

*Moral and Sacred Poems, 3:206ff (1744)*¹

[Baker list, #78]

Editorial Introduction:

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

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

Wesley included several of the selections from his "MS Poetry Miscellany" in this published set, representing some leading poets of the last century. He added some more recent works, without seeking permission from their original publishers, which drew him into copyright disputes in a couple of cases (notably over Edward Young's *Night Thoughts*).

Wesley chose to devote the entire third volume of this set to poems by his father, his older brother Samuel, his friend John Gambold, and—beginning on page 206—twenty poems "by the Revd. Mr. John and Charles Wesley." As in their other joint works, John and Charles chose not to identify who contributed specific poems. In this case, the only poem that John likely contributed was the translation of a German hymn by Ernst Lange. All but one of the other hymns ("The Christian," on pp. 270–71) appear in Charles Wesley's personal manuscripts, demonstrating his authorship. These include the two loose paraphrases of German hymns that are titled "Life of Faith, Pt. 1 & 2," which are rare instances of Charles engaging in such translation. Three of the poems included had been published previously (indicated in [blue font](#) in the Table of Contents below).

Edition:

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

¹This document was produced by the Duke Center for Studies in the Wesleyan Tradition under editorial direction of Randy L. Maddox, with the diligent assistance of Aileen F. Maddox. Last updated: October 18, 2010.

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

God's Greatness.²

- 1 O God, thou bottomless abyss,
Thee to perfection who can know?
O height immense! What words suffice
Thy countless attributes to show:
Unfathomable depths thou art!
I plunge me in thy mercy's sea;
Void of true wisdom is my heart,
With love embrace and cover me.
While thee all-infinite I set
By FAITH before my ravish'd eye,
My weakness bends beneath the weight,
O'erpower'd I sink, I faint, I die.

- 2 Eternity thy fountain was,
Which, like thee, no beginning knew;
Thou wast e'er time began his race,
Ere glow'd with stars th' ethereal blue:
Greatness unspeakable is thine,
Greatness, whose undiminish'd ray,
When short-liv'd worlds are lost, shall shine,
When earth and heav'n are fled away.

²Source: Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, ed. *Das Gesang-Buch der Gemeine in Herrn-Huth* (Halle: Wäysenhaus, 1737), 8 (#9), by Ernst Lange. Wesley first published in *CPH* (1737), 15–18; then in a form with the tenth and twelfth line of each stanza lengthened in *HSP* (1739), 161–64. It is the latter version included here.

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

3 Thy parent hand, thy forming skill
Firm fix'd this universal chain;
Else empty, barren darkness still
Had held his unmolested reign:
Whate'er in earth, or sea or sky
Or shuns, or meets the wand'ring thought,
Escapes or strikes the searching eye,
By thee was to perfection brought.
High is thy pow'r above all height:
Whate'er thy will decrees is done:
Thy wisdom equal to thy might
Only to thee, O God, is known.

4 Heaven's glory is thy awful throne,
Yet earth partakes thy gracious sway;
Vain man! Thy wisdom, folly own,
Lost is thy reason's feeble ray.
What his dim eye could never see,
Is plain and naked to thy sight;
What thickest darkness veils, to thee
Shines clearly as the morning light.
In light thou dwell'st: light that no shade
No variation ever knew;
And heav'n and hell stand all display'd,
And open to thy piercing view.

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

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

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

[blank]

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

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

[blank]

**On the Death of
Robert Jones, Esq.³**

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

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

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

³Published previously as *Elegy on the Death of Robert Jones, Esq. of Fonmon Castle in Glamorganshire, South Wales* (Bristol: Farley, 1742).

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

}

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Constrain'd by extasies too strong to bear,
 His soul was all pour'd out in praise and prayer;
 He heard the voice of God's life-giving Son,
 While Jesus made th' eternal Godhead known,
 Receiv'd *the living faith* by grace bestow'd,
 "And verily,^[10] he cried, [¹¹there is a God,
 "I know, I feel the word of truth divine,
 "Lord, I believe thou art—for thou art mine!^[12] [110]

So when the woman did of Jesus tell,
 The God of Jacob found at Jacob's well,
 Eager the common benefit t' impart,
 "Come see a man that told me all my heart;"
 The men of Sychar came; receiv'd her word,
 But hung upon their dear redeeming Lord;
 "Now we believe,^[13] they cry'd, ^[14]but not thro' thee,
 "Our ears have heard th' incarnate deity,
 "The glorious truth assuredly we find,
 "This is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of mankind!" [120]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Nor did he let his censure wildly fall,
 Or for the sake of some reproach them all: [390]
 He knew with wiser judgment to revere,
 And vindicate the sacred character;
 The sacred character remain'd the same,
 Untouch'd, and unimpeach'd by private blame;
 Tho' deists blind, and sectaries agree
 To brand the heaven-descended ministry;
 Nor God nor man the bold revilers spare,
 T' accuse the followers with their Lord they dare, }
 "For Judas fill'd an apostolick chair."^[9]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**The
Sixth Chapter of Isaiah.⁴**

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

⁴Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 5–9; MS Clarke, 5–10; and MS Shent, 2a–4a.

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

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

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

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

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

**Part of the Ninth Chapter of
Isaiah, Ver[se] 2, &c.⁵**

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

⁵A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Shent, 5a–6a.

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

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

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

**Part of the Tenth Chapter of
Isaiah, Ver[se] 24, &c.⁶**

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

⁶Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 16–18; MS Clarke, 18–20; and MS Shent, 7a–8a.

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

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

**The
Eleventh Chapter of Isaiah.⁷**

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

⁷Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 18–21; MS Clarke, 20–23; and MS Shent, 9a–12a.

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

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

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

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

**The
Fourteenth Chapter of Isaiah.⁸**

[Part I.]

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

⁸Published previously as *Fourteenth Chapter of Isaiah* (London: Strahan, 1742). See the reference to this printed version in MS Shent, 13a.

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

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

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

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

28 Is this the man of hellish birth
 (Thy former vassals then shall say)
Who shook the kingdoms of the earth,
 And made the trembling world obey!

29 Who made the world a wilderness,
 Laid waste the souls of all mankind,
Nor ever would his slaves release,
 To sin's eternal bonds consign'd.

Part II.

30 Prepare, the slaughtering sword prepare
 For Babylon's devoted sons,
The children from their mother tear,
 Dash all your sins against the stones.

31 No more let Satan's offspring rise,
 Or build the heaven-invading tower;
Your sins no more shall threat the skies,
 But lose their being with their power.

32 For I (the Lord of hosts hath said)
 Will against Babylon rise up,
Throughout their towers destruction spread,
 And quite cut off their latest hope.

33 Against them will I set my face,
 The serpent's seed, th' accursed kin,
Being, remains, and name erase,
 And cut off the whole brood of sin.

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

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

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

The 25th Chap[ter] of Isaiah.⁹

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

⁹Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 23–27; MS Clarke, 25–29; and MS Shent, 13a–15a.

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

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

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

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

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

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

After the Death of a Friend.

[Part I.]¹⁰

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

¹⁰Manuscript precursors of Part I appear in MS Richmond Tracts, 5–6; MS Shent, 154a–154b; and MS Thirty, 74–76.

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

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

9 But O! my strivings all are vain,
Inevitable is my pain,
Incurable my wound,
Till Jesus ends my inward strife,
And speaks me into second life,
And I in Christ am found.

10 See then I all at last resign,
Thy will, O Lord, be done not mine,
I give my murmurings o'er:
Do with me now as seems thee meet,
But let me suffer at thy feet,
And teach my God no more.

Part II.¹¹

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

¹¹Manuscript precursors of Part II appear in MS Richmond Tracts, 7–8; MS Shent, 155a–155b; and MS Thirty, 84–85.

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

- 3 Envious I hear the passing-bell
With sweetly-melancholy knell
Their happy change declare:
But I can see no end of strife,
Th' intolerable load of life
I still am forc'd to bear.
- 4 Weary of life in pain I breathe,
With blind desire I covet death,
But cannot find it nigh;
Unsav'd and unredeem'd from sin,
Unchang'd, unholy, and unclean,
Yet still I long to die.
- 5 Wretch that I am, while unrenew'd
Can I appear, O righteous God,
A sinner in thy sight!
Nay, but I trust thy blood shall cleanse
My soul, before thou take it hence,
And wash my garments white.
- 6 When thou hast¹² 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.

¹²Ori., "has"; corrected in the errata.

Part III.¹³

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

¹³A manuscript precursor of Part III appears in MS Richmond Tracts, 8–9; and MS Thirty, 80–81.

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

Desiring to Be Dissolv'd.¹⁴

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

¹⁴Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 202–203; MS Clarke, 167–68; MS Richmond Tracts, 9–10; and MS Shent, 156a.

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

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

Another [Desiring to Be Dissolv'd].¹⁵

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

¹⁵Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 203–204; MS Clarke, 168–69; MS Richmond Tracts, 10–11; and MS Shent, 156b.

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

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

Another [Desiring to Be Dissolv'd].¹⁶

- 1 O death, my hope is full of thee,
Thou art my immortality,
 My longing heart's desire,
The mention of thy lovely name
Kindles within my breast a flame,
 And sets me all on fire.

- 2 Extend thy arms, and take me in,
Weary of life, and self, and sin;
 Be thou my balm, my ease:
I languish till thy face appears,
No longer now the king of fears,
 Thou art all loveliness.

- 3 I gasp to end my wretched days,
To rush into thy cold embrace,
 And there securely rest;
Come, O thou friend of sorrows, come,
Lead to the chambers of the tomb,
 And lull me on thy breast.

- 4 I feel that thou hast lost thy sting,
My dying Saviour and my King
 Bore all my sins for me,
He tasted death, and made it sweet,
From thee the eater brought forth meat,
 Eternal life from thee.

¹⁶Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Richmond Tracts, 11–12; MS Shent, 157a; and MS Thirty, 182–83.

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

The Christian.

1 Who is as the Christian great!
Bought, and wash'd with sacred blood,
Crowns he sees beneath his feet,
Soars aloft, and walks with God.

2 Who is as the Christian wise!
He his nought for all hath given,
Bought the pearl of greatest price,
Nobly barter'd earth for heaven.

3 Who is as the Christian blest!
He hath found the long-sought stone,
He is join'd to Christ his rest,
He and happiness are one.

4 Earth and heaven together meet,
Gifts in him and graces join,
Make the character compleat,
All immortal, all divine.

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

The Same [The Christian].¹⁷

- 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.

¹⁷Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Shent, 187a–187b; and MS Thirty, 168–70.

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

- 6 O that the world might taste, and see
How good the Lord my Saviour is!
Take, Jesu, take thy love from me
So they may share the glorious bliss:
Thy love, (if we awhile should part,)
Would soon flow back into my heart.
- 7 O might I feel the utmost power
Of love, and into nothing fall!
Infinite love, bring near the hour,
Infinite God be all in all,
Cover the earth thou boundless sea,
And swallow up all¹⁸ our souls in thee!

**The
Life of Faith.**

[Part I.]¹⁹

- 1 O how happy am I here,
How beyond expression blest,
When I feel my Jesus near,
When in Jesu's love I rest,
Peace, and joy, and heaven, I prove,
Heaven on earth in Jesu's love.
- 2 Nothing else but love I know,
Worldly joys and sorrows end,
Man²⁰ may rage, my feeble foe,
Thou, O Jesus, art my friend:

¹⁸Charles Wesley dropped the word "all" in *All in All* (1761) to correct the metre of the poem.

¹⁹This is a very free paraphrase of #762 (Wolfgang Christoph Dessler, "Wie Wohl ist mir.") in Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, ed. *Das Gesang-Buch der Gemeine in Herrn-Huth* (Halle: Wäysenhaus, 1737), 688–89. It was clearly done by Charles, as evidenced by its presence in MS Cheshunt, 196–98; MS Clarke, 197–98; and MS Shent, 175a–175b.

²⁰Charles Wesley changed "Man" to "Men" in *All in All* (1761), but let "Man" stand two lines later.

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

3 Thou my faithful friend²¹ and true
 Reachest out thy gracious hand:
What can men or devils do
 While by faith in thee I stand?
Stand immoveably secure,
Love hath made my footsteps sure.

4 Satan stirs a tempest up,
 Calm I wait till all is past;
See the anchor of my hope
 On the Rock of Ages cast!
Never can that anchor fail,
Entred now within the veil.

5 Shouldst thou o'er the desert lead,
 Will me farther griefs to know,
After thee with steady tread
 Leaning on thy love I'd go,
Drink the fountain from above,
Eat the manna of thy love.

6 O how wonderful thy ways!
 All in love begin and end:
Whom thy mercy means to raise
 First thy justice bids descend,
Sink into themselves, and rise
Glorious all above the skies.

²¹Ori., "freind"; corrected in the errata.

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

Part II.²²

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

²²This is a very free paraphrase of #753 (by Christian Friedrich Richter) in Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, ed. *Das Gesang-Buch der Gemeinde in Herrn-Huth* (Halle: Wäysenhaus, 1737), 681–82. It was clearly done by Charles, as evidenced by its presence in MS Cheshunt, 199–201; MS Clarke, 199–201; and MS Shent, 176a–177a.

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

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

7 Jesus alone can I require,
No mixture of impure desire
Shall in my bosom move:
I fix on him my single eye,
His love shall all my wants supply,
His all-sufficient love.

8 How vast the happiness I feel,
When Jesus doth himself reveal,
And his pure love impart,
Holy delight, and heavenly hope,
And everlasting joy springs²³ up
And overflows my heart.

9 He pours his Spirit into my soul,
The thirsty land becomes a pool,
I taste the unknown peace
Such as the world will not believe;
No carnal heart can e'er conceive
Th' unutterable bliss.

10 Light in thy only light I see,
Thee, and myself I know thro' thee,

²³Charles Wesley changed "springs" to "spring" in *All in All* (1761).

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

- 11 The light of thy redeeming love,
Like sun-beams darted from above
Doth all my sins display,
Countless as dancing motes, and small;
But O! the love that shews them all,
Shall chase them all away.
- 12 The Sun²⁴ of righteousness shall rise,
Thy glory streaming from the skies
Shall in my soul appear;
I know the cloudless day shall shine,
And then my soul is all-divine,
And I am perfect here.

For a Dying Friend.

[Part I.]²⁵

- 1 Happy soul, depart in peace,
Leave awhile thy friends below,
Jesus speaks the kind release,
Go, to Jesu's bosom go!
- 2 Hark, he calls his exile home
(Joyfully the call obey)
[²⁴“Come up hither, quickly come,
Rise, my love, and come away.”

²⁴Charles Wesley changed “Sun” to “Son” in *All in All* (1761).

²⁵Manuscript precursors of Part I appear in MS Richmond Tracts, 12–13; MS Shent, 164a; and MS Thirty, 13.

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

Part II.²⁶

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

²⁶Manuscript precursors of Part II appear in MS Richmond Tracts, 13; MS Shent, 164a–164b; and MS Thirty, 14.

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

3 Leave a world of sin and pain,
Happier brother, go before,
We shall quickly meet again,
Quickly meet, and part no more.

4 Thou art earlier restor'd,
Ministred an entrance is
To the kingdom of thy Lord,
To thy Master's endless bliss.

5 Jesus, Lord, his soul receive,
Open now thine arms of love,
Now the glorious circlet give,
Bear him now to joys above;

6 Take the ransom'd captive home,
Take the purchase of thy blood:
Dear desire of nations come,
Come, and bring us all to God.

Part III.²⁷

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.

²⁷Manuscript precursors of Part III appear in MS Richmond Tracts, 14–15; MS Shent, 165a–165b; and MS Thirty, 107–8.

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

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

Part IV.²⁸

- 1 Away ye clouds of unbelief,
 I cannot sorrow without hope,
My soul enjoys her noble grief,
 And fills her Lord's afflictions up,
Touch'd with divinest sympathy;
For Jesus weeps, and groans in me.

- 2 Right precious in his sight the death
 Of all his saints and servants is:
Jesus receives their parting breath,
 Himself is their eternal bliss;
And now he bids thy warfare end,
He claims the spirit of my friend.

- 3 Adieu, dear, dying saint adieu,
 The summons of thy Lord obey,
Mighty, and merciful, and true
 He bids thee rise, and come away,
With triumph leave this mouldring clod,
And die into the arms of God.

- 4 His everlasting arms are spread,
 His faithful mercies never fail,

²⁸Manuscript precursors of Part IV appear in MS Richmond Tracts, 15–16; MS Shent, 165b–166b; and MS Thirty, 108–11.

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

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

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

Epitaph.²⁹

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

²⁹Manuscript precursors of this epitaph appear in MS Cheshunt, 44; and MS Clarke, 47 (where it is identified as for Miss Fanny Cowper).

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

**On the Death of
Mrs. Anne Cowper.**³⁰

- 1 Saviour of all, our thanks receive!
With thee their righteous spirits live
 Who liv'd and died in thee below:
Purg'd while they liv'd from every stain,
Sav'd when they died, from grief and pain,
 And snatch'd out of a world of woe.

We bless thee for thy tender love,
Which call'd our friend to joys above,
 And bad her stormy troubles cease;
She now is harbour'd in thy breast,
And there the weary are at rest,
 And there she reigns in glorious bliss.

- 2 Long in the mortal toils she lay,
As hell were swallowing up its prey,
 Expos'd to all th' accuser's power:
Who can the mystic woe reveal?
Who can conceive but those that feel
 The darkness of that fiery hour?

³⁰A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Shent, 167b–168b. It was also present in MS Richmond Tracts, 17–19; but pp. 17–18 are missing, leaving only the last two stanzas. Another hymn for the same occasion is found in *Funeral Hymns* (1746), 14–15. Anne Cowper (or Cooper) and her sister Frances (“Fanny”) were daughters of William Cowper, Esq. of Enfield Chase, a northern suburb of London. They were likely converted by the Wesleys, but our earliest explicit evidence of connection to the Methodist movement is when they met Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, while all three were “taking the waters” in Bath in February 1742. The two sisters accompanied Lady Huntingdon to her estate in Donington in late February. Fanny, who was quite infirm, died there in May 1742; Anne died the following year (1743).

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He now hath wip'd away their tears,
And each bright soul as God appears,
 But waits till all are gather'd home:
Till all in one assembly meet,
All earth and heaven the cry repeat
 "Come glorious God, to judgment come!"^[2]