “breathes”; an error.

<sup>38</sup>Ori., “Word.” Wesley changed to “World.”

5. And shall not We the same require,  
And languish to be sav'd from Sin?  
Yes, Lord, 'tis all our Soul's Desire;  
O wash, and make us pure within.
6. We thirst to drink thy healing Blood,  
To wash us in the cleansing Tide,  
We only long for Thee our GOD,  
Our Jesus, and Thee Crucified.
7. Be satisfied: We long for Thee,  
We add our strong Desires to Thine,  
See then, thy Soul's hard Travail see,  
And die, to make us all Divine.

**“My GOD, my GOD, why hast Thou forsaken me?”—[Matt. 27:46].<sup>39</sup>**

1. Hear Earth and Heaven with Wonder hear,  
That deepest Note of Grief unknown!  
What means the strange mysterious Prayer?  
Can GOD desert his only Son?
2. Who heard him speaking from the Skies,  
“I always am well-pleas'd in Thee,”  
My GOD, my GOD, the Saviour cries,  
O why hast Thou forsaken me?

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<sup>39</sup>Appears also in MS Richmond, 42–44; and MS Shent, 48b–49a. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 12:97–98.

3. Hast Thou forgot, Thou Man of Grief,  
For whom Thou dost the Death sustain?  
Thy sore Distress is<sup>40</sup> our Relief,  
Thy Loss is our eternal Gain.
4. Hast Thou forgot the Kind Design  
Which made Thee lay aside thy Crown,  
That Miracle of Love unknown  
Which brought th' Incarnate Godhead down?
5. For whom dost Thou endure that Cross?  
For whom dost Thou consent to bleed?  
Hast Thou not undertook our Cause?  
Dost Thou not suffer in our Stead?
6. 'Tis not for Sin that Thou hast done  
Thine Angry Father hides his Face,  
But on Thy Innocence is shewn  
The Vengeance due to Adam's Race.
7. Man, guilty Man by GOD abhor'd  
Deserves his utmost Wrath to know,  
Driv'n from the Presence of the Lord  
To Regions of Eternal Woe.
8. But Thou our Sins and Curse hast took,  
That we may blest and holy be,  
Thou by thy Father wast forsook  
That He might ne'er abandon me.<sup>41</sup>

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<sup>40</sup>Ori., "in"; an error.

<sup>41</sup>*Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:233 (NT, #386) provides a variant of stanzas 6 and 8 conjoined.

9. Deserted at thy greatest Need,  
Thou knowst to pity what I feel;  
My GOD, my GOD, thy Face is hid,  
I wander on in Darkness still.
10. Gross Darkness, such as may be felt,  
Egyptian Night my Soul or'espreads,  
My Heart within like Wax doth melt,  
And on thy Cross my Nature bleeds.
11. I taste thy bitter Cup, and share  
Thine Agonies, and Grief unknown,  
Till Thou th' Accomplishment declare,  
And tell my Inmost Soul TIS DONE!

**“It is Finished!”—[John 19:30].<sup>42</sup>**

1. Tis finish'd! the Messiah dies,  
Cut off for Sins, but not His own!  
Accomplish'd is the Sacrifice,  
The great Redeeming Work is done.
2. 'Tis *finish'd!* All the Debt is paid,  
Justice Divine is satisfied,  
The grand and full Atonement's made,  
GOD for a Guilty World hath died.
3. The Veil is rent, the Way is shewn,  
The living Way to Heaven is seen,  
The Middle-Wall is broken down,  
And All Mankind may enter in.

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<sup>42</sup>Appears also in MS Richmond, 44–45; and MS Shent, 49b–50a. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:277–79. It also appeared in *Poetical Works*, 12:99–100, lacking stanzas 5 and 7. Compare this longer hymn to the shorter variant in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:234 (NT, #387).

4. The Types and Figures are fulfil'd;  
Exacted is the Legal Pain;  
The pretious Promises are seal'd;  
The Spotless Lamb of GOD is slain.
5. Finish'd the First Transgression is,  
And purg'd the Guilt of Actual Sin,  
And Everlasting Righteousness  
Is now to all the World brought in.
6. The Reign of Sin and Death is o're,  
And All may live from Sin set free;  
Satan hath lost his Mortal Power,  
'Tis swallow'd up in Victory.
7. *'Tis finish'd!* all my Grief and Pain,  
I want no Sacrifice beside;  
For *me*, for *me*, the Lamb was slain;  
*'Tis finish'd!* I am Justified.
8. Sav'd from the Legal Curse I am,  
My Saviour hangs on yonder Tree;  
See there the dear expiring Lamb!  
Tis finish'd! He expires for me.
9. Accepted in the Well-belov'd,  
And cloath'd in Righteousness Divine  
I see the Bar to Heaven remov'd,  
And all thy Merits, Lord, are Mine.

10. Death, Hell, and Sin are now subdued,  
All Grace is now to Sinners given,  
And lo! I plead th' Atoning Blood,  
And in Thy Right demand Thy Heaven.

**“Into thy Hands I commend my Spirit.”**

—[Luke 23:46].<sup>43</sup>

1. The Holy Jesus rests in Hope,  
And calm in Death on GOD relies,  
His parting Spirit He gives up,  
Into his Father's Hands, and dies.
2. Meek patient Lamb, for Us He gives  
The Life which none could take away,  
He lays it down, and GOD receives  
His Soul into Eternal Day.
3. O might I thus my Warfare end,  
Meekly to GOD my Soul resign,  
Into my Father's Hands commend;  
O Jesus, let thy Death be mine!
4. I long with Thee to bow my Head,  
Offer'd upon thy Sacrifice,  
With Thee to sink among the dead,  
And in thy Life triumphant rise.
5. Father of Jesus Christ my Lord,  
Conform me to thy Suffering Son,  
And let my Spirit be restor'd,  
And let me breathe my latest Groan.

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<sup>43</sup>Appears also in MS Richmond, 45–46; and MS Shent, 50a. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:204. Stanzas 1–4 appeared in *Poetical Works*, 12: 99.



6. Now, let me Now give up the Ghost,  
Now let my Nature's Life be or'e,  
Now let me all in Christ be lost,  
And die with Christ to die no more.

**Rejoice evermore.<sup>44</sup>**

1. Rejoice the Lord is King,  
Your Lord and King adore,  
Mortals give Thanks, and sing,  
And Triumph evermore  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your Voice,  
Rejoice again I say rejoice.
2. Jesus the Saviour reigns  
The GOD of Truth and Love  
When He had purg'd our Stains  
He took his Seat above  
Lift up &c.
3. His Kingdom cannot fail,  
He rules o're Earth and Heaven,  
The Keys of Death and Hell  
Are to our Jesus giv'n,  
Lift up &c.

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<sup>44</sup>Published in *Resurrection Hymns* (1746), 12–13.

4. He sits at GOD's Right-hand,  
Till All his Foes submit,  
And bow to his Command,  
And fall beneath his Feet,  
Lift up your &c.
5. He all our Foes shall quell,  
And all our Sins destroy,  
And every Bosom fill  
With everlasting Joy;  
Lift up your &c.
6. Rejoice in glorious Hope,  
Jesus the Judge shall come,  
And take his Servants up,  
To their eternal Home,  
We soon shall hear th' Arch-angels Voice,  
The Trump of GOD shall sound Rejoice.

**Complaining of Want of Love.<sup>45</sup>**

1. What shall I do my GOD to love,  
My GOD, who lov'd, and died for me?  
Obdurate Heart, will Nothing move,  
Will Nothing melt or soften Thee!<sup>46</sup>

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<sup>45</sup>A complete manuscript of the hymn Wesley begins here can be found in MS Shent, 64a–64b. Published in *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 54–55.

<sup>46</sup>The hymn is incomplete because two sheets (four pages) have been torn from the manuscript.

**Hymns to be sung in a Tumult.**

[I.]<sup>48</sup>

1. Ye Servants of GOD, Your Master proclaim,  
And publish abroad, His Wonderful Name,  
The Name all-victorious Of Jesus extoll;  
His Kingdom is glorious, and rules over All.
2. The Waves of the Sea, Have lift up their Voice,  
Sore troubled that we, In Jesus rejoice;  
The Floods they are roaring, But Jesus is here  
While we are adoring, He always is near.
3. Men, Devils engage The Billows arise,  
And horribly rage, And threaten the Skies:  
Their Fury shall never our Stedfastness shock  
The Weakest Believer Is built on a Rock.
4. GOD ruleth on High, Almighty to save  
And still He is nigh, His Presence we have  
The Great Congregation, His Triumphs shall sing,  
Ascribing Salvation to Jesus our King.
5. Salvation to GOD who sits on the Throne  
Let all cry aloud, And Honour the Son,  
Our Jesu's Praises<sup>49</sup> The Angels proclaim,  
Fall down on their Faces, And worship the Lamb.
6. Then let us adore And give him his Right,  
All Glory, and Power and Wisdom and Might,  
All Honour and Blessing with Angels above,  
And Thanks never ceasing And infinite Love.

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<sup>47</sup>Pages 198–201 have been torn from the manuscript.

<sup>48</sup>Published in *Hymns for Times of Trouble and Persecution* (1744), 43; and *Festival Hymns* (1746), 53–55.

<sup>49</sup>Ori., “Praise.” Wesley changed to “Praises.”

**II.**<sup>50</sup>

1. Omnipotent King, who reignest on high,  
Thy Mercy we sing, Thy Haters defy,  
We give Thee thy Glory, tho' Satan oppose,  
And gladly Adore thee, In sight of thy Foes.
2. The Reprobates dare, Their Master proclaim,  
And loudly declare, Their Sin and their Shame,  
Presumptuous in Evil, Their God they avow,  
Their Father the Devil; And worship him Now.
3. And shall we not sing, Our Master and Lord,  
Our Maker and King, By Angels ador'd,  
Our Mercifull Saviour, Who brought us to GOD,  
And purchas'd us Favour by Shedding his Blood!
4. Yes, Lord we adore, Tho' all Men deny,  
And tell of thy Power, Triumphantly nigh,  
O Jesu, we bless Thee, Our Jesus proclaim,  
And gladly confess Thee, For ever the same.
5. In Tumult and Noise, We sing of thy Grace,  
More mighty our Joys, more hearty our Praise,  
Our Triumphs are higher and warmer our Zeal,  
And Thee ever nigher than Satan we feel.
6. The Sinners we see, Whom Satan obey,  
Much happier We, Much Wiser than they,  
Our Master is greater, He makes us his Heirs,  
And O! how much better Our Wages than Theirs.
7. Our Jesus is near, Whenever we sing,  
Among us we hear, The Shout of a King,  
Our Voices are stronger, Than Theirs who blaspheme,  
And surely we longer shall triumph than them.

**III.**<sup>51</sup>

1. All conquering Lord, whom Sinners adore,  
Remember thy Word, and stir up thy Power,  
Drive Satan before Thee, His Advocates chase,  
Or let Them adore Thee, or yield to thy Grace.
2. O Pity, and spare, And save Them from Death,  
Pluck'd out of his Snare, Snatch'd out of his Teeth;

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<sup>50</sup>Published in *Hymns for Times of Trouble and Persecution* (1744), 44.

<sup>51</sup>Published in *Hymns for Times of Trouble and Persecution* (1744), 44–45.

Almighty Redeemer, To whom All Things bow,  
Cast down the Blasphemer, And rescue them Now.

3. O why should he take Thy Purchase away,  
Thy Fury awake, And fly on the Prey,  
Thy Purchase recover, That Satan may feel,<sup>52</sup>  
Thy Kingdom is over, Earth, Heaven and Hell.
4. O Answer the Prayer of prevalent Faith,  
In Mercy forbear these Children of Wrath,  
And give them Repentance, Let Mercy take place,  
Reverse the sad Sentence And save Them by Grace.

#### IV.<sup>53</sup>

1. Ye Children of GOD, your Father adore,  
By Satan unaw'd Rejoice evermore,  
Where Christians Assemble, He always is near,  
But Satan shall tremble, for Jesus is here.
2. We trust in our Lord, Our Saviour and King,  
Him true to his Word, we joyfully sing,  
By stedfast Reliance on Jesu's Blood,  
We set at Defiance, The World and it's GOD.
3. He walks to<sup>54</sup> and fro, And seeks to devour,  
Poor Sinners below, Who yield to his Power,  
But we cannot fear him, the Children of Light,  
Our Musick shall scare him, and put him to Flight.
4. He flies at the Sound of Jesus's Name  
Our Triumphs abound thro' Jesus the Lamb  
Our Jesus the Bruizer, For Sinners who bled  
Casts down the Accuser, And crushes his Head.

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<sup>52</sup>Ori., "fait." Wesley changed to "feel."

<sup>53</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:245–46.

<sup>54</sup>Ori., "too"; an error.

**Invitation to our Absent Friends.**<sup>55</sup>

1.       Ye Followers of the Lamb,  
          Who own the Common Lord,  
          And trust in Jesus' Name  
          And hang upon his Word,  
In Jesus' Sight with us appear,  
Be present all in Spirit here.
  
2.       Let us together wait  
          For the descending Power  
          Which to our First Estate  
          Shall all our Souls restore,  
Nor ever from the Promise move,  
Till all are perfected in Love.
  
3.       Let us the Word hold fast  
          Which we of Him have heard;  
          We shall obtain at last  
          A great and full Reward,  
The Comforter shall surely come,  
And make us his Eternal Home.
  
4.       The Father of our Lord  
          Shall send the Promis'd Grace,  
          Let us with one accord  
          Continue in one Place,  
Nor from Jerusalem depart,  
But keep the Issues of our Heart.

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<sup>55</sup>The first seven stanzas appear also in MS Shent, 73a–73b. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:328–29.

5. In sure and stedfast Hope,  
In View of perfect Peace,  
Let us to Christ look up  
Till all our Troubles cease,  
The Lord our Hope shall soon return,  
The Lord shall comfort all that mourn.
6. In Jesus we believe,  
And wait the Truth to prove,  
We shall, we shall receive  
The Blessing from above,  
Fulness of Love, and Peace, and Power,  
And live in Christ, and sin no more.
7. We all the Truth shall know,  
Who in his Word abide,  
Be freed from Sin below,  
And wholly sanctified;  
We all his Witnesses shall be,  
The Son, the Truth shall make us free.
8. Shall make us free indeed  
From every Spot of Sin,  
Our Pure and perfect Head  
His Nature shall bring in,  
We all his Witnesses shall be,  
The Truth, the Son shall make us free.
9. The Things He hath prepar'd  
For us in Sight of Men,

Their Ear hath<sup>56</sup> never heard,  
Their Eye hath never seen,  
Nor can their carnal Heart conceive,  
How gloriously we soon shall live.

10. Poor abject<sup>57</sup> Slaves of Sin  
They madly hug their Chains,  
They will not be made clean,  
From Sins belov'd Remains,  
But we thy Saying Lord receive,  
And trust a sinless Life to live.
11. Who for thy Coming wait,  
And hang upon Thy Word,  
To our unsinning state,  
We here shall be restor'd,  
Thou shalt a second Time appear,  
And then we All are perfect here.

---

<sup>56</sup>Ori., "have"; likely an error.

<sup>57</sup>Ori., "object"; an error.



[Untitled.]<sup>58</sup>

- [1.] Lift up your Eyes, ye Sons of Light,  
Triumphant with my Lord, and me,  
Look on the Fields, and see them white,  
Already white to Harvest see.
2. Mov'd by the Spirit's softest Wind  
The Sinners to their Saviour turn,  
Their Hearts are all as one inclin'd,  
Their Hearts are bow'd as waving Corn.
3. The Reaper too receives his Hire,  
Fill'd with unutterable Peace,  
But farther still his Hopes aspire  
And labour for Eternal Bliss.
4. Till GOD the full Delight reveals,  
And all the mighty Joy is given,  
The Earnest in his Heart he feels,  
A glorious Antepast of Heaven.
5. The ripest Fruit he gathers there,  
The Fulness of his vast Reward,  
Ordain'd the Sower's Joy to share,  
And reign triumphant with his Lord.
6. Herein the faithful Word is shewn,  
Its just Accomplishment we see,  
Another reaps what One hath sown;  
The Proverb is fulfil'd in me.
7. Sent forth I am to reap the Field,  
On which I had no Pains bestow'd,  
My Lord broke up the Ground, and till'd,  
And sow'd it with the Seed of GOD.

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<sup>58</sup>Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 48–49; MS Clarke, 54–55; and MS Shent, 134b–135a. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:308–310.

8. Entred into His Work I am;  
Not unto me the Praise is due,  
Not unto me: I all disclaim,  
GOD, only GOD is Kind and True.
9. Who wrought the Work shall have the Praise,  
Jesus hath labour'd for our Good,  
He purchas'd all the Fallen Race,  
He watred all the Earth with Blood.
10. His Grace hath brought Salvation nigh,  
To All, and roll'd away the Stone,  
And now He hears these Sinners cry,  
And deeply for Redemption groan.
11. He hears, and He will soon redeem:  
Then let us all our Voices raise,  
Worship, and Strength ascribe to Him,  
And Might, and Majesty, and Praise.
12. Honour, and endless Thanks, and Love,  
And Glory be to Jesus given,  
By Saints below, and Saints above,  
By All in Earth, and All in Heaven.

[Untitled.]<sup>59</sup>

1. See how great a Flame aspires  
Kindled by a Spark of Grace!  
Jesus' Love the Nations fires,  
Sets the Kingdoms on a blaze.  
To bring Fire on Earth He came:  
Kindled in some Hearts it is;  
O that All may catch the Flame,  
All partake the common Bliss!
2. When He first the Work begun,<sup>60</sup>  
Small and feeble was His Day;  
Now the Word doth swiftly run,  
Now it wins its widening Way,  
More and more it spreads and grows,  
Ever mighty to prevail,  
Sin's Strong-holds it overthrows,  
Shakes the trembling Gates of Hell.
3. Sons of GOD, your Saviour praise,  
He the Door hath open'd wide,  
He hath giv'n the Word of Grace,  
Jesus' Word is glorified:  
Jesus mighty to redeem,  
He alone the Work hath wrought,  
Worthy is the Work of Him,  
Him who spake a World from Nought.
4. Saw ye not the Cloud arise  
Little as an Human Hand?  
Now it spreads along the Skies,  
Now it covers all the Land!

---

<sup>59</sup>Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 51; MS Clarke, 57–58; and MS Shent, 137b. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:315–16.

<sup>60</sup>Ori., “began”; an error.

Lo! the Promise of a Shower  
Drops already from above,  
But the Lord will shortly pour  
All the Spirit of his Love.

**For the Tinnars &c. in Cornwall.**<sup>61</sup>

1. Shepherd of Souls with pitying Eye  
The Thousands of our Israel see,  
To Thee in their Behalf we<sup>62</sup> cry  
Ourselves but newly found by Thee.
2. See where o're desart Wastes they err,<sup>63</sup>  
And neither Food nor Feeder have,  
Nor Fold, nor Place of Refuge near,  
For no Man cares their Souls to save.
3. Wild as the untaught Indian Brood  
The Christian Savages remain,  
Strangers and Enemies to GOD,  
They make Thee spend thy Blood in vain.
4. Thy People, Lord, are sold for Nought,  
Nor know they their Redeemer nigh,  
They perish whom Thy Blood hath bought,  
Their Souls for Lack of Knowledge die.
5. The Pit its Mouth hath open'd wide  
To swallow up its careless Prey,  
Why should they die, when Thou hath died,  
When Thou hath born their Sins away?
6. Why should the Foe thy Purchase seize?  
Remember, Lord, thy Mortal Groans;  
The Meed<sup>64</sup> of all thy Sufferings These,  
O claim them for thy Ransom'd ones.

---

<sup>61</sup>Appears also in MS Shent, 116a–116b. Published in *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 41–42.

<sup>62</sup>Ori., “wee”; an error.

<sup>63</sup>Ori., “are”; likely an error.

<sup>64</sup>Ori., “Mead.” However, Charles surely has the notion of recompense (meed) in mind, rather than that of a soothing drink (mead).

7. Extend to These thy pardning Grace,  
To These be thy Salvation shew'd,  
Now add them to thy Chosen Race,  
And sprinkle all their Hearts with Blood.
8. Still let the Publicans draw near,  
Open the Door of Faith and Heaven,  
And give them Hearts thy Word to hear,  
And whisper All your Sins forgiven.

6.<sup>65</sup> Spoiler, take all! We cannot grieve,  
We cannot of our Loss complain  
Of Freedom, and of Life bereave;  
Our Better Lot shall still remain,  
Enough for Us, the Part<sup>66</sup> Divine,  
The Good which never can be Thine.

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<sup>65</sup>This stanza, in Wesley's handwriting, goes with the hymn on the facing page (214).

<sup>66</sup>Ori., "Lot."

**For Wensbury &c.<sup>1</sup>**

1. Honour and Praise, O Christ, receive,  
Thro' whom thy Saving Name we know,  
Thou gavst us freely to Believe,  
And dost a Second Grace bestow,  
Call us to bear<sup>2</sup> the hallow'd Cross,  
And Suffer for thy Glorious Cause.
2. Because from Sin we turn away,  
And will not from thy Paths<sup>3</sup> depart,  
Lo! we have made ourselves a Prey,  
Spoil'd of our Goods, with chearful Heart,  
We here<sup>4</sup> our Little All restore,  
And would, but cannot part with more.
3. Far better Goods we have above  
And Substance more Enduring far,  
The Earnest in our Hearts we prove,  
And taste the Joys that wait us there,  
Riches of Grace, so freely given,  
And Christ in us, and Christ in Heaven.
4. Our Heavenly Wealth shall<sup>5</sup> never fail,  
Our Fund of Everlasting Bliss,  
Thieves do not there break thro' and steal,  
Nor Belial's Sons by Violence seize,  
They cannot spoil our Goods above,  
Or rob us of our Saviour's Love.
5. In Him we have Immortal Food,  
Cloathing that always shall endure,  
A permanent and fixt<sup>6</sup> Abode,  
An Heavenly House that standeth sure,  
Who here are destitute of<sup>7</sup> Bread,  
And want a Place to lay our Head.

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<sup>1</sup>In Charles Wesley's hand. Published in *Hymns for Times of Trouble and Persecution* (1744), 32. Charles has misspelled the town name "Wednesbury." This and several subsequent hymns relate to the persecution of Methodists in Wednesbury in May–June 1743, see Charles Wesley's *MS Journal*; and John Wesley's *Modern Christianity: Exemplified in Wednesbury ...* (Newcastle: Gooding, 1745).

<sup>2</sup>Ori., "~~Bid us take up~~" changed to "Call us to bear."

<sup>3</sup>Ori., "~~our Lord~~" changed to "thy Paths."

<sup>4</sup>Ori., "~~now~~."

<sup>5</sup>Ori., "~~can~~."

<sup>6</sup>Ori., "~~Divine~~."

<sup>7</sup>Ori., "~~Though here we lack the Outward~~" changed to "Who here are destitute of."

**Gloria Patri.**<sup>8</sup>

1. Father, in whom we live,  
In whom we are and move,  
The Glory, Power, and Praise receive,  
Of thy Creating Love:  
Let all th' Angelic Throng  
Give thanks to GOD on high,  
While Earth repeats the Joyful Song,  
And ecchoes to the Sky.
  
2. Incarnate Deity,  
Let all the Ransom'd Race  
Render in Thanks their Lives<sup>9</sup> to Thee  
For thy Redeeming Grace:  
The Grace to Sinners shew'd  
Ye Heavenly Quires proclaim,  
And cry Salvation to our GOD,  
Salvation to the Lamb.
  
3. Spirit of Holiness,  
Let all thy Saints adore  
Thy sacred Energy, and bless  
Thy Heart-renewing Power:  
Not Angel-Tongues can tell  
Thy Love's extatic Height,  
The Glorious Joy unspeakable,  
The Beatific Sight.
  
4. Eternal Triune Lord,  
Let all the Hosts above,  
Let all the Sons of Men record  
And dwell upon thy Love;  
When Heaven and Earth are fled  
Away before thy Face,  
Sing all the Saints thy Love hath made,  
Thine Everlasting Praise.

---

<sup>8</sup>In Charles Wesley's hand. Published in *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 44–45.

<sup>9</sup>Ori., "Breath."



[Untitled.]<sup>10</sup>

1. Out of the Deep I cry  
Just at the Point to die,  
Hasting to Infernal Pain,  
Jesus, Lord, I cry to Thee,  
Help a feeble Child of Man  
Shew forth all thy Power in me.
2. On Thee I ever call  
Saviour and Friend of All;  
Well Thou knowst my desp'rate Case,  
Thou my Curse my Sin remove,  
Save me by thy richest Grace,  
Save me by thy pardning Love.
3. How shall a Sinner find  
The Saviour of Mankind?  
Canst Thou not-accept my Prayer,  
Not-bestow the Grace I claim?  
Where are thy old Mercies? where  
All the Powers of Jesus Name?
4. What shall I say to move,  
The Bowels of thy Love?  
Are they not already stir'd?  
Have I in thy Death no Part?  
Ask thy own Compassions, Lord,  
Ask the Yearnings of thy Heart.
5. I will not let Thee go  
Till I thy Mercy know:  
Let me hear the welcome Sound;  
Speak, if still Thou canst forgive,  
Speak, and let the Lost be found,  
Speak, and let the Dying live.
6. Thy Love<sup>11</sup> is all my Plea,  
Thy Passion speaks for me:  
By thy Pangs, and Bloody Sweat,  
By thy Depth of Grief unknown,

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<sup>10</sup>In Charles Wesley's hand. Appears also in MS Shent, 119a–119b. Published in *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 39–40.

<sup>11</sup>Ori., "Pas[sion]."

Save me sinking at thy Feet,  
Save, O save thy Ransom'd One.

7.           What hast Thou done for me?  
              Remember Calvary!  
By thy mortal Groans and Sighs,  
By thy pretious Death I pray,  
Hear a Soul's expiring Cries,  
Take, O take my Sins away.

8.   [unfinished]

[Untitled.]<sup>12</sup>

1. Prisoners of Hope arise,  
And see your Lord appear;  
Lo! on the Wings of Love He flies,  
And brings Redemption near!  
Redemption in his Blood  
He calls you to receive,  
Come unto me, the Pardning GOD,  
Believe, He cries, Believe.
  
2. The Reconciling Word  
We thankfully embrace,  
Rejoice in our Redeeming Lord,  
A Blood-besprinkled Race:  
We yield to be set free,  
Thy Counsel we approve,  
Salvation, Praise, ascribe to Thee,  
And glory in thy Love.
  
3. Jesus, to Thee we look,  
Till sav'd from Sin's Remains,  
Reject the Inbred Tyrant's Yoke,  
And cast away his Chains:  
Our Nature shall no more  
Or'e us dominion have;  
By Faith we apprehend the Power  
Which shall forever save.
  
4. In sure and stedfast Hope  
To be redeem'd below,  
On the Holy Mountain's Top  
We all exulting go:  
We shall the Prize receive,  
We shall be all-renew'd,  
Regain thine Image here, and live  
The Sinless Life of GOD.

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<sup>12</sup>In Charles Wesley's hand. Appears also in MS Shent, 189a–189b. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:188–89.

**For Wensbury &c.**<sup>13</sup>

1. Captain, we look to Thee,  
Thy Promis'd Succours claim,  
Humbly assur'd of Victory  
Thro' thine Almighty Name:  
With furious Beasts to fight  
Forth in thy Name we go,  
With all the earthborn Sons of Night,  
With all the Fiends below.
2. Hold of thy Strength we take,  
And fearlesly march on,  
The World, the Realm of Satan, shake,  
And turn it upside down;  
'Gainst all the Powers of Hell  
Undaunted we proceed,  
Resistless and Invincible  
Thro' our triumphant Head.
3. A Suffering Fight we wage  
With Man's Oppressive Power,  
Endure the Persecutor's Rage,  
Till all the Storm be o're:  
Arm'd with the Patient Mind  
Which in our Saviour was,  
We bear the Hate of all Mankind,  
And glory in his Cross.
4. To gain that Heavenly Prize  
We gladly suffer here,  
And languish in yon opening Skies  
To see his Sign appear:  
His Sign we soon shall see,  
The Lord shall quickly come,  
And give the Final<sup>14</sup> Victory,  
And take the Conquerors home.

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<sup>13</sup>In Charles Wesley's hand. Published in *Hymns for Times of Trouble and Persecution* (1744), 30. Charles has again misspelled the town name "Wednesbury."

<sup>14</sup>Ori., "th' Eternal"; then changed to "the perfect," and finally changed to "the Final."

**Another**  
**[For Wensbury &c.].<sup>15</sup>**

1. Master, we call to mind thy Word,  
We are not now above our Lord,  
Sufficient tis for us to be  
In Sufferings and in Griefs like Thee.
2. The World, to prove thy Saying true,  
With cruel Wrath our Souls pursue,  
As Evil they cast out our Name,  
And brand us with thy glorious Shame.
3. All kind of Ill they falsely say,  
Because we will thy Truth obey,  
To Thee with steady Purpose cleave,  
And ever in thy Spirit live.
4. Expos'd to Man's oppressive Power  
We stand in Danger every Hour,  
The Rage of Persecution bear,  
And hated as our Lord we are.
5. O may we in thy Footsteps go,  
Thee, only Thee resolv'd to know,  
To Slaughter in thy Spirit led,  
Conform'd in all things to our Head.
6. Give us thy Strength, O GOD of Love,  
And keep our Hidden Life above,  
Then on our Side at last appear,  
And lo! we come to Suffer here.

**Another**  
**[For Wensbury &c.].<sup>16</sup>**

1. Come all who love the Slaughter'd Lamb,  
And suffer for his Cause,  
Enjoy with us his Sacred Shame,  
And glory in his Cross.
2. His welcom Cross we daily bear,  
Hated, revil'd, opprest,

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<sup>15</sup>In Charles Wesley's hand. Published in *Hymns for Times of Trouble and Persecution* (1744), 23–24.

<sup>16</sup>In Charles Wesley's hand. Published in *Hymns for Times of Trouble and Persecution* (1744), 33–34.

We only can his Truth declare  
Who calls the Sufferers blest.

3. Our Master's Burthen we sustain,  
Afflicted for his sake,  
In Loss, Reproach, Distress, and Pain  
A strange Delight we take.
4. We drink the Consecrated Cup  
Our Saviour drank before,  
And fill our Lord's Afflictions up,  
And triumph in his Power.
5. His Power is in our Weakness shewn,  
And perfectly display'd,  
The Strength we feel is not our own,  
But flows from Christ our Head.
6. With Consolations from above  
He fills our ravish'd Breast,  
The Spirit of his glorious<sup>17</sup> Love  
On every Soul doth rest.
7. He takes his suffering People's Part,  
And sheds his Love abroad,  
And witnesses with every Heart  
Thou art a Child of GOD.
8. Surely we now believe, and feel  
Our Sins are all forgiven,  
The Outward and the Inward Seal  
Confirms us Heirs of Heaven.
9. Then let us all our Burthen bear,  
To Christ our Souls commend,  
Joyful his Lot on Earth to share,  
And patient to the End.

---

<sup>17</sup>Ori., "glorious Spirit of his" changed to "Spirit of his glorious."

10. Be faithful unto Death, He cries,  
And I the Crown will give,  
Amen, the Glorious Spirit replies<sup>18</sup>  
We die with Thee to live.

**Another**  
**[For Wensbury &c.].<sup>19</sup>**

1. Jesus, the Glory take!  
Afflicted and opprest,  
Revil'd, and hated for thy sake  
Thou hast pronounc'd us blest:  
The Blessing we receive  
We all our Seal set to,  
Now, Lord, we feelingly believe,  
And own that Thou art true.
2. Faithful and Good Thou art:  
We taste the Heavenly Powers,  
The Glorious Earnest in our Heart  
Insures the Kingdom Ours:  
Exceeding glad we are,  
Our ravish'd Bosoms swell  
With Extacy too strong to bear,  
With Joy unspeakable.
3. Thro' Persecutions bold,  
To Thee our Songs we raise,  
Thee in the Furnace we behold,  
Thee in the Fires we praise:  
We now the Promise know,  
Sufficient is thy Love,  
To bear us thro' these Storms below,  
And land us safe above.

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<sup>18</sup>Ori., "cries."

<sup>19</sup>In Charles Wesley's hand. Published in *Hymns for Times of Trouble and Persecution* (1744), 35–36.

4. To suffer now is sweet,  
For Thou the Strength hast given,  
And O! how infinitely great  
Is our Reward in Heaven!  
We shall be surely there,  
The Fight will soon be won,  
The Cross we now with Jesus bear  
Shall lift<sup>20</sup> us to the Throne.
5. 'Twas thus the Saints of GOD,  
His Messengers, and Seers  
The narrow Path of Sufferings trod,  
And past the Vale of Tears,  
Thro' sore Afflictions past  
To better Worlds above,  
And more than conquer'd All at last  
In our Redeemer's Love.
6. Sufferers like Them beneath,  
Thro' much Distress and Pain,  
Thro' all the Toils of Hell and Death  
We come with Them to reign;  
With Christ the Glorious King,  
Who wipes our Tears away,  
And calls us up his Praise to sing  
In Everlasting Day.

**Another**  
**[For Wensbury &c].<sup>21</sup>**

1. Lamb of GOD, we look to Thee,  
Willing as Thou art to be,  
Joyful in thy Steps to go,  
Suffering for thy sake below.

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<sup>20</sup>Wesley suggests "mount us" as an alternative to "lift us" in the margin, in shorthand.

<sup>21</sup>In Charles Wesley's hand. Published in *Hymns for Times of Trouble and Persecution* (1744), 29.



2. Taking up our Daily Cross,  
Call'd to Shame, and Pain, and Loss,  
Well-contented to sustain,  
All the Rage of Cruel Man.
3. Who thy lovely Pattern knows,  
Cannot Force with Force oppose,  
They that to thy Fold belong  
Dare not render Wrong for Wrong.
4. Bruis'd by the Oppressor's Hand  
Evil they will ne'er withstand:  
All that follow Thee are meek,  
Taught to turn the other Cheek.
5. Jesu, in thy Gracious Power  
Lo! we meet the Fiery Hour,  
Calm, dispassionate, resign'd,  
Arm'd with all thy Patient Mind.
6. After Thee with Joy we come,  
Sheep before our Shearers dumb,  
Answering not one Angry Word,  
True Disciples of our Lord.
7. Suffering here we threaten not,  
Innocent in Word and Thought,  
Harmless as a wounded Dove,  
Hatred we repay with Love.
8. Turn, Almighty as Thou art,  
Turn our Persecutors' Heart,  
Let them to our Faith be given,  
Let us meet our Foes in Heaven.

[Untitled.]<sup>22</sup>

1. Lord, we have all forsook  
Thy dying Love to know,  
To bear thy Light and easy<sup>23</sup> yoke,  
And in thy Footsteps go:  
Pleasure, and Goods, and Fame,  
We gladly have restor'd,  
In pain, and Poverty, and shame,  
To share with Thee our Lord.
  
2. Arm'd with thy strength alone  
We still our all resign;  
Our Lives, which once we call'd our own,  
Are not our own, but thine:  
Ready we always stand  
In thine almighty Power  
To yield them up at thy command,  
And meet the fiery hour.
  
3. Where is the Promise then,  
The Bliss Thou hast prepar'd  
For us before the Sons of Men?  
Where is our great Reward?  
The hundred-fold increase  
Of Goods, and Lands, and Friends,  
The sweet, unutterable Peace,  
The Joy that never ends.
  
4. Surely we are possest  
Of Thee our Recompence,  
Extasy fills our panting Breast,  
And pains our aching sense:

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<sup>22</sup>Published in *Hymns for Times of Trouble and Persecution* (1744), 41–42.

<sup>23</sup>Ori., “easy-lightson.” Wesley changed to “Light and easy.”

What hath the World like this?  
The Joy which now we know—  
'Tis more than Joy or Life, or bliss,  
'Tis Heaven begun below.

5.        Yet O! we look for more,  
            And mightier Joys above,  
The fulness of thy gracious store,  
            Of thine Eternal Love:  
            Glory shall end the strife,  
            And in these Bodies shine,  
Jesus, our Everlasting Life,  
            Our flesh shall be like thine.
  
6.        Chang'd by his mighty Love,  
            We shall be as our Lord,  
And sit upon our Thrones above,  
            And bless his just award:  
            While trembling at the Bar  
            Devils and Tyrants stand,  
We shall with Him their Doom declare,  
            And shout at his Right-hand.
  
7.        Then every Saint of His  
            Shall lean upon his Breast;  
The Wicked there from troubling cease,  
            And there the Weary rest:  
            Our sufferings all are o're,  
            Our tears are wiped away,  
We only love, rejoice, adore  
            Thro' one Eternal Day.

8. The Rivers of Delight  
That there our Souls embrace,  
The glorious Beatific Sight  
That veils the Angels face,  
The Joys ineffable  
That from thy Presence flow,  
The fulness here we cannot tell,  
But, Lord, we die to know.

**At Meeting of Friends.**<sup>24</sup>

1. And are we yet alive,  
And see Each Other's Face?  
Glory and Thanks to Jesus give  
For his Almighty Grace.  
Preserv'd by Power Divine  
To full Salvation here,  
Again in Jesus Praise we join,  
And in his Sight appear.
2. What Troubles have we seen,  
What mighty Conflicts past,  
Fightings without, and Fears within,  
Since we assembled last:  
Yet out of all the Lord  
Hath brought us by his Love,  
And still He doth his Help afford,  
And hide our Life above.
3. Then let us make our boast  
Of his Redeeming Power,  
Which saves us to the uttermost,  
Till we can sin no more:

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<sup>24</sup>In Charles Wesley's hand. Appears also in MS Shent, 69a–69b. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:321–22.

Let us take up the Cross  
Till we the Crown obtain,  
And gladly reckon all things loss,  
So we may Jesus gain.

4. Jesus, to Thee we bow,  
And for thy Coming wait,  
Give us for Good some Token now  
In our imperfect State:  
Apply the Hallowing Word,  
Tell Each who looks for Thee,  
Thou shalt be perfect as thy Lord,  
Thou shalt be all like me.

**Psalm 94.**<sup>25</sup>

1. Almighty GOD, to whom alone  
Avenging Power belongs,  
Hear thy Afflicted People groan,  
And vindicate their Wrongs.  
To vindicate th' Opprest is Thine,  
To do the Injur'd Right,  
The great Prerogative Divine  
Is Evil to requite.
2. Shew Thyself now, arise, O Lord,<sup>26</sup>  
Judge of the Earth appear,  
Render the Proud their due Reward,  
And stop their Triumphs here.  
How long shall Evil<sup>27</sup> Men proceed,  
In Acts of Violence boast?

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<sup>25</sup>In Charles Wesley's hand. Appears also in MS Psalms, 231–34. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:178–81.

<sup>26</sup>Ori., “~~O Lord~~ arise” changed to “arise, O Lord.”

<sup>27</sup>Ori., “Wicked.”

Their Lies, and wicked Slanders spread,  
And trample<sup>28</sup> on the Just?

3. The Ruin of thy Church they seek  
With unrelenting Rage,  
Thy People they in pieces break,  
And spoil thine Heritage.  
Regardless or of Age, or Sex  
The Widow they oppress,  
With Cruelty the Stranger vex,  
And starve the Fatherless.
4. Harden'd by long Impunity  
All Pity they discard,  
The Lord, they say, shall never see,  
Nor Jacob's GOD regard.  
Yet understand, ye Brutish Souls:  
Who dare your GOD despise,  
When O ye<sup>29</sup> mad, presumptuous Fools,  
O when will ye be wise?
5. Who planted the attentive Ear,  
And form'd the Seeing Eye,  
Shall He forget to see and hear,  
Shall GOD your Sins pass by?  
He breaks the Heathens with his Rod,  
Shall He not punish you?  
Or knows not the Omniscient GOD  
What all his Creatures do?
6. He only hath the Nations taught,  
He knows what is in Man,

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<sup>28</sup>Ori., "triumph."

<sup>29</sup>Ori., "Ye impious" changed to "When O ye."

The Lord discerns their every Thought,  
And sees that all are vain.  
Happy the Man whom Thou, O Lord,  
In Mercy dost chastise,  
And makst him by thy written Word  
Unto Salvation wise.

7. Wise to Believe in Time of Need  
And quietly attend,  
Till GOD on the<sup>30</sup> Oppressor's Head  
Doth all his Judgments send.  
For never will the Lord forsake  
His own Inheritance,  
Or cast them off, who humbly make  
His Mercy their Defence.
8. The Lord again shall take our Part,  
And clear our Righteousness,  
While all the Men of upright Heart  
His just Award shall bless.  
But who of all the Gods below  
Will rise to do me Right?  
Or interpose, to break the Blow  
Of wicked lawless Might?
9. Had not the Lord in Dangers Hour  
Supplied his ready Aid,  
My Soul beneath the Murtherer's Power  
Had sunk among the Dead.

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<sup>30</sup>Ori., "their."

But when I said my Foot hath slipt,  
Thy Mercy held me up,  
Thy Power unto Salvation kept,  
And gave me back my Hope.

10. Thou didst my drooping Spirit chear  
By desp'rate Griefs opprest,  
Kindly in my Behalf appear,  
And take me into Rest.  
A Rest to Cruel Men<sup>31</sup> unknown  
Who would thy Flock devour,  
And proudly sit upon the<sup>32</sup> Throne  
Of Persecuting Power.
11. No Fellowship have They with Thee,  
The Sons<sup>33</sup> of lawless Might,  
Who stablish<sup>34</sup> Wrong by a Decree  
And pass it into Right.  
Against the Souls of righteous Men  
They rise with fierce Intent,  
With Mockery of Law arraign,  
And doom the Innocent.
12. But Jesus is my GOD,<sup>35</sup> the Lord  
My Rock<sup>36</sup> and Refuge is,  
He shall their Wickedness reward,  
And all our Foes oppress.  
Their Sins on their own Head shall fall  
Who *will* not be forgiven,  
The Lord our GOD shall slay them all,  
And save us up to Heaven.

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<sup>31</sup>Ori., "~~Worldly Souls~~" changed to "Cruel Men."

<sup>32</sup>Ori., "sit upon the ~~Lawless~~" changed to "proudly sit upon the."

<sup>33</sup>Ori., "~~Men~~."

<sup>34</sup>Ori., "~~Establish~~" changed to "Who stablish."

<sup>35</sup>Ori., "~~Rock~~."

<sup>36</sup>Ori., "~~Lord~~."