

MS Family¹

MS Family is a notebook with twenty numbered pages (4.0 x 6.0 inches in size) containing twenty-six hymns in Charles Wesley's hand. Many other pages, blank or with writing in a later hand, have been torn out. All of the hymns are adaptations (or precursors) to published verse, including two of John Wesley's translations from German. They all reflect a pattern of revision from first person singular pronouns to the plural, supporting the suggestion that Charles was compiling a manual of hymns for family use. This and other factors suggest that the collection was done in the late 1740s or early 1750s, but no explicit date is given.

MS Family is part of the collection in the Methodist Archive and Research Centre, accession number MA 1977/564 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 2). The transcription below is provided with permission of the Librarian and Director, The John Rylands Library, The University of Manchester.

¹This document was produced by the Duke Center for Studies in the Wesleyan Tradition under the editorial direction of Randy L. Maddox, with the diligent assistance of Aileen F. Maddox.
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A Morning Hymn.²

- [1.] Jesu, thy Light again we view
 Again thy mercy's Beams we see,
And all within us wakes, anew
 To pant for thy Immensity:
Again my Thoughts to Thee aspire
In fervent Flames of strong Desire.
2. But O! what offering shall we give
 To Thee, the Lord of Earth and Skies?
Our Spirit, Soul, and Flesh receive,
 An holy living Sacrifice;
Small as it is, tis all our Store:
More shouldst Thou have, if we had more.
3. Now then, my GOD, Thou hast my Soul;
 No longer mine, but thine I am:
Claim Thou thine own; possess it whole,
 Chear it by Hope, with Love inflame,
Thou hast our Spirit; there display
Thy Glory, to the perfect Day.
4. Thou hast our Flesh; thy hallow'd Shrine,
 Devoted solely to thy Will:
Here let thy Light for ever shine,
 This House still let thy Presence fill:
O Source of Life, live, dwell, and move
In me, till all our Life be LOVE.

²Source: *HSP* (1739), 179–81 (John Wesley's translation of a German hymn by Joachim Lange).

5. O never in these veils of shame,
 Sad fruits of sin, our glorying be!
Cloath with Salvation thro' thy name
 Our Souls, and may we put on Thee!
Be living Faith our costly dress,
And our best robe thy righteousness!
6. Send down thy Likeness from above,
 And let this our Adorning be:
Cloath us with Wisdom, Patience, Love,
 With Lowliness and Purity,
Than gold and pearls more precious far,
And brighter than the Morning-Star.
7. Lord, arm me with thy Spirit's might,
 Since we are call'd by thy great name:
In Thee our wandring thoughts unite,
 Of all our works be Thou the aim,
Thy love attend us all our days,
And our sole business be thy praise.

Another.³

- [1.] Jesus, the all-restoring Word,
 Our fallen spirits hope,
After thy lovely likeness, Lord,
 O when shall we wake up!
2. Thou, O our GOD, Thou only art
 The life, the truth, the way:
Quicken our soul, instruct our heart,
 Our sinking footsteps stay.

³Source: *HSP* (1740), 25–26.

3. Of all thou hast in earth below,
In heaven above to give,
Give us thine only self to know,
In thee to walk, and live.
4. Fill us with all the life of love;
In mystic Union join
Us to thyself, and let us prove
The fellowship divine.
5. Open the intercourse between
Our Longing souls and thee,
Never to be broke off again
Thro' all eternity.
6. Grant this, O Lord, for thou hast died
That we might be forgiven,
Thou hast the righteousness supplied,
For which we merit heaven.

An Evening Hymn.⁴

- [1.] Jesus, the all-atoning Lamb,
Lover of lost mankind,
Salvation in whose only name
A sinful world can find;
2. We ask thy grace to make us clean,
We come to thee, our GOD,
Open, O Lord, for this day's sin
The fountain of thy blood.
3. Hither our spotted souls be brought,
And every idle word,

⁴Source: *HSP* (1740), 26–27.

And every work, and every thought
That hath not pleas'd our Lord.

4. Hither our actions, harmless deem'd
By man, or counted good,
As filthy rags by GOD esteem'd
Till sprinkled with thy blood.
5. No, our best actions cannot save,
But thou must purge ev'n them,
And when in thee we once believe,
Our worst cannot condemn.
6. To thee then O vouchsafe us power
For pardon still to flee,
And every day and every hour
To wash ourselves in thee.

Evening Hymn.⁵

- [1.] How do thy mercies close us round!
Forever be thy name ador'd!
We blush in all things to abound;
The Servant is above his Lord.
2. Enur'd to poverty and pain
A suffering life our Master led,
The Son of GOD, the Son of man,
He had not where to lay his head.
3. But lo! a place he hath prepar'd
For us, whom watchful angels keep,
And GOD himself becomes our guard,
He smooths our bed, and gives us sleep.

⁵Source: *HSP* (1740), 129–31.

4. Jesus protects; our fears be gone!
What can the rock of ages move!
Safe in thy arms we lay us down,
Thy everlasting arms of love.
5. While thou art intimately nigh,
Who, who shall violate our rest?
Sin, earth, and hell we now defy,
We lean upon our Saviour's breast.
6. I rest beneath th' almighty's Shade;
Our griefs expire, our troubles cease,
Thou, Lord, on whom our souls are stay'd,
Wilt keep our souls in perfect peace.
7. Us for thine own thou lov'st to take
In time and in eternity;
Thou never never wilt forsake
An helpless worm that trusts in thee.
8. Wherefore in confidence we close
Our eyes, for thine are open still,
Our spirits lull'd in calm repose
Waits for the counsels of thy will.
9. After thy likeness let us rise,
If here thou will'st our longer stay,
Or close in mortal sleep our eyes,
To open them in endless day.
10. Still let us run, or end our race,
We cannot chuse, we all resign,
Contract or lengthen out our days;
Come life, come death, when Christ is *mine*!

Evening Hymn.⁶

- [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,
Weakness myself, but strong in thee.
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,

⁶Source: *HSP* (1749), 1:204–206. A manuscript precursor appears in MS Thirty, 184–86.

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 in every 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 thy image rise.
7. Let me all⁷ 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,

⁷Ori., "of."

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.

Looking unto Jesus.⁸

- [1.] Regardless now of things below,
Jesus, to Thee our Heart aspires,
Determin'd thee alone to know,
Author, and end of our desires,
Fill us with righteousness divine,
To end, as to begin, is thine.
2. What is a worthless worm to thee?
What is in man thy grace to move,
That still thou seekest those, who flee
The arms of thy pursuing love,
That still thine inmost bowels cry
Why, Sinner, wilt thou perish, why?
3. Ah! shew me, Lord, my depth of sin,
Ah! Lord, thy depth of mercy shew,
End, Jesus, end this war within;
No rest my spirit e'er shall know,
Till thou thy quickning influence give,
Breathe, Lord, and these dry bones shall live.
4. There, there before the throne thou art,
The Lamb ere earth's foundations slain,

⁸Source: *HSP* (1740), 21–22 (John Wesley's translation of a German hymn by Maria Böhmer).

Take thou, O take this guilty heart,
Thy blood will wash out every stain;
No cross, no suffering we decline;
Only let all our hearts be thine.

Before reading the Scriptures.⁹

[I.]

- [1.] Father of all, in whom alone
We live, and move, and breathe,
One bright, celestial ray dart down,
And cheer thy sons beneath.
2. While in thy word we search for thee
We search with trembling awe,
Open our eyes, and let us see
The wonders of thy law.
3. Now let our darkness comprehend
The light that shines so clear
Now the revealing Spirit send,
And give us ears to hear.
4. Before us make thy goodness pass
Which here by faith we know,
Let us in Jesus see thy face,
And die to all below.

II.¹⁰

- [1.] Teacher divine, we ask thy grace,
These sacred leaves t' unfold,
Here in the gospel's clearest glass
Let us thy face behold.
2. Shew us thy Sire; for known to thee
The Father's glories are,

⁹Source: *HSP* (1740), 41.

¹⁰Source: *HSP* (1740), 41–42.

The dread paternal Deity
Thou only canst declare.

3. Open the scriptures now; reveal
All which *for us* thou art;
Talk with us, Lord, and let us feel
The kindling in our heart.
4. In Thee we languish to be found,
To catch thy words we bow;
We listen for the quickning Sound:
Speak, Lord: we hear thee now.

III.¹¹

- [1.] Come, holy ghost, our hearts inspire,
Let us thine influence prove,
Source of the old prophetic Fire,
Fountain of life, and love.
2. Come, holy ghost (for mov'd by thee
Thy prophets wrote and spoke)
Unlock the Truth, Thyself the Key,
Unseal the sacred book.
3. Expand thy wings, celestial Dove,
Brood o're our nature's night,
On our disorder'd spirits move,
And let there now be light.
4. GOD thro' himself we then shall know,
(If thou within us shine,)
And sound, with all thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.

¹¹Source: *HSP* (1740), 42–43.

**Graces
Before Meat.**

[I.]¹²

Father of earth and heaven,
Thy hungry children feed,
Thy grace be to our spirits given
That true immortal bread:
Grant us, and all our race
In Jesus Christ to prove
The sweetness of thy pardning grace,
The manna of thy love.

II.¹³

- [1.] Father, accept our sacrifice,
Thro' Christ well-pleasing in thine eyes,
Thy glory here we make our aim,
And eat, and drink in Jesus name:
2. Our food we now with fear receive,
Nor live to eat, but eat to live,
To live, till all our work is done,
And serve thy blessed will alone.

III.¹⁴

- [1] Jesus, to whom alone we live,
Let us from Thyself receive
Our consecrated food,
In nature's acts thy will pursue,
And do with faith whate'er we do
To glorify our GOD.
2. O let us of the gift partake
Only for the Giver's sake,
And not ourselves to please,

¹²Source: *Graces* (1746), #1, p. 1.

¹³Source: *Graces* (1746), #4, p. 2.

¹⁴Source: *Graces* (1746), #2, p. 1.

In all our conversation here
Be thou our joy, our hope, our fear,
Our total happiness.

3. Our meanest deeds exalt, improve,
On the altar of thy love
Accept them, Lord, as thine;
Consume us in that sacred fire,
And let our hallow'd lives expire
A sacrifice divine.

IV.¹⁵

- [1.] Fountain of being, source of good,
At whose almighty breath,
The creature proves our bane or food,
Dispensing life or death:
2. Thee we approach with humble fear,
Vouchsafe thy gifts to crown,
Father of all, thy children hear,
And send a blessing down.
3. O may our souls forever pine
Thy grace to taste and see,
Athirst for righteousness divine,
And hungry after thee.
4. For this we lift our longing eyes,
We wait the gracious word;
Speak, and our hearts from earth shall rise,
And feed upon the Lord.

V.¹⁶

- [1.] Come thou, our heavenly Adam, come,
Thy healing influence give,

¹⁵Source: *HSP* (1739), 34.

¹⁶Source: *HSP* (1739), 35–36 (stanzas 5–8).

Hallow our food, reverse our doom,
And bid us eat, and live.

2. The bondage of corruption break!
For this our spirits groan,
Thy only will we fain would seek,
O save us from our own.
3. Turn the full stream of nature's tide;
Let all our actions tend
To thee their source; thy love the guide,
Thy glory be the end.
4. Earth then a scale to heaven shall be,
Sense shall point out the road
The creatures all shall lead to thee,
And all we taste be GOD.

V.¹⁷

- [1.] Parent of good, whose plenteous grace
O're all thy creatures flows,
Humbly we ask thy power to bless
The food thy love bestows.
2. Thy love provides the sober feast:
A second gift impart,
Give us with joy our food to taste,
And with a single heart.
3. Let it for thee new Life afford,
For thee our strength repair,
Blest by thine all-sustaining word,
And sanctified by prayer.
4. Thee let us taste, nor toil below
For perishable meat,

¹⁷Source: *HSP* (1739), 215–16. Note that Wesley used “V” twice in the manuscript.

The manna of thy love bestow,
Give us thy flesh to eat.

5. Life of the world, our souls to feed
Thyself descend from high,
Grant us of thee, the living bread,
To eat, and never die.

VI.¹⁸

At meals, or after.

- [1.] Father, our eyes we lift to thee,
And taste our daily bread:
Tis now thine open hand we see,
And on thy bounty feed:
2. Tis now the meaner creatures join
Richly thy grace to prove,
Fulfil thy primitive design,
Enjoy'd by thankful love.
3. Still, while our mouths are fill'd with good,
Our souls to thee we raise,
Our souls partake of nobler food,
And banquet on thy praise.
4. Yet higher still our farthest aim;
To mingle with the blest,
T' attend the marriage of the Lamb,
And heaven's eternal feast.

VII.¹⁹

- [1.] Come let us lengthen out the feast,
To thankfulness improve,
GOD in his gifts delight to taste,
And pay them back in love.

¹⁸Source: *HSP* (1739), 216.

¹⁹Source: *HSP* (1740), 124–25.

2. His providence supplies our needs,
And life and strength imparts,
His open hand our bodies feeds,
And fills with joy our hearts.
3. But will he not our souls sustain,
And nourish with his grace?
Yes: for thou wilt not say, in vain
My people seek my face.
4. See then, we take thee at thy word,
With confidence draw nigh,
We claim, and of thy Spirit, Lord,
Expect a fresh supply.
5. The sinner, when he comes to thee,
His fond pursuite gives o're,
From nature's sickly cravings free,
He pines for earth no more.
6. Lord, we believe, and taste thee good,
Thee all-sufficient own,
And hunger after heavenly food,
And thirst for GOD alone.

VIII.²⁰

- [1.] Glory, love, and praise, and honour
For our food
Now bestow'd
Render we the Donor.
2. Bounteous GOD, we now confess thee,
GOD who thus
Blessest us
Meet it is to bless thee.

²⁰Source: *Graces* (1746), no. 13, p. 6.

3. Knows the ox his Master's Stable,
And shall we
Not know thee,
Nourish'd at thy Table?
4. Yes, of all good gifts the giver
Thee we own,
Thee alone
Magnify forever.

IX.²¹

- [1.] O GOD of all grace
Thy bounty we praise,
And joyfully sing
Poor beggars admitted to feast with a King.
The honour we claim
In Jesus's name,
Even now we receive,
And happy in Jesus's presence we live.
2. How royal the cheer
When Jesus is here!
The scantiest meal
Is feasting indeed, when his favour we feel.
In his pardoning peace
We all things possess,
And richly enjoy
A fulness of pleasures that never can cloy.
3. Thee, Saviour, to know
Is heaven below,
Thy witnesses we
That heaven is found in the knowledge of Thee:
Thee, Jesus, we taste;
But O! let it last
This sense of thy love,
Till with all the assembly we banquet above.

²¹Sources: *Graces* (1746), no. 14, p. 7.

X.²²

- [1.] Father, friend of human race,
Thee let all thy children praise,
By thy bountiful supplies
Nourish'd till we reach the skies:
Thither we with joy repair,
Sings our heart already there,
Fill'd with chearful melody,
Feasting with thy saints on thee.
2. We that on thy goodness feast
Antedate our heavenly rest,
On the hidden manna feed,
On the everlasting bread;
Thee by faith in Christ to know
O! tis heaven begun below,
Thee t' injoy by glorious love
O tis heaven compleat above!

XI.²³

- [1.] Thankful for our every blessing
Let us sing
Christ the Spring
Never never ceasing.
Source of all our gifts and graces
Christ we own,
Christ alone
Calls for all our praises.
2. He dispels our sin and sadness.
Life imparts,
Cheers our hearts,
Fills with food and gladness.
Who himself for all hath given,
Us he feeds,
Us he leads
To a Feast in heaven.

²²Source: *Graces* (1746), no. 16, p. 8.

²³Source: *Graces* (1746), no. 17, pp. 8–9.

XII.²⁴

Father, thro' thy son receive
Our grateful sacrifice
All the wants of all that live
Thine open hand supplies,
Fills the world with plenteous food;
For the riches of thy grace
Take, thou universal good,
The universal praise.

XIII.²⁵

Blessing to GOD forever blest,
To Christ the Master of the feast,
Who hath for us a table spread,
And in this howling desart fed,
And doth with all his gifts impart
The crown of all, a thankful heart.

XIV.²⁶

- [1.] When shall we see the day
 That summons us away
 To the realms of light and love,
 To the beatific place,
 To the marriage-feast above,
 To the sight of Jesus face!
2. For this alone we pine
 To see the face divine,
 Him who veil'd²⁷ his majesty
 To restore our paradice,
 Stoop'd to earth to death for me,
 Me to mount above the skies.
3. Jesu, descend again
 With all thy heavenly train,

²⁴Source: *Graces* (1746), no. 18, p. 9.

²⁵Source: *Graces* (1746), no. 21, p. 10.

²⁶Source: *Graces* (1746), no. 23, p. 11.

²⁷Charles surely meant "veil'd," as it appears in *Graces* (1746).

Our eternal Life appear
With thy robes of glory on,
Manifest thy kingdom here,
Take us up into thy throne.

XV.²⁸

- [1.] Thanks be to GOD, whose truth we prove!
Thou art not, Lord, a wilderness
To those who know thy pardning love,
To those who but desire thy grace
Thou dost our souls and bodies feed,
And richly grant whate'er we need.
2. Still, gracious Lord, on us bestow
The meat which earthly minds despise,
And let us all thy sweetness know,
And sup with thee in paradice,
Our meat thy counsel to fulfil
Our heaven on earth to do thy will.

XVI.²⁹

- [1.] And can we forget
In tasting our meat,
The angelical food which ere long we shall eat,
When inroll'd with the blest
In glory we rest,
And forever sit down at the heavenly feast!
2. O the infinite height
Of our solemn delight,
While we look on the Saviour and walk in his sight!

²⁸Source: *Graces* (1746), no. 22, p. 10.

²⁹Source: *Graces* (1746), no. 26, p. 12.

The blessing who knows,
The joy He bestows,
While we follow the Lamb, wheresoever he goes!

3. What good can we need
 Whom Jesus doth feed,
And to fountains of life beatifical lead?
 Lo! he sits on his throne!
 Lo! he dwells with his own,
And enlarges our souls with his mercies unknown!

4. Not a spirit above
 To perfection can prove
Or count his unsearchable riches of love:
 But we all shall obtain
 What none can explain,
And in Jesus's bosom eternally reign.