

## *Arminian Magazine* (1778–84)<sup>1</sup>

[Baker list, #371–77]

### Editorial Introduction:

In 1778 John Wesley began publishing the *Arminian Magazine*. He had witnessed the success of Calvinist journals like the *Christian Magazine* and *Gospel Magazine*, and wanted to provide an alternative monthly publication that would affirm and defend God’s universal offer of salvation.

Each monthly installment of the *Arminian Magazine* had three major sections. First came a prose section that included sermons, spiritual biographies, excerpts from theological tracts, and the like. This was followed by a selection of letters (most written to Wesley) that were judged to be spiritually edifying. The concluding pages of each issue were devoted to poetry.

In the first year, as he sought to highlight the distinctive emphases of the *Arminian Magazine*, John Wesley reprinted nine of Charles Wesley’s polemical poems against predestination from the *Hymns on God’s Everlasting Love* (1741/42), and one other in this vein from *HSP* (1740), 136–42. He also began to publish (without attribution) a series of other poems by Charles that had not appeared in print before. Nor was Charles the only family member to appear in the initial volume. The very first item of verse was Samuel Wesley Sr.’s extended piece “Eupolis’s Hymn to the Creator” (1:39ff). A bit later John inserted a poem by Samuel Wesley Jr. honoring their father (1:141–42). And he also included six poems by their sister Mehetabel (née Wesley) Wright; one of which was being published for the first time (see 1:186ff).

In addition to items by family members, John Wesley inserted in the early volumes of the *Arminian Magazine* several poems that had been long-time personal favorites, drawing them from transcriptions in the manuscript Poetry Miscellany he collected during his student days at Oxford. He also reprinted scattered favorite items from prior published collections (shown in the table of contents in [blue font](#)). In particular, starting in volume 9, he reprinted several items from his three-volume *Collection of Moral and Sacred Poems*, to make them more widely available.

Wesley drew on a range of sources for the poetry he inserted in the *Arminian Magazine*, sometimes replicating several items from a single source. We have annotated all prior published sources that could be located. As the magazine became established, some of Wesley’s friends and followers appear to have supplied him with manuscript items to publish. Unfortunately he does not typically give enough details to identify these authors with certainty.

It is clear that Wesley controlled which poetry was included in the initial volumes of the *Arminian Magazine*, and he likely retained primary responsibility for such decisions until near his death. Given the possibility of some backlog in his recommendations, we include in this collection the poetry sections through the end of 1791, with the recognition that Wesley was surely not responsible for selecting many of the items in the last volume (such as those on his death).

In order to maintain manageable size, our transcription of the sections of poetry in *Arminian Magazine* during Wesley’s life are divided into two sections: 1778–84 and 1785–91. The table of contents for each grouping appears at the beginning of that file.

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<sup>1</sup>This document was produced by the Duke Center for Studies in the Wesleyan Tradition under the editorial direction of Randy L. Maddox, with the diligent assistance of Aileen F. Maddox. Last updated: March 21, 2018.

## Table of Contents

### Volume 1 (1778)

Eupolis's Hymn to the Creator [Samuel Wesley Sr., <i>HSP</i> (1739), 1–5]	1:39–45
Hymn. Salvation depends not on Absolute Decrees [CW, <i>HGEL</i> (1741), 18–19]	1:45–46
Hymn on Universal Redemption [CW, <i>HGEL</i> (1741), 12–13]	1:47–48
On taking up a Bird shot through the Wing. By the Rev. Mr. [John] Gambold	1:91–92
Jesus Christ, the Saviour of All Men [CW, <i>HGEL</i> (1741), 20–23]	1:92–95
The Rose-Bud. To a Young Lady [William Broome]	1:96
The Loss of Eternal Life not Owing to any Absolute Decree [CW, <i>HGEL</i> (1742), 19–21]	1:137–39
On God's Everlasting Love [CW, <i>HGEL</i> (1741), 10–11]	1:139–40
Upon my Father. By the Rev. Samuel Wesley [Jr.]	1:141–43
On His Own Picture. By Mr. [Thomas] Randolph	1:143–44
Sent to Mrs. B. on Her Birth-Day [Alexander Pope]	1:144
The Lucid Interval. By Mrs. [Mehetabel (Wesley)] Wright	1:186–87
A Mother's Address to Her Dying Infant. By Mrs. [Mehetabel (Wesley)] Wright	1:187–88
An Epitaph on Herself. By Mrs. [Mehetabel (Wesley)] Wright	1:188
The Resignation. By Mrs. [Mehetabel (Wesley)] Wright	1:188–89
To the Memory of Her Sister. By Mrs. [Mehetabel (Wesley)] Wright	1:190
The Universal Love of Christ [CW, <i>HGEL</i> (1742), 31–33]	1:191–92
A Farewell to the World. By Mrs. [Mehetabel (Wesley)] Wright	1:233–35
Universal Redemption [CW, <i>HSP</i> (1740), 136–42]	1:235–40
To a Mother, on the Death of Her Children. By Rev. Samuel Wesley Jr.	1:280–81
An Epitaph on Miss Mary Lowth [Robert Lowth]	1:281–82
[An Epitaph on Miss Mary Lowth] Imitated [Charles Wesley]	1:282
On Bishop Atterbury's Birth-Day [Samuel Wesley Jr.]	1:282–83
On Retirement [William Broome]	1:284–85
Part of the 104 <sup>th</sup> Psalm Paraphrased [John Wesley]	1:285–88
An Hymn in Affliction. By Miss [Mary?] Kinchin	1:332–33
The Lord's Controversy [CW, <i>HGEL</i> (1742), 34–36]	1:333–36
To the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady [John Wesley]	1:380–83
Address to the Calvinists [likely Charles Wesley]	1:383–84
To a Young Lady. By Mrs. [Catherine] Talbot	1:425–27
Part of the Eighth Chapter of Proverbs Paraphrased [James Ward]	1:427–29
On the Coronation [Henry Pollexsen]	1:429
On Seeing a Friend's Picture. By Mr. [Matthew] Concanen	1:429–30
Written after reading Mr. H[ill]'s <i>Remarks</i> , and <i>Farrago Double Distilled</i> [Charles Wesley]	1:430
On God's Everlasting Love [CW, <i>HGEL</i> (1741), 3–5]	1:430–32
Alcidor. By a Lady [Anne Kingsmill Finch, Countess of Winchilsea]	1:479–81
To Health. By a Young Lady [Hester Chapone]	1:481
To Stella [Hester Chapone]	1:482–84
To Aspasia, in Answer. By Miss H.	1:484–87
On Universal Redemption [CW, <i>HGEL</i> (1741), 28–29]	1:487–88
On the Appearance of Champion Dymoke at the Coronation [Henry Cleland]	1:488
To Solitude [Hester Chapone]	1:536–37
Ode to Content. By Mrs. [Anna Lactitia] Barbauld	1:538–39
Coronation Epigram	1:540

Epigram [on Virgil] [Walter Tittley]	1:540
The Country Clergyman. By [Oliver] Goldsmith	1:590–92
Ode to Truth. By Mr. [William] Mason	1:592–94
Retirement. An Ode. By Dr. [James] Beattie	1:594–96
By a Lady in America to her Husband in England	1:596–97
An Ode, written at Sylvan Dale	1:597–98
On Eternity	1:599
Epitaph Translated from the French	1:599
The Epigram on Virgil Translated	1:599
The Same Paraphrased. By a Friend	1:599–600
On Dr. Aldrich, Dean of Christ-Church, Oxon [Vincent Bourne]	1:600

## Volume 2 (1779)

The Batchelor's Wish	2:44–45
A Letter to a Clergyman	2:45–47
On Reading the <i>Checks</i> and Other Polemical Works of Mr. Fletcher [Charles Wesley?]	2:47
A Translation of the Verses on Dean Aldrich	2:47–48
Cowley's Epitaph on Himself. <i>Epitaphium vivi Autoris</i> [Abraham Cowley]	2:48
Elegiac Stanzas, on the Death of an Infant [Thomas Wright]	2:96–103
Translation of Cowley's Epitaph	2:103–104
<i>Ex Martiale</i>	2:104
The Pursuit of Happiness [Matthew Prior]	2:152–54
A Funeral Hymn on the Death of Mr. John Haddon. By the Rev. Mr. B. of Somersetshire	2:154–55
The Epitaph of the Late Duke of Buckingham [George Villiers]. Written by Himself.	2:156
[Rendition by Samuel Wesley Sr.]	2:156
Psalm xlvi [Henry Pitt; cf. <a href="#">CPH (1737), 4</a> ]	2:157–58
Short Hymns. Gen. 3:8, 23:20, 46:4; Exod. 19:4 [ <a href="#">CW, Scripture Hymns (1762)</a> ]	2:158–59
Translation of the Epigram	2:160
<i>Ex Martiali</i>	2:160
The Caution. By Mrs. _____	2:212–15
Translation of the foregoing Epigram	2:216
Epigram	2:216
Christian Experience. By Miss _____	2:261–65
Written in the Beginning of Mezeray's <i>History of France</i> [Matthew Prior]	2:265–66
On Mrs. Martin. By Miss Th_____	2:266–68
The Wish. By Miss T[indall]	2:268–70
Short Hymns. Exod. 34:6–7 [ <a href="#">CW, Scripture Hymns (1762)</a> ]	2:271–72
Translation of the Epigram on Mr. Harley, who was stabbed in the Council-Chamber	2:272
<i>Parce sepultis</i>	2:272
The Garland [Matthew Prior]	2:322–23
Lines ... on reading Stella's Account of the Deceitfulness of Human Friendship [Ann Tindall]	2:323–26
From a Lady at Bath to her Husband [Mary (Molesworth) Monk]	2:326–27
Short Hymns. Num. 6:24–26 [ <a href="#">CW, Scripture Hymns (1762)</a> ]	2:327–28
Translation of the Epigram, on Achilles dragging the dead body of Hector ...	2:328
Epigram. <i>Sunt qui servari nolunt</i>	2:328
Birth-Day Reflections. By Miss A. F____. Written November 25, 1767	2:378–82
Faith, Hope, Charity [John Byrom]	2:382
Short Hymns. Num. 11:27–29 [ <a href="#">CW, Scripture Hymns (1762)</a> ]	2:383

Translation of the foregoing Epigram	2:384
Epigram. <i>Sordidus est, lusco qui possit dicere lusce</i>	2:384
The Lady's Looking-Glass [Laurence Eusden]	2:435–37
Part of a Paraphrase of the Third Chapter of Job	2:437–38
To a Robin [Rev. Samuel Love]	2:438–39
Short Hymn. Lev. 6:13 [CW, <i>Scripture Hymns</i> (1762)]	2:439
Epigram from the Greek	2:440
On the foregoing Epigram	2:440
Epigram	2:440
Henry and Emma, A Dialogue [Matthew Prior]	2:481–96
Translation of the foregoing Epigram	2:496
Epigram. <i>Possunt, quia posse videntur</i>	2:496
Verses by Miss Th____. Wrote on her Birth-Day	2:541–44
On the Birth-Day of a Child a Year Old [Samuel Wesley Jr.]	2:544
On being asked, What is the Greatest Blessing on Earth? An Epigram [Edward Perronet]	2:545
Epitaph on Lady Gertrude Hotham [Charles Wesley]	2:545
Short Hymns. Deut. 32:49–50; Ruth 2:3; 1 Sam. 28:14, 19 [CW, <i>Scripture Hymns</i> (1762)]	2:545–47
Translation of the foregoing Epigram	2:547–48
Epigram. <i>Exulis Seneca querela</i>	2:548
Ode on the Death of Dr. Boyce [Charles Wesley]	2:606
An Epitaph on a Lady who died of a Consumption at Bristol Wells. By her Husband	2:607
Short Hymns. 2 Sam. 18:5 [CW, <i>Scripture Hymns</i> (1762)]	2:607–608
The foregoing Epigram Imitated	2:608
Epigram. <i>Alexander et Xerxes</i> [Vincent Bourne]	2:608
On Winter [John Scott]	2:655–58
Psalm VIII [John Scott]	2:658–59
For a Dying Friend. Mr. Abraham Brown [Charles Wesley]	2:659–60
An Epitaph on Mrs. Ann Waterhouse [Charles Wesley]	2:660
To the Memory of the Hon. Miss [Elizabeth] Booth [Gilbert Cooper]	2:660–61
Short Hymns. 2 Kings 2:11–13, 6:31 [CW, <i>Scripture Hymns</i> (1762)]	2:661–63
Translation of the foregoing Epigram	2:663
Epigram. <i>Pyramis</i>	2:664
Translation of the above Epigram	2:664

### Volume 3 (1780)

On the Church of England [Charles Wesley]	3:55–57
Thoughts on Heaven. By Miss E. T. [Eliza Tooth?]	3:58–61
Short Hymns. Job 12:16, 16:22, 17:1, 11, 13 [CW, <i>Scripture Hymns</i> (1762)]	3:61–64
A Specimen of our Ancient Poetry	3:64
The 28 <sup>th</sup> Chapter of Job Paraphrased. By Mr. Ward [i.e., Sterling]	3:113–16
Careless Content [John Byrom]	3:116–19
A Short Hymn. Job 19:25–27 [CW, <i>Scripture Hymns</i> (1762)]	3:119–20
An Admonition against Swearing. Addressed to an Officer in the Army [John Byrom]	3:120
Verses designed for a Watch-Case [John Byrom]	3:120
Amarantha. By Mr. Tooke	3:170–73
Epitaph	3:173
Stanzas. By Miss [Catherine] Talbot	3:173–74
Written on New-Year's Eve, while the Bells were ringing out the Old Year [Catherine Talbot]	3:174–75

Epigrams. [I–II] [John Byrom]	3:175
Short Hymns. Job 32:8, 35:10 [CW, <i>Scripture Hymns</i> (1762)]	3:176
To a Young Lady on her Birth-Day, being the First of April [SW Jr.; MSP, 2:203]	3:227–28
[On Universal Redemption.] ‘M. Minutius Felix’	3:228–30
On reading some Elegies [Catherine Talbot]	3:230–31
Resignation. [John Byrom]	3:231
Mr. Gambold’s Epitaph on Himself. [John Gambold; HSP (1739), 9]	3:231
On the Right Manner of Giving Reproof. [John Byrom]	3:231
Short Hymns. Job 36:8–10, 40:4 [CW, <i>Scripture Hymns</i> (1762)]	3:232
On the death of Thomas Adams, ... written by himself	3:280
The Law written in the Heart. By Miss F___n	3:280–81
What is Religion? By Miss F___n	3:281–82
Behold the Man! By Miss F___n	3:282
[John 14:7] [Charles Wesley]	3:282–83
Verses sent to Miss Ritchie, when apparently near Death. By Miss [Ann] T[indall]	3:284–85
Hymn to Christ. By Miss [Ann] T[indall]	3:285–87
Short Hymns. 1 Chron. 29:15; Neh. 5:9; Ps. 31:20 [CW, <i>Scripture Hymns</i> (1762)]	3:287–88
Written in Temptation. By Miss F___	3:337–39
On Hearing a Passing-Bell. By Miss Clarkson	3:339–40
A Farewell Hymn. By Mr. Samuel Wells	3:340–41
Another [Robert Carr Brackenbury]	3:342–43
Short Hymns. Ezek. 16:62–63; Dan. 12:13; Prov. 11:22 [CW, <i>Scripture Hymns</i> (1762)]	3:343–44
A Letter to a Friend Versified. By Miss F___	3:393–94
Written at the Approach of Spring [John Scott]	3:394–97
An Old Man’s Prayer [Charles Wesley]	3:397–98
Another [Charles Wesley]	3:398–99
Short Hymns. Canticles [Song of Sol.] 1:7; Isa. 32:2 [CW, <i>Scripture Hymns</i> (1762)]	3:399–400
To My Friends; On the Anniversary of their Wedding-Day, 1757. By Miss F___	3:450–51
To Mr. ____, on his Wedding-Day, 1739. By Miss F___	3:452–53
A Departing Minister’s Prayer [Charles Wesley]	3:453–54
On the Extent of the Atonement [Charles Wesley?]	3:455
A Short Hymn. Canticles [Song of Sol.] 6:10 [CW, <i>Scripture Hymns</i> (1762)]	3:455–56
On the Cause, Effects, and Cure of Sin. By Miss T___	3:504–506
Thoughts on the Constitution of Human Nature [John Byrom]	3:506–508
The Mystery of Life [John Gambold; HSP (1739), 7–8]	3:508–509
A Thought on Christmas-Day. By Miss F___	3:509–10
On Casting up my Accounts. By Miss F___	3:510
Before Preaching [Charles Wesley]	3:510–11
A Caution [Alexander Pope]	3:511
Short Hymns. Isa. 1:12–13, 2:4 [CW, <i>Scripture Hymns</i> (1762)]	3:511–12
A Soliloquy, written in a Country Church-Yard. By the Rev. Mr. M[oore]	3:561–63
“With zeal to God and love to human-kind.” By the Rev. Mr. Samuel Wesley [Jr.]	3:564
A Letter to Mr. Charles Wesley. By the Rev. Mr. Samuel Wesley [Jr.]	3:564–66
For the Fast-Day, Feb. 10, 1779 [Charles Wesley]	3:566–68
A Short Hymn. Isa. 5:4 [CW, <i>Scripture Hymns</i> (1762)]	3:568
Ode to Health. By Miss [Ann] T[indall]	3:613–14
God is Love. By Bishop [Thomas] Ken	3:615–18
The Wish. By Bishop [Zachary] Pearce	3:618
The Beau and the Bedlamite [John Byrom]	3:619
On the Earl of D___. By Miss F___	3:619

A Short Hymn. Isa. 11:6–7 [CW, <i>Scripture Hymns</i> (1762)]	3:620–21
Sent with a Nosegay. By Miss F____	3:676–77
Wrote on the Same Occasion. By Miss F____	3:677
A Prayer for King George [Charles Wesley]	3:677–78
It is Appointed for Men Once to Die [Charles Wesley]	3:679
Short Hymns. Isa. 6:13, 11:13 [CW, <i>Scripture Hymns</i> (1762)]	3:679–80

#### Volume 4 (1781)

Universal Good, the Object of the Divine Will ... [John Byrom]	4:58–59
A Prayer [John Byrom]	4:59–60
An Evening Walk from Richmond to Kew. By Miss E. N.	4:60–61
To Sylvia. By Miss C____	4:62–63
An Old Man’s Prayer. “The knowledge of thy love ...” [Charles Wesley]	4:63–64
Short Hymns. Isa. 32:2 [CW, <i>Scripture Hymns</i> (1762)]	4:64
A Prayer used by Francis the First ... [John Byrom]	4:114
On Attention [John Byrom]	4:115
An Elegy on Death. Wrote by the Author when he was a Deist.	4:115–17
A Prayer [Charles Wesley]	4:117–18
Short Hymns. Isa. 41:17, 42:3, 49:8 [CW, <i>Scripture Hymns</i> (1762)]	4:119–20
The Italian Bishop [John Byrom]	4:168–70
Religious Discourse [John Gambold; <i>HSP</i> (1739), 58–63]	4:170–74
“Walking with God.” From the Olney Collection [John Newton]	4:174–75
A Short Hymn. Isa. 57:15–17 [CW, <i>Scripture Hymns</i> (1762)]	4:176
A Stricture on the Bishop of Gloucester’s Doctrine of Grace [John Byrom]	4:226–27
An Old Man’s Prayer. “Father of all, whose bowels move ...” [Charles Wesley]	4:228
For the Church [Charles Wesley]	4:229–30
Verses: Taken, ... from the Tomb-Stone of Margaret Scott	4:230
“Ask what I shall give thee.” From the Olney Collection [John Newton]	4:231
Short Hymns. Jer. 49:11; Matt. 5:13 [CW, <i>Scripture Hymns</i> (1762)]	4:231–32
A Meditation for Passion Week. By Dr. [John] Byrom	4:284–85
“Ask what I shall give thee.” From the Olney Collection [John Newton]	4:285
Ode in Praise of a Country Life. By John Seymour, Esq.	4:286
A Version of the First Chapter of St. Paul’s Epistle to the Hebrews	4:287–88
Wise Epicurism [Philip Doddridge]	4:288
Short Hymns. Matt. 7:25, 10:30 [CW, <i>Scripture Hymns</i> (1762)]	4:288
“No longer Pipe, no longer Dance” [Charles Wesley]	4:340
“The joy of the Lord is your strength.” From the Olney Collection [John Newton]	4:341
The Potter and his Clay. Ascribed to Dr. W. [Isaac Watts]	4:342
The Contrast [to The Potter and his Clay]. By Dr. B. [John Byrom]	4:343
An Epitaph on Edward Hearne [Charles Wesley]	4:344
A Short Hymn. Mark 3:5 [CW, <i>Scripture Hymns</i> (1762)]	4:344
St. Cecilia’s Hymn. By Dr. [John] Byrom	4:396–97
Pleading for Mercy. From the Olney Collection [John Newton]	4:397–98
Inscription near a Sheep-Cot, 1745 [William Shenstone]	4:398–400
Short Hymns. John 9:4, 18:20 [CW, <i>Scripture Hymns</i> (1762)]	4:400
A Penitential Soliloquy. By Dr. [John] Byrom	4:452–53
“None upon earth I desire besides thee.” From the Olney Collection [John Newton]	4:453–54
A Prayer, ... the Insurrection, June 1780. “God omnipotent ...” [CW, <i>Tumult Hymns</i> (1780), 6–7]	4:455

On the Messengers of God [Charles Wesley?]	4:456
A Short Hymn. Rom. 15:2 [CW, <i>Scripture Hymns</i> (1762)]	4:456
The Beggar and the Divine. By Dr. [John] Byrom	4:505–508
The Believer’s Safety. Ps. 91. From the Olney Collection [John Newton]	4:508–509
The Swallows: written in September, 1748	4:509–11
On Old Age [Charles Wesley]	4:511–12
Short Hymns. 1 Cor. 15:42–43 [CW, <i>Scripture Hymns</i> (1762)]	4:512
A Dying Speech. By Dr. [John] Byrom	4:561–62
The Believer’s Safety. Ps. 92. From the Olney Collection [John Newton]	4:562–63
An Elegy on Evening. [Miss Edwards]	4:563–65
An Ode to Spring. By Miss F____	4:566–67
For Love [Charles Wesley]	4:567–68
A Short Hymn. 1 Cor. 15:43 [CW, <i>Scripture Hymns</i> (1762)]	4:568
On Trinity Sunday. By Dr. [John] Byrom	4:616–18
Vanity of Life. From the Olney Collection [John Newton]	4:618–19
On Friendship. By Miss F____	4:619–20
Altered from a Celebrated Song	4:620
To a Friend	4:620–21
An Epitaph on Mr. Peter Jaco [Charles Wesley]	4:621
A Short Hymn. 1 Cor. 15:44 [CW, <i>Scripture Hymns</i> (1762)]	4:621–22
On Church-Communion, Part I. By Dr. [John] Byrom	4:671–73
The Name of Jesus. From the Olney Collection [John Newton]	4:673–74
A Prayer, ... the Insurrection, in June, 1780. “Thou most ...” [CW, <i>Tumult Hymns</i> (1780), 4–5]	4:674–75
On the Death of a Child, Five Years of Age. By Phillis Wheatley, a Negro	4:676
On the Death of a Young Gentleman. [Phillis Wheatley]	4:676–77
Thoughts on the Works of Providence [Phillis Wheatley]	4:677–80
A Short Hymn. Col. 3:8–9 [CW, <i>Scripture Hymns</i> (1762)]	4:680

## Volume 5 (1782)

On Church-Communion, Part II. By Dr. [John] Byrom	5:50–51
The Gourd. From the Olney Collection [John Newton]	5:51–52
The Wish. By Mrs. [Eliza] B[ennis] of Limerick	5:52–54
On the Death of a Much-Loved Wife. By the Rev. Mr. [Richard] G[raves]	5:54–55
Short Hymns. Rom. 15:2; 2 Tim. 4:18 [CW, <i>Scripture Hymns</i> (1762)]	5:56
On Church-Communion, Part III. By Dr. [John] Byrom	5:107–108
A Prayer for the Lord’s Promised Presence. From the Olney Collection [John Newton]	5:108–109
The Arbour, Part I. By Mr. Thomas Cole	5:109–11
The Lord’s Prayer. By the Rev. Dr. [Thomas] Gibbons	5:111–12
A Short Hymn. Titus 2:14 [CW, <i>Scripture Hymns</i> (1762)]	5:112
On Church-Communion, Part IV. By Dr. [John] Byrom	5:161–62
Praise for the Fountain Opened. From the Olney Collection [John Newton]	5:163
The Arbour, Part II. By Mr. Thomas Cole	5:164–67
A Motion of the Minority [Charles Wesley]	5:167
Short Hymns. Heb. 4:16, 13:20–21 [CW, <i>Scripture Hymns</i> (1762)]	5:167–68
Thoughts on Imputed Righteousness, Part I. By Dr. [John] Byrom	5:218–19
A Sick Soul. From the Olney Collection [John Newton]	5:219–20
Fortitude. By the Rev. Dr. [Thomas] Gibbons	5:220–21
Paradise Regained. By H. T[aylor]	5:221–24

A Short Hymn. Heb. 13:21 [ <a href="#">CW</a> , <a href="#">Scripture Hymns (1762)</a> ]	5:224
Thoughts on Imputed Righteousness, Part II. By Dr. [John] Byrom	5:275–76
“Will ye also go away?” From the Olney Collection [John Newton]	5:276–77
Verses to the Memory of the late Rev. Mr. Smith Dunning. By Miss E[dwards]	5:277–80
A Short Hymn. James 2:21 [ <a href="#">CW</a> , <a href="#">Scripture Hymns (1762)</a> ]	5:280
Thoughts on Imputed Righteousness, Part III. By Dr. [John] Byrom	5:332–33
A Serious Reflection on New Year’s-Day [Richard Graves]	5:333–34
To a Young Gentleman [Thomas Gibbons]	5:335–36
On an Urn at Worville, in Shropshire [Richard Graves]	5:336
A Short Hymn. James 2:22 [ <a href="#">CW</a> , <a href="#">Scripture Hymns (1762)</a> ]	5:336
Thoughts on Imputed Righteousness, Part IV. By Dr. [John] Byrom	5:388–89
Elegy on the Death of a Sister [Miss Edwards]	5:390–91
Solon’s Cure for Grief [Richard Graves]	5:392
A Short Hymn. James 2:23 [ <a href="#">CW</a> , <a href="#">Scripture Hymns (1762)</a> ]	5:392
On the Nature of Free Grace. By Dr. [John] Byrom	5:444–45
An Epitaph on Lady Blackmore. By Sir Richard Blackmore [Thomas Gibbons]	5:445–46
An Epitaph on Sir Richard Blackmore. By Himself [Thomas Gibbons]	5:446
On General Wolfe [Richard Graves]	5:447
For the Statue of Health [Richard Graves]	5:447–48
A Short Hymn. James 2:26 [ <a href="#">CW</a> , <a href="#">Scripture Hymns (1762)</a> ]	5:448
Thoughts on Predestination and Reprobation, Part I. By Dr. [John] Byrom	5:499–500
Written on a Late Declaration of Lord C___ [Charles Wesley]	5:500–502
To Religion	5:502–503
Epitaph on Mr. Shenstone [Richard Graves]	5:503–504
A Short Hymn. James 3:17 [ <a href="#">CW</a> , <a href="#">Scripture Hymns (1762)</a> ]	5:504
Thoughts on Predestination and Reprobation, Part II. By Dr. [John] Byrom	5:553–55
To Mr. ___ on Reading his Verses on the Charitable Man. By Miss Th___	5:555–56
The Shepherd and the Kid [Richard Graves]	5:556–57
A Short Hymn. James 4:1 [ <a href="#">CW</a> , <a href="#">Scripture Hymns (1762)</a> ]	5:557
Thoughts on Predestination and Reprobation, Part III. By Dr. [John] Byrom	5:611–13
Epigram I. By Dr. [John] Byrom	5:613
Epigram II. By Dr. [John] Byrom	5:613
Epigram III. By Dr. [John] Byrom	5:613
Epigram IV. By Dr. [John] Byrom	5:614
Procrastination. By the Rev. Mr. [Richard] G[raves]	5:614–16
On the Death of an Epicure [Richard Graves]	5:616
A Short Hymn. James 5:15 [ <a href="#">CW</a> , <a href="#">Scripture Hymns (1762)</a> ]	5:616
Thoughts on Predestination and Reprobation, Part IV. By Dr. [John] Byrom	5:672–74
Epigram V. By Dr. [John] Byrom	5:674
Epigram VI. By Dr. [John] Byrom	5:675
Epigram VII. By Dr. [John] Byrom	5:675
An Ode to the Rev. Mr. John Pinhorne. By Dr. [Thomas] Gibbons	5:675–79
On Eternity. By Dr. [Thomas] Gibbons	5:679–80
A Short Hymn. 1 Pet. 3:8 [ <a href="#">CW</a> , <a href="#">Scripture Hymns (1762)</a> ]	5:680

## Volume 6 (1783)

On the Death of Mr. Thomas Lewis [Charles Wesley]	6:49–51
A Plain Matter of Fact [William Cowper]	6:51–53



A College Life. By the Rev. Mr. [Richard] G[raves]	6:53–56
A Short Hymn. 1 Pet. 3:8 [CW, <i>Scripture Hymns</i> (1762)]	6:56
On the Death of Mr. [Ebenezer] B[lackwell], Part I [Charles Wesley]	6:108–10
An Elegy, written in a Garden [Mary (Whateley) Darwall]	6:110–12
On Preaching. By Dr. [John] Byrom	6:112
A Short Hymn. Rev. 3:18 [CW, <i>Scripture Hymns</i> (1762)]	6:112
On the Death of Mr. [Ebenezer] B[lackwell], Part II [Charles Wesley]	6:164–66
An Elegy on the Search of Happiness [Mary (Whateley) Darwall]	6:166–68
A Contrast Between two Eminent Divines [Law & Hervey]. By Dr. [John] Byrom	6:168
A Short Hymn. Rev. 3:18 [CW, <i>Scripture Hymns</i> (1762)]	6:168
Captain ____'s Excuse for not Fighting a Duel [Richard Graves]	6:221
To the Memory of a Lady who was lost at Sea	6:222–23
In Memory of Mr. Charles Perronet [Charles Wesley?]	6:224
An Epigram. By Dr. [John] Byrom	6:224
An Evening Hymn [Thomas Gibbons]	6:277–78
Divine Instructions given to a loose Ode of Horace. To Philetus	6:279–80
On the Death of the Rev. Mr. Notcutt [Thomas Gibbons]	6:280
The Nightingale and Glow-Worm [William Cowper]	6:331–32
Verses, supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk [William Cowper]	6:333–34
The Cricket [William Cowper]	6:334–35
A Comparison [William Cowper]	6:335–36
An Epitaph on the Death of Mr. Charles Perronet [Charles Wesley?]	6:336
Lines on the Lord's Pillar, in a grove in Surrey	6:389–90
Lines on the Lady's Pillar, in a grove in Surrey	6:390
Ode to Peace [William Cowper]	6:391
Human Frailty [William Cowper]	6:391–92
On the Death of Mr. Charles Greenwood. By Miss T____n	6:392
On the Death of Dr. Middleton, Part I [Charles Wesley]	6:445–48
Dr. [John] Arbuthnot's Character Versified	6:448
On the Death of Dr. Middleton, Part II [Charles Wesley]	6:502–504
Verses wrote by Mrs. D. K____, of Dublin	6:504
On the Death of Dr. Middleton, Part III [Charles Wesley]	6:557–58
Ode to Wisdom [Elizabeth Carter]	6:558–60
An Invitation in Winter [Mary (Whateley) Darwall]	6:618–19
A Hymn. By D. K. of Dublin	6:619–20
Another. By D. K. of Dublin	6:620
An Elegy on leaving the River of Plate. By the Rev. Mr. [Thomas] Penrose	6:685–86
An Elegy on the Use of Poetry [Mary (Whateley) Darwall]	6:686–88
A Reflection on some lines of Horace [Isaac Watts]	6:688

### Volume 7 (1784)

To the Rev. Mr. J. Langhorne, on reading his Visions of Fancy [Mary (Whateley) Darwall]	7:55–57
Ode on Friendship [Richard Graves]	7:57–59
On the Death of Alexander Harford [Charles Wesley?]	7:59–60
The Jackdaw [William Cowper]	7:114–15
To T. H. Esq., on the Death of his Daughter [Phillis Wheatley]	7:115–16
A Translation of a Latin Epitaph on a Foreign Bishop	7:116
Heroism [William Cowper]	7:169–72

Verses under a Picture of Mr. Poyntz, by Lord L____ [George Lyttelton]	7:172
To S. M. a young African Painter, on seeing his Works [Phillis Wheatley]	7:225
Life: an Elegy. By Mr. [John] W[alte]rs	7:226–28
The Hermit's Vision [Thomas Penrose]	7:279–82
On a young Woman, found dead in St. George's Fields. By Miss [Mary] Young	7:283–84
A Translation of Lucretius' Address to the goddess Venus ...	7:284
Life: An Anacreontic Ode [Henry Man]	7:335–37
On the Death of Mrs. [Grace] Pawson	7:337–38
An Elegy on Miss Mary Penrose [Thomas Penrose]	7:339–40
Conversation, Part I [William Cowper]	7:391–94
To the Right Honorable William, Earl of D[ar]t[mou]th. By Miss Phillis Wheatley, a Negro	7:394–95
An Elegy on leaving _____. By Miss Phillis Wheatley, a Negro	7:395–96
An Epitaph [Alexander Pope]	7:396
Conversation, Part II [William Cowper]	7:448–52
A Prayer for Holiness [Charles Wesley]	7:452
Conversation, Part III [William Cowper]	7:504–507
The Glow-Worm. By Mr. [William] C[owper]	7:507–508
On the Death of Mr. Addison [Thomas Tickell]	7:508
A Tale [Thomas Penrose]	7:559–60
The Feats of Friendship: an Elegiac Ode [Thomas Gibbons]	7:560–64
A Specimen. An original Epitaph	7:564
Liberty, an Elegy inscribed to Miss Loggin [Mary (Whateley) Darwall]	7:615–16
On the Death of J[ames] C. an Infant [Phillis Wheatley]	7:616–17
On Imagination [Phillis Wheatley]	7:672–73
An Epitaph on Sir Thomas Hanmer [Samuel Johnson]	7:673–75
A Hymn. By a Young Lady	7:675–76
A Second Specimen of Doggerel	7:676

**POETRY.**

**Eupolis's Hymn to the Creator.**

**The Occasion.**

**Part of a (new) Dialogue between Plato and Eupolis.—  
The rest not extant.<sup>1</sup>**

*Eup.* But is it not a little hard, that you should banish all our fraternity from your new commonwealth? What hurt has father Homer done, that you dismiss him among the rest?

*Plato.* Certainly the blind old gentleman lies with the best grace in the world. But a lie handsomely told, debauches the taste

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<sup>1</sup>This introduction does not appear with any of the prior versions of “Eupolis’s Hymn to the Creator” that John Wesley had published. No other source for the introduction has been located. It is not clear whether it is original to Samuel Wesley Sr. (from manuscript) or provided by John.

and morals of a people. Besides, his tales of the gods are intolerable, and derogate in the highest degree from the dignity of the divine nature.

*Eup.* But do you really think, that those faults are inseparable from poetry?<sup>2</sup> May not the one supreme be sung, without any intermixture of them?

*Plato.* I must own, I hardly ever saw any thing of that nature. But I shall be glad to see you or any other, attempt and succeed in it. On that condition, I will gladly exempt you from the fate of your brother poets.

*Eup.* I am far from pretending to be a standard. But I will do the best I can.

### The Hymn.<sup>3</sup>

- [1.] Author of being, source of light,  
With unfading beauties bright,  
Fulness, goodness, rolling round  
Thy own fair orb without a bound:  
Whether thee thy suppliants call  
Truth, or good, or one, or all,  
Ei, or Iao; thee we hail  
Essence that can never fail,  
Grecian or Barbaric name,  
Thy stedfast being still the same.
- [2.] Thee, when morning greets the skies  
With rosy cheeks and humid eyes;  
Thee, when sweet-declining day  
Sinks in purple waves away;  
Thee will I sing, O parent Jove,  
And teach the world to praise and love.
- [3.] Yonder azure vault on high,  
Yonder blue, low, liquid sky,  
Earth on its firm basis plac'd,  
And with circling waves embrac'd,

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<sup>2</sup>Orig., "the poetry"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

<sup>3</sup>Samuel Wesley Sr., from the manuscript. First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 71–74, but in a version with more alterations of the elder Wesley's manuscript. The present text follows the 5<sup>th</sup> edn (1756) of *HSP* (1739), 1–5.

All creating pow'r confess,  
All their mighty Maker bless.  
Thou shak'st all nature with thy nod,  
Sea, earth, and air confess thee<sup>4</sup> God:  
Yet does thy pow'rful hand sustain  
Both earth and heaven, both firm and main.

[4.] Scarce can our daring thought arise  
To thy pavilion in the skies;  
Nor can Plato's self declare  
The bliss, the joy, the rapture there.  
Barren above thou dost not reign,  
But circled with a glorious train  
The sons of God, the sons of light,  
Ever joying in thy sight:  
(For thee their silver harps are strung,)  
Ever beauteous, ever young,  
Angelic forms their voices raise,  
And through heav'n's arch resound thy praise.

[5.] The feather'd souls that swim the air,  
And bathe in liquid ether there,  
The lark, precentor of their choir,  
Leading them higher still and higher,  
Listen and learn; th' angelic notes  
Repeating in their warbling throats:  
And ere to soft repose they go,  
Teach them to their lords below:  
On the green turf, their mossy nest,  
The ev'ning anthem swells their breast.  
Thus like thy golden chain from high,  
Thy praise unites the earth and sky.

[6.] Source of light, thou bid'st the sun  
On his burning axles run;

---

<sup>4</sup>Orig., "the"; a misprint.

The stars like dust around him fly,  
And strew the area of the sky.  
He drives so swift his race above,  
Mortals can't perceive him move:  
So smooth his course, oblique or strait,  
Olympus shakes not with his weight.  
As the queen of solemn night  
Fills at his vase her orb of light,  
Imparted lustre; thus we see,  
The solar virtue shines by thee.

[7.]       Eiresione we'll no more,  
Imaginary pow'r, adore;  
Since oil, and wool, and cheerful wine,  
And life-sustaining bread are thine.

[8.]       Thy herbage, O great Pan, sustains  
The flocks that graze our Attic plains;  
The olive, with fresh verdure crown'd,  
Rises pregnant from the ground;  
At thy command it shoots and springs,  
And a thousand blessings brings.  
Minerva, only is thy mind,  
Wisdom, and bounty to mankind.  
The fragrant thyme, the bloomy rose,  
Herb, and flow'r, and shrub that grows  
On Thessalian Tempe's plain,  
Or where the rich Sabeans reign,  
That treat the taste, or smell, or sight,  
For food, for med'cine or delight;  
Planted by thy parent care,  
Spring, and smile, and flourish there.

[9.]       O ye nurses of soft dreams,  
Reedy brooks, and winding streams,

Or murm'ring o'er the pebbles sheen,  
Or sliding thro' the meadows green,  
Or where thro' matted sedge you creep,  
Travelling to your parent deep:  
Sound his praise, by whom you rose,  
That sea, which neither ebbs nor flows.

[10.] O ye immortal woods and groves,  
Which th' enamour'd student loves;  
Beneath whose venerable shade,  
For thought and friendly converse made,  
Fam'd Hecadem, old hero, lies,  
Whose shrine is shaded from the skies,  
And thro' the gloom of silent night  
Projects from far its trembling light;  
You, whose roots descend as low,  
As high in air your branches grow;  
Your leafy arms to heav'n extend,  
Bend your heads, in homage bend:  
Cedars, and pines that wave above,  
And the oak belov'd of Jove.

[11.] Omen, monster, prodigy,  
Or nothing are, or Jove from thee!  
Whether varied<sup>5</sup> nature play,  
Or re-invers'd thy will obey,  
And to rebel man declare  
Famine, plague or wasteful war.  
Laugh, ye profane, who dare despise  
The threatning vengeance of the skies,  
Whilst the pious, on his guard,  
Undismay'd is still prepar'd:  
Life or death, his mind's at rest,  
Since what thou send'st must needs be best.

---

<sup>5</sup>Orig., "various"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9)

- [12.]       No evil can from thee proceed:  
              'Tis only suffer'd, not decreed.  
              Darkness is not from the sun,  
              Nor mount the shades 'till he is gone:  
              Then does night obscene arise  
              From Erebus, and fill the skies,  
              Fantastic forms the air invade,  
              Daughters of nothing and of shade.
- [13.]       Can we forget thy guardian care,  
              Slow to punish, prone to spare!  
              Thou brak'st the haughty Persian's pride,  
              That dar'd old ocean's pow'r deride;  
              Their shipwrecks strew'd the Eubean wave,  
              At Marathon they found a grave.  
              O ye blest Greeks, who there expir'd,  
              For Greece with pious ardor fir'd.  
              What shrines or altars shall we raise  
              To secure your endless praise?  
              Or need we monuments supply,  
              To rescue what can never die!
- [14.]       And yet a greater hero far  
              (Unless great Socrates could err)  
              Shall rise to bless some future day,  
              And teach to live, and teach to pray.  
              Come unknown instructor, come!  
              Our leaping hearts shall make thee room:  
              Thou with Jove our vows shalt share,  
              Of Jove and thee we are the care.
- [15.]       O Father King, whose heav'nly face  
              Shines serene on all thy race,  
              We thy magnificence adore,  
              And thy well-known aid implore:



Nor vainly for thy help we call;  
Nor can we want: for thou art all!

**Hymn.**

**Salvation depends not on Absolute Decrees.<sup>6</sup>**

- [1.] O 'tis enough, my God, my God,  
Here let me give my wand'rings o'er;  
No longer trample on thy blood,  
And grieve thy gentleness no more;  
No more thy ling'ring anger move,  
Or sin against thy light and love.
- [2.] I loath myself in my own sight,  
Adjudge my guilty soul to hell;  
How could I do thee such despite;  
So long against thy love rebel!  
Despise the riches of thy grace,  
And dare provoke thee to thy face!
- [3.] But O! if mercy is with thee,  
Now let it upon me be shewn;  
On me, the chief of sinners, me,  
Who humbly for thy mercy groan:  
Me to thy Father's grace restore,  
Nor let me ever grieve thee more.
- [4.] Fountain of unexhausted love,  
Of infinite compassion, hear;  
My Saviour, and my Prince above,  
Once more in my behalf appear;  
Repentance, faith, and pardon give;  
O let me turn again, and live.

---

<sup>6</sup>Charles Wesley, *Hymns on God's Everlasting Love* (1741), 18–19.

- [5.] But if my gracious day is past,  
    And I am banish'd from thy sight;  
When into outer darkness cast,  
    My judge I'll own hath done me right;  
Adore the hand whose stroke I feel,  
Nor murmur when I sink to hell.
- [6.] No dire decree of thine is here,  
    That pre-ordain'd my damn'd estate;  
Jesus, the merciful, I clear;  
    Jesus, the just, I vindicate:  
He swore he would not have me die:  
Why, sinner, wilt thou perish? why?
- [7.] Because I would not come to him,  
    That I his proffer'd life might have:  
Jesus was willing to redeem,  
    I would not suffer him to save.  
I now his truth and justice prove,  
I now am damn'd, but God is love.
- [8.] O God, if thou art love indeed,  
    Let it once more be prov'd in me,  
That I thy mercy's praise may spread,  
    For every child of Adam free:  
O let me now the gift embrace,  
O let me now be sav'd by grace!
- [9.] If all long-suffering thou hast shewn  
    On me, that others may believe:  
Now make thy loving-kindness known,  
    Now the all-conquering Spirit give,  
Spirit of victory and power,  
That I may never grieve thee more.

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

- [1.] Glorious Saviour of my soul,  
I lift it up to thee;  
Thou hast made the sinner whole,  
Hast set the captive free:  
Thou my debt of death hast paid;  
Thou hast rais'd me from my fall;  
Thou hast an atonement made;  
My Saviour died for all.
- [2.] What could my Redeemer move  
To leave his Father's breast?  
Pity drew him from above,  
And would not let him rest;  
Swift to succour sinking man,  
Sinking into endless woe,  
Jesus to our rescue ran,  
And God appear'd below.
- [3.] God in this dark vale of tears  
A man of griefs was seen,  
Here for three and thirty years  
He dwelt with sinful men.  
Did they know the deity!  
Did they own him who he was?  
See, the friend of sinners, see!  
He hangs on yonder cross!
- [4.] Who hath done the direful deed,  
Hath crucified my God?  
Curses on his guilty head  
That spilt that precious blood;

---

<sup>7</sup>Charles Wesley, *Hymns on God's Everlasting Love* (1741), 12–13.

Worthy is the wretch to die,  
Self-condemn'd, alas, is he!  
I have sold my Saviour, I  
Have nail'd him on the tree.

- [5.] Yet thy wrath I cannot fear,  
Thou gentle, bleeding Lamb;  
By thy judgment I am clear,  
Heal'd by thy stripes I am:  
Thou for me a curse wast made,  
That I might in thee be blest:  
Thou hast my full ransom paid,  
And in thy wounds I rest.
- [6.] How shall I commend the grace,  
Which all with me may prove;  
Magnify thy mercy's praise,  
Thy all-redeeming love?  
O 'tis more than tongue can tell;  
Who the mystery shall explain?  
Angels, that in strength excel,  
Would search it out in vain.
- [7.] Far above their noblest songs,  
Thy glorious mercies rise;  
Praise sits silent on their tongues,  
And wonder lulls the skies!  
O might I with them be one,  
Lost in speechless rapture fall,  
Cast my crown before thy throne,  
Thou Lamb that diedst for all.

**POETRY.**

**On taking up a Bird shot through the Wing,  
In going to Newnham.**

**By the Rev. Mr. [John] Gambold.<sup>8</sup>**

E'en this poor bird, some hours ago,  
Did strength of wing, and freedom know:  
Where'er his little will would steer,  
He trac'd each landskip far and near;  
And felt each joy, the neighb'ring field  
To virtuoso bird could yield.  
At ev'ry halt the shades among,  
Gustful and ready slow'd his song;  
He chirp'd in self-applauding lay,  
Whate'er a jolly heart would say.  
But most his conscious soul was blest,  
When of aerial walks possest,     }  
He could look down on man and beast;  
As there the purer breezes play,  
And glitters the superior day,  
He'd grow more stately than before,  
And drink in pride through ev'ry pore,  
But now no boastful notes he sings,  
No more he wields his former wings;  
On lowly earth his path now lies,  
And he's a reptile till he dies.

---

<sup>8</sup>John Gambold (1711–71), from ms; cf., John Gambold, *The Works of the Late Rev. John Gambold* (Bath: S. Hazard, 1789), 260–61.

So, when to high abstractions wrought  
By fine machinery of thought,  
(As sages, skill'd in nature, tell,)  
Have sons of contemplation fell!  
Some magic dart, in silence thrown,  
To human life has fetch'd them down;  
With other mortals humbly mixt,  
Their courage quail'd, their wing transfixt.

While thus with tender moan I talk'd,  
And held him in my hand, and walk'd;  
His head the bird with languor wav'd,  
His eye grew dull, his bosom heav'd, }  
His plumes were of their gloss bereav'd. }  
On the next hedge I perch'd him fair,  
High and well-poiz'd in fresher air:  
In vain—that wing no more must fly!  
That fainting heart forgets the sky!  
He sunk amid the thicket low,  
Obedient to his weight of woe.  
I bade the boughs that o'er him spread,  
Gently to hide his luckless head.

**Jesus Christ, the Saviour of All Men.<sup>9</sup>**

- [1.] See, sinners, in the gospel-glass,  
The friend and Saviour of mankind!  
Not one of all th' apostate race,  
But may in him salvation find!  
His thoughts, and words, and actions prove,  
His life, and death—that God is love!
- [2.] Behold the Lamb of God, who bears  
The sins of all the world away!  
A servant's form he meekly wears,  
He sojourns in a house of clay;

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<sup>9</sup>Charles Wesley, *Hymns on God's Everlasting Love* (1741), 20–23.

His glory is no longer seen,  
But God with God is man with men.

- [3.] See where the God incarnate stands,  
    And calls his wand'ring creatures home!  
He all day long spreads out his hands,  
    "Come, weary souls, to Jesus come!  
"Ye all may hide you in my breast;  
"Believe, and I will give you rest.
- [4.] "Ah! do not of my goodness doubt,  
    "My saving grace for all is free;  
"I will in no-wise cast him out  
    "Who comes, a sinner, unto me;  
"I can to none myself deny:  
"Why, sinners, will ye perish? why?"
- [5.] (The mournful cause let Jesus tell,)  
    "They will not come to me, and live:  
"I did not force them to rebel,  
    "Or call, when I had nought to give;  
"Invite them to believe a lye,  
"Or any soul of man pass by."
- [6.] Sinners, believe the gospel-word,  
    Jesus is come, your souls to save!  
Jesus is come, your common Lord!  
    Pardon ye all in him may have;  
May now be sav'd, whoever will:  
This man receiveth sinners still.
- [7.] See where the lame, the halt, the blind,  
    The deaf, the dumb, the sick, the poor  
Flock to the friend of human kind,  
    And freely all accept their cure:  
To whom doth he his help deny?  
Whom in his days of flesh pass by?

[8.] Did not his word, the fiends expel?  
The lepers cleanse, and raise the dead?  
Did he not all their sickness heal,  
And satisfy their every need?  
Did he reject his helpless clay?  
Or send them sorrowful away?

[9.] Nay, but his bowels yearn'd to see  
The people hungry, scatter'd, faint:  
Nay, but he utter'd over thee,  
Jerusalem, a true complaint;  
Jerusalem, who shed'st his blood,  
That, with his tears, for thee hath flow'd.

[10.] How oft for thy hard-heartedness  
Did Jesus in his spirit groan!  
The things belonging to thy peace,  
Hadst thou, O bloody city, known,  
Thee, turning in thy gracious day,  
He never would have cast away.

[11.] He wept, because thou wouldst not see  
The grace which sure salvation brings:  
How oft would he have gather'd thee,  
And cherish'd underneath his wings;  
But thou wouldst not—unhappy thou!  
And justly art thou harden'd now.

[12.] Would Jesus have the sinner die?  
Why hangs he then on yonder tree?  
What means that strange expiring cry?  
(Sinners, he prays for you and me,  
“Forgive them, Father, O forgive,  
“They know not that by me they live!”



- [13.] He prays for those that shed his blood:  
    And who from Jesu's blood is pure?  
    Who hath not crucify'd his God?  
    Whose sins did not his death procure?  
    If all have sinn'd through Adam's fall,  
    Our second Adam dy'd for all.
- [14.] Adam descended from above  
    Our loss of Eden to retrieve:  
    Great God of universal love,  
    If all the world in thee may live,  
    In us a quick'ning Spirit be,  
    And witness, thou hast dy'd for me.
- [15.] Dear, loving, all-atoning Lamb,  
    Thee by thy painful agony,  
    Thy bloody sweat, thy grief and shame,  
    Thy cross and passion on the tree,  
    Thy precious death, and life, I pray  
    Take all take all my sins away!
- [16.] O let me kiss thy bleeding feet,  
    And bathe, and wash them with my tears;  
    The story of thy love repeat  
    In ev'ry drooping sinner's ears,  
    That all may hear the quick'ning sound:  
    If I, ev'n I have mercy found!
- [17.] O let thy love my heart constrain,  
    Thy love for ev'ry sinner free,  
    That ev'ry fallen soul of man  
    May taste the grace that found out me;  
    That all mankind, with me, may prove  
    Thy sovereign, everlasting love.

**The Rose-bud. To a Young Lady.**<sup>10</sup>

Queen of fragrance, lovely rose,  
The beauties of thy leaves disclose;  
The winter's past, the tempests fly,  
Soft gales breathe gently through the sky;  
The lark, sweet-warbling on the wing,  
Salutes the gay return of spring;  
The silver dews, the vernal show'rs  
Call forth a blooming waste of flow'rs;  
The joyous fields, the shady woods  
Are cloth'd with green, or swell with buds:  
Then haste thy beauties to disclose,  
Queen of fragrance, lovely rose!

Thou beauteous flow'r, a welcome guest,  
Shalt flourish on the fair one's breast,  
Shalt grace her hand, or deck her hair,  
The flow'r most sweet, the nymph most fair.  
Breathe soft, ye winds; be calm, ye skies;  
Arise, ye flow'ry race, arise!  
And haste thy beauties to disclose,  
Queen of fragrance, lovely rose!

But thou, fair nymph, thyself survey  
In this sweet offspring of a day;  
Swift as the flow'r your charms will fly:  
At morn they bloom, at ev'ning die.  
Now Helen lives alone in fame,  
And Cleopatra's but a name:  
Time will indent that heav'nly brow,  
And thou must be, what Helen's now!  
This moral to the fair disclose,  
Queen of fragrance, lovely rose!

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<sup>10</sup>William Broome, *Poems on Several Occasions* (London: Bernard Lintot, 1727), 82–84; as abridged by Wesley in *MS Poetry Miscellany*, 88–89.

**POETRY.**

**The Loss of Eternal Life not Owing to any  
Absolute Decree.<sup>11</sup>**

[1.] Jesu, my hope, my help, my power,  
On thee I ever call,  
O save me from temptation's hour,  
Or into hell I fall.

[2.] If by thy light I now perceive  
My utter helplessness,  
O do not for one moment leave  
The sinner in distress.

[3.] I cannot trust my treach'rous heart,  
I shall myself betray:  
I must be lost, if thou depart,  
A final cast-away.

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<sup>11</sup>Charles Wesley, *Hymns on God's Everlasting Love* (1742), 19–21.

- [4.] I feel within me unsubdu'd  
A cursed, carnal will,  
It hates, and starts from all that's good,  
And cleaves to all that's ill.
- [5.] My soul could yield to every vice,  
And passion in excess,  
My soul to all the height could rise  
Of daring wickedness.
- [6.] The blackest crime upon record  
I freely could commit,  
The sins by nature most abhorr'd  
My nature could repeat.
- [7.] I could the devil's law receive,  
Unless restrain'd by thee;  
I could, (good God!) I could believe  
The HORRIBLE DECREE.
- [8.] I could believe that God is hate,  
The God of love and grace  
Did damn, pass by, and reprobate  
The most of human race.
- [9.] Farther than this I cannot go,  
'Till Tophet take me in:  
But O forbid that I should know  
This mystery of sin.
- [10.] Jesu, to thee for help I fly,  
Support my soul, and guide,  
Keep as the apple of an eye,  
Under thy shadow hide.

[11.] With-hold my foot from every snare,  
From every sin defend,  
Throughout the way my spirit bear,  
And bring me to the end.

[12.] Wisdom and strength to thee belong:  
Folly and sin are mine:  
But out of weakness make me strong,  
But in my darkness shine.

[13.] My strength will I ascribe to thee,  
My wisdom from above,  
And praise to all eternity  
Thine all-redeeming love.

**On God's Everlasting Love.<sup>12</sup>**

[1.] To the meek and gentle Lamb  
I pour out my complaint,  
Will not hide from thee my shame,  
But tell thee what I want:  
I am full of self and pride,  
I am all unclean, unclean,  
Till thy Spirit here abide,  
I cannot cease from sin.

[2.] Clearly do I see the way,  
My foot is on the path;  
Now, this instant, now I may  
Draw near by simple faith:  
Thou art not a distant God,  
Thou art still to sinners near,  
Every moment, if I would,  
My heart might feel thee near.

---

<sup>12</sup>Charles Wesley, *Hymns on God's Everlasting Love* (1741), 10–11.

- [3.] Free as air thy mercy streams,  
    Thy universal grace  
Shines with undistinguish'd beams  
    On all the fallen race:  
All from thee a power receive  
    To reject, or hear thy call,  
All may chuse to die, or live;  
    Thy grace is free for all.
- [4.] All the hindrance is in me:  
    Thou ready art to save;  
But I will not come to thee,  
    That I thy life may have.  
Stubborn and rebellious still,  
    From thy arms of love I fly:  
Yes, I will be lost; I will,  
    In spite of mercy, die.
- [5.] Holy, meek, and gentle Lamb,  
    With me what canst thou do?  
Tho' thou leav'st me as I am,  
    I own thee good and true.  
Thou wouldst have me life embrace,  
    Thou for me and all wast slain;  
Thou hast offer'd me thy grace;  
    'Twas I that made it vain.
- [6.] O that I might yield at last,  
    By dying love subdu'd!  
Lord, on thee my soul is cast,  
    The purchase of thy blood:  
If thou wilt the sinner have,  
    Thou canst work to will in me;  
When, and as thou pleasest save:  
    I leave it all to thee.

**Upon my Father.**  
**By the Rev. Samuel Wesley [Jr.]<sup>13</sup>**

Arise, my song, with utmost vigour rise,  
 And bear a long-try'd virtue to the skies;  
 Ere yet his soul releas'd from mould'ring clay,  
 Springs from the slighted earth, and wings away,  
 Essay thy strength! Let praise salute his ear,  
 The only truth he never wish'd to hear.  
 Let but a father read with fav'ring eyes,  
 And bless me yet again before he dies.  
 Paid are the strains! his blessing far outweighs  
 A courtier's patronage, or critic's praise,  
 Or a Young's pension, or a Dryden's bays. }

With op'ning life, his early worth began,  
 The boy misleads not, but foreshows the man.  
 Directed wrong, tho' first he miss'd the way,  
 Train'd to mistake, and disciplin'd to stray;  
 Not long, for reason gilded error's night,  
 And doubts well-founded shot a dawn of light.  
 Nor prejudice o'ersway'd his heart and head,  
 Resolv'd to follow truth where-e'er she led,  
 The radiant track audacious to pursue,  
 From fame, from int'rest, and from friends he flew.  
 Those shock'd him first who laugh at human sway,  
 Who preach, "Because commanded disobey."<sup>13</sup>  
 Who law's and gospel's bonds in sunder rend,  
 And blush not Bradshaw's saintship to defend.  
 Alike the crown and mitre who forswore,  
 And scoff'd prophanely at the martyr's gore.  
 Tho' not in vain the sacred current flow'd,  
 Which gave this champion to the church of God.

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<sup>13</sup>Samuel Wesley Jr., British Library, MS. Add. 42052, pp. 109–13; cf. Samuel Wesley, *Poems on Several Occasions* (London: Simpkin, Marshall, 1862), 104–8.

No worldly views the real convert call,  
 He sought God's altar when it seem'd to fall;  
 To Oxford hasted, ev'n in dang'rous days,  
 When royal anger struck the fated place.  
 When senseless policy was pleas'd to view  
 With favour, all religions but the true.  
 When a king's hand stretch'd out amaz'd they saw,  
 And troops were order'd to supply the law.  
 Then luckless James possess'd the British throne,  
 And for the papal grandeur risk'd his own.  
 Enrag'd at all, who dar'd his schemes oppose,  
 Stern to his friends, but ductile to his foes.  
 Then Jesuits wild, our Church's fall combin'd,  
 Till Rome to save her, with Geneva join'd.  
 Lo! Orange sails, the prudent and the brave,  
 Our fears to scatter, and our rights to save.  
 This Briton's pen first pleaded William's cause,  
 And pleaded strongly for our faith and laws.

Nor yet unmention'd shall in silence lie,  
 His slighted and derided poetry.  
 Should Brown revile,<sup>14</sup> or Swift my song despise,  
 Should other Garths and other legions rise.  
 Whate'er his strains, still glorious was his end,  
 Faith to assert, and virtue to defend.  
 He sung how God the Saviour deign'd t' expire,  
 With Vida's piety, though not his fire,  
 Deduc'd his Maker's praise from age to age,  
 Through the long annals of the sacred page.  
 Not curs'd like syren Dryden to excel,  
 Who strew'd with flow'rets fair, the way to hell;  
 With atheist doctrines loosest morals join'd,  
 To rot the body, and to damn the mind;  
 All faith he scoff'd, all virtue bounded o'er,  
 And thought the world well barter'd for a whore;

---

<sup>14</sup>Orig., "revive"; a misprint.



Sworn foe to good, still pleading Satan's cause,  
 He crown'd the devil's martyrs with applause.  
 No Christian e'er would wish that dang'rous height  
 "Nor would I write like him; like him to write,  
 "If there's hereafter, and a last great day,  
 "What fire's enough to purge his crimes away?  
 "How will he wish each lewd, applauded line,  
 "That makes vice pleasing, and damnation shine,  
 "Had been as dull as honest Quarles' or mine!" ]  
 So chaunts the bard his unapplauded lays, ]  
 While Dunton's prose, a golden medal pays, ]  
 And Cibber's forehead wears the regal bays.  
 Tho' not inglorious was the poet's fate,  
 Lik'd and rewarded by the good and great.  
 For gracious smiles not pious Anne deny'd,  
 And beauteous Mary bless'd him when she dy'd.

**On His Own Picture.**  
**By Mr. [Thomas] Randolph.<sup>15</sup>**

When age has made me what I am not now,  
 And every wrinkle tells me where the plow  
 Of time has furrow'd: when an ice shall flow  
 Thro' ev'ry vein, and all my head be snow;  
 When death displays his coldness on my cheek,  
 And I myself in my own picture seek;  
 Not finding what I am, but what I was,  
 In doubt, which to believe, this, or my glass;  
 Yet tho' I alter, this remains the same  
 As it was drawn, retains the ancient frame,  
 And first complexion: here will still be seen  
 Blood on<sup>16</sup> the cheek, and down upon the chin:

---

<sup>15</sup>Thomas Randolph (1605–35), "Upon His Picture," *Poems*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed., enlarged (Oxford: Francis Bowman, 1640), 60–61; long a favorite of Wesley, found in MS Poetry Miscellany, 51–52.

<sup>16</sup>Orig., "in"; likely a misprint.

Here the smooth brow will stay the lively eye,  
The ruddy lip and hair of youthful dye.  
Behold, what frailty we in man may see,  
His shadow is less given to change than he!

**Sent to Mrs. B. on Her Birth-Day.<sup>17</sup>**

O be thou bless'd with all that heaven can send,  
Long health, long youth, long pleasure, and a friend.  
Not with those toys the female race admire,  
Riches that vex, and vanities that tire;<sup>18</sup>  
Not as the world its pretty slaves rewards,  
A youth of frolics, an old age of cards:  
Fair to no purpose, artful to no end,  
Young, wanting lovers, old, to want a friend:  
A fop their passion, but their prize a sot;  
Alive, ridiculous, and dead, forgot.  
Let joy or ease, let affluence or content,  
And the gay conscience of a life well spent,  
Calm every thought, in spirit every grace.  
Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face,  
Till death unfelt that tender frame destroy,  
Till some soft dream, or extasy of joy,  
Consign thee to the Sabbath of the tomb,  
To wake with raptures in a life to come!

---

<sup>17</sup>Alexander Pope, "To Mrs. M. B., Sent on her Birthday," in Alexander Pope and Jonathan Swift, eds., *Miscellanies in Prose and Verse*, 2<sup>nd</sup> edition (Dublin: Samuel Fairbrother, 1728), 3:100; as abridged by Wesley in *MS Poetry Miscellany*, 106–7.

<sup>18</sup>Orig., "fire"; a misprint.

**POETRY.**

**The Lucid Interval.**

**By Mrs. [Mehetabel (Wesley)] Wright.\*<sup>19</sup>**

- [1.] Wear pleasure, Stella, on thy face,  
Nor check the rising joy:  
Nor canst thou, since the heart displays  
Its transport through the eye.
- [2.] Those dearly-welcome hours of rest,  
This pleasing truce from care,  
Removes the mountain from thy breast,  
Thou hast not learnt to hear.

---

\* My mother's tenth or eleventh child. She had nineteen.

---

<sup>19</sup>Mehetabel ("Hetty") Wesley was born in 1697 in Epworth to Samuel and Susanna Wesley. She married William Wright, a plumber, in 1725 and died March 21, 1750. Like all of the Wesley daughters she was encouraged to read and write, developing particular interest and talent in poetry. During her late teens and early twenties she resided often in London with her uncle Matthew Wesley. This brought her into literary circles, where she published a couple of poems and circulated several others among friends in manuscript. At least one packet of her manuscript poetry has survived, in the papers of Samuel Richardson (Forster Collection XVI, 14/1–14/6, National Art Library, Victoria and Albert Museum, London). Richardson died in 1761 and it was possibly from his collection that someone shared several of Hetty's poems with William Dodd, who published them the next year in volume 3 of *The Christian's Magazine*. "The Lucid Interval," for example, appeared on page 425, attributed to Mrs. Wright, though in a version shorter than and slightly revised from the manuscript in Richardson's papers. It is uncertain whether Dodd was responsible for these changes, or if Hetty circulated variant versions of the poem.

John Wesley had access to manuscript versions of some of Hetty's poems, as they appear below. But here, as with the other poems by his sister which were published by Dodd, Wesley is clearly relying on the (shorter) published text in *Christian's Magazine*, introducing only one variant—in the last line, where he changed "Yet laugh" to "I'll smile."

- [3.] Though distant far from what I love,  
My blooming hopes are crost,  
Yet free as air my thoughts my rove  
In silent rapture lost!
- [4.] Then, Stella, prize thy present ease,  
This interval of woe:  
Since other moments blest as these  
Thy life may never know.
- [5.] Snatch the fleet pleasures ere they part;  
To-morrow (shouldst thou say)  
Though pain may rend this tortur'd heart,  
I smile and live to-day!

**A Mother's Address to Her Dying Infant.**  
**By the Same [Mrs. Mehetabel (Wesley) Wright].<sup>20</sup>**

Tender softness! infant mild!  
Perfect, sweetest, loveliest child!  
Transcient lustre! beauteous clay!  
Smiling wonder of a day!  
Ere the last convulsive start  
Rends thy unresisting heart,  
Ere the long-enduring swoon  
Weigh thy precious eye-lids down;  
Ah, regard a mother's moan;  
Anguish deeper than thy own!

Fairest eyes, whose dawning light  
Late with rapture blest my sight,  
Ere your orbs extinguish'd be,  
Bend their trembling beams on me!

---

<sup>20</sup>Mehetabel (Wesley) Wright gave birth to a son September 15, 1728. He died three days later, and she composed an initial version of this poignant address as an immediate response. It was included in a letter of her husband William to John Wesley sent the next day (Bristol, Wesley College, D6/1/172). A shorter polished version was published anonymously five years later in *Gentleman's Magazine* 3 (1733), 542. A slightly revised form of this shorter version circulated in manuscript in London literary circles, surviving in Samuel Richardson's papers, and was published by William Dodd in *Christian's Magazine* 3 (1762): 183. The version here follows the text in *Christian's Magazine*, changing only the word "brightest" to "loveliest" in line 2. Significantly, this change does not reflect the manuscript original that John Wesley received in the 1728 letter from William Wright. It was simply a stylistic edit.

Drooping sweetness! verdant flow'r!  
Blooming, withering in an hour!  
Ere thy gentle breast sustains  
Latest, fiercest, mortal pains,  
Hear a suppliant! let me be  
Partner in thy destiny!

**An Epitaph on Herself.**

**By the Same [Mrs. Mehetabel (Wesley) Wright].<sup>21</sup>**

Destin'd, while living, to sustain  
An equal share of grief and pain;  
All various ills of human race  
Within this breast had once a place.  
Without complaint, she learn'd to bear  
A living death, a long despair;  
Till hard opprest, by adverse fate  
O'ercharg'd, she sunk beneath its weight,  
And to this peaceful tomb retir'd,  
So much esteem'd, so long desir'd!  
The painful, mortal conflict's o'er:  
A broken heart can bleed no more!

**The Resignation.**

**By the Same [Mrs. Mehetabel (Wesley) Wright].<sup>22</sup>**

[1.] Great pow'r! at whose almighty hand  
Vengeance and comfort ever wait;  
Starting to Earth, at thy command  
To execute thy love or hate.

---

<sup>21</sup>This is yet another poem that Mehetabel (Wesley) Wright circulated in manuscript in London literary circles, which was published with some revisions and abridgement by William Dodd in *Christian's Magazine* 3 (1762): 523. John Wesley reproduces the published version without change.

<sup>22</sup>This poem by Mehetabel (Wesley) Wright is not present in the manuscript collection held by Samuel Richardson, nor did it appear in *Christian's Magazine*. This is its first known published setting, and John Wesley was apparently taking it from a manuscript held in the family (which does not survive).

- [2.] Thy indignation knits thy brow  
On those, who dare to sin give way;  
But who so perfect, Lord, below,  
As never from thy word to stray?
- [3.] But when thy mighty laws we break,  
And after do our guilt deplore;  
Thou dost the word of comfort speak,  
And treasure up our crimes no more.
- [4.] O thou, thy mighty grace display,  
And thy offending servant spare;  
With pain my body wastes away,  
My weaken'd limbs with constant care.
- [5.] Grief has my blood and spirits drunk,  
My tears do like the night-dew fall:  
My cheeks are faded, eyes are sunk,  
And all my draughts are dash'd with gall.
- [6.] Thou canst the heavy hand withdraw,  
That bends me downward to the grave;  
One healing touch my pain can awe,  
And thy declining servant save.
- [7.] But if thy justice has decreed,  
I still must languish out my days;  
Support me in the time of need,  
Patient to bear the slow decays.
- [8.] Lo! to thy dreadful will I bow,  
Thy visitations still to prove;  
Thy judgments do thy mercy shew,  
Since, Lord, thou chast'nest in thy love.

**To the Memory of Her Sister.**  
**By the Same [Mrs. Mehetabel (Wesley) Wright].<sup>23</sup>**

If happy spirits are allow'd to know,  
And hover round what once they lov'd below,  
Maria, gentlest excellence, attend  
To one who glories to have call'd thee friend!  
Remote in merit, though ally'd in blood,  
Though worthless I, and thou divinely good;  
Accept, dear shade, from me these artless lays,  
Who never durst unjustly blame or praise.

With bus'ness and devotion never cloy'd,  
No moment of thy life pass'd unemploy'd:  
Well-natur'd mirth mature discretion join'd,  
Constant attendants on the virtuous mind:  
Ah me! that heav'n has from this bosom torn  
The dearest friend, whom I must ever mourn,  
Ere Stella could discharge the smallest part  
Of what she ow'd to such immense desert.

Pleasing thy face and form, tho' heaven confin'd  
To scanty limits thy extensive mind:  
Witness the taintless lustre of thy skin,  
Bright emblem of the brighter soul within;  
That soul, which, easy, unaffected, mild,  
Thro' jetty eyes with chearful sweetness smil'd.

To soundest prudence, life's unerring guide,  
To love sincere, religion void of pride;  
To friendship, perfect in a female mind,  
Which I can never hope again to find;  
To mirth, the balm of care, from lightness free,  
To stedfast truth, unwearied industry,  
To every charm, and grace, compriz'd in you,  
Sister, and friend, a long and last Adieu!

---

<sup>23</sup>Mehetabel (Wesley) Wright was particularly close to her sister Mary (born 1696), who was married to John Whitelamb on December 31, 1733 and died in childbirth late October 1734. Mehetabel gave voice to her sorrow in a poem that was published anonymously in *Gentleman's Magazine* 6 (1736): 740. A manuscript version of this poem that deleted four lines circulated in London literary circles, appearing in the collection of Samuel Richardson. This shorter version was published, with several small revisions, by William Dodd in *Christian's Magazine* 3 (1762): 381. It is this revised text in *Christian's Magazine* that John Wesley reproduces here, though he omits an additional ten lines of text.

**The Universal Love of Christ.**<sup>24</sup>

- [1.] Let earth and heaven agree,  
Angels and men be join'd,  
To celebrate with me  
The Saviour of mankind,  
T' adore the all-atoning Lamb,  
And bless the sound of Jesu's name.
- [2.] Jesus, transporting sound!  
The joy of earth and heaven!  
No other help is found,  
No other name is giv'n  
By which we can salvation have;  
But Jesus came the world to save.
- [3.] Jesus, harmonious name!  
It charms the hosts above!  
They evermore proclaim,  
And wonder at his love!  
'Tis all their happiness to gaze,  
'Tis heaven to see our Jesu's face.
- [4.] His name the sinner hears,  
And is from sin set free;  
'Tis music in his ears,  
'Tis life, and victory;  
New songs do now his lips employ,  
And dances his glad heart for joy.
- [5.] Stung by the scorpion sin,  
My poor expiring soul  
The balmy sound drinks in,  
And is at once made whole:  
See there my Lord upon the tree!  
I hear, I feel he dy'd for me!

---

<sup>24</sup>Charles Wesley, *Hymns on God's Everlasting Love* (1742), 31–33.



- [6.] For me and all mankind  
The Lamb of God was slain;  
My Lamb his life resign'd  
For every soul of man;  
Loving to all, he none past by,  
He would not have one sinner die.
- [7.] O unexampled love!  
O all-redeeming grace!  
How freely didst thou move  
To save a fallen race!  
What shall I do to make it known,  
What thou for all mankind hast done!
- [8.] For this alone I breathe,  
To spread the gospel-sound;  
Glad tidings of thy death  
To all the nations round;  
Who all may feel thy blood apply'd,  
Since all are freely justify'd.
- [9.] O for a trumpet-voice  
On all the world to call,  
To bid their hearts rejoice  
In him who dy'd for all!  
For all my Lord was crucify'd,  
For all, for all my Saviour dy'd.
- [10.] To serve thy blessed will,  
Thy dying love to praise,  
Thy counsel to fulfil,  
And minister thy grace,  
Freely what I receive to give,  
The life of heaven on earth I live.

**POETRY.**

**A Farewell to the World.**

**By Mrs. [Mehetabel (Wesley)] Wright.<sup>25</sup>**

While sickness rends this tenement of clay,  
Th' approaching change with pleasure I survey.  
O'erjoy'd to reach the goal with eager pace,  
Ere my slow life has measur'd half its race.  
No longer shall I bear, my friends to please,  
The hard constraint of seeming much at ease,  
Wearing an outward smile, a look serene,  
While piercing racks and tortures lurk within.  
Yet let me not, ungrateful to my God,  
Record the evil, and forget the good.  
For both I humble adoration pay,  
And bless the power, who gives, and takes away:  
Long shall my faithful memory retain,  
And oft recall each interval of pain.  
Nay, to high heaven for greater gifts I bend;  
Health I've enjoy'd, and I had once a friend.

---

<sup>25</sup>This is another of the poems that Mehetabel (Wesley) Wright circulated in manuscript in London literary circles that is found among Samuel Richardson's papers and was published by William Dodd in *Christian's Magazine* 3 (1762): 475–76. The version here is drawn from that published by Dodd, with scattered revisions and omitting eight lines.

Our labour sweet, if labour it might seem,  
Allow'd the sportive and instructive scene:  
Yet here no lewd or useless wit was found;  
We poiz'd the wavering sail with ballast sound.  
Learning here plac'd her richer stores in view,  
Or, wing'd with love, the minutes gaily flew.

Nay, yet sublimer joys our bosoms prov'd,  
Divine benevolence, by heaven belov'd:  
Wan, meagre forms, torn from impending death,  
Exulting, blest us with reviving breath.  
The shivering wretch we cloath'd, the mourner cheer'd,  
And sickness ceas'd to groan, when we appear'd.  
Unask'd, our care assists with tender art  
Their bodies, nor neglects th' immortal part.

Sometimes in shades, impierc'd by Cynthia's beam,  
Whose lustre glimmer'd on the dimpled stream,  
We wander'd innocent through sylvan scenes,  
Or tripp'd, like fairies, o'er the level greens.  
From fragrant herbage, deck'd with pearly dews,  
And flowrets, of a thousand different hues,  
By wafting gales, the mingling odours fly,  
And round our heads in whispering breezes sigh.  
Whole nature seems to heighten and improve  
The holier hours of innocence and love.  
Youth, wit, good nature, candor, sense, combin'd,  
To serve, delight, and civilize mankind;  
In wisdom's lore,<sup>26</sup> we every heart engage,  
And triumph to restore the golden age.

Now close the blissful scene, exhausted muse,  
The latest blissful scene, that thou shalt chuse;  
Salute with life, what joys for me remain,  
Save one dear wish, to balance every pain;

---

<sup>26</sup>Orig., "love"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9)

To bow my head, with grief and toil opprest,  
Till borne by angel-bands to everlasting rest.

It is but justice to her memory, to observe, that she was at rest, before she went hence; being for some years a witness of that “rest, which remains” even here “for the people of God.”

**Universal Redemption.**<sup>27</sup>

- [1.] Hear, holy, holy, holy Lord,  
Father of all mankind,  
Spirit of love, eternal Word,  
In mystic union join'd.
- [2.] Hear, and inspire my stammering tongue,  
(Exalt my abject thought)  
Speak from my mouth a sacred song,  
Who spak'st the world from nought.
- [3.] Thy darling attribute I praise,  
Which all alike may prove,  
The glory of thy boundless grace,  
Thy universal love.
- [4.] Mercy I sing, transporting sound,  
The joy of earth and heaven,  
Mercy by every sinner found,  
Who takes what God hath given.
- [5.] Mercy for all thy hands have made,  
Immense, and unconfi'n'd,  
Throughout thy every work display'd,  
Embracing all mankind.

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<sup>27</sup>Charles Wesley. This hymn appeared first as an appendix to John Wesley's sermon *Free Grace* (1739); and then was included in *HSP* (1740), 136–42.

- [6.] Thine eye survey'd the fallen race,  
When sunk in sin they lay,  
Their misery call'd for all thy grace,  
But justice stopp'd the way.
- [7.] Mercy the fatal bar remov'd,  
Thy only Son it gave,—  
To save a world so dearly lov'd,  
A sinful world to save.
- [8.] For every man he tasted death,  
He suffer'd once for all;  
He calls as many souls as breathe,  
And all *may* hear the call.
- [9.] A power to chuse, a will t' obey,  
Freely his grace *restores*;  
We all *may* find the living way,  
And call the Saviour ours.
- [10.] Whom his eternal mind *foreknew*,  
That they the power would use,  
Ascribe to God the glory due,  
And not his grace refuse:
- [11.] Them, only them his will *decreed*,  
Them did he *chuse* alone,  
*Ordain'd* in Jesu's steps to tread,  
And to be like his Son.
- [12.] Them, *the elect*, consenting few,  
Who yield to proffer'd love,  
*Justified* here he *forms anew*,  
And *glorifies* above.

- [13.] For as in Adam all have dy'd,  
So all in Christ may live;  
May (for the world is justified)  
His righteousness receive.
- [14.] Whoe'er to God for pardon fly,  
In Christ may be forgiven:  
He speaks to all, "Why will ye die,  
And not accept my heaven?"
- [15.] No! in the death of him that dies,  
(God, by his life hath sworn,)  
He is not pleas'd; but ever cries,  
[<sup>1</sup>"Turn, O ye sinners, turn.<sup>1</sup>"]
- [16.] He would that all his truths should own,  
His gospel all embrace,  
Be justified by faith alone,  
And freely sav'd by grace.
- [17.] And shall I, Lord, confine thy love,  
As not to others free?  
And may not every sinner prove  
The grace that found out me?
- [18.] Doubtless through one eternal now,  
Thou ever art the same;  
The universal Saviour thou,  
And Jesus is thy name.
- [19.] Ho! every one that thirsteth, come!  
Chuse life; obey the word;  
Open your hearts to make him room,  
And banquet with your Lord.

- [20.] When God invites, shall man repel?  
Shall man th' exception make?  
"Come, freely come, WHOEVER WILL,  
And living water take!"
- [21.] Thou bid'st; and would'st thou bid us chuse,  
When purpos'd not to save?  
Command us all a power to use,  
Thy mercy never gave?
- [22.] Thou can'st not mock the sons of men,  
Invite us to draw nigh,  
Offer thy grace to all, and then  
Thy grace to most deny!
- [23.] Horror, to think that God is hate!  
Fury in God can dwell!  
God could an helpless world create,  
To thrust them into hell!
- [24.] Doom them an endless death to die,  
From which they could not flee!  
No, Lord; thine inmost bowels cry  
Against the dire decree!
- [25.] Believe who will, that human pain  
Pleasing to God can prove:  
Let Moloch feast him with the slain,  
Our God, we know, is love.
- [26.] Lord, if indeed without a bound,  
Infinite love thou art,  
The HORRIBLE DECREE confound,  
Enlarge thy people's heart!

- [27.] Ah! who is as thy servants blind?  
So to misjudge their God!  
Scatter the darkness of their mind,  
And shed thy love abroad.
- [28.] Give them conceptions worthy thee,  
Give them in Jesu's face  
Thy merciful design to see,  
Thine all-redeeming grace.
- [29.] Stir up thy strength, and help us, Lord,  
The preachers multiply:  
Send forth thy light, and give the word,  
And let the shadows fly.
- [30.] Oh! if thy Spirit send forth me,  
The meanest of the throng,  
I'll sing thy grace divinely free,  
And teach mankind the song.
- [31.] Grace will I sing, through Jesu's name,  
On all mankind bestow'd;  
The everlasting truth proclaim,  
And seal that truth with blood.
- [32.] Come then, thou all-embracing love,  
Our frozen bosom warm;  
Dilating fire, within us move,  
With truth and meekness arm.
- [33.] Let us triumphantly ride on,  
And more than conquerors prove,  
Mightily bear th' opposers down,  
And bind with cords of love.



[34.] Shine in our hearts, Father of light;  
    Jesu, thy beams impart;  
Spirit of truth, our minds unite,  
    And keep us one in heart.

[35.] Then, only then, our eyes shall see  
    Thy promis'd kingdom come;  
And every heart by grace set free,  
    Shall make the Saviour room.

[36.] Thee every tongue shall then confess,  
    And every knee shall bow;  
Come quickly, Lord, we wait thy grace,  
    We long to meet thee now.

**POETRY.**

**To a Mother, on the Death of Her Children.  
(By Rev. Samuel Wesley Jr.)<sup>28</sup>**

- [1.] Though sorer sorrows, than their birth,  
    Your children's death has given,  
Mourn not that others bear for earth,  
    While you have peopled heaven!

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<sup>28</sup>Orig., "By Mrs. Wright"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

- [2.] If now so painful 'tis to part,  
O think, that when you meet,  
Well-bought with shortly fleeting smart  
Is never-ending sweet.
- [3.] What if those little angels nigh  
T' assist your latest pain,  
Should hover round you, when you die,  
And leave you not again?
- [4.] Say, shall you then regret your woes,  
Or mourn your teeming years?  
One moment will reward your throes,  
And over-pay your tears.
- [5.] Redoubled thanks will fill your song,  
Transported while you view  
Th' inclining, happy, infant throng,  
That owe their bliss to you!
- [6.] So moves the common star, though bright,  
With single lustre crown'd;  
The planet shines with guards of light  
Attending it around.

**An Epitaph on Miss Mary Lowth, aged 14 Years.  
(Wrote by her Father, now Bishop of London.)<sup>29</sup>**

*Chara vale, ingenio praestans, pietate, pudore;  
Et plusquam natae nomine chara, vale.  
Chara Maria, vale! At veniet felicius aevum  
Quando iterum tecum, sim modo dignus, ero.*

---

<sup>29</sup>Robert Lowth (1710–87).

*Chara, redi; laetâ tum dicam voce, paternos  
Eia, age in amplexus, chara Maria, redi.*

**Imitated.**<sup>30</sup>

- [1.] Farewell, my dearest child, farewell!  
Wise, pious, good, beyond thy years!  
Thy ravish'd excellence I feel  
Bereav'd—dissolv'd in softest tears.
- [2.] But soon, if worthy of the grace,<sup>31</sup>  
I shall again behold thee nigh,  
Again my dearest child embrace:  
“Haste, to my arms, Maria, fly.
- [3.] “To a fond father’s arms return:”  
(I then in extacies shall say)  
No more to part, no more to mourn,  
But sing thro’ one eternal day.

**On Bishop Atterbury’s Birth-Day.**<sup>32</sup>

- [1.] What morn with more auspicious ray,  
Or lovelier dawning ever shin’d?  
Be blest the memorable day,  
Which gave thee, Father, to mankind,  
In each hard trial fully shewn  
Great, good, and just, as Clarendon!
- [2.] Tempests and storms in vain attack,  
In vain thy foes their arts employ;  
Nought thy well-grounded faith can shake,  
Thine exemplary zeal destroy:  
Nor prayers, nor threatnings can prevail;  
The rock ’tis built on cannot fail.

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<sup>30</sup>Charles Wesley; this English imitation appears in *MS Funeral Hymns (1756–87)*, 74.

<sup>31</sup>Orig., “grave”; a misprint.

<sup>32</sup>Samuel Wesley Jr.; as recorded by John Wesley in *MS Poetry Miscellany*, 59–60.

- [3.] Thee,<sup>33</sup> nor th' opposing world, could fright,  
    Nor flattery's utmost fawnings bend,  
To shrink from aiding injur'd right,  
    To cease the helpless to befriend.  
Nor mitres rich, nor exile near,  
Could bribe to hope, or sink to fear.
- [4.] Superior to the ills you feel,  
    Illustrious sufferer, well you know  
To scorn the instruments that deal,  
    T' adore the hand that aims the blow;  
Like Job, with patience to resign:  
O may his latter end be thine!
- [5.] Mean season, live; nor barbarous foes,  
    Nor exile grievous to sustain,  
Nor prospect of thy country's woes,  
    Nor torture of afflicting pain,  
Make thee bemoan thy longer stay,  
Or cause thee to regret to-day.
- [6.] No! let the statesman, human fiend,<sup>34</sup>  
    The ruffian fell, in murders old,  
The vile betrayer of his friend,  
    The seller of his God for gold,  
The false, the traitor, the forsworn,  
Bewail the day that they were born.
- [7.] Enjoy the peace they cannot find,  
    No more than they can take away.  
Thy birth-day still with even mind  
    View calmly, as thy dying-day,  
That second birth-day, happier far,  
Which clears thee at the last great bar!

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<sup>33</sup>Orig., "They"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

<sup>34</sup>Orig., "friend"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

**On Retirement.**<sup>35</sup>

Bear me, ye friendly powers, to peaceful scenes,  
To shady bowers, and never-fading greens,  
Where the shrill trumpet never sounds alarms,  
Nor martial din is heard, nor clash of arms.  
Unenvied may the laurels ever grow,  
That never flourish but in human woe:  
If never earth the wreath triumphal bears,  
Till drench'd in heroes' blood, and orphans' tears.

Hail, ye soft seats! ye limpid springs and floods,  
Ye verdant meads, ye vales, and mazy woods,  
Ye limpid floods, that ever-murmuring flow,  
Ye verdant meads, where flowers eternal blow;  
Ye shady vales, where cooling zephyrs play;  
Ye woods, where untaught warblers tune their lay!

Here grant me, heaven, to end my peaceful days,  
And steal myself from life by slow decays;  
With age, unknown to pain or sorrow, blest,  
To the dark grave retiring, as to rest;  
While gently with one sigh this mortal frame,  
Dissolving, turns to ashes whence it came;  
While my freed soul departs without a groan,  
And joyful, wings her flight to worlds unknown.

Ye gloomy grots, ye awful, solemn cells,  
Where heavenly-pensive contemplation dwells,  
Guard me from splendid cares, from tiresome state,  
The pompous misery of being great!  
Content with ease; ambitious to despise  
Illustrious vanity, and glorious vice.

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<sup>35</sup>William Broome, "The Seat of War in Flanders," *Poems on Several Occasions* (London: B. Lintot, 1727), 66–76; excerpting pp. 71–75, as in MS Poetry Miscellany, 93–94.

While the calm hours steal unperceiv'd away,  
Come, thou chaste maid; here let me ever stay;  
Here court the muses, while the sun on high  
Flames in the vault of heaven, and fires the sky:  
Or while still night's dark wings the globe surround,  
And the pale moon glides on her solemn round.  
Bid my free soul to starry orbs repair,  
Those radiant worlds that float in ambient air:  
Or when aurora, from her eastern bowers,  
Exhales the fragrance of the balmy flowers,  
Reclin'd in silence on a mossy bed,  
Consult the learned volumes of the dead;  
Fall'n realms and empires in description view,  
Live o'er past times, and ancient days renew.

Charm me, ye sacred leaves, with nobler<sup>36</sup> themes,  
With opening heavens, and angels rob'd in flames.  
Ye restless passions, while I read, be aw'd:  
Hail! ye mysterious oracles of God!  
Here I behold, how infant time began!  
How the dust mov'd, and quicken'd into man!—  
There tread on hallow'd ground, where angels trod,  
And reverend patriarchs talk'd as friends with God:  
Or hear the voice to slumb'ring prophets given,  
Or gaze on visions from the throne of heaven!

**Part of the 104<sup>th</sup> Psalm Paraphrased.**<sup>37</sup>

Upborn aloft on ventrous wing,  
While spurning earthly themes I soar,  
Thro' paths untrod before,  
What God, what seraph shall I sing?

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<sup>36</sup>Orig., "noble"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

<sup>37</sup>John Wesley; as found in MS Poetry Miscellany, 74–77.

Whom but thee should I proclaim,  
Author of this wondrous frame?  
Eternal, uncreated Lord,  
Enshrin'd in glory's radiant blaze!  
At whose prolific voice, whose potent word,  
Commanded nothing swift retir'd, and worlds began their race.

Thou, brooding o'er the realms of night,  
Th' unbottom'd, infinite abyss,  
Bad'st the deep her rage surcease,  
And said'st, Let there be light!  
Ætheriel light thy call obey'd,  
Thro' the wide void her living waters past,  
Glad she left her native shade,  
Darkness turn'd his murmuring head,  
Resign'd the reins, and trembling fled;  
The chrystal waves roll'd on, and fill'd their ambient waste.

In light, effulgent robe, array'd  
Thou left'st the beauteous realms of day;  
The golden towers inclin'd their head,  
As their Sovereign took his way.  
The all-incircling bounds (a shining train,  
Ministering flames around him flew)  
Thro' the vast profound he drew,  
When, lo! sequacious to his fruitful hand,  
Heaven, o'er th' uncoloured void, her azure curtain threw.

Lo! marching o'er the empty space,  
The fluid stores in order rise,  
With adamant chains of liquid glass,  
To bind the new-born fabric of the skies.  
Downward th' Almighty Builder rode,  
Old chaos groan'd beneath the God,



Sable clouds his pompous car,  
Harnest winds before him ran,  
Proud to wear their Maker's chain,  
And told with hoarse-resounding voice his coming<sup>38</sup> from afar.

Embryon earth the signal knew,  
And rear'd from night's dark womb her<sup>39</sup> infant head;  
Tho' yet prevailing waves her<sup>40</sup> hills o'erspread,  
And stain'd their sickly face with pallid hue.  
But when loud thunders the pursuit began,  
Back<sup>41</sup> the affrighted spoilers ran;  
In vain aspiring hills oppos'd their race,<sup>42</sup>  
O'er hills and vales with equal haste,  
The flying squadrons past,  
Till safe within the walls of their appointed place;  
There firmly fixt, their sure enclosures stand,  
Unconquerable<sup>43</sup> bounds of ever-during sand!  
He spake. From the tall mountain's wounded side,  
Fresh springs roll'd down their silver tide:  
O'er the glad vales, the shining wanderers<sup>44</sup> stray,  
Soft murmuring as they flow,  
While in their cooling wave inclining low,  
The untaught natives of the field, their parching thirst allay.  
High seated on the dancing sprays,  
Checquering with varied light their parent streams,  
The feathered quires, attune their artless lays,  
Safe from the dreaded heat of solar beams.

Genial showers at his command,  
Pour plenty o'er the barren land:  
Labouring with parent throes,  
See! the teeming hills disclose  
A new birth: see chearful green,  
Transitory, pleasing scene!

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<sup>38</sup>Orig., "voice come"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

<sup>39</sup>Orig., "his"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

<sup>40</sup>Orig., "his"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

<sup>41</sup>Orig., "Back with"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

<sup>42</sup>Orig., "chase"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

<sup>43</sup>Orig., "Unchangeable"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

<sup>44</sup>Orig., "wonders"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

O'er the smiling landskip glow,  
And gladden all the vale below.  
Along the mountain's craggy brow,  
Amiably dreadful now!  
See the clasping vine dispread  
Her gently rising, verdant head;  
See the purple grape appear,  
Kind relief<sup>45</sup> of human care!

Instinct with circling life, thy skill  
Uprear'd the olive's loaded bough;  
What time on Lebanon's proud hill,  
Slow rose the stately cedars brow.  
Nor less rejoice the lowly plains,  
Of useful corn the fertile bed,  
Than when the lordly cedar reigns,  
A beauteous, but a barren shade.

While in his arms the painted train,  
Warbling to the vocal grove,  
Sweetly tell their pleasing pain,  
Willing slaves to genial love.  
While the wild-goats, an active throng,  
From rock to rock light-bounding fly,  
Jehovah's praise in solemn song,  
Shall echo thro' the vaulted sky.

J[ohn] W[esley]

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<sup>45</sup>Orig., "relict"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

**POETRY.**

**An Hymn in Affliction.  
(By Miss Kinchin.)<sup>46</sup>**

- [1.] Why, throng'd and wedg'd with threatning clouds,  
Does heav'n grow dark, and low'r?  
To drop down fatness on the earth,  
In many a gentle show'r.
- [2.] Why do the wintry piercing blasts  
Make widow'd nature mourn?  
That springs may bloom, and summers shine,  
And gayest scenes return.
- [3.] Why does the radiant sun retire,  
And leave the world in shade?  
To re-enkindle light and day,  
By change more grateful made.
- [4.] Why did the dear Redeemer bleed?  
Oh! why did Jesus die?  
To save mankind, exalt himself,  
And reign above the sky.
- [5.] Thus all that e'er arrive at joy,  
Must pass the gates of pain:  
And thou, my God, dost frown a while,  
Only to smile again.

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<sup>46</sup>This is apparently Mary ("Molly") Kinchin, sister of Wesley's associate Charles Kinchin; cf. the letter from her to Wesley in this volume of the *Arminian Magazine*, pp. 177–78.

- [6.] Not so, when heavenly realms receive  
The disembodied soul;  
There tides of never-ebbing bliss  
In endless circles rowl.

**The Lord's Controversy.**<sup>47</sup>

- [1.] Where is Elijah's jealous God?  
O God, arise, maintain thy cause  
'Gainst all who trample on thy blood,  
And stain the glory of thy cross;  
'Gainst all, who give our God the lie,  
The God of truth and grace miscall,  
The Saviour of the world deny,  
And teach *he did not die for all*.
- [2.] How long, ye wav'ring souls, how long  
Halt ye between two different ways?  
Recant, or justify the wrong,  
Renounce, or own the Saviour's grace.  
If Moloch be your horrid god,  
Pursue, and cleave to him alone,  
If Christ hath bought you with his blood,  
The universal blessing own.
- [3.] Though twice four hundred prophets swear  
That God delights in human pain,  
I, even I their fury dare,  
His all-redeeming grace maintain;  
Against them all I stand alone,  
And challenge them their cause to prove,  
The God of truth shall make it known,  
Shall answer by the fire of love.

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<sup>47</sup>Charles Wesley, *Hymns on God's Everlasting Love* (1742), 34–36.

- [4.] Call on your reprobating god,  
To him, ye priests of Moloch, cry  
“Didst thou, for all pour out thy blood?  
“Didst thou not half the world pass by?  
“The most hast thou not doom’d to hell?  
“Is grace for every sinner free?  
“Hear, Moloch, hear; set to thy seal.  
“Confirm thy HORRIBLE DECREE!<sup>[1]</sup>”
- [5.] Where is the answer to your prayer?  
(Aloud, ye priests of Moloch, cry)  
The voice, the seal, the witness where?  
What, doth your god *his own pass by*?  
Perhaps he haunts his routed foe  
Who preaches grace is free for all:  
Perhaps he talks with fiends below;  
Or sleeps, and needs a louder call.
- [6.] No answer yet? What, no reply?  
*After your manner* seek your god;  
Your rage, your knives, and lancets try,  
(He much delights in human blood)  
By furious wrath your spirits wound,  
Exert your mad satanic zeal,  
Start up, and with a frantic bound  
Awaken all your inbred hell.
- [7.] Come near, ye people of my Lord,  
With me the common Saviour share,  
Come near, and let the gospel-word  
The altar of your hearts repair;  
By sin, and Satan broken down  
That altar now in ruins lies,  
But God his glorious cause shall own,  
And bare his arm in all your eyes.

- [8.] There let the untam'd bullock lay,  
A whole burnt-offering to the Lord,  
His Spirit shall th' old Adam slay,  
And hew in pieces by the word.  
Now let the fewel be apply'd,  
Streams of ungodliness pour in,  
O'erwhelm it with corruption's tide,  
Fill all your hearts, and lives with sin.
- [9.] 'Tis done: your hearts with sin o'erflow,  
This is the hour of sacrifice:  
Lo! to the living God I go,  
The living God of earth and skies.  
O thou Almighty Lord and God,  
By Abraham, and his sons confest,  
Shed in our hearts thy love abroad,  
And answer by the fiery test.
- [10.] To thee I make my bold appeal,  
Let it be known in this our day,  
That thou art God in Israel,  
And I am sent to teach thy way:  
A faithful servant of my Lord,  
That I thy gospel truths proclaim,  
That I have publish'd at thy word  
The UNIVERSAL SAVIOUR'S name.
- [11.] O hear, and shew thou hear'st my call,  
That this thy people now may know  
Thou art the common Lord of all,  
Thy blood for all mankind did flow.  
O let them feel the grace, the power,  
The life thy healing blood imparts,  
The Saviour of the world adore,  
And own, that thou hast turn'd their hearts.

[12.] The God that answereth by fire,  
    Jehovah to our help is come!  
In flames of love our hearts aspire,  
    His love doth all our sins consume.  
It now consumes the sacrifice,  
    The burning Spirit makes us clean,  
The wood, and stones, and dust destroys,  
    And licks up all the streams of sin.

[13.] The sin of all the world he bears  
    Away: upon our face we fall:  
His fire of love confirms our prayers,  
    Attesting that *he died for all*.  
He died for all the fallen race,  
    We all may his salvation prove:  
The Lord—he is the God of grace,  
    The Lord—he is the God of love!

**POETRY.**

**To the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady.**<sup>48</sup>

In tender strains, by nature taught to flow,  
Where no false art pollutes the genuine woe.  
For Celia mourns my heart; and long must mourn,  
Ere the once pleasing scene knows to return,  
Why roll ye fast, my tears? long must ye roll  
Ere healing peace shall dawn on Celia's soul:  
Ere joy once banish'd shall succeed again  
To biting care and strength, consuming pain;  
Ere the fond maid by sad experience prove,  
The utmost ills that wait on hapless love.

Say, lovely mourner, what avails thee now  
The laughing bloom that wanton'd on thy brow,  
Thy cheek, whose crimson sham'd the blushing rose,  
Thy bosom fairer than descending snows,  
That thy small waist in just proportion shone,  
That all thy sexes' charms were join'd in one?  
Ah! what avails thy elegance of thought,  
Thy fruitful mind, with early counsel fraught,  
Thy piercing judgment, ever sound and clear,  
Thy more than female's heart, untaught to fear,  
Thy wit, still studious, not in vain, to please;  
Oft, inly sighing, wilt thou wish them less?  
For every charm a pang thou shalt receive,  
And grief increas'd be all the boon they give.

Canst thou, tender of heart, whose spotless name,  
Defied the keenest shafts of babbling fame;

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<sup>48</sup>John Wesley; as evidenced when Charles quotes it, "turning your own words upon you," in a letter to John (January 20, 1728). Found in MS Poetry Miscellany, 39–43.



Endure the bitter scoff, the pointed wrong,  
 And the loud insults of th' opprobrious<sup>49</sup> tongue?  
 Must that fair pile that kiss'd its kindred sky,  
 And tower'd beyond the wond'ring gazer's eye,  
 Sink, overwhelm'd, to dust? in one short hour  
 The triumph of the abandon'd scorner's power!  
 Should thy corporeal part, that beauteous frame,  
 Shriveled beneath the fever's scorching flame?  
 Still might the vital streams their course renew,  
 And thy pale lip glow fresh with purpled hue.  
 But when from withering fame the bloom is fled,  
 Ne'er can the sickly flower revive its faded head.

Can that soft bosom, which so oft has rose  
 At visionary tales of painted woes;  
 Those eyes that never view'd the sufferer's care,  
 But mixt with them that wept a pitying tear,  
 When fancy paints the real scene, sustain  
 Thy parents smit with agonizing pain:  
 Thy sisters, brother, friends, whose joyous smiles  
 Doubled thy pleasures, and deceiv'd thy toils.  
 Whose honied words with healing counsel join'd,  
 Oft smother'd the tumult of thy ruffled mind,  
 In bitterness of anguish canst thou see  
 Afflicted, comfortless,—and all for thee!  
 How will that breast with eager pantings beat,  
 And heave and labour to discharge its weight;  
 How will those eyes from their full sluices pour  
 Big drops, now first an unavailing shower!  
 Till their exhausted springs at length deny  
 To lend the lamp of life that small supply;  
 Till of all utterance barr'd the raging smart,  
 Drink deep thy gushing blood, and tear thy aching heart.

Who now, where E— — spreads his fruitful vale,  
 Shall bid new glories o'er the landscape swell,

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<sup>49</sup>Orig., "And loud insults of the opprobious"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

Still steer my doubtful eyes their steady way,  
In sportive strife where numerous beauties play;  
Still guide my wand'ring feet, joyous to rove  
Thro' blissful scenes, sit seats of peace and love:  
Where the gay meadow glows with spotted pride,  
Where the fair hill rears high his tufted side,  
Where, or the sight in neighbouring shades is lost,  
Or the extended prospect widens most.

O vale, now the sad seat of those that mourn!  
O scene, for ever clos'd to joy's return;  
Now boast thy circling hills, thy wide-spread plain:  
I ne'er must view thee more, or view with pain.  
May night eternal, her dire influence shed,  
And pour her blackest horrors on thy head,  
Contain, ye fleecy clouds, your liquid store;  
Ye dews, refresh the guilty soil no more;  
For there did guardian saints their charge betray,  
There was fair honour vilely cast away;  
As though but common glories e'er had grac'd  
Her form: as though high heaven had ne'er imprest,  
Its stamp peculiar on her favorite breast.

}

Nor yet from my dim eyes thy form retires,  
Fain would they mix with thine their soften'd fires.  
My bounding heart with equal pantings own  
Thy sway, and spring to seat thee on thy throne:  
Still should its inmost chambers open be,  
Its inmost chambers ne'er were hid from thee;  
Still would my trembling hand, should language fail,  
Press thine, assistant to the tender tale.

Ah no! no more on Horrel's airy van  
With thee must I admire the subject plain;

Drink in the vernal sweets that float around,  
Or listen to the soul-enchanting sound,  
While on the sprightly poets'<sup>50</sup> tuneful song,  
Or truths divine flow easy from thy tongue.

Proud hill,<sup>51</sup> once far above thy fellows blest,  
Which<sup>52</sup> Celia with her presence frequent grac'd,  
Why shines thy brow in summer's gaudy pride?  
Why with enamell'd verdure laughs thy side?  
While she that lov'd thee, droops and pines away:  
Expos'd to stormy grief an helpless prey!  
Enjoy thy crime, ungrateful, happy hill;  
How chang'd is Celia! thou how beauteous still!

Yet when on time's slow wings arrives the day,  
That sinks that goodly fabric in decay,  
Then once more shalt thou rear thy drooping head,  
Then shalt thou bloom in charms that never fade!  
And when that long expected hour I see,  
That breaks my cumbrous chains, and sets me free;  
Surely our disembodied souls shall join;  
Surely my friendly shade shall mix with thine!  
To earth-born pain superior, light shall rise  
Thro' the wide waves of unopposing skies;  
Together view the shining spheres that stray  
In beauteous order their appointed way:  
Together swift ascend heaven's high abode,  
Converse with angels, and rejoice in GOD!

[John Wesley<sup>53</sup>]

**Address to the Calvinists.**<sup>54</sup>

God has, you say, a two-fold will,  
One to preserve, and one to kill:  
*That* in his word to all reveal'd,  
*This* from the reprobate conceal'd:

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<sup>50</sup>Orig., "While on the sprig the poets'"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

<sup>51</sup>Orig., "still"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

<sup>52</sup>Orig., "Whom"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

<sup>53</sup>JW added his initials in his personal copy of *AM*.

<sup>54</sup>Frank Baker refers to a fragment he had seen that confirms Charles Wesley's authorship of this poem in Baker, *Representative Verse of Charles Wesley* (London: Epworth, 1962), 331. The current location of this fragment is unknown.

*That* would have all the fallen kind  
Repentance and salvation find;  
To hell's inevitable pains,  
*This* the far greater part ordains;  
Compell'd to sin by his decree,  
And damn'd from all eternity.

His written will to all displays  
Offers of life and pard'ning grace:  
His secret doth this life deny  
To most, yet asks, "Why will ye die?"  
His *seeming* will their good pretends,  
His *real* their damnation sends;  
Makes the devoted victims fit,  
And thrusts them down into the pit.

'Tis thus, O God, they picture thee,  
Thy justice and sincerity;  
Thy truth which never can remove,  
Thy bowels of unbounded love:  
Thy freedom of redeeming grace,  
"With-held from almost all the race,  
"Made for Apollyon to devour,  
"In honour of thy sovereign power!"

Ye weak, mistaken worms, believe  
Your God, who never can deceive;  
Believe his word sincerely meant,  
Whose oath confirms his kind intent:  
Believe his tears: believe his blood:  
Both for a world of sinners flow'd;  
For those who nail'd him to the tree,  
For those who forg'd *the dire decree*,  
For ev'ry reprobate—and me!

]

**POETRY.**

**To a Young Lady.  
(By Miss<sup>55</sup> Talbot.)<sup>56</sup>**

Awake, my Laura! break the silken chain!  
Awake my friend, to hours unsoiled by pain.  
Awake to peaceful joys, and thought refin'd,  
Youth's chearful morn, and virtue's vigorous mind.  
Wake to all joys fair friendship can bestow,  
All that from health and prosperous fortune flow.  
    Still dost thou sleep? awake, imprudent fair!  
    Few hours has life; and few of those can spare.

Forsake thy drowsy couch, and sprightly rise,  
While yet fresh morning streaks the ruddy skies;  
While yet the birds their early matins sing,  
And all around is blooming as the spring.

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<sup>55</sup>Orig., "Mrs.>"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

<sup>56</sup>Catherine Talbot, *Essays on Various Subjects* (London: Charles Rivington, 1772), 2:145–49.

Ere sultry Phoebus with his scorching ray  
Has drank the dew-drops from your mansion gay,  
Parch'd every flower, embrown'd each drooping green,  
Pall'd the pure air, and chas'd the pleasing scene.  
Still dost thou sleep? arise, imprudent fair!  
Few hours has life, nor of those few can spare.

But this perhaps was but a summer's song,  
And winter nights are dark, and cold, and long.  
Weak reason that, for sleeping past the morn,  
Yet urg'd by sloth, and by indulgence borne.  
Or rather haste to rise, my slumbering friend,  
While feeble suns their scanty influence lend.  
While chearful day-light yet adorns the skies,  
Awake, my friend! my Laura, haste to rise!  
For soon the uncertain short-liv'd days shall fail,  
And soon shall night extend her sooty veil.  
Blank nature fails, black shades and phantoms drear,  
Haunt the sick eye, and fill the court of fear.

O therefore, sleep no more, imprudent fair!  
Few hours has day, few days the circling year;  
Few years has life, and few of those can spare.

Think of the task those hours have yet in view,  
Reason to arm, and passion to subdue:  
While life's fair, calm, and flattering moments last,  
To sense your mind against the stormy blast:  
Early to hoard blest wisdom's peace-fraught store,  
Ere yet the bark forsakes the friendly shore,  
And the winds whistle, and the billows roar.  
Imperfect beings! weakly arm'd to bear  
Pleasure's soft smiles, or sorrow's open war:  
Alternate shocks from different sides to feel:  
Now to subdue the heart, and now to steel.

Yet form'd<sup>57</sup> with high aspirings, strong desires,  
 How mad th' attempt to quench celestial fires?  
 Still to perfection tends the restless mind,  
 And happiness, its bright reward assign'd.  
 And shall dull sloth obscure the heaven-beam'd ray,  
 That guides our passage to the realms of day,  
 Cheers the faint heart, and points the dubious way? }  
 Now weakly arm'd, if ever on our guard:  
 Nor to the worst unequal, if prepar'd;  
 Not unsurmountable the task, if lov'd;  
 Nor short the time, if<sup>58</sup> every hour improv'd.  
 O rouse thee then, nor shun that glorious strife,  
 Extend, improve, enjoy thy hours of life!  
 Assert thy reason, animate thy heart,  
 And act thro' life's short scene the useful part.  
 Then sleep in peace, by gentlest memory crown'd,  
 Till time's vast year has fill'd its perfect round.

**Part of the Eighth Chapter of Proverbs Paraphrased.**  
 (From the *Dublin Miscellany*.)<sup>59</sup>

My precepts all are pure, and shall impart  
 Light to the eyes, and knowledge to the heart.  
 Thro' all I utter, simple truth will shine,  
 Exalted is my speech, my theme divine.  
 Nothing perverse shall in my words appear,  
 Tho' high as heaven they be, yet are they clear.  
 I, sacred wisdom, am more precious far  
 Than purest gold, or costly rubies are.—  
 From inexhausted springs my riches flow,  
 The more I give, I more abundant grow:

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<sup>57</sup>Orig., “fram'd”; JW changed in his personal copy of *AM*.

<sup>58</sup>Orig., “is”; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

<sup>59</sup>James Ward, “Proverbs, Chapter 8. Paraphrased,” in Matthew Concanen, editor, *Miscellaneous Poems; Original and Translated* (London: J. Peele, 1724), 341–46; as abridged by Wesley in *MS Poetry Miscellany*, 11–13.

Love shall from me returns of love obtain,  
 And none that seek me early, seek in vain:  
 I bring my votaries untainted joys,  
 Which no enjoyment palls, nor time destroys;  
 Forbidden pleasures in remorse conclude,  
 But I, to make you happy, make you good.—

But why thus boast of power, weak man, o'er thee,  
 Even God vouchsafes to take delight in me, }  
 Me he possess'd from all eternity. }  
 While all things yet did in their causes lie,  
 Before his glorious works of old, was I;  
 Ere this fair earth arose at his command,  
 And felt the forming power of his almighty hand;  
 Ere yet the wat'ry stores that scatter'd lay,  
 Into one heap collected, form'd a sea;  
 Ere chrystal springs did thro' the vallies flow,  
 Dispersing goodly plenty as they go;  
 Ere the gay meads adorn'd with flowers were seen,  
 Or smiling fields array'd in chearful green;  
 Nor had the mountain rais'd its tow'ring brow,  
 And, swell'd with pride, o'erlook'd the plain below;  
 I then did on the Almighty's presence wait,  
 When he went forth his wonders to create;  
 When wild confusion did his voice obey,  
 And sudden started into fair array:  
 By him I stood, when heaven's amazing frame,  
 Call'd by his quick'ning voice, from nothing came;  
 I saw, when all its glittering hosts were made,  
 And in bright ranks their beauteous orbs display'd;  
 I, at his word, beheld the clouds arise,  
 And in their fleecy volumes cloathe<sup>60</sup> the skies;  
 Form'd by the heavenly artist, to retain  
 The wat'ry treasures of his fruitful rain:  
 When he rebuk'd the haughty ocean's pride,  
 And check'd the fury of the swelling tide,

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<sup>60</sup>Orig., "cloath'd"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).



I saw the ebbing waves submissive creep  
 Back to the spacious bosom of the deep.  
 I saw, when 'midst the planets earth he plac'd,  
 On his own centre fixt, and round his waste  
 The waters, as a liquid garment, cast.  
 Thro' the whole mass, he my kind influence spread,  
 And stampt my image on whate'er he made;  
 I still, as his delight, before him stood,  
 Dwelt with th' eternal, and convers'd with God.

}  
 }

**On the Coronation.**<sup>61</sup>

With the long vigil of the night opprest,  
 A tir'd spectator clos'd her eyes to rest;  
 And, while sweet slumbers lock'd her senses fast,  
 The pomp was o'er, and the procession past.  
 Poor drowsy wretch! by spiteful fortune crost,  
 O what a dream hast thou by sleeping lost!

**On Seeing a Friend's Picture.**  
 (By Mr. [Matthew] Concanen.)<sup>62</sup>

The pleasing aspect, and the front serene,  
 The comely structure and the graceful mien  
 Still taught to live by H\_\_ \_\_'s artful hand,  
 In bloom perennial on the canvas stand.  
 Oh! how unlike the frailty of the clay,  
 That while the colours ripen, melts away;  
 While the same course of time with equal strife  
 Improves the picture, and impairs the life.

The present likeness then to what avails?  
 Too soon, alas! the faint resemblance fails;  
 Some few years hence, when weighty cares shall bend,  
 And hoary age sit freezing o'er my friend,

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<sup>61</sup>Henry Pollexsen, in *Comitia Westmonasteriensium* (London: Westminster School, 1728), 27; included earlier by Wesley in MS Poetry Miscellany, 64.

<sup>62</sup>Matthew Concanen, "On Seeing a Friend's Picture," in Concanen, editor, *Miscellaneous Poems* (London: J. Peele, 1724), 97-98; included earlier by Wesley in MS Poetry Miscellany, 6.

The blood shall mantle in his cheeks no more,  
And wrinkles rise where dimples lay before;  
The leg shall tremble, and the shoulder bow,  
While the warm'd canvas glows as bright as now;  
And men surpriz'd, shall see the piece declare,  
Such were his features once, and such his air;  
And thence the meanness of our nature see,  
Since shadows boast more permanence than we.

**Written after reading Mr. H[ill]'s *Remarks*, and  
*Farrago Double Distilled*.<sup>63</sup>**

Why do the zealots of Geneva rage,  
And fiercest war with an old prophet wage?  
Why doth their chief with blackest slanders load  
An hoary servant of the living God?  
Sincerely hate, affectedly contemn,  
“Because he contradicts himself—not them.”  
Let W[esley] then, a different method try,  
Himself gainsay, his own report deny;  
Evade, or contradict the general call,  
And teach, “The Saviour did *not* die for all.”  
This contradiction openly confest,  
Would cancel and atone for all the rest.

**On God's Everlasting Love.<sup>64</sup>**

- [1.] Father, whose everlasting love  
Thy only Son for sinners gave,  
Whose grace to all did freely move,  
And sent him down a world to save:
- [2.] Help us thy mercy to extol,  
Immense, unfathom'd, unconfi'd;  
To praise the Lamb who died for all,  
The general Saviour of mankind.

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<sup>63</sup>Charles Wesley; appears in MS Miscellaneous Poems, 24. Responding to: Richard Hill (1732–1808), *Some Remarks on a Pamphlet Entitled “A Third Check to Antinomianism”* (London: Dilly, 1772); and *Logica Wesleyensis; or, The Farrago Double-Distilled* (London: Dilly, 1773).

<sup>64</sup>Charles Wesley, *Hymns on God's Everlasting Love* (1741), 3–5.

- [3.] Thy undistinguishing regard  
Was cast on Adam's fallen race:  
For all thou hast in Christ prepar'd  
Sufficient, sovereign, saving grace.
- [4.] Jesus hath said, we all shall hope,  
Preventing grace for all is free:  
"And I, if I be lifted up,  
"I will draw all men unto me."
- [5.] What soul those drawings never knew?  
With whom hath not thy Spirit strove?  
We all must own that God is true,  
We all may feel that God is love.
- [6.] O all ye ends of earth behold  
The bleeding, all-atoning Lamb!  
Look unto him for sinners sold,  
Look and be sav'd thro' Jesu's name.
- [7.] Behold the Lamb of God, who takes  
The sins of all the world away!  
His pity no exception makes;  
But all that *will* receive him, *may*.
- [8.] A world he suffer'd to redeem;  
For all he hath th' atonement made:  
For those that will not come to him  
The ransom of his life was paid.
- [9.] Their Lord unto his own he came;  
His own were who receiv'd him not,  
Denied and trampled on his name  
And blood, by which themselves were bought.
- [10.] Who under foot their Saviour trod,  
Expos'd afresh and crucified,  
Who trampled on the Son of God,  
For them, for them, their Saviour died.

- [11.] For those who at the judgment-day  
On him they pierc'd shall look with pain;  
The Lamb for every cast-away,  
For every soul of man was slain.
- [12.] Why then, thou universal love,  
Should any of thy grace despair?  
To all, to all thy bowels move,  
But straiten'd<sup>65</sup> in our own we are.
- [13.] 'Tis we, the wretched abjects we,  
Our blasphemies on thee translate;  
We think that fury is in thee,  
Horribly think, that God is hate!
- [14.] "Thou hast compell'd the lost to die,  
"Hast reprobated from thy face;  
"Hast others sav'd, but them past by;  
"Or mock'd with only *damning grace*." \*
- [15.] How long, thou jealous God! how long  
Shall impious worms thy word disprove?  
Thy justice stain, thy mercy wrong,  
Deny thy faithfulness and love?
- [16.] Still shall the hellish doctrine stand?  
And thee for its dire author claim?  
No—let it sink, at thy command,  
Down to the pit from whence it came.
- [17.] Arise, O God, maintain thy cause!  
The fulness of the Gentiles call:  
Lift up the standard of thy cross,  
And all shall own thou diedst for all.

\* More usually call'd, common grace.

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<sup>65</sup>Orig., "straitned."

**POETRY.**

**Alcidor. By a Lady.**<sup>66</sup>

- [1.] While monarchs in stern battle strove  
For proud, imperial sway,  
Abandon'd to his milder love,  
Within a silent, peaceful grove  
Alcidor careless lay.
- [2.] Some term'd it cold, unmanly fear,  
Some nicety of sense,  
That drums and trumpets could not hear,  
The sullyng blasts of powder bear,  
Or with foul camps dispense.
- [3.] A patient martyr to their scorn,  
And each ill-fashion'd jest,  
The youth, who but for love was born,  
Remain'd—and thought it vast<sup>67</sup> return  
To reign in Cloria's breast.

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<sup>66</sup>[Anne Kingsmill Finch, Countess of Winchilsea,] "Alcidor," in John Dryden, editor, *Miscellany Poems*, 4<sup>th</sup> edition (London: Jacob Tonson, 1716), 6:53–54; included earlier by Wesley in *MS Poetry Miscellany*, 134–35.

<sup>67</sup>Orig., "that it was vast"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

- [4.] But O, a ruffling soldier came  
    In all the pomp of war;  
The gazettes long had spoke his fame;  
Now hautboys his approach proclaim,  
    And draw in crowds from far.
- [5.] Cloria among the rest would gaze,  
    And as she nearer drew,  
The man of feather and of lace  
Stop'd short, and with profound amaze  
    Took all her charms to view.
- [6.] A bow, which from campaigns he brought,  
    Down to his holsters low,  
Herself<sup>68</sup> and the spectators taught,  
That her the fairest nymph he thought  
    Of all that form'd the row.
- [7.] Next day, or ere<sup>69</sup> the sun was seen,  
    Or any gate unbarr'd,  
At her's, upon th' adjoining green,  
From ranks, with waving flags between,  
    Were soften'd trumpets heard.
- [8.] The noon does following treats provide  
    In the pavillion's shade,  
The neighbourhood and all beside,  
That will attend the am'rous pride,  
    All welcom'd with the maid.
- [9.] Poor Alcidor, thy hopes are crost!  
    Go, perish on the ground!  
Thy sighs by strongest notes are tost,  
Drove back, or in the passage lost—  
    Rich wines thy tears have drown'd.

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<sup>68</sup>Orig., "Her"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

<sup>69</sup>Orig., "e'er"; but clearly used in sense of "before."

[10.] In women's hearts, the softest things  
Which nature could devise,  
Are yet some harsh and jarring strings,  
Which, when loud fame or profit rings,  
Will answer to the noise.

[11.] Poor Alcidor! go fight, or die!  
Let thy fond notions cease:  
Man was not made in shades to lie,  
Or his full bliss in ease enjoy;  
To *live*, or *love* in peace!

**To Health. By a Young Lady.**<sup>70</sup>

[1.] O health! thou friend of nature! goddess blythe,  
That oft upon the uplands bleak art seen,  
Printing with nimble steps the dewy green,  
To help the early mower whet his scythe,  
Or with the jocund swain partake the toil,  
To press the plough, and break the stubborn soil.

[2.] Ah! wherefore dost thou fly me, nymph divine?  
With youth and innocence thou lov'st to dwell,  
And gentle peace, soft whispering, "All is well!"  
Youth, innocence, and gentle peace are mine;  
Nor sacred friendship to my heart denies  
Her richest treasure, and her sweetest joys.

[3.] No boist'rous passion shakes<sup>71</sup> my troubled frame,  
To fright thee from my breast, nor pining care,  
Nor rankling envy ever fester'd there;  
Nor did intemp'rance e'er my blood inflame:  
And grief, though long an inmate of my mind,  
To hope and cheerfulness her place resign'd.

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<sup>70</sup>Mrs. [Hester] Chapone, *Miscellanies in Prose and Verse* (London: E. & C. Dilly, and J. Walter, 1775), 130–32.

<sup>71</sup>Orig., "shook"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

**To Stella.**<sup>72</sup>

- [1.] No more, my Stella, to the sighing shades  
Of blasted hope and luckless love complain,  
But join the sports of Dian's careless maids,  
And laughing liberty's triumphant train.
- [2.] And see, with these is holy friendship found,  
With chrystal bosom, open to the sight;  
Her gentle hand shall close the recent wound,  
And fill the vacant heart with calm delight.
- [3.] Nor prudence slow, that ever comes too late,  
Nor stern-brow'd duty check her gen'rous flame;  
On all her footsteps peace and honour wait,  
And slander's ready tongue reveres her name.
- [4.] Say, Stella, what is love, whose tyrant power  
Robs virtue of content, and youth of joy?  
What nymph or goddess, in a fatal hour,  
Gave to the world this mischief-making boy?
- [5.] By lying bards in forms so various shewn,  
Deck'd with false charms, or arm'd with terrors vain;  
Who shall his real properties make known,  
Declare his nature, and his birth explain?
- [6.] Some say, of idleness and pleasure bred,  
The smiling babe on beds of roses lay;  
There with sweet honey-dews, by fancy fed,  
His blooming beauties open'd to the day!
- [7.] His wanton head, with fading chaplets bound,  
Dancing, he leads his silly vot'ries on  
To precipices steep,<sup>73</sup> o'er faithless ground,  
Then laughing flies, nor hears their fruitless moan.

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<sup>72</sup>Mrs. [Hester] Chapone, *Miscellanies in Prose and Verse* (London: E. & C. Dilly, and J. Walter, 1775), 134–37.

<sup>73</sup>Orig., “To prejudices deep”; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).



- [8.] Some say, from Etna's burning entrails torn,  
More fierce than tygers on the Lybian plain,  
Begot in tempests, and in thunders born,  
Love widely ranges like the foaming main.
- [9.] With darts and flames some art his feeble hands,  
His infant brow with flow'ry<sup>74</sup> honours crown;  
While vanquish'd reason, bound with silken bands,  
Meanly submissive, falls before his throne.
- [10.] Each fabling poet sure alike mistakes  
The gentle power that reigns o'er tender hearts!  
Soft love no tempest hurls, nor thunder shakes,<sup>75</sup>  
Nor lifts the flaming torch, nor poison'd darts.
- [11.] Heav'n-born, the brightest seraph of the sky,  
For Eden's bower he left his blissful seat,  
When Adam's blameless suit was heard on high,  
And beauteous Eve first chear'd his lone retreat.
- [12.] At love's approach all earth rejoic'd; each hill,  
Each grove, that learnt it from the whisp'ring gale;  
Joyous, the birds their liveliest chorus fill,  
And richer fragrance breathes in ev'ry vale.
- [13.] Well pleas'd in paradise a while he roves,  
With innocence and friendship hand in hand;  
Till sin found entrance in the with'ring groves,  
And frighted innocence forsook the land.
- [14.] But love, still faithful to the guilty pair,  
With them was driv'n amid a world of woes;  
Where oft he mourns his lost companion dear,  
And trembling flies before his rigid foes.

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<sup>74</sup>Orig., "feeble"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

<sup>75</sup>Orig., "stakes"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

- [15.] Honour, in burnish'd steel completely clad,  
And hoary wisdom, oft against him arm;  
Suspicion pale, and disappointment sad,  
Vain hopes and frantic fears his heart alarm.
- [16.] Fly then, dear Stella, fly th' unequal strife,  
Since fate forbids that peace should dwell with love;  
Friendship's calm joys shall glad thy future life,  
And virtue lead to endless bliss above.

**To Aspasia. In Answer.**  
**By Miss H\_\_\_\_\_.**<sup>76</sup>

- [1.] Wisdom, Aspasia, by thy gentle muse  
Warns me to shun the dang'rous paths of love,  
And rather those of sober friendship choose,  
With chearful liberty in Dian's grove.
- [2.] Yet, led by fancy through deceitful ground,  
Oft have I friendship sought, but sought in vain;  
Unfaithful friends with myrtle wreaths I bound,  
Unpleasing subjects of my plaintive strain.
- [3.] In youthful innocence, a school-day friend  
First gain'd my sister-vows; unhappy maid!  
How did I wipe thy tears, thy griefs attend,  
And how was all my tenderness repaid!
- [4.] No sooner grandeur, love, and fortune smil'd,  
Than base ingratitude thy heart betrays;  
That friend forgot, who all thy woes beguil'd,  
Lost in the sunshine of thy prosp'rous days.

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<sup>76</sup>Now Mrs. D—; included in Mrs. [Hester] Chapone, *Miscellanies in Prose and Verse* (London: E. & C. Dilly, and J. Walter, 1775), 138–42.

- [5.] Save me, kind heav'n! from smiling fortune's power,  
And may my wishes never meet success,  
If e'er I can forget one single hour  
The friend who gave me comfort in distress!
- [6.] Yet friendship's influence I again implor'd,  
To heal the wounds by disappointment made;  
Friendship my soul to balmy peace restor'd,  
And sent a gentle virgin to my aid.
- [7.] Soft, modest, pensive, melancholy fair,  
She seem'd to love and pining grief a prey;  
I saw her fading cheek, and fear'd despair  
Fed on her heart, and stole her life away.
- [8.] But ah! how chang'd my friend! how vain my fears!  
Not death but hymen stole her from my heart;  
Another love dispell'd her sighs and tears,  
And fame was left the secret to impart.
- [9.] Not twice the changing moon her course had run,  
Since first the pleasing youth was seen and lov'd;  
The fair in secret haste he woo'd and won,  
No friend consulted, for no friend approv'd.
- [10.] Suspense not long my anxious bosom pain'd,  
My friend arriv'd, I clasp'd her to my breast,  
I wept, I smil'd; alternate passions reign'd,  
Till she the sad unwelcome tale confess'd.
- [11.] Lost to her brother, country, and to me,  
A stranger wafts her to a foreign shore,  
She travels mountains, and defies the sea,  
Nor thinks of Albion or of Stella more.

- [12.] Sure nature, in her weakest, softest mould,  
Form'd my unhappy heart false friendship's prey!  
Another story yet remains untold,  
Which kind compassion bids me not display.
- [13.] The lovely sister of a faithless friend,  
Weeping, intreats me spare the recent tale;  
Her sighs I hear, her wishes I attend,  
And o'er her sister's failings draw the veil.
- [14.] This my success in search of friendship's grove,  
Where liberty and peace I hop'd to find;  
And soften'd thus with grief, deceitful love,  
In friendship's borrow'd garb, attack'd my mind.
- [15.] Not<sup>77</sup> passion raging like the roaring main,  
But calm and gentle as a summer-sea,  
Meek modesty and virtue in his train,  
What friendship ought, true love appear'd to be.
- [16.] But soon was chang'd, alas! the pleasing scene,  
Soon threat'ning storms my timid heart alarm'd;  
And love no more appear'd with brow serene,  
But cloath'd in terrors, and with dangers arm'd.
- [17.] Form these enchanted bow'rs my steps I turn,  
And seek from prudence, safety and repose;  
Her rigid lessons I resolve to learn,  
And gain that bliss which self-approve bestows.
- [18.] Thus, dear Aspasia, my unhappy fate,  
My heart's first darling schemes all blasted see;  
Yet now my bosom glows with hope elate,  
Fair friendship's blessings still to find with thee.

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<sup>77</sup>Orig., "But"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

- [19.] By thee conducted to the realms of peace,  
No more in plaintive strains the muse shall sing,  
Henceforth with hymns of praise, and grateful bliss,  
The groves shall echo, and the vallies ring.

**On Universal Redemption.**<sup>78</sup>

- [1.] My dear Redeemer, and my God,  
I stake my soul on thy free grace;  
Take back my interest in thy blood,  
Unless it stream'd for *all* the race:  
I stake my soul on this alone,  
THY BLOOD DID ONCE FOR ALL ATONE.
- [2.] Gracious and true, set to thy seal,  
Preach the glad tidings to my heart;  
Now let my new-born spirit feel  
Pure universal love thou art,  
In mine, in all our bosoms move,  
And testify, that God is love.
- [3.] Enlarge my heart to all mankind,  
The purchase of thy dying groans,  
O let me by this token find  
They all are thy redeemed ones;  
For if I lov'd whom God abhorr'd,  
The servant were above his Lord.
- [4.] Thus let me thy free mercy prove  
To all, who thy pure truths oppose,  
If I my fiercest foes can love,  
If I, to save my fiercest foes,  
To die myself would not deny,  
For whom couldst thou refuse to die?

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<sup>78</sup>Charles Wesley, *Hymns on God's Everlasting Love* (1741), 28–29.

- [5.] Dear dying Lord, thy Spirit breathe,  
Kindle in us the living fire,  
Jesus, conform us to thy death,  
The fulness of thy life inspire,  
O manifest in us thy mind,  
Benevolent to all mankind.
- [6.] Now, Lord, into our souls bring in  
Thine everlasting righteousness,  
A period make of guilt and sin,  
And call us forth thy witnesses,  
That all mankind, with us, may prove  
Thy infinite and perfect love.

**On the Appearance of Champion Dymoke  
at the Coronation.<sup>79</sup>**

*Ingreditur medium terror christatus in aulam,  
Dymokii magni martia progenies.  
Progreditur victor sine caede vel hoste futurus,  
A capite ad calcem totus in aere minax.  
Stat; bibit; oblatum prudens non respuit aurum:  
Regreditur dona dives, et egreditur.  
Egredere, O dono dives; longumque valet,  
Dymokii magni martia progenies.*

I shall be obliged to any gentleman who will favour me with  
a translation of the preceding epigram.

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<sup>79</sup>Cf. Henry Cleland, in Westminster School, *Comitia Westmonasteriensium* (London, G. Bowyer, 1728), 24. Cleland's third line begins: "A Galeâ ad calcar."

**POETRY.**

**To Solitude.**<sup>80</sup>

- [1.] Thou gentle nurse of pleasing woe!  
To thee from crowds, and noise, and show,  
    With eager haste I fly;  
Thrice welcome, friendly solitude!  
O let no busy foot intrude,  
    Nor list'ning ear be nigh!
- [2.] Soft, silent, melancholy maid!  
With thee to yon sequester'd shade  
    My pensive steps I bend;  
Still at the mild approach of night,  
Where Cynthia lends her sober light,  
    Do thou my walk attend.
- [3.] To thee alone my conscious heart  
Its tender sorrow dares impart,  
    And ease my lab'ring breast;  
To thee I trust the rising sigh,  
And bid the tear that swells mine eye  
    No longer be suppress'd.
- [4.] With thee among the haunted groves  
The lovely sorc'ress fancy roves,  
    O let me find her here!  
For she can time and space control,  
And swift transport my fleeting soul  
    To all it holds most dear!

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<sup>80</sup>Mrs. [Hester] Chapone, *Miscellanies in Prose and Verse* (London: E. & C. Dilly, and J. Walter, 1775), 146–49.

- [5.] Ah no! ye vain delusions hence!  
No more the hallow'd influence  
Of solitude pervert!  
Shall fancy cheat the precious hour,  
Sacred to wisdom's awful pow'r,  
And calm reflections part?
- [6.] O wisdom! from the sea-beat shore,  
Where, list'ning to the solemn roar,  
Thy lov'd Eliza strays;  
Vouchsafe to visit my retreat,  
And teach my erring, trembling feet  
Thy heav'n-protected ways.
- [7.] Oh, guide me to the humble cell  
Where resignation likes to dwell,  
Contentment's bow'r in view;  
Nor pining grief with absence drear,  
Nor sick suspence, nor anxious fear,  
Shall there my steps pursue.
- [8.] There let my soul to him aspire  
Whom none e'er sought with vain desire,  
Nor lov'd in sad despair!  
There to his gracious will divine,  
My dearest, fondest hope resign,  
And all my tend'rest care.
- [9.] Then peace shall heal the wounded breast,  
That pants to see another blest,  
From selfish passion pure;  
Peace, which when human wishes rise,  
Increase, for aught beneath the skies  
Can never be secure.



**Ode to Content.**  
**(By Mrs. [Anna Lactitia] Barbauld.)<sup>81</sup>**

- [1.] O thou, the nymph with placid eye!  
O seldom found, yet ever nigh!  
Receive my temperate vow:  
Not all the storms that shake the pole  
Can e'er disturb thy halcyon soul,  
And smooth unalter'd brow.
- [2.] O come, in simplest vest array'd,  
With all thy sober cheer display'd,  
To bless my longing sight;  
Thy mien compos'd, thy even pace,  
Thy meek regard, thy matron grace,  
And chaste subdu'd delight.
- [3.] No more by varying passions beat,  
O gently guide my pilgrim feet  
To find thy hermit cell;  
Where, in some pure and equal sky,  
Beneath thy soft indulgent eye,  
The modest virtues dwell.
- [4.] Simplicity in attic vest,  
And innocence with candid breast,  
And clear undaunted eye;  
And hope, that<sup>82</sup> points the distant years,  
Fair op'ning through this vale of tears  
A vista to the sky.
- [5.] Their health, through whose calm bosom glide  
The temp'rate joys in even tide,  
That rarely ebb or flow;

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<sup>81</sup>Anna Lactitia Barbauld published this ode in *Poems* (1773); Wesley is taking it and several following items from William Enfield, *The Speaker; or, Miscellaneous Pieces* (London: Joseph Johnson, 1774), 251–53.

<sup>82</sup>Orig., “who”; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

And patience there, thy sister meek,  
Presents her mild, unvarying cheek  
To meet the offer'd blow.

[6.] Her influence taught the Phrygian sage  
A tyrant master's wanton rage  
With settled smiles to meet:  
Inur'd to toil and bitter bread  
He bow'd his meek submitted head,  
And kiss'd thy sainted feet.

[7.] But thou, Oh nymph retir'd and coy!  
In what brown hamlet dost thou joy  
To tell thy tender tale?  
The lowliest children of the ground,  
Moss-rose and violet blossom round,  
And lily of the vale.

[8.] O say, what soft propitious hour  
I best may choose to hail thy pow'r,  
And court thy gentle sway?  
When autumn, friendly to the muse,  
Shall thy own modest tints diffuse,  
And shed thy milder day.

[9.] When eve, her dewy star beneath,  
Thy balmy spirit loves to breathe,  
And every storm is laid;  
If such an hour was e'er thy choice,  
Oft let me hear thy soothing voice  
Low whisp'ring through the shade.

I am obliged to the gentleman who favoured me with a translation of the Coronation Epigram: but the following was judged to be nearer the original.

At every coronation, champion Dymoke comes into Westminster-Hall, armed from head to foot. He stops: challenges all mankind in defence of the king's title: has a gold cup full of wine brought to him: he drinks the king's health: accepts the cup, and retires till the next coronation.

Ent'ring the spacious hall, see, Britons, see  
Of Dymoke great the martial progeny!  
In brazen armour clad, on does he go,  
To conquer—without bloodshed—without foe.  
He stands! he drinks! the offer'd gold receives!  
Rich with the gift the spacious hall he leaves!  
Champion, farewell! a long farewell to thee,  
Of Dymoke great the martial progeny!

**Epigram.**<sup>83</sup>

*Sit mihi viventi decus.*  
*Virgilii in tumulo, divini praemia vatis,*  
*Explicat en viridem laurea laeta comam.*  
*Quid te defunctum juvat haec? Felicior olim*  
*Sub patulae fagi tegmine vivus eras.*

I shall be obliged to any gentleman who will favour me with a translation of the preceding epigram.

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<sup>83</sup>Original by Walter Titley; cf. *Reliquiae Galeanae* (London: J. Nichols, 1781), 63:

*Sit mihi viventi decus et sentienti.*  
*Virgilii in tumulum, divini praemia vatis,*  
*Extendit viridem laurea densa comam.*  
*Quid te defuncto valet haec? Faelicior olim*  
*Sub patulae fagi tegmine vivus erat.*

Wesley quotes his version of this epigram in *Letter to Mr. Bailey of Cork*, II.19, *Works*, 9:307.

**POETRY.**

**The Country Clergyman.**  
**(By [Oliver] Goldsmith.)<sup>84</sup>**

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,  
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,  
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,  
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.  
A man he was, to all the country dear,  
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;  
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,  
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his place;  
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,  
More skill'd to raise the wretched than to rise.  
His house was known to all the vagrant train,  
He chid their wanderings, but reliev'd their pain.  
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,  
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;

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<sup>84</sup>Oliver Goldsmith, *The Deserted Village* (London: W. Griffin, 1770), 13–14; Wesley is taking from William Enfield, *The Speaker; or, Miscellaneous Pieces* (London: Joseph Johnson, 1774), 227–29.

The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,  
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;  
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,  
Sate by his fire, and talk'd the night away;  
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,  
Shoulder'd his crutch, and shew'd how fields were won.  
Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,  
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;  
Careless their merits, or their faults to scan,  
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,  
And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side;  
But in his duty prompt at every call,  
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all.  
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,  
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies;  
He try'd each art, reprov'd each dull delay,  
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,  
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,  
The reverend champion stood. At his control,  
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;  
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,  
And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,  
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;  
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,  
And fools who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.  
The service past, around the pious man,  
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;  
E'en children follow'd with endearing wile,  
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.

His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,  
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distrest;  
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were giv'n,  
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heav'n:  
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,  
Swells from the vale, and mid-way leaves the storm,  
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,  
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

**Ode to Truth.**  
(By Mr. [William] Mason.)<sup>85</sup>

Say, will no white-rob'd son of light,  
Swift-darting from his heav'nly height,  
Here deign to take his hallow'd stand;  
Here wave his amber locks; unfold  
His pinions cloath'd with downy gold;  
Here smiling stretch his tutelary wand?  
And you, ye host of saints, for ye have known  
Each dreary path in life's perplexing maze,  
Though now ye circle yon eternal throne  
With harpings high of inexpressive praise,  
Will not your train descend in radiant state,  
To break with mercy's beam this gathering cloud of fate?

'Tis silence all. No son of light  
Darts swiftly from his heav'nly height:  
No train of radiant saints descend.  
"Mortals, in vain ye hope to find,  
"If guilt, if fraud has stain'd your mind,  
"Or saint to hear, or angel to defend."  
So TRUTH proclaims. I hear the sacred sound  
Burst from the centre of her burning throne:  
Where aye she sits with star-wreath'd lustre crown'd,  
A bright sun clasps her adamant zone.

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<sup>85</sup>An excerpt from William Mason, *Elfrida* (London: Knapton, 1752), lines 923ff; Wesley is taking from William Enfield, *The Speaker; or, Miscellaneous Pieces* (London: Joseph Johnson, 1774), 255–57.

So TRUTH proclaims: her awful voice I hear:  
With many a solemn pause it slowly meets my ear.

Attend, ye sons of men; attend, and say,  
Does not enough of my refulgent ray  
Break through the veil of your mortality?  
Say, does not reason in this form descry  
Unnumber'd, nameless glories, that surpass  
The angel's floating pomp, the seraph's glowing grace?  
Shall then your earth-born daughters vie  
With me? shall she, whose brightest eye  
But emulates the diamond's blaze,  
Whose cheek but mocks the peach's bloom,  
Whose breath the hyacinth's perfume,  
Whose melting voice the warbling woodlark's lays,  
Shall she be deem'd my rival? shall a form  
Of elemental dross, of mould'ring clay,  
Vie with these charms imperial? the poor worm  
Shall prove her contest vain. Life's little day  
Shall pass, and she is gone: while I appear  
Flush'd with the bloom of youth thro' heav'n's eternal year.

Know, mortals known, ere first ye sprung,  
Ere first these orbs in aether hung,  
I shone amid the heav'nly throng,  
These eyes beheld creation's day,  
This voice began the choral lay,  
And taught archangels their triumphant song.  
Pleas'd I survey'd bright nature's gradual birth,  
Saw infant light with kindling lustre spread,  
Soft vernal fragrance clothe the flow'ring earth,  
And ocean heave on his extended bed;  
Saw the tall pine aspiring reach the sky,  
The tawny lion stalk, the rapid eagle fly.

Last, man arose, erect in youthful grace,  
Heav'n's hallow'd image stamp'd upon his face,  
And, as he rose, the high behest was giv'n,  
"That I alone of all the host of heav'n,  
Should reign protectress of the godlike youth:"  
Thus the Almighty spake: he spake, and call'd me TRUTH.

**Retirement. An Ode.**  
**(By Dr. [James] Beattie.)**<sup>86</sup>

- [1.] Shook from the purple wings of ev'n,  
When dews impearl the grove,  
And from the dark'ning verge of heav'n  
Beams the sweet star of love;  
Laid on a daisy-sprinkled green,  
Beside a plaintive stream,  
A meek-ey'd youth, of serious mien,  
Indulg'd this solemn theme.
- [2.] To you, ye wastes, whose artless charms  
Ne'er drew ambition's eye,  
'Scap'd a tumultuous world's alarms,  
To your retreats I fly.  
Deep in your most sequester'd bow'r  
Let me my woes resign,  
Where solitude with modest pow'r  
Leans on her ivy'd shrine.
- [3.] How shall I who thee, matchless fair,  
How win thy heav'nly smile,<sup>87</sup>  
To<sup>88</sup> smoothe the ruffled brow of care,  
And stubborn grief beguiles!

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<sup>86</sup>James Beattie, *Poems on Several Subjects* (London: W. Johnston, 1766), 45–48.

<sup>87</sup>Orig., "smiles"; changed by JW in his personal copy of *AM*.

<sup>88</sup>Orig., "Which"; changed by JW in his personal copy of *AM*.



O wilt thou to thy fav'rite grove  
Thine ardent vot'ry bring,  
And bless his hours, and bid them move  
Serene on silent wing.

[4.] Oft let remembrance soothe his mind  
With dreams of former days,  
When soft on leisure's lap reclin'd  
He carol'd sprightly lays.  
Blest days! when fancy smil'd at care,  
When pleasure toy'd with truth,  
Nor envy with malignant glare  
Had harm'd his simple youth.

[5.] 'Twas then, O solitude, to thee  
His early vows were paid,  
From heart sincere, and warm, and free,  
Devoted to the shade.  
Ah! why did fate his steps decoy  
In stormy paths to roam,  
Remote from all congenial joy!—  
O take thy wand'rer home.

[6.] And while to thee the woodland pours  
Its wildly-warbling song,  
And fragrant from the waste of flow'rs  
The zephyrs breathe<sup>89</sup> along;  
Let no rude sound invade from far,  
No vagrant foot be nigh,  
No ray from grandeur's gilded car  
Flash on the startled eye.

[7.] Yet if some pilgrim 'mid the glade  
Thy hallow'd bow'rs explore,  
O guard from harm his hoary head,  
And listen to his lore:

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<sup>89</sup>Orig., "breathes"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

For he of joys divine shall tell,  
That wean from earthly woe,  
And triumph o'er the mighty spell  
That chains the heart below.

- [8.] For me, no more the path invites  
Ambition loves to tread,  
No more I climb those toilsome heights,  
By guileful hope misled.  
Leaps my fond flutt'ring breast no more  
To mirth's enliv'ning strain;  
For present pleasure soon is o'er,  
And all the past is vain.

**By a Lady in America to her Husband in  
England.<sup>90</sup>**

To thee, whom Albion's distant shore detains,  
And mirth and song accost in various strains,  
I send all health—Oh, hear my humble lay,  
And with one smile my anxious love repay.

For me, not whispers of the rising gale,  
Breath'd from the south to cheer the frozen vale,  
Nor gently sloping shores where naiads lave,  
And shells are polish'd by the lashing wave;  
Nor rivers gliding by the flow'ry meads,  
Whose silver currents sparkle through the reeds;  
Nor sprightly spring, nor autumn fill'd with stores,  
Nor summer's coverts in sequester'd bow'rs,  
Can yield a pleasure, while the dear-lov'd youth,  
For whom my soul preserves eternal truth,  
Is absent from Cesaria's fertile plain,  
And gentle echo bears my sighs in vain.

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<sup>90</sup>Published in *Pennsylvania Magazine* 1 (1775): 280–81.

The goat shall cease the mountain's top to graze,  
The fish for land shall leave their native seas,  
The bees no more the flow'ry thyme shall taste,  
Nor thirsty harts to limpid riv'lets haste,  
When I forget the sacred vow to bind,  
Or put thy dear idea from my mind;  
My mind—so late the scene of joy sincere,  
Thy absence makes a prey to gloomy care.

My flow'rs—in vain they court my friendly hand,  
Left in their beds the wintry blasts to stand;  
For thee—the lily bloom'd, the garden's pride,  
And blushing hyacinths with roses vy'd;  
For thee—I tortur'd ev'ry fruit that grew,  
To make the season ever smile anew:  
But now untouch'd upon the boughs they die,  
And lose their flavour ere they tempt my eye;  
While pensive in each silent shade I mourn,  
And count the tedious hours till thou return.

**An Ode, written at Sylvan Dale.<sup>91</sup>**

- [1.] Winter resigns his rigid reign,  
    With genial gales fair spring succeeds;  
Now verdure clothes the shining plain,  
    And flow'rets gay adorn the meads.
- [2.] Loose from the crib, and fatt'ning stall,  
    The kine and sturdy oxen stray,  
And o'er his furrow'd tillage small  
    The jolly plowman plods his way,
- [3.] Now let me taste the rural scene,  
    And this the vary'd landscape rove,  
Where smiles the garden fresh and green,  
    Where blooms the thought-inspiring grove.

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<sup>91</sup>Published in *Pennsylvania Magazine* 1 (1775), 183.

- [4.] Now let me climb the pine-clad hill,  
And pensive trace the winding vale;  
Or listless lie<sup>92</sup> near some fair rill,  
Or muse in my own sylvan dale.
- [5.] Sweet dale! where shade and silence dwell,  
Soft smiling peace and heart-felt joy;  
Where no rude passions dare to swell,  
Nor din approach, nor cares annoy.
- [6.] When from the noisy town I stray,  
To taste the sweets of private shade;  
Here let me spend the live-long day,  
Here court my fav'rite muse's aid.
- [7.] Here let me search bright wisdom's page,  
And studious live past ages o'er;  
Here feel the raptur'd poet's rage,  
Or sage's moral truths explore:
- [8.] Till rising by gradation fair,  
Through each bright step of wisdom's plan  
With vent'rous heart enlarg'd I dare  
Sublimier truths divine to scan.
- [9.] Thus let me spend my early youth,  
And thus my latest age employ;  
Bent on the pleasing search of truth,  
And ev'ry virtuous,<sup>93</sup> pious joy.

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<sup>92</sup>Orig., "be"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

<sup>93</sup>Orig., "moral"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

**On Eternity.**<sup>94</sup>

Can Newton's pupils tell, ere time by past,  
How many hours ETERNITY will last?  
Can he who scann'd the holy city\* say,  
When *sets* the SUN of an eternal day?  
Or can Jehovah, heav'ns omniscient king,  
Say when his holy angels *cease* to sing?

\* Rev. xxi. 15.

**Epitaph Translated from the French.**<sup>95</sup>

Gaily I liv'd, as ease and nature taught,  
And spent my little life without a thought;  
And am amaz'd, that death, that tyrant grim,  
Should think of me, who never thought of him.

**The Epigram on Virgil Translated.**<sup>96</sup>

On Virgil's tomb, the sacred poet's meed,  
Lo! the glad laurel rears its verdant head!  
Vain honour now! happier thou wast when laid  
Of old beneath the spreading beech-tree's shade.

**The Same Paraphrased. By a Friend.**<sup>97</sup>

While yet warm life inspires my panting breast,  
Let me, kind heav'n! be honour'd and caress'd.  
O'er Virgil's tomb the chearful laurel grows,  
Displays her branches, and her vigour shows:  
These are the honours that his merit gains,  
And these reward the heav'nly poet's pains.

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<sup>94</sup>No source for this poem has been located. It appears later in James Fordyce, *Collection of Hymns and Sacred Poems* (Aberdeen, A. Leighton, 1787), 168; but it is not marked there as one of Fordyce's own compositions.

<sup>95</sup>A translation of Regneir's epitaph, published in *Annual Register ... 1764* (London: Dodsley, 1765), 247.

<sup>96</sup>See 1:540 above; no indication of the translator is given.

<sup>97</sup>No prior publication or further details on author for this paraphrase have been located.

But what delight, what profit canst thou have  
From pomp like this, when in the silent grave?  
Far happier once, when through thy vitals play'd  
Gay life, beneath the beech's ample shade.

**On Dr. Aldrich, Dean of Christ-Church,  
Oxon.**<sup>98</sup>

*Cum subit illius laetissima frontis imago,  
Quam nostri toties explicuere sales;  
Cum subit et canum caput, et vigor acer ocelli,  
Et dignâ mistus cum gravitate lepos:  
Solvimur in lachrymas, et inania munera versus  
Ad tumulum sparsis fert elegia comis.  
Aldricio, debent cui munera tanta camoenae,  
Hoc tribuisse, parum est; non tribuisse, scelus.*

I shall be obliged to any gentleman who will favour me with a translation of this epitaph.

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<sup>98</sup>[Vincent Bourne,] in Robert Prior, ed., *Lusus Westmonasteriensis; sive epigrammatum et poematum minorum delectus* (Westminster: A. Campbell, 1730), p. 46; cf. Vincent Bourne, *Miscellaneous Poems, consisting of Originals and Translations* (London: W. Ginger, 1772), 186–87.

**POETRY.**

**The Batchelor's Wish.<sup>1</sup>**

- [1.] A beauteous face let others prize,  
The features of the fair;  
I look for spirit in her eyes,  
And meaning in her air.
- [2.] What though she seem quite sweet and mild,  
With colour fresh as morn,  
An innocent and harmless child  
As ever yet was born?
- [3.] This will not kindle my desire,  
Or make me wish to wed,  
Lest ignorance should quench the fire  
Which wisdom would have fed,
- [4.] The charming puppet may pass by,  
Or gently fall and rise;  
It will not hurt my peace: for I  
Have ears as well as eyes.

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<sup>1</sup>No earlier source or author identification for this poem has been located. It appears later in James Fordyce, *Collection of Hymns and Sacred Poems* (Aberdeen, A. Leighton, 1787), 176–77; but it is not marked there as one of Fordyce's own compositions.

- [5.] I want to know the inward state  
And temper of her mind;  
If she will frown, or rage, or fret;  
Be gentle or unkind.
- [6.] If her discourse is calm and staid,  
And judgment rule her life:  
Nonsense may charm us in a maid,  
But never in a wife.
- [7.] I love to see a female friend,  
Who looks as if she thought;  
Who on her household will attend,  
And do the thing she ought.
- [8.] A Quaker plainness in her dress,  
Kitchen and servants clean;  
Provision neither in excess,  
Nor scandalously mean.
- [9.] O could I such a female find,  
Such treasure in a wife,  
I'd pass my days to peace resign'd,  
Nor fear the ills of life.

**A Letter to a Clergyman.<sup>2</sup>**

May these few lines with ardour wing their way,  
And all the free ingenuous friend display,  
To a congenial soul some hints impart,  
Cast off reserve, and pour forth all my heart.

Go bid my friend an equal mind prepare,  
To meet a fate propitious or severe.

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<sup>2</sup>No prior publication or indication of author for this poem has been located.



If to his view gay flatt'ring prospects rise,  
Bid him not trust to changeful summer skies:  
And if the world with hideous aspect frown,  
And the fair crop of worldly hope is gone,  
Bid him be strong, and all the Christian shew;  
Nor fly the cross, but clasp the friendly foe.

Still independent, does my friend disdain  
To bend the knee to mammon's crouded fane,  
To statesmen cringe, and for preferment bow,  
With abject meanness, infamously low?  
Sure he disdains to live upon their smile,  
And oil his honest tongue with panegyric guile.

Go, ask what heavenly labours fill his day;  
Too wise to *dream* his useless life away,  
Conscious how fast time's headlong torrent runs,  
Does he improve his few remaining suns?  
To waiting souls proclaim the joyful news,  
And all around the precious balm diffuse:  
The joyful news of death and hell subdu'd,  
And glory purchas'd by a Saviour's blood?  
Art thou intent to make poor mortals rise,  
From this low scene to scale the starry skies?  
Art thou all life, and fill'd with burning zeal  
To save the sinking soul from the dire pangs of hell?  
To you th' important office is assign'd,  
To pour instruction on the sightless mind;  
Let all thy strength, let every nerve be ply'd,  
To save the souls for which the Saviour dy'd.

Let downy doctors, venerably dull,  
Their sleepy flock with soothing opiates lull;  
On Christ-debasing themes perversely dwell,  
And fear, to "*ears polite*, to mention hell."

To gain the world let them their heav'n resign,  
And fatten in the court's propitious shine;  
This be thy one concern, high heav'n to please,  
Careless of man's vain censure or his praise.

**On Reading the *Checks* and Other Polemical  
Works of Mr. Fletcher.<sup>3</sup>**

When zeal impetuous urg'd her vot'ries on  
To force submission to great Calvin's throne,  
With fire unhallow'd glowing in her breast,  
She cries aloud, "*Protest, my friends, protest!*"  
Wisdom in guise of peaceful Fletcher came,  
And check'd her rage, and stopp'd the spreading flame;  
His pencil gives fair Truth her robes of light,  
While vanquish'd Error flies to shades of night.

Where are Geneva's doughty champions fled?  
Is he that slew the great Goliath dead?  
What! none to raise the baseless image found?  
Lo? their Diana's prostrate on the ground!

Kingston,<sup>4</sup> Nov. 4, 1778.

**A Translation of the Verses on Dean Aldrich:  
Which were spoken by a Westminster School-Boy at the  
Election, soon after his Death.<sup>5</sup>**

[1.] That chearful aspect when we call to mind,  
So often smiling at our artless verse;  
That mirth with serious dignity combin'd,  
The vivid, piercing eye, the silver hairs:

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<sup>3</sup>While it does not survive in his manuscript collections, this verse is almost certainly by Charles Wesley. It heralds the series of *Checks on Antinomianism* by his friend John William Fletcher (1729–85).

<sup>4</sup>This is likely Kingsdown, Wiltshire, near Bristol. Charles Wesley's letters show that he was there in late 1778.

<sup>5</sup>See 1:600 above; no indication of the translator is given.

- [2.] We melt in tears, and pensively bestow  
(Vain presents!) all we have, our grateful lays:  
Small to give this, to whom so much we owe!  
Yet sin it were, this trophy not to raise.

This may give some faint idea of the original, though it falls  
far short of it.

**Cowley's Epitaph on Himself.<sup>6</sup>**

*Epitaphium vivi Autoris.*

*Hic, ô viator, sub lare parvulo  
Cowleius hîc est conditus; hîc jacet  
Defunctus humani laboris  
Sorte supervacunq[ue]<sup>7</sup> vitâ:*

*Non indecorâ pauperie nitens,  
Et non inerti nobilis otio;  
Vanoq[ue] dileatis popello  
Divitiis animofus hostis.*

*Possis ut illum dicere mortuum  
En terra jam nunc quantula sufficit?  
Exempta sit curis, viator,  
Terra sit illa levis, precare.*

*Hîc sparge flores, sparge breves rosas,  
(Nam vita gaudet mortua floribus)  
Sertisq[ue] odoratis corona  
Vatis adhuc cinerem calentem.*

I shall be obliged to any gentleman who will favour me with  
a translation of this epitaph.

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<sup>6</sup>Abraham Cowley, *Poemata Latina* (London: M. Clark, 1678), 353.

<sup>7</sup>Should read "supervacuâque."

**Elegiac Stanzas, on the Death of an Infant.  
(By its Father.)<sup>8</sup>**

*“Happy the babe who privileg’d by fate,  
To shorter labour, and a lighter weight,  
Receiv’d but yesterday the gift of breath,  
Order’d to-morrow to return to death.”*

*[Matthew] Prior<sup>9</sup>*

**Elegiac Stanzas.**

- [1.] As some sweet flow’ret of the youthful year,  
Its tender beauties ventures to display;  
And fresh and gay its radiant hues appear,  
In life exulting through the vernal day.
- [2.] At night shrunk up by some unkindly blast,  
Its unabiding, shadowy beauties fly;  
Its blooming honours to oblivion haste,  
And droop, and sicken, fade away and die.
- [3.] So thou, sweet babe, just op’d thy infant-eyes,  
This sin-disorder’d scene of things to view;  
But, blasted by the noxious damps that rise,  
Thy tender soul to happier climes withdrew.
- [4.] Farewell, my lovely innocent, farewell!  
By thy cherubic guards attended rise,  
High in thy heav’nly Father’s house to dwell,  
In blisful mansions of th’ eternal skies.
- [5.] Well hast thou ’scap’d the thousand ills that swarm,  
In baneful troops, o’er earth’s infected shore;  
Safe art thou lodg’d beyond the reach of harm,  
Where pain and grief can never touch thee more.

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<sup>8</sup>At the bottom of p. 95 Wesley describes the author as “a plain countryman near Leeds, in Yorkshire.” This countryman was Thomas Wright, reflecting on the death of Mary, his second daughter, May 25, 1770; cf. *Autobiography of Thomas Wright of Birkenshaw*, edited by his grandson (London: John Russell Smith, 1864), 286–97.

<sup>9</sup>Matthew Prior, *Poems on Several Occasions* (London: Printed for J. Tonson & J. Barber, 1721), 2:235.

- [6.] Whate'er of sin from thy first sire deriv'd,  
    Subjected thee to pain and death below,  
Thy Savior's blood hath of its sting depriv'd,  
    The little children he receives, we know.
- [7.] Shall any hard, unfeeling bosom dare  
    Suppose that innocence like thine may go  
To suffer dire, infernal torments there,  
    Where raging fiends inhabit endless woe?
- [8.] Ye infant-damners, lend a candid ear,  
    While I attempt the tender babe's defence,  
The little children's advocate appear,  
    And plead the cause of infant-innocence.
- [9.] "Of infant-innocence!" (methinks I hear  
    Some gloomy, stern, austere professor cry)  
"They all deserve the wrath of heav'n to bear,  
    "They all deserve for Adam's sin to die.
- [10.] "To die eternally; their lot to have  
    "In soul-tormenting, everlasting fire;  
"To howl, and scream, and shriek, and writhe, and rave,  
    "In vengeful flames that never shall expire!"
- [11.] Can this be any *parent's* voice, that deals  
    Damnation round in such a lavish strain  
Amongst the helpless infant-tribes, nor feels  
    One pang of sorrow, grief, remorse, or pain?
- [12.] Can any *father* act so dire a part?  
    Or tender *mother* such opinions bear?  
Where are the yearnings of a father's heart?  
    The sounding of a mother's bowels, where?

- [13.] O what fond parent's heart could, unopprest,  
Behold their offspring sicken and expire,  
Torn from the nursing mother's tender breast,  
And plung'd in oceans of devouring fire!
- [14.] But you some salvo have, in this respect,  
Whereby more favour will to *yours* be shown;  
You a *believer* are, you are *elect*,  
And think by this that you secure *your own*.
- [15.] Your narrow soul, it seems, without regret  
Can half a world of other infants see  
(Be *yours* but safe) thrown headlong to the pit,  
To feed the flames to all eternity.
- [16.] But when did God the solemn oath annul,  
Which in his sacred word we find him make?\*
- Does he at length invert his ancient rule,  
And save or damn them for the parent's sake?
- [17.] See that poor heathen; in her close embrace  
While kindly she her tender babe secures,  
It sweetly smiles in its fond parent's face,  
As free from blame, as innocent as yours.
- [18.] Will God, their common Maker, think ye, deal  
So differently with these, as yours to save,  
And send the heathen infant's soul to hell,  
Whene'er he sends its body to the grave?
- [19.] 'Tis true, God does permit the little ones  
(Tho' they in *person* ne'er could sin, we know)  
To cry, complain, and weep, to utter groans,  
And suffer a variety of woe.

\* See Ezek. xviii. 3 and 20. "As I live, saith the Lord God—the son shall not bear the iniquity of the father, neither shall the father bear the iniquity of the son."

[20.] Howe'er, the light afflictions they endure,  
Which are but for a moment ere they cease,  
Are greatly countervail'd, as they ensure  
A weight of glory and eternal bliss.

[21.] So God ordains.—When our first father fell,  
And in his loins his whole included seed,  
God *justly* might have sent us all to hell,  
As making *one* with our corrupted head.

[22.] This *must* have been the case, if justice had  
Eternally to punish us devis'd,  
So far true equity had been display'd,  
Then *sin* and *punishment* had harmoniz'd.

[23.] For as, *unconscious* of our father's crime,  
We sinn'd *in him* without our own consent,  
We then should have been punished *in him*,  
Without a *consciousness* of punishment.

[24.] But mercy interpos'd, and goodness cry'd,  
(Infinite goodness!) Let the sinner live;  
I have a ransom found; my Son has dy'd;  
(Dy'd in effect) I can his sin forgive.

[25.] Thro' this Redeemer all his future race,  
Together with their sire, may be forgiv'n;  
May all obtain, thro' his redeeming grace,  
Repentance, pardon, holiness, and heav'n.

[26.] For as thro' the offense of Adam, all  
(He and his unborn seed) were doom'd to die;  
Ev'n so, the righteousness of Jesus shall  
Retrieve them all, and freely justify.\*

\* See Rom. v. 18. "Therefore as by the offence of one"  
(Adam) "judgment came upon all men to condemnation, even  
so by the righteousness of one" (Christ) "the free gift came  
upon all men unto justification of life."

- [27.] Jesus *was much displeas'd* with those, (I read)  
Who thought so meanly of his love and grace,  
Whose yet-contracted breast would have forbid  
The little children from his kind embrace.
- [28.] If e'er, thro' boundless mercy, I obtain  
An humble place upon that happy shore,  
Where error and mistake, where grief and pain,  
Disease, and death, and parting are no more:
- [29.] Methinks, conducted by some heav'nly guide,  
I then shall gladly haste to feast my sight  
With the sweet heav'n where infant-saints reside,  
And view their happy train with vast delight.
- [30.] Hail, virgin souls, ye little cherubs, hail!  
First objects of your Lord's redeeming care;  
Thro' him possess'd of joys that ne'er shall fail,  
And all the bliss you possibly can share.
- [31.] 'Tis true, your infant-souls cannot contain  
So *large* a share of happiness as they  
Who fought and conquer'd on the hostile plain,  
And bore the heat and burden of the day.
- [32.] Howe'er, you share pre-eminence in this,  
For surely you had *least* to be forgiv'n,  
Tho' not possess'd of such a height of bliss,  
Tho' not exalted to so high a heav'n.
- [33.] But where (methinks, I ask the angel fair,  
And eager question thus my glorious guide)  
Where is the place, the heav'nly mansion where,  
The happy spot where my sweet babes reside?



- [34.] “Lo, there they stand, surrounded by a throng  
“Of fellow-saints, who *equal* raptures prove,  
“About, it seems, to sing some heav’nly song,  
“And celebrate their Saviour’s matchless love.”
- [35.] Know ye, your earthly parent, gentle lambs?  
(Suspend a while your sacred song, and shew)  
Know ye, my lovely babes, the man who claims  
A loving, tender father’s part in you?
- [36.] “Yes,” (they reply, while heav’nly sweetness flows  
In blissful smiles from either charming face,  
And each its arms around me kindly throws,  
And clasps its father in a fond embrace).
- [37.] “Yes, we discern and love our parent dear;  
“Yes, we our kind and tender father know;  
“For *love* and *knowledge* are extended here\*  
“Beyond the reach of thought in worlds below.
- [38.] “Our sire is welcome to these seats of bliss;  
“Welcome with us celestial joys to prove;  
“Thrice welcome to our heav’nly paradise—  
“Come, join with us to praise the Source of Love.”
- [39.] They said—and, striking their celestial lyres  
To correspondent notes, from every tongue,  
In lofty praise, the pleasing strain aspires,  
And heav’n resounded with their sacred song.
- [40.] “Glory to God (they sung) and endless praise;  
“Glory to God, who reigns enthron’d above;  
“The God of saving, universal grace;  
“The God of boundless, everlasting love!

\* 1 Cor. xiii. 12. “For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face; now I know in part, but then shall I know even as I am known.”

- [41.] “Glory to thee, Almighty Father, thee!  
“Great fountain of existence, source of bliss!  
“Thou awful Father of eternity!  
“God of all grace, and peace, and happiness!
- [42.] “Thanks to thy name for thy *creating* love;  
“All glory, blessing, honour, pow’r, and praise  
“Be render’d thee by all the hosts above,  
“And all below, in air, or earth, or seas.
- [43.] “Glory to thee, incarnate Son of God,  
“Gracious Redeemer of the fallen race,  
“Glory to thee, through whose atoning blood  
“We now exist, are blest, and sing thy praise.
- [44.] “Great was the grace, stupendous was the love!  
“Which made thee not disdain the virgin’s womb,  
“But gladly leave thy Father’s throne above,  
“And there, like us, a little child become!
- [45.] “Glory to thee, Eternal Spirit divine;  
“Glory to thee, benign celestial dove;  
“Eternal glory, pow’r, and thanks be thine,  
“And praise unweary’d as thy patient love.
- [46.] “Thanks to thy name for thy renewing grace,  
“Thy sanctifying influence on the soul;  
“Whereby thou dost the works of sin efface,  
“And all the raging pow’rs of hell controul.
- [47.] “What thanks from us to love divine is due!  
“For our Almighty Father’s tender care;  
“Who from yon dang’rous scene our souls withdrew,  
“And plac’d them in a state of safety here.

- [48.] “What praises to a gracious God we owe!  
“Whose kind affection snatch’d us from the womb;  
“Who seasonably call’d us from below,  
“And timely took us from the ills to come.
- [49.] “Perhaps our gracious, heav’nly Father saw  
“Some dire temptation forming to betray  
“Our minds to vice, some dang’rous snare to draw  
“Our simple, unexperienc’d souls astray:
- [50.] “He, therefore, hous’d his pleasant plants in time,  
“T’ avoid the with’ring blast and scorching flame,  
“Remov’d our spirits to a happier clime,  
“Before the dread, the fierce temptation came.
- [51.] “Be everlasting glory to our King;  
“Unceasing thanks be to our Jesus giv’n;  
“Honour and blessing to his name we’ll sing,  
“And praise eternal as the days of heav’n.”
- [52.] Amen: thanksgiving, honour, glory, praise,  
Wisdom and strength be to our Jesus giv’n;  
His praise be sung in everlasting lays,  
By all the sons of earth, the hosts of heav’n.

**Translation of Cowley’s Epitaph.<sup>10</sup>**

- [1.] Reader, beneath this humble shed  
See the remains of Cowley laid;  
His share of human labour past,  
Of idly-busy life at last.

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<sup>10</sup>See 2:48 above; no indication of the translator is given.

- [2.] That dead you may him justly name,  
How small a spot of earth his claim!  
Offer thou up the friendly pray'r,  
"Light may it lie, and void of care!"
- [3.] In poverty, yet without meanness, blest;  
In calm, yet not ignoble, rest,  
To wealth an open foe declar'd,  
Vain idol of the vulgar herd!
- [4.] Here flow'rs and short-liv'd roses shed,  
Still pleasing to the living dead;  
And with gay wreaths, profusely strown,  
The poet's still warm ashes crown.

*Ex Martiale.*<sup>11</sup>

*O mihi post nullos, Juli, memoranda sodales,  
Se quid longa fides, canaque jura valent:  
Bis jam paene tibi consul trigesimus instat,  
Et numerat paucos vix tua vita dies.  
Non bene distuleris videas quae posse negari:  
Et solum hoc ducas quod fuit esse tuum.<sup>12</sup>  
Expectan curaeq[ue] catenatiq[ue] labores;  
Gaudia non remanent, sed fugitiva volant:  
Haec utraque manu complexuq[ue] assere tot:  
Saepe fluunt<sup>13</sup> imo sic quoq[ue] lapsa sinu.  
Non est, crede mihi, sapientis dicere, vivam:  
Sera nimis vita est crastina: vive hodie!*

I shall be obliged to any gentleman who will favour me with  
a translation of this epigram.

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<sup>11</sup>Martial, *Epigrammata*, i.15.

<sup>12</sup>Orig., "tuam"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

<sup>13</sup>Orig., "florunt"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

**POETRY.**

**The Pursuit of Happiness.<sup>14</sup>**

- [1.] Howe'er 'tis well, that while mankind  
    Thro' fate's perverse maeanders errs,  
He can imagin'd pleasures find,  
    To combat against real cares.
- [2.] Fancies and notions he pursues,  
    Which ne'er had being but in thought:  
Each, like the Grecian artist, woos  
    The image he himself hath wrought.

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<sup>14</sup>Matthew Prior, "To the Hon. Charles Montague," *Poems on Several Occasions. A New Edition* (London: Tonson & Barber, 1721), 1:22–23.

- [3] Against experience he believes;  
He argues against demonstration:  
Pleas'd when his reason he deceives,  
And sets his judgment by his passion.
- [4] The hoary fool, who many days  
Has struggled with continu'd sorrow,  
Renews his hope, and blindly lays  
The desp'rate bet upon to-morrow.
- [5] To-morrow comes: 'tis noon, 'tis night;  
This day like all the former flies:  
Yet on he runs, to seek delight  
To-morrow, till to-night he dies.
- [6] Our hopes, like tow'ring falcons, aim  
At objects in an airy height:  
The little pleasure of the game  
Is from afar to view the flight.
- [7] Our anxious pains, we all the day  
In search of what we like, employ;  
Scorning at night the worthless prey  
We find the labour gave the joy.
- [8] At distance, through an artful glass,  
To the mind's eye things well appear:  
They lose their forms, and make a mass  
Confus'd and black, if brought too near.
- [9] If we see right, we see our woes:  
Then what avails it to have eyes?  
From ignorance our comfort flows,  
The only wretched are the wise.\*

\* True; the worldly-wise.

- [10] We, weary'd, should lie down in death:  
This cheat of life would take no more:  
If you thought fame but empty breath;  
I, Phillis but a perjur'd whore.

**A Funeral Hymn**

**On the Death of Mr. John Haddon, of Kingston, near Taunton,  
Somerset, who departed this Life, Nov. 18, 1773.  
(By the Rev. Mr. B. of Somersetshire.)<sup>15</sup>**

- [1.] “Why do thy chariot wheels delay?”  
The gracious suff’rer cries,  
“Why thus drag on? Lord, haste away,  
“And bear me to the skies.”
- [2.] Blest are the dead, who in the Lord  
Their Saviour, sweetly rest;  
Sav’d from their toils, to bliss restor’d,  
An heav’n in Jesu’s breast.
- [3.] That bliss is thine, the struggle’s o’er,  
Th’ unfetter’d spirit’s fled;  
The body, rack’d with pain no more,  
Lies number’d with the dead.
- [4.] Chasten’d by sharp affliction’s rod,  
Faith answers, all is right;  
It checks the groan, and makes the load,  
Through meek submission, light.
- [5.] Long in the fiery furnace try’d  
With salutary pain;  
In suff’rings to thy Lord ally’d,  
With him triumphant reign!

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<sup>15</sup>No prior publication for this poem has been located. It is almost certainly written by James Brown, vicar of Kingston, Somerset, upon the death of John Haydon of Kingston in 1773. For Wesley’s acquaintance with Rev. Brown, see *Journal* (Aug. 13, 1776), *Works*, 23:27.

- [6] God brought thee low, to raise thee up,  
He kill'd to make alive:  
Go, bless him for the bitt' rest cup  
Thy Saviour's love could give.
- [7] Yes, 'twas from love, from love divine,  
Thy sharpest suff'rings flow'd,  
To wean from earth their blest design,  
And fit the soul for God.
- [8] Behold the husband, father, friend,  
His parting blessing give:  
He lov'd his own, and to the end  
Exhorts in love to live.
- [9] But what engross'd his care supreme,  
Was Mary's better part:  
"Religion be your single aim,  
"Let God have all your heart!
- [10] "And now, O spotless Lamb, to thee  
"My spirit I resign;  
"To thy all-cleansing blood I flee;  
"Sweet Jesus, I am thine."
- [11] Thus may we close our days of woe,  
And quit this scene of pain;  
Nor sigh at losing all below,  
When all above we gain.
- [12] Divinely arm'd, we dare defy  
The worst that death can bring:  
O grace, where is thy victory!  
O death, where is thy sting!



**The Epitaph of the Late Duke of Buckingham [George Villiers].  
Written by Himself.<sup>16</sup>**

*Pro rege saepe,  
Pro republica semper,  
Dubius, sed non improbus vixi,  
Incertus morior, sed inturbatus:  
Christum adveneror;  
In deo consido,  
Omnipotentissimo, benevolentissimo.  
Ens entium, Miserere mei!  
Humanum est errare et nascire.*

Often for the king,  
Always for my country,  
I lived doubtful, but not dishonest.  
I die uncertain, but unterrified:  
I venerate Christ:  
I trust in God,  
Most almighty, most gracious.  
Being of beings, have mercy upon me!

Many severe constructions have been put on this epitaph: a more candid one is put upon it, by the author of the following lines.

Happy the man, who, ere too late, repents;  
Who lives to see his errors, and laments.  
With thoughts mature does his past faults survey,  
Ere strength of memory by age decay;  
Does mercy from the first great cause implore,  
Ere life ebbs out, and he can sin no more:  
Gives others warning at his own expence;  
With decent sorrow mourns each past offence:  
Like thee does his own epitaph indite,  
In ever-during lines his last researches write.

Sam[uel] Wesley Sr.<sup>17</sup>

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<sup>16</sup>The Latin epitaph of the Duke of Buckingham's tomb in Westminster Abbey actually reads:

*Pro rege saepe,  
Pro republica semper,  
Dubius, sed non improbus vixi,  
Incertus morior, sed perturbatus:  
Humanum est errare et nascire  
Deo confido omnipotente, benevolentissimo.  
Ens entium, Miserere mei!*

<sup>17</sup>No prior published source of these lines has been located.

**Psalm xlvii.**<sup>18</sup>

- [1.] On God supreme our hope depends;  
Whose omnipresent sight  
Through all the pathless realms extends,  
Of uncreated night.
- [2.] Plung'd in the gulph of deep distress,  
To him we raise our cry;  
His mercy bids our sorrows cease,  
And fills our tongues with joy.
- [3.] Though earth her ancient seat forsake,  
By pangs convulsive torn;  
Though her self-balanced fabric shake,  
And troubled nature mourn:
- [4.] Though hills be in the ocean lost,  
With all their shaggy load,  
No fear shall e'er invade the just,  
Or shake his trust in God.
- [5.] In vain th' unbottom'd wild abyss  
Its force tumultuous pours,  
In vain the watry legions rise  
Loud thundering o'er the shores.
- [6.] What though the frighted mountains nod,  
Shook by the rolling war?  
Sion secure enjoys the flood  
Wide-wasting from afar!

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<sup>18</sup>David Lewis (ed.), *Miscellaneous Poems* (London: J. Watts, 1726), 255–56. By Henry Pitt, sent by John Wesley to Lewis; cf. Wesley, *Works*, 25:195–97. Wesley included a different selection of stanzas in *CPH* (1737), 4.

[7.] The Lord most high on Sion's hill  
Has fixt his sure abode;  
Nor dare the threatening waves assail  
The city of our God!

[8.] The stormy winds and wild abyss,  
Th' almighty word obey;  
Which rules the raging of the sea,  
And points the storm its way.

The "Short Hymns on Select Passages of Scripture," though printed sixteen years ago, are so little known in the world, that I believe the making them more public, will be acceptable to all those who love the Bible, and are judges of poetry. I shall therefore insert a few of them now and then. The whole make two little volumes.

### Short Hymns.

#### Genesis iii. 8.

**"They heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden, in the cool of the day."**<sup>19</sup>

Not on the whirlwind's wings he flies,  
Not in the thunder's voice he speaks,  
But that the fallen man may rise,  
The Lord his ruined creature seeks.  
Not in the burning blaze of day,  
(For fury hath no place in him)  
But placid as the evening ray,  
He comes, to sentence, and redeem.

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<sup>19</sup>Charles Wesley, *Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures*, 2 vols. (Bristol: Farley, 1762), 1:7; hereafter referred to as *Scripture Hymns* (1762).

**Genesis xxiii. 20.**

**“The field and the cave were made sure to Abraham,  
for a possession of a burying-place.”<sup>20</sup>**

Acquiring his *first* spot of ground,  
A burying-place the patriarch found!  
May I, like him, a stranger rove,  
Heir of the promised land above;  
The settlement on earth I crave  
The sole possession is—a grave!

**Genesis xli. 4.**

**“I will go down with thee into Egypt, and I will also  
surely bring thee up again.”<sup>21</sup>**

Jesus, I cast my soul on thee,  
Mighty and merciful to save:  
Thou wilt to death go down with me,  
And gently lay me in the grave:  
This body there shall rest in hope,  
This body which the worms destroy:  
For surely thou wilt bring me up  
To glorious life, and endless joy.

**Exodus xix. 4.**

**“I bare you on eagle’s wings, and brought you unto  
myself.”<sup>22</sup>**

As an eagle cleaves the air,  
Whose wings support her young,  
Jesus doth his people bear,  
As swift, as smooth, as strong!  
Saviour, urge thy rapid flight,  
Soar to that sublime abode,  
Bear us far above all height,  
And bring us home to God.

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<sup>20</sup>Charles Wesley, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 1:25.

<sup>21</sup>*Ibid.*, 1:30.

<sup>22</sup>*Ibid.*, 1:50.

**Translation of the Epigram.**<sup>23</sup>

Companion of my youth, and best beloved,  
Whose truth and faithfulness so long I've proved.  
Near sixty winters have you now survived,  
And yet no more than a few days have lived!  
O snatch the swift-wing'd moments, ere they're gone!  
What has been only, you can count your own.  
Griefs are at hand, and toils in long array;  
Joys, as departing shadows, fleet away.  
With eager haste, seize, grasp them as they pass,  
Still oft they slide out of your close embrace!  
"To-morrow will I live, the fool doth say."  
To-morrow is too-late: live then to-day.

*Ex Martiali.*<sup>24</sup>

*O cui tarpeias licuit contingere quercus  
Et meritas prima cingere fronde comas:  
Si sapis, utaris totis, Coline, diebus,  
Extremumq[ue] tibi semper adesse putes.  
Lanificas nulli tres exorare puellas  
Contigit; observant quem statuere diem  
Divitior crispo, Thrasea constantior ipso,  
Lautior et nitido sis meliore licet:  
Nil adicit penso lachesis, susosq[ue] sororum  
Explicat, et semper de tribus una secat.*

I shall be obliged to any gentleman who will favour me with  
a translation of this epigram.

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<sup>23</sup>See 2:104 above; no indication of the translator is given.

<sup>24</sup>Martial, *Epigrammata*, iv.54.

**POETRY.**

The roughness of some of the following stanzas, will be easily excused by those who attend to the sense contained in them.

**The Caution.**

**By Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_.**<sup>25</sup>

- [1.] Ye servants of Jesus, whose aim and delight  
Is to glorify God, and be pure in his sight,  
Would ye ever be rend'ring the worship so due,  
In the genuine beauty of holiness true?  
Would ye prove by your practice, ye meekly inherit  
The mind of your Saviour, and walk in his spirit?  
To this sacred instruction, I pray you, give ear;  
If ye wish to be perfect, *take heed how ye hear.*
- [2.] Heed not, if the formalist, barren and proud,  
In learning is slow, and in dictating loud;  
Be ye lowly and gentle; be kindness imprest,  
As it was on our Lord, on his follower's breast.

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<sup>25</sup>No prior publication or further details on author for this poem have been located.

Ye need to be humble; ye live in a day  
When many through loftiness fall to decay.  
Ye had need be all love; for ye walk upon ground  
Overspread with the marks of contention around.

- [3.] Let empty professors their talents display,  
As if none were intrusted with wisdom but they;  
How vain and how weak must their censures appear  
To angels—or babes in religion sincere!  
Who bring to God's temple an heart full of cares,  
Of pride, or of pleasures, or worldly affairs;  
Cold, barren, and lifeless, they enter the dome,  
And forget the impediment lodges at home.
- [4.] Then seated in judgment, they scorn or reject,  
The preacher they blame, and his mission suspect:  
“How *mean* was his *language!* how *trite* each *remark!*  
“His *gestures* how *awkward!* his *comments* how *dark!*  
“His *voice* was *unpleasing;* his *accent* *untaught;*  
“And *rough* was the *cadence;* and—various the fault.”  
Ye critics, and self-elect judges, beware,  
Of impeaching with scorners, or mounting their chair.
- [5.] While the hungry with marrow and fatness are fed,  
The rich return empty, unwater'd, and dead:  
The poor are replenish'd, and rais'd from the dust,  
But the proud, and the mighty, shall fail of their trust.  
The time may be near, when a famine shall spread  
Through our profligate land—not a famine of bread,  
But of hearing the gospel in purity taught,  
A famine by fulness and arrogance brought.
- [6.] But 'tis to the humble the gospel's addrest,  
Who wait in the temple to bless and be blest.  
Come hither, ye faithful, your Master has spread,  
In the desert, a table with heavenly bread.

Ye come to meet Jesus, and him ye shall find,  
The means and the end are infallibly join'd:  
The Lord of assemblies shall give you access,  
Your simple attendance his presence shall bless.

- [7.] Say, then, to whate'er would intrude on your mind,  
As the seer to his servant—"Ye, tarry behind."  
O let not your business or duties molest  
The tranquil, devotional frame of your breast.  
*Of a truth God is here;* let this knowledge controul  
Each thought of the mind, and each pow'r of the soul;  
So calm, and so solemnize all your behaviour,  
As each could in person discover his Saviour.
- [8.] If you come in this spirit, you'll not be inclin'd  
To contend about forms, or objections to find.  
If ye meet not the pastor ye wish'd to attend,  
If ye came to meet Christ, you'll succeed in the end.  
The learning of Paul, or the eloquent speech  
Of Apollos, is still insufficient to teach:  
At least with devotion and love to inspire,  
The work is the Lord's, to baptize you with fire.
- [9.] Sometimes we come languid, exhausted, and weak,  
But we pray for a blessing on him that's to speak.  
Sweet, silent, refreshing the answer comes down,  
And the pray'r for his profit redounds to our own.  
But if ye grow cold, if your fervour decays,  
What marvel ye edify not what he prays?  
The preacher may speak like an angel, but say,  
What avails it to you, if your hearts go astray?
- [10.] Go then, ye believers, by practice attest  
The flame of devotion infus'd in your breast:  
Encourage your pastors, and hold up their hand,  
As by Moses, his brethren supporting him stand.



Nor only by prayer and attendance express  
Your kindness, but bring them your household to bless.  
Obligations reciprocal take, and bestow,  
And enjoy the communion of angels below.

- [11.] And let not such seasons be formal or vain,  
Nor the news of the kingdom your converse maintain:  
Not idly relating who *marries*, or *dies*,  
What this person *says*, or the other *denies*.  
But think, the disciple resembles his Lord;  
Let mutual improvement your meetings afford;  
The sweet interchanges of converse and pray'r,  
And the means of increasing in vigilant care.
- [12.] Consult to enlarge the Redeemer's domain,  
To strengthen the weak, and the wand'ers regain;  
To snatch from the burnings the dissolute race,  
And build up believers in wisdom and grace.  
Declare your experience, their counsels receive,  
(For ministers preach as God's children believe;)  
Your trials and blessings establish their creed,  
And they best can dispense, when they know what you need.
- [13.] God's word is the standard by which ye proceed;  
His word, and his Spirit, are always agreed;  
His ministers, all, have their places, and meet  
To supply each defect till the building's complete.  
To all who rule well, be restor'd, as their due,  
All rev'ence, and comfort, and honour by you:  
Those chiefly who strive in the doctrine and word;  
For the labourer's worthy to have his reward.
- [14.] They give up their kindred, their int'rest, and wealth,  
They sacrifice liberty, pleasure, and health;  
Forsaking their country and ease, they employ  
Their lives for your service, instruction, and joy.

Is it much if they eat of your natural bread,  
Who labour that you with divine may be fed?  
Is it more than your duty, if kindness ye show  
To those, who, for your sake, leave all things below?

[15.] Professors! believers! examine your ways!  
Does your conscience bear witness of censure or praise?  
Remember your first works, and as ye receive  
Your Lord, so walk in him, so love and believe.  
Applaud not, but *practice*; this spirit attain,  
That ye hear, and believe, and receive not in vain.  
Then a church without wrinkle or blemish shall rise,  
A transcript of that which is built in the skies.

**Translation of the foregoing Epigram.<sup>26</sup>**

O thou, who high on the triumphal car,  
The glorious laurel on thy brow dost wear:  
Use wisely all thy days, for swift they move;  
And each, as if it were thy last, improve.  
No prayers inexorable fate can bend;  
No wisdom from the shafts of death defend.  
No hoarded heaps of gold one hour can save,  
No strength or beauty from the gaping grave.  
While gay and unconcern'd we laugh and play,  
See, the thin cobweb, life, is swept away!

**Epigram.<sup>27</sup>**

*Devotum sensit cùm condi in pectore ferrum,  
Immoto Harlaeus saucius ore stetit.  
Dum laetâ huic reduci gratatur voce senatus  
Confuso subitus surgit in ore rubor  
O pudor! O virtus! Partes quàm dignus utrasque  
Sustinuit, vultu dispare, laude pari!*

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<sup>26</sup>See 2:160 above; no indication of the translator is given.

<sup>27</sup>Robert Prior, ed., *Lusus Westmonasteriensis; sive epigrammatum et poematum minorum delectus* (Westminster: A. Campbell, 1730), 120 (stanza 11 of a poem on Robert Harley).

**POETRY.**

**Christian Experience.**

**By Miss \_\_\_\_\_.**<sup>28</sup>

- [1.] When pow'rful motives, in the soul combine,  
To teach our firm obedience where to flow,  
Whene'er a friend can make a claim like thine,  
On what our love, or what our art can show;  
'Tis then the heart with sweet submission bows,  
And freely renders what its pow'r allows.

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<sup>28</sup>No prior publication or further details on author for this poem have been located.

- [2.] I thank my honour'd friend, who has enjoin'd  
    This proof of filial, unaffected love;  
And thus attempt, in artless lays, to find  
    A way, his sympathetic care to move;  
Fain would I claim his aid to set me right,  
And pity, equal to my wants, excite.
- [3.] Oft as I thoughtless rov'd the beaten way,  
    And wildly trod the ever-treach'rous road,  
Myself the idol of the rising day,  
    Self-love the source whence all my actions flow'd,  
Oft did the heart-felt tear o'erflow mine eye;  
And all seem'd gloomy, though I knew not why.
- [4.] Scarce had ten years their hasty circles run,  
    And infant joys disclos'd their gaudy store,  
Scarce had my soul the frantic scene begun,  
    But all was tiresome that I priz'd before;  
Sudden I stopt t' attend the heav'nly call,  
And only mourn'd my soul's discover'd fall.
- [5.] Oft when my heart, all anxious and dismay'd,  
    Full keenly felt the bitterness of sin,  
Sought pensive succour in the lonely shade,  
    Or vainly strove to chase the gloom within;  
Ev'n then a beam from heav'n would intervene,  
And peace and joy were for a moment seen.
- [6.] But, O! how short relief from pungent pain!  
    The day when vanish'd left a double night;  
The gloom, but heighten'd, overspread again,  
    And all was dark, unfit for war or flight;  
Exhausted strength, and anguish unredrest,  
I sunk, all helpless! on the Saviour's breast.

- [7.] In that glad hour, a gleam of radiant day  
    Dispell'd my fears, and pour'd a stream of light;  
Joy fill'd my heart! and sorrow fled away!  
    The nights were peaceful, as the days were bright;  
Fearless of combats, or affliction's blast,  
I thought *the bitterness of death was past.*
- [8.] Since then my soul has many a fight endur'd,  
    The toils of war, the cruel tempter's art,  
The deadly wound of inbred sin uncur'd,  
    The endless mazes of a treach'rous heart;  
Unequal passions, an unconquer'd will,  
And all the latent labyrinths of ill.
- [9.] The world allur'd; too oft my heart pursu'd,  
    And gaz'd unwatchful of the lurking snare;  
Oft-times the frowns of heav'n my grief renew'd,  
    Unblest my soul, and uninspir'd my pray'r;  
I felt the toil, the agonizing strife,  
And all the conflicts of unsettled life.
- [10.] Suffice for me, if now the toil is o'er,  
    If grace has now the certain victory gain'd;  
I give the praise to that almighty pow'r,  
    Who gave the conquest, and with love sustain'd  
The sinking spirits, and the feeble hand,  
Fearful to yield, though helpless to withstand.
- [11.] 'Tis now my soul begins the Christian fight,  
    Striving to live to God, she daily dies,  
Leaves every shadow of terrene delight,  
    And gives her ALL, a whole burnt-sacrifice;  
Though oft-times fears within, and war around,  
No pain dismays, when help in God is found.

- [12.] Not that the tempter has forgot his skill,  
Or fails a moment, seeking to devour;  
But ever nigh the Lord of hosts I feel,  
For my defence to exercise his pow'r;  
Ev'n while I write, I find his guardian care,  
It keeps my heart, and answers ev'ry pray'r.
- [13.] Unworthy as I am, his love has giv'n  
Plenty, and friends, and fellowship of saints;  
But of the blessings I derive from heav'n,  
(Except the love that quiets my complaints)  
For none with equal gratitude I bend,  
As for my tender, much-respected friend.
- [14.] With you I feel, with you I smile, or weep;  
I feel your sorrows, and I know your care;  
An equal pace with yours my wishes keep;  
And on my heart, I all your burdens bear;  
In joy or sorrow I your steps pursue,  
And think it happiness to follow you.
- [15.] And must this friend, this crowning gift bestow'd,  
Be torn for ever from my wishful sight?  
The gratitude with which my bosom glow'd,  
Th' obedient love, the reverent delight,  
Must all the favours that I long have known,  
But edge the mem'ry of the moments flown?
- [16.] But, what am I? a thousand voices rise,  
(And duteous children have a right to plead)  
"Ah, why forget the firm, uniting ties;  
"The word divine, which you, our guide, decreed;  
"Parental love, the heav'n-descended flame,  
"And all that centers in a father's name?

[17.] “Giv’n to our pray’r, a little longer stay,  
“And bless our eyes and hearts as heretofore;  
“O! never leave us, till the closing day  
“Forbids, an added period, to implore;  
“Till life and labour in a moment cease;  
“When heav’n shall summon, then depart in peace.”

[18.] Till then, my father, deign to think on me,  
And offer fervent faith’s effectual pray’r;  
And if I have an int’rest found with thee,  
Indulgent King of heav’n, my heart prepare,  
Inspire petitions for my guide and friend,  
Give him, in thee, the life that cannot end!

Nov. 18, 1771.

**Written in the Beginning of Mezeray’s  
*History of France.*<sup>29</sup>**

[1.] Whate’er thy countrymen have done  
By law and wit, by sword and gun,  
In thee is faithfully recited:  
And all the living world that view  
Thy work, give thee the praises due,  
At once instructed and delighted.

[2.] Yet, for the fame of all these deeds,  
What beggar in the *invalids*,  
With lameness broke, with blindness smitten,  
Wish’d ever decently to die,  
To have been either Mezeray,  
Or any monarch he has written?

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<sup>29</sup>Matthew Prior, *Poems on Several Occasions* (London: J. Tonson & J. Barber, 1721), 1:116–17.

- [3.] If strange, dear author, yet it true is,  
That down from Pharamond to Louis,  
All covet life, yet call it pain;  
All feel the ill, yet shun the cure:  
Can sense this paradox endure?  
Resolve me, Cambray, or Fontaine.
- [4.] The man in graver tragic known,  
(Though his best part long since was done)  
Still on the stage desires to tarry:  
And he who play'd the *harlequin*,  
After the jest, still loads the scene,  
Unwilling to retire, though weary.<sup>b</sup>

<sup>b</sup> This is, and must be the case of all who know not God.

**On Mrs. Martin.**  
**By Miss Th\_\_\_\_\_.**<sup>30</sup>

Shall wanton love attune the guilty lay,  
And flattery its insidious tribute pay?  
Shall transient beauty quite engross the muse,  
And real virtue its due praises lose?  
Forbid it, heav'n! assist, lest recent grief  
O'erflow, preventing ev'n this small relief:  
Let grief subside, and resignation calm,  
To my pain'd heart apply her lenient balm.

In early bloom of youth, Eliza fled  
From earth, and mingled with the sober dead!  
But not till heav'n, propitious, had prepar'd  
Her ripen'd soul for its immense reward.  
Preventing mercy, by a parent's care,  
Guided her steps, nor suffer'd her to err:  
Turning from pleasures vain, she sought the road  
Where pious spirits find a pard'ning God:

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<sup>30</sup>No prior publication or further details on author for this poem have been located.



And soon his goodness taught her soul to know  
 Joys that from genuine religion flow.  
 Guided by gospel precepts, glad she strove  
 To walk in faith, in purity, and love.  
 Ten nuptial months their fleeting circles run,  
 (Is lasting bliss, alas! beneath the sun?)  
 When her sad partner weeps Eliza gone!  
 Gone! that endearing, that attracting mind,  
 The gently virtuous, and sweetly kind;  
 Th' obedient daughter, and the faithful wife;  
 The friend, the sister, form'd for social life!  
 That smiling form is vanish'd from my sight,  
 Whose cheerful aspect ever spoke delight:  
 Here all her graces busy thought could tell,  
 And sweetly pensive on her mem'ry dwell:  
 Yet, O! she's gone!—————  
 Gone! whom I loved, as Jesse's faithful son  
 Lov'd his deserving, grateful Jonathan:  
 Like him I sigh! I am distress for thee,  
 My friend, my sister! pleasant wast thou to me.

}

But here, almighty providence, I pause—  
 Just are thy ways, and righteous all thy laws!  
 'Tis not for worms to ask thy actions cause.  
 Yet this we know, that thou dost all things well!  
 Thou castest down, to raise; and woundest, but to heal!  
 Convinc'd of this, we own thee good and just;  
 "And where we can't unravel, learn to trust."

}

See in yon mansions, where the radiant train  
 Of happy spirits in full triumph reign,  
 With snow-white robes adorn'd, and circling wreath,  
 The dear departed lives, secure from pain and death:  
 Immortal pleasure sparkles in those eyes,  
 Where artless friendship shone without disguise:

Her tuneful voice, that voice which often here  
With sacred hymns allur'd the list'ning ear,  
Joins in hosannahs to a golden lyre,  
And swells the concern of the raptur'd choir.  
See by her side, or in maternal arms,  
A babe, transported from impending harms;  
Whom gracious heav'n, preventing ills to come,  
Caught from the birth to its eternal home!

Here a bright ray, auspicious from the sky,  
Beams on my soul, and dries the tearful eye:  
Ere long (all gracious God thou know'st, how<sup>31</sup> soon:  
O, might the sun of life set ere its noon!  
But long it cannot be) my soul shall join  
My friend, my sister: then for ever mine.  
Love stronger far than death shall re-unite  
Our kindred spirits in the realms of light.  
Till then let this my fix'd attention have,  
(This harvest reap'd from my Eliza's grave)  
Since death is to the youngest ever nigh,  
Nor anxious wish for life, nor fear to die:  
Think human bliss will break at every breeze,  
Like slightest cobwebs on the waving trees;  
That this is wisdom, to live near to him  
Who dy'd my soul from death eternal to redeem.

**The Wish.**  
**By Miss T[indall].<sup>32</sup>**

[1.] Nor let a wish for earth remain,  
Nor let me grovel here below,  
When heav'nly honours I may gain,  
When joys immortal I may know;

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<sup>31</sup>Orig., "all gracious thou, how"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

<sup>32</sup>The author of this poem is Ann Tindall (1747–1806), a Methodist laywoman in Scarborough who was a longtime correspondent with John Wesley and shared several of her hymns and poems with him; cf. *PWHS* 19 (1934): 188–93. The poem appears in her manuscript collection in The British Library, Add. MS 43740, ff. 103–105b, dated July 10, 1774.

When freed from woe, and endless pain,  
My soul in heav'n with Christ may reign!

- [2.] Nor earth, nor sense, nor sin, shall find  
    A resting-place within my soul;  
All, all for Jesus is resign'd:  
    O! come, my Lord, possess me whole!  
My soul, my body's pow'rs possess,  
And sanctify me through thy grace!
- [3.] I long for this, for this I pray,  
    To know the perfect love of thine,  
When sin shall all be done away,  
    When in thine image I shall shine,  
When I shall feel continual peace,  
And all the fruits of righteousness!
- [4.] Ah! come, and move in me, and live,  
    And triumph o'er my willing breast;  
I would thy fulness now receive;  
    I would partake thy people's rest;  
Thine utmost goodness fain would prove,  
And antedate the joys above.
- [5.] Jesus, my Saviour, now fulfil  
    Thy great design, thy grand decrees;  
In me be done thy righteous will,  
    Accomplish'd all thy promises;  
Let grace renew and cleanse my heart;  
The mind which was in thee impart.
- [6.] Not only, Lord, my sins forgive,  
    But spread the sanctifying leav'n;  
O! make me meet with God to live,  
    With all the perfect saints in heav'n;

With them, before thy glorious throne  
May I adore, and cast my crown!

[7.] Then will I praise thine holy name,  
    And bless thee for thy wond'rous grace;  
Thy matchless glories then proclaim;  
    Thy wisdom, pow'r, and faithfulness;  
I'll emulate the hosts above,  
And sing the riches of thy love.

[8.] From my own works NOW bid me cease,  
    And own the strength of thy right-hand;  
NOW perfect me in holiness,  
    Let all submit to love's command;  
Subject me to thy wise controll;  
New model, thou, my ransom'd soul.

[9.] Father, my wand'ring footsteps guide,  
    Make me with Christ in spirit one,  
And call thy favourite to thy side,  
    And seat me on thy glorious throne,  
And let me there securely dwell,  
Beyond the reach of death and hell.

[10.] To God, who reigns enthron'd on high,  
    The Father of eternal days,  
To Christ, th' incarnate majesty,  
    And to the Spirit of his grace,  
Be honour, praise, and glory giv'n,  
By sons of earth, and hosts of heav'n.

**Short Hymns.**

**Exod. xxxiv. 6.—“Merciful and gracious.”<sup>33</sup>**

Merciful God, thyself proclaim  
In this polluted breast;  
Mercy is thy distinguish'd name,  
Which suits a sinner best:  
Our misery doth for pity call,  
Our sin implores thy grace;  
And thou art merciful to all  
Our lost apostate race.

**[Exod.] xxxiv. 6.—“Abundant in goodness.”<sup>34</sup>**

Thy goodness and thy truth to me,  
To every soul abound;  
A vast, unfathomable sea,  
Where all our thoughts are drown'd:  
Its streams the whole creation reach,  
So plenteous is the store;  
Enough for all, enough for each,  
Enough for ever more.

**[Exod.] xxxiv. 6.—“Abundant in truth.”<sup>35</sup>**

Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are,  
A rock that cannot move;  
A thousand promises declare  
Thy constancy of love:  
Throughout the universe it reigns  
Unalterably sure;  
And while the truth of God remains,  
Thy goodness must endure.

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<sup>33</sup>Charles Wesley, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 1:53.

<sup>34</sup>*Ibid.*

<sup>35</sup>*Ibid.*, 1:53–54.

**Exod. xxxiv. 7.—“Keeping mercy for thousands.”<sup>36</sup>**

Reserves of unexhausted grace  
Are treasur'd up in thee,  
For myriads of the fallen race;  
For all mankind, and me:  
The flowing stream continues full,  
Till time its course hath run;  
And while eternal ages roll,  
Thy mercy shall flow on.

**Translation of the Epigram on Mr. Harley,  
who was stabbed in the Council-Chamber.<sup>37</sup>**

While plung'd in Harley's breast by Guiseard's hands,  
The steel, with unchang'd countenance he stands.  
While the glad senate welcomes his return,  
See how his cheeks with sudden crimson burn!  
Which praise we most? the courage? or the shame?  
Different the countenance: the praise the same!

***Parce sepultis.*<sup>38</sup>**

*Pelide, indulgens nimiùm muliebriter irae,  
Quid trahis ad rapidas corpus inane rotas?  
Sat patriae, socióque datum est, quod sternitur Hector;  
Vindictae indignor plus licuisse tuae.  
Omnis honos piscaequae perit tibi gratia famae;  
Hectora jam primùm te timuisse probas.*

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<sup>36</sup>Charles Wesley, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 1:54.

<sup>37</sup>See 2:216 above; no indication of the translator is given.

<sup>38</sup>Robert Prior, ed., *Lusus Westmonasteriensis; sive epigrammatum et poematum minorum delectus* (Westminster: A. Campbell, 1730), 91.

**POETRY.**

**The Garland.**<sup>39</sup>

- [1.] The pride of ev'ry grove I chose,  
The violet sweet, and lily fair,  
The dappled pink, and blushing rose,  
To deck my charming Chloe's hair.
- [2.] At morn the nymph vouchsaf'd to place  
Upon her brow the various wreath;  
The flowers less blooming than her face,  
The scent less fragrant than her breath.
- [3.] The flow'rs she wore along the day:  
And ev'ry nymph and shepherd said,  
That in her hair they look'd more gay,  
Than glowing in their native bed.
- [4.] Undrest at evening, when she found  
Their odours lost, their colours past,  
She changed her look, and on the ground  
Her garland and her eye she cast.
- [5.] That eye dropt sense, distinct and clear,  
As any muse's tongue could speak;  
When from its lid a pearly tear,  
Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.
- [6.] Dissembling what I knew too well,  
My love, my life, said I, explain  
This change of humour: pr'ythee tell;  
That falling tear—what does it mean?

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<sup>39</sup>Matthew Prior, *Poems on Several Occasions* (London: J. Tonson & J. Barber, 1721), 1:85–86.

- [7.] She sigh'd; she smil'd; and to the flow'rs  
Pointing, the lovely moralist said,  
See, friend, in some few fleeting hours,  
See yonder what a change is made.
- [8.] Ah me! the blooming pride of May ,  
And that of beauty are but one.  
At morn both flourish bright and gay,  
Both<sup>40</sup> fade at ev'ning, pale and gone!
- [9.] At dawn poor Stella danced and sung:  
The amorous youth around her bow'd:  
At night her fatal knell was rung;  
I saw, and kiss'd her in her shroud.
- [10.] Such as she is, who dy'd to-day,  
Such I, alas! may be to-morrow:  
Go, Damon , bid thy muse display,  
The justice of thy Chloe's sorrow.

**Lines written on reading Stella's Account of  
the Deceitfulness of Human Friendship.**<sup>41</sup>

Vide Mag. Vol. I. p. 484.<sup>42</sup>

- [1.] How true the tale which Stella does relate,  
Of treach'rous love, and subtle friendship's guise!  
A thousand Stellas can such woes repeat,  
Yet triumph in the cause that made them wise.
- [2.] From *disappointment* cordial pleasures spring;  
Suff'ring and joy unsever'd *here* remain:  
The rose its thorn, the honey has its sting,  
And ev'ry pleasure has its *sister* pain.

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<sup>40</sup>Orig., "But"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

<sup>41</sup>In his personal copy of *AM*, JW specifies that this was written by Miss A[nn] T[indall]; cf. *PWHS* 19 (1934): 190 (though does not appear in her collection in the British Library).

<sup>42</sup>I.e., see the poem "To Aspasia in Answer" in *Arminian Magazine* volume 1, pp. 484–87.



- [3.] Yet till home-taught experience has impress'd,  
The awful truth upon our bleeding heart;  
Unmingled happiness we think possess'd,  
Amidst the glare of nature and of art.
- [4.] But nature's soil can ne'er product the fruit  
Which was alone for paradise design'd:  
Pure love, in "God, in reason strikes its root";  
Sincere and lasting, as it is refin'd.
- [5.] Nor youth's fantastic fires, nor passion's flame:  
(Imaginations wild prolific brood)  
Av'rice, ambition, honour, wealth, or fame,  
Nobility or titles, birth or blood.
- [6.] Not these our bliss or greatness can restore:  
In consentaneous sound they all agree;  
"We all are poor, as poverty is poor:  
"True happiness can ne'er be found in *me*."
- [7.] Where then will love, will sacred love reside?  
Parent of joy, and source of pure delight!  
Is it to dust and vanity allied?  
Will it with sin and misery unite?
- [8.] Alas! she will not. Heav'n with heav'n combines;  
Christian and Belial never can agree,  
For God has drawn th' insuperable lines,  
And can't reverse his irrevers'd decree.
- [9.] The courtier, statesman, hero, poet, sage,  
Graced with deep learning or loquacious wit;  
Profound in Grecian or in Latin page;  
Train'd up at Zeno's or Gamaliel's feet:

- [10.] Renown'd in arms, and fam'd in councils, clear,  
Sagacious, prudent, enterprising, bold,  
Determin'd, firm, assiduous, sincere,  
Unaw'd by menace, and unbrib'd by gold.
- [11.] Nor sounds, nor sights, nor fragrant smells, nor taste.  
Let art and fancy, fertile nature join:  
The *good* alone in social love are blest,  
And they who know it, know it *all* divine.
- [12.] Let other bosoms glow with other fires,  
And bask in fortune's or in beauty's ray:  
Be mine the joy which piety inspires,  
Be mine those charms which never will decay.
- [13.] Tho' poverty and pain, reproach and loss,  
(Unenvy'd treasures!) be my portion here;  
Still be my only glory in the cross,  
My life, my wealth, my bliss, my heav'n be there.
- [14.] The cross and Jesus be my only theme,  
Set free from ev'ry earth-born wish and care;  
While kindling ardours fire my soul for him,  
Whom cherubs call "The Everlasting Fair."
- [15.] But if to lower bliss I must attend,  
While travelling to my father's courts above,  
Be *mine* the Saviour's, and the sinner's *friend*,  
Who Jesus loving, *all* mankind doth love.
- [16.] In holy fellowship let me unite,  
Where Christ in all his plenitude doth dwell,  
And have in saints, *abiding*, pure delight,  
Where graces shine, and virtue doth excel.

- [17.] Had Stella thus at first her *sense* deny'd,  
Nor err'd in nature's drear and hapless road;  
Had faith and heav'nly wisdom been her guide,  
Friends she had found—and lov'd her friends in God.
- [18.] Nor e'er let Stella hope below to prove,  
A frown sincere, or an unflatt'ring smile;  
Till sovereign grace has taught her heart to love:  
To love the precious and reject the vile.
- [19.] Then will Aspasia's intercourse be sweet,  
Nor *guile* again her happiness destroy:  
In truth, in peace, in purity replete,  
Her guardian angel will *approve* her joy.
- [20.] Congenial minds the sacred fires will fan,  
Heav'n will rejoice in your felicity:  
Perfection this, the love of God and man.  
"And height of bliss, is height of charity."

**From a Lady at Bath to her Husband.**<sup>43</sup>

Thou who dost all my worldly thoughts employ,  
Thou pleasing source of all my earthly joy:  
Thou tenderest husband and thou dearest friend,  
To thee this fond, this last adieu I send.  
At length the conqueror death asserts his right,  
And will for ever veil me from thy sight.  
He woos me to him with a cheerful grace,  
And not one terror clouds his meagre face.  
He promises a lasting rest from pain,  
And shews that all life's fleeting joys are vain.  
The eternal scenes of heav'n he sets in view,  
And tells me that no other joys are true.

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<sup>43</sup>By Mary (Molesworth) Monk (d. 1715). This poem was published in the *London Magazine* (1737), 392–93 and several other settings before appearing here.

But love, fond love would yet resist his power,  
Would fain a while defer the parting hour.  
He brings thy mourning image to my eyes,  
And would obstruct my journey to the skies.  
But say, thou dearest, thou unwearied friend,  
Say, should'st thou grieve to have my sorrows end?  
Thou know'st a painful pilgrimage I've past:  
And wilt thou mourn that rest is come at last?  
Rather rejoice to see me shake off life,  
And die, as I have lived, thy faithful wife.

### Short Hymns.

**Num. vi. 24.—“The Lord bless thee and keep thee.”<sup>44</sup>**

Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
One God in Persons Three,  
Bring back the heav'nly blessing lost,  
By all mankind and me:  
Thy favour and thy nature too,  
To me, to all restore,  
Forgive, and after God renew,  
And keep us evermore.

**[Num. vi.] 25.—“The Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee.”<sup>45</sup>**

Eternal Sun of righteousness,  
Display thy beams divine,  
And cause the glory of thy face,  
Upon my heart to shine;  
Light in thy light, O may I see,  
Thy grace and mercy prove,  
Revived and cheer'd, and blest by thee,  
The God of pard'ning love.

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<sup>44</sup>Charles Wesley, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 1:62.

<sup>45</sup>*Ibid.*, 1:62–63.

**Num. vi. 26.—“The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.”<sup>46</sup>**

Lift up thy countenance serene,  
And let thy happy child,  
Behold without a cloud between,  
The Godhead reconcil'd;  
That all-comprising peace bestow,  
On me thro' grace forgiven,  
The joys of holiness below,  
And then the joys of heaven.

**Translation of the Epigram, on Achilles  
dragging the dead body of Hector  
round the Walls of Troy.<sup>47</sup>**

Why, giving to thy childish passion way,  
Dragg'st thou behind thy car the breathless clay?  
Enough, that Hector at thy feet was laid:  
Revenge falls basely on the helpless dead.  
Lost are thy former glory and renown!  
Now, that thou fearedst Hector thou hast shewn.

**Epigram.<sup>48</sup>**

*Sunt qui servari nolunt.*

*Musca meam volitat circum importuna lucernam,  
Alásque amburit jam prope jamque suas.  
Saepe repllo manu venientem, et, ineptula musca,  
Quae te, inquam, impellit tanta libido mori?  
Illa tamen redit, et, quamvis servare laboro,  
Inflat, et in flammis exitiúmque ruit.  
Exiguam tibi nolo animam, quam projicis, ultra  
Servare; et si sis certa perire, peri.*

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<sup>46</sup>Charles Wesley, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 1:63.

<sup>47</sup>See 2:272 above; no indication of the translator is given.

<sup>48</sup>Robert Prior, ed., *Lusus Westmonasteriensis; sive epigrammatum et poematum minorum delectus* (Westminster: A. Campbell, 1730), 120.

**POETRY.**

**Birth-Day Reflections.**

(By Miss A. F \_\_\_\_.)

Written November 25, 1767.<sup>49</sup>

Once more return'd, I see my natal day:  
Think, O my soul! how time has stole away;  
As swift as sands run down the slipp'ry glass,  
So swift our fleeting, short-liv'd moments pass!  
But canst thou think with pleasure now they're gone,  
On one good word or work thou e'er hast done?  
Say, canst thou bear the retrospective view?  
Contented bid the time that's past adieu?  
Turn all the leaves of sacred conscience o'er,  
Nor be afraid to search her hidden store?  
But O, remember while you thus look back,  
And life's review this hour begin to take;  
That he, whose eyes are as a flame of fire,  
Has ever seen each thought and each desire;  
Each secret purpose constantly survey'd,  
And every action in his balance weigh'd.

With sober reason from my early youth,  
I sought the path of virtue and of truth.  
Unruly riot and tumultuous noise,  
My soul disdain'd as low unmeaning joys.  
These were too gross: in pleasures more refin'd  
I aim'd to "burnish" and improve my mind.

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<sup>49</sup>No prior publication or further details on author for this poem have been located.

The serious book, or sweet melodious song,  
Or cheerful converse, did the hours prolong;  
Or walks enchanting stole the time away,  
While fanning zephyrs cool'd the sultry day.  
When hoary winter, with his shiv'ring face,  
And sullen gloom, resum'd, in turn, his place,  
With lively tales we made the ev'ning smile,  
Or harmless sports the tedious hours beguile:  
And oft to gain instruction how to shun  
The wily arts of man's insidious tongue,  
In well-wrought tragedy we saw display'd,  
The mournful scene of innocence betray'd:  
Or cruel monarchs thrown from empire down,  
Whose fell ambition had usurp'd the crown.

Thus eighteen years had smoothly roll'd around,  
While what I sought, alas! I had not found:  
The solid happiness, the bliss refin'd,  
Fair peace serene, which heav'n for man design'd,  
Was quite a stranger to my anxious heart:  
I neither knew nor lov'd the better part.  
No wanton act had stain'd my virtuous life,  
No dire revenge, no hate or envious strife.  
Say then, ye moralists, why should I bear  
The worm of conscience gnawing to despair?  
I knew the cause, though in your schools untaught,  
My God was not in all my wand'ring thought.

Conscience awaken'd, thus to Reason cry'd,  
What is thy confidence? thy virtuous pride?  
What is thy hope (when by almighty pow'r  
Rais'd from the dead) of living evermore?

Reason alarm'd, trembling and pale, looks back,  
To find what friends in virtue she can make.

Dreadful eternity extended lies  
And strips the soul of ev'ry fair disguise:  
While Conscience unrelenting still maintains  
Her right to raise new fears and cause new pains.

What canst thou, feeble Reason, do? she said;  
Thy hope is vanish'd, and thy joy is fled.  
Thou didst presume thyself th' unerring guide:  
What paths of pure devotion hast thou try'd?  
Did pray'r begin each consecrated day?  
Has time on trifles ne'er been thrown away?  
And didst thou earnestly and always strive  
From every sin each sacred hour to live?  
Copying thy Saviour's pattern, mercy show,  
"Reprove thy friend, befriend thy greatest foe;  
"Teach grief to smile, and ignorance to know."

Alas! said Reason, faltering with a sigh,  
That I have sometimes err'd I cann't deny;  
But I will hope and lay aside my fear,  
For God all mercy cannot be severe.

Conscience reply'd, that hope is false and vain,  
And like the first will quickly end in pain.  
Think'st thou one attribute alone shall shine?  
Does only mercy prove our God divine?  
Justice and mercy both to him belong,  
But injur'd justice cries aloud for wrong;  
The holy law is broke, the vow's unpaid,  
Which at the sacred font for thee were made.  
Deprav'd, corrupted totally thou art,  
Depriv'd of ev'ry good in ev'ry part!  
Forbear, vain Reason, then; attempt no more  
To boast of wisdom, goodness, or of pow'r:



Thy goodness like the morning cloud is gone,  
Or early dew dry'd by the radiant sun.  
How wilt thou then appear, what refuge see?  
For Tekel must, alas! be wrote on thee.

Despair then sadly press'd my sinking mind,  
Which peace or pleasure now in nought could find.  
Nor sprightly dance, nor soft symphonious strain,  
Nor books, nor social converse eas'd my pain:  
Till pure religion came, with looks divine,  
With promis'd glory, and with grace benign.  
Illum'd by her, a ray of heavenly light  
Broke in upon my soul's enraptur'd sight;  
Then lively hope stretch'd forth her golden wing,  
And faith triumphant sweetly learn'd to sing.  
Divinely taught, I chose my favourite seat,  
The posts of fair angelic wisdom's gate.  
No longer dazzled, and misled by show,  
With scorn I view'd the pomp of all below;  
Resolv'd to live as righteous men have dy'd,  
And nothing know but Jesus crucify'd.  
Walking serene in wisdom's pleasant ways,  
(Whose flow'ry paths are peace and pleasantness)  
The joys of perfect saints I long'd to see,  
And drop the load of frail mortality.

But, oh! not so! the Saviour did ordain  
"To suffer first, and then with him to reign."  
Thy will be done, thy sorrows let me share,  
And after thee the cross in silence bear;  
Since in thy life I can the path descry,  
That leads to glorious immortality.

Such were my breathings in the solemn hour,  
When first sweet mercy shed the kindly show'r

Of peace and love, from yon sublime abode,  
And in my hear reveal'd the tri-une God:  
Such ardent, constant love, I wish to feel,  
While humbly thro' this vale of tears I steal.

O thou to whom my secret thoughts are known!  
Who seest my tears, and hear'st my inward groan,  
Attend my fervent, earnest, humble pray'r,  
Tho' most unworthy, make me, Lord, thy care;  
From all extremes, O keep me near to thee,  
Alike from sin and superstition free.  
Ne'er let me, Lord, thy tender Spirit grieve,  
By wand'ring from thee while on earth I live.  
Still, by thy word, direct me in the road,  
Let ev'ry birth-day find me nearer God:  
Thus lowly may I live, and blessed die,  
And after death no stone tell where I lie.

**Faith, Hope, Charity.**<sup>50</sup>

Faith, Hope, and Love, were question'd what they thought  
Of future glory which Religion taught?  
Now Faith believ'd it firmly to be true;  
And Hope expected so to find it too.  
Love answer'd, smiling with a conscious glow,  
*Believe, expect; I know* it to be so.

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<sup>50</sup>John Byrom, "An Epigram on the Blessedness of Divine Love," *Miscellaneous Poems*  
Manchester: J. Harrop, 1773), 2:352.

**Short Hymns.**

**Num. xi. 27.—“There ran a young man, and told Moses,  
and said, Eldad and Medad do prophesy in the camp.”<sup>51</sup>**

Eldad, they said, and Medad there,  
Irregularly bold,  
By Moses uncommission'd dare  
A separate meeting hold!  
And still whom none, but heaven will own,  
Men whom the world decry,  
Men, authoriz'd by God alone,  
Presume to prophesy!

**[Num. xi.] 28.—“My lord Moses forbid them.”<sup>52</sup>**

How often have I blindly done,  
What zealous Joshua did,  
Impatient to the rulers run,  
And cry'd, “My lords forbid!  
“Silence the schismatics! constrain  
“Their *thoughts* with ours t' agree,  
“And sacrifice the souls of men  
“To idol-unity!”

**[Num. xi.] 29.—“Enviest thou for my sake?”<sup>53</sup>**

Moses, the minister of God,  
Rebukes our partial love,  
Who envy at the gifts bestow'd  
On those we disapprove!  
We do not our own spirit know,  
Who wish to see suppress,  
The men that Jesu's spirit show,  
The men whom God hath blest.

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<sup>51</sup>Charles Wesley, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 1:67

<sup>52</sup>*Ibid.*

<sup>53</sup>*Ibid.*, 1:68.

**Translation of the foregoing Epigram.**<sup>54</sup>

Some men will not be saved, do what we can.

Around my lamp a busy fly,  
With fluttering wings and eager eye,  
Began to make a vain parade,  
Till nearly scorch'd, while thus she play'd.  
With frequent wafts, my tender care  
Repuls'd the trifler from the snare;  
And question'd, by what strange desire  
She sought perdition in the fire?  
To all entreaties deaf and blind,  
She to herself proves most unkind;  
For, headlong rushing without thought,  
She meets destruction on the spot!  
So they who fling their lives away,  
In spite of admonition—may.

**Epigram.**<sup>55</sup>

*Sordidus est, lusco qui possit dicere lusce.*

*Transiret primùm cùm servidus Hannibal Alpes,  
Ridebat luscum plebs tua, Roma, ducem.  
Ille surens Italis mox victor sulminat agris,  
Patriciôq[ue] madet sanguine pinguis humus.  
Moverat extinctum lumen quoscunq[ue] cachinnos,  
Roma, tibi res est seria dextra ducis.*

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<sup>54</sup>See 2:328 above; no indication of the translator is given.

<sup>55</sup>Robert Prior, ed., *Lusus Westmonasteriensis; sive epigrammatum et poematum minorum delectus* (Westminster: A. Campbell, 1730), 114–15.

**POETRY.**

**The Lady's Looking-Glass.<sup>56</sup>**

Celia and I the other day,  
Walk'd o'er the sand hills to the sea;  
The setting sun adorn'd the coast,  
His beams entire, his fierceness lost:

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<sup>56</sup>Laurence Eusden, *Hero and Leander* (Glasgow: Robert & Andrew Foulis, 1750), 30–32.

And on the surface of the deep,  
The winds lay only not asleep:  
The nymph did like the scene appear,  
Serenely pleasant, calmly fair,  
Soft fell her words as flew the air;  
With secret joy I heard her say,  
That she would never miss one day,  
A walk so fine, a scene so gay.

}  
}

But, oh, the change! the winds grow high:  
Impending tempests charge the sky;  
The lightning flies, the thunder roars,  
And big waves lash the frighten'd shores.  
Struck with the horror of the sight,  
She turns her head, and wings her flight,  
And trembling vows she'll ne'er again  
Approach the shore, or view the main.

Once more at least, look back, said I,  
Thyself in that large glass descry:  
When thou art in good humour drest,  
When gentle reason rules thy breast,  
The sun upon the calmest sea  
Appears not half so bright as thee.  
'Tis then that with delight I rove  
Upon the boundless depth of love,  
I bless my chain, I hand my oar,  
Nor think on all I left on shore.

But when vain doubt and groundless fear  
Do that dear foolish bosom tear;  
When the big lip and watery eye  
Tell me the rising storm is nigh;  
'Tis then, thou art yon angry main,  
Deform'd by winds, and dash'd by rain;

And the poor sailor that must try  
Its fury, labours less than I.

Shipwreck'd, in vain to land I make,  
While love and fate still drive me back:  
Forc'd to doat on thee thy own way,  
I chide thee first, and then obey:  
Wretched when from thee, vex'd when nigh,  
I with thee, or without thee, die.

**[Part of a Paraphrase on the Third Chapter of Job.]<sup>57</sup>**

Dear Sir,

I send you part of a paraphrase on the third chapter of Job, which I wrote in 1754, being then an utter infidel: I feeling great bitterness of soul, but not at all understanding my own state, nor being able to guess at the cause of my misery. Well might my soul be then compared to the ancient chaos, while the Spirit of the Lord moved mightily upon the troubled waters; but he gave me no light at all.

Why from the womb escap'd I not in death?  
Nor yielded up, when I receiv'd, my breath?  
Why labour'd not the fondling nurse in vain?  
Why would the breast my tender life sustain?  
Else in oblivion had I found release,  
Unbroken slumbers and eternal peace:  
With kings and counsellors that build in vain  
The trophy'd sepulchre and solemn fane;  
Or princes doom'd no longer to behold  
Their splendid palaces or heaps of gold;  
Or like an infant of untimely birth,  
I now had rested in the dust of earth;  
And void of being, slept in endless night,  
As children sleep that never saw the light:  
From acts ungen'rous there the wicked cease;  
And there the weary mortal rests in peace;

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<sup>57</sup>No prior publication or further details on author for this poem have been located.

There rest the pris'ners from th' oppressor's doom,  
And sweetly slumber in the silent tomb;  
There dwell he small and grea[t] in equal sway,  
No monarch governs, and no slaves obey.

**To a Robin,**<sup>58</sup>

Which has for some time taken up his residence in the  
Cathedral of Bristol, and accompanies the service with his  
singing.

Sweet social bird! whose soft harmonious lays  
Swell the glad song of thy Creator's praise;  
Say, art thou conscious of approaching ills?  
Fell winter's storms, the pointed blast that kills?  
Shun'st thou the savage north's unpitying breath?  
Or cruel man's more latent snares of death?  
Here dwell secure, here with incessant note  
Pour the soft music of thy trembling throat.  
Here, gentle bird, a sure asylum find,  
Nor dread the chilling frost, nor boist'rous wind.  
No hostile tyrant of the feather'd race,  
Shall dare invade thee in this hallow'd place,  
Nor while he sails the liquid air along,  
Check the soft numbers of thy cheerful song;  
No cautious sportsman, whose unerring sight  
Stops the swift eagle in his rapid flight,  
Shall here disturb my lovely songster's rest,  
Nor wound the plumage of his crimson breast.  
The truant school-boy, who in wanton play  
With viscid lime involves the treach'rous spray,  
In vain shall spread the wily snare for thee,  
Alike secure thy life and liberty.  
Peace then, sweet warbler, to thy flutt'ring heart!  
Defy the rage of hawks, and toils of art!

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<sup>58</sup>By Rev. Samuel Love (1744–73). Among Wesley's possible sources were its appearance in *Annual Register ... for 1770* (London: J. Dodsley, 1771), 237–38.



Now shake thy downy plumes, now gladlier pay  
Thy grateful tribute to each rising day.  
While crowds below their willing voices raise  
To sing with holy zeal, Jehovah's praise;  
Thou, perch'd on high, shalt hear th' adoring throng,  
Catch the warm strains, and aid the sacred song,  
Encrease the solemn chorus, and inspire  
Each tongue with music and each heart with fire.

**Short Hymn.**

**Lev.<sup>59</sup> vi. 13.—“The fire shall ever be burning upon the altar, it shall never go out.”<sup>60</sup>**

- [1.] O thou who camest from above,  
The pure celestial fire t' impart,  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
On the mean altar of my heart.  
There let it for thy glory burn  
With unextinguishable blaze,  
And trembling to its source return  
In humble prayer and fervent praise.
- [2.] Jesus confirm my heart's desire,  
To work, and speak, and think for thee;  
Still let me guard the holy fire,  
And still stir up thy gift in me.  
Ready for all thy perfect will  
My acts of faith and love repeat:  
Till death thy endless mercies seal,  
And make my sacrifice complete.

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<sup>59</sup>Orig., “Deut.”; a misprint.

<sup>60</sup>Charles Wesley, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 1:57.

**Epigram from the Greek.**<sup>61</sup>

On stygian banks, Diogenes the wise  
Bursts into laughter when he Croesus spies,  
And thus bespeaks, in thread-bare cloak and old,  
The monarch famous for his gather'd gold:  
I nothing leaving all to Charon bear,  
Thou, Croesus, rich on earth, hast nothing there.

**On the foregoing Epigram.**<sup>62</sup>

The Lydian prince is blam'd for wealth alone,  
Tho' greater in his virtues than his throne:  
The cynic churl is prais'd, of fame secure,  
Tho' void of ev'ry grace, but being poor:  
No wonder whence this partial judgment springs,  
Such crowds are envious, and so few are kings.

**Epigram.**<sup>63</sup>

*Post bello fractas altae Carthagini arces,  
Junctáq[ue] Romanis Africa regna plagis;  
Festos scipio agit, populo plaudente, triumphos,  
A domitae gentis nomine nomen habens.  
Non tamen incerti fugit hic convicia vulgi,  
Nec quas insidias lingua maligna struit.  
Point Roma suam rumores ante salutem,  
Et, per quem steterat, cogit abire ducem.  
Hannibalis victor, patriae vindéxq[ue] decúsq[ue]  
Quaerit in obscuro vilia tecta solo.  
Quid prodest spectata sides, animosaq[ue] virtus?  
Si, quicquid possint crimina, fama potest.*

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<sup>61</sup>Unidentified author, in David Lewis (ed.), *Miscellaneous Poems by Several Hands* (London: J. Watts, 1726), 283.

<sup>62</sup>Ibid.

<sup>63</sup>Robert Prior, ed, *Lusus Westmonasteriensis; sive epigrammatum et poematum minorum delectus* (Westminster: A. Campbell, 1730), 156–57.

**POETRY.**

**Henry and Emma,  
A Dialogue.<sup>64</sup>**

The am'rous Henry haunts the silent groves,  
And much he meditates, for much he loves.  
He loves, 'tis true; and is belov'd again;  
Great are his joys: but will they long remain?

---

<sup>64</sup>Matthew Prior, *Poems on Several Occasions* (London: J. Tonson & J. Barber, 1721), 1:193–218. Wesley includes only an extract.

Emma with smiles receives his present flame:  
But smiling, will she ever be the same?  
Beautiful looks are rul'd by fickle minds,  
And summer seas are turn'd by sudden winds.  
Another love may gain her easy youth:  
Time changes thought, and flatt'ry conquers truth.  
With wishes rais'd, with jealousies opprest,  
(Alternate tyrants of the human breast)  
By one great trial he resolves to prove  
The faith of woman, and the force of love.

**Henry.**

Sincere, O tell me, hast thou felt a pain,  
Emma, beyond what woman knows to feign?  
Has thy uncertain bosom ever strove  
With the first tumults of a real love?  
Hast thou now dreaded, and now blest his sway  
By turns averse, and joyful to obey?  
Thy virgin softness hast thou e'er bewail'd;  
As reason yielded and as love prevail'd?  
And wept the potent god's resistless dart;  
His killing pleasure; his ecstatic smart?  
If so, with pity view my wretched state;  
At least deplore, and then forget my fate:  
To some more happy knight reserve thy charms  
By fortune favour'd, and successful arms:  
And only, as the sun's revolving ray  
Brings back each year this melancholy day:  
Permit one sigh and set apart one tear  
To an abandon'd exile's endless care.  
For me, alas! outcast of human race,  
Love's anger only waits, and dire disgrace.  
For lo! these hands in murder are imbru'd,  
These trembling feet by justice are pursu'd:

Fate calls aloud, and hastens me away;  
A shameful death attends my longer stay;  
And I this night must fly from thee and love,  
Condemn'd in lonely woods a banish'd man to rove.

**Emma.**

What is our bliss, that changeth with the moon?  
And day of life that darkens ere tis noon?  
What is true passion, if unblest it dies?  
And where is Emma's joy, if Henry flies?  
If love, alas! be pain; the pain I bear  
No thought can figure, and no tongue declare;  
Ne'er faithful woman felt, nor false one feign'd,  
The flames which long have in my bosom reign'd.  
The god of love himself inhabits there,  
With all his rage, and dread, and grief, and care,  
His complement of stores and total war.

}

O! cease then coldly to suspect my love;  
And let my deed at least my faith approve.  
Alas! no youth shall my endearments share;  
Nor day nor night shall interrupt my care:  
Nor to hard banishment shall Henry run,  
While careless Emma sleeps on beds of down.  
View me resolv'd, where'er thou lead'st to go,  
Friend to thy pain, and partner of thy woe:  
For I attest, fair Venus and her son,  
That I, of all mankind, will love but thee alone.

**Henry.**

Let prudence yet obstruct thy vent'rous way;  
And take good heed, what men will think and say,  
That beauteous Emma vagrant courses took,  
Her father's house and civil life forsook:  
That, full of youthful blood, and fond of man,  
She, to the woodland, with an exile ran.

Reflect, that lessen'd fame is ne'er regain'd;  
And virgin honour once, is always, stain'd:  
Timely advis'd the coming evil shun:  
Better not do the deed, than weep it done.  
No penance can absolve our guilty fame;  
Nor tears that wash out sin can wash out<sup>65</sup> shame.  
Then fly the sad effects of desp'rate love;  
And leave a banish'd man thro' lonely woods to rove.

**Emma.**

Let Emma's hapless fate be falsely<sup>66</sup> told  
By the rash young, or the ill-natur'd old:  
Let ev'ry tongue its various censures chuse;  
Absolve with coldness, or with spite accuse:  
Fair truth at last her radiant beams will raise,  
And malice vanquish'd heightens virtue's praise.  
Let then thy favour but indulge my flight!  
O! let thy presence make my<sup>67</sup> travels light;  
And potent Venus shall exalt my name  
Above the rumours of censorious fame.  
Nor from that busy demon's restless pow'r,  
Will ever Emma other grace implore,  
Than that this truth should to the world be known;  
That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but thee alone.

**Henry.**

But can'st thou wield the sword, and bend the bow?  
With active force repel the sturdy foe?  
When the loud trumpet speaks the battle nigh,  
And winged deaths in whistling arrows fly:  
Wilt thou tho' wounded, yet undaunted stay,  
Perform thy part, and share the dang'rous day?  
Then as thy strength decays, thy heart will fail,  
Thy limbs all trembling, and thy cheeks all pale:

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<sup>65</sup>Orig., "our" instead of "out" both times; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

<sup>66</sup>"falsely" added in the errata.

<sup>67</sup>Orig., "my ... thy"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

With fruitless sorrow, thou, inglorious maid,  
Wilt weep thy safety, by thy love betray'd.  
Then to thy friend, by foes o'er-charg'd, deny  
Thy little useless aid, and coward fly:  
Then wilt thou curse the chance that made thee love,  
A banish'd man condemn'd in lonely woods to rove.

**Emma.**

With fatal certainty Thalestris knew  
To send the arrow from the twanging yew:  
And great in arms, and foremost in the war,  
Bonduca brandish'd high the British spear.  
Could thirst of vengeance, and desire of fame,  
Excite the female breast with martial flame?  
And shall not love's diviner pow'r inspire  
More hardy virtue, and more gen'rous fire?  
Near thee, mistrust not, constant I'll abide,  
And fall, or vanquish, fighting by thy side;  
Tho' my inferior strength may not allow,  
That I should bear or draw the warrior bow,  
With ready hand I will the shaft supply,  
And joy to see thy victor arrows fly.  
Touch'd in the battle, by the hostile reed,  
Should'st thou (but heav'n avert it) should'st thou bleed:  
To stop thy<sup>68</sup> wounds my finest lawn I'd tear,  
Wash them with tears, and wipe them with my hair.  
Blest when my dangers and my toils have shown,  
That I, of all mankind, could love but thee alone.

**Henry.**

But can'st thou, tender maid, can'st thou sustain,  
Afflictive want or hunger's pressing pain?  
Those limbs, in lawn and softest silk array'd,  
From sun-beams guarded, and of winds afraid;

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<sup>68</sup>Orig., "the"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

Can they bear angry Jove? can they resist  
 The parching dog-star, and the bleak north-east?  
 When chill'd by adverse snows, and beating rain,  
 We tread with weary steps the longsome plain;  
 When with hard toil we seek our ev'ning food,  
 Berries and acorns thro' the neighb'ring wood;  
 And find among the cliffs no other house  
 But the thin covert of some gather'd boughs;  
 Wilt thou not then reluctant send thine eye  
 Around the dreary waste; and weeping try  
 (Tho' then, alas! that trial be too late)  
 To find thy father's hospitable gate,  
 And seats, where ease and plenty brooding sate?  
 Those seats, whence long excluded, thou must mourn:  
 That gate, for ever barr'd to thy return:  
 Wilt thou not then bewail ill-fated love,  
 And hate a banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove?

**Emma.**

Thy rise of fortune did I only wed,  
 From its decline determin'd to recede?  
 Did I but purpose to embark with thee,  
 On the smooth surface of a summer's sea:  
 While gentle zephyrs play in prosperous gales,  
 And fortune's favour fills the swelling sails:  
 But would forsake the ship, and make the shore,  
 When the winds whistle, and the tempests roar?  
 No, Henry, no; one sacred oath has ty'd  
 Our loves; one destiny our life shall guide;  
 Nor wild, nor deep, our common life divide.  
 When from the cave thou risest with the day,  
 To beat the woods, and rouse the bounding prey;  
 The cave with moss and branches I'll adorn,  
 And cheerful sit to wait my Lord's return:



And when thou frequent bring'st the smitten deer?  
 (For seldom, archers say, thy arrows err)  
 I'll fetch quick fewel from the neighb'ring wood,  
 And strike the sparkling flint and dress the food:  
 With humble duty and officious haste  
 I'll cull the furthest mead for thy repast:  
 The choicest herbs I to thy board will bring,  
 And draw thy water from the freshest spring:  
 And when at night with weary toil opprest,  
 Soft slumbers thou enjoy'st, and wholesome rest;  
 Watchful, I'll guard thee, and with midnight pray'r,  
 Weary the gods to keep thee in their care;  
 And joyous ask at morn's returning ray,  
 If thou hast health, and I may bless the day.  
 My thought shall fix, my latest wish depend  
 On thee, guide, guardian, kinsman, father, friend:  
 By all these sacred names be Henry known  
 To Emma's heart, and grateful let him own,  
 That she, of all mankind, could love but him alone.

}

**Henry.**

Vainly thou tell'st me, what the woman's care  
 Shall in the wildness of the wood prepare.  
 Thou, ere thou goest unhappiest of thy kind,  
 Must leave the habit and the sex behind.  
 No longer shall thy comely tresses break  
 In flowing ringlets on thy snowy neck;  
 Or sit behind thy head, an ample round,  
 In graceful braids with various ribbon bound:  
 No longer shall the boddice aptly lac'd,  
 From thy full bosom to thy slender waist;  
 That air and harmony of shape express,  
 Fine by degrees, and beautifully less:  
 Nor shall thy lower garments artful plait,  
 From thy fair side dependent to thy feet,

Arm their chaste beauties with a modest pride,  
And double every charm they seek to hide.  
Th' ambrosial plenty of thy shining hair  
Cropt off, and lost, scarce lower than thy ear  
Shall stand uncouth: a horseman's coat shall hide  
Thy taper shape, and comeliness of side:  
The short trunk-hose shall show thy foot and knee  
Licentious, and to common eye-sight free:  
And with a bolder stride, and looser air,  
Mingled with men, a man thou must appear:  
Nor solitude, nor gentle peace of mind,  
Mistaken maid, shalt thou in forests find.  
'Tis long since Cynthia and her train were there;  
Or guardian gods made innocence their care.  
Vagrants and out-laws shall offend thy view;  
For such must be my friends; a hideous crew,  
By adverse fortune mix'd in social ill,  
Train'd to assault, and disciplin'd to kill.  
Their common loves, a lewd, abandon'd pack,  
The beadle's lash still flagrant on their back.  
By sloth corrupted, by disorder fed,  
Made bold by want, and prostitute for bread.  
With such must Emma hunt the tedious day,  
Assist their violence, and divide their prey:  
With such she must return at setting light,  
Tho' not partaker, witness of their night.  
Thy ear, inur'd to charitable sounds,  
And pitying love, must feel the hateful wounds  
Of jest obscene, and vulgar ribaldry,  
The ill-bred question, and the lewd reply;  
Brought by long habitude from bad to worse,  
Must hear the frequent oath, the direful curse,  
That latest weapon of the wretches war,  
And blasphemy, sad comrade of despair.

Now, Emma, now, the last reflection make,  
 What thou would'st follow, what thou must forsake:  
 By our ill-omen'd stars, and adverse heaven,  
 No middle object to thy choice is given.  
 Or yield thy virtue, to attain thy love;  
 Or leave a banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove.

**Emma.**

O grief of heart! that our unhappy fates,  
 Force thee to suffer what thy honour hates:  
 Mix thee amongst the bad, or make thee run  
 Too near the paths which virtue bids thee shun.  
 Yet with her Henry still let Emma go,  
 With him abhor the vice, but share the woe:  
 And sure my little heart can never err  
 Amidst the worst, if Henry still be there.  
 Our outward act is prompted from within;  
 And from the sinner's mind proceeds the sin:  
 By her own choice free virtue is approv'd;  
 Nor by the force of outward objects mov'd:  
 Who has assay'd no danger, gains no praise.  
 In a small isle, amidst the widest seas,  
 Triumphant constancy has fix'd her seat:  
 In vain the syrens sing, the tempests beat:  
 Their flatt'ry she rejects, nor fears their threat.  
 For thee alone, these little charms I drest,  
 Condemn'd them, or absolv'd them, by thy test.  
 In comely figure rang'd my jewels shone,  
 Or negligently plac'd for thee alone:  
 For thee again they shall be laid aside;  
 The woman, Henry, shall put off her pride  
 For thee: my clothes, my sex, chang'd for thee,  
 I'll mingle with the people's wretched lee;  
 O line extreme of human infamy!

}

}

Wanting the scissors, with these hands I'll tear  
(If that obstructs my flight) this load of hair.  
Black soot, or yellow walnut shall disgrace  
This little red and white of Emma's face.  
These nails with scratches shall deform my breast,  
Lest by my look or colour be express'd  
The mark of ought high-born, or ever better dress'd. }  
Yet in this commerce, under this disguise,  
Let me be grateful still to Henry's eyes.  
Lost to the world, let me to him be known: }  
My fate I can absolve, if he shall own,  
That leaving all mankind, I love but him alone.

**Henry.**

O wildest thought of an abandon'd mind!  
Name, habit, parents, woman, left behind,  
Ev'n honour dubious, thou preferr'st to go  
Wild to the woods with me: said Emma so?  
Or did I dream what Emma never said?  
O guilty error! and O wretched maid!  
Whose roving fancy would resolve the same }  
With him who next should tempt her easy fame,  
And blow with empty words the susceptible flame. }  
Now why should doubtful terms thy mind perplex,  
Confess thy frailty, and avow the sex:  
No longer loose desire for constant love  
Mistake: but say, 'tis man with whom thou long'st to rove.

**Emma.**

Are there not poisons, racks, and flames, and swords,  
That Emma thus must die by Henry's words?  
Yet what could swords or poison, racks or flame, }  
But mangle and disjoint this brittle frame? }  
More fatal Henry's words, they murder Emma's fame.

And fall these sayings from that gentle tongue,  
Where civil speech and soft persuasion hung;  
Whose artful sweetness and harmonious strain,  
Courting my grace, yet courting it in vain?

Let envious jealousy, and canker'd spite  
Produce my action to severest light,  
And tax my open day or secret night.  
Did e'er my tongue speak my unguarded heart  
The least inclin'd to play the wanton's part?  
Did e'er mine eye one inward thought reveal,  
Which angels might not hear, and virgins tell?  
And hast thou Henry, in my conduct known  
One fault but that which I must ever own,  
That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but thee alone.

**Henry.**

Vainly thou talk'st of loving me alone:  
Each man is man; and all our sex is one,  
False are our words; and fickle is our mind  
Nor in love's ritual can we ever find  
Vows made to last, or promises to bind.  
By nature prompted, and for empire made  
Alike by strength or cunning we invade:  
When arm'd with rage we march against the foe,  
We lift the battle-axe and draw the bow:  
When fir'd with passion we attack the fair,  
Delusive sighs and brittle vows we bear:  
Our falshood and our arms have equal use;  
As they our conquest, or delight produce.

The foolish heart thou gav'st, again receive,  
The only boon departing love can give.  
To be less wretched, be no longer true:  
What strives to fly thee, why should'st thou pursue?  
Forget the present flame, indulge a new;

Single the loveliest of the am'rous youth;  
 Ask for his vow, but hope not for his truth.  
 The next man (and the next thou shalt believe)  
 Will pawn his gods, intending to deceive;  
 Will kneel, implore, persist, o'ercome, and leave.  
 Hence let thy Cupid aim his arrows right;  
 Be wise and false; shun trouble; seek delight;  
 Change thou the first, nor wait thy lover's flight.

}  
 }  
 }

Why should'st thou weep? let nature judge our case.  
 I saw thee<sup>69</sup> young and fair; pursu'd the chase  
 Of youth, and beauty: I another saw  
 Fairer and younger: yielding to the law  
 Of our all-ruling mother, I pursu'd  
 More youth, more beauty: blest vicissitude!  
 My active heart still keeps its pristine flame;  
 The object alter'd, the desire the same.  
 This younger fairer pleads her rightful charms,  
 With present power compels me to her arms.  
 And much I fear from my subjected mind  
 (If beauty's force to constant love can bind)  
 That years may roll, ere in her turn the maid  
 Shall weep the fury of my love decay'd;  
 And weeping follow me, as thou dost now,  
 With idle clamours of a broken vow.

Nor can the wildness of thy wishes err  
 So wide, to hope that thou may'st live with her.  
 Love, well thou know'st, no partnership allows:  
 Cupid averse rejects divided vows:  
 Then from thy foolish heart vain maid remove  
 A useless sorrow, and an ill-starr'd love;  
 And leave me with the fair at large in woods to rove.

}  
 }

**Emma.**

Are we in life thro' one great error led?  
 Is each man perjurd, and each nymph betray'd?

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<sup>69</sup>Orig., "the"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

Of the superior sex art thou the worst?  
 Am I of mine the most completely curs'd?  
 Yet let me go with thee, and going prove,  
 From what I will endure, how much I love.  
 This potent beauty, this triumphant fair,  
 This happy object of our different care;  
 Her let me follow; her let me attend,  
 A servant (she may scorn the name of friend):  
 What she demands, incessant I'll prepare:  
 I'll weave her garlands, and I'll plait her hair.  
 My busy diligence shall deck her board;  
 (For there at least, I may approach my lord)  
 And when her Henry's softer hours advise  
 His servant's absence; with dejected eyes  
 Far I'll recede, and sighs forbid to rise.

}

Yet when increasing grief brings slow disease;  
 And ebbing life, on terms severe as these,  
 Will have its little lamp no longer fed;  
 And Henry's mistress shews him Emma dead:  
 Rescue my poor remains from vile neglect;  
 With virgin honours let my hearse be deck'd,  
 And decent emblem; and at least persuade  
 This happy nymph, that Emma may be laid,  
 Where thou, dear author of my death, where she  
 With frequent eye my sepulchre may see.  
 The nymph amidst her joys may haply breathe  
 One pious sigh, reflecting on my death,  
 And the sad fate which she may one day prove,  
 Who hopes from Henry's vows eternal love.  
 And thou, forsworn, thou, cruel as thou art,  
 If Emma's image ever touch'd thy heart;  
 Thou sure must give one thought, and drop one tear,  
 To her, whom love abandon'd to despair;  
 To her, who dying, on the wounded stone  
 Bid it in lasting characters be known,  
 That of mankind, she lov'd but thee alone.

}

**Henry.**

Hear, solemn Jove; and conscious Venus, hear;  
And thou, bright maid, believe me, whilst I swear,  
No time, no change, no future flame shall move  
The well-plac'd basis of my lasting love.  
O powerful virtue! O victorious fair!  
At least excuse a trial too severe:  
Receive the triumph, and forget the war.

}

No banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove,  
Intreats thy pardon, and implores thy love:  
No perjur'd knight desires to quit thy arms,  
Fairest collection of thy sex's charms,  
Crown of my love, and honour of my youth;  
Henry, thy Henry, with eternal truth,  
As thou may'st wish, shall all his life employ,  
And found his glory in his Emma's joy.  
Succeeding years their happy race shall run:  
And age unheeded by delight come on;  
While yet superior love shall mock his pow'r:  
And when old time shall turn the fated hour,  
Which only can our well-ty'd knot unfold  
What rests of both, one sepulchre shall hold.

Hence then for ever, from my Emma's breast  
(That heav'n of softness, and that seat of rest)  
Ye doubts and fears, and all that know to move  
Tormenting grief, and all that trouble love,  
Scatter'd by winds recede, and wild in forests rove.

}

**Emma.**

O day, the fairest sure that ever rose!  
Period and end of anxious Emma's woes!  
Sire of her joy, and source of her delight;  
O! wing'd with pleasure take thy happy flight,  
And give each future morn, a tincture of thy white.  
Yet tell thy vot'ry, potent queen of love,  
Henry, my Henry, will he never rove?

}



Will he be ever kind, and just, and good?  
 And is there yet no mistress in the wood?  
 None, none there is; the thought were rash and vain;  
 A false idea, and a fancy'd pain.  
 Doubt shall for ever quit my strengthen'd heart,  
 And anxious jealousy's corroding smart;  
 Nor other inmate shall inhabit there,  
 But soft belief, young joy, and pleasing care.

Hence, let the tides of plenty ebb and flow,  
 And fortune's various gale unheeded blow,  
 If at my feet the suppliant goddess stands,  
 And sheds her treasure with unweary'd hands;  
 Her present favour cautious I'll embrace,  
 And not unthankful use the proffer'd grace:  
 If she reclaims the temporary boon,  
 And tries her pinions, flutt'ring to be gone;  
 Secure of mind, I'll obviate her intent,  
 And unconcern'd return the goods she lent.  
 Nor happiness can I, nor misery feel,  
 From any turn of her fantastic wheel:  
 Friendship's great laws and love's superior powers,  
 Must mark the colour of my future hours.

From the events which thy commands create,  
 I must my blessings or my sorrows date;  
 And Henry's will must dictate Emma's fate.

Yet while with close delight and inward pride  
 (Which from the world my careful soul shall hide)  
 I see thee<sup>70</sup> lord and end of my desire,  
 Exalted high as virtue can require:  
 With pow'r invested, and with pleasure cheer'd;  
 Sought by the good, by the oppressor fear'd;  
 Loaded and blest with all the affluent store,  
 Which human vows at smoking shrines implore.

Grateful and humble grant me to employ  
 My life, subservient only to thy joy;

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<sup>70</sup>Orig., "the"; likely a misprint.

And at my death, to bless thy kindness shown  
To her, who of mankind, could love but thee alone.

**Translation of the foregoing Epigram.<sup>71</sup>**

When Scipio with immortal laurels crown'd,  
Had lofty Carthage levell'd with the ground;  
Thro' crowds unnumber'd, shouting from afar,  
Onward he urges the triumphal car.  
But soon foul calumny her arts essay'd,  
And all his honours in the dust were laid.  
Ungrateful Rome to avenge Carthage strives,  
And him by whom she stands to exile drives!  
Who Rome enrich'd with conquer'd Afric's spoil,  
Seeks a poor cottage in an unknown soil.  
Ah, what avail the virtues thou hast shewn,  
Since all that crimes could do, by noisy fame is done.\*

\* Yea, rather by the adorable providence of God, avenging  
all the blood he had shed; that of poor, grey-headed  
Hannibal in particular, whom he hunted to death.

**Epigram.<sup>72</sup>**

*Possunt, quia posse videntur.*

*Clavigeri Heroes, duo vastà mole gigantes,  
Defendunt fortum, docte Bobarte, tuum. †  
Terribiles visa formas pueri atq[ue] puellae  
Attoniti cernunt, corripíuntque fugam.  
Hinc secura suà pendent ex arbore poma,  
Uváque sub viridi palmite tuta latet.  
Quanquam hic suste minax, ille acer et arduus hastà,  
Nulla est in toto mitior arbor agro.  
Non laedit sustis, sed laedere posse videtur,  
Et sures, quos non vulerat, hasta sugat.  
Vellera non melius tauri, melinsque<sup>73</sup> tuetur  
Hesperidum custos aurea mala draco.*

† They *did!* but alas! they are now no more!

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<sup>71</sup>See 2:440 above; no indication of the translator is given.

<sup>72</sup>Robert Prior, ed., *Lusus Westmonasteriensis; sive epigrammatum et poematum minorum delectus* (Westminster: A. Campbell, 1730), 189–90.

<sup>73</sup>Should be “meliúsve.”

**POETRY.**

**Verses by Miss Th\_\_\_\_\_.**  
**(Wrote on her Birth-Day.)<sup>74</sup>**

- [1.] Return'd I see my natal day,  
    (Important time to me)  
When heav'n inform'd the lifeless clay,  
    And gave it leave to be.

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<sup>74</sup>No prior publication or further details on author for this poem have been located.

- [2.] I live to see another year,  
    But what for God is done?  
Ye transient scenes again appear,  
    And tell how time has run.
- [3.] My infant days pass'd heedless by,  
    Nor more than instinct knew:  
Till reason's slowly opening eye,  
    Could form th' idea true.
- [4.] Beneath my parents tender care  
    Securely I abode;  
They shew'd me virtue's path, how fair,  
    Tho' intricate the road!
- [5.] E'en then in secret have I sigh'd  
    To run the heav'nly race,  
And oft my feeble heart has cry'd,  
    "Give me, O Lord, thy grace!"
- [6.] But transient as the morning cloud,  
    When shines the op'ning day;  
Or as the dew, my early good  
    Soon vanished away.
- [7.] Pleasure's soft call allur'd my heart,  
    The festive dance and song;  
While the tragedian's specious art  
    Made the enchantment strong.
- [8.] Yet still, amidst these mingled sweets,  
    The conscious tear would rise,  
And wisdom whisper'd, "Earth admits  
    "Of no substantial joys.

[9.] “Know, mortal life is but a stream,  
“And pleasure but a shade:  
“The bliss you now pursue’s a dream,  
“And like a dream will fade.”

[10.] ’Tis just, I’ve said, I will be wise,  
My folly Lord forgive,  
And I to-morrow will arise  
And to thy glory live.

[11.] The morning came; fresh health arose,  
My spirits gay and free;  
O God, I soon forgot the vows  
That ev’ning gave to thee!

[12.] By sickness then, Almighty Lord,  
Thou oft hast warning giv’n;  
And death (that time shall be deplor’d)  
Snatch’d a lov’d friend to heaven.

[13.] I here review’d the mercies past,  
And there the lifted rod,  
Which brought me to the arms at last  
Of my redeeming God.

[14.] I broke from all I lov’d before,  
I bade the world farewell,  
I told my friends I could no more  
In tents of cedar dwell.

[15.] To thee, O pow’r supreme, to thee  
The glory now I give,  
That I permitted am to see,  
Thy blissful face and live.

[16.] That love, that all-victorious grace!  
Ere youth's gay scene is o'er,  
Fast binds me in its kind embrace,  
And rules the dang'rous hour.

[17.] O say to my exulting soul,  
From this day will I bless;  
Thy future life in peace shall roll,  
And thou shalt die in peace.

**On the Birth-Day of a Child a Year Old.**<sup>75</sup>

[1.] Hail! to thy parents wishes born,  
Permitted here to stay,  
To see once more the cheerful morn,  
That gave thee into day.

[2.] Within a single little year,  
Thy sisters liv'd to die;  
Just shown on earth to disappear,  
Sent early to the sky.

[3.] May'st thou, with happier lot than these,  
Thy parent's hope employ;  
And years, and many years increase  
Th' occasion of their joy.

[4.] In piety and virtue grow,  
As rising years improve;  
Bless'd with a longer life below,  
And higher place above.

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<sup>75</sup>Samuel Wesley Jr., *Poems on Several Occasions* 2<sup>nd</sup> edition (Cambridge: Printed by S. Bentham for J. Brotherton & S. Birt, 1743), 88.

**On being asked, What is the Greatest Blessing on Earth?  
An Epigram.<sup>76</sup>**

Peace, health and strength, food, raiment, and content;  
A heart well managed—and a life well spent:  
A soul devoted and athirst for God:  
Courting his smile—but patient of his rod:  
Each day more fit to breathe its latest breath,  
And then the most alive, when nearest DEATH.

**Epitaph on Lady Gertrude Hotham.<sup>77</sup>**

Stranger to sin and guilty fears,  
An useful life of fourscore years  
She liv'd on earth, like those above,  
A life of humble praise and love:  
And lo, the same from first to last,  
When all her toils of love are past,  
With triumph calm her course she ends,  
And in a flaming<sup>78</sup> car ascends!

**Short Hymns.**

**Deut. xxxii. 49, 50.—“Get thee up and die.”<sup>79</sup>**

[1.] Is it a thing so small  
So easy to comply,  
When summon'd by a sudden call  
To get us up and die?  
For those who humbly keep  
The faith by Christ bestow'd  
To die is but to fall asleep  
In the soft arms of God.

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<sup>76</sup>Edward Perronet, from manuscript; cf. Edward Perronet, *Occasional Verses, moral and sacred* (London: J. Buckland & T. Scollick, 1785), 159.

<sup>77</sup>Charles Wesley; appears in *MS Funeral Hymns (1756–87)*, 78. This would be the daughter of Sir Charles Hotham (1693–1738), 5<sup>th</sup> Baronet of Scorsborough, and his wife Lady Gertrude Hotham (d. 1756). Cf. Wesley's hymnic prayer for her recovery from an earlier illness in *MS Miscellaneous Hymns*, 149.

<sup>78</sup>Lady Hotham died from severe burns, when her clothing caught fire from a candle.

<sup>79</sup>Charles Wesley, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 1:109.

[2.] O could I thus sink down,  
To everlasting rest,  
Without a ling'ring sigh or groan,  
On my Redeemer's breast!  
Jesus thy blood apply  
Thy mind and Spirit give  
Then shall I get me up and die,  
Then shall I truly live.

**Ruth ii. 3.—“Her hap was to light on a part of the field  
belonging to Boaz.”<sup>80</sup>**

[1.] Casual howe'er our steps may seem,  
Directed and o'er-rul'd by him  
Who for his people cares,  
Where providence appoints we go,  
He orders all our ways we know,  
And numbers all our hairs.

[2.] In small events we daily prove,  
The wisdom of our Father's love;  
We own the work is his,  
From trivial incidents to raise  
Matter for his eternal praise,  
And our eternal bliss.

**1 Sam. xxviii. 14.—“Saul perceived that it was Samuel.”<sup>81</sup>**

No wily fiend by magic spell,  
Invok'd from his infernal cell,  
To personate the prophet true  
But Samuel's self appears in view;

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<sup>80</sup>Charles Wesley, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 1:139.

<sup>81</sup>*Ibid.*, 1:155.



To make the prostrate king relent,  
Humbly accept his punishment,  
To warn him of his instant doom,  
But not denounce the wrath to come.

[1 Sam. xxviii.] 19.—“To-morrow shalt thou and thy sons  
be with me.”<sup>82</sup>

What do these solemn words portend?  
A gleam of hope when life shall end:  
“Thou and thy sons tho’ slain shall be  
“To-morrow in repose with me!”<sup>1</sup>  
Not in a state of hellish pain,  
If Saul with Samuel doth remain;  
Not in a state of damn’d despair,  
If loving Jonathan is there.

**Translation of the foregoing Epigram.**<sup>83</sup>

- [1.] Two giants of enormous size,  
Thy garden, learn’d Bobart,\* defend,  
With pointed spear this threatens the skies!  
See that a massy club extend!
- [2.] Each boy and girl the fearful sight,  
With huge astonishment surveys;  
They view askance, they wing their flight,  
Nor backward dare to turn their face.
- [3.] Hence pendent from the loaded bough  
Safely the golden apples shine:  
Secure from youthful pilferers now,  
Sweet clusters bend the fruitful vine.

\* Commonly called the Physic Garden (at Oxford). I  
wonder no bard has yet sung the obsequies of  
these departed heroes!

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<sup>82</sup>Charles Wesley, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 1:155.

<sup>83</sup>See 2:496 above; no indication of the translator is given.

- [4.] But tho' this hero high uprear,  
The massy club, in act to smite;  
Tho' that extend the pointed spear,  
And fill each child with dire affright.
- [5.] No milder, no more harmless tree,  
Is in the spacious garden found!  
The club hurts not, tho' it dismay;  
The spear affrights, but does not wound.
- [6.] Yet see imagination's pow'r,  
All safe the blooming treasures are.  
Not the Hesperian gardens more  
Secure, the fiery dragon's care.

**Epigram.**<sup>84</sup>

*Exulis Seneca querela.*

*Quisquis es (et nomen dicam? Dolor omnia cogit)  
Qui nostrum cinerem nunc, inimice, premis:  
Et non contentus tantis subitisq[ue] ruinis,  
Stringis in extinctum tela cruenta caput:  
Crede mihi, vires aliquas natura sepulchris  
Attribuit; tumulos vindicat umbra suos.  
Res est sacra miser: noli mea tangere fata:  
Sacrilegae bustis abstinuere manus.*

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<sup>84</sup>Claude Lancelot (ed.), *Epigrammatum delectus ex omnibus tum veteribus, tum recentioribus poetis accuratè decerptus* (Paris: C. Savreux, 1659), 328.

**POETRY.**

**Ode on the Death of Dr. Boyce.<sup>85</sup>**  
**(Wrote February 7, 1779.)**

- [1.] Father of harmony, farewell!  
    Farewel for a few fleeting years!  
Translated from the mournful vale;  
    Jehovah's flaming ministers  
Have borne thee to thy place above,  
Where all is harmony and love.
- [2.] Thy gen'rous, good, and upright heart,  
    That sigh'd for a celestial lyre,  
Was tun'd on earth to bear a part  
    Symphonious with that warbling quire,  
Where Handel strikes the golden strings,  
And plausive angels clap their wings.
- [3.] Handel, and all the tuneful train,  
    Who well employ'd their art divine,  
T' announce the great Messiah's reign,  
    In joyous acclamations join,  
And springing from their azure seat,  
With shouts their new-born brother meet.
- [4.] Thy brow a radiant circle wears,  
    Thy hands a seraph's harp receives,  
And singing with the morning stars,  
    Thy soul in endless raptures lives,  
And hymns, on the eternal throne,  
Jehovah and his conquering Son.

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<sup>85</sup>[Charles Wesley,] *Ode on the Death of Dr. Boyce* [np, 1779] (a published broadsheet).

**An Epitaph on a Lady who died of a Consumption  
at Bristol Wells.  
(By her Husband.)<sup>86</sup>**

Whoe'er, like me, with trembling anguish brings,  
His heart's whole treasure to fair Bristol's springs;  
Whoe'er like me, to sooth disease and pain,  
Shall pour these salutary springs in vain;  
Condemn'd, like me, to hear the faint reply,  
To mark the fading cheek, the sinking eye,  
From the chill'd brow to wipe the damps of death,  
And watch in dumb despair the short'ning breath;  
If change directs him to this artless line,  
Let the sad mourner know, his pangs were mine:  
Ordain'd to lose the partner of my breast,  
Whose virtue warm'd me, and whose beauty blest,  
Fram'd ev'ry tie that binds the soul, to prove.  
Her duty, friendship, and her friendship, love.  
But yet rememb'ring that the parting sigh  
Appoints the just to slumber; not to die.  
The starting tear I check'd, I kiss'd the rod,  
And not to earth resign'd her—but to God.

**Short Hymns.**

**2 Sam. xviii. 5.—“Deal gently for my sake with the young  
man, even with Absalom.”<sup>87</sup>**

Full of unutterable grace,  
Thus the true King of Israel prays,  
That those who seek his life may live,  
Father, my murderers forgive:  
Deal gently with them for my sake,  
And to thine arms the rebel take.

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<sup>86</sup>By Henry Temple, later Lord Palmerston, for his wife Frances who died June 1, 1769. It is inscribed on a mural tablet of the parish church in Romsey, Hampshire. Wesley may have seen the tablet, or published accounts of it.

<sup>87</sup>Charles Wesley, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 1:163–64.

Whene'er my Father in the skies  
Is forc'd this rebel to chastise,  
    He makes his goodness known:  
And while my feeble flesh he grieves,  
A charge with the affliction gives,  
    "Deal gently with my son!"

**The foregoing Epigram Imitated.**<sup>88</sup>

Whoe'er thou art that still with hostile tread,  
    Insultest o'er the ashes of the dead;  
Revengeful still, who not content with all  
My sufferings past, would'st wound me in my fall:  
    Know thou the sepulchre some pow'r retains,  
And the thin shade protects its last remains.  
I'm fallen now: no longer let thy envy burn!  
Even sacrilegious hands have spar'd the sacred urn!

**Epigram.**<sup>89</sup>

*Alexander et Xerxes.*

*Flet Macedo, sibi totum ubi debellaverat orbem,  
    Indignans armis nil superesse suis.  
Flet Xerxes, quod nemo suis de millibus, aetas  
    Proxima cum veniet, nemo superstes erit.  
Nolo tuas, Macedo, lacrymas: ego laudo dolorem  
    Humanum, & tecum, Persa, dolere volo.*

---

<sup>88</sup>See 2:548 above; no indication of the translator is given.

<sup>89</sup>Vincent Bourne, *Poematia* (London: J. Watts, 1734), 139. Wesley would have known this piece from its anonymous appearance in David Lewis (ed.), *Miscellaneous Poems by Several Hands* (London: J. Watts, 1726), 127; which Wesley reprinted in *Collection of Moral and Sacred Poems* (1744), 2:164.

**POETRY.**

**On Winter.**<sup>90</sup>

Wrote some Time in Winter.

- [1.] The sun far southward bends his annual way,  
The bleak north-east wind lays the forests bare,  
The fruit ungathered quits the naked spray,  
And dreary winter reigns o'er earth and air.
- [2.] No mark of vegetable life is seen,  
No bird to bird repeats his tuneful call;  
Save the dark leaves of some rude ever-green,  
Save the lone red-breast on the moss-grown wall.

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<sup>90</sup>John Scott, "Written at the Approach of Winter," *Four Elegies: Descriptive and Moral* (London, n.p., 1760), 18–23.

- [3.] Where are the sprightly scenes by spring supply'd,  
The may-flow'r'd hedges scenting every breeze;  
The white flocks scatt'ring o'er the mountain side,  
The woodlarks warbling on the blooming trees?
- [4.] Where is gay summer's sportive insect-train,  
That in green fields on painted pinions play'd?  
The herd at morn wide-pasturing o'er the plain,  
Or throng'd at noon-tide in the willow shade.
- [5.] Where is brown autumn's evening, mild and still,  
What time the ripen'd corn fresh fragrance yields;  
What time the village peoples all the hill,  
And loud shouts echo o'er the harvest fields?
- [6.] To former scenes our fancy thus returns,  
To former scenes, that little pleas'd when here!  
Our winter chills us, and our summer burns,  
Yet we dislike the changes of the year.
- [7.] To happier lands then restless fancy flies,  
Where Indian streams through green savannahs flow;  
Where brighter suns, and ever tranquil skies,  
Bid new fruits ripen and new flow'rets blow.
- [8.] Let truth these fairer, happier lands survey!  
There half the year descends in wat'ry storms;  
Or nature sickens in the blaze of day,  
And one brown hue the sun-burnt plain deforms.
- [9.] There oft, as toiling in the maizey fields,  
Or homeward passing on the shadeless way,  
His joyless life, the weary lab'rer yields,  
And instant drops beneath the deathful ray.

- [10.] Who dreams of nature free from nature's strife?  
Who dreams of constant happiness below?  
The hope-flush'd ent'rer on the stage of life;  
The youth to knowledge unchastis'd by woe.
- [11.] For me, long toil'd on many a weary road,  
Led by false hope in search of many a joy;  
I find in earth's bleak clime no blest abode,  
No place, no season, sacred from annoy.
- [12.] For me, while winter rages round the plains,  
With his dark days, I'll human life compare:  
Not those more fraught, with clouds and winds and rains,  
Than this with pining pain and anxious care.
- [13.] O whence this wond'rous turn of mind our fate!  
Whate'er the season or the place possest,  
We ever murmur at our present state;  
And yet the thought of parting breaks our rest.
- [14.] Why else when heard in ev'ning's solemn gloom,  
Does the sad knell that sounding o'er the plain,  
Toll some poor lifeless body to the tomb,  
Thus thrill my breast with melancholy pain?
- [15.] The voice of reason echoes in my ear,  
Thus thou ere long must join thy kindred clay:  
No more this breast the vital spirit share,  
No more these eye-lids open on the day.
- [16.] O winter, round me spread thy joyless reign,  
Thy threat'ning skies in dusky horrors drest;  
Of thy dread rage no longer I'll complain,  
Nor ask an EDEN for a transient guest.



- [17.] Enough has heav'n indulg'd of joy below,  
    To tempt our tarriance in this lov'd retreat;  
Enough has heav'n ordain'd of useful woe,  
    To make us languish for a happier seat.
- [18.] There is, who deems all climes, all seasons fair,  
    There is, who knows no restless passion's strife;  
Contentment, smiling at each idle care;  
    Contentment, thankful for the gift of life.
- [19.] She finds in winter many a scene to please,  
    The morning landscape fring'd with frost-work gay,  
The sun at noon seen through the leafeless trees,  
    The clear, calm ether at the close of day.
- [20.] She bids for all, our grateful praise arise  
    To him whose mandate spake the world to form;  
Gave spring's gay bloom, and summer's cheerful skies,  
    And autumn's corn-clad field, and winter's sounding storm.

**Psalm VIII.**<sup>91</sup>

Almighty pow'r! amazing are thy ways,  
Above our knowledge, and above our praise!  
How all thy works thy excellence display!  
How fair, how great, how wonderful are they!  
Thy hand yon wide-extended heaven uprais'd,  
Yon wide-extended heav'n with stars emblaz'd,  
Where each bright orb since time his course begun,  
Has roll'd a mighty world, or shin'd a sun!  
Stupendous thought! how sinks all human race!  
A point, an atom, in th' abyss of space!

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<sup>91</sup>John Scott, "Psalm VIII," *Four Elegies: Descriptive and Moral* (London, n.p., 1760), 24.

Yet ev'n to us, O Lord, thy care extends,  
Thy bounty feeds us, and thy power defends;  
Yet ev'n to us, as delegates of thee,  
Thou giv'st dominion over land and sea.  
All this is ours, and for th' extensive claim,  
We owe due homage to thy sacred name!  
Almighty pow'r! how wond'rous are thy ways!  
How far above our knowledge and our praise!

**For a Dying Friend.**  
**Mr. Abraham Brown.**<sup>92</sup>

- [1.] Stricken with the stroke of death,  
    Jesus, save my gasping friend,  
Kindly catch his parting breath,  
    Bless him with a peaceful end;  
Death be endless life begun,  
Bliss attain'd, and glory won!
- [2.] One is as a thousand days,  
    As a thousand years to thee:  
O cut short thy work of grace,  
    Ripe for full felicity.  
Ready with thyself to live,  
Now his spotless soul receive.
- [3.] Now cut short thy work in mine,  
    Mine, most gracious Lord, prepare,  
Deck'd with righteousness divine,  
    Let me all thine impress bear,  
All thy great salvation see:  
Send the chariot now for me.

---

<sup>92</sup>Charles Wesley; appears in *MS Funeral Hymns* (1756–87), 83–84.

- [4.] Dying once, to die no more,  
    Might I, like my friend, aspire,  
On the wings of angels soar,  
    Added to the tuneful choir,  
Mingled with the saints above,  
Lost in harmony, and love.

**An Epitaph on Mrs. Ann Waterhouse, in the  
Church-Yard at Epworth, Lincolnshire.**

N.B. I think I have seen these lines before; but I cannot  
recollect where.<sup>93</sup>

In vain the dear, departing saint,  
Forbids our gushing tears to flow!  
“Forbear, my friends, your fond complaint;  
“From earth to heaven I gladly go:  
“To glorious company above,  
“Bright angels and the God of love!”

**To the Memory of the Hon. Miss [Elizabeth] Booth.<sup>94</sup>**

Upright in ev’ry word and thought,  
Who liv’d, whate’er her Savior taught:  
Heav’nward directed all her days,  
Her life one act of pray’r and praise;  
Fraught with each virtue that can grace,  
And dignify the human race;  
With such a cheerfulness as show’d  
The innocence from which it flow’d;  
Ever obliging, easy, kind,  
In sickness patient and resign’d;

---

<sup>93</sup>Ironically, this is stanza 3 of Charles Wesley’s hymn “On the Death of a Child,” *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 36.

<sup>94</sup>The epitaph for Elizabeth Booth (1744–65), on a large altar-tomb in the churchyard of Church of St. John in Hampstead, Middlesex. The lines were composed by Gilbert Cooper.

After a painful journey trod,  
Belov'd by men, approv'd by God;  
To sleep she sunk without one sigh:  
The saint may sleep, but cannot die.

**Short Hymns.**

**2 Kings ii. 11.—“As they still went on and talked, behold there appeared a chariot of fire, and horses of fire.”<sup>95</sup>**

Not in contemplating, or prayer,  
Their charge the flaming convoy find,  
But labouring on with restless care,  
And quick'ning whom he left behind,  
Employ'd, and useful to the end:  
And thus my God may I ascend.

Suitable grace to him is show'd,  
Who burnt with fervent zeal for God,  
By heavenly fire refin'd, remov'd,  
Translated to the God he lov'd,  
He without pain obtains the prize,  
And mounts immortal to the skies.

Seraphs the fiery horses were,  
And cherubs form'd the heav'nly car:  
And lo, in state Elijah rides,  
To where the glorious God resides!  
And thus the everlasting Son  
Return'd in triumph to his throne!

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<sup>95</sup>Charles Wesley, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 1:177.

**2 Kings ii. 11.—“And parted them both asunder.”<sup>96</sup>**

That chariot in my life's short day,  
I oft have seen descend,  
To tear my other self away,  
To part me from my friend.  
But lo, it comes my soul t' unite  
With those that went before,  
It whirls me to my friends in light,  
Where we shall part no more.

**[2 Kings ii. 11.]—“Elijah went up by a whirlwind to heaven.”<sup>97</sup>**

See, the true Elijah flies,  
Lord of those unfolding skies!  
Swifter than the whirlwind's wings,  
Flies the glorious King of kings.  
Girt with flames of living fire,  
Higher still he soars and higher,  
Till he gains his bright abode,  
Carries up our hearts to God!

**[2 Kings ii.] 12.—“My father! my father!”<sup>98</sup>**

Jesus, dear departing Lord,  
Hang we on thy latest word;  
Us who can thy power receive,  
Fatherless, thou wilt not leave:  
Though we may a moment mourn,  
Yet we look for thy return,  
Now enjoy the earnest given,  
Then ascend with thee to heaven.

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<sup>96</sup>Charles Wesley, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 1:177.

<sup>97</sup>Charles Wesley, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 1:178.

<sup>98</sup>*Ibid.*

**2 Kings ii. 13.—“He took up the mantle that fell from him.”<sup>99</sup>**

Ascending to be clothed upon  
With purest robes of heavenly light,  
(Robes that outshine the noon-day sun)  
He drops his mantle in his flight!  
Divested of mortality,  
He needs it not to wrap his face,  
Allow'd his God unveil'd to see,  
And strong to bear the glorious blaze!

**[2 Kings] vi. 31.—“God do so and more also to me, if the head of Elisha shall stand on him this day.”<sup>100</sup>**

By all who neither love nor fear  
Our God, the righteous are abhorr'd,  
As authors of their evil here,  
They hate the servants of the Lord:  
“Away with them,” the world exclaim,  
“The Christians to the lions cast!”  
The stream is troubled by the Lamb,  
And must be so, while time shall last.

**Translation of the foregoing Epigram.<sup>101</sup>**

Weeping the Macedonian warrior stood,  
Vext that no other worlds remain'd to be subdu'd.  
Wept Xerxes, grieving, that of all his train,  
His millions, in an age no traces would remain.  
Thy tears, O Macedonian, I despise:  
I love the grief which fill'd the Persian's eyes.

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<sup>99</sup>Charles Wesley, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 1:179.

<sup>100</sup>*Ibid.*, 1:186.

<sup>101</sup>See 2:608 above; no indication of the translator is given.

**Epigram.**<sup>102</sup>

*Pyramis.*

*Pyramidum sumptus ad coelum et fidera ducti,  
Quid dignum tanta mole, quid intus habent?  
Ah! Nihil intus habent, nisi nigrum, informe cadaver,  
Durata in saxum est cui medicata caro.  
Ergone porrigitur Monumentus in jugera tota?  
Ergo tot annorum, tot manuumq; Labor?  
Integra fit morum mihi vita: haec Pyramis esto:  
Et poterunt tumulo fex fatis esse pedes.*

**Translation of the above Epigram.**

See the tall pyramid that threatens the skies!  
What treasure in the sumptuous fabric lies!  
What spoils of conquer'd kingdoms there are shown?  
A poor, dry carcase, harden'd into stone.  
For this were so much cost and pains bestow'd,  
And acres cover'd with th' enormous load?  
Six foot of earth enough for me will prove:  
My pyramid be faith that works by love.

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<sup>102</sup>Vincent Bourne, *Poematia* (London: J. Watts, 1734), 142. Wesley would have known this piece from its anonymous appearance in David Lewis (ed.), *Miscellaneous Poems by Several Hands* (London: J. Watts, 1726), 98; which Wesley reprinted in *Collection of Moral and Sacred Poems* (1744), 2:162.

**POETRY.**

**On the Church of England.<sup>1</sup>**

- [1.] Jesus our true and faithful Lord,  
    May we not on thy word depend,  
Thy sure, irrevocable word,  
    “Lo, I am with you to the end!”

---

<sup>1</sup>Charles Wesley; appears in MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 136–39.



- [2.] Thy promise with the church to abide  
For ours may we not justly claim,  
For ours who in thy blood confide,  
And truly bear thy hallow'd name!
- [3.] The gates of hell cannot o'erthrow  
Thy church immoveably secure:  
Built on the Rock, we surely know  
It must from age to age endure.
- [4.] Yet Satan hath too oft prevail'd;  
And Antichrist victorious prov'd:  
Churches particular have fail'd;  
Have seen their candlestick remov'd.
- [5.] Nations that walk'd in gospel-light  
Thy presence doth no longer chear;  
Africk again is wrapt in night,  
And Asia's ruins scarce appear.
- [6.] The man of sin that reigns at Rome  
Compels adoring crouds t' obey,  
Honours divine he dares assume,  
And poisons all who own his sway.
- [7.] And may not we to Satan yield,  
And sink before th' infernal host,  
The measure of our sin fulfill'd,  
Our lamp extinct, our gospel lost!
- [8.] Humbly we hope for better things,  
Since thou our offering dost receive,  
And grace to us salvation brings,  
And unconsum'd, by faith we live.

- [9.] Thy blessing<sup>2</sup> with the remnant stays,  
The faithful seed is multipli'd,  
Thousands their bleeding Lord embrace,  
And follow close their heavenly guide.
- [10.] Oh may they more and more increase!  
Protectors of a guilty land;  
And spread the kingdom of thy grace,  
Till all submit to thy command.
- [11.] Oh may they never turn aside!  
In separate sects and parties stray,  
Far from the fold, and scatter'd wide,  
But still walk on in Christ the way.
- [12.] To thee and to each other cleave,<sup>3</sup>  
Thy mercy, pow'r, and truth make known;  
A pattern to all churches live,  
Till all are perfected in one.
- [13.] Thou God who hearst the faithful pray'r,  
Presented after thy own will;  
Assure us of thy constant care,  
And on our hearts the answer seal.
- [14.] The Spirit pleading in the bride  
With gracious smiles of love attend;  
And with our favourite church abide,  
And bless, and keep, till time shall end.

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<sup>2</sup>Orig., "blessings"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

<sup>3</sup>Orig., "draw"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

**Thoughts on Heaven.**  
(By Miss E. T.)<sup>4</sup>

Say, will your candour spare a fault'ring muse,  
If she a late, though beaten, theme renews?

Common the wish to have the veil withdrawn,  
That heav'nly glory on the sense might dawn:  
Or that some fair intelligence would deign,  
To unfold the wonders of th' ethereal<sup>5</sup> plain.

Vain wish! for still the veil is not withdrawn,  
No heav'nly glories on the senses dawn:  
No fair intelligence does kindly deign,  
To unfold the wonders of th' ethereal<sup>6</sup> plain.

If to endure this "mortal coil" requir's,  
Bliss in reversion equal to desires,  
We must believe a certainty of joy,  
Unbounded all, and all without alloy.  
We cannot doubt a bright hereafter is,  
But then, how vari'd, the celestial bliss?  
The differing enjoyments of the place  
Is what we know not now—but fain would guess.

Rowe, has her native eloquence display'd,  
Form'd various scenes in fields that never fade;  
And Milton talks of amaranthine bow'rs,  
In which the sons of heav'n recline their pow'rs,  
And fancy takes a larger leave to roam,  
With freest flight in "Watts's world to come."

Yet doubts preponderate, and sceptic we  
Still think it may, and yet it may not be.

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<sup>4</sup>No prior publication or further details on author for this poem have been located.

<sup>5</sup>Orig., "eternal"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

<sup>6</sup>Orig., "eternal"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

But the grand question of the social mind,  
Which friendship does in its soft fetters bind,  
Is, “will eternity this joy prolong?  
“Say, shall we know each other in the throng?  
“Say, shall we consciously unite again?  
“And will distinct perception there remain?”

Does not the sacred text its witness bear  
To this heart-cheering truth, distinct and clear?  
And then will not the nature of the case,  
Self-evident remaining doubts erase?  
If love, and knowledge in the human soul  
Must with its nature co-existent roll—  
If more and more matur’d, our social love  
From knowledge must essentially improve:  
Then will distinct perception, there remain,  
And kindred minds, upon the ethereal<sup>7</sup> plain,  
With conscious pleasure shall unite again.

]

But the great Author of the Christian tie,  
When breathing out his prayer for unity,  
Pray’d, his elect might sweetly all be one,  
One with the Father, and his favourite Son.  
Can then the memory of an human friend,  
Remain, and with that sacred union blend?  
Yes! the fair seats of knowledge, and of love  
Will ev’ry intellectual bliss improve!  
The sacred dwellings of the Lamb will give,  
The noblest joys a spirit can receive:  
There love, that angels prize, and men adore,  
There love divine its choicest gifts will show’r.  
Then reason shall regain her native seat,  
In more than pristine vigour shine compleat,  
And ev’ry pleasure suited to its pow’rs,  
In bright succession crown the endless hours.

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<sup>7</sup>Orig., “eternal”; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

There sacred friendship quite unveils her face,  
And glows with all the fervors of the place:  
Then shall the re-embrace of parted friends,  
For pangs of parting give a full amends:  
Absence no more shall rend the tortur'd heart,  
'Tis heaven's peculiar—never more to part.  
There souls by sympathy each other draw,  
There love is liberty, and nature<sup>8</sup> law;  
Th' encreasing flame will freely circulate,  
It can't be little or inordinate!  
In breasts seraphic purest transports glow!  
No ills terrene prevent the rapturous flow:  
What pains the tenant soul in this low state,  
The unkind, the sordid, the indelicate!  
All that is irksome will far off remove,  
Nor ought remain but what increases love.  
No fond excess the wounded heart will tear,<sup>9</sup>  
Nor shall we mourn contracted fervors there:  
The gen'rous flame with freedom will transpire,  
And equal love unite the glorious choir.

Yet still diviner joys, diviner love,  
Await the ransom'd in the realms above;  
"Then shall we know, as also we are known,"  
Then will arise the intellectual sun!  
The irradiating beams will pow'rful dart,  
Illume the eye, and deify the heart!  
The bright idea of th' eternal mind,  
Who in creation shone on human kind,  
Who in redemption shew'd how God could bless,  
The filial God-head will unveil his face:  
And then with grace, and comforts unexpress,  
Th' eternal Spirit quite involves the blest!  
Then love itself displaying richest grace,  
For ever folds us in its strong embrace.

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<sup>8</sup>Orig., "nature's";; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

<sup>9</sup>Orig., "tare"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

And were creation banished from our sight,  
And were the first-born fairest sons of light,  
And were our friends, the dear selected band,  
Forever banished from the blissful land,  
Yet still intire the rapture of the soul,  
The joy in God, would be forever full.

When pardoning love has blotted out our sin,  
Then does celestial amity begin,  
Fraught with desire we then essay to prove,  
That love is heaven, and that “God is love.”

Come then my friend, my sister, let us rise,  
Maturing for our seat above the skies.  
In all researches we are still aware,  
The search for grace is our peculiar care;  
In righteousness, and peace, and joy regain,  
The white adorning, for the heav’nly plain:  
Regain the pearl originally lost,  
Refill’d with Father, Son, and Holy Ghost:  
’Till ripe for heav’n, we take from earth our flight,  
And the meredian gain—of love and light.

### Short Hymns.

**Job xii. 16.—“The deceived and the deceiver are his.”**<sup>10</sup>

[1.] The crafty manages the fool,  
The tame unthinking crowd;  
He makes the simple one his tool,  
But both are tools to God:

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<sup>10</sup>Charles Wesley, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 1:232–33.

Their folly and their craft he blends,  
Whate'er themselves design,  
And bids them blindly serve the ends  
Of providence divine.

[2.] What have his servants then to fear,  
Who bear Jehovah's seal?  
Though thorns and briars are with us here,  
And we with scorpions dwell?  
His love omnipotent we sing,  
Who doth the world restrain,  
Rejoicing that the Lord is King,  
And shall for ever reign.

**Job xvi. 22.—“When a few years are come, then I shall go the way whence I shall not return.”<sup>11</sup>**

I wait a few sorrowful years,  
And then I no longer shall mourn,  
But flee from the valley of tears,  
A way I shall never return:  
From earth I shall quickly remove,  
To sure, everlasting abodes,  
And sing with the spirits above,  
And triumph with angels and God.

**Job xvii. 1.—“My breath is corrupt, my days are extinct, the graves are ready for me.”<sup>12</sup>**

My days are extinguish'd and gone,  
My time as a shadow is fled,  
And gladly I lay myself down,  
To rest with the peaceable dead:

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<sup>11</sup>Charles Wesley, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 1:237.

<sup>12</sup>Ibid.

The dead ever living attend,  
Whose dust is all safe in the tomb,  
And many a glorifi'd friend  
Is ready to welcome me home.

**Job xvii. 11.—“My days are past, my purposes are broken off, even the thoughts of my heart.”<sup>13</sup>**

My days are all vanish'd away,  
Broke off the designs of my heart,  
No longer on earth I delay,  
Or linger as loth to depart:  
Resolv'd in my Lord to abide,  
This purpose I know shall remain  
And trust to be found at his side,  
And Jesus eternally gain.

**Job xvii. 13.—“I have made my bed.”<sup>14</sup>**

[1.] Ready for my earthen bed,  
Let me rest my fainting head,  
Welcome life's expected close,  
Sink in permanent repose:  
Jesu's blood to which I fly,  
Doth my conscience purify,  
Signs my weary soul's release,  
Bids me now depart in peace.

[2.] Thus do I my bed prepare;  
O, how soft when Christ is there!  
There my breathless Saviour laid,  
Turns it to a spicy bed:

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<sup>13</sup>Charles Wesley, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 1:238.

<sup>14</sup>Ibid.



Resting in his pow'r to save,  
Looking now beyond the grave,  
Calm I lay my body down,  
Rise to an immortal crown.

**A Specimen of our Ancient Poetry.**

There is in the Church of Campsall, near Pontefract  
in Yorkshire, the following inscription.

Let fal downe thy ne, and lift up thy hart,  
Behold thy Maker on yond cros al to torn.  
Remember his wondis that for the did smart,  
Gotyn without syn, and on a virgin born.  
All his hed percid with a crown of thorn,<sup>15</sup>  
Alas! man thy hart oght to brest in way.  
Bewar of the dwyl when he blawis his horn,  
And pray thy Gode aungel cover the.  
(From Hearne's *Leland's Collectanea*.<sup>16</sup>)

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<sup>15</sup>Orig., "too"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

<sup>16</sup>*Joannis Lelandi antiquarii de rebus Britannicis collectanea*, ed. by Thomas Hearne (Oxford: Sheldonian, 1715), vol. 1, pp. xxxvi–xxxvii.

POETRY.

**The Twenty-Eighth Chapter of Job Paraphrased.**  
(By Mr. Ward.)<sup>17</sup>

With quick vibrations of ethereal flame  
The voice divine forth from the whirlwind came,  
The skies in undulations shook around,  
And Job and nature trembled at the sound.

Thus spake th' Almighty; who presumptuous tries,  
To pierce unbounded space with mortal eyes?  
Can finite beings, can weak reason's line  
Fathom the mazy depths of pow'r divine?  
Answer thy God; where wast thou, earth-born man,  
Ere<sup>18</sup> motion, time or entity began?  
Who thro' the skies the flaming orbs has hurl'd?  
Who fix'd the basis of the stedfast world?  
Who thus has heav'd aloft each pond'rous sphere,  
To float self-balanc'd in circumfluous air;  
Who laid the corner stone what potent hand?  
Or say, where fixt earth's stable columns stand?  
Who, when the morning stars in consort rise,  
With wings the breeze, with balms prepares the skies?  
Say, did the music of according spheres,  
Or shouts of angels ever hail thy ears?  
Who fixt the barriers of the lawless main,  
When, booming to the beach, it roars in vain?  
Obsequious to their God the waters stand:  
Heap'd on themselves high o'er the threaten'd land:  
Billows the voice omnipotent obey'd,  
Thus far, ye seas—here your proud waves be staid—

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<sup>17</sup>Actually, it is by Mr. Sterling, "The 28th Chapter of Job paraphrased," in Matthew Concanen, editor, *Miscellaneous Poems* (London: J. Peele, 1724), 401–8; as abridged by Wesley in *MS Poetry Miscellany*, 17–21.

<sup>18</sup>Orig., "E'er"; but clearly used in sense of "before."

Who cloath'd the ocean with a watry shroud?  
And made its swadling band an ambient cloud?  
Didst thou appoint the day-spring to be born?  
Or pour out genial light on infant morn?  
Didst thou mark where the golden sun should rise?  
Or teach the dawn to paint the orient skies?  
Who feeds the urn of unexhausted day,  
To cheer the world with his diffusive ray?—

Gav'st thou the wave o'er briny wastes to flow?  
Or hast thou search'd the christal depths below?  
Saw'st thou beneath my wondrous strata spread?  
Or billows gurgling from their oozy bed?  
Know'st thou how new-born winds their pinions try?  
Or where inchain'd the dormant tempests lie?—  
Declare, to thee are earth's dimentions known?  
The mighty axis and the burning zone?  
Know'st thou the regions of immortal day?  
Where dazzling beams in sportive glories play?  
Hast thou explor'd the caverns of the gloom?  
And genuine night's inhospitable womb?  
These dost thou know, in deep experience sage,  
And have three thousand years matur'd thy age?

Saw'st thou the store-house of the treasur'd snow?  
Whence the fledg'd drops in feather'd whiteness flow?  
Who rais'd the magazine of blasting storms?  
Pronounce, what mould the driving hail-stone forms?  
Renew'd in light, whence the grey morning springs?  
Born in a cloud on Eurus' balmy wings;  
How is the swelling tide alternate tost,  
Back on its side and in itself is lost?  
Answer, whence momentary meteors rise?  
Dart thro' the air, or trail along the skies?

Whence clouds with sulphur charg'd, opposing break?  
And the shock'd heav'ns their rage in thunder speak?

Say, hath the rain a sire? refin'd by you  
In subtle sleet descends the copious dew?  
Where crystal floods in nitrous chains are bound,  
And frost congeal the unrelenting ground!  
How solid waves to glassy mountains grow,  
While sunk beneath, the pining waters flow?

Resolve enquiring man, thy God demands?  
Speak, canst thou loose Orion's stormy bands?  
Canst thou suspend the vast harmonious frame?  
Or stop on high each orb of circling flame?  
Canst thou arrest the northern stars, that roll  
In paler fires around the frigid pole?  
By me the Pleiads their sweet course advance,  
I bid Mazaroth lead the radiant dance:  
I mark the period each bright planet runs,  
And guide Arcturus with his humid sons.

Can mortal ken pierce my mysterious laws?  
Or trace effects to their remotest cause?  
Who in their turn the seasons can dispense?  
And stand the substitute of providence?  
Can thy strong call unsluice the burthen'd cloud,  
'Till rains descending roll a rapid flood?  
Sudden canst thou command my lightnings' glare,  
While forked streams lick the retreating air?

By whom are souls to gen'rous arts refin'd?  
Who moulds the heart and cultivates the mind?  
Who frames the wondrous brain, the secret cell,  
Where thought first dawns and crude ideas dwell?  
Where ripening judgment glimmers thro' the dark,

And slow casts forth each intellectual spark.  
The senses there thro' dark meanders rove,  
Thro' every tender tube and fibrous grove:  
Each a long train of images affords:  
Reason receives and memory records.

Who stops the turgid bottles of the sky?  
Bids storms disperse and low'ring vapours fly?  
Who paints the showry bow, the golden stream?  
The sun-born beauties and the vivid gleam?

Again, Oh! man, what species, say what tribe,  
To thee their wondrous sustenance ascribe?  
Whether the feather'd race and scaly brood,  
Or savage beasts that haunt the lonely wood.  
Can thy all-piercing eye the range survey,  
Where murmuring lions seek the destin'd prey?—  
Dost thou their food with providential care,  
The clamorous raven's daily food prepare?  
Lo! from their callow young, the tender cries,  
Reach the high heav'ns: high heav'n their want supplies.  
For God alone can God's creation guide,  
And nature's Lord o'er nature's work preside.

**Careless Content.**<sup>19</sup>

[1.] I am content, I do not care,  
Wag as it will the world for me;  
When fuss and fret was all my fare,  
I got no ground, as I could see:  
So when away my caring went,  
I counted cost, and was content.

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<sup>19</sup>John Byrom, *Miscellaneous Poems* (Manchester: J. Harrop, 1773), 78–81.

- [2.] With more of thanks, and less of thought,  
    I strive to make my matters meet;  
To seek what ancient sages sought,  
    Physick and food in sour and sweet:  
To take what passes in good part,  
And keep the hiccups from the heart.
- [3.] With good and gentle humour'd hearts,  
    I chuse to chat where e'er I come,  
Whate'er the subject be that starts;  
    But if I get among the glum:  
I hold my tongue to tell the troth,  
And keep my breath to cool my broth.
- [4.] For chance or change, of peace or pain;  
    For fortune's favour or her frown;  
For lack or glut, for loss or gain,  
    I never dodge, nor up nor down:  
But swing that way the ship shall swim,  
Or tack about with equal trim.
- [5.] I suit not where I shall not speed,  
    Nor trace the turn of ev'ry tide;  
If simple sense will not succeed,  
    I make no bustling, but abide:  
For shining wealth, or scaring woe,  
I force no friend, I fear no foe.
- [6.] Of *ups* and *downs*, of *ins* and *outs*,  
    Of *they are wrong*, and *we are right*,  
I shun the rancours, and the routs,  
    And wishing well to ev'ry wight,  
Whatever turn the matter takes,  
I deem it all but ducks and drakes.

- [7.] With whom I feast I do not fawn,  
Nor if the folk should flout me, faint;  
If wonted welcome be withdrawn,  
I cook no kind of a complaint:  
With none dispos'd to disagree,  
But like them best, who best like me.
- [8.] Not that I rate myself the rule,  
How all my betters should behave;  
But fame shall find me no man's fool;  
Nor to a set of men a slave:  
I love a friendship free and frank,  
And hate to hang upon a hank.
- [9.] Fond of a true and trusty tie,  
I never loose where'er I link;  
Tho' if a bus'ness budges by,  
I talk thereon just as I think:  
My word, my work, my heart, my hand,  
Still on a side, together stand.
- [10.] If names or notions make a noise,  
Whatever hap the question hath,  
The point impartially I poise,  
And read, or write, but without wrath;  
For should I burn, or break my brains,  
Pray who will pay me for my pains?
- [11.] I love my neighbour as myself,  
Myself like him too, by his leave;  
Nor to his pleasure, pow'r, or pelf,  
Came I to crouch, as I conceive:  
Dame nature doubtless has design'd,  
A man, the monarch of his mind.

[12.] Now taste and try this temper, sirs,  
Mood it, and brood it in your breast;  
Or if you ween, for worldly stirs,  
That man does right to mar his rest,  
Let me be deft, and debonair,  
*I am content, I do not care.*

**A Short Hymn.**<sup>20</sup>

**Job xix. 25, 26, 27.—“I know that my Redeemer liveth,  
and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth.  
And though after my skin, worms destroy this body,  
yet in my flesh shall I see God. Whom I shall see for  
myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another;  
though my reins be consumed within me.”**<sup>21</sup>

[1.] I call the world’s Redeemer mine:  
He lives who di’d for me I know;  
Who bought my soul with blood divine,  
Jesus shall re-appear below:  
Stand in that dreadful day unknown,  
And fix on earth his heav’nly throne.

[2.] *Then* the *last* judgment-day shall come;  
And tho’ the worms this skin devour;  
The judge shall call me from the tomb,  
Shall bid the greedy grave restore:  
And raise this individual me,  
God in the flesh, my God to see.

[3.] In this identic body I,  
With eyes of flesh refin’d, restor’d;  
Shall see that self-same Saviour nigh,  
See for myself my smiling Lord:

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<sup>20</sup>Orig., “Short Hymns”; a misprint since there is only one hymn.

<sup>21</sup>Charles Wesley, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 1:239.



See with ineffable delight,  
Nor faint to bear the glorious sight.

[4.] Then let the worms demand their prey,  
The greedy grave my reins consume;  
With joy I drop my mould'ring clay,  
And rest 'till my Redeemer come:  
On Christ my life in death rely,  
Secure that I can never die.

**An Admonition against Swearing,  
Addressed to an Officer in the Army.**<sup>22</sup>

O that the muse might call, without offence,  
The gallant soldier back to his good sense!  
His temporal field so cautious not to lose;  
So careless quite of his eternal foes.  
Soldier! so tender of thy prince's fame,  
Why so profuse of a superior name?  
For the king's sake, the brunt of battles bear;  
But for the King of king's sake—DO NOT SWEAR.

**Verses designed for a Watch-Case.**<sup>23</sup>

Could but our tempers move like this machine,  
Not urg'd by passion, nor delay'd by spleen;  
But, true to nature's regulating pow'r,  
By virtuous acts distinguish ev'ry hour;  
Then health and joy would follow, as they ought,  
The laws of motion, and the laws of thought;  
Sweet health, to pass the present moments o'er,  
And everlasting joy, when time shall be no more.

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<sup>22</sup>John Byrom, *Miscellaneous Poems* (Manchester: J. Harrop, 1773), 1: 341–42.

<sup>23</sup>*Ibid.*, 1:341.

**POETRY.**

**Amarantha.**

**(By Mr. Tooke.)<sup>24</sup>**

- [1.] My friend!—forgive me!—’twas my love alone  
Which urg’d my transport in this uncooth verse,  
Sigh’d out the ill-chose syllables in tone,  
And bade me thus my wretchedness rehearse.
- [2.] Surely I’ve felt each diff’rent form of woe,  
And, in each mode, have borne affliction’s pangs!  
In ev’ry vari’d shape the Proteus know,  
In ev’ry form have felt her direst sangs!
- [3.] Oh! Amarantha!—not to meet again!—  
At once forget each sympathizing glow—  
Alas!—thou hear’st me not—my cries are vain!  
In vain my sighs! my wretchedness! my woe!—
- [4.] But, yet, Oh! purest soul;—yet, e’er thour’t fled,  
One emanation to my spirit dart;  
One small, small portion of thy virtue shed,  
That I may feel thy semblance on my heart.
- [5.] Where thou resid’st my spirit longs to go,  
And my soul fain would dwell with thee above!  
My heart, bent down with solitude and woe,  
Desires, with thee, to taste a Saviour’s love!
- [6.] How have we liv’d! how lov’d! ah! must we part!  
Oh could yon ardent seraph drop his plumes!  
The heav’nly prize should straightway wing my heart,  
To pierce with thee the star-bespangl’d domes!

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<sup>24</sup>No prior publication or further details on author for this poem have been located.

- [7.] What holy themes have erst employ'd that tongue!  
What godly thoughts that more than human mind!  
Praise borne on *that* in heav'n-dissolving song,  
From *this* a prayer wafted on ev'ry wind.
- [8.] Ah! go not yet! must Amarantha leave  
The dearest object of her earliest love?  
Must she descend, so blooming, to the grave?  
So early join her kindred saints above?
- [9.] How pleasant e'en in death!—that sinking eye  
Which never look'd on vice—that purest breast  
Which virtue only taught to heave a sigh,  
Has panted long for its eternal rest!
- [10.] See, with what pray'rs she darts her soul to heav'n,  
(Collect the dying accents as they fall)  
“Oh God—Redeemer! be my sins forgiv'n!  
“To thee I come—my love! my hope! my all!”
- [11.] Oh, can I e'er forget the lovely maid!  
When stretch'd upon the bed of girding pain;  
While, with her arm around my neck, she said,  
“Farewel, beloved! 'till we meet again!
- [12.] “Till we exalt our unexempl'd love  
“Into one fountain of eternal praise;  
“Till we unite our ev'ry pow'r above,  
“To sing our Jesus in unceasing lays!<sup>[1]</sup>”
- [13.] Hark!—from yon time-worn, mossy spire, I hear  
The dismal knell of Amarantha's coarse:  
Lo! 'twixt the trees I see the slow borne bier—  
Each nodding plume her virtuous worth deploras.

- [14.] The pale-fac'd orbit of the moon displays  
    A pleasing horror o'er yon low-shorn green,  
And gives her borrowed feeble-cheering rays  
    To aid the solemn sadness of the scene.
- [15.] The long-drawn isle—and sorrow-cloathed tomb—  
    The ragged trophy—and the marbled bust—  
The smoaky tapers adding to the gloom,  
    Along the heaps of monumental dust.—
- [16.] The dying echos, sounding through the height,  
    Feebly protract the dirge's doleful strain,  
The dismal howlings of the bird of night,  
    And the slow pacing of the sable train.
- [17.] How all-uncertain is the hope of bliss!  
    The thought of future happiness how vain!  
The worlds beyond the grave (alas! not this)  
    May dwell in joy, without a sense of pain!
- [18.] Hope held to view a round of circling years,  
    Array'd in bliss, and glitt'ring with delight,  
Shew'd me a balm for worlds of vexing cares,  
    To still each woe, and make each sorrow light!
- [19.] My soul at ease, as if of bliss secure,  
    As if possessing to its farthest went,  
Look'd on encreasing happiness as sure,  
    Fraught with a wish for more than heav'n could grant.
- [20.] Then didst thou strike!—Oh God! thy will be done!  
    Thy dispensations cannot but be right,  
However feebly by weak wretches known,  
    Howe'er imperfect in our darken'd sight!

- [21.] Resign'd I'll bear the ruthless hand of woe,  
Resign'd bereft of Amarantha's love,  
May but my sorrows terminate below,  
And Jesu's mercies crown my soul above!
- [22.] And now, Oh! fairest of thy sex, farewell;  
Thou summit of my earliest hope! adieu!  
One tear must fall, one pang the sorrow tell,  
Of me bereft of happiness and you!
- [23.] Is Amarantha hurri'd on her bier?  
Who can restrain the tribute of a sigh?  
Who can call back the sorrow-shrouded tear,  
Or stop the gushing torrent of the eye?

**Epitaph.**

Trav'ler! seek not the goodness of the fair,  
Upon the surface of unfeeling stone—  
Ask of the honest heart—'tis graven there—  
Perhaps you'll find it written on your own.  
Ask of the poor, along the village street;  
Ask of the sick, within th' impoverish'd cot;  
Ask ev'ry weeping object, which you meet,  
If her beneficence can be forgot?

**Stanzas.**

(By Miss [Catherine] Talbot.)<sup>25</sup>

- [1.] O form'd for boundless bliss! immortal soul,  
Why dost thou prompt the melancholy sigh,  
While evening shades disclose the glowing pole,  
And silver moon-beams tremble o'er the sky.

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<sup>25</sup>Catherine Talbot, *Essays on Various Subjects* (London: Charles Rivington, 1772), 2:167–68.

- [2.] These glowing stars shall fade, this moon shall fall,  
    This transitory sky shall melt away;  
Whilst thou triumphantly surviving all,  
    Shalt glad expatiate in eternal day.
- [3.] Sickens the mind with longings vainly great,  
    To trace mysterious wisdom's secret ways;  
While chain'd and bound in this ignoble state,  
    Humbly it breathes sincere, imperfect praise.
- [4.] Or glows the beating heart with secret fires,  
    And longs to mingle in the worlds of love?  
Or foolish trembler, feeds its fond desires  
    Of earthly good? or dreads life's ills to prove?
- [5.] Back does it trace the flight of former years,  
    The friends lamented, and the pleasures past?  
Or wing'd with forecast, vain and impious fears,  
    Presumptuous to the cloud-hid future haste?
- [6.] Hence, far be gone, ye fancy-folded pains!  
    Peace, trembling heart, be ev'ry sigh suppress!  
Wisdom supreme, eternal goodness reigns;  
    Thus far is sure: to heav'n resign the rest.

**Written on New-Year's Eve,  
while the Bells were ringing out the Old Year.<sup>26</sup>**

- [1.] Again the smoothly circling year,  
    Beneath fair skies serene and clear,  
    Completes his gentle round;  
Sweet bells in tuneful sounds express,  
    Gay thanks for rural happiness;  
    And months with plenty crown'd.

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<sup>26</sup>Catherine Talbot, *Essays on Various Subjects* (London: Charles Rivington, 1772), 2:152–53.

- [2.] While yet remains the courteous guest,  
Oh! be my grateful thoughts exprest,  
Unmixt with grief or fear;  
Farewel ye seasons! roll away,  
I wish not to prolong your stay,  
Though age brings up the rear.
- [3.] Cheerful I trust for future good,  
The hand which all the past bestow'd,  
Nor heed life's shifting scene:  
Farewel kind year, which still has blest  
My days with peace, my nights with rest,  
And leav'st my mind serene.
- [4.] Not yet; but now impends the stroke,  
The far resounding midnight clock,  
Has summon'd thee away;  
Go, mingle with the countless past,  
'Till time himself has liv'd his last,  
In soft oblivion stay.
- [5.] But then with smiling grace appear,  
Thou blameless, grief-unsulli'd year,  
Oh! smile once more on me;  
And witness that thy golden hours,  
Have all been priz'd as summer flow'rs,  
By some industrious bee.

**Epigrams.**

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

Time that is past, thou never canst recal;  
Of time to come, thou art not sure at all;  
Time present only, is within thy pow'r;  
And therefore *now* improve the present hour.

**[II.]**<sup>28</sup>

Safer to reconcile a foe, than make  
A conquest of him, for the conquest's sake;  
This tames his pow'r of doing present ill,  
But that disarms him of the very will.

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<sup>27</sup>John Byrom, *Miscellaneous Poems* (Manchester: J. Harrop, 1773), 1:339.

<sup>28</sup>John Byrom, *Miscellaneous Poems* (Manchester: J. Harrop, 1773), 1:339.

Short Hymns.

**Job xxxii. 8.—“The inspiration of the Almighty giveth man understanding.”<sup>29</sup>**

[1.] The world may boast their knowledge vain;  
But what can human learning do?  
The Spirit, whom we from God obtain,  
The way to God alone can shew;  
Th’ Almighty’s own immediate breath,  
Wisdom and truth divine imparts;  
Expels the wisdom from beneath,  
And fills with heav’n our peaceful hearts.

[2.] Come Jesus, come, my heart inspire;  
Wisdom and pow’r of God appear!  
Kindle the pure celestial fire,  
Be thou my life eternal *here*:  
The way, the truth, the life divine,  
Each moment thee I long to prove;  
Each moment to receive of thine,  
Each moment feel that God is love.

**Job xxxv. 10.—“God giveth songs in the night.”<sup>30</sup>**

Thou giver of songs in the night,  
Of joy, in the darkest distress;  
I sigh to recover thy light,  
I long for a glimpse of thy face:  
Ah, put the new song in my heart,  
(For nothing on earth I desire,)  
And lo! I exult to depart,  
And mix with the heavenly choir.

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<sup>29</sup>Charles Wesley, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 1:245.

<sup>30</sup>*Ibid.*, 1:248.



**POETRY.**

**To a Young Lady on her Birth-Day,  
being the First of April.<sup>31</sup>**

- [1.] Let others write for bye-designs,  
I seek some moral in my lines,  
Which whosoever reads must bear,  
Or great, or learn'd, or young, or fair.  
Permit me then, with friendly lay,  
To moralize your April-day.
- [2.] Chequer'd your native month appears,  
With sunny gleams and cloudy tears;  
'Tis thus the world our trust beguiles,  
Its frowns as transient as its smiles;  
Nor pain nor pleasure long will stay,  
For life is but an April-day.

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<sup>31</sup>[Samuel Wesley Jr.], "To a Young Lady, on her Birthday, being the First of April," in David Lewis (ed.), *Miscellaneous Poems by Several Hands* (London: J. Watts, 1730), 279–81; cf. Wesley, *Poems on Several Occasions* (2<sup>nd</sup> edn.; Cambridge: Bentham, 1743), 167–68. John Wesley had published previously in *MSP* (1744), 2:203–4.

- [3.] Health will not always last in bloom,  
But age or sickness surely come;  
Are friends belov'd? why fate must seize,  
Or these from you, or you from these;  
Forget not earnest in your play,  
For youth is but an April-day.
- [4.] When piety and fortune move  
Your heart to try the bands of love,  
As far as duty gives you pow'r,  
Guiltless enjoy the present hour;  
"Gather your rose-buds while you may,"  
For love is but an April-day.
- [5.] What clouds soe'er without are seen,  
Oh, may they never reach within!  
But virtue's stronger fetters bind  
The strongest tempest of the mind:  
Calm may you shoot your setting ray,  
And sunshine end your April-day.

**To the Reverend Mr. J. Wesley.**

Rev. Sir,

If you think it consistent with your plan, to insert  
the following extract, on universal redemption, in your next  
month's magazine, you will oblige your old friend,

M. Minutius Felix.<sup>32</sup>

Some soothe their conscience with a strange *decree*,  
"If my dear infant's damn'd, what's that to *me*?  
Share now he must the lott'ry of us all,  
Decreed for heav'n, or hell before the fall!

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<sup>32</sup>An excerpt of M. F. [i.e., 'Minutius Felix'], *The State of Man, Here and Hereafter, Considered in Three Epistles to a Friend*, 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (Bristol: Pine, 1776), 49–51 (Epistle II, lns. 402–39).

[“Though Adam ruin’d all the sons of men,  
 And now not one can turn to God again,  
 Unless of old, elected from the rest,  
 For all are sinners—nor are saints the best—  
 My child *will* come, if call’d by *saving* grace,  
 —If not—he’ll go, like Judas, to his place!  
 Suppose he grows in sin, ’tis nature’s bent—  
 When his *time* comes, he cannot *but* repent—  
 Before this *call*, or should it ne’er begin,  
 His alms and tears are so much *splendid* sin!  
 If doom’d to hell—what need of human skill—  
 He’ll burn in flames, let both do what we will!”

Hail thou *kind* parent! hail thou *sweet* divine!  
 Whose love or logic can compare with thine!  
 But some blind bigot let me still be thought,  
 I hold not *reason* as a thing of nought,  
 Her light and influ’nce serve me *still* to prove  
 That “*all*” means “*every one*,” and God is *love*,\*  
 That some bless’d seed, in human hearts prepar’d,  
 May lead them onward to their full reward,  
 By due improvement may, through promis’d grace,  
*Bear up* to glory the whole human race.  
 How soon expand our bowels free to all,  
 When none, we know, need sink beneath the fall!  
 —Some social hope, by feeling understood,  
 Supports our aim for universal good,  
 Spreads through our hearts, unites us to our foes,  
 Takes in a world, and still progressive flows!—

\* St. Paul, speaking of God, says, “who would have ALL MEN to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of the truth.” And, speaking of Christ, he says, “who gave himself a ransom for ALL, to be testified in due time.” Foreseeing, perhaps, that this doctrine would begin to be disputed three or four centuries after his death. For who, besides the Jews and heathen fatalists, doubted it, before Augustine used his logical wand against it?

Yet gradual shines on all the light of heav'n,  
However *nam'd*,<sup>†</sup> or *whensoever* giv'n!  
For want of this, abiding or increas'd,  
*Man* is but little better than a *beast*;  
Without it, life is comfortless or vain,  
And death—a horror, racking to the brain!

**On reading some Elegies.**<sup>33</sup>

- [1.] Hither your wreaths, ye drooping muses bring,  
The short-liv'd rose, that blooms but to decay;  
Love's fragrant myrtles, that in Paphos spring,  
And deathless poetry's immortal bay.
- [2.] And Oh! thou gentl'st shade, accept the verse,  
Mean though it be, and artlessly sincere,  
That pensive thus attends thy silent hearse,  
And steals, in secret shades, the pious tear.
- [3.] What heart by heav'n with gen'rous softness blest,  
But in thy lines its native language reads?  
Where hapless love, in tender, plainness drest,  
Gracefully mourns and elegantly bleeds.
- [4.] In vain, alas, thy fancy fondly gay  
Trac'd the fair scenes of dear domestic life;  
The sportive loves forsook their wanton play,  
To paint for thee the mistress, friend and wife.

<sup>†</sup> Perhaps what the best heathens called REASON, and Solomon WISDOM, St. Paul GRACE in general, and St. John RIGHTEOUSNESS or LOVE, Luther FAITH, and Fenelon VIRTUE, may be only differently expressed for one and the self-same blessing, viz. the light of Christ shining in different degrees, under different dispensations. Why then so many words and so little charity exercised among Christians, about the PARTICULAR TERM of a blessing, experienced (more or less) by all righteous men.

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<sup>33</sup>Catherine Talbot, *Essays on Various Subjects* (London: Charles Rivington, 1772), 2:150–51.

[5.] Oh luckless lover! form'd for better days,  
For golden years, and ages long ago:  
For thee Persephone<sup>‡</sup> impatient stays,  
For thee the willow and the cypress grow.

**Resignation.**<sup>34</sup>

With patient mind thy course of duty run,  
God nothing does, or suffers to be done,  
But thou wouldst do thyself, if thou couldst see  
The end of all events as well as he.

**Mr. Gambold's Epitaph on Himself.**<sup>35</sup>

Ask not who ended here his span:  
His name, reproach, and praise, was man:  
Did no great deeds adorn his course?  
No deed of his, but shew'd him worse.  
One thing was great, which God suppli'd;  
He suffer'd human life—and di'd.  
What points of knowledge did he gain?  
That life was sacred all—and vain!  
Sacred how high, and vain how low?  
He knew not here, but di'd to know.

And this light was buried *under a bushel!* How might  
he have enlightened all Christendom?

**On the Right Manner of Giving Reproof.**<sup>36</sup>

To give reproof in anger, to be sure,  
Whate'er the fault, is not the way to cure:  
Would a wise doctor offer, dost thou think,  
The sick his potion, scolding hot to drink.

<sup>‡</sup> The goddess of death.

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<sup>34</sup>John Byrom, *Miscellaneous Poems* (Manchester: J. Harrop, 1773), 2:345.

<sup>35</sup>Rev. John Gambold (1711–71), manuscript; cf. *The Works of the late Rev. John Gambold* (Bath: S. Hazard, 1789), 276. Wesley had published previously in *HSP* (1739), 9.

<sup>36</sup>John Byrom, *Miscellaneous Poems* (Manchester: J. Harrop, 1773), 1:339.

Short Hymns.

**Job xxxvi. 8, 9, 10.—“If they be bound in fetters, and be holden in cords of affliction, then he sheweth them their work, and their transgressions that they have exceeded. He openeth also their ear to discipline, and commandeth that they return from iniquity.”<sup>37</sup>**

[1.] Fast bound with the fetters of woe,  
By cords of affliction detain'd;  
The gracious intention I know,  
The secret of heav'n explain'd:  
My Father in mercy reproveth,  
Instructs me by sorrow and smart,  
The veil by correction removes,  
And shews me the ground of my heart.

[2.] Now, Lord, I arrested attend:  
My countless offences make known;  
My follies and sins without end,  
Whate'er I of evil have done!  
To thee that I fully may turn,  
The sin of my nature display;  
And give me a spirit to mourn,  
And give me a heart to obey.

**Job xl. 4.—“Behold, I am vile, what shall I answer thee? I will lay mine hand upon my mouth.”<sup>38</sup>**

Great God, unknown, invisible,  
Appear, my confidence t'abase,<sup>39</sup>  
To make me all my vileness feel,  
And blush at my own righteousness!  
Thy glorious face in Christ display;  
And silenc'd by thy mercy's pow'r;  
My hand upon my mouth I lay,  
And never boast, or murmur more.

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<sup>37</sup>Charles Wesley, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 1:248–49.

<sup>38</sup>*Ibid.*, 1:250.

<sup>39</sup>Orig., “above”; corrected by JW in his personal copy of *AM*.

**POETRY.**

**On the death of Mr. Thomas Adams,  
of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, who died May 21, 1779,  
in the 50<sup>th</sup> year of his age: written by himself  
a few days before he died.<sup>40</sup>**

- [1.] 'Tis done! the gen'ral debt is paid  
    *Adam the first* entail'd on all;  
And lo! I wait 'till *Christ the last*  
    Raises my ruins from the fall.
- [2.] Through grace, in youthful days on him  
    My soul he taught by faith to cast;  
He led me in his *pleasant ways*,  
    And is *my all in all at last*.
- [3.] His *sacred shame* he taught to bear,  
    'Till call'd to lay this body down,  
And then (Oh, bless his tender care!)  
    He held to view the glorious crown.
- [4.] Allur'd by this, he cut each tie  
    That nature wove about my heart;  
He whisper'd "Get thee up and die";  
    My inmost soul replied "*depart*."

**The Law written in the Heart.  
(By Miss F\_\_\_\_\_n.)<sup>41</sup>**

One universal principle confest,  
Is stampt on all, though variously exprest:  
All own one being, infinitely good,  
Without the aid of learning understood:

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<sup>40</sup>No prior publication or further details on author for this poem have been located.

<sup>41</sup>No prior publication or further details on author for this poem have been located.

Though ev'ry nation give a different name,  
Osiris, Jove, Jehovah, are the same:  
Thus right and wrong, thus moral good and ill,  
Are known to all, howe'er corrupt the will:  
The voice of conscience loudly speaks within,  
Approves the virtue, and condemns the sin:  
In ev'ry human breast exerts its sway,  
And stings the wretch who dares to disobey:  
Who steers his life by this unbiast guide,  
In storms and tempests may securely ride:  
And land at last on Sion's hallow'd shore,  
Where names, and sects distinguish men no more:  
Well unto God, are all his creatures known,  
Judgment to him belongs, to him alone:  
He sees the heart, and knows the mind's intent,  
No more requires, than what his bounty lent.

**What is Religion?**

(By the Same [Miss F\_\_\_\_\_n]).<sup>42</sup>

Religion! 'tis a more than name:  
Of all that's good the beauteous frame.  
It smoothes the present face of things,  
And happier scenes in prospect brings.  
Perpetual source of heart-felt joys,  
It satisfies, but never cloys,  
And rules th' affections, not destroys. }  
It prompts to ev'ry act benign,  
And raises human to divine,  
Above the mask of dull grimace,  
It shines with easy, holi'r grace;  
Rewards the good that from it flows,  
And crowns the worth itself bestows.

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<sup>42</sup>No prior publication or further details on author for this poem have been located.



'Tis human nature dignifi'd;  
True greatness, unallur'd by pride:  
Reason by heav'nly wisdom taught,  
And virtue to perfection brought.

**Behold the Man!**  
**(By the Same [Miss F\_\_\_\_\_n]).**<sup>43</sup>

Ye sons of luxury and ease,  
Who study ev'ry sense to please,  
Who spend the day, and pass the night,  
In scenes of criminal delight:  
Oh! how unlike the Man of Grief!  
His sorrows here found no relief.  
See tears and blood bedew his face,  
The seat of majesty and grace!  
For us he wept: for us he bled;  
We are this members, he our head.  
Say then, poor mortals, is it right,  
Or fitting, ev'n in reason's sight,  
That while the head with thorns is crown'd,  
The members should at ease be found,  
Yea, deep in sensual pleasure drown'd?  
Dissolve, my soul, in contrite sighs,  
And with thy Saviour sympathize!

]

**[John 14:7.]—He dwelleth *with* you, and shall be *in* you.**<sup>44</sup>

[1.] With us, we know, he dwells,  
The Spirit of our Lord,  
For still his counsel he reveals,  
And still applies his word:

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<sup>43</sup>No prior publication or further details on author for this poem have been located.

<sup>44</sup>Charles Wesley; appears in MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 195–96 (slightly revised).

To us the promise made,  
We all, through him, receive,  
And trust, that Spirit of our head  
Shall *in* his members live.

[2.] His present pow'r controls  
The enemy within,  
Keeps down the rebel in our souls  
And holds us back from sin:  
He visits us unsought,  
And freely doth inspire  
Our hearts with ev'ry serious thought,  
And ev'ry good desire.

[3.] He gives the grace unknown,  
Helps our infirmity,  
And groans th' unutterable groan,  
And pleads th' effectual plea:  
Our God is pleas'd to hear;  
And streaming from above,  
The Father, Son, and Comforter,  
Fills all our hearts with love.

[4.] Come then, our heav'only guest,  
Into thy temple come,  
Take full possession of the breast  
Which pants to be thy home;  
Spring up, Oh living well!  
Oh Lord of life divine!  
And now thy humble mansion seal,  
Through endless ages thine!

**Verses sent to Miss Ritchie,  
when apparently near Death.  
(By Miss [Ann] T[indall].)<sup>45</sup>**

- [1.] I ask my friend—but wherefore I?  
    A burning brand pluck'd from the flame,  
Yet gracious heav'n will not deny,  
    I ask of God: in Jesu's name.
- [2.] I ask—that if thy glorious Lord  
    Call thee with us no more to be!  
The unction which in thee was stor'd  
    Might fall with *double* weight on *me*.
- [3.] Like him of old, to thee I'll cleave,  
    Like him my hold on thee maintain,  
Though bid; the faint I will not leave,  
    Nor death *itself* shall make *us* twain.
- [4.] Thou mayst shake off this cumb'rous clay:  
    All that is earthly, free resign:  
Our *bodies* part 'till Jesu's day,  
    But nought our *spirits* shall disjoin.
- [5.] We still are *one* in him who reigns,  
    Who reigns, triumphant on his throne,  
Whose condescending goodness deigns,  
    To make himself with mortals one.
- [6.] Oh! Jesus keep us one in thee;  
    Thou th' cementing corner-stone,  
Center of true felicity,  
    The source of blessings yet unknown.

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<sup>45</sup>By Ann Tindall, abridged from a manuscript copy she sent Wesley; cf. her manuscript copy in The British Library, Add. MS 43740, ff. 150–151a, dated June 8, 1777.

- [7.] What though thy Master calls thee hence?  
What thought his Spirit bids thee go?  
My pray'r shall stay omnipotence,  
Nor shalt thou leave thy friend *below*.
- [8.] To me the blessing shall be giv'n,  
I too, its heights and depths shall prove;  
Behold the flaming steeds from heaven!  
Behold the chariot pav'd with love.
- [9.] Thy mantle dropp'd, on Jordan's strand,  
I'll prove its energetic pow'r;  
The deep obeys the dread command,  
And nature can oppose no more,
- [10.] "My Father,"—Israel's God, and *mine*,  
Who rul'st the world, above, beneath,  
Faithful, omnipotent, divine,  
Through whom we conquer sin, and death.
- [11.] The joys of conquest here we feel,  
An Eden here possess in love,  
And victors rise o'er earth and hell,  
And taste th' unutter'd joys above.

**Hymn to Christ.**

(By the Same [Miss Ann Tindall].)<sup>46</sup>

- [1.] Before Jehovah's awful throne  
My spirit bow: his Godhead own;  
Adore him for his grace:  
Let praise as fragrant incense rise,  
Let air, and ocean, earth and skies,  
Resound his lofty praise!

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<sup>46</sup>By Ann Tindall, published from a manuscript copy she sent Wesley; cf. her manuscript copy in The British Library, Add. MS 43740, ff. 128–29, dated Nov. 13, 1774.

- [2.] Worship with rev'rence at his feet,  
And still thy grateful thanks repeat,  
    My much-indebted soul:  
Sun, moon, and stars his love display,  
As swift ye tread the lucid way,  
    And through the ether roll.
- [3.] Revolving seasons still declare,  
The God whose wisdom guides the year,  
    Who winter gives and spring:  
Summer, thy rich profusion pour;  
And autumn, with thy golden store,  
    Your annual tribute bring.
- [4.] Flocks, herds, and ev'ry meaner thing  
Extol the universal King,  
    The God who rules the whole:  
Let all beneath, above, combine,  
Let seraphim, and cherubs join;  
    With ev'ry human soul.
- [5.] Let all exalt the Saviour's name;  
And sing the honours of the Lamb,  
    Whose *presence* fills all space:  
Jehovah! Jove! divinely good,  
"Thou great first-cause, least understood!"  
    The source of love and grace.
- [6.] Fall prostrate, lost<sup>47</sup> in wonder fall!  
Our God resigns his breath for *all*,  
    For *all* our Jesus *dies!*  
I sink beneath thy pow'rful hand:  
No more thy weight of love withstand,  
    Thou bleeding sacrifice.

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<sup>47</sup>Orig., "but"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

- [7.] Oh! make me as the passive clay,  
While humbl'd at thy feet I pray,  
Renew, and change my heart:  
Form all my mind averse from sin,  
In judgment reign, dear Lord within,  
And bid it all depart.
- [8.] Then shall my soul record thy love,  
The church below, the church above  
Unitedly shall sing.  
The blood-redeem'd shall raise their voice,  
And saints and angels shall rejoice,  
In thee th' eternal King.

### Short Hymns.

**1 Chron. xxix. 15.—“We are strangers before thee, and sojourners: our days on the earth are as a shadow, and there is none abiding.”<sup>48</sup>**

- [1.] The angels are at home in heav'n,  
The saints unsettl'd pilgrims here:  
Our days are as a shadow driven  
From earth, so soon we disappear:  
We no abiding city have,  
No place of resting but the grave.
- [2.] Transient our life, and dark, and vain,  
With empty joy and solid woe,  
It never can return again;  
Soon as our dream is past below,  
Its darkness ends in perfect night,  
Or glorious, everlasting light.

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<sup>48</sup>Charles Wesley, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 1:196.

**Nehemiah v. 9.—“Ought ye not to walk in the fear of our God, because of the reproach of the heathen, our enemies?”<sup>49</sup>**

- [1.] Watch'd by the world's malignant eye,  
Who load us with reproach and shame,  
As servants of the Lord most high;  
As zealous for his glorious name:  
We ought in all his paths to move,  
With holy fear, and humble love.
- [2.] That wisdom, Lord, on us bestow,  
From ev'ry evil to depart,  
To stop the mouth of ev'ry foe,  
While upright both in life and heart:  
The proofs of godly fear we give,  
And shew them how the Christians live.

**Psalm xxxi. 20.—“Thou shalt hide them in the secret of thy presence.”<sup>50</sup>**

- [1.] Thy presence is the secret place  
To which, thou know'st, I fain would fly;  
Bring me into the wilderness,  
With thee alone to live and die:  
From all the miseries I fear,  
From all the miseries I feel,  
From my own memory severe,  
Thou only canst my soul conceal.
- [2.] Come, Lord, thy glorious face display,  
This world of woe, and sin t' exclude,  
Bear in thine hands my soul away,  
Thyself my long-sought solitude:  
I now into thy hands resign  
My life to be conceal'd above;  
As satisfi'd with light divine,  
As quite absorb'd in heav'nly love.

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<sup>49</sup>Charles Wesley, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 1:215.

<sup>50</sup>*Ibid.*, 1:257.

**POETRY.**

**Written in Temptation.**

**(By Miss F\_\_\_\_.)<sup>51</sup>**

Inscrib'd to you, the mournful numbers flow;  
To you, who tend'rest sympathy will show;  
You, who so oft with kindest zeal have strove  
To melt my heart to gentle peace and love:

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<sup>51</sup>No prior publication or further details on author for this poem have been located.



To love divine, of every virtue source,  
The stream that stops impetuous nature's course.

Oh! wonder not, should starting tears reveal,  
When next we meet, what fain I would conceal:  
Should sighs, and broken accents utterance seek,  
And my whole frame the inward conflict speak.  
No more gay wit a rapturous joy inspires:  
The voice of pleasure in a groan expires.  
Pride and self-love have sunk me low as hell,  
And half the torments of the damn'd I feel.

To stifle pain, I rest in dreams pursue;  
First wish, and then believe the tale is true:  
On ev'ry atheist's system I refine,  
And each mad, impious scheme by turns is mine.  
God I deny, and unto matter give,  
In various forms, eternally to live.  
Thus Milton's demons, wailing for their chief,  
By lofty themes essay'd to charm their grief.  
But lofty themes can give no solid peace,  
Nor speculation set the mind at ease.  
Such fumes dispell'd, mature reflections bring  
The whips of conscience and her scorpion-sting.  
I groan, I weep, while pain, remorse and sin,  
Like boiling fountains, bubble up within.  
By earthquakes shaken, and by tempest tost,  
No more my right'ousness and works I boast,  
The airy fabric's like a met'or lost. }

I feel myself to ev'ry sin inclin'd,  
To evil prone, to God perverse and blind:  
Corrupt throughout, unclean in ev'ry part,  
Deprav'd in understanding, will and heart.  
My painted sepulchre no more I plead;  
The sin-reviving law hath struck me dead.

But though as a plough'd field my soul's torn up,  
It entertains a ray of chearing hope.  
Before the cross I kneel: I fly for aid,  
And seek relief from Jesu's friendly shade.  
There read in characters of blood engrav'd,  
"The world redeem'd, and ev'ry sinner sav'd."  
Saviour, to thee I come, weary and faint,  
Tir'd of myself and sin, fatigu'd and spent!  
Merciful Lord, the wand'ring sheep receive!  
To Zoar let my soul escape and live!

**On Hearing a Passing-Bell.**  
**(By Miss Clarkson)<sup>52</sup>**

- [1.] Late from a neighbouring church the mournful bell,  
Loudly proclaim'd the lovely Delia gone:  
Gay in life's early bloom the victim fell,  
And her freed spirit soar'd to worlds unknown.
- [2.] I mourn'd her fate, and sought the narrow bed,  
Where wrapt in dust the spotless virgin sleeps;  
Where melancholy cypress waves its head:  
And the pale yew-tree o'er her ashes weeps.
- [3.] The scene how chang'd! lately we walk'd the grove,  
And converse sweet beguil'd the happy hour;  
We talk'd of endless joys, immortal love,  
And trac'd a God in ev'ry opening flow'r.
- [4.] But (sad reverse) now cold and pale she lies!  
Ah cruel death, why cut her down so soon?  
Thy dart why levell'd at so rich a prize?  
Her sun in darkness set before 'twas noon.

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<sup>52</sup>Orig., "Miss M."; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

- [5.] For ever clos'd her eyes that us'd to weep,  
And drop with griefs the sympathetic tear!  
Beneath this stone reclines in lasting sleep,  
The tender sister, and the friend sincere.
- [6.] No more those lifeless hand, shall wipe the eye  
Of helpless orphans, or their wants relieve!  
No more thy bount'ous heart with food supply;  
And bid the aged widow cease to grieve.
- [7.] What is thy language to surviving friends?  
"Be wise, and for the awful hour prepare,  
When the Eternal his commission sends,  
And ye no longer breathe this mortal air."
- [8.] Oh! may we listen to the friendly voice,  
Our earthly lamps adorn with heav'nly grace;  
Prepar'd to meet the Bridegroom: and rejoice  
To rest for ever in his lov'd embrace.
- [9.] Sleep, gentle fair, till the last morn shall rise,  
When the archangel sounds the awful word  
Time ends!—then burst the chains with sweet surprise  
And reign for ever with thy glorious Lord.

**A Farewel Hymn.**  
**(By Mr. Samuel Wells.)<sup>53</sup>**

- [1.] When quitting this cottage of clay,  
Oh Jesus! our spirits receive,  
And bear to the mansions of day,  
In glory eternal to live!

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<sup>53</sup>No prior publication for this poem has been located. It is most likely by the Samuel Wells who was one of Wesley's traveling lay preachers.

The hope of that glory impart,  
The sense of thy favour inspire;  
That we, though constrained to part,  
May meet in the heavenly choir.

- [2.] When earth's inmost bowels are torn,  
And quake with a perishing world;  
When all things consumable burn,  
And fiends to destruction are hurl'd;  
When Jesus in glory descends,  
And angels attend in the air;  
May we, and our sorrowful friends,  
Undaunted before him appear.
- [3.] While sinners, confounded will call,  
(As dreading his fury to bear;)   
On rocks and on mountains to fall,  
And hide them, when Jesus draws near;  
May we with a rapturous song,  
Approach to the triumph above;  
And join the angelical throng,  
Who sing of his justice and love.
- [4.] Lest one of our number be left,  
With devils to tarry behind;  
Of final salvation bereft;  
And driven as chaff by the wind:  
'Till Jesus appear in the skies,  
Oh! let us with vigour contend,  
And run for the heavenly prize,  
And gladly endure to the end.

**Another**  
**[A Farewel Hymn].<sup>54</sup>**

- [1.] Mourning friends, adieu, adieu,  
    Cease your sighs, refrain your tears;  
God, the gracious God and true,  
    In his glory soon appears;  
Jesus shall to judgment come  
    With his bright angelic-guard,  
Take his longing exiles home,  
    Take us to our full reward.
- [2.] Lately we to sin enslav'd,  
    Bow'd beneath the oppressor's yoke;  
Now from Egypt's bondage sav'd,  
    (Jesus all our bonds hath broke,)  
We have in the wat'ry deep,  
    Fierce temptations pass'd between,  
While the floods a standing heap  
    We on either hand have seen.
- [3.] In this howling wilderness,  
    Jesus hath his follow'rs led,  
Fill'd us with his richest grace,  
    With his heav'nly manna fed:  
We the vital stream have seen,  
    Gushing from the rock divine,  
Drank the crimson flood, and been  
    Cheer'd as with refreshing wine.
- [4.] What though Jordan's narrow flood,  
    May awhile our souls divide;  
Through the mercy of our God,  
    We with all the sanctifi'd;

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<sup>54</sup>This hymn was by Robert Carr Brackenbury, another of Wesley's preachers; cf. Brackenbury, *Sacred Poetry* (London: G. Story, 1800), 96–97.

Soon shall meet on Canaan's shore,  
Mingle with the heav'nly host,  
Never part, but still adore,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

**Short Hymns.**

**Ezekiel xvi. 62, 63.—“I will establish my covenant with thee, and thou shalt know that I am the Lord: that thou mayest remember, and be confounded, and never open thy mouth any more, because of thy shame, when I am pacified toward thee, for all that thou hast done, saith the Lord God.”<sup>55</sup>**

- [1.] O God most merciful and true,  
Thy nature to my soul impart,  
'Stablish with me the cov'nant new,  
And write perfection on my heart;  
To real holiness restor'd,  
Oh! let me gain my Saviour's mind,  
And in the knowledge of my Lord,  
Fulness of life eternal find.
- [2.] Remember, Lord, my sins no more,  
That them I may no more forget,  
But sunk in guiltless shame adore,  
In speechless wonder at thy feet:  
O'erwhelm'd with thy stupendous grace,  
I shall not in thy presence move,  
But breathe unutterable praise,  
And rapturous awe, and silent love.
- [3.] Then every murmuring thought and vain  
Expires, in sweet confusion lost,  
I cannot of my cross complain,  
I cannot of my goodness boast;

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<sup>55</sup>Charles Wesley, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:44–45.

Pardon'd for all that I have done,  
My mouth as in the dust I hide,  
And glory give to God alone,  
My God for ever pacifi'd.

**Daniel xii. 13.—“Go thy way till the end be: for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days.”<sup>56</sup>**

[1.] Dismiss'd, I calmly go my way  
Which leads me to the tomb,  
And rest in hope of that great day  
When my desire shall come:  
Happy, with those that first arise,  
Might I my lot obtain,  
When Christ descending from the skies,  
Begins his glorious reign.

[2.] An end of all these earthly things  
Shall I not wake to see?  
And wilt not thou, Oh King of kings,  
Appoint a throne for me?  
I lay me down at thy command,  
But soon to life restor'd,  
I trust on the new earth to stand  
Before my heav'nly Lord.

**Prov. xi. 22.—“As a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a fair woman, which is without discretion.”<sup>57</sup>**

Of beauty vain, of wisdom void,  
What art thou in the sight of God?  
A slave to every base desire,  
A creature wallowing in the mire!  
Go, gaudy pageant of a day,  
Thy folly, with thy face display,  
Put all thy charms and graces out,  
And shew the jewel—in thy snout!

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<sup>56</sup>Charles Wesley, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:64.

<sup>57</sup>*Ibid.*, 1:286.

**POETRY.**

**A Letter to a Friend Versified.  
(By Miss F\_\_\_\_.)<sup>58</sup>**

Your's<sup>59</sup> I receiv'd, nor could from tears refrain,  
So much I sympathize in all your pain:  
Oh let not tears of love be shed in vain. }  
Had heav'n proportion'd to my large desires  
The pow'r of doing good, as love inspires,  
Your native country you should leave no more,  
Nor fly for refuge to a foreign shore.

Calvin and Luther, (name them not) were men:  
Had they ne'er liv'd, yet still this truth had been  
Firm and unshaken as th' eternal word,  
"None without holiness shall see the Lord."  
Ah! stop not short of this! nor substitute  
Religious shells for the ripe inward fruit!  
In that dear mother church whom I revere,  
But more in Rome's for you I danger fear.  
Lest rites, and forms and solemn pageantry,  
The weightier matter of the law supply.  
Yet holiness alone with God avails:  
All else found light in the unerring scales.

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<sup>58</sup>No prior publication or further details on author for this poem have been located. In his personal copy of *AM*, JW writes above the author's initial "See p. 162", suggesting that this woman was the recipient of the letter to an unidentified woman from JW published in *AM* 3:162–64.

<sup>59</sup>Orig., "your last"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).



Oh let me use the plainness of a friend!  
 I must—my heart is full, though I offend.  
 Th' unpleasing truths, may they at least persuade!  
 As yet, alas! you are not holy made;  
 In God's blest image are not yet renew'd,  
 In which he form'd man first, and called him *good*.  
 You've not regain'd the height whence Adam fell:  
 The mind of Christ doth not within you dwell.  
 Meekness and gentleness that in him shone,  
 As the elect of God, you've not put on.  
 You are not lowly, not from pride set free,  
 From anger, self-conceit, and vanity.  
 You love the praise of men, and that mere dream,  
 Perhaps, more than the praise of God esteem.  
 And, with the utmost certainty, I know,  
 You cannot holy be, till God bestow  
 That faith, which to no set of notions screws  
 A charm for madmen, an enthusiast's nooze;  
 But is conviction rooted deep within,  
 Clear demonstration of the things unseen;  
 That Christ for *you* hath justice satisfied;  
 That for *your* sins, the great Redeemer di'd.  
 This, pardon, peace, love, heav'n itself secures:  
 Oh may this Christian, saving faith be yours!  
 With all the saints you'd then communion hold;  
 With *me*, the meanest of my Master's fold:  
 One spirit, in the Lord, one mind, one heart!  
 Whom neither life, nor death, should ever part!

**Written at the Approach of Spring.**<sup>60</sup>

- [1.] Stern winter, hence with all his train removes;  
       And chearful skies and limpid streams are seen;  
 Thick-sprouting foliage decorates the groves;  
       Reviving herbage robes the fields in green.

---

<sup>60</sup>John Scott, *Four Elegies: Descriptive and Moral* (London, n.p., 1760), 1–6.

- [2.] Yet, loveli'r scenes shall crown th' advancing year,  
When blooming spring's full bounty is display'd;  
The smile of beauty ev'ry vale shall wear;  
The voice of song enliven ev'ry shade.
- [3.] Oh fancy, paint not coming days too fair!  
Oft for the prospects sprightly May should yield,  
Rain-pouring clouds have darken'd all the air,  
Or snows untimely whiten'd o'er the field.
- [4.] But should kind spring her wonted bounty show'r,  
The smile of beauty and the voice of song;  
If gloomy thought the human mind o'erpow'r  
Ev'n vernal hours glide unenjoy'd along.
- [5.] I shun the scenes where madning passion raves,  
Where pride and folly wild dominion hold,  
And unrelenting avarice drives her slaves  
O'er prostrate virtue in pursuit of gold.
- [6.] The grassy lane, the wood-surrounded field,  
The rude stone fence with fragrant wall-flow'rs gay,  
The clay-built cot, to me more pleasure yield  
Than all the pomp imperial domes display:
- [7.] While genial suns, to genial show'rs succeed;  
(The air all mildness, and the earth all bloom;)   
While herds and flocks range sportive o'er the mead,  
Crop the sweet herb, and snuff the rich perfume;
- [8.] Oh why alone to hapless man deny'd  
To taste the bliss inferior beings boast?  
Oh! why this fate, that fear, and pain divide  
His few, short hours on earth's delightful coast?

- [9.] Ah cease, no more of providence complain!  
'Tis sense of guilt that wakes the mind to woe,  
Gives force to fear, adds energy to pain,  
And palls each joy by heav'n indulg'd below.
- [10.] Why else the smiling infant-train so blest,  
Ere dear-bought knowledge ends the peace within,  
Or wild desire inflames the youthful breast,  
Or ill propension ripens into sin?
- [11.] As to the bleating tenants of the field,  
As to the sportive warblers on the trees,  
To them their joys sincere the seasons yield,  
And all their days and all their prospects please.
- [12.] Such joys were mine when from the people'd streets,  
Where on fair Thames' banks I liv'd immur'd,  
The new-blown fields that breath'd a thousand sweets,  
To Surry's wood-crown'd hills my steps allur'd.
- [13.] Oh happy hours, beyond recov'ry fled!  
What share I now "that can your loss repay,"  
While o'er my mind these glooms of thought are spread,  
And veil the light of life's meridian ray?
- [14.] Is there no pow'r this darkness to remove?  
The long-lost joys of Eden to restore?  
Or raise our views to happi'r seats above,  
Where fear, and pain, and death shall be no more?
- [15.] Yes: those there are who know a Saviour's love,  
The long-lost joys of Eden can restore,  
And raise their views to happi'r seats above,  
Where fear, and pain, and death shall be no more.

- [16.] These grateful share the gift of nature's hand;  
And in the varied scenes that round them shine,  
(The fair, the rich, the awful, and the grand)  
Admire th' amazing workmanship divine!
- [17.] Blows not a flow'ret in th' enamell'd vale,  
Shines not a pebble where the rivulet strays,  
Sports not an insect on the spicy gale,  
But claims their wonder and excites their praise!
- [18.] For them ev'n vernal nature looks more gay,  
For them more lively hues the fields adorn;  
To them more fair the fairest smile of May,  
To them more sweet the sweetest breath of morn!
- [19.] They feel the bliss that faith and hope supply;  
They pass serene th' appointed hours that bring  
The day that wafts them to the realms on high,  
The day that ushers in eternal spring!

**An Old Man's Prayer.**<sup>61</sup>

- [1.] Jesus, my hope of heav'nly rest,  
Indulge me in my last request,  
If thy desires in mine I feel,  
And ask according to thy will.
- [2.] Ah, make me, ere I hence remove  
Meet to partake the joys above,  
To triumph with the sons of grace,  
And, pure in heart, behold thy face.
- [3.] Soon as the mighty change I know,  
Through life, through death, in peace I go:

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<sup>61</sup>Charles Wesley; appears in MS Preparation for Death, 22.

Now, Lord, thy gracious work begin,  
Forgive, and finish all my sin.

[4.] Redeem'd from passion and from pride,  
In thee my blameless spirit hide;  
Thyself my glorious earnest be,  
My present immortality.

[5.] Thou only canst my soul prepare,  
And stamp me with thy character;  
Thy new mysterious name impart,  
Thy nature spread throughout my heart.

[6.] Then am I ready for my Lord,  
I wait the kind transporting word,  
Thine utmost truth and mercy prove,  
And die, to see the God I love.

**Another**  
**[An Old Man's Prayer].<sup>62</sup>**

[1.] Lo, on the margin of the grave,  
Jesus, omnipotent to save,  
On thee for help I call:  
Sinking into the dust of death,  
Oh might I find thine arms beneath,  
And on thy bosom fall!

[2.] Reject me not because I fear,  
But rather a lost sinner hear  
Who trembles at thy word:  
The pow'r of faith I do not prove,  
And by the Spirit of thy love  
I cannot call thee Lord.

---

<sup>62</sup>Charles Wesley; appears in MS Preparation for Death, 23–24.

- [3.] Without that sense of pardoning grace,  
Without that real holiness,  
    Oh! where shall I appear?  
They only can contemplate thee,  
And face to face their Saviour see  
    Who bear thy character.
- [4.] Thy favour how shall I obtain  
Or how the heav'nly image gain  
    In spotless love renew'd?  
Answer thou heav'nly Man of Woe,  
The proofs of thy affection show,  
    And wash me in thy blood.
- [5.] The blood which did my pardon buy  
That, only that can sanctify  
    This poor polluted heart:  
Cleans'd by thy blood my soul shall shine,  
Adorn'd with right'ousness divine,  
    And ready to depart.
- [6.] Remembring then thy mortal pain,  
Receive me sav'd, and born again,  
    Thy dearly-purchased prize:  
Through faith to full salvation keep,  
Till in thine arms I fall asleep,  
    And wake in paradise.

### Short Hymns.

**Canticles [Song of Sol.] i. 7.—“Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon.”<sup>63</sup>**

- [1.] Thou shepherd of Israel, and mine,  
    The joy and desire of my heart,  
For closer communion I pine,  
    I long to reside where thou art;

---

<sup>63</sup>Charles Wesley, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 1:294–95.

The pasture I languish to find,  
Where all who their shepherd obey,  
Are fed on thy bosom reclin'd,  
Are screen'd from the heat of the day.

[2.] Ah, shew me that happiest place,  
That place of thy people's abode;  
Where saints in an extasy gaze,  
And hang on a crucifi'd God:  
Thy love for a sinner declare!  
Thy passion and death on the tree!  
My spirit to Calvary bear,  
To suffer, and triumph, with thee.

[3.] 'Tis there with the lambs of thy flock,  
There only I covet to rest,  
To lie at the foot of the Rock,  
Or rise to be hid in thy breast;  
'Tis there I would always abide,  
And never a moment depart,  
Conceal'd in the cleft of thy side,  
Eternally held in thy heart.

**Isaiah xxxii. 2.—“A man shall be as a hiding-place  
from the wind, and a covert from the tempest.”<sup>64</sup>**

That hiding place I long to find,  
That sacred covert from the wind:  
Thou Man of Grief, thou God of love,  
Receive and keep my life above!  
Conceal me from the furious blast,  
'Till all the storms of life are past;  
Or let the latest tempests come,  
And drive me to my heav'nly home.

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<sup>64</sup>Charles Wesley, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 1:328.

**POETRY.**

**To My Friends;  
On the Anniversary of their Wedding-Day, 1757.  
A Dialogue between Honestus and Candida.  
(By Miss F \_\_\_\_\_.)<sup>65</sup>**

**Honestus.**

This day in hymen's sacred bands  
We join'd our hearts as well as hands.  
Ah! long before my heart was thine:  
But then I knew and call'd thee mine.

**Candida.**

Nor less than you I bless the hour,  
When first I felt the pleasing pow'r  
Of sweet, resistless sympathy.  
A gentle heat, till then unknown,  
Play'd round my heart, and in the stone  
Soften'd and made a place for thee.

**Honestus.**

Thou wast indeed of marble mould,  
Polish'd and smooth, but wondrous cold.  
The patriarch full fourteen years,  
In heart and cold, midst hopes and fears,  
For Rachel serv'd. Unweari'd he!  
Yet Rachel less deserv'd than thee.

**Candida.**

When life depends upon the choice,  
"Examine well" is wisdom's voice.

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<sup>65</sup>No prior publication or further details on author for this poem have been located.



Your worth I saw, nor was unmov'd,  
Because that with respect you lov'd.  
From no fond passion mine begun:  
Reason alone the conquest won.  
Honestus mine by tend'rest ties,  
The brother, parent, friend supplies.  
In the straight path his counsels lead,  
I lean on him, and safely tread:  
Sweet blessing from our union springs,  
And gives to virtue eagle's wings.

**Honestus.**

No change my firm affection knows,  
Feels no decrease; with time it grows.  
When<sup>66</sup> stormy passions fill the breast,  
Thy gentle looks compose to rest:  
Sweet zephyrs breathe; rough tempests cease,  
And anxious cares are lull'd to peace.  
I sought not beauty where I woo'd,  
Nor wealth, nor honours I pursu'd.  
I sought a friend in social life,  
And heav'n bestow'd my dearest wife.  
Accept, great power, who mad'st us one,  
My thanks, while thy best gift I own.

**Candida.**

My thoughts can no expression find,  
So fast they rush upon the mind.  
To heav'n I make this one request,  
(And let my actions speak the rest)  
Oh, may these bands, our joy and pride,  
By both through life be dignifi'd!  
Nor death the nuptial tye shall end,  
But when we both to heav'n ascend,  
With holy, pure, increasing love  
The marriage-feast we'll keep above.

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<sup>66</sup>Orig., "Where"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

**To Mr. \_\_\_\_\_, on his Wedding-Day, 1759.<sup>67</sup>**  
**(By the Same [Miss F \_\_\_\_\_].)<sup>68</sup>**

- [1.] Well may you on this day rejoice,  
That made Eliza yours;  
Her conduct dignifies your choice,  
Your happiness secures.
- [2.] Yet think not, though your hands are join'd  
In love's sweet unity,  
The bliss is unto *you* confin'd:  
It reaches unto *me*.
- [3.] When you the best of wives obtain'd,  
The blessing spread around:  
The best of friends that hour I gain'd;  
Nay, I a parent found.
- [4.] Employ'd for me her heart and hands,  
My welfare still pursu'd:  
She like my guardian-angel stands  
The minister of God.
- [5.] Oft when my faults your censure drew,  
She hush'd the gath'ring storm:  
Love's mantle gently o'er them threw,  
And whispered, "Oh reform!"
- [6.] Goodness in her divinely strong,  
Charms down the rising ill:  
Persuasion dwells upon her tongue,  
And captivates the will.

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<sup>67</sup>Orig., "1739"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

<sup>68</sup>No prior publication or further details on author for this poem have been located.

[7.] Stopt is my passion's boist'rous tide,  
Soon as her voice it hears;  
And all my nature's stubborn pride  
Melts into contrite tears.

[8.] Cast in the tend'rest, softest mould,  
Her heart must sympathize:  
Unmov'd she cannot tears behold,  
But wipes them from my eyes.

[9.] Ne'er did my looks betray a want,  
But soon as she perceiv'd,  
Ere<sup>69</sup> I could ask, she flew to grant,  
And readily reliev'd.

[10.] Then 'tis most just that I should pray,  
(Nor can I e'er do less:)  
May each returning nuptial-day  
Your happiness increase!

[11.] Nor let the social ties end here,  
Too short a date for love!  
But in th' eternal world appear  
T' increase your bliss above!

**A Departing Minister's Prayer.**<sup>70</sup>

[1.] Shepherd of souls, the great, the good,  
Who on thy servant's side hast stood,  
And bless'd my ministry,  
Ready my prosper'd course to end,  
I to thy guardian love commend  
The flock receiv'd from thee.

---

<sup>69</sup>Orig., "E'er"; but clearly used in sense of "before."

<sup>70</sup>Charles Wesley; appears in MS Preparation for Death, 41–42.

- [2.] Beneath thy wings, their sure defence,  
Protected by omnipotence,  
    Thy most distinguish'd care;  
The lambs and sheep of England's fold,  
Now in thy book of life inroll'd  
    Preserve for ever there.
- [3.] Our church a thousand-fold increase,  
With ev'ry gospel blessing bless,  
    And o'er the earth disperse,  
Till ev'ry heart thy kingdom own,  
Till thou art fear'd, confess'd and known,  
    Throughout the universe.
- [4.] In hope of that thrice happy day,  
To quit this tenement of clay  
    Thy summons I receive;  
For when I lay my body down,  
Thy work shall still be carried on,  
    And God for ever live.
- [5.] The Spirit's residue is thine:  
Fit instruments for thy design,  
    Dispensers of thy grace,  
(If some like salt, their savour lose)  
Thou canst from other stones produce,  
    And nobler vessels raise.
- [6.] Come then, thy servant to release,  
And suffer'd to depart in peace,  
    Without a ling'ring sigh;  
In all the confidence of hope  
I now ascend the mountain-top  
    I get me up and die!

**On the Extent of the Atonement.**<sup>71</sup>

Shall man, a worm of earth, a child of dust,  
Prescribe for God, the gracious, and the just?  
Shall he report, how far his grace extends,  
Tell where his love begins, and where it ends?  
No, let our God himself, his ways explain;  
Let him make known, his boundless love for man  
Let him unfold, the purpose of his will,  
And tell the world, that he is gracious still:  
Declare that co-extensive with the fall,  
Is Jesu's death, and hath aton'd for all.  
That all may live accepted, through his Son,  
And reap eternal joy, in worlds unknown.

**A Short Hymn.**<sup>72</sup>

**Canticles [Song of Sol.] vi. 10.—“Who is she that looketh  
forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun,  
and terrible as an army with banners!”**<sup>73</sup>

- [1.] Lo, the church with gradual light  
Her op'ning charms displays;  
After a long dreary night,  
Looks forth with glimm'ring rays:  
Scarce perceptible appears,  
Until the Day-Spring from on high,  
All the face of nature cheers,  
And gladdens earth and sky.
- [2.] Fair as th' unclouded moon,  
With borrow'd rays she shines:  
Shines, but ah! she changes soon,  
And when at full declines;  
Frequent long eclipses feels,  
Till Jesus drives the shades away;  
All her doubts and sins dispels,  
And brings the perfect day.

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<sup>71</sup>Likely Charles Wesley, though it is not found in his surviving manuscript collections.

<sup>72</sup>Orig., “Short Hymns”; a misprint since there is only one hymn.

<sup>73</sup>Charles Wesley, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 1:298–99.

- [3.] Now she without spot appears  
For Christ appears again:  
Son of right'ousness he clears  
His church from every stain:  
Rising in full majesty,  
He blazes with meridian light;  
All th' horizon laughs to see  
The joyous heav'nly sight.
- [4.] Bright with lustre not her own,  
The woman now admire!  
Cloth'd with that eternal Sun,  
Which sets the worlds on fire!  
Bright she shall for ever shine,  
Enjoying like the church above,  
All the light of truth divine,  
And all the fire of love.
- [5.] From her dark inconstant state  
To perfect love restor'd,  
Stands the church divinely great,  
The army of the Lord:  
Wide his bloody sign displays;  
And lo the hosts of Satan *fall!*  
Terrible in holiness,  
She more than conquers all.
- [6.] Who shall live to see that day  
Of her Redeemer's pow'r?  
Jesus, come; no more delay  
Thy kingdom to restore!  
Or if first to rest I go,  
Yet let me in that day appear,  
Meanest of thy saints below,  
Thy saint triumphant there!

POETRY.

On the Cause, Effects, and Cure of Sin.

(By Miss T\_\_\_\_.)<sup>74</sup>

- [1.] Alluring pleasure!—rather solid pain,  
Thy cause I sing; thine evils; and thy cure.  
Ten thousand thousands, *sorrow*'s shafts have slain,  
But *thou*, hast slain thy thousand thousands more.
- [2.] Behold, ye sons of men, the pregnant hour  
When time and fair creation issu'd forth,  
When innocence, reclin'd in Eden's bow'r,  
Enjoy'd its bliss in him, who gave it birth.
- [3.] The mark of *envy*! see the happy pair  
Whose placid mind no ruffling care had known;  
Whose breast no sigh, whose lucid eye no tear,  
Nor anguish'd spirit, *guilt*'s tremendous groan.
- [4.] Free to refuse the evil; chuse the good;  
While God was known, and honour'd, and ador'd,  
A transcript bright of *deity* he stood,  
And yielding nature own'd its ruling Lord.
- [5.] Hail highly favour'd man! thy Maker's boast,  
Where his perfection in full lustre glow'd:  
Alas, how fall'n! what height of glory lost;  
Primeval virtue, which his love bestow'd.
- [6.] This, *thy* first cause for triumph hellish foe:  
Heav'n weeps, and Eden withers in her bloom,  
While thus from *disobedience*, woe on woe,  
Does ev'ry hope, of ev'ry bliss entomb.

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<sup>74</sup>No prior publication or further details on author for this poem have been located.

- [7.] The fence remov'd: the bond's dissolv'd which held  
The steady soul in its immortal course:  
His *life* withdrawn, whose *presence* is our *shield*,  
Our wisdom's *light*, and joys redundant *source*.
- [8.] Oh! wretched, wretched change, effects of sin,  
That angels thus infernals should become,  
The cursed heirs of infamy and pain,  
Of death's dire sentence, and corruption's doom.
- [9.] Inveterate sin! how wide thine evils spread?  
How deep thy poisonous nature strikes its root.  
In men, brutes, elements, is sown thy feed;  
Creation groans and travails with thy fruit.
- [10.] But chiefly HE, who saints beneath its load,  
Who sin was *made*; a voluntary curse.  
On whose devoted head stern wrath abode,  
And justice fell in its indignant force.
- [11.] Mark<sup>75</sup> Jesu's agony, his crimson sweat,  
His heaving bosom, and heart-rending sigh,  
Extended arms, pierc'd head, transfixed feet:  
His loud, his bitter, and expiring cry.
- [12.] Oh dreadful evil!—regnant now indeed;  
O'er worth like his to spread so deep a gloom!  
Why startles nature?—from their peaceful bed  
Why rise the saints?—to meet their *final* doom?
- [13.] A final doom on sin was publish'd here,  
In Jesu's wound, and bursting veins and side:  
Transgression punish'd, cancell'd, conquer'd there:  
Dispoil'd were death and hell when Jesus died.

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<sup>75</sup>Orig., "In"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).



- [14.] He the bright morning-star, through shades of death  
His piercing beams pervade and gild the skies:  
“Of immortality his *life*’s the *path*;  
His *death* its *price*; its *proof* his glorious *rise*!”
- [15.] When sin is felt, and all its mis’ries known,  
And deep contrition rends the aching breast:  
Then *dear* to sinners God’s incarnate Son;  
His love their refuge, and his wounds their rest.
- [16.] Touch’d by the finger of redeeming grace,  
They own his death and resurrection’s pow’r:  
And die to sin; and reign in holiness;  
And shout the Saviour, and his love adore.
- [17.] Ye heralds, loud proclaim light in his light;  
The darksome nations shall with wonder see.  
And travel on, to *their* perfection’s height,  
The sons of God, in spotless purity.
- [18.] Hail, each devoted soul! whose spirit bows,  
And owns a reigning deity *within*.  
I’m thine in love, which no distinction knows;  
In grace we’re one, who were but one in sin.
- [19.] Pray we in Britain, for lov’d Salem’s peace.  
“Thy kingdom come, on earth thy will be done.”  
As morning drops, her converts, Lord, increase.  
Unite, and form his *severed* flocks in *one*.

**Thoughts on the Constitution of Human Nature,  
as represented in the Systems of modern Philosophers.**<sup>76</sup>

- [1.] Strong passions draw, like horses that are strong,  
The body-coach, of flesh and blood, along;  
While subtle reason, with each rein in hand,  
Sits on the box, and has them at command;

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<sup>76</sup>John Byrom, *Miscellaneous Poems* (Manchester: J. Harrop, 1773), 1:98–99.

Rais'd up aloft, to see and to be seen,  
Judges the track, and guides the gay machine.

- [2.] But was it made for nothing else,—beside  
*Passions* to draw, and *reason* to be guide?  
Was so much art employ'd to drag and drive,  
Nothing *within* the vehicle alive?  
No seated *mind*, that claims the moving pew,  
Master of passions, and of reason too?
- [3.] The grand contrivance why so well equip  
With strength of passions, rul'd by reason's whip?  
Vainly profuse had *apparatus* been,  
Did not a reigning *spirit* rest within;  
Which passions carry, and sound reason means  
To render present at pre-order'd scenes.
- [4.] They, who are loud in human reason's praise,  
And celebrate the drivers of our days,  
Seem to suppose, by their continual bawl,  
That passions, reason, and machine, is all:  
To them the windows are drawn up, and clear  
Nothing that does not outwardly appear.
- [5.] Matter and motion, and superior man  
By head and shoulders, form their reas'ning plan;  
View'd, and demurely ponder'd, as they roll;  
And scoring traces on the paper soul,  
Blank, shaven white, they fill th' unfurnish'd pate,  
With *new* ideas, none of them *innate*.
- [6.] When these adepts are got upon a box,  
Away they gallop through the gazing flocks;  
Trappings admir'd, and the high mettled brute,  
And reason, balancing its either foot;  
While seeing eyes discern, at their approach,  
Fulness of skill, and emptiness of coach.

- [7.] 'Tis very well that lively passions draw,  
That sober reason keeps them all in awe:  
The one to run, the other to control,  
And drive directly to the destin'd goal:  
"What goal?"—ay, there the question should begin;  
What *spirit* drives the willing mind within?
- [8.] Sense, reason, passions, and the like, are still  
One self-same man, whose action is his *will*;  
Whose will, if right, will soon renounce the pride  
Of an *own* reason for an *only* guide;  
As God's unerring Spirit shall inspire,  
Will still direct the *drift* of his desire.

**The Mystery of Life.**<sup>77</sup>

- [1.] So many years I've seen the sun,  
And call'd these eyes and hands my own:  
A thousand little acts I've done,  
And child-hood have, and<sup>78</sup> manhood known:  
O what is life! and this dull round  
To tread, why was a spirit bound?
- [2.] So many airy draughts and lines,  
And warm excursions of the mind,  
Have fill'd my soul with great designs,  
While practice grovell'd far behind:  
O what is thought! and where withdraw  
The glories which my fancy saw?
- [3.] So many tender joys and woes  
Have on my quiv'ring soul had pow'r;  
Plain life with height'ning passions rose,  
The boast or burden of their hour:  
O what is all we feel! why fled  
Those pains and pleasures o'er my head.

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<sup>77</sup>Rev. John Gambold (1711–71), manuscript; cf. *The Works of the late Rev. John Gambold* (Bath: S. Hazard, 1789), 263–64. John Wesley had published previously in *HSP* (1739), 7–8.

<sup>78</sup>Orig., "the"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

- [4.] So many human souls divine,  
    Some at one interview display'd,  
Some oft and freely mix'd with mine,  
    In lasting bonds my heart have laid:  
O what is friendship! why imprest  
    On my weak, wretched, dying breast?
- [5.] So many wond'rous gleams of light,  
    And gentle ardours from above,  
Have made me sit, like seraph bright,  
    Some moments on a throne of love:  
Oh what is virtue! why had I,  
    Who am so low a taste so high?
- [6.] Ere long when sov'reign wisdom wills,  
    My soul an unknown path shall tread,  
And strangely leave, who strangely fills  
    This frame, and waft me to the dead:  
Oh what is death!—'tis life's last shore,  
    Where vanities are vain no more:  
Where all pursuits their goal obtain,  
    And life is all re-touch'd again;  
Where in their bright result shall rise  
    Thoughts, virtues, friendships, griefs, and joys.

**A Thought on Christmas-Day.**

(By Miss F\_\_\_\_.)<sup>79</sup>

Ah what are riches, but a golden dream!  
    Ah what are honours, but an empty sound!  
And what is pleasure, that so fair doth seem  
    But a deep pit beneath enchanted ground!

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<sup>79</sup>No prior publication or further details on author for this poem have been located.

Jesus! thine humble birth and sacred cross  
Teach me on better things to fix mine eyes.  
And while I tread on earth as dung and dross,  
On faith's strong wings I gain my native skies.

**On Casting up my Accounts.**  
**(By the Same [Miss F\_\_\_\_].)<sup>80</sup>**

While settling now the day's accounts  
All my disbursements and amounts,  
Ah think, my soul, and truly state  
Thy great account, and thy vast debt!  
Thy bounteous Lord has to thy charge  
Committed much; the sum is large:  
No less than love and grace divine!  
Dost thou improve and make it thine?  
From grace, sweet charity extract?  
From love, in sweet obedience act?  
Have all things here their proper use;  
Returning back their just produce?  
And dost thou all that interest give,  
Which man should pay, and God receive?

**Before Preaching.<sup>81</sup>**

- [1.] Lord, if thy sov' reign majesty  
Doth still vouchsafe to send by me,  
Ev'n me thy meanest servant own,  
And make thy love to sinners known.
- [2.] Thy presence and thy help afford,  
To ratify the gracious word.

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<sup>80</sup>No prior publication or further details on author for this poem have been located.

<sup>81</sup>Charles Wesley; appears in MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 230–31.

Th' attesting Spirit's seal set to,  
To prove the joyful tidings true.

[3.] If thou the genuine gospel bless,  
They must thy saving pow'r confess  
Whoe'er in Jesu's blood believe,  
And peace and righteousness receive.

[4.] Come then, in blessings from above,  
Thy Godhead, truth and mercy prove,  
The gift unspeakable impart,  
And write thy name on ev'ry heart.

#### **A Caution.**<sup>82</sup>

For ev'ry trifle scorn to take offence,  
That always shews great pride, or little sense:  
Good nature and good sense should ever join:  
To err is human, to forgive divine.

#### **Short Hymns.**

**Isaiah i. 12, [13].**<sup>83</sup>—“**When ye come to appear before me, who hath required this at your hands, to tread my courts? Bring no more vain oblations.**”<sup>84</sup>

[1.] Away with your oblations vain,  
Who only with your lips draw near,  
Trample my courts, my house profane,  
And loathsome in my sight appear:  
Ye make the outside fair and clean;  
Ye come to see, and to be seen!

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<sup>82</sup>This aphorism is drawn from Alexander Pope, *An Essay on Criticism* (London: 1711), first two lines on p. 23; last two lines on p. 30. It is quoted in this abridged form at least as early as John Mason, *Self-Knowledge* (London: J. Waugh, 1745), 74.

<sup>83</sup>Orig., “i. 11.”; an error.

<sup>84</sup>Charles Wesley, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 1:302.

[2.] Your means (of sin instead) of grace,  
Your fasts<sup>85</sup> and festivals impure,  
Your holy Bacchanalian days,  
My soul is weary to endure,  
Your sabbaths, and assemblies gay,  
Who mock me, while they seem to pray.

**Isaiah ii. 4.—“Neither shall they learn war any more.”<sup>86</sup>**

[1.]       Messias, Prince of Peace,  
Where men each other tear,  
Where war is learnt, they must confess  
Thy kingdom is not there:  
Who prompted by the<sup>87</sup> foe  
Delight in human blood,  
Apollyon is their king, they show,  
And Satan is their god.

[2.]       But shall he still devour  
The souls redeem'd by thee?  
Jesus, stir up thy glorious power,  
And end th' apostasy;  
Come, Saviour, from above  
O'er all the earth to reign,  
And plant the kingdom of thy love  
In every heart of man.

[3.]       Then shall we exercise  
The hellish heart no more,  
While thou our long lost paradise  
Dost with thyself restore,  
Fightings and wars shall cease,  
And, in thy Spirit given,  
Pure joy and everlasting peace,  
Shall turn our earth to heaven.

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<sup>85</sup>Orig., “feasts”; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

<sup>86</sup>Charles Wesley, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 1:305.

<sup>87</sup>Orig., “thy”; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

POETRY.

A Soliloquy, written in a Country Church-Yard.  
(By the Rev. Mr. M[oore].)<sup>88</sup>

Struck with religious awe, and solemn dread,  
I view these *gloomy* mansions of the dead;  
Around me tombs in mix'd disorder rise,  
And in *mute* language teach me to be wise.  
Time was these ashes liv'd—a time must be  
When others thus shall stand—and look at *me*:  
Alarming thought! no wonder 'tis we dread  
O'er these uncomfortable vaults to tread;  
Where blended lie the aged and the young,  
The rich and poor, an undistinguish'd throng:  
Death conquers all, and time's subduing hand,  
Nor tombs, nor marble statues can withstand.  
Mark yonder ashes in confusion spread!  
Compare earth's living tenants with her dead!  
How striking the resemblance, yet how just!  
Once life and soul inform'd this mass of dust:  
Around these bones, now broken and decay'd,  
The streams of life in various channels play'd:  
Perhaps that skull, so horrible a view!  
Was some fair maid's, ye belles, as fair as you:  
These hollow sockets, two bright orbs contain'd,  
Where the loves sported and in triumph reign'd;  
Here glow'd the lips; there white, as Parian stone,  
The teeth dispos'd in beauteous order shone.  
This is *life's goal*—no father can we view,  
Beyond it all is wonderful and new:

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<sup>88</sup>*Gentleman's Magazine* 28 (1758), p. 127.



Oh deign, some courteous ghost! to let us know  
What we must shortly be, and you are now!  
Sometimes you warn us of approaching fate;  
Why hide the knowledge of your present state?  
With joy behold us tremblingly explore  
The unknown gulph, that you can fear no more?  
The grave has *eloquence*—its *lectures* teach,  
In silence, louder than divines can preach;  
Hear what it says—ye sons of folly hear!  
It speaks to you—Oh give it then your ear!  
It bids you lay all vanity aside,  
Oh what a lecture this for human pride!

The *clock* strikes twelve—how solemn is the sound,  
Hark, how the strokes from *hollow vaults* rebound.  
They bid us hasten to be wise, and show  
How rapid in their course the minutes flow;  
See yonder YEW—how high it lifts its head!  
Around, the gloomy shade the branches spread.  
Old and decay'd it still retains a *grace*,  
And adds more *solemn horror* to the place.

Whose tomb is this? 'tis lovely Myra's *tomb*,  
Pluck'd from the world in beauty's *fairest bloom*.  
Attend ye fair, ye thoughtless, and ye gay!  
For Myra di'd upon her *nuptial* day!  
The grave, *cold bridegroom*, clasp'd her in its arms,  
And the *worm* rioted upon her charms.

Beneath that *sculptur'd* pompous marble stone,  
Lies youthful Florio, aged *twenty-one*!  
Cropt like a flower, he wither'd in his bloom,  
Though flatt'ring life had promis'd *years* to come:  
Ye *silken* sons, ye Florio's of the age,  
Who tread in giddy maze life's flow'ry stage.

Mark *here* the end of man, in Florio see,  
 What you, and all the sons of earth shall be!

There low in *dust* the vain Hortensio lies,  
 Whose splendor once we view'd with envious eyes;  
 Titles, and arms his pompous marble grace,  
 With a *long history* of his noble race:  
 Still after death his vanity *survives*,  
 And on his tomb all of Hortensio lives.  
 Around me as I turn my wand'ring eyes,  
*Unnumber'd* graves in awful prospect rise,  
 Whose stones say *only* when their owners di'd,  
 If young, or aged, or to whom ally'd.  
 On others pompous epitaphs are spread  
 In memory of the *virtues* of the dead:  
 Vain *waste* of praise! since, flattering or sincere,  
 The *judgment day alone* will make appear,  
 How silent is this *little spot* of ground!  
 How melancholy looks each object round!  
 Here man dissolv'd in shatter'd ruin lies  
 So fast asleep—as if no more to rise;  
 'Tis strange to think how these dead bones can live,  
 Leap into form, and with new heat revive!  
 Or how this trodden earth to life shall wake,  
 Know its own place, its former figure take!  
 But whence these tears? when the last trumpet sounds  
 Through heaven's expanse to earth's remotest bounds,  
 The dead shall quit these tenements of clay,  
 And view again the long-extinguish'd day:  
 It must be so—the same almighty pow'r  
 From dust who form'd us, can from dust restore.  
 Chear'd with these pleasing hopes, I safely trust  
 Jehovah's power to raise me from the dust;  
 On his unfailing promises rely,  
 And all the horrors of the grave defy.

**By the Rev. Mr. Samuel Wesley [Jr.]<sup>89</sup>**

With zeal to God and love to human-kind,  
Nor cow'd by danger, nor by place confin'd  
Good Berkley fails: but soon deni'd supplies,  
Back to ungrateful Britain sad he flies.  
To distant climes th' apostle need not roam;  
Darkness alas! and heathens are at home.  
Lest wicked powers should thwart his aim again  
Behold him preaching with his matchless pen.  
Go on brave saint, thy heav'nly mission clear  
Once more on earth, let miracle appear,  
And spite Walpole, plant the gospel here.

}

**A Letter to Mr. Charles Wesley.  
By the Same [Rev. Mr. Samuel Wesley Jr.]<sup>90</sup>**

Though neither are o'erstock'd with precious time,  
If I can write it, you may read my rhyme:  
And find an hour to answer, I suppose,  
In verse harmonious or in humble prose,  
What I when late at Oxford could not say  
My friends so num'rous and so short my stay.

Say, does your Christian purpose still proceed  
To assist in ev'ry shape the wretches need?  
To free the prisoner from his anxious jail,  
When friends forsake him and relations fail?  
Or yet with nobler charity conspire  
To snatch the guilty from eternal fire?  
Has your small squadron firm in trial stood,  
Without preciseness, singularly good?

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<sup>89</sup>This is clearly Samuel Wesley Jr., as Charles Wesley quotes lines 5–6, attributing them to “my brother” in his *Manuscript Journal*, on Dec. 21, 1736. Samuel did not include this item in his *Poems on Several Occasions*, and the manuscript source upon which both Charles and John drew does not appear to survive.

<sup>90</sup>This is the first publication of this poetic epistle from Samuel Wesley Jr. to his brother Charles. The text follows a manuscript copy in Charles Wesley's hand that survives at Drew University, in a bound volume called the Morgan MSS, pp. 1–4. The manuscript version continues on past what John publishes here; the full version can be seen in John Whitehead, *The Life of the Rev. John Wesley* (London: Stephen Couchman, 1793), 1:444–46.

Safe march they on 'twixt dangerous extremes  
 Of mad profaneness and enthusiast dreams?  
 Constant in pray'r, while God approves their pains,  
 His spirit cheers them and his blood sustains!  
 Unmov'd by pride or anger, can they hear  
 The foolish laughter, or the envious fear?  
 No wonder wicked men blaspheme their care,  
 The devil always dreads offensive war.  
 Where heav'nly zeal the sons of night pursues,  
 Likely to gain and certain not to lose.  
 The sleeping conscience wakes by dangers near,  
 And pours the light in they so greatly fear.  
 But hold, perhaps this dry religious toil  
 May damp the genius, and the scholar spoil!  
 Perhaps facetious foes to meddling fools  
 Shine in the class and sparkle in the schools.  
 Your arts excel, your eloquence outgo,  
 And soar like Virgil, or like Tully flow!  
 Have brightest turns and deepest learning shown,  
 And prov'd your wit mistaken by their own!  
 If not—the wights should moderately rail,  
 Whose total merit summ'd from fair detail,  
 Is<sup>91</sup> sauntering, sleep, and smook, and wine, and ale!  
 How contraries may meet without design!  
 And pretty gentlemen with bigots join!

One or two questions more before I end;  
 That much concern a brother and a friend.  
 Does John seem bent beyond his strength to go  
 To his frail carcase literally foe?  
 Lavish of health, as if in haste to die,  
 And shorten time to ensure eternity?  
 Does M[orga]n weakly think his time mispent?  
 Of his best actions can he now repent?  
 Others their sins with reason just deplore,  
 The guilt remaining when the pleasure's o'er:

---

<sup>91</sup>Orig., "To"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

Shall he for virtue first himself upbraid?  
Since the foundations of the world were laid?  
Shall he (what most men to their guilt deny)  
Show pain for alms, remorse for piety?  
Can he the sacred Eucharist decline?  
What Clement poisons here the bread and wine?  
Or does his sad disease possess him whole;  
And taint alike his body and his soul?

If to renounce his graces he decree,  
Oh that he could transfer the stock to me!  
Alas! enough what mortal e'er can do  
For him that made him and redeem'd him too?  
Zeal may to man beyond desert be show'd;  
No supererogation stands to God.  
Does earth grow fairer to his parting eye?  
Is heaven less lovely as it seems more nigh,  
Oh wondrous preparation this—to die!

**For the Fast-Day, Feb. 10, 1779.<sup>92</sup>**

- [1.] Tremendous God, thy work we see,  
Thy strange destructive<sup>93</sup> work below,  
Chastis'd for our iniquity  
Compell'd the fatal cause to know:  
We tremble, as the storm comes on,  
And turns the kingdoms upside down.
- [2.] Abroad the sword our kin devours,  
And thousands and ten thousands fall;  
(Their doom alas! involving ours)  
Yet still for sorer plagues they call;  
And by the tyrant's heaviest chain,  
With wasted realms, and heaps of slain.

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<sup>92</sup>Charles Wesley; appears in MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 233–35. This was an official fast day in England, related to the war with the North American colonists.

<sup>93</sup>Orig., “destruction”; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

- [3.] By famine, pestilence, and sword,  
    Thou hast our guilty brethren tri'd;  
Yet, Oh! thou dread, avenging Lord,  
    Thy justice is not satisfi'd;  
Thine anger is not turn'd away,  
Thy arm is still stretch'd out to slay.
- [4.] Britons at home with Britons fight,  
    And furious partizans engage,  
With cruel hate, and fell<sup>94</sup> despite  
    Intestine war they madly wage:<sup>95</sup>  
By discord dire the land o'erturn,  
And thee and thy vicegerent scorn.
- [5.] Thy speaking rod they will not hear,  
    Thy lifted hand they will not see:  
But cast off all religious fear,  
    And only by their crimes agree  
Their sinful measure to fulfil,  
Their own extreme perdition seal.
- [6.] Yet Oh! thou gracious God and true,  
    Our death-devoted nation spare,  
Attentive to the pious few,  
    Who wrestle on in ceaseless pray'r;  
Who will not let thy wrath alone,  
But cry for mercy—in thy Son.
- [7.] Thy children faithful in the fire  
    Regard, and timely rescue send:  
Mercy our hearts, with theirs, require,  
    Mercy our miseries to end;  
For Jesu's sake our sins remove,  
And save us through thy pardoning love.

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<sup>94</sup>Orig., “full”; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

<sup>95</sup>Orig., “rage”; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

- [8.] All things are possible to God,  
    To them that on thy Son believe;  
In answer to his speaking blood  
    Father the murtherers forgive,  
And pristine piety restore  
And peace till time shall be no more.

**A Short Hymn.**<sup>96</sup>

**Isaiah v. 4.—“What could have been done more to my  
vineyard, that I have not done in it?”**<sup>97</sup>

- [1.] If God to one of all our race  
Deny sufficiency of grace,  
With-hold the sin-forsaking pow’r,  
Sinners to save he might do more;  
But if on the whole world he call,  
Sincerely offering life to all,  
Who spurn his grace, their Lord deny,  
And self-destroy’d they justly die.
- [2.] What could have been done *less* to save  
Lost sinners from th’ infernal grave,  
If God did to destruction doom,  
And damn’d us from our mother’s womb?  
Or if he only pass’d us by,  
And left us unredeem’d to die,  
Poor souls to save, we must confess,  
His love could never have done *less*.

---

<sup>96</sup>Orig., “Short Hymns”; a misprint since there is only one hymn.

<sup>97</sup>Charles Wesley, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 1:308.

**POETRY.**

**Ode to Health.**

(By Miss [Ann] T[indall].)<sup>98</sup>

- [1.] Health! richest mercy mortals know,  
Swift, as thy sweet meanders flow,  
And circling currents roll;  
Their spreading influ'nce let me feel,<sup>99</sup>  
My sinful maladies to heal  
And make my spirit whole.
- [2.] Jesus! thy open side displays  
An ocean vast of love, and grace  
To wash out ev'ry stain:  
By *faith* I plunge in the abyss,  
And rise, renew'd in holiness,  
And all thine image gain.
- [3.] This precious gift, let me enjoy,  
And in thy service Lord employ  
Each faculty divine:  
My understanding, passions, will,  
Engage, thy counsels to fulfil,  
In thy wise purpose, join.

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<sup>98</sup>By Ann Tindall, abridged from a manuscript copy she sent Wesley; cf. her manuscript copy in The British Library, Add. MS 43740, ff. 159–162b.

<sup>99</sup>Orig., “fell”; a misprint, corrected to agree with Tindall manuscript.



- [4.] That I no more from thee may stray;  
Oh guide me in the upright way!  
    And *perfect* soundness give:  
Impart integrity of soul;  
Speak my infected nature whole:  
    I then shall truly live.
- [5.] Devoted, flesh and soul, to thee:  
Rooted in true simplicity,  
    Pure, undesigning, mild,  
Loving to all. By all belov'd,  
And (crowning grace!) by thee approv'd  
    And own'd, thy favour'd child.
- [6.] From *all* iniquity to save,  
Jesus himself a ransom gave:  
    With him are freely given,  
Remission, righteousness, and peace,  
Inward and outward holiness,  
    Health, happiness, and heaven.
- [7.] His grace alone can tame the wild:  
The mighty awe into a child:  
    Our pride and rage controul:  
He speaks the leprous spirit clean,  
Shakes off the filthy robes of sin,  
    And heals, and clothes the soul.
- [8.] For love like this, let sinners sing:  
Ye saints, your ceaseless tribute bring  
    Of humble, grateful praise;  
And while revolving ages roll  
The Godhead's matchless fame extol  
    His mercy, truth, and grace.

**God is Love.**  
**(By Bishop Ken.)**<sup>100</sup>

The lov'd disciple, full of love divine,  
Would in one word the infinite define;  
Thou, Lord, art love! love only can express,  
All that thou art, all that thou dost possess;  
Of thy own self the amiable light  
Raises eternal, unconfin'd delight;  
Thy love self-complacential relish gives,  
It is by love the source of being lives;  
Thou art ideal, fontal love; in thee  
Being and love co-une the blessed see;  
In thee triunal rays co-equal shine,  
Love, lover, and belov'd, in thee combine.

By various names we thy perfections call,  
But pure, unfathom'd love, exhausts them all;  
By love all things were made, and are sustain'd,  
Love, all things, to allure man's love, ordain'd;  
Love, vengeance from laps'd human race suspends,  
Love, our salvation, when provok'd, intends;  
Love, Lord, thy infinite perfections join'd  
Into all forms of love to save mankind,  
Enlight'ning wisdom, and supporting might,  
Grace to forgive, compassion to invite;  
Thy bounty in rewards, which thought exceed,  
Munificence to promise all we need;  
Truth to perform, paternal, tender care,  
A patient mildness long to wait, and spare;  
A justice, to chastise love's hateful foes,  
Jealousy, curs'd rivals to oppose;

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<sup>100</sup>I.e., Thomas Ken, *Hymns on the Attributes of God* (London: John Wyat, 1721), 109–13 (bound in Volume II of his *Works*).

Benignity, to hear a sinner's cry,  
Unbounded all-sufficiency to supply;  
They all are love, love only is their aim,  
My verse shall love, and hymn thee by that name.

All-charming love, thou dost my love prevent,  
Thou sweetly dost constrain me to repent;  
I ne'er did shed a penitential tear,  
Till I began love boundless to revere;  
The thought that I should love immense offend,  
Began my heart to chide, grieve, soften, rend:  
Love shining in, gave with one beam a stroke,  
My heart it into num'rous atoms broke;  
And, in a tear, each atom melting lay,  
As of past outrages I took survey;  
Love would not let my heart lie long in pain,  
The beam that brake it, made it whole again;  
All over wash'd in penitential dew,  
Cleans'd from all wilful stains, and form'd anew;  
My soul it into love's own temple fram'd,  
To love devoted, and by love enflam'd.

Thee, mighty love, I praise, invoke, adore,  
Oh may I daily love thee more and more!  
My love, the heart where it was kindl'd, leaves,  
And to thy love inseparably cleaves.  
Oh keep me there, my soul to love unite,  
Keep omnipresent love still in my sight;  
That I, in acts of love, my age may spend,  
No whispers of concupiscence attend;  
In that dear union I myself would lose,  
Would, into love immense, my soul transfuse;  
In love I should entirely acquiesce,  
Drown'd in abyssal love feel no excess.

To thee, Oh love, my spirit I resign,  
Oh keep me incommunicably thine;  
Thy love I would appropriate to my heart,  
Yet, for thy sake, wish all mankind a part;  
I wish that all would love thee more than I,  
Or strive with me, who should in love outvie;  
With all my pow'rs stretch'd to their utmost might,  
I'll love, my self, and love in them excite.

Eternal Father! 'twas thy love alone,  
Gave thy lov'd Son, thy anger to atone.  
Eternal Son! love drew thee from on high,  
To be incarnate, and for sinners die;  
Eternal Spirit! thee pure love inclin'd,  
To build thy temple in a lover's mind;  
Oh love triune! celestial love inspire,  
Help me to love as much as I desire;  
The very seraphim would grieve in bliss,  
To think their love's too little, too remiss;  
But that thou their capacities dost fill,  
And limitation is thy heav'nly will;  
But love will strive from limits to get free,  
And that sweet strife will everlasting be.

Into thy image, love, transform my mind,  
May I, like thee, become love unconfin'd;  
I sing, I joy, with all the saints above,  
And I congratulate that thou art love;  
My meditation on thy love is sweet,  
On that I feast in my devout retreat;  
On love my contemplation loves to stay,  
And opens to receive thy lovely ray.

Give me a love, Lord, full of zealous flames,  
Which at infinity of loving aims;

Give me a love which thou wilt re-exhaust,  
But found, when most in love's vast ocean lost;  
Give me a love, which feels no rest beneath,  
Which with impatience after thee shall breathe;  
Give me a love, which love celestial may  
With re-ejaculated love repay;  
Give me a love, which martyrdom endears,  
Love on the cross most Jesus-like appears;  
And when my love its utmost height acquires,  
I'll fill its wants in infinite desires.

**The Wish.**

**(By Bishop [Zachary] Pearce,  
when he resigned the Deanery of Westminster.)<sup>101</sup>**

From all decanal cares at last set free,  
(Oh, could that freedom still more perfect be!)  
My sun's meridian hour, long past and gone;  
Dim night, unfit for work, comes hast'ning on;  
In life's late ev'ning, through a length of day,  
I find me gently tending to decay:  
How shall I then my fated exit make?  
How best secure my great eternal stake?  
This my prime wish, to see thy glorious face,  
Oh gracious God, in some more happy place;  
Till then to spend my short remains of time  
In thought, which raise the soul to truth sublime;  
To live with innocence, with peace and love,  
As do those saints, who dwell in bliss above:  
By prayers, the wings which faith to reason lends,  
Even *now* my soul to heav'n's high throne ascends:  
While here, on earth, thus on my bended knee,  
Oh power divine, I supplicate to thee;  
May I meet death, when his approach is made;  
Not fond of life, nor of his dart afraid;  
Feel that my gain, which I esteem'd a loss,  
Heav'n is the gold refin'd, earth but the dross!

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<sup>101</sup>As published in *London Review of English and Foreign Literature* 5 (1777): 42–43.

**The Beau and Bedlamite.**<sup>102</sup>

A patient in Bedlam, that did pretty well,  
Was permitted sometimes to go out of his cell:  
One day when they gave him that freedom, he spi'd  
A beauish young spark with a sword by his side;  
With a huge silver hilt, and a scabbard for steel,  
That swung at due length, from his hip to his heel.

When he saw him advance on the gallery ground,  
The Bedlamite ran, and survey'd him all round;  
While a waiter suppress the young captain's alarm,  
With—"You need not to fear, sir, he'll do you no harm."  
At the last he broke out—Aye, a very fine show!  
May I ask him one question?—What's that? said the beau.

Pray, what's that long, dangling, and cumbersome thing,  
That you seem to be ti'd to with ribbon and string?  
Why, that is my sword—and what is it to do?  
Kill my enemies, master, by running them through—  
Kill your enemies!—kill a fool's head of your own;  
"They'll die of themselves, if you'll let them alone."

**On the Earl of D\_\_\_\_\_.**  
(By Miss F\_\_\_\_\_.)<sup>103</sup>

Thy goodness, D\_\_\_\_\_, makes thee truly great,  
And virtuous actions form thy coronet:  
A nobler peer they render thee by far,  
Than a blue ribbon, or embroider'd star:  
With virtue unadorn'd, wert thou a king,  
The wise would deem thee a mean, vulgar thing:  
A gaudy vapour, drawn from earth to sky,  
By the sun-beams; to flutter, stink and die.

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<sup>102</sup>John Byrom, *Miscellaneous Poems* (Manchester: J. Harrop, 1773), 1:108.

<sup>103</sup>No prior publication or further details on author for this poem have been located.

A Short Hymn.<sup>104</sup>

**Isaiah xi. 6, 7.—“The wolf shall dwell with the lamb,  
and the leopard shall lie down with the kid: and the  
calf, and the young lion, and the fatling together, and  
a little child shall lead them. And the cow and the bear  
shall feed, and their young ones shall lie down together:  
and the lion shall eat straw like the ox.”<sup>105</sup>**

- [1.] Prince of universal peace,  
    Destroy the enmity;  
    Bid our jars and discords cease,  
    Unite us all in thee:  
Cruel as wild beasts we are;  
    Till vanquish'd by thy mercy's pow'r,  
Men, like wolves each other tear,  
    And their own flesh devour.
- [2.] But if thou pronounce the word  
    That forms our souls again,  
Love and harmony restor'd  
    Throughout the earth shall reign;  
When thy wondrous love they feel,  
    The human-savages are tame;  
Rav'nous wolves, and leopards dwell  
    And stable with the lamb.
- [3.] Bears transform'd with oxen graze,  
    Their young together feed:  
With the calf, the lion plays,  
    Nor rends the dandled kid;  
Harshest natures reconcil'd  
    With soft, and fierce with meek agree:  
Gentle, teachable, and mild,  
    As harmless infancy.

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<sup>104</sup>Orig., “Short Hymns”; a misprint since there is only one hymn.

<sup>105</sup>Charles Wesley, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 1:316.

[4.] Oh that now with pardon blest,  
    We each might each embrace,  
Quietly together rest,  
    And feed upon thy grace!  
Like our sinless parents live!  
    Great shepherd, make thy goodness known,  
All into thy fold receive,  
    And keep for ever one.



**POETRY.**

**Sent with a Nosegay.**  
**(By Miss F\_\_\_\_.)**<sup>106</sup>

The nosegay of the day you'll find,  
An emblem of Eliza's mind;  
Chearful, and innocent, and sweet:  
Alas! when such perfections meet,

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<sup>106</sup>No prior publication or further details on author for this poem have been located.

Full oft my mournful heart has said,  
What pity that the flow'r should fade?  
Yet why, my heart, that mournful thought?  
A Christian should be better taught.  
Immortal virtue never dies:  
'Tis but transplanted to the skies.

**Wrote on the Same Occasion.**  
**(By the Same [Miss F \_\_\_\_].)<sup>107</sup>**

- [1.] These flow'rs a moral hint dispense;  
Each diff'rent, yet thy all agree  
To charm the eye, and glad the sense:  
Sweet union in variety!
- [2.] O when in love's strong bands conjoin'd,  
Shall we the jarring sects<sup>108</sup> behold?  
And Christians of one heart and mind,  
Recall the lovely days of old!

**A Prayer for King George.<sup>109</sup>**

- [1.] Why do the christen'd heathens rage,  
And furiously their pow'rs engage  
Against the Lord most high,  
Against his dread vicegerent here,  
Cast off the yoke of loyal fear,  
And God himself defy?

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<sup>107</sup>No prior publication or further details on author for this poem have been located.

<sup>108</sup>Orig., "seats"; changed by JW in his personal copy of *AM*.

<sup>109</sup>Charles Wesley; appears in *MS Patriotism*, 1–2.

- [2.] Counsel they take, but not by thee,  
Great King of kings, whose firm decree  
Supports the British throne:  
Through whom our rightful monarch reigns,  
Thy sov'reign character sustains,  
And bows to thee alone.
- [3.] Thine eye observes, thy Spirit knows  
His open, and his secret foes,  
Who deep their plots conceal,  
As zealous for their country's good,  
Stir up the undiscerning crowd,  
And make a league with hell.
- [4.] But thou, without the help of man,  
Canst all their fiercest wrath restrain,  
And all their plots confound:  
Canst on our king thy blessings shed,  
And cover his anointed head,  
With lasting glories crown'd.
- [5.] Answ'ring in us thy Spirit's cries,  
Now, Lord, in his defence arise,  
With majesty supreme  
Adorn the man of thy right hand,  
That all may bless his mild command,  
And honour thee in him.
- [6.] Long may he here thy image live,  
Thy kingdom in his heart receive,  
Spiritual joys unknown:  
Earnest of joys that never end,  
And late with all thy saints ascend,  
To fill a heav'nly throne.

**It is Appointed for Men Once to Die.**<sup>110</sup>

- [1.] Tremendous God with humble fear,  
Prostrate before thy glorious throne,  
Th' irrevocable word we hear,  
Thy sov'reign right'ousness we own.
- [2.] 'Tis fit we should to dust return,  
(Since such the will of the Most High)  
In sin conceiv'd, to trouble born,  
Born only to lament, and die.
- [3.] Submissive to thy just decree,  
We all shall soon from earth remove:  
But when thou sendest, Lord, for me,  
O let the messenger be love.
- [4.] By whisp'ring love into my heart,  
Warn me of my approaching end,  
And then I joyfully depart,  
And then I to thine arms ascend!

**Short Hymns.**

**Isaiah vi. 13.—“The holy seed shall be the substance of the oak.”**<sup>111</sup>

- [1.] Oft by thy judgments shook,  
Thine anger's furious blast,  
The sturdy British oak,  
Its wither'd leaves hath cast;  
Yet did its substance still remain,  
For Jesus doth his church sustain.

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<sup>110</sup>Charles Wesley; appears in *MS Preparation for Death*, 24–25.

<sup>111</sup>Charles Wesley, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 1:309.

[2.] Still may the holy seed,  
    Our firm protection be:  
And through our nation spread,  
    And prop the falling tree,  
Till to our utmost height we rise,  
By Christ transplanted to the skies.

**Isaiah xi. 13.—“Ephraim shall not envy Judah, and  
Judah shall not vex Ephraim.”<sup>112</sup>**

[1.] Happy day of union sweet,  
    O when shall it appear?  
When shall we all thy people meet,  
    In amity sincere?  
Tear each others flesh no more,  
    But kindly think and speak the same;  
All express the meek’ning pow’r,  
    The Spirit of the Lamb?

[2.] Visit us, bright Morning-Star,  
    And bring the perfect day;  
Urg’d by faith’s incessant pray’r,  
    No longer, Lord, delay:  
Now destroy the envious root,  
    The ground of mutual feuds remove;  
Fill the earth with golden fruit,  
    With ripe, millennial love.

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<sup>112</sup>Charles Wesley, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 1:319.

POETRY.

**Universal Good, the Object of the Divine Will; and all Evil, the  
necessary Effect of the Creature's Opposition to it.**

(By Dr. [John] Byrom.)<sup>1</sup>

- [1.] The God of love delighting to bestow,  
Sends down his blessing on the world below:  
A grateful mind receives it, and above  
Sends up thanksgiving to the God of love.  
This happy intercourse could never fail,  
Did not a false, perverted will prevail.
- [2.] For love divine, as rightly understood,  
Is an unalterable will to good.  
Good is the object of his blessed will,  
Who never can concur to real ill:  
Much less *decree, predestinate, ordain*—  
Words oft employ'd to take his name in vain.
- [3.] “But he permits it to be done,” say you.—  
Plain then, I answer, that he does not *do*;  
That having will'd created angels free,  
He still permits, or wills them so to be:  
Were his permission ask'd, before they did  
An evil action, he would soon forbid.
- [4.] Before the doing he forbids indeed,  
But disobedient creatures take no heed:  
If he according to your present plea,  
Withdraws his grace, and *so* they disobey,  
The fault is laid on him, not them at all,  
For who shall stand, whom he shall thus let fall?

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<sup>1</sup>John Byrom, *Miscellaneous Poems* (Manchester: J. Harrop, 1773), 2:186–88.

- [5.] Our own neglect must be the previous cause,  
When it is said, "the grace of God withdraws";  
In the same sense, as when the brightest dawn,  
If we will shut our windows, is withdrawn;  
Not that the sun is ever the less bright,  
But that our choice is, not to see the light.
- [6.] Free to receive the grace, or to reject,  
*Receivers* only can be God's *elect*;  
*Rejecters* of it, *reprobate* alone,  
Not by divine *decree*, but by their *own*:  
His love to *all*, his willing none to sin  
Is a decree that never could begin.
- [7.] It is the order, the eternal law,  
The true free-grace, that never can withdraw,  
Observance of it will of course be blest,  
And opposition to it self-distrest;  
To them who love its gracious author, all  
Will work for good, according to St. Paul .
- [8.] An easy key to each abstruser text,  
That modern disputants have so perplex  
With arbitrary fancies on each side,  
From God's pure love, or man's free-will deny'd:  
Which in the breast of saints and sinners too,  
May both be found self-evidently true.

**A Prayer.**<sup>2</sup>

O heavenly Father! gracious God above!  
Thou boundless depth of never-ceasing love!  
Save me from *pride*, and cause me to depart,  
From sinful works of a long-harden'd heart,

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<sup>2</sup>John Byrom, *Miscellaneous Poems* (Manchester: J. Harrop, 1773), 2:235.

From all my great corruptions set me free;  
Give me an ear to hear, an eye to see,  
A heart and spirit to believe and find  
Thy love in Christ, the Saviour of mankind.

Made for thyself, O God, and to display  
Thy goodness in me, manifest I pray,  
By grace adapted to each coming<sup>3</sup> hour,  
Thy holy nature's life-conferring pow'r:  
Give me the faith, the hunger, and the thirst,  
After the life breath'd forth from thee at first;  
Reveal the holy Jesus in my soul;  
That I may turn through life's succeeding whole:  
From ev'ry outward work, or inward thought,  
Which is not thee, or in thy Spirit wrought.

**An Evening Walk from Richmond to Kew.**  
(By Miss E. N.)<sup>4</sup>

What beaut'ous prospects rush upon my sight,  
And feast my eyes with wonder and delight!  
The fruitful valleys, and the smiling fields,  
And all the blooming sweets that nature yields.  
The silver Thames, which gently flows between,  
Adds to the beauty of the rural scene;  
While flocks and herds lie spread on yonder green. }  
The feather'd songsters from the neighbouring grove,  
Delight my ears while o'er the lawn I rove;  
And gentle zephyrs waft the balmy sweets,  
From yon fair bow'r where royal George retreats.  
Thus while I'm favour'd with a short reprieve  
From care and toil, and rove a summer's eve,

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<sup>3</sup>Orig., "venting"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

<sup>4</sup>No prior publication or further details on author for this poem have been located.



Charm'd to behold thy works, Almighty Pow'r!  
Raptur'd, yet aw'd, I silently adore.

While thus indulg'd on thy fair works to gaze,  
I feel my heart o'erflow with grateful praise:  
And O how vast the mighty debt I owe  
To thee my God! from whom my blessings flow!  
Thy pow'rful word me into being spake;  
When dead in sin, thou didst my soul awake;  
I heard thy voice and trembling own'd thy pow'r,  
Confess'd my guilt, and mercy did implore;  
Distress'd for sin, I sought a place to moan,  
'Twas then I first retir'd to shades alone:  
The rising sun, and solemn midnight hour,  
Can witness bear, how oft to E\_\_\_\_\_d bower  
I stray'd with broken heart and weeping eyes,  
And breath'd to heaven my supplicating cries.  
The day I found too short to tell my grief,  
The solemn shades of night brought no relief;  
At morn I wish'd for night, at night for day,  
While months and years of sorrow roll'd away.  
Thus for my sins I mourn'd before my God,  
And sought redemption through a Saviour's blood.  
My God! my grateful heart with love o'erflows,  
I thank thee for these salutary woes.  
Thy Spirit warn'd me of destruction near;  
My danger shew'd: and struck with trembling fear,  
I fled to Jesus with my sin and shame,  
And felt the virtue of his healing name:  
His pard'ning love dispell'd my doubts and fears,  
He wip'd away my floods of silent tears.  
No pensive sigh now heaves my troubl'd breast,  
While I in Jesu's love securely rest.  
My heart-felt groans are turn'd to songs of praise:  
Be this my sweet employ my few remaining days.

**To Sylvia.**  
**(By Miss C.)<sup>5</sup>**

- [1.] Sylvia, behold yon beaut'ous flow'r  
Mellifluent and gay:  
The transient charmer blooms an hour,  
Then droops and dies away.  
A virgin cistus near it grows;  
To day her race begun;  
To day with charms unequall'd blows,  
But sets with yonder sun.
- [2.] Believe me, Sylvia, thy fair form  
That now attracts the eye,  
Shall undistinguish'd feed the worm;  
For Sylvia sure must die.  
Ah! then no more may pleasure lead  
Captive thy wav'ring mind:  
Upon the gay delusion tread,  
That's fleeting as the wind.
- [3.] Nor pluck a blushing rose at morn,  
And clasp it to thy breast;  
Lest Sylvia find conceal'd a thorn  
Ere night that wounds her rest.  
Earth's highest honours soon are o'er,  
All ends in—here he lies:  
Then let us nobler heights explore,  
And soar beyond the skies.
- [4.] Often repeat the advent'rous flight  
Above the starry plains,  
Where endless day excludes the night,  
And lasting pleasure reigns.

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<sup>5</sup>No prior publication or further details on author for this poem have been located.

Then ere our weeping friends convey  
Our bodies to the tomb,  
Angels shall bear our souls away  
To their eternal home.

**An Old Man's Prayer.**<sup>6</sup>

- [1.] The knowledge of thy love  
O how shall I attain?  
Its excellence is far above  
The reach of fallen man:  
For more than threescore years  
I for the grace have pin'd,  
And sought with ceaseless pray'rs and tears  
What I could never find.
- [2.] Tremendous God unknown,  
Hath thy severe decree  
Rejected, as perdition's son,  
And sternly pass'd by me?  
The saving grace with-held,  
That left to Satan I,  
By thy resistless will compell'd,  
Might sin, despair, and die!
- [3.] Blasphemous thoughts, away!  
As hell itself abhorr'd!  
Thy attributes the lie gainsay,  
Thy nature and thy word:  
Thy oath forbids my fears,  
And comforts all that grieve,  
Thy bloody sweat, thy cries and tears,  
Thy death would have me live.

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<sup>6</sup>Charles Wesley; appears in *MS Hymns for Love*, 74–75.

[4.] Would have me love my God,  
Who lov'd the world so well:  
Then surely I, the grace bestow'd,  
The purchas'd bliss shall feel:  
Thou wilt the bliss confer,  
Before I hence depart;  
And the abiding Comforter  
Shall take up all my heart.

### Short Hymns.

**Isaiah xxxii. 2.—“As rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.”<sup>7</sup>**

My soul, a dry and barren place,  
Gasp for the cooling streams of grace;  
O might they through the desert roll  
Refreshment to my gasping soul!  
Jesus I thirst for thee, not thine;  
I want the well of life divine;  
The well of life divine thou art,  
Spring up eternal in my heart.

Eternal Rock, project thy shade,  
Extend to me thy friendly aid,  
While at thy foot a sinner I,  
Weary, and spent, and dying lie:  
Cover'd by thee my soul would rest,  
With pardon and salvation blest,  
'Till through thy riven side I rise,  
And see thee fill both earth and skies.

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<sup>7</sup>Charles Wesley, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 1:328–29.

**POETRY.**

**A Prayer used by Francis the First, when he was  
at war with the Emperor Charles the Fifth.<sup>8</sup>**

Almighty Lord of hosts, by whose commands  
The guardian angels rule their destin'd lands,  
And watchful at thy word, to save or stay,  
Of peace or war administer the sway!  
Thou who against the great Goliah's rage,  
Didst arm the stripling David to engage;  
When with a sling, a small unarmed youth  
Smote a huge giant, in defence of truth:  
Hear us, we pray thee, if our cause be true,  
If sacred justice be our only view;  
If right and duty, not the will to war,  
Have forc'd our armies to proceed thus far,  
Then turn the hearts of all our foes to peace,  
That war, and bloodshed in the land may cease:  
Or put to flight, by providential dread,  
Let them lament their errors, not their dead.  
If some must die, protect the righteous all,  
And let the guilty, few as may be, fall.  
With pitying speed the victory decree,  
To them whose cause is best approv'd by thee;  
That sheath'd on all sides the devouring sword,  
And peace, and justice to our land restor'd;  
We all together, with one heart, may sing  
Triumphant hymns to thee th' Eternal King.

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<sup>8</sup>John Byrom, *Miscellaneous Poems* (Manchester: J. Harrop, 1773), 2:236–37.

**On Attention.**<sup>9</sup>

Sacred attention! true effectual pray'r!  
Thou dost the soul for love and truth prepare.  
Blest is the man who from conjecture free,  
To future knowledge shall aspire by thee:  
Who in thy precepts seeks a sure repose,  
Stays till he sees, nor judges till he knows:  
Though firm, not rash; though eager, yet sedate:  
Intent on truth, can its instructions wait:  
Aw'd by thy pow'rful influ'nce to appeal  
To heav'n, which only can itself reveal;  
The soul in humble silence to resign,  
And human will unite to the divine;  
Till fir'd at length by heav'n's enliv'ning beams,  
Pure, unconsum'd the faithful victim flames.

**An Elegy on Death.**

**(Wrote by the Author when he was a Deist.)**<sup>10</sup>

From heavenly fire th' immortal spirit came,  
Whose Maker fixt it in a mortal frame:  
Confin'd to earth, she takes a lowly state,  
And calls it life; her ransom, death or fate;  
Deprest in life, yet courts the vapour breath,  
And starts and trembles at the phantom death:  
Whose awful regions, whether deck'd with light,  
Or wrapp'd in shadows of eternal night.  
If happy seats where endless pleasures reign,  
Or dreadful realms of never-ceasing pain,  
Unknown that lot of man; he sinks to dust,  
And takes th' eternal mark, *unjust* or *just*:

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<sup>9</sup>John Byrom, *Miscellaneous Poems* (Manchester: J. Harrop, 1773), 2:236.

<sup>10</sup>No prior publication or further details on author for this poem have been located.

There thy clear telescope, O death, reveals,  
What here, alas! the mist of life conceals:  
Whate'er it be, nor can the curious guess,  
Nor fond opinions make it more or less.

All hail! great leveller of human fates,  
Receive a pilgrim at thy crowded gates:  
O let me enter thy unknown abodes,  
With insects, heroes, worms, and demi-gods!  
Where in one mass, all creatures shall combine,  
And Caesar's dust no more be known than mine.  
'Tis there no warriors break the gen'ral peace;  
The world's proud emperors, or kings of bees:  
There the fell butcher wounds the lamb no more,  
Nor spills the priest the consecrated gore.  
Ah! how in vain ascended mystic flames,  
When sacred altars blusht with purple streams!  
Man only knew to give the deadly stroke,  
And o'er the victim-ox his God invoke:  
For man's transgressions hecatombs have bled,  
That flocks and herds might suffer in his stead:  
O partial man, the stupid earth-born clod,  
This was his worship to th' immortal God!  
See Stonehenge-temple yet salute the skies,  
But where the Druids? where the sacrifice?  
Its mighty founders, all its priests unknown,  
Phoenicians, Romans, Britains, all are gone;  
All in dark fables lost, in dust decay'd,  
In death's asylum all together laid:  
There shall the lofty sound of fame's alarms,  
In silence sink to low oblivion's arms;  
That dream of immortality be lost,  
The sage's darling, and the poet's boast:  
Through life the bright chimera's well employ'd;  
'Twill vanish after in the dreary void.

O fly ambition, all ye prudent, fly;  
No riches covet, no false honour try;  
Nor waste in luxury the vital breath,  
Delicious foods unbar the gates of death:  
Not thus I'd die; through soul intemp'rance lost,  
But as a sentinel maintain my post.  
O gentle nature, build my peaceful tomb;  
Or Britain, grant in war an early doom.

Where shall I form, ah, where! some happy plan,  
Within this little circling life of man?  
All nature seems to say, "Go, take repose,  
Where love unsullied shines, where friendship glows."  
And have these pow'r the siege of death to raise,  
To sweeten life, and give propitious days?  
Then grant, O God of nature, this request,  
In blessing others, let my life be blest!  
For my few years a mighty treasure lend,  
The lov'd companion and the faithful friend.

**A Prayer.**

**"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God  
with all thy heart."<sup>11</sup>  
[Deuteronomy 6:5]**

- [1.] Dost thou request a feeble worm,  
To touch the sky, t' arrest the storm,  
The mountains to remove:  
Dost thou command what cannot be,  
That thine apostate creature, thee  
I should entirely love?
- [2.] Have I ability t' obey,  
Why should I then one moment stay?  
Compell'd, alas! I own,

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<sup>11</sup>Charles Wesley; appears in MS Hymns for Love, 69–71.



Forc'd by ten thousand efforts vain,  
There is no pow'r in fallen man,  
To love a God unknown.

[3.] The power must then from thee proceed,  
If thee I even love indeed;  
The thing thy laws enjoin,  
Thy Spirit must in me fulfil,  
Who ask, according to thy will,  
The precious grace divine.

[4.] If all who *will* receive it, *may*,  
I humbly for the blessing pray,  
To poorest beggars giv'n:  
With strength of infinite desire  
I nothing but thy love require,  
Of all in earth, or heav'n.

[5.] What shall I say my suit to gain?  
Father, regard that heavenly man,  
Who groan'd on Calvary!  
Who paid my ransom on the cross,  
Who ever lives to plead my cause,  
And asks thy love for me.

[6.] In honour of th' incarnate God,  
The gift he purchas'd with his blood,  
Father, on me bestow!  
That loving thee with all my heart,  
And thus made ready to depart,  
I to thy arms may go.

**Short Hymns.**

**Isaiah xli. 17.—“When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them.”<sup>12</sup>**

[1.] Poor needy souls athirst and faint,  
Who gasp for my redeeming love,  
I will supply their spirit’s want,  
When blindly after me they rove;  
When in the barren wilderness,  
Water they seek with fruitless care,  
Seek in the channels of my grace;  
Yet not one cooling drop is there.

[2.] Attentive to their feeblest cry,  
When fails for thirst their cleaving tongue,  
I mark them with a pitying eye,  
I hear their silence ask, “how long?”  
The Lord of hosts, the God of grace,  
I never will my people leave,  
But present in their last distress,  
The long-expected blessing give.

**Isaiah xlii. 3.—“A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench: he shall bring forth judgment unto truth.”<sup>13</sup>**

[1.] Thou wilt not crush the poor and weak,  
Thy tender heart can never bear  
A reed already bruis’d to break,  
To plunge the fearful in despair;  
Or aggravate a sinner’s load,  
Or quench his faintest spark of good.

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<sup>12</sup>Charles Wesley, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 1:337–38.

<sup>13</sup>*Ibid.*, 1:340.

- [2.] Rather thy loving Spirit divine  
    Shall raise the smoke into a flame;  
Support this trembling soul of mine,  
    Till strong I out of weakness am,  
And as a spreading cedar rise,  
Meet for the garden of the skies.
- [3.] Bear with me then, most patient Lord,  
    (This smoking flax, this bruised reed)  
Accomplishing thy faithful word,  
    The heavenly light, the hidden seed,  
Bring forth throughout my life to shine,  
And prove thy right'ousness divine.

**Isaiah xlix. 8.—“I will give thee for a covenant of the people, to establish the earth, to cause to inherit the desolate heritages.”<sup>14</sup>**

- [1.] Treaty of peace 'twixt God and man,  
    Thee, Jesus, thee we gladly own;  
Whate'er the cov'nant doth contain,  
    Is all compriz'd in thee alone;  
Its surety thou, its blessings art,  
Its substance in thy people's heart.
- [2.] Come then, thy Father's will to do,  
    His wisdom, and effectual pow'r:  
Thou only canst our earth renew,  
    Our desolated souls restore;  
And fill the drooping heart with peace,  
And stablish us in righteousness.
- [3.] The ghastly wastes, which sin hath made,  
    God of almighty love, repair,  
Revive our piety decay'd,  
    Rising out of her ruins fair:  
Thy church, thy blameless body, show,  
The plenitude of God below.

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<sup>14</sup>Charles Wesley, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 1:352.

**POETRY.**

**The Italian Bishop.**<sup>15</sup>

There is no kind of a fragmental note,  
That pleases better than an anecdote:  
Or fact unpublish'd; when it comes to rise,  
And give the more agreeable surprize;  
From long oblivion sav'd, a useful hint  
Is doubly grateful, when reviv'd in print.

There liv'd a bishop, once upon a time,  
Where is not said, but Italy the clime:

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<sup>15</sup>John Byrom, *Miscellaneous Poems* (Manchester: J. Harrop, 1773), 2:153–54.

An honest pious man, who understood  
How to behave, as a true bishop should.  
But through an opposition, form'd to blast  
His good designs, by men of diff'rent cast,  
He had some tedious struggles, and a train  
Of rude affronts, and insults to sustain;  
Which he beheld with an unruffl'd mind,  
And bore them all nor ever once repin'd:

An intimate acquaintance, one who knew  
What difficulties he had waded through,  
Time after time, and very much admir'd  
A patience so provok'd, and so untir'd,  
Made bold to ask him if he could impart,  
Or teach the secret of his happy art?

Yes, said the good, old prelate, that I can,  
And 'tis a plain and practicable plan.  
For all the secret that I know of lies,  
In making a right use of my own eyes.

Pray, holy father, tell how that should be—  
Why, in whatever state I am, said he,  
I first look up to heav'n, as well aware  
That to get thither is my main affair.  
I then look down on earth, and deeply think,  
In a short space of time, how small a chink  
I shall possess of its extensive ground!  
And then I cast my eyes to those around,  
Where more distress appears on every side  
Amongst mankind, than I myself abide.

So thus reflecting on my own concern,  
First—where true happiness is plac'd I learn.  
Next—let the world to what it will pretend,  
I see where all its good and ills must end.  
Last—how unjust it is, as well as vain,  
For ought on earth to murmur or complain.

Thus, looking up, and down, and round about,  
Right use of eyes does find my secret out.

With heaven in view—his real home—in fine,  
Nothing on earth should make a man repine.

**Religious Discourse.**<sup>16</sup>

(Although this poem has been printed many years ago,  
I cannot but recommend it to the consideration of every  
serious reader.)

To speak for God; to sound religion's praise;  
Of sacred passions, the wise warmth to raise;  
T' infuse the contrite wish, to conquest nigh,  
And point the steps mysterious as they lie:  
To seize the wretch in full career of lust,  
And sooth the silent sorrows of the just:  
Who would not bless for this the gift of speech,  
And in the tongue's beneficence be rich?

But who must talk? not the mere modern sage,  
Who suits the soften'd gospel to the age;  
Who ne'er to raise degen'rate practice strives,  
But brings the precept down to Christian-lives.  
Not he who maxims from cold reading took,  
And never saw himself but in a book:  
Not he who hasty in the morn of grace,  
Soon sinks extinguish'd as a comet's blaze:  
Not he who strives in scripture phrase t' abound,  
Deaf to the sense, yet stuns us with the sound:  
But he, who silence loves, and never dealt  
In the false commerce of a truth unfelt.

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<sup>16</sup>Rev. John Gambold (1711–1771), manuscript; cf. *The Works of the late Rev. John Gambold* (Bath: S. Hazard, 1789), 251–56. John Wesley had published earlier in *HSP* (1739), 58–63.

Guilty you speak, if subtle from within,  
Blows on your words the self-admiring sin:  
If unresolv'd to chuse the better part,  
Your forward tongue belies your languid heart.  
But then speak safely, when your peaceful mind,  
(Above self-seeking blest, on God reclin'd,)  
Feels him at once suggest unlabour'd sense,  
And opes a sluice of sweet benevolence.  
Some high behest of heav'n you then fulfil,  
Spring from his light your words, and issuing by his will.

Nor yet expect, so mystically long,  
Till certain inspiration loose your tongue:  
Express the precept runs, "Do good to all;"  
Nor adds, "Whene'er you find an inward call."  
'Tis God commands; no farther motive seek,  
Speak or without, or with reluctance speak:  
To love's habitual sense by acts aspire,  
And kindle, till you catch the gospel-fire.

Discov'ries immature of truth decline,  
Nor prostitute the gospel-pearl to swine.  
Beware, too rashly how you speak the whole,  
The vileness, or the treasures of your soul.  
If spurn'd by some, where weak on earth you lie,  
If judg'd a cheat or dreamer, where you fly;  
Here the sublimer strain, th' exerted air  
Forego: you're at the bar, not in the chair.

To the pert reasoner, if you speak at all,  
Speak what within his cognizance may fall:  
Expose not truths divine to reason's rack,  
Give him his own belov'd ideas back;  
Your notions till they look like his dilute;  
Blind he must be; but save him from dispute.  
But when we're turn'd of reason's noon-tide glare,  
And things begin to shew us what they are.

More free to such your true conceptions tell,  
Yet graft them on the arts<sup>17</sup> where they excel:  
If sprightly sentiments detain their taste;  
If paths of various learning they have trac'd:  
If their cool judgment longs, yet fears to fix;  
Fire, erudition, hesitation mix.

All rules are dead; tis from the heart you draw  
The living lustre and unerring law.  
A state of thinking in your manner show,  
Nor fiercely soaring, nor supinely low;  
Others, their lightness and each inward fault,  
Quench in the stilness of your deeper thought.  
Let all your gestures fixt attention draw,  
And wide around diffuse infectious awe:  
Present with God by recollection seem;  
Yet present, by your chearfulness with them.<sup>18</sup>

Without elation Christian glories paint,  
Nor by fond amorous phrase assume the saint.  
Greet not frail men with compliments untrue,  
With smiles to peace confirm'd and conquest due.  
There are who watch t' adore the dawn of grace,  
And pamper the young proselyte with praise:  
Kind, humble souls! they with a right good-will  
Admire his progress, till he stands stock-still.

Not one address will diff'rent tempers fit.  
The grave and gay, the heavy and the wit.  
Wits will sift you; and most conviction find  
Where least 'tis urg'd, and seems the least design'd.  
Slow minds are merely passive; and forget  
Truths not inculcated: to these repeat,  
Avow your counsel, nor abstain from heat.

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<sup>17</sup>Orig., "hearts"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

<sup>18</sup>Orig., "men"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).



Some gentle souls to gay indiff'rence true,  
Nor hope, nor fear, nor think the more for you:  
Let love turn babler here, and caution sleep,  
Blush not for shallow speech, nor muse for deep;  
These to your humour, not your sense attend,  
'Tis not th' advice that sways them, but the friend.

Others have large recesses in their breast:  
With pensive process all they hear digest:  
Here well weigh'd words with wary foresight sow;  
For all you say will sink, and every seed will grow.

At first acquaintance press each truth severe,  
Stir the whole odium of your character:  
Let harshest doctrines all your words engross,  
And nature bleeding on the daily cross.  
Then to yourself th' ascetic rule enjoin,  
To others stoop surprizingly benign;  
Pitying, if from themselves with pain they part,  
If stubborn nature long holds out the heart.  
Their outworks now are gain'd; forbear to press;  
The more you urge them, you prevail the less;  
Let speech lay by its roughness to oblige;  
Your speaking life will carry on the siege:  
By your example struck, to God they strive  
To live, no longer to themselves alive.

In souls just wak'd the paths of light to chuse,  
Convictions keen and zeal of pray'r infuse.  
Let them love rules; till freed from passion's reign,  
Till blameless, moral rectitude they gain.

But lest reform'd from each extremer ill,  
They should but civilize old nature still,

The lofti'r charms and energy display  
Of virtue modell'd by the Godhead's ray;  
The lineaments divine, perfection's plan,  
And all the grandeur of the heav'nly man.  
Commences thus the agonizing strife,  
Previous to nature's death and second-life:  
Struck by their own inclement piercing eye,  
Their feeble virtues blush, subside, and die.  
They view the scheme that mimic nature made;  
A fanci'd goddess, and religion's shade;  
With angry scorn they now reject the whole;  
Unchang'd their heart, undeifi'd<sup>19</sup> their soul.  
Till indignation sleeps away to faith,  
And God's own power and peace take root in sacred wrath.

Aim less to teach than love. The work begun  
In words, is crown'd by artless warmth alone,  
Love to your friend a second office owes,  
Yourself and him before heav'ns footstool throws:  
You place his form as suppliant by your side,  
(A helpless worm, for whom the Saviour di'd)  
Into his soul call down th' ethereal beam,  
And longing ask to spend, and to be spent for him.

**From the Olney Collection.**

**“Walking with God.”—Gen. v. 24.<sup>20</sup>**

[1.] By faith in Christ I walk with God,  
With heav'n, my journey's-end in view;  
Supported by his staff and rod,  
My road is safe and pleasant too.

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<sup>19</sup>Orig., “unedifi'd”; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

<sup>20</sup>John Newton, *Olney Hymns* (London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co., 1779), 5.

- [2.] I travel through a desart wide,  
    Where many round me blindly stray;  
But he vouchsafes to be my guide,  
    And will not let me miss my way.
- [3.] Though snares and dangers throng my path,  
    And earth and hell my course withstand;  
I triumph over all by faith,  
    Guarded by his almighty hand.
- [4.] The wilderness affords no food,  
    But God for my support prepares;  
Provides me ev'ry needful good,  
    And frees my soul from wants and cares.
- [5.] With him sweet converse I maintain,  
    Great as he is, I dare be free;  
I tell him all my grief and pain,  
    And he reveals his love to me.
- [6.] Some cordial from his word he brings,  
    Whene'er my feeble spirit faints;  
At once my soul revives and sings,  
    And yields no more to sad complaints.
- [7.] I pity all who vainly talk  
    Of pleasures that will quickly end;  
Be this my choice, O Lord! to walk  
    With thee, my guide, my guard, my friend.

**A Short Hymn.**<sup>21</sup>

**Isaiah lvii. 15, 16, 17.—“Thus saith the high and lofty one, that inhabiteth eternity, &c.”**<sup>22</sup>

- [1.] Beyond the bounds of space and time,  
On his eternal throne sublime,  
Will God’s most glorious majesty  
Vouchsafe to cast a look on me?  
Yes; if to me his grace impart  
The humble, poor, and broken heart,  
The holy, high, and lofty one  
Shall make my heart his earthly throne.
- [2.] But how shall I the promise plead?  
The genuine poverty I need,  
My want of true contrition own,  
And deep beneath the burden groan;  
With such a wretch insensible  
If the great God can ever dwell,  
Thou Jesus must remove my sin,  
And break my heart by ent’ring in.
- [3.] Come then my unbelief to end,  
Nor always with a worm contend,  
Thine anger with my sin remove,  
And cheer me by thy pardoning love:  
If thou despise my helpless case,  
Thy creature faints for want of grace;  
If thou thy dear-bought child forget,  
I die despairing at thy feet.

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<sup>21</sup>Orig., “Short Hymns”; a misprint since there is only one hymn.

<sup>22</sup>Charles Wesley, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 1:370.

**POETRY.**

**A Stricture on the Bishop of Gloucester's  
Doctrine of Grace.<sup>23</sup>**

Writing, or scripture, sacred or profane,  
Can only render history more plain,  
Of what was done or said, by God or man,  
Since the creation of the world began:  
Though ev'ry word and syllable be true,  
To give *account* is all that it can do.

Now an account of things as done, or said,  
Is not a *living* letter, but a *dead*;  
A picture only which may represent,  
But cannot give us what is really meant.  
He that has got a *map* in either hand,  
May use the *name*, but knows it is not land.

So in *the Bible*, when we come to look,  
(That is by way of eminence, *the Book*,)  
We must not fancy that it can bestow  
The things themselves, which we desire to know:

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<sup>23</sup>John Byrom, *Miscellaneous Poems* (Manchester: J. Harrop, 1773), 2:123–24.

It can but yield, however true and plain,  
Verbal directions how we may obtain.

Though a prescription be directly sure,  
Upon the patient's taking it, to cure,  
No one imagines that the worded bill  
Becomes, itself, the remedy for ill;  
The med'cines taken, as the bill directs,  
Procure the salutiferous effects.

Who then can place in any written code,  
The Holy Ghost's, the Comforter's abode?  
*Constant abode—supreme illumination—*  
What copy can be *this*, or what translation?  
The Spirit's dwelling, by th' attesting pen  
Of all th' inspir'd, is in the hearts of men.

Were *books* his constant residence indeed,  
What must the millions do who cannot read?  
When they who can so vary in their sense,  
What must distinguish true from false pretence?  
If they must follow where the learned guide,  
What diff'rent spirits in one book abide?

Genius for *paradox* however bright,  
Cannot well justify this oversight!  
Better to own the truth for its own sake,  
Than to persist in such a gross mistake:  
Books are but books; th' illuminating part  
Depends on God's good Spirit in the heart.

The *Comforter*, said Christ, *will come unto,*  
*Abide with, dwell in* (not your *books*, but) *you:*  
Just as absurd an ink and paper throne  
For God's abode, as one of wood or stone:  
If to adore an image be idolatry,  
To deify a book is *bibliolatry*.

**An Old Man's Prayer.**<sup>24</sup>

- [1.] Father of all, whose bowels move  
To ev'ry object of thy love,  
Regard my advocate and friend,  
And bless me with a peaceful end.
- [2.] Weary of life, with guilt opprest,  
I want the pledge of endless rest,  
I want thy grace to testify,  
And then to lay me down and die.
- [3.] The pardon grant for which I pray,  
Because I nothing have to pay;  
Because I a mere sinner am,  
And ask the grace in Jesu's name.
- [4.] Ten thousand talents, Lord, remit,  
Whose mercies are more infinite,  
The sins of seventy years forgive,  
And then my spotless soul receive.
- [5.] Thou know'st, I wait for this alone,  
Till thou shalt manifest thy Son,  
The fulness of the deity;  
Reveal, in Christ, thyself to me.
- [6.] Then, O my God, and Father, then,  
When I have thy salvation seen,  
In peace permitted to depart,  
I soar, and see thee as thou art!

---

<sup>24</sup>Charles Wesley, appears in MS Preparation for Death, 19–20.

**For the Church.**<sup>25</sup>

- [1.]       Head of thy church, attend  
            Our long-continu'd pray'r,  
And our Jerusalem defend,  
            And in thy bosom bear,  
            The sheep of England's fold,  
            Mark'd with their shepherd's sign,  
Bought with a price, redeem'd of old,  
            And wash'd in blood divine.
- [2.]       Call'd out of Babylon,  
            At thy command we came,  
Our ancestors their lives laid down,  
            And triumph'd in the flame:  
            The church's seed arose  
            Out of the martyr's blood,  
And saw their antichristian foes  
            Before thy cross subdu'd.
- [3.]       Again thy Spirit of grace  
            Doth with our Israel strive,  
And ev'n in our degen'rate days  
            His ancient work revive:  
            Ten thousand witnesses  
            Stand forth on ev'ry side,  
And bold in life and death confess  
            Jehovah crucifi'd.
- [4.]       O that the faithful seed  
            Might never, never fail,  
Victorious, through their conqu'ring head,  
            O'er all the powers of hell!

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<sup>25</sup>Charles Wesley, appears in MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 135–36.



Still with thy people stay,  
By England's church ador'd,  
Till every island flee away  
Before our glorious Lord.

**For their uncommonness, I insert the following  
Verses:**

**Taken, with a little variation, from the Tomb-Stone of  
Margaret Scott,  
Who died at Dalkieth, four miles from Edinburgh,  
April 9, 1738, aged one hundred and twenty-five years.<sup>26</sup>**

Stop, courteous passenger! till thou hast read:  
The living may gain knowledge from the dead.—

Five times five years I liv'd a virgin's life,  
Ten times five years I was a virtuous wife;  
Ten times five years I liv'd a widow chaste;  
Now, tired of a mortal life, I rest.

Eight mighty kings of Scotland, and one queen,  
I 'twixt my cradle and my grave have seen:  
Four times five years the commonwealth I saw,  
Ten times the subjects rise against the law;  
Twice did I see Old Prelacy pull'd down,  
And twice the cloak was humbl'd by the gown.  
I saw my country sold for English ore,  
And Stewart's race destroy'd to rise no more:  
Such desolation in my time has been,  
No footsteps of antiquity are seen.

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<sup>26</sup>Reprinted broadly, including *Britannica Curiosa* 5 (1776): 357–58.

**From the Olney Collection.**

**“Ask what I shall give thee.”—1 Kings<sup>27</sup> iii. 5.<sup>28</sup>**

- [1.] And dost thou say, “Ask what thou wilt?”  
Lord, I would seize the golden hour;  
I pray to be releas’d from guilt,  
And freed from sin and Satan`s pow’r.
- [2.] More of thy presence, Lord, impart,  
More of thine image let me bear;  
Erect thy throne within my heart,  
And reign without a rival there.
- [3.] Give me to read my pardon seal’d,  
And from thy joy to draw my strength;  
To have thy boundless love reveal’d  
In all its height, and breadth, and length.
- [4.] Grant these requests, I ask no more,  
But to thy care the rest resign;  
Sick, or in health, or rich, or poor,  
All shall be well if thou art mine.

**Short Hymns.**

**Jeremiah xlix. 11.—“Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me.”<sup>29</sup>**

- [1.] O thou faithful God of love,  
Gladly I thy promise plead,  
Waiting for my last remove,  
Hast’ning to the happy dead;

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<sup>27</sup>Orig., “2 Sam.”; a misprint.

<sup>28</sup>John Newton, *Olney Hymns* (London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co., 1779), 42 (Wesley gives only verses 5–8).

<sup>29</sup>Charles Wesley, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:36.

Lo, I cast on thee my care,  
Breathe my latest breath in pray'r.

[2.] Trusting in thy word alone,  
I to thee my children leave;  
Call my little ones thine own,  
Give them, all thy blessings give:  
Keep them while on earth they breathe,  
Save their souls from endless death.

[3.] Whom I to thy grace commend,  
Into thine embraces take,  
Be her sure immortal friend,  
Save her for my Saviour's sake;  
Free from sin, from sorrow free,  
Let my widow trust in thee.

[4.] Father of the fatherless,  
Husband of the widow prove;  
Me and mine persist to bless,  
Tell me, we shall meet above;  
Seal the promise on my heart,  
Bid me then in peace depart.

**Matt. v. 13.—“If the salt have lost its savour,  
wherewith shall it be seasoned?”<sup>30</sup>**

Ah, Lord, with trembling, I confess  
A gracious soul may fall from grace,  
The salt may lose its seas'ning<sup>31</sup> pow'r,  
And never, never find it more!  
Lest this my fearful case should be,  
Each moment knit my soul to thee,  
And lead me to thy mount above,  
Through the low vale of humble love.

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<sup>30</sup>Charles Wesley, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:132.

<sup>31</sup>Orig., “savoury”; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

**POETRY.**

**A Meditation for Passion Week.**

(By Dr. [John] Byrom.)<sup>32</sup>

- [1.] Behold the tender love of God!—behold  
The shepherd dying to redeem his fold!  
Who can declare it?—worthy to be known—  
What tongue can speak it worthily?—his own.  
From his own sacred lips the theme began,  
The glorious gospel of God’s love to man.
- [2.] So great, so boundless was it, that he gave  
His only Son—and for what end? to save;  
Not to condemn; if men reject the light,  
They of themselves, condemn themselves to night.  
God, in his Son, seeks only to display,  
In ev’ry heart an everlasting day.
- [3.] God hath reveal’d to us, says holy Paul,  
While we were sinners, Jesus di’d for all:  
Peter, that God’s all-gracious aim is this,  
By Christ to call us to eternal bliss:  
Of all th’ inspir’d, to understand the view,  
Love is the text—and love the comment too.
- [4.] The ground to build all faith, and works upon;  
For “God is love”—says the beloved John—  
Short word—but meaning infinitely wide,  
Including all that can be said beside:  
Including all the joyful truths above,  
The pow’r of eloquence—for “God is love.”
- [5.] Think on the proof, that John from Jesus learn’d;  
In this was God’s amazing love discern’d:

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<sup>32</sup>John Byrom, *Miscellaneous Poems* (Manchester: J. Harrop, 1773), 2:64–65.

Because he sent his Son to us, that we  
Might live through him—how plain is it to see  
That, if in this, in every other fact,  
Where God is agent, love is in the act.

- [6.] Essential character, (whatever word  
Of diff'rent sound in scripture has occur'd,)  
Of all that is ascrib'd to God; of all  
That can by his immediate will befall;  
The sun's bright orb may lose its shining flame,  
But love remains unchangeably the same.

**From the Olney Collection.**

**“Ask what I shall give thee.”—1 Kings iii. 5.<sup>33</sup>**

- [1.] Since 'tis the Lord's command,  
My mouth I open wide;  
Lord open thou thy bounteous hand,  
That I may be suppli'd.
- [2.] Thine image, Lord, bestow,  
Thy presence and thy love;  
I ask to serve thee here below,  
And reign with thee above.
- [3.] Teach me to live by faith,  
Conform my will to thine;  
Let me victorious be in death,  
And then in glory shine.
- [4.] If thou these blessings give,  
And wilt my portion be;  
Cheerful the world's poor toys I leave  
To them who know not thee.

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<sup>33</sup>John Newton, *Olney Hymns* (London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co., 1779), 43–44 (Wesley gives only verses 5–8).

**Ode in Praise of a Country Life.**  
(By John Seymour, Esq.)<sup>34</sup>

- [1.] How blest is he who, far from noise,  
In rural scenes content enjoys!  
His chearful hours unruffl'd glide,  
Not stain'd with avarice or pride.
- [2.] A stranger to the modish town,  
Its midnight revels, noontide down;  
In easy sleep he wastes the night,  
And rises with the dawning light.
- [3.] When groves exclude the genial ray,  
The warmer plains invite his way:  
When plains expose to sultry heat,  
The groves afford a cool retreat.
- [4.] Taught by the warbling birds to praise,  
Blest is the man who tunes his lays;  
Who leaves like them, all meaner views,  
And nature's sacred call pursues.
- [5.] While various blessings joy bestow,  
He sings the source from whence they flow;  
Which decks with flow'rs the fragrant fields,  
And plenty's golden promise yields.
- [6.] Or thanks the bounteous hand that gave,  
To quench his thirst, the crystal wave;  
And yearly hangs the bending trees,  
With fruits that blooming, tempt to seize.
- [7.] Where'er he turns, still something new  
Engages his admiring view:  
Nor ends his strain till day retires,  
And that, return'd, again inspires.

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<sup>34</sup>As found in *The Historical, Political, and Literary Register* (Dublin, 1770), 127–28; and *Gentleman's Magazine* 46 (1776): 87.

**A Version of the First Chapter of  
St. Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews.<sup>35</sup>**

Heaven's awful monarch, who in times of old,  
 Bade the prophetic seers his will unfold;  
 Hath to these days a greater teacher shown,  
 Confess'd in human flesh th' eternal Son:  
 Whom, ere the heav'ns or their bright host were fram'd,  
 Or ere the morning stars with radiance flam'd;  
 He did by infinite decree appoint  
 Him heir; and universal king anoint:  
 Image express of majesty divine!  
 Where all the glories of the Father shine:  
 What time, for human sin, from heav'n reveal'd,  
 Our pardon with his precious blood was seal'd;  
 Triumphantly returning, he sat down  
 On the right-hand of God's exalted throne;  
 Bearing our nature to that glorious seat,  
 Above the hi'rarchies supremely great;  
 By merit more than birth-right worthy deem'd,  
 That high pre-eminence:—————  
 For unto which of all the sons of light,  
 Spoke thus th' eternal in his boundless might;  
 Thou art my Son,—this day begotten,—Lo!  
 Before thy footstool shall the nations bow;  
 Yet, yet again the awful sounds descend,  
 Let all the pow'rs of heav'n in homage bend:  
 Because thy heart, by wisdom led, approv'd  
 The righteous paths, nor e'er with sinners rov'd;  
 Therefore hath God the oil of gladness shed,  
 And o'er thy equals rais'd thy sacred head:  
 The heav'ns, and earth, and all the starry frame,  
 To thee their author yield immortal fame!

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<sup>35</sup>No prior publication or further details on author for this poem have been located.

The heavens, and earth, and all the starry frame,  
Shall melt away—but thou remain'st the same:  
They as a fretted garment shall decay,  
And as a scroll waste in the fire away;  
But no cessation can thy blessing see,  
Thyself the bound of all eternity.

**Wise Epicurism.**<sup>36</sup>

Live while you live, the epicure would say,  
And seize the pleasures of the present day:  
Live while you live, the sacred preacher cries;  
And give to God each moment as it flies.  
Lord, in my views may both united be,  
I live in pleasure when I live to thee.

**Short Hymns.**

**Matt. vii. 25.**—“**It fell not, for it was founded upon a rock.**”<sup>37</sup>

Let the rain descend, the flood  
And veh' ment winds assail,  
Built on the eternal God,  
The house can never fail:  
Built on Christ, the Rock, it stands:  
Stablish'd in obedience sure,  
Man who keeps his God's commands,  
Shall as his God endure.

**Matt. x. 30.**—“**The very hairs of your head are all numbered.**”<sup>38</sup>

Father, how wide thy glories shine,  
Lord of the universe and mine!  
Thy goodness watches o'er the whole,  
As all mankind were but one soul;  
Yet keeps my ev'ry sacred hair,  
As I remain'd thy single care.

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<sup>36</sup>Philip Doddridge, an epigram on his family's motto, in *Memoirs of the life, character and writings of the late Reverend Philip Doddridge*, edited by Job Orton (Salop: J. Cotton & J. Eddowes 1766), 171.

<sup>37</sup>Charles Wesley, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:150.

<sup>38</sup>*Ibid.*, 2:158.



**POETRY.**

**“No longer Pipe, no longer Dance.”<sup>39</sup>**

The First and Second George were wise,  
And understood a faction’s price;  
Little account of those they made,  
That from mere principle obey’d,  
But purchas’d with an annual bribe  
The votes of the dissenting tribe;  
Who serv’d with flaming zeal and hearty,  
The heads of their own favour’d party.

Why are they chang’d to George the Third,  
And never give him a good word?  
His rebels why do they embrace,  
And spit in a mild monarch’s face!  
“Because he slights his father’s friends,  
And the three kingdoms comprehends,  
All sects and parties reconciles,  
Alike on Whig and Tory smiles:  
Aims at impossibilities,  
And studies friends and foes to please;  
Because our pensions he withdraws,—  
And if he starve the good, old cause,  
And if he nothing more advance—  
No longer pipe, no longer dance!”

---

<sup>39</sup>Charles Wesley; appears in MS Patriotism (drafts), 45–46; and MS Patriotism, 45–46, under title “Party Loyalty.” Frank Baker (*Representative Verse*, 339) suggests it was written shortly after 6 April 1780, when John Dunning secured passage in Parliament of a resolution calling for the power of the Crown to be diminished.

**From the Olney Collection.**

**“The joy of the Lord is your strength.”**  
—Nehemiah viii. 10.<sup>40</sup>

- [1.] Joy is a fruit that will not grow  
    In nature’s barren soil;  
All we can boast, till Christ we know,  
    Is vanity and toil.
- [2.] But where the Lord has planted grace,  
    And made his glories known;  
There fruits of heav’nly joy and peace  
    Are found, and there alone.
- [3.] A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,  
    A sense of pard’ning love;  
A hope that triumphs over death,  
    Give joys like those above.
- [4.] To take a glimpse within the veil,  
    To know that God is mine;  
Are springs of joy that never fail,  
    Unspeakably divine!
- [5.] These are the joys which satisfy,  
    And sanctify the mind;  
Which make the spirit mount on high,  
    And leave the world behind.
- [6.] No more, believers, mourn your lot,  
    But if you are the Lord’s;  
Resign to them that know him not,  
    Such joys as earth affords.

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<sup>40</sup>John Newton, *Olney Hymns* (London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co., 1779), 54–55.

**The Potter and his Clay.**  
**A Hymn ascribed to Dr. W[at]ts].**  
**Contrasted by Dr. B[yr]om].**  
**The Hymn.<sup>41</sup>**

- [1.] Behold the potter and his clay,  
He forms his vessels as he please;  
Such is our God, and such are we,  
The subjects of his high decrees.
- [2.] Does not the workman's pow'r extend  
O'er all the mass—which part to chuse,  
And mould it for a nobler end,  
And which to leave for viler use?
- [3.] May not the sov'reign Lord on high  
Dispense his favours as he will?  
Chuse some to life, while others die,  
And yet be just and gracious still?
- [4.] What if to make his terror known,  
He lets his patience long endure,  
Suff'ring vile rebels to go on,  
And seal their own destruction sure?
- [5.] What if he means to shew his grace,  
And his electing love employs,  
To mark out some of mortal race,  
And form them fit for heav'nly joys?
- [6.] Shall man reply against the Lord,  
And call his Maker's ways unjust?  
The thunder of whose dreadful word  
Can crush a thousand worlds to dust.
- [7.] But O my soul! if truth so bright  
Should dazzle and confound thy sight,  
Yet still his written will obey,  
And wait the great, decisive day.
- [8.] Then shall he make his justice known,  
And the whole world before his throne,  
With joy, or terror, shall confess  
The glory of his right'ousness.

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<sup>41</sup>Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs* (London: John Lawrence, 1707), 92–93; quoted in John Byrom, *Miscellaneous Poems* (Manchester: J. Harrop, 1773), 2:306–7.

**The Contrast.**<sup>42</sup>

- [1.] Behold the potter and his clay,  
He forms his vessels to his mind;  
So did creating *love* display  
Itself in forming human-kind.
- [2.] Th' almighty workman's pow'r, and skill,  
Could have no *vile, ignoble*, ends;  
His one immutable *good will*  
To *all* that he hath made extends.
- [3.] This gracious, sov'reign Lord on high,  
By his eternal word and voice,  
Chose *all* to live, and *none* to die,  
Nor will he *ever* change his choice.
- [4.] Not by *his* will, but by their *own*,  
Vile rebels break his right'ous laws;  
And make the terror to be known,  
Of which they are *themselves* the cause.
- [5.] His *all-electing* love employs  
All means, the human race to bless,  
That mortals may his heav'nly joys,  
By *re-electing* him possess.
- [6.] Shall man reply that God *decreed*  
Fall'n Adam's race *not* to be blest?  
That for a *few* his Son should bleed,  
And Satan should have *all the rest*?
- [7.] Do thou, poor sinful soul of mine,  
By faith and penitence embrace,  
Of doubtless, *boundless love* divine,  
The *free*, the *universal* grace.
- [8.] Let God, within thy pliant soul,  
*Renew* the image of his Son;  
The likeness *marr'd* will then be *whole*,  
And show what he, *in Christ*, has done.

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<sup>42</sup>John Byrom, *Miscellaneous Poems* (Manchester: J. Harrop, 1773), 2:307–9.

**An Epitaph on Edward Hearne,  
of Monmouth,  
who Died April 28, 1776.<sup>43</sup>**

Stranger to vice, with early grace imbu'd,  
The pious youth his Saviour's steps pursu'd:  
Pursu'd, a zealous follow'r of his Lord,  
A mother labouring for her full reward:  
Trac'd her from earth, by lawless violence driv'n,  
And found the martyr'd saint enshrin'd in heaven.

**A Short Hymn.**

**Mark iii. 5.—“He looked round about on them with  
anger, being grieved for the hardness of their hearts.”<sup>44</sup>**

- [1.] Such may all my anger be,  
Sin when I in others see,  
Not the pagan passion blind,  
Rage of a vindictive mind,  
But the fervency of zeal  
Pain'd for those who cannot feel.
- [2.] Lord, impart thy grief to me,  
Grief for man's obduracy;  
Angry at the sin alone,  
Let me for the sinner groan,  
Till his hardness thou remove,  
His, and mine, by dying love.

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<sup>43</sup>Charles Wesley; appears in *MS Funeral Hymns* (1756–87), 111.

<sup>44</sup>Charles Wesley, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:199.

**POETRY.**

**St. Cecilia's Hymn.**  
**(By Dr. [John] Byrom.)<sup>45</sup>**

Oh! born of a virgin, most lowly and meek,  
Thou, sent of thy Father, lost creatures to seek:  
Vouchsafe, in the manner that pleaseth thee best,  
To kindle thy love in my virginal breast.  
Let the words of my mouth, and the thoughts of my heart,  
Obey the sweet force which thy grace shall impart;  
Whilst angels assist me to offer my vows  
To the God of my life, my Redeemer and spouse.

My life I esteem, O Creator divine,  
As a loving impression out-flowing from thine;  
As an act of thy bounty, that gives us a part  
Of the light, love, and glory, my God, which thou art.  
May I always as little thy pleasure oppose,  
As the pure, simple nature from whence I arose;  
And *by* thee, and *for* thee, created, fulfil  
In thought, word, and deed, thy adorable will.

By this blessed will, howsoever made known,  
With a dutiful joy will I govern my own;

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<sup>45</sup>John Byrom, *Miscellaneous Poems* (Manchester: J. Harrop, 1773), 2:109.

And deaf to all tempting enchantments of sin,  
I will hearken to thee, my Redeemer within.  
Thy words will I ponder by night and by day,  
And the light of thy gospel shall mark out my way;  
Till at length I arrive at the honour I claim,  
To live like a virgin, baptiz'd in thy name.

**From the Olney Collection.**

**Pleading for Mercy.**

**Ps. vi.**<sup>46</sup>

- [1.] In mercy, not in wrath, rebuke  
Thy feeble worm, my God!  
My spirit dreads thine angry look,  
And trembles at thy rod.
- [2.] Have mercy, Lord, for I am weak,  
Regard my heavy groans;  
O let thy voice of comfort speak,  
And heal my broken bones!
- [3.] By day my busy, beating head  
Is fill'd with anxious fears;  
By night, upon my restless bed,  
I weep a flood of tears.
- [4.] Thus I sit desolate and mourn,  
Mine eyes grow dull with grief;  
How long, my Lord, ere thou return,  
And bring my soul relief?
- [5.] O come and shew thy pow'r to save,  
And spare my fainting breath;  
For who can praise thee in the grave,  
Or sing thy name in death?

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<sup>46</sup>John Newton, *Olney Hymns* (London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co., 1779), 58–59.

- [6.] Satan, my cruel, envious foe,  
    Insults me in my pain;  
He smiles to see me brought so low,  
    And tells me, hope is vain,
- [7.] But hence, thou enemy, depart!  
    Nor tempt me to despair;  
My Saviour comes to cheer my heart,  
    The Lord has heard my pray'r.

**Inscription near a Sheep-Cot, 1745.**<sup>47</sup>

- [1.] Shepherd, wouldst thou here obtain  
Pleasure unalloy'd with pain?  
Joy that suits the rural sphere?  
Gentle shepherd! lend an ear.
- [2.]       Learn to relish calm delight,  
Verdant vales, and fountains bright;  
Trees that grow on sloping hills,  
Caves that echo tinkling rills.
- [3.]       If thou canst no charm disclose  
In the simplest bud that blows;  
Go, forsake the plain and fold,  
Join the crowd, and toil for gold.
- [4.]       Tranquil pleasures never cloy;  
Banish each tumultuous joy:  
All but love—for love inspires  
Fonder wishes, fiercer fires.
- [5.]       Love and all its joys be thine—  
Yet, ere thou the reins resign,

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<sup>47</sup>William Shenstone, *Works* (London: Dodsley, 1764), 2:346–47; Wesley was almost certainly drawing from Robert Dodsley, *A Collection of Poems* (London: R. & J. Dodsley, 1763), 5:13–15.



Hear what reason seems to say,  
Hear attentive, and obey.

- [6.]       “Crimson leaves the rose adorn,  
But beneath them lurks a thorn:  
Fair and flow’ry is the brake,  
Yet it hides the vengeful snake.
- [7.]       <sup>[“]</sup>Think not she, whose empty pride  
Dares the fleecy garb deride;  
Think not she, who light and vain  
Scorns the sheep, can love the swain.
- [8.]       <sup>[“]</sup>Artless deed, and simple dress,  
Mark the chosen shepherdess;  
Thoughts by decency control’d,  
Well conceiv’d, and freely told.
- [9.]       <sup>[“]</sup>Sense that shuns each conscious air,  
Wit that falls ere well aware;  
Gen’rous pity prone to sigh,  
If her kid or lambkin die.
- [10.]      <sup>[“]</sup>Let not lucre, let not pride,  
Draw thee from such charms aside?  
Have not those their proper sphere?  
Gentler passions triumph here.
- [11.]      <sup>[“]</sup>So to sweeten thy repose,  
The blossom buds, the fountain flows;  
Lo! to crown thy healthful board,  
All that milk and fruits afford.

[12.]       <sup>1</sup>“Seek no more—the rest is vain;  
Pleasure ending soon in pain:  
Anguish lightly gilded o’er;  
Close thy wish and seek no more.”

**Short Hymns.**

**John ix. 4.**—“**The night cometh when no man can work.**”<sup>48</sup>

Most sensibly, O Lord, I know,  
My night of death approaches fast;  
My time for work, my course below,  
Is in another moment past:  
O then cut short thy work of grace,  
This moment finish it in me,  
And let the next conclude my race,  
And bring me to my goal and thee.

**John xviii. 20.**—“**In secret have I said nothing.**”<sup>49</sup>

O might I like Jesus be!  
Foe to guile and secresy,  
Walk as always in his sight,  
Free and open as the light!  
Jesus, Lord, to me impart,  
The true nobleness of heart,  
The unfeign’d simplicity,  
The pure mind which was in thee.

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<sup>48</sup>Charles Wesley, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:253.

<sup>49</sup>*Ibid.*, 2:264.

**POETRY.**

**A Penitential Soliloquy.  
(By Dr. [John] Byrom.)<sup>50</sup>**

What! though no objects strike upon the sight!  
Thy sacred presence is an *inward* light!  
What! though no sounds should penetrate the ear!  
To list'ning thought the voice of truth is clear!  
Sincere devotion needs no outward shrine;  
The centre of an *humble* soul is thine!

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<sup>50</sup>John Byrom, *Miscellaneous Poems* (Manchester: J. Harrop, 1773), 2:90–91.

There may I worship! there may'st thou ever place  
Thy seat of mercy, and thy throne of grace!  
Yea, fix, if Christ my advocate appear,  
The dread tribunal of thy justice there!  
Let each vain thought, let each impure desire,  
Meet, in thy wrath, with a consuming fire.

Whilst the kind rigours of a righteous doom  
All deadly filth of *selfish pride* consume,  
Thou, Lord! canst raise, though punishing for sin,  
The joys of peaceful penitence within.  
Thy justice and thy mercy both are sweet,  
That make our *suff'rings* and *salvation* meet.

Befal me then whatever God shall please!  
His wounds are healing, and his pains give ease;  
He like a true physician of the soul  
Applies the medicine that will make it whole.  
I'll do, I'll *suffer*, whatsoe'er he will;  
I see his aim through every transient ill.

'Tis to infuse a *salutary* grief,  
To fit the mind for absolute relief:  
That purg'd from ev'ry *false* and finite love,  
Dead to the world, alive to things above;  
The soul may rise, as into *first* form'd youth,  
And worship God in *spirit* and in *truth*.

**From the Olney Collection.**

**“None upon earth I desire besides thee.”—Ps. lxxiii. 25.<sup>51</sup>**

[1.] How tedious and tasteless the hours,  
When Jesus no longer I see;  
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs,  
Have lost all their sweetness with me:

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<sup>51</sup>John Newton, *Olney Hymns* (London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co., 1779), 59–60.

The midsummer sun shines but dim,  
The fields strive in vain to look gay;  
But when I am happy in him,  
December's as pleasant as May.

[2.] His name yields the richest perfume,  
And sweeter than music his voice;  
His presence disperses my gloom,  
And makes all within me rejoice:  
I should, were he always thus nigh,  
Have nothing to wish or to fear;  
No mortal so happy as I,  
My summer would last all the year.

[3.] Content with beholding his face,  
My all to his pleasure resign'd,  
No changes of season or place,  
Would make any change in my mind:  
While bless'd with a sense of his love,  
A palace a toy would appear;  
All prisons would palaces prove,  
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

[4.] Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,  
If thou art my sun and my song;  
Say, why do I languish and pine,  
And why are my winters so long?  
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,  
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;  
Or take me unto thee on high,  
Where winter and clouds are no more.

**A Prayer, written at the time of the Insurrection,  
June 1780.<sup>52</sup>**

- [1.] God omnipotent, arise,  
    And scatter all thy foes,  
Blast the rebels with thy eyes  
    Who thee and thine oppose:  
Let the tools of anarchy,  
    The sons of daring wickedness,  
Driv'n as by a whirlwind flee  
    Before thine angry face.
- [2.] Lord of hosts, and King of kings,  
    Thine outstretch'd arm make bare,  
Thine alone salvation brings,  
    And stops the waste of war:  
Earth and hell to thee submit:  
    Avenge us quickly of the fiend,  
Chase him back to his own pit,  
    The hour of darkness end.
- [3.] Arm the man of thy right-hand,  
    And make him strong for thee,  
Confident, th' angelic band  
    His constant guard shall be:  
Him with wisdom from above,  
    With calm, intrepid zeal inspire,  
All our evils to remove,  
    And snatch us from the fire.
- [4.] Britain then thy hand shall own,  
    And bless thine instrument,  
Thou through him the work hast done,  
    The great deliv'rance sent:  
Praise entire to thee we give,  
    The God supreme, the Lord most high,  
Thankful to thy glory live,  
    And to thy glory die!

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<sup>52</sup>Charles Wesley, *Hymns Written in the Time of the Tumults, June 1780* (Bristol, 1780), 6–7 (slightly revised).

**On the Messengers of God.**<sup>53</sup>

A scripture test—to tell, and try  
 The messengers of the Most High—  
 “Servants of all”—are these on earth,  
 Yet sons of God, by heav’nly birth! ||  
 Godlike in temper, act, and word,  
 Meek imitators of their Lord;\*  
 Who seek not pleasure, profit, praise,  
 Which vanish with terrestrial days;  
 But “Honour coming from above,”  
 Boundless as heav’n’s eternal love!  
 “Lord, make me fruitful,” is their cry,  
 “To prove my mission from the sky,  
 O give me children—else I die!”

}

Nor labour such for souls—in vain,  
 While faithful—fruitful they remain;  
 Weeping, with zeal through crowds they roam!  
 Shouting, with sheaves fly bounding home!  
 Wishing the world to heav’n would come!  
 Expecting that millennial day †  
 When earth, like heav’n, shall God obey!  
 Nor “run they as uncertainly,”  
 Each know from strictest scrutiny,  
 By heart-felt joys, and what they see,  
 “I AM hath sent unworthy me.”

}

**A Short Hymn.**

**Rom. xv. 2.—“Let every one of us please his neighbour,  
 for his good, to edification.”**<sup>54</sup>

Aiming at the noblest end,  
 Would I learn the art to please,  
 Yield to all, and condescend,  
 Sacrifice my time and ease;  
 Cast my own desires behind,  
 Live the servant of mankind.

|| John iii. 3.

\* Matt. xi. 29; John viii. 40.

† Isa. lxvi. 23.

<sup>53</sup>This is likely by Charles Wesley, though it does not survive among his manuscript poetry.

<sup>54</sup>Charles Wesley, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:287.

POETRY.

**The Beggar and the Divine.**  
(By Dr. [John] Byrom.)<sup>55</sup>

In some good books one reads of a divine,  
Whose memorable case deserves a line;  
Who, to serve God the best and shortest way,  
Pray'd for eight years together ev'ry day,  
That in the midst of doctrines and of rules  
However taught, and practis'd by the schools,  
He would be pleas'd to bring him to a man  
Prepar'd to teach him the compendious plan.

He was himself a *doctor*, and well read  
In all the points to which divines were bred;  
Nevertheless he thought, that what concern'd  
The most illiterate, as well as learn'd,  
To know and practise must be something still  
More independent on such kind of skill:  
True Christian worship had, within its root,  
Some simpler secret, clear of all dispute;  
Which, by a living proof that he might know,  
He pray'd for some practitioner to show.

One day, possess'd with an intense concern  
About the lesson which he sought to learn,  
He heard a voice that sounded in his ears—  
“Thou hast been praying for a man eight years;  
Go to the porch of yonder church, and find  
A man prepar'd according to thy mind.”

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<sup>55</sup>John Byrom, *Miscellaneous Poems* (Manchester: J. Harrop, 1773), 2:179–82.



Away he went to th' appointed ground;  
 When, at the entrance of the church, he found  
 A poor old beggar, with his feet full sore,  
 And not worth two-pence all the clothes he wore.  
 Surpris'd to see an object so forlorn—  
 My friend said he, I wish thee a good morn,—  
 “Thank thee,<sup>[3]</sup> repli'd the beggar, <sup>[4]</sup>but a bad  
 I don't remember that I ever had.”—

Sure he mistakes, the doctor thought, the phrase—  
 A fortune good, befall thee all thy days!  
 “Me,<sup>[3]</sup> said the beggar, <sup>[4]</sup>many days befall,  
 But none of them unfortunate at all.”—  
 God bless thee! answer plainly I request—  
 “Why plainly, then I never was unblest,”—  
 Never? thou speakest in a mystic strain,  
 Which more at large I wish thee to explain.—

“With all my heart.—Thou first didst condescend  
 To wish me kindly a good morning, friend;  
 And I replied, that I remember'd not  
 A bad one ever to have been my lot:  
 For, let the morning turn out how it will,  
 I praise my God for ev'ry new one still.  
 If I am pinch'd with hunger or with cold,  
 It does not make me to let go my hold;  
 Still God I praise—hail, rain, or snow, I take  
 This blessed cordial, which has pow'r to make  
 The foulest morning, to my thinking, fair;  
 For cold and hunger yield to praise and pray'r.  
 Men pity me as wretched, or despise;  
 But whilst I hold this noble exercise,  
 It cheers my heart, to such a due degree,  
 That ev'ry morning still is good to me.

“Thou didst, moreover, wish me lucky days,  
And I by reason of continual praise,  
Said that I had none else; for come what would  
On any day, I knew it must be good,  
Because God sent it; sweet, or bitter, joy,  
Or grief, by this angelical employ,  
Of praising him, my heart was at its rest,  
And took whatever happen’d for the best;  
So that by sweet experience I can say  
I never knew of an unlucky day.

“Then didst thou pray—God bless thee!—and I said,  
I never was unblest; for being led,  
By the good spirit of imparted grace,  
To praise his name, and ever to embrace  
His righteous will, regarding that alone,  
With total resignation of my own,  
I never could, in such a state as this,  
Complain for want of happiness or bliss;  
Resolv’d in all things, that the will divine,  
The source of all true blessing, should be mine.”

The doctor, learning from the beggar’s case,  
So great an instance of the pow’r of grace,  
Propos’d a question, with intent to try  
The happy mendicant’s direct reply—  
“What wouldst thou say,<sup>[2]</sup> said he, <sup>[4]</sup>should God think fit  
To cast thee down to th’ infernal pit?

“He cast me down! he send me into hell!  
No—he loves me, and I love him too well:  
But put the case he should, I have two arms  
That will defend me from all hellish harms;  
The one humility, the other love;  
These I would throw below him, and above.

[“One under his *humanity* I’d place,  
His *deity* the other should embrace;  
With both together I would hold so fast,  
That he should *go* wherever he would *cast*.  
And then whatever thou shalt call the sphere,  
Hell if thou wilt, ’tis heav’n if he be there.”

Thus was a great divine, (whom some have thought  
To be the justly fam’d Taulerus) taught  
The holy art, for which he us’d to pray,  
That to serve God the most compendious way,  
Was to hold fast a loving, humble mind,  
Still praising him, and to his will resign’d.

**From the Olney Collection.**

**The Believer’s Safety.**

**Ps. xci.<sup>56</sup>**

- [1.] Incarnate God! the soul that knows  
Thy name’s mysterious pow’r;  
Shall dwell in undisturb’d repose,  
Nor fear the trying hour.
- [2.] Thy wisdom, faithfulness and love,  
To feeble, helpless worms,  
A buckler and a refuge prove,  
From enemies and storms.
- [3.] In vain the fowler spreads his net,  
To draw them from thy care;  
Thy timely call instructs their feet,  
To shun the artful snare.
- [4.] When like a baneful pestilence,  
Sin mows its thousands down  
On ev’ry side, without defence,  
Thy grace secures thine own.

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<sup>56</sup>John Newton, *Olney Hymns* (London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co., 1779), 60–61.

- [5.] No midnight terrors haunt their bed,  
No arrow wounds by day;  
Unhurt on serpents they shall tread,  
If found in duty's way.
- [6.] Angels, unseen, attend the saints,  
And bear them in their arms;  
To cheer the spirit when it faints,  
And guard the life from harms.
- [7.] The angels' Lord, himself is nigh,  
To them that love his name;  
Ready to save them when they cry,  
And put their foes to shame.
- [8.] Crosses and changes are their lot,  
Long as they sojourn here;  
But since their Saviour changes not,  
What have the saints to fear?

**The Swallows: written in September, 1748.<sup>57</sup>**

- [1.] Ere yellow autumn from our plains retir'd,  
And gave to wintry storms the vari'd year,  
The swallow-race, with foresight clear inspir'd,  
To southern climes prepar'd their course to steer.
- [2.] On Damon's roof a grave assembly sat;  
His roof a refuge to the feather'd kind;  
With serious look he mark'd the nice debate,  
And to his Delia thus address'd his mind.
- [3.] Observe yon twitt'ring flock, my gentle maid,  
Observe, and read the wond'rous ways of heav'n!  
With us, through summer's genial reign they stay'd,  
And food and lodging to their wants were giv'n.

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<sup>57</sup>By Richard Jago; and earlier version appeared in Robert Dodsley, *A Collection of Poems* (London: R. & J. Dodsley, 1763), 5:72–75. Wesley follows here the version published in Jago's *Poems, Moral and Descriptive* (London: Dodsley, [1784]), 211–14; though Wesley's source of access to this revised version is unclear.

- [4.] But now through sacred prescience well they know  
The near approach of elemental strife;  
The blustry tempest and the chilling snow,  
With every want, and scourge of tender life!
- [5.] Thus taught, they meditate a speedy flight;  
For this, ev'n now they prune their vigorous wing;  
For this, consult, advise, prepare, excite,  
And prove their strength in many an airy ring.
- [6.] No sorrow loads their breast, or swells their eye,  
To quit their friendly haunts, or native home;  
Nor fear they launching on the boundless sky,  
In search of future settlements to roam.
- [7.] They feel a pow'r, an impulse all divine!  
That warns them hence; they feel it, and obey:  
To thy direction all their cares resign,  
Unknown their destin'd stage, unmark'd their way!
- [8.] Well fare your flight! ye mild domestic race!  
O! for your wings to travel with the sun!  
Health brace your nerves, and zephyrs aid your pace,  
Till your long voyage happily be done!
- [9.] See Delia, on my roof thy guests to-day;  
To-morrow on my roof thy guests no more!  
Ere yet 'tis night, with haste they wing away;  
To-morrow lands them on some safer shore.
- [10.] How just the moral in this scene convey'd!  
And what without a moral would we read?  
Then mark what Damon tells his gentle maid,  
And with his lesson register the deed.

- [11.] 'Tis thus life's cheerful seasons roll away;  
Thus threats the winter of inclement age;  
Our time of action, but a summer's day;  
And earth's frail orb the sadly vari'd stage!
- [12.] And does no pow'r its friendly aid dispense?  
Or give us tidings of some happi'r clime?  
Find we no guide in gracious providence,  
Beyond the stroke of death, the verge of time?
- [13.] Yes, yes, the sacred oracles we hear,  
That point the path to realms of endless day:  
That bid our hearts nor death nor anguish fear,  
*This* future transport, *that* to life the way.
- [14.] Then let us timely for our flight prepare,  
And form the soul for her divine abode;  
Obey the call, and trust the leader's care  
To bring us safe through virtue's path to God.
- [15.] Let no fond love for earth exact a sigh,  
No doubts divert our steady steps aside;  
Nor let us long to live, nor dread to die;  
Heav'n is our hope, and providence our guide.

**On Old Age.**<sup>58</sup>

**(“Even to hoar hairs I will bear, and I will carry, and I will deliver you.”—Isaiah [46:4].)**

- [1.] Believing, I my seal set to,  
That God is merciful and true;  
Who took out of my mother's womb,  
He leads me softly to the tomb.
- [2.] From infancy to hoary hairs,  
He all my griefs and burthens bears;

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<sup>58</sup>Charles Wesley; appears in MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 218–19.

Supports me in his arms of love,  
And hides my ransom'd life above.

[3.] Still, O my gracious God and just,  
I in thy faithful mercies trust:  
And who on thee alone depend,  
Thou wilt deliver to the end:

[4.] Thou wilt in death my weakness bear,  
And rais'd out of the sepulchre,  
Carry me up thy face to see,  
And save through all eternity.

### Short Hymns.

**1 Cor. xv. 42.—“It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption.”<sup>59</sup>**

O blessed hope of life to come,  
Life which beyond the grave I see!  
This body tott'ring o'er a tomb,  
Committed to the ground shall be:  
'Tis sown a corruptible seed,  
A lump of putrifying clay;  
'Tis rais'd immortal from the dead,  
No more to moulder or decay.

**1 Cor. xv. 43.—“It is sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory.”<sup>60</sup>**

Soon as I render up the ghost,  
The worm on this vile body preys,  
Shocking to those who lov'd it most  
'Tis sown in ruinous disgrace,  
Loathsome, remov'd from human sight,  
It heav'nly dignity receives,  
And cloth'd with robes of purest light,  
And glorious as its Maker lives.

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<sup>59</sup>Charles Wesley, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:295.

<sup>60</sup>*Ibid.*, 2:296.

**POETRY.**

**A Dying Speech.<sup>61</sup>**  
**(By Dr. [John] Byrom.)**

In this unhappily divided state,  
That Christian-churches have been in of late,  
One must, however catholic the heart,  
Join and conform to some divided part.  
The Church of England is the part that I,  
Have always liv'd in, and now choose to die;  
Trusting, that if I worship God with her,  
In spirit and in truth, I shall not err,  
But as acceptable to him be found  
As if in times for one pure church renown'd,  
Born, I had also liv'd in heart and soul,  
A faithful member of th' unbroken whole.

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<sup>61</sup>John Byrom, *Miscellaneous Poems* (Manchester: J. Harrop, 1773), 2:260–61.



As I am now, by God's good-will to go  
From this disorder'd state of things below;  
Into his hands as I am now to fall,  
Who is the great Creator of us all;  
God of all churches that implore his aid,  
Lover of all the souls that he hath made;  
Whose kingdom, that of universal love,  
Must have its blest inhabitants above,  
From ev'ry class of men, from all the good,  
Howe'er descended from one human blood;  
So in this loving spirit I desire,  
As in the midst of all their sacred quire,  
With rites prescrib'd, and with a Christian-view,  
Of all the world to take my last adieu;  
Willing in heart and spirit to unite  
With ev'ry church in what is just and right,  
Holy and good, and worthy, in its kind,  
Of God's acceptance from an honest mind:  
Praying, that ev'ry church may have its saints,  
And rise to that perfection which it wants.

Father! *thy kingdom come!* thy sacred will  
May all the tribes of earth with joy fulfil:  
Thy name be prais'd by ev'ry living breath,  
Author of life, and vanquisher of death.

**From the Olney Collection.**

**The Believer's Safety.**

**Ps. xcii.<sup>62</sup>**

- [1.] That man no guard or weapon needs,  
Whose heart the blood of Jesus knows;  
But safe may pass, if duty leads,  
Through burning sands or mountain-snows.

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<sup>62</sup>John Newton, *Olney Hymns* (London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co., 1779), 62.

- [2.] Releas'd from guilt he feels no fear,  
Redemption is his shield and tow'r;  
He sees his Saviour always near  
To help, in ev'ry trying hour.
- [3.] Though I am weak, and Satan strong,  
And often to assault me tries;  
When Jesus is my shield and song,  
Abash'd the wolf before me flies.
- [4.] His love possessing I am blest,  
Secure whatever change may come;  
Whether I go to east or west,  
With him I still shall be at home.
- [5.] If plac'd beneath the northern pole,  
Though winter reigns with rigor there;  
His gracious beams would cheer my soul,  
And make a spring throughout the year.
- [6.] Or if the desert's sun-burnt soil,  
My lonely dwelling ere should prove;  
His presence would support my toil,  
Whose smile is life, whose voice is love.

**An Elegy on Evening.**<sup>63</sup>

- [1.] Hail! sober Eve, whose robe of dusky gray,  
Each blooming verdant landscape doth invest,  
Hush'd is the rude tumultuous glare of day;  
And vail'd those flow'ry scenes that charm'd my breast.
- [2.] Where now the shepherd, who at ease reclin'd  
On some green turf, beside yon tinkling rills?  
Where now the breeze, rais'd by the western-wind?  
Where now the cattle on a thousand hills?

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<sup>63</sup>Miss Edwards, *Miscellanies in Prose and Verse* (Edinburgh: C. Elliot, 1776), 78–81.

- [3.] A solemn shade eclipses nature's face;  
The tuneful tribes in artful nests are laid;  
Each shepherd with his cattle finds a place,  
Where toil, by balmy sleep is well repaid:
- [4.] Sweet sleep! inspiring dreams of harmless kind,  
Where no ambitious, fretful care annoys,  
Nor scene luxurious cloy the fated mind,  
Which nature's purest genuine bliss destroys.
- [5.] For seldom does the luckless monarch taste,  
Such pure, untainted bliss within his breast,  
As doth the virtuous shepherd on the waste,  
When noon-day heats lull all his frame to rest.
- [6.] Vain then, the keen pursuit of fortune's plume!  
And vain the glitt'ring honours earth bestows,  
Unless they to the owner's breast become  
A true perennial source of calm repose.
- [7.] But, ah! 'tis seldom honours can impart,  
Such true celestial comforts to the breast;  
Can whisper sweet contentment to the heart,  
Or lull discordant passions into rest.
- [8.] Then let this solemn truth invade your ear,  
Ye gaudy tribes that grasp at pow'r and fame,  
That push with boldness to bring up the rear,  
Of those that toil to gain a mighty name:
- [9.] That earth-born trifles ne'er can bless the mind;  
Like visionary shadows quick they pass;  
By such the soul is often hurt, we find,  
As breathing dims the lustre of the glass.

- [10.] For what, alas! is all the pow'r, the wealth,  
That earth can yield? how empty is the whole,  
Join'd to illustrious parentage and health,  
When put in ballance with th' immortal soul!
- [11.] For these shall moulder, perish, and decay;  
And ruin o'er creation's face shall come:  
But when the sun and stars shall fade away,  
The soul shall boast an uncorrupted bloom.
- [12.] Alas! how empty then our hopes and fears,  
For fanci'd ills, which seldom do molest!  
Why wish for transport in this vale of tears,  
Or let its absence discompose our breast?
- [13.] What though the blust'ring storms of life arise,  
And grief usurp fair joy's alluring place!  
A milder scene awaits us in the skies,  
Where sin dare never show its odious face.
- [14.] The soul that keeps this glorious prize in view,  
Superior mounts above each trifling aim,  
The hydra-forms of vice strives to subdue,  
And onward moves towards heav'n, from whence it came.
- [15.] Hail night! thou gentle, emblematic shade,  
Of that tremendous period fix'd by God,  
When drear forgetfulness shall veil the dead,  
And fame be lost beneath the verdant sod.
- [16.] This ends the race of feeble man below:  
Now pow'r, nor honour, fame, nor youthful bloom,  
Can gain a respite from the dreadful blow,  
'Tis virtue only triumphs o'er the tomb.

**An Ode to Spring.**  
**(By Miss F\_\_\_\_.)<sup>64</sup>**

- [1.] Hail, genial goddess, blooming spring!  
Thy blest return, O let me sing,  
    And aid my languid lays;  
Let me not sink in sloth supine,  
While all creation, at thy shrine,  
    Its annual tribute pays.
- [2.] Escap'd from winter's freezing pow'r,  
Each blossom greets thee, and each flow'r;  
    But foremost of the train,  
By nature, (artless hand-maid!) drest,  
The snow-drop comes in lili'd vest,  
    Prophetic of thy reign.
- [3.] The lark now strains his warbling throat,  
While ev'ry loud and sprightly note  
    Calls echo from her cell.  
Be warn'd ye fair that listen round,  
A beauteous maid became a sound,  
    A maid who lov'd too well.
- [4.] The bright-hair'd sun with warmth benign,  
Bids tree, and shrub, and swelling vine,  
    Their infant-buds display:  
Again the streams refresh the plains,  
Which winter bound in icy chains  
    And sparkling bless his ray.
- [5.] Life-giving zephyrs breathe around,  
And instant glows th' enamell'd ground,

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<sup>64</sup>No prior publication or further details on author for this poem have been located.

With nature's vari'd hues:  
Not so returns our youth decay'd,  
Alas! nor air, nor sun, nor shade,  
The spring of life renews.

[6.] The sun's too quick revolving beam  
Will soon disclose the human dream,  
And bring th' appointed hour:  
Too late we catch the parting ray,  
And mourn the idly-wasted day,  
No longer in our pow'r.

[7.] Then happi'st he whose lengthen'd sight  
Pursues, by virtue's constant light,  
A hope beyond the skies;  
Where frowning winter ne'er shall come,  
But rosy spring for ever bloom,  
And suns eternal rise.

**For Love.**<sup>65</sup>

[1.] O love, thou sov'reign good unknown!  
Anxious I wait for thee alone,  
Before I take my flight;  
Before I *can* depart in peace,  
Or hope for endless happiness,  
In a new world of light.

[2.] Joyful I fly this moment hence,  
Meet for my rich inheritance,  
If thou thyself impart:  
Salvation sure in thee is giv'n;  
My perfect peace, my present heaven,  
My God himself thou art!

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<sup>65</sup>Charles Wesley; appears in MS Hymns for Love, 67–68.

- [3.] O love, O God, thyself reveal!  
My pardon in thy blood to seal,  
My spirit to restore;  
Then, let me then a lot obtain,  
Where grief, infirmity, and pain,  
And death shall be no more.
- [4.] Canst thou deny thyself to me,  
A thirsty soul who gasp for thee,  
Incapable of rest;  
Till I thy loving nature share,  
Till thou the mystery declare,  
And take me to thy breast.
- [5.] Now, O thou love essential come!  
And lo! I sink into the tomb,  
With Jesus in my heart;  
Secure at that great day to rise,  
And mount above the flaming skies,  
And see thee as thou art.

#### A Short Hymn.

**1 Cor. xv. 43.**—“It is sown in weakness, it is raised in power.”<sup>66</sup>

This flesh at the last gasp restores,  
The feeble strength it once enjoy'd,  
Depriv'd of all its active force,  
It lies, of sense and motion void;  
But rais'd in pow'r to reach the skies,  
Inspir'd with vigorous life unknown,  
With lightning wing'd, it mounts, it flies,  
It stands before the Saviour's throne!

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<sup>66</sup>Charles Wesley, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:296.

**POETRY.**

**On Trinity Sunday.  
(By Dr. [John] Byrom.)<sup>67</sup>**

Co-equal Trinity was always taught,  
By the divines most fam'd for pious thought;  
The men of learning fill'd, indeed, the page,  
With dissonant disputes from age to age:  
But with themselves, so far as we can read,  
About their schemes they never were agreed,  
When they oppos'd, by reason or by wrath,  
This grand foundation of the Christian-faith.

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<sup>67</sup>John Byrom, *Miscellaneous Poems* (Manchester: J. Harrop, 1773), 2:85–86.



For what more fundamental point, or grand,  
Than our ascending Saviour's own command?  
"Go, and baptize all nations in the name"—  
Of whom, or what? (For thence the surest aim  
Of Christian-doctrine must appear the most)  
The name of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.  
Our Lord's interpretation here we see,  
Of "Thou shalt have no other gods but me."

For can the phrase, so highly sacred, show  
The name of God to be omitted? No;  
By its essential Trinity exprest,  
It show'd what faith Christ will'd to be profest,  
One God the Jews had own'd, and one supreme,  
With others lower, was the *pagan* theme;  
How one was three, and how supreme profan'd,  
Our Lord's *baptismal* ordinance explain'd.

The one divinity of Father, Son  
And Spirit, teaches Christian-thought to shun  
Both *pagan* and *rabbinical* mistake,  
And understand what holy prophets spake;  
Or in the ancient writings, or the new,  
To which this doctrine is the sacred clue;  
That so conducts us to the saving plan,  
Of true religion, as no other can.

For, were the Son's divinity deni'd,  
The Father's must of course be set aside;  
Or be a dark one—how can it be bright,  
But by its own eternal, inborn light?  
The glory of the Father, is the Son,  
Of all his pow'rs begotten, or begun,  
From all eternity: take Son away,  
And what the Father can delight in, say.

The love paternally divine, implies  
Its proper object, whence it must arise;  
That is, the Son; and so the filial too  
Implies paternal origin in view;  
And hence the third, distinctly glorious tie  
Of love, which both are animated by:  
All is one God, but he contains divine,  
Living relations, evidently *trine*.

So far from hurting *unity*, that hence  
The fulness rises of its perfect sense;  
And ev'ry barren, spiritless dispute,  
Against its truth, is pluck'd up by the root:  
The faith is solid to repose upon,  
Father, Word, Spirit, undivided One;  
By whom mankind, of three-fold life possest,  
Can live, and move, and have its being blest.

Not by *three* gods; or one supremely great,  
With two *inferiors*; or the wild conceit,  
God, Michael, Gabriel; or aught else devis'd,  
For we are in no *creature's* name baptiz'd;  
But of the whole, inseparably Three,  
Whose fertile oneness causes all to be;  
And makes a heav'n through nature's ample round,  
By its parental, filial, Spirit crown'd.

**From the Olney Collection.**

**Vanity of Life.**  
**Ecclesiastes i. 2.**<sup>68</sup>

- [1.] The evils that beset our path  
Who can prevent or cure?  
We stand upon the brink of death  
When most we seem secure.

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<sup>68</sup>John Newton, *Olney Hymns* (London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co., 1779), 69–70.

- [2.] If we to-day sweet peace possess,  
It soon may be withdrawn;  
Some change may plunge us in distress,  
Before to-morrow's dawn.
- [3.] Disease and pain invade our health,  
And find an easy prey;  
And oft, when least expected, wealth  
Takes wings and flies away.
- [4.] A fever or a blow can shake  
Our wisdom's boasted rule;  
And of the brightest genius make  
A madman or a fool.
- [5.] The gourds, from which we look for fruit,  
Produce us only pain;  
A worm unseen attacks the root,  
And all our hopes are vain.
- [6.] I pity those who seek no more,  
Than such a world can give;  
Wretched they are, and blind, and poor,  
And dying while they live.
- [7.] Since sin has fill'd the earth with woe,  
And creatures fade and die;  
Lord, wean our hearts from things below,  
And fix our hopes on high.

**On Friendship.**  
(By Miss F\_\_\_\_.)<sup>69</sup>

The greatest blessing we can know,  
The richest gift heav'n can bestow,  
(Next to that celestial ray,  
Which guides us to the realms of day,)

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<sup>69</sup>No prior publication or further details on author for this poem have been located.

Is friendship's pure and steady flame,  
For ever sacred be the name!  
Let no unhallow'd lips pretend  
To vilify the name of friend!  
The holy sparks from heav'n were sent  
To favour'd mortals, only lent;  
And they shall never, never die,  
But ripen in eternity.

**Altered from a Celebrated Song.**<sup>70</sup>

The smiling morn, the breathing spring,  
Invite the tuneful birds to sing;  
And while they warble from each spray,  
'Tis gratitude inspires the lay;  
Let us Eliza, timely wise,  
Like them improve the hour that flies,  
In pious works employ the day,  
And join at night, to praise and pray.

For soon the winter of the year,  
And age, life's winter, will appear;  
At this, thy vivid sense will fade,  
As that will strip the verdant shade;  
Improving time will then be o'er,  
Youth's vigour then will aid no more;  
Seize, seize the moments as they fly,  
And gain a blest eternity.

**To a Friend.**<sup>71</sup>

When here Eliza, first I came,  
Where Usk rolls on his silver stream,  
What diff'rent thoughts usurp'd my breast,  
From these which now ensure my rest;  
Religion, with her radiant train,  
Peace, joy, and love, does now maintain  
Her rightful empire in my heart,  
Since I have chose the better part.

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<sup>70</sup>Cf. David Mallet, "The Birks of Endermay," *Poems on Several Occasions* (London: Millar, 1743), 205–6. Mallet was revising a popular Scottish song which appears in several collections. The form that appears here is significantly revised from both Mallet and most other appearances, rendering it a strong moral tone. It is unclear who is responsible for this revision, and there is no evidence of it appearing in print prior to this volume of the *Arminian Magazine*.

<sup>71</sup>No prior publication or further details on author for this poem have been located.

'Tis now I live a happy life;  
My passions now have ceas'd their strife:  
Their current turn'd from earthly things,  
They centre in the King of kings:  
Where, bliss alone is to be found,  
Which only lives on hallow'd ground.

O! may thy friendly bosom prove,  
The sacred force of heav'nly love;  
Then wilt thou soon be taught to know  
The vanity of all below;  
Then will thy happy soul aspire,  
And sweetly catch seraphic fire;  
With burning cherubim confess,  
In God alone is happiness.

**An Epitaph on Mr. Peter Jaco.**<sup>72</sup>

Fisher of men,\* ordain'd by Christ alone,  
Immortal souls he for his Saviour won;  
With loving faith, and calmly fervent zeal,  
Perform'd, and suffer'd the Redeemer's will;  
Unmov'd, in all the storms of life remain'd,  
And in the good old ship the haven gain'd.

**A Short Hymn.**

**1 Cor. xv. 44.—“It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body.”**<sup>73</sup>

A body natural, by food  
And sleep sustain'd, to death I give,  
A body spiritual, endu'd  
With nobler qualities, receive,

\* In the short account of Mr. Jaco's life, he says he was brought up to the fishing-business. Here then we have another Peter the fisher-man, forsaking his nets, following Christ, and becoming a fisher of men.

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<sup>72</sup>Charles Wesley; appears in *MS Funeral Hymns* (1756–87), 113. Peter Jaco (1729–81) was born in Newlyn, Cornwall. He was converted through a tin-miner's sermon and in 1751 was appointed by Wesley to visit several local societies. Jaco entered the itinerancy in 1754 and exercised a circuit ministry in England and Ireland, suffering much persecution and hardship.

<sup>73</sup>Charles Wesley, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:296.

A permanent, ethereal frame,  
From all material dregs refin'd,  
Compos'd of pure, angelic flame,  
And meet for my eternal mind.

**POETRY.**

**On Church-Communion.**

**[Part I.]**

**(By Dr. [John] Byrom.)<sup>74</sup>**

Religion, church-communion, or the way  
Of public worship that we ought to pay;  
As it regards the body, and the mind,  
Is of external, and internal kind;

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<sup>74</sup>John Byrom, *Miscellaneous Poems* (Manchester: J. Harrop, 1773), 2:242–44.

The one consisting in the outward sign,  
The other in the inward truth divine.

This inward truth intended to be shown,  
So far as outward signs can make it known,  
Is that which gives external modes a worth,  
Just in proportion as they shew it forth;  
Just as they help in any outward part,  
The real, true religion of the heart.

Now, what this is, exclusive of all strife,  
Christians will own to be an inward life;  
Spirit and pow'r, a birth to say the whole  
Of Christ himself brought forth within the soul;  
By this all true salvation is begun  
And carried on, however it be done.

Christ'anity that has not Christ within,  
Can by no means whatever save from sin;  
Can bear no evidence of him—the end,  
On which the value of all means depend:  
Christian religion, signifies no doubt,  
Like mind within, like show of it without.

The will of God, the saving of mankind,  
Was all that Christ had in his inward mind:  
All that produc'd his outward action too,  
In church-communion while he was a Jew;  
Like most of his disciples, till they came  
At Antioch, to have a Christian name.

If Christ has put an end to rites of old,  
If now recal, what was but then foretold,  
The one true church, the real heav'nly ground,  
Wherein alone salvation can be found;



Is still the same, and to its Saviour's praise,  
His inward tempers outwardly displays.

By hearty love, and correspondent rites  
Ordain'd, each member to the head unites;  
And to each other—in all stated scenes,  
The life of Christ is what a Christian means;  
Though change of circumstance may alter those,  
In this he pleases, and enjoys repose.

Church-unity is held, and faith's increase,  
By Jesu's Spirit in the bond of peace,  
And right'ousness of life: without this tie  
Forms are in vain prescrib'd to worship by,  
Or temples modell'd; hearts as well as hands,  
A holy church, and catholic demands.

**From the Olney Collection.**

**The Name of Jesus.  
Solomon's Song i. 3.<sup>75</sup>**

- [1.] How sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
    In a believer's ear?  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
    And drives away his fear.
- [2.] It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
    And calms the troubl'd breast;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
    And to the weary rest.
- [3.] Dear name! the Rock on which I build,  
    My shield and hiding place;  
My never-failing treas'ry fill'd  
    With boundless stores of grace.

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<sup>75</sup>John Newton, *Olney Hymns* (London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co., 1779), 72–73.

- [4.] By thee my pray'rs acceptance gain,  
Although with sin defil'd;  
Satan accuses me in vain,  
And I am own'd a child.
- [5.] Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,  
O Prophet, Priest, and King;  
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
Accept the praise I bring.
- [6.] Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought;  
But when I see thee as thou art,  
I'll praise thee as I ought.
- [7.] Till then I would thy love proclaim,  
With every fleeting breath:  
And may the music of thy name  
Refresh my soul in death.

**A Prayer,  
written at the time of the Insurrection, in June, 1780.<sup>76</sup>**

- [1.] Thou most compassionate high-priest,  
In answer to our joint request  
United to thine own,  
With pity's softest eye behold  
The sheep which are not of this fold,  
The church in Babylon.
- [2.] The ignorant who miss their way,  
Not wilfully, but weakly stray,

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<sup>76</sup>[Charles Wesley,] *Hymns Written in the Time of the Tumults, June 1780* (Bristol, 1780), 4–5 (slightly revised).

O let thy bowels move  
To these, by furious hate pursu'd,  
And from the frantic multitude,  
Conceal their lives above.

- [3.] As sheep appointed to be slain,  
By cruel, persecuting men,  
By fierce, fanatic zeal;  
By Christian-wolves, *reform'd* in name,  
Whom their atrocious deeds proclaim  
The synagogue of hell.
- [4.] Thy help to the distrest afford,  
The men that tremble at thy word,  
The quiet of the land;  
Thy worshippers, though blind, sincere,  
Who honour thy vicegerent<sup>77</sup> here,  
And bless his mild command.
- [5.] And O! beneath thy mercy's wings,  
Hide and preserve the best of kings;  
(Our king by right divine)  
His consort in thy bosom bear,  
His children make thy darling care,  
And seal them ever thine.
- [6.] The father of his people bless,  
With outward and with inward peace,  
And when his work is done,  
Our hoary patriot-king receive,  
Redeem'd from earth, with thee to live,  
And wear a heav'nly crown.

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<sup>77</sup>Note in *Tumult Hymns*, "King George [III]."

**On the Death of a Child, Five Years of Age.**  
(By Phillis Wheatley, a Negro.)<sup>78</sup>

From dark abodes, to fair ethereal light,  
Th' enraptur'd innocent has wing'd her flight;  
On the kind bosom of eternal love  
She finds unknown beatitude above.  
This known, ye parents, nor her loss deplore,  
She feels the iron hand of pain no more;  
The dispensations of unerring grace,  
Should turn your sorrows into grateful praise;  
Let then no tears for her henceforward flow,  
No more distress'd in our dark vale below,

Her morning sun, which rose divinely bright,  
Was quickly mantl'd with the gloom of night;  
But hear in heav'n's blest bow'rs your Nancy fair,  
And learn to imitate her language there.

“Thou, Lord, whom I behold with glory crown'd,  
By what sweet name, and in what tuneful sound  
Wilt thou be prais'd? Seraphic pow'rs are faint  
Infinite love and majesty to paint.  
To thee let all their graceful voices raise,  
And saints and angels join their songs of praise.”

**On the Death of a Young Gentleman.**<sup>79</sup>

Who taught thee conflict with the pow'rs of night,  
To vanquish Satan in the fields of light?<sup>80</sup>  
Who strung thy feeble arms with might unknown,  
How great thy conquest, and how bright thy crown!  
War with each pryncedom, throne, and pow'r is o'er,  
The scene is ended to return no more.

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<sup>78</sup>Phillis Wheatley, *Poems on Various Subjects, Religious and Moral* (London: A. Bell, 1773), 25–26.

<sup>79</sup>*Ibid.*, 27–28.

<sup>80</sup>Orig., “fight”; a misprint.

O could my muse thy seat on high behold,  
How deckt with laurel! how enrich'd with gold!  
O could she hear what praise thy harp employs,  
How sweet thy anthems, how divine thy joys!  
What heav'nly grandeur should exalt her strain!  
What holy raptures in her numbers reign!

To sooth the troubles of the mind to peace,  
To still the tumult of life's tossing<sup>81</sup> seas,  
To ease the anguish of the parents' heart,  
What shall my sympathizing verse impart?  
Where is the balm to heal so deep a wound?  
Where shall a sov'reign remedy be found?

Look, gracious Spirit, from thy heav'nly bow'r,  
And thy full joys into their bosoms pour;  
The raging tempest of their grief control,  
And spread the dawn of glory through the soul;  
To eye the path, the saint departed trod,  
And trace him to the bosom of his God.

**Thoughts on the Works of Providence.**<sup>82</sup>

Arise, my soul, on wings enraptur'd rise,  
To praise the monarch of the earth and skies,  
Whose goodness and beneficence appear,  
As round its centre moves the rolling year,  
Or when the morning glows with rosy charms,  
Or the sun slumbers in the ocean's arms;  
Of light divine be a rich portion lent,  
To guide my soul, and favour my intent.  
Celestial muse, my arduous flight sustain,  
And raise my mind to a seraphic strain!

Ador'd for ever be the God unseen,  
Which round the sun revolves this vast machine,

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<sup>81</sup>Orig., "losing"; a misprint.

<sup>82</sup>Phillis Wheatley, *Poems on Various Subjects, Religious and Moral* (London: A. Bell, 1773), 43–50. (abridged)

Though to his eye its mass a point appears:  
Ador'd the God that whirls surrounding spheres,  
Which first ordain'd that mighty Sol should reign,  
The peerless monarch of th' etherial train:  
Of miles twice forty millions is his height,  
And yet his radiance dazzles mortal sight.  
So far beneath—from him th' extended earth  
Vigour derives, and ev'ry flow'r its birth:  
Vast through her orb she moves with easy grace,  
Around her Phoebus in unbounded space;  
True to her course, th' impetuous storm derides,  
Triumphant o'er the winds, and surging tides.

O'er beings infinite his love extends,  
His wisdom rules them, and his pow'r defends.  
When tasks diurnal tire the human frame,  
The spirits faint, and dim the vital flame,  
Then too, that ever active bounty shines,  
Which not infinity of space confines.  
The sable vail, that night in silence draws,  
Conceals effects, but shews th' Almighty cause;  
Night seals in sleep the wide creation fair,  
And all is peaceful but the brow of care.  
Again, gay Phoebus, as the day before,  
Wakes ev'ry eye, but what shall wake no more,  
Again the face of nature is renew'd,  
Which still appears harmonious, fair, and good.  
May grateful strains salute the smiling morn,  
Before its beams the eastern hills adorn!

Shall day to day, and night to night conspire  
To shew the goodness of th' Almighty Sire?  
This mental voice, shall men regardless hear,  
And never, never raise the filial pray'r?  
To-day, O hearken, nor your folly mourn  
For time mispent, that never will return.

Almighty! in these wond'rous works of thine,  
What pow'r! what wisdom! and what goodness shine?  
And are thy wonders, Lord, by men explor'd,  
And yet creating glory unador'd!

Creation smiles in various beauty gay,  
While day to night, and night succeeds to day:  
That wisdom, which attends Jehovah's ways,  
Shines most conspicuous in the solar rays:  
Without them, destitute of heat and light,  
This world would be the reign of endless night,  
In their excess how would our race complain,  
Abhorring life! how hate its length'ned chain!  
From air and dust what num'rous ills would rise?  
What dire contagion taint the burning skies?  
What pestilential vapours, fraught with death,  
Would rise, and overspread the lands beneath?

Hail, smiling morn, that from the orient main  
Ascending, dost adorn the heav'nly plain!  
So rich, so various are thy beaut'ous dies,  
That spread through all the circuit of the skies;  
That, full of thee, my soul in rapture soars,  
And thy great God, the cause of all adores.

But see the sons of vegetation rise,  
And spread their leafy banners to the skies.  
All-wise, Almighty providence we trace,  
In trees, and plants, and all the flow'ry race:  
As clear as in the nobler frame of man,  
All lovely copies of the Maker's plan.  
The pow'r the same that forms a ray of light,  
That call'd creation from eternal night.  
"Let there be light," he said; from its profound  
Old chaos heard, and trembl'd at the sound:  
Swift as the word, inspir'd by pow'r divine,  
Behold the light around its Maker shine,

The first fair product of th' omnific God,  
And now through all his works diffus'd abroad.

As reason's pow'rs by day our God disclose,  
So we may trace him in the night's repose:  
Say what is sleep? and dreams how passing strange!  
When action ceases, and ideas range  
Licentious and unbounded o'er the plains,  
Where fancy's queen in giddy triumph reigns.  
Hear in soft strains the dreaming lover sigh  
To a kind fair, or rave in jealousy;  
On pleasure now, and now on vengeance bent,  
The labouring passions struggle for a vent.  
What pow'r, O man! thy reason then restores,  
So long suspended in nocturnal hours?

#### A Short Hymn.

**Colossians iii. 8, 9.—“But now you also put off all these; anger, wrath, malice, blasphemy, filthy communication out of your mouth. Lie not one to another.”**<sup>83</sup>

- [1.] But did the saints of God, the dead  
With Christ, the partners of his rise  
The Spirit's strongest cautions need  
'Gainst ev'ry sin, and ev'ry vice?  
O what are men (if God remove)  
The best, the perfected in love?
- [2.] The holiest, who their watch remit,  
May sink into the tempter's snare,  
*Will* fall into the hellish pit,  
Unless with humble, ceaseless pray'r,  
They to the last themselves deny,  
And conqu'rors in the harness die.

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<sup>83</sup>Charles Wesley, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:322–23.



**POETRY.**

**On Church-Communion.**

**Part II.**

**(By Dr. [John] Byrom.)<sup>84</sup>**

If once establish'd the essential part,  
The inward church, the temple of the heart,  
Or house of God, the substance, and the sum  
Of what is pray'd for in—"thy kingdom come";  
To make an outward correspondence true,  
We must recur to Christ's example too.

Now in his outward life we plainly find,  
Goodness demonstrated of ev'ry kind;  
What he was born for, that he show'd throughout,  
It was the business that he went about:  
Love, kindness, and compassion, to display  
Towards ev'ry object coming in his way.

But love so high, humility so low,  
And all the virtues which his actions show;  
His doing good, and his enduring ill,  
For man's salvation, and God's holy will:  
Exceed all terms—his inward, outward plan,  
Was love to God, express'd by love to man.

Mark of the church which he establish'd then,  
Is the same love, same proof of it to men;  
Without let sects parade it how they list,  
Nor church nor unity can e'er<sup>85</sup> subsist:  
The name may be usurp'd, but want of pow'r,  
Will shew the Babel, high or low the tow'r.

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<sup>84</sup>John Byrom, *Miscellaneous Poems* (Manchester: J. Harrop, 1773), 2:245–47.

<sup>85</sup>Orig., "ne'er"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

And where the same behaviour shall appear,  
In outward form, that was in Christ so clear;  
There is the very outward church that he  
Will'd all mankind to shew, and all to see;  
Of which whoever shews it from the heart,  
Is both an inward and an outward part.

What excommunication can deprive  
A pious soul that is in Christ alive,  
Of church-communion? or cut off a limb,  
That life and action both unite to him?  
For any circumstance of place or time,  
Or mode or custom, which infers no crime?

If he be that which his beloved John  
Calls him,—“the light, enlightening every one  
That comes into the world”—will he exclude  
One from his church, whose mind he has renew'd,  
To such degree, as to exert, in fact,  
Like inward temper, and like outward act?

Invisible, and visible effect  
Of true church membership, in each respect,  
Let the one shepherd from above behold,  
The flocks, howe'er dispers'd, are his one fold:  
Seen by their hearts, and their behaviour too,  
They all stand present in his gracious view.

**From the Olney Collection.**

**The Gourd.  
Jonah iv. 7.<sup>86</sup>**

- [1.] As once for Jonah, so the Lord,  
To sooth and cheer my mournful hours,  
Prepar'd for me a pleasing gourd,  
Cool was its shade, and sweet its flow'rs.

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<sup>86</sup>John Newton, *Olney Hymns* (London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co., 1779), 93.

- [2.] To prize his gift was surely right;  
    But through the folly of my heart,  
It hid the giver from my sight,  
    And soon my joy was chang'd to smart.
- [3.] While I admir'd its beaut'ous form,  
    Its pleasant shade and grateful fruit;  
The Lord, displeas'd, sent forth a worm,  
    Unseen, to prey upon the root.
- [4.] I trembl'd when I saw it fade,  
    But guilt restrain'd the murm'ring word;  
My folly I confess'd, and pray'd,  
    Forgive my sin, and spare my gourd.
- [5.] His wondrous love can ne'er be told,  
    He heard me and relieved my pain;  
His word the threat'ning worm controll'd,  
    And bid my gourd revive again.
- [6.] Now, Lord, my gourd is mine no more,  
    'Tis thine, who only could'st it raise;  
The idol of my heart before,  
    Henceforth shall flourish to thy praise.

**The Wish.**

(By Mrs. [Eliza] B[ennis], of Limerick.)<sup>87</sup>

- [1.] To me should God indulgent grant,  
My wish, and fill up ev'ry want:  
Speak as to Solomon from heav'n,  
Ask what thou wilt, it shall be giv'n.

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<sup>87</sup>Eliza Bennis, from manuscript; cf., Thomas Bennis (ed.), *Christian Correspondence; being a Collection of Letters written by the late Rev. John Wesley, the late Mrs. Eliza Bennis, and others* (Philadelphia: B. Graves, 1809), 344–46.

- [2.] Nor gilded roofs, nor regal state,  
Nor all that splendid is, or great,  
Or gay, or fam'd, my soul desires;  
For higher still my wish aspires.
- [3.] Too mean are all earth-born delights;  
Pure, heav'nly joy my soul invites;  
And asks, though prison'd in this clod,  
A nearer union with my God.
- [4.] That ev'ry moment I might feel  
His love, and know I do his will;  
Might find no slackness on my part,  
But praise flow constant from my heart.
- [5.] I ask no portion here below,  
Content whate'er<sup>88</sup> my God bestow;  
But should I ask, I sav'd would be,  
From riches, and from poverty.
- [6.] Few, and select my friends should be,  
Dear to my Jesus and to me;  
Who's holy converse still would prove,  
A furth'rance to my faith and love.
- [7.] But join'd in holy friendship one,  
I like my Lord, would have my John;  
My chosen friend, my other part,  
And next to Jesus in my heart.
- [8.] Who's watchful and impartial love,  
Should mark my failings, and reprove;  
Should all my griefs and comforts share,  
One heart, one mind, and one in pray'r.

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<sup>88</sup>Orig., "with what"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

- [9.] His love unchangeable and free,  
Faithful and true to God and me;  
A friend in ev'ry state the same,  
And worthy of that sacred name.
- [10.] Thus happy in my God and friend,  
I'd wait till life's short journey end;  
Then with my friends above appear,  
To have my wish compleated there.

**On the Death of a Much-Loved Wife.**  
**(By the Rev. Mr. [Richard] G[raves].)<sup>89</sup>**

- [1.] Distracting scene! oh fatal stroke!  
All human skill is now too late:  
The cords of life at length are broke,  
And nature must submit to fate!
- [2.] No longer now my Lucia needs  
Our friendly aid; the conflict's o'er:  
A transient calm the storm succeeds,  
And now alas! she breathes no more.
- [3.] Yet smiles attest a soul serene;  
Her mortal frailties are forgiv'n:  
Let hope illumine the tragic scene,  
Her pardon now is seal'd in heav'n.
- [4.] But ah! to what far distant coast,  
Is flown the spirit of my dear?  
In what wild region art thou lost?  
Oh gentle spirit, tell me where!

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<sup>89</sup>Richard Graves, *Euphrosyne: or, Amusements on the Road of Life*, 2<sup>nd</sup> edition (London: J. Dodsley, 1780), 2:208–11.

- [5.] Whether beyond the radiant pole,  
Unnumber'd leagues, thou art<sup>90</sup> convey'd,  
Where comets blaze, or planets roll,  
Through azure-depths of space art stray'd?
- [6.] No; rather 'midst th' angelic throngs,  
To thy blest soul a place is giv'n;  
Where seraphs chant immortal songs,  
With cherubs, round the throne of heav'n.
- [7.] Perhaps with sympathetic care,  
Invisible to mortal eyes,  
Thou hover'st in the fields of air,  
A witness to our tears and sighs.
- [8.] There pleas'd, thy sweet maternal love,  
Our youthful offspring still surveys;  
Sent by th' indulgent pow'rs above,  
The guardian of their thoughtless days.
- [9.] Oh let me burst this clay-built shrine!  
That veils my Lucia from my sight;  
Unite my ravish'd soul with thine,  
In realms of empyreal light!
- [10.] There, undisturb'd by grief or pain,  
Let hymns of praise our hearts employ,  
Till each lov'd friend we meet again,  
And endless bliss in heav'n enjoy!

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<sup>90</sup>Orig., "on wings"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

**Short Hymns.**

**Rom. xv. 2.—“Let every one of us please his neighbour,  
for his good to edification.”<sup>91</sup>**

Every gift on me bestow'd,  
Let me, Lord, to all impart;  
Studious of my neighbour's good,  
Serve him with a willing heart;  
Serve with complaisance divine,  
Serve, till both are wholly thine.

**2 Tim. iv. 18.—“The Lord shall deliver me from every  
evil work, and will preserve me unto his heavenly  
kingdom.”<sup>92</sup>**

[1.] That stedfast faith divine,  
Jesus on me bestow,  
T' assure this trembling heart of mine,  
Thou wilt not let me go;  
In ev'ry time of need,  
Thou wilt my soul defend,  
And save from ev'ry evil deed,  
Till all my conflicts end.

[2.] With me, most gracious Lord,  
In my temptation stay,  
And by thy comfortable word  
Preserve unto that day,  
When thou, our King, shalt come,  
With all thine angels down,  
And take thy suff'ring servants home,  
And with thy glory crown.

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<sup>91</sup>Charles Wesley, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:287 (st. 2 of #542).

<sup>92</sup>Charles Wesley, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:340.

**POETRY.**

**On Church-Communion.**  
**(By Dr. [John] Byrom.)**  
**Part III.**<sup>93</sup>

A local union, on the other hand,  
Though crowded numbers should together stand,  
Joining in one same form of pray'r and praise,  
Or creed express'd in regulated phrase;  
Or ought beside—though it assume the name  
Of Christian-church, may want the real claim.

For if it want the Spirit and the sign,  
That constitute all worship as divine,  
The love within, the test of it without,  
In vain the union passes for devout:  
Heartless, and tokenless if it remain,  
It ought to pass, in strictness, for profane.

At first, an unity of heart and soul,  
A distribution of an outward dole,  
And ev'ry member of the body fed,  
As equally belonging to the head,  
With what it wanted, was, without suspense,  
True church-communion in the Christian sense.

Whether averse the many, or the few,  
To hold communion in this right'ous view,  
Their thought commences heresy, their deed  
Schismatical, though they profess the creed;  
Ways of distributing, if new, should still  
Maintain the old communicative will.

Broken by ev'ry loveless, thankless thought,  
And not behaving as a Christian ought;

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<sup>93</sup>John Byrom, *Miscellaneous Poems* (Manchester: J. Harrop, 1773), 2:247–49



By want of meekness, or a show of pride,  
Tow'rds any soul for whom our Saviour di'd;  
While this continues, men may pray and preach,  
In all their forms, but none will heal the breach.

Whatever helps an outward form may bring,  
To church-communion, it is not the thing;  
Nor a society, as such, nor place,  
Nor any thing besides uniting grace:  
They are but accessaries at the most,  
To true communion of the Holy Ghost.

This is th' essential fellowship, the tie,  
Which all true Christians are united by:  
No other union does them any good,  
But that which Christ cemented with his blood,  
As God and man; that having lost it, men  
Might live in unity with God again.

What he came down to bring us from above,  
Was grace, and peace, and law-fulfilling love;  
True Spirit-worship which his Father sought,  
Was the sole end of what he did and taught:  
That God's own church and kingdom might begin,  
Which Moses and the prophets usher'd in.

**From the Olney Collection.**

**A Prayer for the Lord's Promised Presence.**

**Zech. ii. 10.**<sup>94</sup>

- [1.] Son of God! thy people shield!  
Must we still thine absence mourn?  
Let thy promise be fulfill'd,  
Thou hast said, "I will return!"
- [2.] Gracious leader now appear,  
Shine upon us with thy light!  
Like the spring, when thou art near,  
Days and suns are doubly bright.

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<sup>94</sup>John Newton, *Olney Hymns* (London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co., 1779), 94.

- [3.] As a mother counts the days  
Till her absent son she see;  
Longs and watches, weeps and prays,  
So our spirits long for thee.
- [4.] Come, and let us feel thee nigh,  
Then thy sheep shall feed in peace;  
Plenty bless us from on high,  
Evil from amongst us cease.
- [5.] With thy love, and voice, and aid,  
Thou canst ev'ry care assuage;  
Then we shall not be afraid,  
Though the world and Satan rage.
- [6.] Thus each day for thee we'll spend,  
While our callings we pursue;  
And the thoughts of such a friend  
Shall each night our joy renew.
- [7.] Let thy light be ne'er withdrawn,  
Golden days afford us long!  
Thus we pray at early dawn,  
This shall be our evening song.

**The Arbour: An Ode to Content.**

(By Mr. Thomas Cole.)

**Part I.**<sup>95</sup>

- [1.] To these lone shades where peace delights to dwell,  
May fortune oft permit me to retreat;  
Here bid the world, with all its cares farewell,  
And leave its pleasures to the rich and great.
- [2.] Oft as the summer's sun shall chear<sup>96</sup> this scene,  
With that mild gleam which points its parting ray;  
Here let my soul enjoy each eve serene,  
Here share its calm till life's declining day.

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<sup>95</sup>In *A Collection of Poems*, edited by Robert Dodsley (London: R. & J. Dodsley, 1763), 6:91–92.

<sup>96</sup>Orig., “clear”; a misprint.

- [3.] No gladsome image then should 'scape my sight,  
From these gay flow'rs, which border near my eye,  
To yon bright cloud that decks, with richest light,  
The gilded mantle of the western sky.
- [4.] With ample gaze I'd trace that ridge remote,  
Where op'ning cliffs disclose the boundless main;  
With earnest ken, from each low hamlet note  
The steeple's summit peeping o'er the plain.
- [5.] What various works that rural landscape fill,  
Where mingling hedge-rows beaut'ous fields inclose;  
And prudent culture, with industrious skill,  
Her checker'd scene of crops and fallows shows!
- [6.] How should I love to mark that riv'let's maze,  
Through which it works its untaught course along;  
Whilst near its grassy banks the herd shall graze,  
And blithsome milk-maid chant her artless song!
- [7.] Still would I note the shades of lengthning sheep,  
As scatter'd o'er the hill's slant brow they move;  
Still note the day's last glimm'ring lustre creep,  
From off the verge of yonder up-land grove.
- [8.] Nor should my leisure seldom wait to view  
The slow-wing'd rooks in homeward train succeed;  
Nor yet forbear the swallow to pursue,  
With quicker glance, close skimming o'er the mead.
- [9.] But mostly here should I delight t' explore  
The bounteous laws of nature's mystic pow'r;  
Then muse on him who blesseth all her store,  
And give to solemn thoughts the sober hour.
- [10.] Let mirth unenvy'd laugh, with proud disdain,  
And deem it spleen one moment thus to waste;  
If so she keep far hence her noisy train,  
Nor interrupt those joys she cannot taste.

- [11.] Far sweeter streams shall flow from wisdom's spring,  
Then she receives from folly's costli'st bowl;  
And what delights can her chief dainties bring,  
Like those which feast the heav'nly pensive soul?

**The Lord's Prayer.**

**(By the Rev. Dr. [Thomas] Gibbons.)<sup>97</sup>**

- [1.] Our Father high-enthron'd above,  
With boundless glory crown'd;  
Fountain of life, and light and love,  
To thousand worlds around.
- [2.] Hallow'd and honour'd be thy name,  
By ev'ry grateful mind,  
Whether a pure ether'al flame,  
Or else in flesh confin'd.
- [3.] Erect thine empire, gracious King,  
And spread it's pow'r abroad,  
Till earth and all her millions sing  
The praises of their God.
- [4.] O be thy will below obey'd,  
As 'tis obey'd above!  
And the profoundest homage paid,  
In all the joys of love!
- [5.] To nature, in her daily want,  
Thy daily bounties give,  
And with our food thy blessing grant;  
By both thy creatures live.
- [6.] Our debts are grown immensely large,  
But Lord efface the score,  
As we a brother's debts discharge,  
And never claim them more.

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<sup>97</sup>Thomas Gibbons, *The Christian Minister, in Three Poetic Epistles to Philander ... and Original Pieces, chiefly in verse* (London: Buckland & Dilly, 1772), 74–76.

- [7.] Into temptation's poison'd air,  
O never let us stray!  
Guard us from evil by thy care,  
Along life's dang'rous way.
- [8.] Thine is the kingdom, Lord, by right,  
Unbounded and supreme,  
And thine the all-sustaining might,  
And glory's peerless beam.
- [9.] "These are for ever thine," in songs  
Heav'n's blissful myriads cry;  
"These are for ever thine," our tongues  
In humble notes reply.

#### A Short Hymn.

**Titus ii. 14.—“He gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity.”<sup>98</sup>**

- [1.] 'Tis this must banish my complaints,  
Must make an end of sin in me,  
I grant it the faint-hearted saints,  
That only *death* can set me free:  
But whose shall purge my inbred stain?  
The death of God, and not of man.
- [2.] Believing the pure fountain flow'd,  
To make my life and nature clean,  
I seek redemption in thy blood,  
From outward and from inward sin,  
Whoe'er expect it from their own,  
Jesus, I trust thy death alone.

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<sup>98</sup>Charles Wesley, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:341.

**POETRY.**

**On Church-Communion.**

(By Dr. [John] Byrom.)

**Part IV.**<sup>99</sup>

A Christian, in so catholic a sense,  
Can give to none, but partial minds offence;  
Forc'd to live under some divided part,  
He keeps entire the union of the heart,  
The sacred tie of love; by which alone  
Christ said that his disciples should be known.

He values no distinction, as profest  
By way of separation from the rest;  
Oblig'd in duty, and inclin'd by choice,  
In all the good of any to rejoice;  
From ev'ry evil, falsehood, or mistake,  
To wish them free, for common comfort's-sake.

Freedom, to which the most undoubted way  
Lies in obedi'nce (where it always lay)  
To Christ himself, who with an inward call  
Knocks at the door, that is, the heart of all,  
At the reception of this heav'nly guest  
All good comes in, all evil quits the breast.

The free receiver, then becomes content  
With what God orders, or does not prevent

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<sup>99</sup>John Byrom, *Miscellaneous Poems* (Manchester: J. Harrop, 1773), 2:257–59. This is Part VII for Byrom; Wesley omitted Parts IV–VI, which criticize the notion of an established church.

To them that love him, all things, he is sure,  
Must work for good, though how, may be obscure;  
Even successful wickedness when past,  
Will bring to them some latent good at last.

Fall'n as divided churches are, and gone  
From the perfection of the Christian one,  
Respect is due to any that contains,  
The venerable, though but faint remains  
Of ancient rule, which had not, in its view  
The letter only, but the spirit too.

When that variety of new-found ways,  
Which people so run after in our days,  
Has done its utmost,—when, “Lo here, lo there,”  
Shall yield to inward seeking and sincere;  
What was at first, may come to be again,  
The praise of church-assemblies amongst men.

Mean while, in that to which we now belong,  
To mind in public lesson, pray'r and song,  
Teaching and preaching what conduces best,  
To true devotion in the private breast,  
Wishing increase of good to ev'ry soul  
Seems to be our concern upon the whole.

Lo<sup>100</sup> God, and Christ and holy angels stand,  
Dispos'd to ev'ry church, in ev'ry land,  
The growth of good still helping to compleat,  
Whatever tares be sown among the wheat;  
Who would not wish to have, and to excite,  
A disposition so divinely right?

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<sup>100</sup>Orig., “To”; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

**From the Olney Collection.**

**Praise for the Fountain Opened.**

**Zech. xiii. 1.**<sup>101</sup>

- [1.] There is a fountain fill'd with blood,  
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;  
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains.
- [2.] The dying thief rejoic'd to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there have I, as vile as he,  
Wash'd all my sins away.
- [3.] Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its pow'r;  
Till all the ransom'd church of God  
Be sav'd, to sin no more.
- [4.] E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply:  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.
- [5.] Then in a nobler, sweeter song  
I'll sing thy pow'r to save;  
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue  
Lies silent in the grave.
- [6.] Lord, I believe thou hast prepar'd  
(Unworthy though I be)  
For me a blood-bought free reward,  
A golden harp for me!
- [7.] 'Tis strung, and tun'd, for endless years,  
And form'd by pow'r divine;  
To sound, in God the Father's ears,  
No other name but thine.

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<sup>101</sup>John Newton, *Olney Hymns* (London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co., 1779), 98–99.



**The Arbour: An Ode to Content.**  
**(By Mr. Thomas Cole.)**  
**Part II.**<sup>102</sup>

(Concluded from page 111.)

- [1.] 'Tis God that gives this bow'r its awful gloom;  
His arched verdure does its roof invest;  
He breathes the life of fragrance on its bloom;  
And with his kindness makes its owner blest.
- [2.] O may the guidance of thy grace attend  
The use of all thy bounty shall bestow;  
Lest folly should mistake its sacred end,  
Or vice convert it into means of woe.
- [3.] Incline and aid me still my life to steer,  
As conscience dictates what to shun or chuse,  
Nor let my heart feel anxious hope or fear,  
For ought this world can give me or refuse.
- [4.] Then shall not wealth's parade one wish excite,  
For wretched state to barter peace away;  
Nor vain ambition's lure my pride invite,  
Beyond contentment's humble path to stray.
- [5.] What though thy wisdom may my lot deny,  
The treasur'd plenty freely to dispense;  
Yet well thy goodness can that want supply  
With larger portions of benevolence.
- [6.] And sure the heart that wills the gen'rous deed,  
May all the joys of charity command;  
For she best loves from notice to recede,  
And deals her unsought gifts with secret hand.

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<sup>102</sup>In *A Collection of Poems*, edited by Robert Dodsley (London: R. & J. Dodsley, 1763), 6:93–97.

- [7.] Then will I sometimes bid my fancy steal,  
That unclaim'd wealth no property restrains;  
Sooth with fictitious aid my friendly zeal,  
And realize each goodly act she feigns.
- [8.] So shall I gain the gold without alloy;  
Without oppression, toil or treach'rous snares;  
So shall I know its use, its pow'r employ,  
And yet avoid its dangers and its cares.
- [9.] And spite of all that boastful wealth can do,  
In vain would fortune strive the rich to bless,  
Were they not flatter'd with some distant view  
Of what she ne'er can give them to possess.
- [10.] Ev'n wisdom's high conceit great wants would feel,  
If not suppli'd from fancy's boundless store;  
And nought but shame makes pow'r itself conceal,  
That she to satisfy, must promise more.
- [11.] But though experience will not fail to show,  
Howe'er its truth man's weakness may upbraid,  
That what he mostly values here below,  
Owes half its relish to kind fancy's aid;
- [12.] Yet should not prudence her light wing command,  
She may too far extend her heedless flight;  
For pleasure soon shall quit her fairy-land,  
If nature's regions are not held in sight.
- [13.] From truth's abode in search of kind deceit,  
Within due limits she may safely roam;  
If roving does not make her hate retreat,  
And with aversion shun her proper home.

- [14.] But thanks to those whose fond parental care,  
    To learning's paths my youthful steps confin'd;  
I need not shun a state which lets me share  
    Each calm delight that soothes the studious mind.
- [15.] While genius lasts his fame shall ne'er decay,  
    Whose artful hand first caus'd its fruits to spread;  
In lasting volumes stamp't the printed lay,  
    And taught the muses to embalm the dead.
- [16.] To him I owe each fair instructive page,  
    Where science tells me what her sons have known;  
Collects their choicest works from ev'ry age,  
    And makes me wise with knowledge not my own.
- [17.] Books rightly us'd may ev'ry state secure:  
    From fortune's evils may our peace defend;  
May teach us how to shun, or to endure,  
    The foe malignant, and the faithless friend.
- [18.] Should rigid want withdraw all outward aid,  
    Kind stores of inward comfort they can bring;  
Should keen disease life's tainted stream invade,  
    Sweet to the soul from them pure health may spring.
- [19.] Should both at once man's weakly frame infest,  
    Some letter'd charm may still relief supply;  
'Gainst all events prepare his patient breast,  
    And make him quite resign'd to live, or die.
- [20.] For though no words can time or fate restrain;  
    No sound suppress the call of nature's voice;  
Though neither rhymes nor spells can conquer pain,  
    Nor magic's self make wretchedness our choice:

- [21.] Yet reason, while it forms the subtile plan,  
Some purer source of pleasure to explore,  
Must deem it vain for that poor pilgrim, man,  
To think of resting till his journey's o'er.
- [22.] Must deem each fruitless toil by heav'n design'd,  
To teach him where to look for real bliss;  
Else why should heav'n excite the hope to find  
What baulk'd pursuit must here for ever miss.

**A Motion of the Minority.**<sup>103</sup>

Agreed! let it be as the patriots hope,  
To their friends let us give all America up:  
Let the rebels be lords, and the loyalists swing,  
For loving old England, and serving their king:  
Be the Westerly Isles the next easy prize,  
Which Geneva<sup>104</sup> bestows on her Popish allies:  
The East Indies must then unavoidably fall,  
And dominion at sea be transferr'd to the Gaul.

Here's an end of the story, and end of the dance,  
By GREAT Britain becoming—a province to France!

**Short Hymns.**

**Heb. iv. 16.—“Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.”**<sup>105</sup>

- [1.] Father, I still his passion plead,  
Which bought thy love for all mankind,  
And pardon'd, in this time of need,  
I come, confirming grace to find;

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<sup>103</sup>Charles Wesley; appears in *MS Patriotism*, 46. Frank Baker suggests (*Representative Verse*, 347) that it may be in reference to a vote in the House of Commons on February 22, 1782, urging the king not to prosecute the war against the colonists in North America, seeking peace instead. The motion lost by one vote.

<sup>104</sup>*MS Patriotism* reads “congress” for “Geneva.”

<sup>105</sup>Charles Wesley, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:351.

Importunate in faithful pray'r,  
Thy promis'd succours I implore,  
Pow'r to withstand, and strength to bear,  
Till sin destroy'd can tempt no more.

[2.] The grace I ev'ry moment want,  
The fresh supplies of faith and love,  
God of exhaustless mercy, grant,  
In answer to my friend above:  
Increase my faith, confirm my hope,  
Compleat my love and purity,  
And lo, I yield my spirit up,  
And find the place prepar'd for me.

**Heb. xiii. 20, 21.—“Now the God of peace that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect, &c.”<sup>106</sup>**

O God of peace, and pardoning love,  
Thy bowels of compassion move  
To ev'ry sinful child of man;  
Jesus our shepherd great and good,  
Who dying bought us with his blood,  
Thou hast brought back to life again:  
His blood to all our souls apply;  
His only blood can sanctify,  
(Which first did for our sins atone)  
The cov'nant of redemption seal,  
The depths of God, of love, reveal,  
And speak us perfected in one.

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<sup>106</sup>Charles Wesley, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:377 (stanza 1 only).

**POETRY.**

**Thoughts on Imputed Righteousness,  
Occasioned by reading the Rev. Mr. Hervey's  
*Dialogues between Theron and Aspasio.*  
By Dr. [John] Byrom.**

**Part I.**<sup>107</sup>

Imputed righteousness!—beloved friend,  
To what advantage can this doctrine tend?  
If at the same time a believer's breast,  
Be not by *real* righteousness possess'd?  
And if it be, why volumes on it made,  
With such a stress upon *imputed* laid?

Amongst the disputants of later days,  
This in its turn, became a favourite phrase;  
When much is divided in religious schemes,  
Contending parties ran into extremes:  
And now it claims th' attention of the age,  
In Hervey's elegant and lively page:  
This his Aspasio labours to impress,  
With ev'ry turn of language and address.  
With all the flow of eloquence, that shines  
Through all his (full enough) embellish'd lines.

Though now so much exerting to confirm  
Its vast importance, and revive the term,  
He was himself, he lets his Theron know,  
Of diff'rent sentiments not long ago.

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<sup>107</sup>John Byrom, *Miscellaneous Poems* (Manchester: J. Harrop, 1773), 2:283–84.

And friends of yours, it has been thought, I find,  
Have brought Aspasio to his present mind.  
Now having read, but unconvinc'd I own,  
What various reasons for it he has shown;  
Or rather rhetoric—if it be true,  
In any sense that has appear'd to you;  
I rest secur'd of giving no offence  
By asking—how you understand the sense?  
By urging in a manner frank and free  
What reasons, as I read, occur to me;  
Why *righteousness*, for man to rest upon,  
Must be a *real* not *imputed* one.

**From the Olney Collection.**

**A Sick Soul.  
Matt. ix. 12.<sup>108</sup>**

- [1.] Physician of my sin-sick soul,  
To thee I bring my case;  
My raging malady control,  
And heal me by thy grace.
- [2.] Pity the anguish I endure,  
See how I mourn and pine;  
For never can I hope a cure  
From any hand but thine.
- [3.] I would disclose my whole complaint,  
But where shall I begin?  
No words of mine can fully paint  
That worst distemper, sin.
- [4.] It lies not in a single part,  
But through my frame is spread;  
A burning fever in my heart,  
A palsy in my head.

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<sup>108</sup>John Newton, *Olney Hymns* (London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co., 1779), 103–4.

- [5.] It makes me deaf, and dumb, and blind,  
    And impotent and lame;  
And overclouds, and fills my mind,  
    With folly, fear, and shame.
- [6.] Lord I am sick, regard my cry,  
    And set my spirit free;  
Say, canst thou let a sinner die,  
    Who longs to live to thee?

**Fortitude.**

(By the Rev. Dr. [Thomas] Gibbons.)<sup>109</sup>

- [1.] My friend, should *fortune*'s favouring gales,  
Just undulate your peaceful sails,  
    Or should the billows roll,  
Tumultuous through the roaring deep,  
Still in one even tenor keep  
    Your dignity of soul.
- [2.] Should *fortune* smile, be still serene,  
Let no responsive smile be seen,  
    Or should she pour the tear;  
Be sure to wipe the tear away,  
And through life's miscellaneous day,  
    Firm to yourself appear.
- [3.] Nor quit your road, nor 'bate your speed,  
Whatever thorn, or baleful weed,  
    May choke or curse the ground:  
Often from sorrow's cloud of night,  
Joy, like an angel, bursts to sight,  
    And gilds th' horizon round.

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<sup>109</sup>Thomas Gibbons, *The Christian Minister, in Three Poetic Epistles to Philander ... and Original Pieces, chiefly in verse* (London: Buckland & Dilly, 1772), 114–16.



- [4.] *Prosperity* its evil brings,  
Relaxing oft the mental strings,  
    In her soft sultry air:  
*Adversity* her blessing gives,  
And ev'ry stroke the soul receives,  
    Enables it to bear.
- [5.] Almighty God, whatever ills,  
Thine all-disposing wisdom wills  
    For me thy meanest care;  
Teach me, enliven'd with thy love,  
And op'ning views of bliss above,  
    Magnanimous to bear.
- [6.] *Fortune* and *fate* are wild and vain,  
The segments of a *pagan* brain:  
    A god, a god is all:  
O'er nature he extends his sway,  
O'er realms of night, and realms of day,  
    Of this terraqueous ball.
- [7.] *Prosperity* sent from above,  
To win our gratitude and love,  
    Spreads her inviting charms;  
*Adversity* receives from God  
Its scorpion-stings and smarting rod,  
    To drive us to his arms.

**Paradise Regained.**  
(By H. T[aylor].)<sup>110</sup>

- [1.] Seek not for paradise with curious eye  
    In Asiatic climes, where Tigris' waves,  
Mix'd with Euphrates in tumultuous joy,  
    The spacious plains of Babylonia laves.

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<sup>110</sup>In *A Collection of Poems*, edited by Robert Dodsley (London: R. & J. Dodsley, 1763), 6:126–28.

- [2.] 'Tis gone with all its charms, and like a dream,  
Like Babylon itself, is swept away:  
Bestow one tear upon the mournful theme,  
But let it not thy gentle heart dismay.
- [3.] For know wherever love and virtue guide,  
They lead us to a state of heav'nly bliss;  
Where joys unknown to guilt and shame preside,  
And pleasures unalloy'd each hour increase.
- [4.] Behold that grove, whose waving boughs admit,  
Through the live colonnade, the fruitful hill,  
A moving prospect with fat herds replete,  
Whose lowing voices all the valley fill.
- [5.] There through the spiry grass, where glides the brook,  
(By yon tall poplar which erects its head  
Above the verdure of the neighbouring oak,)  
And gently murmurs o'er th' adjoining mead:
- [6.] Philander and Cleora, happy pair!  
Taste the cool breezes of the gentle wind;  
Their breasts from guilt, their looks are free from care,  
Sure index of a calm, contented mind.
- [7.] 'Tis here in virtuous lore the studious fair  
Informs her babes, nor scorns herself t' improve,  
While by his smile she lives whose pleasing care  
Dispenses knowledge from the lips of love.
- [8.] No wild desires can spread their poison here,  
No discontent their peaceful hours attend;  
False joys, nor flatt'ring hopes, nor servile fear,  
Their gentle minds with jarring passions rend.

- [9.] Here oft in pleasing solitude they rove,  
    Recounting o'er the deeds of former days;  
With inward joy their well-spent time approve,  
    And feel a recompense beyond all praise.
- [10.] Or in sweet converse through the grove, or near  
    The fountain's brink, where the cool arbour's shade  
Beats back the heat, fair virtue's voice they hear,  
    More musical by sweet digressions made.
- [11.] With calm dependance, ev'ry good they taste,  
    Yet feel their neighbours' wants with kind regret,  
Nor cheer themselves alone (a mean repast!)  
    But deal forth blessings round their happy seat.
- [12.] 'Tis to such virtue, that the pow'r supreme  
    The choicest of his blessings hath design'd,  
And shed them plenteous over ev'ry clime,  
    The calm delights of an untainted mind.
- [13.] Ere yet the sad effects of foolish pride,  
    And mean ambition still employ'd in strife,  
And luxury did o'er the world preside,  
    Deprav'd the taste, and pall'd the joys of life.
- [14.] For such the spring in richest mantle clad,  
    Pours forth her beauties through the gay parterre;<sup>111</sup>  
And autumn's various bosom is o'erspread,  
    With all the blushing fruits that crown the year.
- [15.] Such summer tempts, in golden beams array'd,  
    Which o'er the fields in borrow'd lustre glow,  
To meditate beneath the cooling shade,  
    Their happy state, and whence their blessings flow.

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<sup>111</sup>Orig., "paterre"; a misprint.

- [16.] Ev'n rugged winter varies but their joy,  
    Painting the cheeks with fresh vermilion hue;  
And those rough frosts which softer frames annoy,  
    With vigorous health their slack'ning nerves renew.
- [17.] From the dark bosom of the dappl'd morn,  
    To Phoebus shining with meridian light;  
Or when mild ev'ning does the sky adorn,  
    Or the pale moon rides through the spangl'd night.
- [18.] The varying scenes in ev'ry virtuous soul,  
    Each pleasing change with various pleasures bless;  
Raise cheerful hopes, and anxious fears control,  
    And form a paradise of inward peace.

#### A Short Hymn.

**Heb. xiii. 21.—“Make you perfect in every good work, to do his will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory for ever and ever, Amen.”**<sup>112</sup>

O might our ev'ry work and word  
Express the tempers of our Lord,  
    The nature of our head above!  
His Spirit send into our hearts,  
Engraving on our inward parts  
    The living law of holiest love:  
Then shall we do with *pure delight*  
Whate'er is pleasing in thy sight,  
    As vessels of thy richest grace;  
And having thy whole counsel done,  
To thee, and thy co-equal Son  
    Ascribe the everlasting praise.

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<sup>112</sup>Charles Wesley, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:377 (st. 2).

**POETRY.**

**Thoughts on Imputed Righteousness,**

**Occasioned by reading the Rev. Mr. Hervey's  
*Dialogues between Theron and Aspasio.*  
By Dr. [John] Byrom.**

**Part II.**<sup>113</sup>

To shun much novel sentiment and nice,  
I take the thing from its apparent rise;  
It should seem then, as if *imputed sin*  
Had made *imputed righteousness* begin:  
The one suppos'd, the other to be sure,  
Would follow after—like disease and cure:  
Let us examine then imputed guilt,  
And see on what foundation it is built.

As our first parent lost a heav'nly state,  
All their descendants share their hapless fate,  
Forewarn'd of God, when tempted not to eat,  
Of the forbidden tree's pernicious meat;  
Because incorporating mortal leaven  
Would kill, of course, in them the life of heaven.  
They disobey'd, both Adam and his wife,  
And di'd of course to their true heav'nly life:  
That life thus lost the day they disobey'd,  
Could not by them be possibly convey'd;  
No other life could children have from them,  
But what could rise from the parental stem:  
That love of God, alone, which we adore,  
The life, so lost, could possibly restore:

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<sup>113</sup>John Byrom, *Miscellaneous Poems* (Manchester: J. Harrop, 1773), 2:284–86.

Their children could not, being born to earth,  
Be born to heaven, but by a heav'nly birth:  
God found a way, (explain it how we will,)  
To save the human race from endless ill;  
To save the very disobeying pair;  
And made their whole posterity his care.

Has this great goodness any thing a-kin,  
To God's *imputing* our first parents' sin  
To their unborn posterity?—What sense  
In such a strange, and scriptureless pretence?  
For though men feel—(so far we are agreed)  
The consequences of a sinful deed:  
Yet where ascrib'd, by any sacred pen  
But to the *doers*, is the *deed* of men?  
Where to be found, in all the scripture through,  
This *imputation* thus advanc'd anew?

**From the Olney Collection.**

**“Will ye also go away?”—John vi. 67–69.<sup>114</sup>**

- [1.] When any turn from Zion's way,  
(Alas! what numbers do!)  
Methinks I hear my Saviour say,  
“Wilt thou forsake me too?”
- [2.] Ah Lord! with such a heart as mine,  
Unless thou hold me fast;  
I feel I must, I shall decline,  
And prove like them at last.
- [3.] Yet thou alone hast pow'r, I know,  
To save a wretch like me;  
To whom, or whither, could I go,  
If I should turn from thee?

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<sup>114</sup>John Newton, *Olney Hymns* (London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co., 1779), 143–44.

- [4.] Beyond a doubt I rest assur'd  
Thou art the Christ of God;  
Who hast eternal life secur'd  
By promise and by blood.
- [5.] The help of men and angels join'd,  
Could never reach my case;  
Nor can I hope relief to find,  
But in thy boundless grace.
- [6.] No voice but thine can give me rest,  
And bid my fears depart;  
No love but thine can make me bless'd,  
And satisfy my heart.
- [7.] What anguish has that question stirr'd,  
If I will also go?  
Yet, Lord, relying on thy word,  
I humbly answer, No!

**Verses to the Memory of the late  
Rev. Mr. Smith Dunning.  
(By Miss E[dwards].)<sup>115</sup>**

- [1.] Alas! what mis'ries o'er the life of man,  
By sad mortality's dread law are spread!  
How like a vapour glides the fleeting span,  
Which quickly ranks him with the silent dead!
- [2.] Man like a beauteous flow'r in morn appears,  
Fresh opening all its glories to the day;  
But cropt ere noon, a wither'd aspect wears,  
Tro'd under foot, he shrinks to quick decay.

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<sup>115</sup>Miss Edwards, *Miscellanies in Prose and Verse* (Edinburgh: C. Elliot, 1776), 19–22.

- [3.] So often in the pride of youthful bloom,  
The sons of Adam fall a prey to death;  
From honours torn, to drop into the tomb,  
Whilst weeping friends deplore their parting breath.
- [4.] Here mourns a father o'er a much-lov'd son;  
Here sighs a wretched widow and forlorn;  
Whilst by the anxious cares of life undone,  
And<sup>116</sup> by a thousand fruitless passions torn.
- [5.] But soft—from whence proceeds this mournful sound!  
From yonder room?—ah! what a dismal groan!  
Who by yon fun'ral bed sit weeping round?  
In agonizing woe they sigh and moan.
- [6.] A mournful eloquence dwells in their eyes;  
Silent and sad their looks to heav'n ascend:  
But breathless, cold, and pale here ever lies,  
Their kind protector, brother, father, friend.
- [7.] Dear, tender names! in one for ever fled;  
Ye sympathizing friends that pity know:  
Approach with awe, and justly mourn the dead,  
To grief like theirs a sacred rev'rence show.
- [8.] For ne'er from sorrow's ever-streaming eye,  
The human tears more reason had to flow:  
Ne'er did the wounded bosom heave a sigh,  
Or prove a more afflictive cause of woe.
- [9.] No more shall his instructive language cheer  
The heart when sad, or calmly whisper peace:  
For friendship's sacred force can banish fear,  
And bid each tumult in the bosom cease.

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<sup>116</sup>Orig., "Are"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).



- [10.] This art was his: for harmony and truth,  
Fair virtue, piety, with ease combin'd,  
With ev'ry nobler grace, to form his youth,  
And guard from abject views th' immortal mind.
- [11.] Large were the virtues of his friendly heart,  
Though veil'd by modesty from public view:  
His worth to chosen friends he did impart;  
Which, as the more 'twas known, the dearer grew.
- [12.] Benevolence and justice rul'd his mind;  
E'en whilst some thorny paths of life he trod,  
To conquer vice his soul was still inclin'd,  
And fire the lukewarm heart with love to God.
- [13.] But ah! 'tis past! and mortal things no more  
Can e'er employ his unembodi'd soul,  
Now safely landed on the heav'nly shore;  
Where human passions never more shall roll.
- [14.] No more disease or death shall him affright;  
But God's eternal day on him shall shine;  
And whilst he raptur'd treads yon fields of light,  
He sings the pow'r of love and grace divine.
- [15.] Ah, think, whilst weeping o'er the senseless clay,  
Your briny tears bedew his cold remains;  
The spirit borne by seraphs, wings its way  
To yonder regions where the Saviour reigns.
- [16.] With what delight and wonder will he trace  
The matchless glories of his sovereign Lord!  
With extasy survey the boundless space,  
Where Jesus is by raptur'd saints ador'd!

[17.] Death is to nature dreadful and severe;  
But faith in God dispels the awful gloom;  
Bids fairer worlds beyond the grave appear,  
Where through eternal years the soul shall bloom.

**A Short Hymn.**

**James ii. 21.—“Was not Abraham our father justified by works, when he had offered Isaac his son upon the altar?”<sup>117</sup>**

[1.] The father of the faithful seed,  
His faith by his obedience prov'd;  
Abraham was justifi'd indeed,  
When offering up his best lov'd;  
He shew'd the grace before receiv'd,  
And perfectly in God believ'd.

[2.] Accepted *first* through faith alone,  
His pardon unconfirm'd he held;  
But rend'ring back his only son,  
He felt the precious promise seal'd,  
Felt in his heart and spirit pure  
The peace irrevocably sure.

[3.] Before he sacrific'd his child,  
*Accounted* just through faith he liv'd,  
By causeless mercy reconcil'd  
Forgiveness without works receiv'd:  
But when he res'lutely obey'd,  
Through works he then was righteous *made*.

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<sup>117</sup>Charles Wesley, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:383.

**POETRY.**

**Thoughts on Imputed Righteousness,**

**Occasioned by reading the Rev. Mr. Hervey's  
*Dialogues between Theron and Aspasio.***

**By Dr. [John] Byrom.**

**Part III.**<sup>118</sup>

Adam and Eve, by Satan's wiles decoy'd,  
*Did* what the kind commandment said—avoid.  
To them with justice therefore you impute  
The sin of eating the forbidden fruit;

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<sup>118</sup>John Byrom, *Miscellaneous Poems* (Manchester: J. Harrop, 1773), 2:286–87.

And ev'ry imputation must in fact,  
If just, be built on some preceding act;  
Without the previous deed suppos'd, the word  
Becomes unjust, unnatural, and absurd.

If as you seem'd to think the other day,  
All Adam's race, in some mysterious way,  
Sinn'd when he sinn'd; consented to his fall,  
With justice then impute it to them all:  
But still it follows that they all contract  
An imputation founded upon fact.  
And *righteousness of Christ*, in Christian heirs  
Must be as deeply and as truly theirs;  
A heav'nly life in order to replace,  
As was the sin that made a guilty race.

Old Eli thus, not knowing what to think,  
Imputed Hannah's viol'nt pray'r to drink.  
Little supposing that it would prepare  
A successor to him, her silent pray'r.  
There may be other meanings of the phrase,  
To be accounted for in human ways;  
But God's imputing to the future child,  
The sin by which his parents were beguil'd;  
Seems to establish, an unrighteous blame,  
That brings no honour to its Maker's name.

**A Serious Reflection on New Year's-Day.**<sup>119</sup>

[1.] Behold, my friend, the radiant sun,  
Once more his annual course has run,  
And finds thee still the same!  
Reason with custom strives in vain;  
But cannot break stern habit's chain;  
Nor one fierce passion tame.

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<sup>119</sup>Richard Graves, *Euphrosyne: or, Amusements on the Road of Life*, 2<sup>nd</sup> edition (London: J. Dodsley, 1780), 1:306.

- [2.] With health and spirits not content;  
On pleasures still, or trifles bent,  
    Each glitt'ring work of art;  
A picture, medal, bust, or seal,  
From wisdom's charms thy love can steal,  
    And captivate thy heart.
- [3.] But ah! though Tully pleads in vain,  
Nor Seneca can yet restrain  
    The ardors of thy soul:  
Oh! listen what the sacred page  
Prescribes to check wild fancy's rage,  
    And ev'ry thought control.
- [4.] No longer with the muses sport;  
Let younger bards their favour court,  
    On whom they gladly smile:  
Though yet indulg'd, hope not for praise:  
Ah, how insipid are thy lays!  
    How obsolete thy style!
- [5.] Each fond pursuit of life give o'er;  
Old age creeps on, then write no more  
    In prose or jingling rhyme;  
With critic eye thy *works review*;  
*Scan* well thy ways; thy life renew;  
    *Correct* thy faults in time.
- [6.] "Thy counsel's good: heav'n grant I may,  
Whilst life remains, each fleeting day  
    Some human frailty mend!  
With conscience clear, then cheerful wait  
The time allotted to my fate;  
    Still mindful of my end!"

**To a Young Gentleman.**<sup>120</sup>

- [1.] Be not, my friend, by *youth* deceiv'd,  
Nor let the *siren* be believ'd,  
    Though smooth and soft her strain:  
Away on whirling wheels she flies,  
Swift as the gust that rides the skies  
    Without or yoke or rein.
- [2.] *Youth* must resign its blooming charms  
To *age*, whose cold, whose frozen arms  
    Will wither ev'ry joy:  
'Tis brittle glass; 'tis rapid stream;  
'Tis melting wax, 'tis air-dress'd dream,  
    That *time* will soon destroy.
- [3.] So smiles at morn the dewy rose,  
And to the genial breezes blows,  
    Revolving odours round:  
But, crush'd by ev'ning's furious rains,  
It droops, it sinks upon the plains,  
    Down-trodden on the ground.
- [4.] Hours, days, months, years impetuous fly,  
Like meteors darting through the sky,  
    And must return no more.  
Know my young friend, that moments fled,  
Are moments ever, ever dead,  
    And cancell'd from thy score.
- [5.] See how the globes, that sail the heav'n,  
Around in rapid eddies driv'n,  
    Are hast'ning to their doom:  
*Time* rushes to *eternity*,  
Eager in his embrace to die,  
    His parent and his tomb.

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<sup>120</sup>Thomas Gibbons, *The Christian Minister, in Three Poetic Epistles to Philander ... and Original Pieces, chiefly in verse* (London: Buckland & Dilly, 1772), 116–18.

- [6.] Though we in this low vale were born,  
Yet this low vale our souls should scorn,  
    And to the heav'n should rise:  
So the larks hatch'd on clods of earth,  
Disdain their mean inglorious birth,  
    And warble to the skies.

**On an Urn at Worville, in Shropshire.**<sup>121</sup>

Stranger! if woods and lawns like these;  
If rural scenes thy fancy please;  
Ah! stop awhile, and pensive view  
Poor Shenstone's urn: who oft, like you,  
These woods and lawns well-pleas'd has rov'd,  
And oft these rural scenes approv'd.  
Like him be thou fair virtue's friend,  
And health, and peace, thy steps attend!

**A Short Hymn.**

**James ii. 22.—“Thou seest that faith wrought together  
with his works, and by works was faith made perfect.”**<sup>122</sup>

- [1.] The pow'r of faith his works begot,  
    They did not life on faith bestow,  
But faith with works together wrought,  
    And working faith did stronger grow;  
New life by exercise obtain,  
And thus its full perfection gain.
- [2.] As motion rais'd by vital heat,  
    Increase of heat, and vigour brings,  
The work which faith doth first beget,  
    Augments the source from whence it springs;  
And faith by each exertion grows,  
And fuller still the fountain flows.

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<sup>121</sup>Richard Graves, *Euphrosyne: or, Amusements on the Road of Life*, 2<sup>nd</sup> edition (London: J. Dodsley, 1780), 1:301.

<sup>122</sup>Charles Wesley, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:383.

**POETRY.**

**Thoughts on Imputed Righteousness,  
Occasioned by reading the Rev. Mr. Hervey's  
*Dialogues between Theron and Aspasio.*  
By Dr. [John] Byrom.**

**Part IV.**<sup>123</sup>

What num'rous texts from Paul, from ev'ry saint,  
Might furnish our citations, did we want?  
And could not see, that righteousness, or sin,  
Arise not from *without*, but from *within*?  
That *imputation* where they are not found,  
Can reach no farther than an empty sound:  
No farther than imputed health can reach  
The cure of sickness, though a man should preach  
With all the eloquence of zeal and tell,  
How health imputed makes a sick man well.  
Indeed if sickness be imputed too,  
Imputed remedy, no doubt may do;  
Words may pour forth their entertaining store,  
But things are just—as things were just before.

In so important a concern as that,  
Which good Aspasio's care is pointed at;  
A small mistake, which at the bottom lies,  
May sap the building that shall thence arise:  
Who would not wish that architect, so skill'd,  
On great mistakes might not persist to build;  
But strictly search, and for sufficient while,  
If the foundation could support the pile?

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<sup>123</sup>John Byrom, *Miscellaneous Poems* (Manchester: J. Harrop, 1773), 2:290–91 (Wesley omits a large section on pp. 287–89 challenging the satisfaction model of atonement).



This *imputation*, which he builds upon,  
 Has been the source of more mistakes than one:  
 Hence rose, to pass the intermediate train  
 Of growing errors, and observe the main,  
 That worse than *pagan* principle of fate,  
*Predestination's* partial love and hate;  
 By which, not ti'd like fanci'd Jove to look,  
 In stronger destiny's decreeing book;  
 The God of Christians is suppos'd to will  
 That *some* should come to *good* and *some to ill*:  
 And for no reason, but to shew in fine,  
 Th' extent of *goodness*, and of *wrath divine*.

Whose doctrine this? I quote no less a man,  
 Than the renowned Calvin for the plan;  
 Who having labour'd, with distinction's vain,  
*Mere imputation* only to maintain;  
 Maintains, when speaking on another head,  
 This horrid thought, to which the former led;  
 "Predestination here I call," (says he  
 Defining) "God's eternal, fix'd decree;  
 "Which having settl'd in his will, he past,  
 What ev'ry man should come to at the last";  
 And lest the terms should be conceiv'd to bear  
 A meaning less, than he propos'd, severe;  
 "For all mankind (he adds to definition,)  
 Are not created on the same condition:"  
*Pari conditione*—is the phrase,  
 If you can turn it any other ways;  
 "But life to some, eternal, is restrain'd,  
 To some, damnation endless pre-ordain'd."

**Elegy on the Death of a Sister,  
Who died in the Sixteenth Year of her Age.<sup>124</sup>**

- [1.] While nature lies in silence, while the moon  
    A glimm'ring light doth through my window shed,  
Awake my muse, and seize this awful gloom,  
    And trace some moral lessons from the dead.
- [2.] For sure no orator so well can preach,  
    Or to my wounded breast this truth convey,  
In words so strong as Maria's ashes teach,  
    That all must shortly mingle with the clay.
- [3.] Dear hapless virgin! cropt in life's warm bloom,  
    Whilst sanguine prospects fire the throbbing breast,  
No fairer victim ever grac'd the tomb,  
    By death consign'd to everlasting rest.
- [4.] Ah me! how cold and silent now she lies!  
    That gentle form that once look'd fresh and gay,  
Th' animating sparks fled to the skies,  
    Which render'd active that endearing clay!
- [5.] For lavish nature early did adorn  
    With ev'ry grace:—few could with her compare;  
The mildest lustre<sup>125</sup> of the op'ning morn,  
    Bloom'd on her angel-form and made it fair.
- [6.] But as sweet roses cropt soon feel decay,  
    Slow ling'ring sickness nipt her youthful prime;  
Quick from her cheek the roses fled away,  
    Which warn'd her soul to seek a purer clime.

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<sup>124</sup>Miss Edwards, *Miscellanies in Prose and Verse* (Edinburgh: C. Elliot, 1776), 23–26.

<sup>125</sup>Orig., “lusture”; a misprint.

- [7.] How shall I paint her in the arms of death!  
Or how do justice to that awful hour!  
What heroism mark'd her latest breath!  
When faith disarm'd the tyrant of his pow'r!
- [8.] Though warm in blooming youth, yet quite resign'd:  
The herald wore no terrors on his face;  
Heaven's gentle messenger he seem'd design'd,  
To waft her soul to everlasting peace.
- [9.] Still do I see death's languor shade her eye;  
(Alas! my heart was tortur'd at the sight);  
And still I hear that last emphatic sigh;  
By which th' immortal spirit took its flight.
- [10.] But thou, dear spirit, now got past his pow'r,  
On wings of lucid air stand fair confess'd;  
Before me, as I weep, in some lone hour,  
Beneath some gloomy shade with woe oppress'd.
- [11.] Declare what region far above the sky,  
What bow'rs of fragrant bliss your soul contains;  
What radiant seraph lent thee<sup>126</sup> wings to fly,  
With speed of angels, through th' aetherial plains.
- [12.] Hail, bless'd religion! souls inspir'd by thee,  
By faith confide in this eternal truth,  
That when the last dread trump sets prisoners free,  
Each mortal form assumes immortal youth.
- [13.] This gilds the horror of the gloomy tomb,  
And animates with cheerful hope the just,  
Who know the pow'r that points the gen'ral doom,  
To glory shall receive their silent dust.

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<sup>126</sup>Orig., "the"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

**Solon's Cure for Grief.**<sup>127</sup>

His lot bewailing with unmanly tears,  
A friend, by this advice, wise Solon cheers:  
He leads him up to Athens' utmost height,  
And, "From this tower," says he, "direct your sight:  
On all the num'rous buildings there below,  
And now reflect, what various scenes of woe:  
Beneath those roofs each mortal, more or less,  
Have long, do now, and ever will oppress.  
Then learn, my friend, with decency to bear  
Those common ills, which all mankind must share."

**A Short Hymn.**<sup>128</sup>

**James ii. 23.—“And the scripture was fulfilled which saith, Abraham believed God, and it was imputed to him for righteousness: and he was called the friend of God.”**<sup>129</sup>

- [1.] Returning from his sacrifice,  
The man whom God vouchsaf'd t' approve;  
More highly favour'd by the skies,  
And perfected in faith and love;  
Again fulfill'd, he found the word,  
An image of his righteous Lord.
- [2.] Perfect in love which casts out fear,  
The hoary patriarch receiv'd  
The crown of his obedience here,  
And intimate with heav'n he liv'd;  
With glorious dignity endow'd,  
For ever stil'd, the friend of God.

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<sup>127</sup>Richard Graves, *Euphrosyne: or, Amusements on the Road of Life*, 2<sup>nd</sup> edition (London: J. Dodsley, 1780), 1:166–67.

<sup>128</sup>Orig., “Short Hymns”; a misprint since there is only one hymn.

<sup>129</sup>Charles Wesley, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:384.

POETRY.

**On the Nature of Free Grace, and the Claim to  
Merit for the Performance of Good Works.**

(By Dr. [John] Byrom.)<sup>130</sup>

- [1.] Grace to be sure is in the last degree,  
The *gift* of God, divinely pure and free:  
Not bought, or paid for, merited, or claim'd,  
By any works of ours that can be nam'd.
- [2.] What claim or merit, or withal to pay,  
Could creatures have before creating day:  
Gift of existence, is the gracious one,  
Which all the rest must needs depend upon.
- [3.] All boasting then of merit, all pretence,  
Of claim from God, in a deserving sense,  
Is in one word excluded by St. Paul,  
“Whate'er thou hast, thou hast received it all.”
- [4.] But sure the *use* of any gracious pow'rs,  
Freely bestow'd may properly be ours;  
Right application being ours to chuse,  
Or if we will be so absurd, refuse.
- [5.] In this respect what need to controvert,  
The sober sense of *merit*, or *desert*?  
Works, it is said, will have, and is it hard  
To say deserve, or merit their reward?

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<sup>130</sup>John Byrom, *Miscellaneous Poems* (Manchester: J. Harrop, 1773), 2:293–94.

- [6.] Grace is the real saving gift; but then,  
Good works are profitable unto men:  
God wants them not; but if our neighbours do,  
Flowing from grace, they prove it to be true.
- [7.] When human words ascribe to human spirit,  
Worthy, unworthy, merit, or demerit:  
Why should disputes forbid the terms a place,  
Which are not meant to derogate from grace.
- [8.] All comes from God, who gave us first to live,  
And all succeeding grace, 'tis ours to give  
To *God alone*, the *glory*, and to *man*,  
Impower'd by him, to do what *good* we can.

**A Translation of a Latin Epitaph,  
Written by Sir Richard Blackmore,  
On His Lady.<sup>131</sup>**

Here lies a faithful follow'r of her Lord,  
Who with a seraph's flame her God ador'd;  
Of friends, of daughters, and of wives the best,  
In all the charms of social graces drest:  
Candor, discretion, elegance refin'd,  
Mixt with a dove-like innocence of mind.  
Kindness upon her heart was deep imprest,  
But injuries there were never known to rest, }  
And kindle to revenge her gen'rous breast. }  
The streams that from the sacred fountains flow'd,  
She drank; to these her heav'nly life she ow'd;  
And still she drinks them in the realms on high,  
Where ampler draughts her endless thirst supply.  
Hence her whole life ran free from ev'ry stain,  
Hence with divinest skill she could explain

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<sup>131</sup>Thomas Gibbons, *The Christian Minister, in Three Poetic Epistles to Philander ... and Original Pieces, chiefly in verse* (London: Buckland & Dilly, 1772), 191–92.

Her faith's and hope's foundations. Thou art gone  
My lovely mate! to the celestial throne,  
And heaven's unbounded joys: soon shall this house  
Of clay dissolve and then, my pious spouse,  
Thy partner on glad wings shall take his flight,  
And join his dear Maria in the world of light.

**A Translation of a Latin Epitaph,  
Written by Sir Richard Blackmore,  
On Himself.<sup>132</sup>**

While the free spirit tow'rs into the skies,  
Here void of life, the mould'ring body lies:  
But when the Prince of heav'n, the Judge of all,  
Returning visits this terrestrial ball:  
I shall revive (may not my hopes be vain!)  
And with him everlasting bliss obtain.  
And thou, long partner of my life, but now  
The longer partner of my grave below;  
Fast sleeping by my side, with me shall rise,  
When the archangel's trumpet shakes the skies:  
And in the ardors of seraphic love,  
We both shall scale the blissful seats above:  
The while we teach the heav'nly tow'rs to ring,  
With loud hosanna's to our Saviour,—King;  
And while new anthems, and harmonious verse,  
The Father's boundless mercies shall rehearse,  
Eternal glories from the God shall shine,  
Attract, assimilate, exalt, refine,  
And fill our souls with extasies divine. }

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<sup>132</sup>Thomas Gibbons, *The Christian Minister, in Three Poetic Epistles to Philander ... and Original Pieces, chiefly in verse* (London: Buckland & Dilly, 1772), 192–93.

**On General Wolfe.**<sup>133</sup>

In various climes immortal honours won,  
Quebec subdu'd, great Wolfe! thy task was done.  
The victor fell, with mournful laurels crown'd;  
His friends, 'midst shouts of triumph, weeping round,  
He fell, by ev'ry grateful Briton mourn'd!  
With ev'ry virtue, ev'ry grace adorn'd:  
A genius that improv'd; a feeling heart,  
That humaniz'd ev'n war's destructive art;  
An hero, sparing ev'n of hostile blood;  
Like Julius brave, like gentle Titus good.

Undaunted in the field, in counsel sage,  
He gain'd in youth the dignity of age.  
When glory call'd, each dang'rous post he sought,  
And prov'd himself the discipline he taught.  
Quick to discern, reward, and pleas'd, make known  
Each spark of latent merit, but his own.  
Thus train'd to love, his troops with pride obey,  
And brav'd ev'n death, when'er *he* led the way.

Such was great Wolfe! his much-lov'd country's pride;  
For her he liv'd, for her he bravely di'd.  
A formidable foe; a cordial friend;  
Great in his life, and glorious in his end.

**For the Statue of Health,  
Under an Ionic Pavilion in the King's Bath.**<sup>134</sup>

Auspicious health! fair daughter of the skies,  
O! guard with ease these springs that teaming rise;  
Whose healing virtues, (freed from dire distress,)  
Millions have felt, and millions daily bless.

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<sup>133</sup>Richard Graves, *Euphrosyne: or, Amusements on the Road of Life*, 2<sup>nd</sup> edition (London: J. Dodsley, 1780), 1:290–91.

<sup>134</sup>Richard Graves, *Euphrosyne: or, Amusements on the Road of Life*, 2<sup>nd</sup> edition (London: J. Dodsley, 1780), 1:60.



Ye languid tribe, with grateful hearts receive,  
The blessing these balsamic fountains give:  
If bath's salubrious streams your health restore,  
Thank heav'n; be temp'rate; "Go and sin no more."

**A Short Hymn.**<sup>135</sup>

**James ii. 26.—“For as the body without the soul is dead,  
so faith without works is dead also.”**<sup>136</sup>

- [1.] As when the active soul is fled,  
    A senseless lump the body lies,  
The faith which did from God proceed,  
    If sep'rated from works it dies,  
A carcass without life or power,  
A faith extinct is faith no more.
- [2.] Faith without works is not the true;  
    The living principle of grace,  
The virtue which can all things do,  
    Works universal right'ousness;  
And gains, when all its toils are past,  
The promise of pure love at last.
- [3.] Know this, ye infidels in heart,  
    Who boast your barren faith in vain,  
Who dare the sacred word pervert;  
    The carcass dead is not the man:  
Or if ye did true life receive,  
Ye ceas'd at once to work and live.
- [4.] Dreamers of your salvation sure,  
    Awaking unto right'ousness,  
Your Antinomian faith abjure,  
    Your groundless hope, and hellish peace;  
Arise, and wash away your sins:  
And then the works of faith begins!

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<sup>135</sup>Orig., “Short Hymns”; a misprint since there is only one hymn.

<sup>136</sup>Charles Wesley, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:385.

POETRY.

Thoughts on Predestination and Reprobation.

(By Dr. [John] Byrom.)

Part I.<sup>137</sup>

Flatter me not with your *predestination*,  
Nor sink my spirits with your reprobation.  
From all your high disputes I stand aloof,  
Your *pres* and *res*, your *destin*, and your *proof*;  
And formal Calvinistical pretence,  
That contradicts all gospel, and good sense.

When God declares, so often, that he wills  
All sort of blessings, and no sort of ills;  
That his severest purpose never meant  
*A sinner's death*, but *that he should repent*:  
For the *whole* world, when his beloved Son  
Is said to do whatever he has done;  
To become man, to suffer, and to die,  
That *all* might live, as well as you, and I:  
Shall rigid Calvin, after this, or you,  
Pretend to tell me that it is not true?

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<sup>137</sup>John Byrom, *Miscellaneous Poems* (Manchester: J. Harrop, 1773), 2:296–97

But that eternal, absolute decree  
Has damn'd before-hand either you, or me,  
Or any body else? that God design'd,  
When he created, not to save *mankind*;  
But only *some*? the rest, this man maintain'd,  
Were so *decreed*, damnation pre-ordain'd.  
No, sir; not all your metaphysic skill  
Can prove the doctrine, twist it as you will.

I hate the man for doctrine so accurst,  
In book the *third*, and chapter *twenty-first*;  
Section the *fifth*—a horrid, impious lore,  
That one would hope was never taught before;  
How it came after to prevail away,  
Let them who mince the damning matter say;  
And others judge, if any Christian fruit,  
Be like to spring from such a *pagan* root.

**Written on a Late Declaration of Lord C\_\_\_\_\_,<sup>138</sup>  
that the Conquest of America by Fire and Sword  
is not to be Accomplished.<sup>139</sup>**

[1.] True is the patriotic word,  
“We never can by fire and sword  
The fierce Americans subdue”;  
If we our gen'ral's steps pursue,  
His own allies who tears and rends,  
And turns his sword against his friends.

[2.] The loyal if he first invite<sup>140</sup>  
For Britain and its king to fight,  
Promise to succour and protect;  
He then abandons to neglect,

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<sup>138</sup>Charles, Earl Cornwallis (1738–1805).

<sup>139</sup>Charles Wesley; appears in MS Patriotism (drafts), 47–49; and MS Patriotism, 47–49.

<sup>140</sup>MS Patriotism adds a note: “At Hillsborough.”

Or draws them in an easy prey,  
For their invet'rate foes to slay.

- [3.] Poor, credulous slaves if he allure,  
By flatt'ring hopes of refuge sure,  
Their cruel tyrants to desert;  
He then with an unfeeling heart  
Leaves them, who on his faith rely,  
By hunger, or disease to die.
- [4.] Thousands, who unconsum'd remain,  
He drives out of his camp again;  
(While trusting in his treach'rous words,)  
Gives up the victims to their lords,  
To punish in the ling'ring fire,  
By vari'd torments to expire.
- [5.] Such faithful leaders we allow,  
Fit to succeed immortal H[ow]e,<sup>141</sup>  
Who fierce Americans subdu'd,  
And conquer'd them whene'er he would;  
Too gen'rous to pursue his blow,  
Or trample on a vanquish'd foe.
- [6.] His vanquish'd foe full oft he rear'd,  
And kindly their despondence cheer'd:  
Too brave to take them by surprise,  
He saw their straits with pitying eyes;  
And put them out of all their pain,  
And gave them back their towns again.
- [7.] Such gen'rals never can aspire  
Rebels to quell with sword or fire;  
But without fire, another can  
Accomplish it—an honest man

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<sup>141</sup>Lieutenant General Sir William Howe (1729–1814).

Who truth and public faith approves,  
And more than life his country loves.

- [8.]       A man for this great end design'd,  
Our nation now expects to find,  
By providential love bestow'd,  
Whose object is Britannia's good,  
Britannia's peace his only aim:  
And Carlton<sup>142</sup> is the patriot's name.

**To Religion.**<sup>143</sup>

- [1.] Choice of my serious hour! to thee  
I raise the wish, I bend the knee;  
    Attend my feeble strain!  
O guide me in the doubtful maze,  
Where friendless mis'ry weeps and prays,  
    But never weeps in vain!
- [2.] If no unhallow'd foot intrude,  
None but "the perfect, wise, and good,"  
    Be objects of thy care:  
Where shall the wretch opprest with woe,  
The weari'd and the guilty go?  
    To whom address the pray'r?
- [3.] To grandeur and her vain parade?  
Can pomp, or wit, or wisdom's aid  
    Set the poor captive free?  
Can glitt'ring health, or curious art,  
Charm the pall'd ear, or sooth the heart  
    That sighs for peace, and thee?

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<sup>142</sup>Sir Guy Carlton, who replaced Sir Henry Clinton as Commander-in-Chief of British forces as the war neared its end.

<sup>143</sup>No prior publication or further details on author for this poem have been located.

- [4.] Such are the hopes thy precepts lend,  
In comforts, disappointments end,  
    And pain to rapture turns!  
Soft op'ning dreams of bright'ning heav'n,  
Of lasting joys and sins forgiv'n,  
    Shall bless the wretch that mourns.
- [5.] In light and life, and truth appear  
Alike from superstitious fear,  
    And vain presumption free:  
And far from boasting pride remov'd,  
Such as the gentle Lydia prov'd,  
    O such appear to me!
- [6.] Come, now thou meek, thou peaceful guest,  
Show me the path that leads to rest,  
    The path the pilgrims trod:  
Come, with thee bring thy sacred three,  
Fair hope, and holy charity,  
    And faith which sees her God!

**Epitaph on Mr. Shenstone,  
On an Urn in Hales-Owen Church, Salop.**<sup>144</sup>

Whoe'er thou art, with rev'rence tread  
These sacred mansions of the dead!  
Not that the monumental bust,  
Or sumptuous tomb here guards the dust  
Of rich or great: let wealth, rank, birth,  
Sleep undistinguish'd in the earth:  
This simple urn records a name,  
Which shines with more exalted fame.

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<sup>144</sup>Richard Graves, *Euphrosyne: or, Amusements on the Road of Life*, 2<sup>nd</sup> edition (London: J. Dodsley, 1780), 1:295–96.

Reader! if genius, taste refin'd,  
A native elegance of mind,  
If virtue, science, manly sense,  
If wit, that never gave offence,  
The clearest head, the tend'rest heart,  
In thy esteem e'er claim'd a part;  
Ah! smite thy breast, and drop a tear;  
For know, *thy* Shenstone's dust lies here.

**A Short Hymn.**<sup>145</sup>

**James iii. 17.—“The wisdom that is from above, is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy.”**<sup>146</sup>

- [1.] I want that wisdom from above,  
From earthly, devilish mixtures pure,  
That faith divine producing love,  
And peace which speaks my pardon sure,  
That knowledge of the crucifi'd  
Which bids my sins and sorrows cease,  
And witnesses his blood appli'd  
In perfect purity and peace.
- [2.] With true, celestial wisdom fill'd,  
Soft, yielding, meek my soul shall be;  
(Not rigid, sour, morose, self-will'd)  
And mild as docile infancy,  
Easy to be convinc'd and led  
By reason's and religion's sway,  
No importunity I need,  
But man for Jesu's sake obey.

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<sup>145</sup>Orig., “Short Hymns”; a misprint since there is only one hymn.

<sup>146</sup>Charles Wesley, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:386 (omitting st. 3).

POETRY.

Thoughts on Predestination and Reprobation.  
(By Dr. [John] Byrom.)  
Part II.<sup>147</sup>

Pagan—said I—I must retract the word,  
For the poor pagans were not so absurd;  
Their Jupiter, of gods and men the king,  
Whenever he ordain'd a hurtful thing,  
Did it because he was oblig'd to look,  
And act as *fate* had bid him, in a book:  
For gods and goddesses were subject, then,  
To dire *necessity*, as well as men;  
Compell'd to crush a hero, or a town,  
As *destiny* had set the matter down.

But in your scheme, 'tis God that orders ill,  
With sov'reign pow'r, and with resistless will;  
He in whose blessed name is understood  
The one eternal will to ev'ry good,

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<sup>147</sup>John Byrom, *Miscellaneous Poems* (Manchester: J. Harrop, 1773), 2:298–99.



Is represented, thought unti'd by fate,  
 With a decree of damning, to create.  
 Such as you term the *vessels* of his *wrath*,  
 To *shew his power*, according to your faith:  
 Just as if God, like some tyrannic man,  
 Would plague the world, to shew them that he can  
 While others, (they for instance of your sect)  
 Are *mercy's vessels*, precious and elect;  
 Who think, God help them! to secure their bliss,  
 By such a partial, fond conceit as this.

Talk not to me of Popery and of Rome,  
 Nor yet foretel its Babylonish doom;  
 Nor canonize *reforming* saints of old,  
 Because *they* held the doctrine that *you* hold;  
 For if they did, although of *saint-like* stem,  
 In this plain point we must *reform* from them:  
 While freed from Rome we are not tied I hope,  
 To what is wrong in a Geneva Pope;  
 Nor what is right, should surname supersede,  
 Of Luther, Calvin, Bellarmine, or Bede.  
 Rome has been guilty of excess, 'tis true,  
 And so have some of the reformers too;  
 If in their zeal against the Roman seat,  
 Plucking up tares, they pluck'd up also wheat;  
 Must we to children, for what they have said,  
 Give this *predestination* stone for bread?  
 Sir, it is worse, this your predestination,  
 Ten thousand times than transubstantiation:  
 Hard is the point, that Papists have compil'd,  
 With sense and reason to be reconcil'd;  
 But yet it leaves to our conception, still,  
 Goodness in God, and holiness of will;  
 A just, impartial government of all;  
 A saving love; a correspondent call

For ev'ry man, and, in the fittest hour,  
For him to hear, all offer'd grace and pow'r;  
Which he may want, and have, if he will crave  
From him, who willeth nothing but to save.

**To Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ on Reading his Verses  
on the Charitable Man.  
(By Miss Th\_\_\_\_\_.)<sup>148</sup>**

- [1.] Fair charity attunes thy lyre,  
A theme that aptly may inspire  
    The gentle and humane:  
Her charms the muses oft have sung,  
And tributary honours hung  
    Upon her golden fane.
- [2.] But should we charity define  
Only in splendid alms to shine?  
    Say, is a part the whole?  
True charity is heav'nly love,  
An ardor coming from above,  
    That renovates the soul.
- [3.] From hence as from their genuine source,  
The virtues run their even course:  
    And hence in tender guise,  
Benevolence with generous glow,  
Hastens to soothe the widows woe,  
    And wipe the orphans eyes.
- [4.] Alms-giving is approv'd of God,  
Obtaining the divine applaud:  
    But does the poet mean  
It can a *real merit* claim?  
No!—let the meritorious name  
    Of Jesus intervene.

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<sup>148</sup>No prior publication or further details on author for this poem have been located. It was likely occasioned by James Merrick's metrical rendition of Psalm 41, which begins "Blest, who with gen'rous pity glows" (*The Psalms Translated and Paraphrased* [London: Dodsley, 1765], 97–99). Cf. stanza 3, line 4 of this hymn.

- [5.] Let it not take the Saviour's place:  
*He* purchas'd heav'n, and ev'ry grace,  
That makes us meet for heav'n;  
*He* fills the breast with charity,  
Then with a grace divinely free  
Rewards what he has giv'n.

**The Shepherd and the Kid.**<sup>149</sup>

Freed from stern winter's icy chain,  
The zephyrs wanton o'er the plain,  
Attended by the flow'ry spring:  
The groves with thrilling concerts ring,  
Tender the grass, the sky serene,  
The whit'ning flocks spread o'er the green,  
Nature revives; the gladsome day  
Invites a wanton kid to stray;  
Around the distant meads and groves,  
Far from the flock, she thoughtless roves.

The shepherd soon th' elopement knew,  
Starts forth the straggler to pursue:  
Fatigu'd at length the angry swain  
Brings back the fugitive again.  
Enrag'd he throws her on the ground,  
With many a stripe, and many a wound;  
'Till the sad victim of his ire  
Stretch'd at his feet he sees expire.  
He stops—his heart with anguish bleeds;  
Repentance to his rage succeeds.  
Good gods! the frantic shepherd cries,  
What have I done?—poor kid! she dies.  
Ah! wretch, too late thy loss deplore;  
Remorse is vain; thy kid's no more.

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<sup>149</sup>Richard Graves, *Euphrosyne: or, Amusements on the Road of Life*, 2<sup>nd</sup> edition (London: J. Dodsley, 1780), 1:127–29.

Learn hence those transports to suppress,  
That spring from anger's dire excess:  
The rising gusts in time control,  
That raise a tempest in the soul;  
Or soon you'll mourn your want of care,  
Stung with remorse and black despair.

**A Short Hymn.**<sup>150</sup>

**James iv.**<sup>151</sup> **1.—“From whence come wars and fightings  
among you? Come they not hence, even of your lusts?”**<sup>152</sup>

- [1.] Horrible lust of fame and power,  
How long shall it o'er kings prevail;  
Who bid the sword their kind devour,  
Lay waste the earth, and people hell,  
And madly for themselves prepare  
The highest thrones of torment there!
- [2.] Father, from every bosom chase  
The demon of ambitious pride;  
In pity to our slaughter'd race,  
For whom thy only Son hath di'd,  
The Saviour prince, the peace of man,  
Send him in all our hearts to reign.
- [3.] The kingdom of his grace alone  
Can make our wars and fightings cease,  
Unite our jarring wills in one  
Perpetual bond of perfectness,  
As rivals of that host above,  
Where all is<sup>153</sup> harmony and love.

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<sup>150</sup>Orig., “Short Hymns”; a misprint since there is only one hymn.

<sup>151</sup>Orig., “iii”; a misprint.

<sup>152</sup>Charles Wesley, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:387.

<sup>153</sup>Orig., “his”; a misprint.

**POETRY.**

**Thoughts on Predestination and Reprobation.**  
**(By Dr. [John] Byrom.)**  
**Part III.**<sup>154</sup>

Whereas, this *reprobation* doctrine, here,  
Not only sense and reason would cashier;  
But take, by its pretext of sov'reign sway,  
All goodness from the deity away;  
Both heav'n and hell confounding with the cant,  
Virtue and vice, the sinner and the saint;  
Leaving (by irresistible decree,  
And purpose absolute what man shall be,)  
Nothing in sinners to detest so much  
As God's contrivance how to make them such.

That ever Christians blest with revelation,  
Should think of his *decreeing* men's damnation!  
The God of love! the fountain of all good!  
"Who made," says Paul, "all nations of one blood,  
To dwell on earth; appointed time and place,"  
And for what end this *pre-ordaining* grace?  
That they might *seek*, and *feel*, and surely *find*,  
The life in God, which God for man design'd.

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<sup>154</sup>John Byrom, *Miscellaneous Poems* (Manchester: J. Harrop, 1773), 2:299–301.

“We are his offspring”—for in that decree,  
The *pagan* poet and St. Paul agree:  
“We are his offspring”—now, sir, put the case  
Of some great man, and his descending race;  
Conceive this common parent of them all,  
As willing some to *stand*, and some to *fall*:  
Master, suppose of all their future lot,  
Decreeing some to happiness, some not;  
In some to bring his kindness into view,  
To shew in others what his wrath can do;  
To lead the chosen children by the hand,  
And leave the rest to fall—who *cannot* stand.

I might proceed, but that the smallest sketch  
Shows an absurd, and arbitrary wretch;  
Treating his offspring so, as to forbid  
To think that ever God Almighty did;  
To think that creatures, who are said to be  
His *offspring*, should be hurt by his decree;  
Which had they always minded, good alone,  
And not a spark of *evil*, had been known:  
For his decree, appointment, order, will,  
Predestinating goodness, pow’r, and skill,  
Is, of itself, the unbeginning Good,  
The pouring forth of an un-ending flood:  
Of ever-flowing bliss, which only rolls,  
To fill his vessels, his created souls.

Happy himself the true divine desire,  
The love that flames through that eternal fire;  
Which generates in him th’ eternal light,  
Source of all blessing to created light,  
Longs with a holy earnestness to spread,  
The boundless glories of its fountain-head;  
To raise the possibilities of life,  
Which rest, in *him*, into a joyful strife;

Into a feeling sense of *him*, from whom  
The various gifts of various blessings come.

**Epigram I.**

**(By the Same [Dr. John Byrom].)<sup>155</sup>**

Nor steel, nor flint alone produces fire;  
No spark arises till they both conspire:  
Nor faith alone, nor work without is right;  
Salvation rises, when they both unite.

**Epigram II.**

**(By the Same [Dr. John Byrom].)<sup>156</sup>**

Zeal without meekness, like a ship at sea,  
To rising storms may soon become a prey;  
And meekness without zeal is still the same,  
When a dead calm stops ev'ry sailor's aim.

**Epigram III.**

**(By the Same [Dr. John Byrom].)<sup>157</sup>**

A heated fancy, or imagination,  
May be mistaken for an inspiration—  
True; but is this conclusion fair to make,  
That inspiration must be all mistake?  
A pebble stone is not a diamond—true;  
But must a di'mond be a pebble too?

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<sup>155</sup>John Byrom, *Miscellaneous Poems* (Manchester: J. Harrop, 1773), 2:347.

<sup>156</sup>John Byrom, *Miscellaneous Poems* (Manchester: J. Harrop, 1773), 2:347.

<sup>157</sup>John Byrom, *Miscellaneous Poems* (Manchester: J. Harrop, 1773), 2:348.

**Epigram IV.**  
**(By the Same [Dr. John Byrom].)<sup>158</sup>**

He is a sinner, you are pleas'd to say;  
Then love him for the sake of Christ, I pray,  
If on his gracious words you place your trust,  
—"I came to call the sinner; not the just,"—  
Second his call; which if you will not do,  
You'll be the greater sinner of the two.

**Procrastination.**  
**(By the Rev. Mr. [Richard] G[raves].)<sup>159</sup>**

- [1.] Wretch that I am! what friendly pow'r  
    Shall fix my wav'ring soul,  
Teach me to seize the present hour,  
    And custom's charms control?
- [2.] Why thus persist, from day to day,  
    To err, in wisdom's spite?  
I see my path—why then delay  
    What reason tells, is right?
- [3.] The *present* day th' attempt is vain:  
    We've *something* still to do:  
But when to-morrow comes, 'tis plain,  
    That will be *present* too:

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<sup>158</sup>John Byrom, *Miscellaneous Poems* (Manchester: J. Harrop, 1773), 2:349.

<sup>159</sup>Richard Graves, *Euphrosyne: or, Amusements on the Road of Life*, 2<sup>nd</sup> edition (London: J. Dodsley, 1780), 2:195–98.



- [4.] And then the same reluctant will,  
    T' attend th' ungrateful theme,  
Will thwart our resolutions still,  
    And frustrate ev'ry scheme.
- [5.] How soon, amidst these faint resolves,  
    The spring of life is o'er!  
How quick each annual sun revolves,  
    But—youth returns no more.
- [6.] Manhood to youth, and soon old age  
    To manhood's strength succeeds:  
O! then let each successive stage  
    Be mark'd by virtuous deeds.
- [7.] Whilst yet your strength of mind remains,  
    Resist the rising storm:  
Break loose from passion's irksome chains,  
    And ev'ry vice reform.
- [8.] Dare to be wise! begin to-day,  
    Nor trust uncertain fate:  
Your long-plann'd reformation may  
    To-morrow come too late.
- [9.] To-morrow, oh! how oft you swore  
    To change your course, my friend!  
Thus 'twill be always one day more,  
    Ere you begin to mend.
- [10.] “When once I've finish'd *this* affair,  
    My actions I'll review:  
And when I've brought *that* scheme to bear,  
    Begin my life anew.”

[11.] The idiot thus, who saw his way  
Across the Severn lie,  
Resolv'd upon its banks to stay,  
Till all the stream ran by.

[12.] But torrents with united force,  
Augment the copious river;  
Which proudly still pursues its course,  
And murmuring flows for ever.

**On the Death of an Epicure.**<sup>160</sup>

At length my friends, the *feast* of life is o'er:  
I've ate sufficient—and I'll drink no more:  
My night is come: I've spent a jovial day;  
'Tis time to part: but oh!—what is to pay?

**A Short Hymn.**

**James v. 15.—“The prayer of faith shall save the sick.”**<sup>161</sup>

Where is that faith, whose fervent pray'r  
Body and soul at once can heal?  
The oil? the gifted elders where?  
Father, if such thy gracious will,  
Thou canst reveal thine arm of pow'r,  
Thy truth in every age the same,  
And with almighty faith restore  
The wonders wrought by Jesu's name!

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<sup>160</sup>Richard Graves, *Euphrosyne: or, Amusements on the Road of Life*, 2<sup>nd</sup> edition (London: J. Dodsley, 1780), 1:302.

<sup>161</sup>Charles Wesley, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:389.

**POETRY.**

**Thoughts on Predestination and Reprobation.**

(By Dr. [John] Byrom.)

Part IV.<sup>162</sup>

To bless is his immutable decree,  
Such as could never have begun to be:  
Decree (if you will use the word decreed)  
Did from his *love* eternally proceed,  
To manifest the hidden pow'rs, that reign  
Through outward nature's universal scene:  
To raise up creatures from its vast abyss,  
Form'd to enjoy communicated bliss.

Who does not see that ill, of any kind,  
Could *never* come from an *all-perfect* mind?  
That its perception never could begin,  
But from a creature's voluntary sin.  
Made in its Maker's image, and imprest  
With a free pow'r of being ever blest:  
From ev'ry evil, in itself so free,  
That none could rise but by its *own* decree?

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<sup>162</sup>John Byrom, *Miscellaneous Poems* (Manchester: J. Harrop, 1773), 2:301–5.

To certain truths, which you can scarce deny,  
You bring St. Paul's expressions in reply:  
Some few obscurer sayings prone to chuse,  
Where he was talking to the Roman-Jews;  
You never heed the num'rous texts, so plain,  
That will not suit with your decreeing strain:  
"Who willeth all men to be saved"—is one,  
Too plain for comment to be made upon:  
So that if *some* be not the same as *all*,  
You must directly contradict St. Paul.

Paul's open, gen'rous, and enlighten'd soul,  
Preach'd to mankind a Saviour of the *whole*,  
Not *part* of human race; the blinded Jew  
Might boast himself in this conceited view:  
Boast of his father Abraham, and vent  
The carnal claims of family descent:  
But the whole family of heav'n and earth,  
Paul knew if blest must have *another* birth:  
Paul never tied salvation to a sect,  
All who love God, with him are God's elect.

"All who love God"—how certain is the key!  
Whate'er disputed passages convey;  
In Paul's Epistles if some things are read,  
"Hard to be understood," as Peter said,  
Must this be urg'd to prove in men's condition,  
This *pre-election*, and their *preterition*,  
Or *pre-damnation*? for that monstrous word,  
Of all absurd decree, the most absurd,  
Is into formal definition wrought,  
By your divines—unstartled at the thought  
Of sov'reign pow'r, decreeing to become  
The Author of salvation but to *some*;

To some, resembling others, they admit,  
Who are rejected—why? He “so thought fit:  
Hath not the potter power to make his clay  
Just what he pleases?”—Well. And tell me pray,  
What kind of potter must we think a man,  
Who does not make the best of it he can?  
Who, making some fine vessels of his clay,  
To shew his pow’r, throws all *the rest* away.  
Which, in itself, was equally as fine?  
What an idea this of pow’r divine!

Who can conceive the *infinitely good*  
To shew less kindness than he really could!  
To pre-concert damnation, and confine  
Himself, his own beneficence divine?  
An *impotency* this, in evil hour,  
Ascrib’d to God’s beatifying pow’r,  
Though true in earthly monarchs it may be,  
That *majesty* and *love* can scarce agree;  
In his almighty will who rules above,  
The pow’r is *grace*, the majesty is love;  
What best describes the giver of all bliss,  
Glorious in all his attributes is this,  
The sov’ reign Lord all creatures bow before,  
But they who *love* him most, the most adore.

**Epigram V.**

(By the Same [Dr. John Byrom].)<sup>163</sup>

Prayer and thanksgiving is the vital breath  
That keeps the spirit of a man from death;  
For pray’r attracts into the living soul  
The life, that fills the universal whole.

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<sup>163</sup>John Byrom, *Miscellaneous Poems* (Manchester: J. Harrop, 1773), 2:349–50.

**Epigram VI.**  
**(By the Same [Dr. John Byrom].)** <sup>164</sup>

To own a God, who does not speak to men,  
Is first to own, and then disown again;  
Of all idolatry the total sum  
Is having gods, that are both deaf and dumb.

**Epigram VII.**  
**(By the Same [Dr. John Byrom].)** <sup>165</sup>

What is more tender than a mother's love,  
To the sweet infant fondling in her arms?  
What need of arguments her heart to move  
To hear its cries, and help it out of harms?  
Now, if the tend'rest mother were possest  
Of all the love, within her single breast,  
Of all the mothers since the world began,  
'Tis nothing to the love of God to man.

**An Ode to the Rev. Mr. John Pinhorne.**  
**(By Dr. [Thomas] Gibbons.)** <sup>166</sup>

[1.] Pinhorne permit the muse t' aspire  
To thee, and vent th' impatient fire  
That in her bosom glows:  
Fain would she tune an equal lay,  
And to her honour'd tutor pay  
The debt of thanks she owes.

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<sup>164</sup>John Byrom, *Miscellaneous Poems* (Manchester: J. Harrop, 1773), 2:350.

<sup>165</sup>John Byrom, *Miscellaneous Poems* (Manchester: J. Harrop, 1773), 2:350.

<sup>166</sup>Thomas Gibbons, *The Christian Minister, in Three Poetic Epistles to Philander ... and Original Pieces, chiefly in verse* (London: Buckland & Dilly, 1772), 135–42.

- [2.] Through Plato's walks, a flow'ry road,  
And Latium's fields, with pleasure strow'd,  
    She owns thy guiding hand:  
Thou too didst her young steps convey  
Through many a rough, and craggy way,  
    In Palestina's land.
- [3.] 'Twas thy irradiating light  
Open'd the Thespain vales to sight,  
    And taught my feet to climb  
The mountains, where the muse's choir  
Now tune their breath, now touch the lyre,  
    To extasy sublime.
- [4.] Of high Parnassus' top possest,  
See Homer tow'ring o'er the rest!  
    What a stupendous strain!  
In battle, gods and men contend,  
The heav'ns outrageous terrors rend,  
    And slaughters drench the plain.
- [5.] My ear imbibes th' immense delight,  
While Virgil's past'ral lays recite  
    The country's humble charms:  
Or when his muse exalts her voice,  
And like the warlike clarion's noise  
    Sounds the loud charge to arms.
- [6.] Horace shall with the choir be join'd,  
With *virtue* has his verse refin'd,  
    And purg'd his tainted page;  
Pleas'd I'll attend his *lyric* strain,  
Hear him indulge his laughing vein,  
    And satyrize the age.

- [7.] Now Seneca with *tragic* lays  
Demands my wonder and my praise;  
    What thunder arms his tongue!  
Now Sophocles lets loose his rage:  
With what a pomp he treads the stage,  
    And how sublime his song!
- [8.] See from the Caledonian shore,  
With blooming laurels cover'd o'er,  
    Buchanan march along!  
Hail honour'd heir of David's lyre,  
Thou full-grown image of thy sire!  
    All hail, thy matchless song.
- [9.] But see the charming Casimire!  
Exulting in seraphic fire  
    The poet soars and sings:  
Divine Urania tun'd his tongue,  
His harp divine Urania strung  
    With her immortal strings.
- [10.] See on what full, what rapid gales  
The Polish swan triumphant sails!  
    He spurns the globe behind,  
And mountains less'ning to the eye,  
Through the unbounded fields on high,  
    Expatriates unconfin'd.
- [11.] Whether 'tis his divine delight  
To bear in his exalted flight  
    Some hero to the skies,  
Or to explore the seats above,  
His kindr'd climes of peace and love,  
    His peerless pinions rise.



- [12.] Methinks unkindl'd by the name  
Of Casimire, a sudden flame  
    Now shoots through all my soul,  
I feel, I feel the raptures rise,  
On starry plumes I cut the skies,  
    And range from pole to pole.
- [13.] Touching on Zion's sacred brow  
My wand'ring eyes I cast below,  
    And our vain race survey:  
O! how they stretch their eager arms  
T' embrace imaginary charms  
    And throw their souls away!
- [14.] In grov'ling cares and stormy strife  
They waste the golden hours of life,  
    And murder ev'ry joy:  
What is a diadem, that's tost  
From hand to hand, now won, now lost,  
    But a delusive toy?
- [15.] From all terrestrial dregs refin'd,  
And sensual fogs, that choke the mind,  
    Full of th' inspiring God  
My soul shall her sublimest lay  
To her Creator, Father pay,  
    And sound his praise abroad.
- [16.] Ye heroes, with your blood-stain'd arms  
Avaunt! the muse beholds no charms  
    In the devouring sword:  
Avaunt! too, the romantic train  
Of gods the phantoms of the brain,  
    By Greece and Rome ador'd.

[17.] The God omnipotent, supreme,  
Jesus, his co-eternal beam  
Shall consecrate my lays:  
In numbers by no lyric bounds control'd,  
In numbers most divinely strong and bold;  
I'll sound through all the world,  
Th' immeasurable praise.

**On Eternity.**

**(By the Same [Dr. Thomas Gibbons].)<sup>167</sup>**

What is eternity? can aught  
Point its duration to the thought?  
Tell ev'ry beam the sun emits,  
When in sublimest noon he sits;  
Tell ev'ry light-wing'd thought that strays  
Within its ample round of rays?  
Tell all the leaves, and all the buds,  
That crown the gardens and the woods;  
Tell all the spires of grass, the meads  
Produce, when spring propitious leads  
The new-born year; tall all the drops  
The night, upon their bended tops,  
Sheds in soft silence to display  
Their beauties with the rising day;  
Tell all the sands the ocean leaves,  
Tell all its changes, all its waves:  
Or tell with more laborious pains  
The drops its mighty mass contains:  
Be this astonishing account,  
Augmented with the full amount  
Of all the drops the clouds have shed,  
Where'er their wat'ry fleeces spread,

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<sup>167</sup>Thomas Gibbons, *The Christian Minister, in Three Poetic Epistles to Philander ... and Original Pieces, chiefly in verse* (London: Buckland & Dilly, 1772), 144–45.

Through all time's long-continu'd tour,  
From Adam to the present hour,  
Still short the sum; nor can it vie  
With the more num'rous years that lie  
Imbosom'd in *eternity*.

]

Was there a belt that could contain  
In its vast orb the earth and main;  
With figures was it cluster'd o'er,  
Without one cypher in the score;  
And could your labouring thought assign  
The total of the crowded line:  
How scant th' amount? th' attempt how vain  
To reach, duration's endless chain?  
For when as many years are run,  
Unbounded age is but begun.

Then hear, O man! with awe divine,  
For this *eternity* is thine.

### A Short Hymn.

#### 1 Peter iii. 8.—“Be pitiful.”<sup>168</sup>

- [1.] How shall I that love attain,  
Love inexplicably kind,  
Love which feels another's pain,  
Generous, pure, and unconfin'd,  
Love which bleeds for friend and foe,  
Grasps an universe of woe!
- [2.] Father, manifest thy Son,  
Full of pitying grace for me:  
Then I put his bowels on,  
Sinners with his eyes I see,  
Sinners with his heart embrace,  
Glad to die for all the race.

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<sup>168</sup>Charles Wesley, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:393–94.

**POETRY.**

**On the Death of Mr. Thomas Lewis:  
who Died at Bristol, [April] 1782.<sup>1</sup>**

- [1.] Thee, Lord, in all events we praise:  
With wisdom, faithfulness, and grace  
    Thou dost thy gifts dispense;  
Thou dost thy benefits revoke,  
And by an unexpected stroke,  
    Transport our brother hence.
- [2.] How many whom thy judgments call,  
As sudden, not as safely fall!  
    He falls, again to rise,  
By instantan'ous grace remov'd,  
He falls asleep in his belov'd,  
    And wakes in paradise.
- [3.] For this habitually prepar'd,  
Death could not find him off his guard,  
    A man who daily di'd:  
A stranger in the vale of tears,  
Whose life for more than forty years,  
    Confess'd the crucifi'd.

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<sup>1</sup>Charles Wesley; appears in *MS Funeral Hymns (1756–87)*, 99–102.

- [4.] His life the proof substantial gave,  
And witness'd Jesus' pow'r to save,  
    The sinner here forgiv'n;  
While firm in the old paths he stood,  
Redeem'd the time by doing good,  
    And laid up wealth in heav'n.
- [5.] Rugged howe'er his manners seem'd,  
His manners were by all esteem'd,  
    Who truth preferr'd to art:  
His hands for Esau's hands were known,  
His voice bewray'd the favourite son,  
    And Jacob's honest heart.
- [6.] His heart, as tender as sincere,  
Melted for ev'ry sufferer,  
    And bled for the distress,  
Whene'er he heard the griev'd complain;  
And pity for the sons of pain,  
    Resided in his breast.
- [7.] A father to the sick and poor,  
For them he husbanded his store,  
    For them himself deni'd;  
The naked cloth'd, the hungry fed,  
Or parted with his daily bread,  
    That they might be suppli'd.
- [8.] But chiefly, who in Christ believ'd,  
For them, into his heart receiv'd,  
    He naturally car'd;  
His faith's integrity to prove,  
By labours of unweari'd love,  
    To gain a full reward.

- [9.] A steward just, and wise, and good,  
Through life against the men he stood  
    Who basely sought their own;  
He dar'd their practices condemn,  
Yet not an enemy to them,  
    But to their deeds alone.
- [10.] Sin, only sin, his soul abhorr'd,  
A follow'r of his right'ous Lord,  
    Till all his toils were past:  
And lo! the hoary saint ascends,  
And gather'd to his heav'nly friends,  
    Obtains the prize at last!
- [11.] Thanks be to God in Christ his Son!  
Thy pow'r is on our brother shown,  
    Thy truth, and constant love:  
Thou dost the final victory give,  
And more than conqueror receive  
    To rapturous joy above.
- [12.] O! that the friends he leaves beneath,  
Might live his life, and die his death,  
    For glory as mature,  
Partakers with the saints in light,  
And reap the pleasures in thy sight,  
    Which ever more endure!

Dawgreen, near Wakefield, Feb. 28, 1781.<sup>2</sup>

The following lines contain a plain matter of fact, just as it was.

Where Humber pours her rich commercial stream,  
There dwelt a wretch, who liv'd—but to blaspheme!  
In subterraneous caves his life he led,  
Black as the mine in which he wrought for bread;

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<sup>2</sup>The poem is by William Cowper, included in posthumous enlargements of his published *Works* after 1800. This appearance in the *Arminian Magazine* may be its first publication, apparently from a manuscript that Wesley had received. The earliest other known publication is in *The Cock-Fighter: A True History* (London: J. Marshall, [1795?]), 7–8.

When on a day, emerging from the deep,  
A Sabbath-day (such Sabbath's thousands keep;)   
The wages of his weekly toil he bore,  
To buy a cock, whose blood might win him more;  
As if the nobl'st of the feather'd kind,  
Were but for battle, and for death design'd!  
As if the consecrated hours were meant,  
For sport, to minds on cruelty intent.

It chanc'd (such chances providence obey,)   
He met a fellow-lab'rer on the way;  
Whose heart the same desires had once inflam'd,  
But now the savage temper was reclaim'd,  
Persuasion on his lips had taken place,  
(For all plead well, who plead the cause of grace,)   
His iron heart with Scripture he assail'd,  
Woo'd him to hear a sermon, and prevail'd.  
His faithful bow, the mighty preacher drew,  
Swift as the lightning's glimpse the arrows flew,  
The sinner trembling, cast his eyes around,  
To find a worse than him; but none he found.  
He felt his sins, and wonder'd he should feel:  
Grace made the wound, and only grace could heal.  
Now farewell oaths, and blasphemies and lies,  
He quits the sinner's for the martyr's prize.  
That holy day was wash'd with many a tear,  
Gilded with hope, yet shaded too by fear.

The next, his swarthy brethren of the mine,  
Learn'd from his alter'd lips the change divine:  
Laugh'd, where they should have wept, and swore, the day  
Was nigh, when he would swear as fast as they:  
"No<sup>[b']</sup> (said the penitent) <sup>[c']</sup>such words shall share  
This breath no more, henceforth employ'd in pray'r.

“Oh! if thou seest! (thine eye the future sees,)  
That I shall yet again blaspheme like these,  
Now strike me to the ground on which I kneel,  
Ere<sup>3</sup> yet this heart relapses into steel:  
Now take me to that heaven I once defi'd;  
Thy presence; thy embrace!”—He spake! He di'd.—

Short was the time allotted him to run,  
Just enter'd in the lists he gain'd the crown,  
His pray'r scarce ended, ere his praise begun.

}

### A College Life.

(By the Rev. Mr. [Richard] G[raves].)<sup>4</sup>

Ye cloister'd domes, ye moss-grown tow'rs,  
Ye awful groves and roseate bow'rs,  
Where Isis laves her willow'd shore,  
And science opens all her store;  
Her golden mines of truth and knowledge,  
For ages rip'ning in a college;  
Let me your sober joys rehearse,  
Whilst Myra listens to my verse.

What time the holy matin-bell,  
Has rous'd the student from his cell;  
Soon as Aurora's beams appear,  
With hearts devout, and spirits clear,  
Within the sacred quire they pay  
To heaven the first fruits of the day.  
Th' historic windows' radiant hues,  
A sweet, celestial light diffuse:  
While music's charms conspire to raise  
The soul to gratitude and praise.

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<sup>3</sup>Orig., “E'er”; but clearly used in sense of “before.”

<sup>4</sup>Richard Graves, *Euphrosyne: or, Amusements on the Road of Life*, 2<sup>nd</sup> edition (London: J. Dodsley, 1780), 2:57–64.



From thence the moral lectures call  
Each pupil to the public hall:  
Whose dictates virtuous hints impart,  
T' improve the mind, or mend the heart.

Though fools all serious truths despise,  
The sober youth each hint applies,  
And daily grows more learn'd, more wise.

]

Each task has here its hour assign'd:  
For, thus to stated hours confin'd,  
Each duty lighter grows by use;  
And forms substantial good produce.

The morning thus so well begun,  
And all its earlier business done,  
He now with some selected friends  
The hour of sweet refreshment spends;  
Whose sallies, sprightly and sincere,  
Like Hyson's streams, the spirits cheer.  
Where candour and good sense unite,  
And mutual confidence invite;  
Their hearts, with youthful ardour warm,  
Embrace, and lasting friendships form.

Recruited thus, alert, and gay,  
They ply the studies of the day;  
Sage mentor\* now assists the youth,  
And guides him in his search of truth;  
Points out the philosophic page,  
Th' authentic works of every age;  
Of those, whose *art*† fit arms supplies  
Against wit's dangerous sophistries:

\* The tutor.

† Logic.

Or who with *moral*<sup>‡</sup> precepts fraught,  
Th' oeconomy of life have taught:  
Or dar'd, at awful distance, scan  
The *secrets*<sup>§</sup> of th' Almighty's plan:  
Or who in verse or prose have told  
Th' illustrious acts of heroes bold;  
The glorious themes his bosom fire,  
And love of honest fame inspire.

But whilst he gives their well-earn'd praise,  
To classic wits of ancient days,  
He none superior finds to those,  
Who in *our* seats of learning rose,  
Again in Milton, Homer lives;  
The Stagyrite\* in Locke revives:<sup>5</sup>  
And see! in Newton's self alone  
All ancient sages met in one.  
*He* first unfolded nature's laws:  
And, tracing to the first great cause,  
Has one consistent system shown,  
To mortals hitherto unknown.

Amidst these pleasing toils too soon,  
When now the sun has reach'd high noon,  
By exercise and wholesome air,  
They for their frugal meal prepare:  
(Such meals by Spartan laws ordain'd,  
Her sons to health and vigour train'd)  
And then in spite of summer's heat,  
Or winter's cold, their toils repeat,  
Till spirits faint, or setting sun,  
Remind them that their task is done.

Nor yet, amidst this studious leisure,  
Debar'd from ev'ry social pleasure;

<sup>‡</sup> Ethics.

<sup>§</sup> Physics and metaphysics.

\* Aristotle.

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<sup>5</sup>Orig., 'reviews'; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

In summer's eve, through fields and meads,  
As chance directs, or fancy leads,  
The youthful band, or sauntering stray,  
Or active spring in wanton play.

Or if the surly winter's gloom,  
Invite to some warm, cheerful room:  
Enliven'd by the temperate glass,  
In sober glee the evenings pass,  
Where pointed wit, or humorous tale,  
Or joyous pun by turns prevail:  
Till by the curfew call'd to rest,  
They fly (like larks into their nest)  
With happy, peaceful slumbers blest.  
Thus calmly glide the hours away,  
Thus cheerfully they pass the day,  
In quest of truth and useful knowledge,  
Within the precincts of a college.\*

}

### A Short Hymn.

#### 1 Peter iii. 8.—“Be courteous.”<sup>6</sup>

- [1.] Worldlings in the shadow rest:  
    Taught and tutor'd, Lord, by thee,  
Christians bear within their breast,  
    True, substantial courtesy,  
Not by art, but nature, prove  
All the courtesy of love.
- [2.] Born (again from heav'n) to please,  
    Who thy soft'ning Spirit know,  
Meek, and lowly gentleness,  
    They in words and actions show,  
They the polish'd pattern give,  
Shew the world how angels live!

\* How dull is all this, till they  
    “Know God, and teach their souls to know  
    The joys which from religion flow?”

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<sup>6</sup>Charles Wesley, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:394.

**POETRY.**

**On the Death of Mr. [Ebenezer] B[lackwell],  
who Died on Sunday, April 21,<sup>7</sup> 1782.**

**[Part I.]<sup>8</sup>**

- [1.] Happy the follower of his Lord,  
    Call'd, and indulg'd in him to die,  
To gain a full, immense reward,  
    Bestow'd by Jesus in the sky!

---

<sup>7</sup>Rig., "April 23"; a misprint.

<sup>8</sup>Charles Wesley; appears in *MS Funeral Hymns (1756–87)*, 59–60. Ebenezer Blackwell (1711–82), a London banker, was one of John Wesley's most trusted friends from as early as 1739. Blackwell helped finance many of Wesley's charitable efforts. He and his wife Elizabeth also frequently hosted Wesley at their country home in Lewisham. The Blackwells became close as well to Charles and Sarah Wesley, particularly after the Wesleys moved to London.

He rests from all his labours there,  
Pursu'd by all his works of love;  
And waits for us the joy to share,  
Triumphant with our friends above.

- [2.] Then let us cheerfully pursue  
Our comrade, to that heav'nly land,  
And keep, like him, our end in view,  
And love, like him, our Lord's command:  
Obedient both in word and deed,  
By works his genuine faith he show'd;  
Rejoic'd in Jesu's steps to tread,  
And spent his life in doing good.
- [3.] Affliction's kind, unfailing friend,  
He wisely us'd his growing store,  
And priz'd his privilege to lend  
To God, by giving to the poor:  
The Lord his lib'ral servant bless'd,  
Who paid him back the blessings giv'n;  
And still, the more his wealth increas'd,  
More treasure he laid up in heav'n.
- [4.] Through life inviolably just,  
He his integrity maintain'd,  
Most strictly faithful to his trust,  
An upright man of truth unfeign'd;  
His roughly, honest soul abhorr'd,  
The polish smooth, the courtier's art,  
And free from guile in ev'ry word,  
He spoke the language of his heart.
- [5.] Who always lib'ral things devis'd,  
By lib'ral things he firmly stood,  
Sincerely lov'd his friends and priz'd,  
Their burthens bore, and sought their good:

But chiefly those to Jesus dear,  
Who travell'd to that land of rest;  
As brethren intimately near,  
He cherish'd in his gen'rous breast.

- [6.] A man of passions like to ours,  
For years he groan'd beneath his load,  
And wrestl'd with the adverse pow'rs,  
And look'd to the atoning blood!  
The blood which once his pardon bought,  
Did here the contrite sinner save;  
And all his faults are now forgot,  
Are buried in his Saviour's grave.

**An Elegy, written in a Garden.<sup>9</sup>**

- [1.] What mingl'd beauties here conspire to please!  
What various prospects cheer the wand'ring eye!  
In these sweet shades let me recline at ease,  
While balmy zephyrs fan the sultry sky.
- [2.] Shield me, kind dryads, in this safe retreat,  
Where osiers mark the cool wave's lucid way:  
Where friendly gales allay the raging heat,  
And breathing waters mitigate the day.
- [3.] Here polished art assumes fair nature's face:  
Round the smooth beech the wood-bines breathe perfumes;  
Here tufted pinks the mossy margin grace,  
And the sweet rose in sov'reign beauty blooms.
- [4.] Elate with spring, and dress'd in all her dyes,  
See hov'ring round—yon insect idly gay:  
A moment on its balmy<sup>10</sup> breast she lies,  
Then light through liquid aether wings her way.

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<sup>9</sup>Whateley (later, Darwall), *Original Poems on Several Occasions* (London: R. & J. Dodsley, 1764), 56–69. JW read on March 22, 1768 (see *Journal, Works* 22:122). On the identity of the author see *PWHS* 20 (1935): 93–95.

<sup>10</sup>Orig., “balmly”; a misprint.

- [5.] Thou beaut'ous trifler, can so fine a form  
Sustain bleak boreas, and benumbing frost?  
Or when black skies discharge th' impetuous storm,  
Must all thy transient elegance be lost?
- [6.] Go where the gay Belinda reigns confest,  
Despotic sov'reign of the youthful train:  
While her bright eyes explore thy vari'd vest,  
Thy little life shall moralize my strain.
- [7.] While to her sight thy gaudy wings are spread,  
If the light show'r, or gentlest dew descend,  
Thy momentary age of mirth is fled:  
And the gay dreams of golden summers end.
- [8.] In thee, perchance, the thoughtless nymph may view,  
The changeful emblem of her blooming face;  
As soon disease may that fair form subdue,  
And each external excellence debase.
- [9.] Then would th' admiring crowd no longer bend:<sup>11</sup>  
No more sweet adulation soothe her ear;  
No more th' assiduous youth her steps attend,  
No more her smiles on ev'ry face appear.
- [10.] Happy for one, that beauty's potent queen,  
No lavish graces gave, no matchless air;  
No soft, resistless, love-commanding mien,  
Nor bade a fading face express my care.
- [11.] These oft to pride elate the female mind:  
For these we oft neglect th' intrinsic charms  
Of virtue, which, by reason's pow'r refin'd,  
Smiles at old age, and death itself disarms.

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<sup>11</sup>Orig., "lend"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

[12.] Enough for me, that health with Hebe joins,  
    And from my mind dispels the cheerless gloom;  
Enough, the muse her wreath of ivy twines,  
    Mixt with each smiling field-flow'r's fragrant bloom:

[13.] Pleas'd, while this artless, rural verse I raise,  
    To see superior merit shine confest:  
Supremely happy when my humble praise,  
    Can give one transport to the gen'rous breast.

### On Preaching.

(By Dr. [John] Byrom.)<sup>12</sup>

The specious sermons of a *learned man*  
Are little else but *flashes in the pan*;  
The mere haranguing (upon what they call  
Morality) is *powder* without *ball*:  
But he who preaches with a Christian grace,  
*Fires* at our vices, and the *shot* takes place.

### A Short Hymn.

Rev. iii. 18.—“I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried  
in the fire, &c.”<sup>13</sup>

[1.] Gladly I take thy love's advice,  
While without money, without price,  
    I come thy grace to buy;  
Faith is the golden bullion pure,  
Which can the fi'ry test endure,  
    And all my wants supply.

[2.] I come to buy that richest dress,  
The saints' unspotted holiness,  
    The cov'ring from above;  
To swallow up my sinful shame,  
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am,  
    In purity of love.

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<sup>12</sup>John Byrom, *Miscellaneous Poems* (Manchester: J. Harrop, 1773), 2:353.

<sup>13</sup>Charles Wesley, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:422 (first two stanzas only).



**POETRY.**

**On the Death of Mr. [Ebenezer] B[lackwell],  
who Died on Sunday, April 21, 1782.<sup>14</sup>**

**Part II.<sup>15</sup>**

- [1.] On earth he drank the deepest cup  
Of sharp, but consecrated pain,  
And fill'd his mournful measure up,  
And suffer'd with his Lord to reign;

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<sup>14</sup>Orig., "April 28, 1783"; a misprint.

<sup>15</sup>Charles Wesley; appears in *MS Funeral Hymns (1756–87)*, 61–62.

Meekly the sudden call obey'd,  
His willing spirit to resign,  
And only for his Saviour stay'd,  
To finish his own work divine.

- [2.] The souls whom most he priz'd below,  
The dearest partners of his heart,  
Free, and detach'd, he let them go;  
Resign'd, and ready to depart:  
'Tis all his gasping soul's desire,  
To find his place prepar'd above;  
And keep, with that enraptur'd quire,  
A sabbath of eternal love.
- [3.] The pray'r is heard, and sav'd at last,  
He drops the gross, corporeal clay,  
The dreary, doleful vale is past,  
And opens into glorious day;  
Past are his days to feel and mourn,  
Accomplish'd is his warfare here,  
His Father wills him to return,  
And Israel's flaming steeds appear!
- [4.] Triumphant while the soul ascends,  
By ministerial spirits convey'd,  
The numbers whom his grateful friends,  
He by th' unright'ous mammon made;  
With kindr'd saints and angels bright,  
In shining ranks expecting stand,  
And all the shouting sons of light,  
Receive, and welcome him to land.
- [5.] Happy the souls he leaves behind,  
If following him, as he his Lord,  
As meek, and lowly, and resign'd,  
They hear the last transporting word;

If ready through the Saviour's love,  
When all the storms of life are o'er,  
As safe and sudden they remove,  
And grasp their friend, to part no more.

- [6.] To ask his death shall I presume?  
Saviour thyself in me reveal,  
And grant me when my hour is come,  
His penitence and faith to feel:  
Thou seest the wish of this weak heart,  
His cup of tortures to decline,  
And let me then like him depart,  
And let his final state be mine!

**An Elegy on the Search of Happiness.  
(Addressed to Miss Loggin.)<sup>16</sup>**

- [1.] Hence, melancholy! hence! with all thy train  
Of rising fears, and anxious doubts remove;  
Let not thy pensive eye deject the plain,  
Nor spread thy horrors o'er the silent grove.
- [2.] Far may'st thou wander from this blissful scene,  
Where all that's lovely, decks the vari'd lawn;  
Where springs the laughing flow'r, the fragrant green,  
Where spreads the lake, and skips the wanton fawn.
- [3.] Now smiles the infant-morn serenely gay;  
Glitters the dew-drop on the bending blade;  
Now grateful birds salute the blushing day,  
And flocks unfolded seek the verdant glade.

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<sup>16</sup>Mary Whateley (later, Darwall), *Original Poems on Several Occasions* (London: R. & J. Dodsley, 1764), 78–80. JW transcribed in MS Poetry (c. 1768–80), 8–10.

- [4.] As from the rising sun night's terrors fly,  
So these fair scenes of solitude and ease,  
Calm the rack'd breast, repel the heart-felt sigh,  
And nature's music tunes the mind to peace.
- [5.] Ye gentle pow'rs that o'er these shades preside,  
Whose fairy magic rais'd these friendly bow'rs;  
Whose mazy steps the limpid current guide,  
Who green the vale, and strew the mead with flow'rs.
- [6.] Say, if ye can, where happiness is found?  
Where crown'd with joy, does the gay goddess rove?  
Say, does she traverse grandeur's ample round,  
Or humbly seek the unambitious grove?
- [7.] Does the coy nymph on fortune's call attend,  
Or will she yield to beauty's envi'd sway;  
Does she on learning, wit, or taste depend?  
Can pow'r invite, or fame prolong her stay.
- [8.] To none of these is happiness confin'd:  
Ambition, envy, oft on grandeur wait:  
Can gold, or gems, give sacred peace of mind?  
Or flies pale care the gaily sculptur'd gate?
- [9.] Can beauty guard from pain's afflictive dart?  
Can wit, or learning give the tranquil hour?  
Can fame's loud clarion heal the grief-rent heart?  
Or does contentment fix her seat with pow'r?
- [10.] Ah! no! with virtue happiness is found,  
In the calm breast, where resignation smiles:  
Where no vain hopes, or wild desires abound,  
But sweet content each anxious thought beguiles.

[11.] Still may the blooming goddess bless my friend;  
Reign in thy heart, and round thy mansion stay;  
May her kind beams thy latest steps attend,  
And safe conduct thee to celestial day.

**A Contrast Between two Eminent Divines.**  
(By Dr. [John] Byrom.)<sup>17</sup>

Two different painters, artists in their way,  
Have drawn religion in her full display,  
To both she sat—one gaz'd at her all o'er;  
The other fix'd upon her features more:  
Hervey has figur'd her with ev'ry grace  
That dress could give—but Law has hit her face.

**A Short Hymn.**

**Rev. iii. 18.—“I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried  
in the fire, &c.”**<sup>18</sup>

[1.] All things that I may clearly see,  
The Spirit which proceeds from thee,  
The unction I implore:  
O might I now the blessing gain,  
The sight of thee my Lord obtain,  
And never lose it more.

[2.] Jesus, thy promis'd Spirit impart,  
To cure the blindness of my heart,  
Mine unbelief to chase;  
That I thine open face may see,  
And spend a blest eternity,  
In extasies of praise.

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<sup>17</sup>John Byrom, *Miscellaneous Poems* (Manchester: J. Harrop, 1773), 2:353. Byrom is contrasting William Law and James Hervey.

<sup>18</sup>Charles Wesley, *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:422 (stanzas 3–4).

**POETRY.**

**Captain \_\_\_\_\_'s Excuse for not Fighting a Duel.<sup>19</sup>**

What! you're afraid then?—yes, I am; you're right:  
I am afraid to *sin*, but not to *fight*.  
My country claims my service; but no law  
Bids me in folly's cause my sword to draw.  
I fear not man, nor devil, but though odd,  
I'm not ashamed to own I fear my God.

---

<sup>19</sup>Richard Graves, *Euphrosyne: or, Amusements on the Road of Life*, 2<sup>nd</sup> edition (London: J. Dodsley, 1780), 1:303.

**To the Memory of a Lady  
who was lost at Sea, in the Year 1780.<sup>20</sup>**

- [1.] Fair springs the gale, where yonder vessel rides,  
Her sails unfurl'd are flutt'ring seen from far,  
The young Alonzo scales her losty<sup>21</sup> sides,  
To join his comrades in the field of war.
- [2.] The fair Maria led by constant love,  
The faithful partner of her husband's care,  
With him resolves the treach'rous sea to prove,  
With him all dangers and all toils to share.
- [3.] Unus'd to struggle through a world of strife,  
A parent's hand had ev'ry wish suppli'd;  
But eight short months by hymen crown'd a wife,  
To woes a stranger, in distress untri'd.
- [4.] Her feeling heart, alas! did sorely grieve,  
Her last adieu was choak'd with many a tear;  
But love and duty call—the wife must leave  
A tender mother, and a sister dear.
- [5.] The fleet unmoor'd before a prosp'rous wind,  
A steady course with flowing canvass bore:  
Maria's heart exulting, hopes to find  
A speedy passage to the destin'd shore.
- [6.] Short-sighted mortals catch the present joy,  
'Tis all that heav'n permits you here to know;  
Soon shall mischance your brightest hopes destroy,  
Nor truth nor innocence avert the blow.
- [7.] The tempest howls! the threat'ning billows rise!  
The vessel drives before the whistling storm;  
Now to the deep descends! now mounts the skies!  
And fear and sadness ev'ry face deform!

---

<sup>20</sup>*Rivington's New York Gazette* (Jan 20, 1779)

<sup>21</sup>I.e., "lusty." *OED* shows as a 15<sup>th</sup> century archaic spelling.

- [8.] The bending mast is shatter'd by the wind,  
The helm no more a master's hand will own,  
Her consorts leave her floating far behind,  
Dash'd by the waves, forsaken and alone.
- [9.] For twelve long days the leaky wreck was tost,  
Each hand and heart oppress'd with toil and grief,  
No refuge near, all hopes of safety lost,  
When, lo! a sail, the pledge of sure relief.
- [10.] Their fainting spirits are restor'd to life;  
For, see! the vessel now approaches near:  
Alonzo flies on board—ah, save my wife!  
And let her find a friendly refuge here.
- [11.] The boat dispatch'd, receives the precious freight,  
Fickle dependance on the stormy sea:  
Angels of mercy round the fair one wait,  
So did her fate require, and heav'n decree.
- [12.] The helpless victim lifts her hands in vain,  
The little bark in vain attempts to brave  
The dreadful tumult of the raging main,  
And lost Maria floats upon the wave.
- [13.] The frantic husband saw the cruel tide,  
O'erwhelm at length his dear, his hapless mate:  
And faithful Richard\* perish'd by her side,  
His death imbitter'd by his mistress' fate.
- [14.] The ways of God with clouds are overcast,  
By erring mortals seldom understood,  
Yet truth and wisdom shall break out at last,  
And all will terminate in endless good.

\* Richard was a Negro slave.



**In Memory of Mr. Charles Perronet, who died on  
Monday, August 12, 1776, aged 53.<sup>22</sup>**

Farewel! thou man of complicated strife,  
Thou heir immortal of immortal life!  
Protracted years of long protracted pain  
Were *here* thy portion—but are *now* thy gain.  
Who tri'd thy patience has refin'd its dross,  
To bear his image as it bore his cross.

Yet not thy hope of pardon, or its crown,  
From sorrows suffer'd, or from duties done:  
This all from him—whose everlasting grace  
Became thy ransom, as it bought thy peace.

This all thy life, this all thy death confest,  
That “Christ was all—and refuse all the rest:”  
Even him—on whom as *first* and *last* depend,  
Where grace shall work, and how that work shall end!

**An Epigram.  
(By Dr. [John] Byrom.)<sup>23</sup>**

What is more tender than a mother's love  
To th' sweet infant fondling in her arms?  
What arguments need her compassion move,  
To hear its cries, and help it in its harms?  
Now, if the tend'rest mother was possest  
Of all the love, within her single breast,  
Of all the mothers, since the world began,  
'Tis nothing to the love of God to man.

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<sup>22</sup>This text appeared first in the September 1776 issue of *Gospel Magazine* (p. 434), under the heading, “In the midst of life we are in death.” There is no mention of Perronet or his recent death. There is also no indication of authorship there, or when it reappears in the *Arminian Magazine* with the title above. It is not to be found in Charles Wesley's manuscript collections. But his authorship still seems highly likely, for four reasons. Wesley regularly wrote short poems on occasions like weddings and deaths of friends, sending them in letters to the friends connected, and he was quite close to Charles Perronet's father, Vincent. Vincent Perronet was connected with the various evangelical branches of Anglicanism, including the Calvinist branch that published *Gospel Magazine*. Second, the style and many phrases in the poem are common to Charles Wesley. Third, if Wesley wrote the original it would explain how the occasion for the poem could be added as its title in this republication. Finally, most likely other author is Charles Perronet's brother Edward, who did write a lament on this occasion, but quite different in style; cf. Edward Perronet, *Occasional Verses, moral and sacred* (London: J. Buckland & T. Scollick, 1785), 201.

<sup>23</sup>John Byrom, *Miscellaneous Poems* (Manchester: J. Harrop, 1773), 2:350.

**POETRY.**

**An Evening Hymn.<sup>24</sup>**

- [1.] Welcome ye shades of night,  
    Extended all around!  
Welcome, ye countless gems of light,  
    That gild the dark profound!
- [2.] Tumult in silence dies,  
    And all is wrapt in rest:  
Sweet hour that calls abroad the wise,  
    To be divinely blest.
- [3.] Thou unexhausted spring,  
    Whence all my blessings rise;  
Assist my weak, my trembling wing,  
    That fain would mount the skies!
- [4.] Angels, and saints set free,  
    From their encumb'ring clay,  
In thy full vision blest, to thee  
    Immortal honours pay.

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<sup>24</sup>Thomas Gibbons, *The Christian Minister, in Three Poetic Epistles to Philander ... and Original Pieces, chiefly in verse* (London: Buckland & Dilly, 1772), 150–54.

- [5.] But not in heav'n alone,  
Dost thou thy love display;  
Streaming from thy propitious throne,  
On man descends its ray.
- [6.] In gales, that gently breathe,  
And fan the mid-day's beam;  
In clouds that on the vales beneath,  
In copious blessings stream.
- [7.] In meads, in groves, in hills,  
With blooming beauty drest;  
In crystal springs, in purling rills,  
Thy bounty stands confest.
- [8.] But who shall tune the lay,  
To that stupendous grace,  
That cloth'd the Prince of Life in clay,  
To save our dying race?
- [9.] Freely his blood he spilt,  
That we might be forgiv'n:  
His merits cancel all our guilt,  
And seal our peace with heav'n.
- [10.] Crown! crown, ye saints on high,  
These wonders with your praise;  
While we, responsive to the sky,  
Our feebler anthems raise.
- [11.] When morn restores the light,  
This theme shall wake my tongue;  
And the returning shades of night,  
Shall listen to my song.

**A Serious Turn<sup>25</sup> given to a loose Ode of Horace.**

**To Philetus.<sup>26</sup>**

- [1.] If foreign princes disagree,  
    And sinking empires yield to fate,  
If French or Roman policy  
    Are sowing factions in the state;  
Tell me, my dear Philetus do,  
What are all these to me and you?
- [2.] Youth, and health, and strength are flying,  
    Heav'n's not easy to be won;  
Age is but a living—dying,  
    Age and death are hast'ning on;  
Manage therefore well to-day,  
Manage wisely while you may.
- [3.] When age has wrinkled all your skin,  
    Cover'd with snow your palsi'd head:  
And fix'd the dreadful power of sin,  
    Though all its active joys are fled;  
Will you, my friend, repent at last?—  
The hour of grace may then be past.
- [4.] Th' Almighty shines not always bright,  
    With the warm beams of pard'ning love;  
And they, who proffer'd mercy slight,  
    Shall his dark storms of vengeance prove;  
Accept him in your early prime,  
And make the best of fleeting time.
- [5.] Why pore you on the fix'd decree,  
    That holds predestinated names?  
Who shall eternal glory see?  
    Or who endure eternal flames?

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<sup>25</sup>Orig., “Divine Instructions”; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

<sup>26</sup>No prior publication or further details on author for this poem have been located.

Fate's mystic characters defy,  
The dimness of a mortal's eye.

[6.] O why not rather on your knees  
    Bewailing, with religious tears,  
Beneath the covert of these trees,  
    The follies of your former years;  
Ere death, your God and you shall part,  
Or worse than death, a harden'd heart.

[7.] Soon as we grow divinely wise,  
    The gloomy clouds are chas'd away:  
Our fears disperse, our sorrow flies,  
    Like mists before the eye of day;  
What follows, but a virtuous case,  
The sunshine of eternal peace?

**On the Death of the Rev. Mr. Notcutt, Minister at  
Ipswich, aged 84, who died July 17, 1756.<sup>27</sup>**

Of temper heav'nly, and of soul sincere,  
In converse pleasing, and in conduct clear;  
For sacred truth as steady as the pole,  
For candour mild as stars that round it roll:  
In all a pastor's various work approv'd,  
Blessing more blest, and loving more below'd;  
With ev'ry gentle, social virtue drest,  
Of smiling patience ev'n in death possest:  
All this was Notcutt's praise; then think how high,  
How bright his mansion in th' empyreal sky?

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<sup>27</sup>Thomas Gibbons, *The Christian Minister, in Three Poetic Epistles to Philander ... and Original Pieces, chiefly in verse* (London: Buckland & Dilly, 1772), 314.

**POETRY.**

**The Nightingale and Glow-Worm.<sup>28</sup>**

A nightingale that all day-long,  
Had cheer'd the village with a song;  
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,  
Nor yet when even-tide was ended,

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<sup>28</sup>William Cowper, *Poems* (London: J. Johnson, 1782), 326–28.

Began to feel, as well he might,  
The keen demands of appetite;  
When looking eagerly around,  
He spi'd far off upon the ground,  
A something shining in the dark,  
And knew the glow-worm by his spark,  
So stooping down from hawthorn top,  
He thought to put him in his crop;  
The worm aware of his intent,  
Harangu'd him thus right eloquent.  
Did you admire my lamp, quoth he,  
As much as I your minstrelsy,  
You would abhor to do me wrong,  
As much as I to spoil your song;  
For 'twas the self same power divine,  
Taught you to sing, and me to shine;  
That you with music, I with light,  
Might beautify and cheer the night.  
The songster heard his short oration,  
And warbling out his approbation,  
That pleas'd him as my story tells,  
And found a supper some where else.

Hence jarring sectaries may learn,  
Their real int'rest to discern:  
That brother should not war with brother,  
And worry and devour each other;  
But sing and shine by sweet consent,  
Till life's poor transient night is spent;  
Respecting in each other's case  
The gifts of nature and of grace.  
Those Christians best deserve the name  
Who studiously make peace their aim;  
Peace, both the duty and the prize  
Of him that creeps and him that flies.

**Verses,  
supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk, during  
his solitary abode in the Island of Juan Fernandez.<sup>29</sup>**

- [1.] I am monarch of all I survey,  
    My right there is none to dispute;  
From the centre all round to the sea,  
    I am lord of the fowls and the brute.  
Oh solitude where are thy charms,  
    That sages have seen in thy face?  
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,  
    Than reign in this horrible place.
- [2.] I am out of humanity's reach,  
    I must finish my journey alone;  
Never hear the sweet music of speech,  
    I start at the sound of my own.  
The beasts that roam over the plain,  
    My form with indifference see,  
They are so unacquainted with man,  
    Their tameness is shocking to me.
- [3.] Society, friendship, and love,  
    Divinely bestow'd upon man;  
Oh had I the wings of a dove,  
    How soon would I taste you again!  
My sorrow I then might assuage,  
    In the ways of religion and truth,  
Might learn from the wisdom of age,  
    And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.
- [4.] Religion! what treasure untold,  
    Resides in that heav'nly word!  
More precious than silver and gold,  
    Or all that this earth can afford.

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<sup>29</sup>William Cowper, *Poems* (London: J. Johnson, 1782), 306–8.



But the sound of the church-going bell,  
These vallies and rocks never heard,  
Ne'er sigh'd at the sound of the knell,  
Or smil'd when a sabbath appear'd.

[5.] Ye winds that have made me your sport,  
Convey to this desolate shore,  
Some cordial endearing report  
Of a land I shall visit no more.  
My friends do they now and then send,  
A wish or a thought after me?  
O tell me, I yet have a friend,  
Though a friend I am never to see.

[6.] How fleet is a glance of the mind!  
Compar'd with the speed of its flight,  
The tempest itself lags behind,  
And the swift winged arrows of light.  
When I think of my own native land,  
In a moment I seem to be there;  
But alas! recollection at hand  
Soon hurries me back to despair.

[7.] But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,  
The beast is laid down in his lair,  
Ev'n here is a season of rest,  
And I to my cabin repair.  
There is mercy in every place,  
And mercy, encouraging thought!  
Gives even affliction a grace,  
And reconciles man to his lot.

### **The Cricket.**<sup>30</sup>

[1.] Little inmate full of mirth,  
Chirping on my kitchen hearth;  
Wheresoe'er be thine abode,  
Always harbinger of good;

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<sup>30</sup>William Cowper, *Poems* (London: J. Johnson, 1782), 339–41.

Pay me for thy warm retreat,  
With a song more soft and sweet;  
In return thou shalt receive  
Such a strain as I can give.

[2.] Thus thy praise shall be exprest,  
Inoffensive, welcome guest!  
While the rat is on the scout,  
And the mouse with curious snout,  
With what vermin else infest  
Ev'ry dish and spoil the best;  
Frisking thus before the fire,  
Thou hast all thy heart's desire.

[3.] Though in voice and shape they be,  
Form'd as if a-kin to thee,  
Thou surpassesest, happier far,  
Happiest grasshoppers that are;  
Theirs is but a summer's song,  
Thine endures the winter long,  
Unimpair'd and shrill and clear,  
Melody throughout the year.

[4.] Neither night nor dawn of day  
Puts a period to thy play;  
Sing then—and extend thy span  
Far beyond the date of man.  
Wretched man, whose years are spent,  
In repining discontent;  
Lives not, aged though he be,  
Half a span compar'd with thee.

#### **A Comparison.**<sup>31</sup>

The lapse of time and rivers is the same,  
Both speed their journey with a restless stream;  
The silent pace<sup>32</sup> with which they steal away,  
No wealth can bribe, no pray'rs persuade to stay;

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<sup>31</sup>William Cowper, *Poems* (London: J. Johnson, 1782), 304.

<sup>32</sup>Orig., "peace"; a misprint.

Alike irrevocable both when past,  
And a wide ocean swallows both at last.  
Though each resemble each in ev'ry part,  
A difference strikes at length the musing heart;  
Streams never flow in vain; where streams abound,  
How laughs the land with various plenty crown'd!  
But time which should enrich the nobler mind,  
Neglected, leaves a dreary waste behind.

**An Epitaph on the Death of  
Mr. Charles Perronet.**<sup>33</sup>

Here lies, who late a living emblem lay  
Of human greatness, in a tent of clay;  
A pilgrim, wand'ring through this desert wild,  
Weak as a reed, and helpless as a child:  
Whose strengthen'd arm by faith untaught to yield,  
Oft foil'd the tempter, and maintain'd the field.  
In wars without, in warring fears within,  
He conquer'd terror as he conquer'd sin;  
Look'd from<sup>34</sup> himself to him, whose potent breath  
Can light up darkness, or extinguish death:  
Dart from his eye destruction on the foe,  
And make hell tremble as she hears the blow:  
He look'd, and found what all who look receive,  
Strength to resist, and virtue to believe;  
Meek, to endure and suffer from his God  
The tender chast'nings of a father's rod:  
While thus corrected, as by pain refin'd,  
His spirit groan'd to leave its dross behind:  
The dross is left—no more his spirit mourns,  
But spreads her wings, and to her ark returns:  
Great ark of rest—the sufferer's bright abode;  
The arms of Jesus, and the ark of God!

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<sup>33</sup>Like the poem on page 224 above, this one appeared first in the September 1776 issue of *Gospel Magazine* (p. 434), with the heading "The Epitaph" and concluding with the benediction, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." There is no indication of authorship there, or when it is republished with the new title here in the *Arminian Magazine*. However, the reasons given for the prior poem also point to Charles Wesley as the most likely author of this epitaph.

<sup>34</sup>Orig., "for"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

**POETRY.**

The following are taken from two pillars, which stand in the grove of a labyrinth, at a nobleman's seat, in Surry. On the top of each pillar is a human skull, said to belong to a former lord and his lady, who were the authors of the following lines, and who saw the pillars erected; and by their desire their skulls were placed there at a certain number of years after their decease.

**Lines on the Lord's Pillar.**<sup>35</sup>

Why start? the case is your's, or will be soon;  
 Some years perhaps, perhaps another moon.  
 Life in its utmost span is still a breath,  
 And those who longest dream, must wake in death.  
 Like you I once thought ev'ry bliss secure;  
 And gold, of ev'ry ill, the certain cure.  
 Till steep'd with sorrow, and besieg'd with pain,  
 Too late I found all earthly riches vain.  
 Disease, with scorn, threw back the sordid fee,  
 And death still answer'd, what is gold to me?  
 Fame, titles, honour, next I vainly sought;  
 And fools obsequious, nurs'd the childish thought.  
 Gilded with brib'd applause, and purchas'd praise,  
 I built on endless grandeur, endless days:  
 But death awak'd me from a dream of pride;  
 And laid a prouder beggar by my side.  
 Pleasure I counted, and oblig'd my taste;  
 The banquet smiled at the gay repast.  
 A loathsome carcase was my chiefest care,  
 And worlds were ransack'd, but for me to share.  
 Go on, vain man! in luxury be firm,  
 But know thou featest,<sup>36</sup> but to feast a worm.

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<sup>35</sup>Published (with slightly different introduction) in *London Magazine* 32 (1763), 554.

<sup>36</sup>Orig., "feasted"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

[Already sure less terrible I seem,  
And you like me can on that latter dream.  
Whether that dream may boast the longest date,  
Farewel! remember lest you wake too late.<sup>37</sup>]

**Lines on the Lady's Pillar.<sup>38</sup>**

Blush not ye fair to own me, but be wise,  
Nor turn from sad mortality your eyes.  
Fame says, and fame alone can tell how true,  
I once was lovely, and belov'd like you.  
Where are my vot'ries, where my flatt'ers now?  
Fled with the subject of each lovers vow.  
Adieu! the rose is fled, the lilly-white;  
Adieu those eyes! that made the darkness light!  
No more alas! the coral lip is seen,  
No longer breathe the fragrant gales between.  
Turn from your mirror, and behold in me,  
At once what thousands can't, nor dare not see.  
Unvarnish'd I the real truth impart,  
Nor here am plac'd, but to direct the heart;  
Survey me well, ye fair ones, and believe,  
The grave may terrify, but can't deceive.  
On beauty's frailties now no more depend,  
Here youth and pleasure, age and sorrow end.  
Here drops the mask; here shuts the final scene,  
Nor differs grave threescore from gay fifteen.  
All pleased alike, to that same goal, the tomb,  
Where wrinkled Laura smiles at Chloe's bloom.  
When coxcombs flatter, and when fools adore,  
Learn hence the lesson to be vain no more.  
Yet virtue still against decay can arm,  
And even lend mortality a charm.

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<sup>37</sup>These last four lines are marked for deletion in errata (at end of vol. 9).

<sup>38</sup>Published (with slightly different introduction) in *London Magazine* 32 (1763), 554.

**Ode to Peace.**<sup>39</sup>

- [1.] Come, peace of mind, delightful guest!  
Return, and make thy downy nest  
Once more in this sad heart:  
Nor riches I, nor pow'r pursue,  
Nor hold forbidden joys in view;  
We therefore need not part.
- [2.] Where wilt thou dwell, if not with me?  
From av'rice and ambition free,  
And pleasure's fatal wiles:  
For whom alas! dost thou prepare  
The sweets that I was wont to share,  
The banquet of thy smiles?
- [3.] The great, the gay, shall they partake  
The heav'n that thou alone canst make?  
And wilt thou quit the stream  
That murmurs through the dewy mead,  
The grove and the sequester'd shade,  
To be a guest with them?
- [4.] For thee I panted, thee I priz'd,  
For thee I gladly sacrific'd  
Whate'er I lov'd before,  
And shall I see thee start away,  
And helpless, hopeless, hear thee say—  
Farewel! we meet no more?

**Human Frailty.**<sup>40</sup>

- [1.] Weak and irresolute is man;  
The purpose of to-day,  
Woven with pains into his plan,  
To-morrow sends away.

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<sup>39</sup>William Cowper, *Poems* (London: J. Johnson, 1782), 310–11.

<sup>40</sup>William Cowper, *Poems* (London: J. Johnson, 1782), 311–13.

- [2.] The bow well bent, and smart the spring,  
Vice seems already slain;  
But passion rudely snaps the string,  
And it revives again.
- [3.] Some foe to his divine intent  
Finds out his weaker part;  
Virtue engages his assent,  
But pleasure wins his heart.
- [4.] 'Tis here the folly of the wise,  
Through all his art we view;  
And while his tongue the charge denies,  
His conscience owns it true.
- [5.] Bound on a voy'ge of awful length,  
And dangers little known,  
A stranger to superior strength,  
He vainly trusts his own.
- [6.] But our's alone can ne'er prevail,  
To reach the distant coast,  
The breath of heav'n must swell the sail,  
Or all the toil is lost.

**On the Death of Mr. Charles Greenwood.**  
(By Miss T\_\_\_\_\_n.)<sup>41</sup>

Yes, Greenwood go! belov'd of God and man,  
Enjoy thy sweet release from sin and pain:  
But he who gave thee fully to resign  
Thy self, thy friends, thy all, to love divine;  
The conqu'ring God, who set thy spirit free,  
Hath conquer'd us, and we too give up thee;  
But though we part awhile, we still are one,  
And all, together cry "Thy will be done!"

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<sup>41</sup>No prior publication or further details on author for this poem have been located.

**POETRY.**

**On the Death of Dr. Middleton,  
an Eminent Physician in Bristol,  
who Died Dec. 16, 1760.**

**[Part I.]<sup>42</sup>**

- [1.] Glory to the Redeemer give,  
The glory of a soul brought home!  
Our friend, for whom we joy and grieve,  
Is to th' eternal garner come:  
Like a ripe shock of corn laid up,  
In season due, for God mature;  
He kept the faith, held fast his hope,  
And made his crown through suff' rings sure.
- [2.] Let infidels and heathens mourn,  
Hopeless to see their dead restor'd;  
We feel him from our bosom torn,  
But calmly say,—It is the Lord!  
In pity of his creature's pain,  
Whom God had to th' afflicted given;  
He justly asks his own again,  
And takes to his reward in heav'n.

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<sup>42</sup>Charles Wesley; appears in *MS Funeral Hymns (1756–87)*, 12–16. On August 6, 1740 Charles fell dangerously ill of a fever while preaching to the colliers in Kingswood. He was treated by Dr. John Middleton, with whom he formed a lasting friendship.



- [3.] Let us the shining path pursue,  
    And, following him to God ascend,  
His bright example keep in view,  
    His useful life, and blessed end:  
He liv'd a life of faith unfeign'd,  
    His rigid virtue unsubdu'd;  
His strict integrity maintain'd,  
    And boldly own'd he fear'd a God.
- [4.] O where shall we his equal find!  
    To all so just, to all so dear;  
The pious son, the husband kind,  
    The father good, the friend sincere:  
Not David lov'd his friend so well,  
    Loth from his Jonathan to part;  
Or serv'd him with so warm a zeal,  
    Or held him in so fond a heart.
- [5.] Yet in no narrow bounds confin'd,  
    His undisguis'd affection flow'd;  
His heart, enlarg'd to all mankind,  
    Render'd to all the love it ow'd:  
But chiefly those who lov'd his Lord,  
    Who most of Jesu's mind exprest,  
Won by their lives, without the word,  
    He cherish'd in his gen'rous breast.
- [6.] Cover'd with honourable shame,  
    He mark'd the poor afflicted FEW,  
The faithful followers of the Lamb,  
    In life and death to Jesus true:  
Rejected and despis'd of men,  
    He heard the saints departing sing;  
He saw them smile in mortal pain,  
    And trample on the grizzly king.

- [7.] Not biass'd by a party-zeal,  
Their unsought advocate he stood:  
"The men, who live and die so well,  
Howe'er decrī'd, they must be good."  
Happy his tend' rest help to afford,  
A servant of salvation's heirs,  
He look'd on earth for no reward,  
He ask'd no payment—but their pray'rs.
- [8.] In part, before he reach'd the sky,  
"He found his loving labours *paid*";  
He found their pray'rs return from high,  
In blessings on his hoary head:  
Warn'd of his dissolution near,  
He miss'd that witness from above;  
Or felt him in distressing fear,  
And not in sweet forgiving love.
- [9.] The God unknown his servant knew,  
Long in the school of Moses tri'd;  
The sin-convincing Spirit blew,  
And wither'd all his virtuous pride:  
With publicans and harlots now  
He comes the sinner's friend to meet;  
By *grace* subdu'd, and taught to bow,  
"A leper poor at Jesu's feet."
- [10.] While weeping there the sinner lay,  
A sunder sawn with hopes and fears,  
He cast his filthy rags away,  
The right'ousness of seventy years!  
Loathsome, and foul, and self-abhorr'd,  
Full of all sin, void of all good,  
His soul, at the last gasp, implor'd  
"One drop of that atoning blood."

[11.] Nor yet the peaceful answer came;  
His spirit to the utmost tri'd,  
Must suffer all its guilty shame,  
Condemn'd, and scourg'd, and crucifi'd,  
Must all his Saviour's sorrows share,  
And cry, as bleeding on the tree,  
As in the depth of self-despair—  
“My God hath quite forsaken ME.”

[12.] Not so, repli'd the Father's love,  
And Jesus in his heart reveal'd;  
He felt the comfort from above,  
The gospel-grace, the pardon seal'd.  
How strange that instantaneous bliss!  
While to the brink of Tophet driv'n,  
Caught up, as from the dark abyss,  
He mounted to the highest heav'n.

**Dr. [John] Arbuthnot's Character Versified.**<sup>43</sup>

Our praise, thy wit and learning justly claim;  
But more important worth endears thy name,  
O Arbuthnot: such excellence of heart  
Surpasses genius, though combin'd with art.  
In thy bright age how few could make pretence  
To livelier humour, more judicious sense!  
None to more real, large benevolence! }

You caution'd Pope against the wiles of man—  
“Beware of Sheffield's interested plan.  
Let not the Christian's steps be led astray,  
By Bolingbroke's resplendent, treach'rous ray.”

That creed (a stranger to ignoble fear)  
You own'd, though Chesterfield stood by to sneer;  
That faith with steady meekness you profest,  
When from brief troubles to eternal rest  
Passing, you gave your God the breath he lent,  
In blest remembrance of a life well spent.

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<sup>43</sup>Published in *Saint James's Chronicle* (Sept. 12–15, 1778), p. 4; author not identified.

**POETRY.**

**On the Death of Dr. Middleton.**

**Part II.**<sup>44</sup>

- [1.] He's come, he's come, in peace and pow'r!  
The agony (he cries) is past;  
Call'd at my life's eleventh hour,  
But call'd I surely am at last!  
I now in Christ redemption have;  
I feel it, through his sprinkl'd blood;  
And testify his will to save,  
And claim him for my Lord and God.

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<sup>44</sup>Charles Wesley; appears in MS Funeral Hymns (1756–87), 16–18.

- [2.] My God to me his grace hath giv'n,  
Hath with the sense of pardon blest;  
I taste anticipated heav'n,  
And happy in his favour rest.  
No evil now, but sin I fear;  
For God in Christ is reconcil'd:  
My heart is fix'd—I find him *here*,  
The witness that I am his child.
- [3.] What is redemption unpossess'd?—  
Poor reasoning soul to Jesus bow;  
Thy pardon seek, like me distress'd,  
And find it, a *mere sinner*, now.  
Ah, who the blessing will embrace,  
The tidings of great joy believe;  
Or urg'd, accept the proffer'd grace,  
As *freely* as my Lord would give?
- [4.] To-day, while it is call'd to-day,  
Ye all my happiness may prove;  
Discharg'd when I had nought to pay,  
I go to thank my Lord above:  
Through the dark vale of death I go,  
Whom Jesus to himself doth bring;—  
And triumph o'er my vanquish'd foe—  
A feeble foe!—without a sting!
- [5.] 'Twas thus the dying Christian spoke,  
Conqu'ror of death, and hell, and sin,  
While ev'ry accent, ev'ry look,  
Confess'd the heav'nly change within:  
How patient now, and meek, and mild,  
That spirit, which could never tame;  
As loving as a little child,  
As gentle as a harmless lamb.

- [6.] That all might Jesu's witness hear,  
    Might own his Lord in him reveal'd,  
His reason, as his conscience clear,  
    Its office to the last fulfill'd.—  
But what are nature's gifts, (he cried)  
    If Jesus were not pleas'd t' impart,  
To a poor sinner justifi'd,  
    The comfort of a praying heart?
- [7.] Just ready to depart in peace,  
    He must a farther test sustain,  
The last good fight of great distress,  
    And suffer more with Christ to reign;  
Rouz'd by his spirit's new-born cry,  
    Satan and all his hosts assail,  
In vain to shake his faith they try,  
    The Rock 'tis built on cannot fail.

**Verses wrote by Mrs. D. K\_\_\_\_\_, of Dublin.**<sup>45</sup>

- [1.] The morning breaks, my soul awake  
    To sing new songs of praise;  
My joyful theme of him I make,  
    Who lengthens out my days.
- [2.] In gentle slumbers pass'd the night,  
    In joyful hope the day,  
In praising him, with great delight,  
    Who keeps me in his way.
- [3.] While here a stranger far from home,  
    O keep my heart above!  
Till brighter views of Jesus come,  
    And all my soul is love.

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<sup>45</sup>No prior publication or further details on author for this poem have been located.

**POETRY.**

**On the Death of Dr. Middleton.**

**Part III.**<sup>46</sup>

- [1.] Mercy prolong'd his dying hours,  
That, wrestling with the hellish foe,  
With principalities and pow'rs,  
He might his utmost Saviour know:  
Might act his faith in Jesu's blood,  
Hold fast his adamantine shield,  
And see th' accusing fiend subdu'd,  
With all his fiery darts repell'd.
- [2.] The tempter ask'd and urg'd in vain,  
Hath God indeed thy sins forgiv'n?  
He hath, he hath, in mortal pain,  
I cleave to Christ, my life, my heav'n!  
Jesus, thou seest my sprinkl'd heart,  
My faith in pow'r almighty stands;  
Thou wilt not let th' accuser part,  
Or pluck my soul out of thy hands.
- [3.] The purchase of thy death I am,  
On this my only hopes depend;  
Look on thy hands, and read my name,  
And keep me faithful to the end.  
I do, I do believe on thee,  
Thou know'st the grace by thee bestow'd;  
I plunge me in the purple sea,  
I bathe me in my Saviour's blood.

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<sup>46</sup>Charles Wesley; appears in *MS Funeral Hymns* (1756–87), 18–20.

- [4.] I will, I will on Jesus trust,  
I cannot doubt his changeless love;  
The fiend hath made his parting thrust,  
But could not from my Rock remove.  
My Saviour would not quit his own,  
And, lo, in death I hold him fast!  
Having my latest foe o'erthrown,  
I stand and all is well at last!
- [5.] One only task is yet behind,  
To bless, as with his parting breath,  
With love, unutterably kind,  
With love surpassing time and death:  
Ready to quit the house of clay,  
He leans on a beloved breast,\*  
And sinks in friendship's arms away,  
And finds his everlasting rest.

**Ode to Wisdom.**<sup>47</sup>

- [1.] The solitary bird of night,  
Through the thick shades now wings his flight,  
And quits his time-shook tow'r;  
Where shelter'd from the blaze of day,  
In philosophic gloom he lay,  
Beneath his ivy bow'r.
- [2.] With joy I hear the solemn sound,  
Which midnight echoes waft around,  
And sighing gales repeat:  
Favourite of Pallas! I attend,  
And, faithful to thy summons, bend  
At wisdom's awful seat.

\* Dr. Robertson, of Wells.<sup>48</sup>

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<sup>47</sup>By Elizabeth Carter, about 1745. Wesley likely drawing from *A Collection of Poems*, edited by Robert Dodsley (London: R. & J. Dodsley, 1763), 3:209–13.

<sup>48</sup>John Robertson, M. D. (d. May 1761), originally of Wells, married into an estate in Pitcombe, Somersetshire.



- [3.] She loves the cool, the silent eve,  
Where no false shews of life deceive,  
    Beneath the lunar ray:  
Here folly drops each vain disguise,  
Nor sport her gaily colour'd dyes,  
    As in the beam of day,
- [4.] Oh wisdom queen of ev'ry art,  
That glads the sense, and mends the heart,  
    Blest source of purer joys!  
In ev'ry form of beauty bright,  
That captivates the mental sight,  
    With pleasure, and surprise.
- [5.] To thy unspotted shrine I bow:  
Attend the humble suppliant's vow,  
    That breathes no<sup>49</sup> wild desires;  
But, taught by thy unerring rules,  
To shun the fruitless wish of fools,  
    To nobler views aspires.<sup>50</sup>
- [6.] Not fortune's gem, ambition's plume,  
Nor Cytherea's fading bloom,  
    Be objects of my pray'r:  
Let avarice, vanity, and pride,  
Those envy'd, glittering toys divide,  
    The dull rewards of care.
- [7.] To me thy better gifts impart,  
Each moral beauty of the heart,  
    By studious thoughts refin'd;  
For wealth, the smiles of glad content,  
For pow'r, its amplest, best extent,  
    An empire o'er my mind!

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<sup>49</sup>Orig., "to"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

<sup>50</sup>Orig., "aspire"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

- [8.] When fortune drops her gay parade,  
When pleasure's transient roses fade,  
    And wither in the tomb;  
Unchanged is thy immortal prize;  
Thy ever-verdant laurels rise,  
    In undecaying bloom.
- [9.] From envy, hurry, noise, and strife,  
The dull impertinence of life,  
    In thy retreat I rest;  
Pursue thee to the peaceful groves,  
Where Plato's sacred spirit roves,  
    In all thy beauties drest.
- [10.] Thy breath inspires the poet's song,  
The patriot's free, unbiass'd tongue,  
    The hero's gen'rous strife;  
Thine are retirement's silent joys,  
And all the sweet engaging ties  
    Of still, domestic life.
- [11.] No more to fabl'd names confined;  
To thee, supreme! all perfect mind,  
    My thoughts direct their flight:  
Wisdom's thy gift, and all her force  
From thee derived, eternal source  
    Of intellectual light!
- [12.] Oh send her sure, her steady ray,  
To regulate my doubtful way  
    Through life's perplexing road:  
The mists of error to control,  
And through its gloom direct my soul  
    To happiness in God!

**POETRY.**

**An Invitation in Winter.**  
**(To Miss Smith, of B\_\_\_\_\_.)<sup>51</sup>**

- [1.] Now hoary winter, with resistless pow'r,  
Clasps shiv'ring nature in his aged arms;  
The meads disrob'd of ev'ry plant and flow'r,  
With gloomy aspect mourn their ravag'd charms.
- [2.] The tow'ring elms, which grace yon mountain's brow,  
Bend to the wild winds o'er the threat'ning steep;  
White wave the woods beneath involving snow,  
And in their caves the frozen naiads sleep.
- [3.] The crystal brooks, with icy fetters bound,  
No more soft-murm'ring soothe the pains of love;  
Nor mossey banks, with verdant poplars crown'd,  
Invite Menalcas to the museful grove.
- [4.] Yet, winter, thee my tranquil thoughts approve,  
Though void of ev'ry gay alluring grace;  
O'er thy dread scenes my fancy joys to rove,  
And the wild ruins of thy reign to trace.
- [5.] Thus, though the warblers of the vernal year  
Droop, and cling lifeless to the naked spray;  
Yet the sweet red-breast deems thee not severe,  
But to the lone woods pours his cheerful lay.

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<sup>51</sup>Mary Whateley (later, Darwall), *Original Poems on Several Occasions* (London: R. & J. Dodsley, 1764), 106–8.

- [6.] Unchang'd, the pine and laurel rear their heads,  
The constant yew extends its welcome shade;  
Though laughing flow'rs no more perfume the meads,  
No more the sun-beams dance along the glades.
- [7.] All hail! ye pleasures, permanent as great,  
Which in the wreck of time, and nature please:  
The kind companion, and the still retreat,  
Where all is virtue, harmony and ease.
- [8.] The social converse of a friend sincere,  
Dispels the terrors of the darkest storm;  
Delights, when vernal beauties disappear,  
And days ungenial the dull year deform.
- [9.] Then, dear Amanda, bless my humble dome,  
Sweet friendship's glow shall brighten ev'ry eye;  
With thee shall mirth and gen'rous freedom come,  
And anxious care at thy appearance fly.
- [10.] Oh! how superior these domestic joys,  
To what the world calls pleasure, pomp and state;  
Where envy blasts not, nor distrust annoys,  
Nor false dissemblers flatter those they hate.

**A Hymn.**  
**(By D. K. of Dublin.)<sup>52</sup>**

- [1.] How happy are thy servants Lord,  
Who in thy temple stand;  
Who see thy face, obey thy word,  
And bless thy kind command.

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<sup>52</sup>No prior publication or further details on author for this poem have been located.

[2.] To streams of living water led,  
Their tears are wip'd away;  
With love and joy they all are fed,  
Through one eternal day.

[3.] There shall I know, as I am known,  
Whom here unseen I love;  
And all his great salvation own,  
Through flaming worlds above.

**Another.**

**(By the Same [D. K. of Dublin].)<sup>53</sup>**

[1.] Who is this mighty conqu'ror, who,  
That all my foes shall soon subdue?  
Shall bruise them all beneath my feet,  
And make my soul for glory meet?

[2.] The God of pow'r, the God of love,  
Who rules o'er all, beneath, above;  
He soon shall quell my ev'ry foe,  
And give me all his love to know:

[3.] Preserve, by his almighty pow'r,  
In ev'ry dark, distressing hour;  
Till all renew'd in love I rise,  
To claim my mansions in the skies.

[4.] There I shall in his presence stand,  
And reap the joys at his right hand;  
Then range through ev'ry golden street,  
And shout with all the saints I meet.

[5.] Walk in the light that flows from God,  
Enjoy the blessings bought with blood;  
For ever cast my crown before  
My God, and silently adore.

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<sup>53</sup>No prior publication or further details on author for this poem have been located.

POETRY.

**An Elegy on leaving the River of Plate, after the  
unsuccessful attack of Nova Colina de Sacramento,  
by the Lord Clive, the Ambuscade, and the Gloria:  
the former of which was lost with most of her crew.  
(By the Rev. Mr. [Thomas] Penrose.)<sup>54</sup>**

- [1.] While the torn vessel stems her labouring way,  
Ere yon blue hills sink ever from my view;  
Let me to sorrow raise the tribute lay;  
And take of them my long, my last adieu.
- [2.] Adieu! ye walls; you fatal streams farewell;  
By war's sad chance, beneath whose muddy wave,  
Full many a gallant youth untimely fell,  
Full many a Briton found an early grave.
- [3.] Beneath thy tide, ah! silent now they roll,  
Or strew with mangl'd limbs thy sandy shore;  
The trumpet's call no more awakes their soul!  
The battle's voice they now shall hear no more.
- [4.] In vain the constant wife and feeble sire  
Expectant wish their lov'd return to see;  
In vain their infant's lisping tongues enquire,  
And wait the story on their father's knee.
- [5.] Ah! nought avails their anxious, busy care;  
Far off they lie; on hostile seas they fell;  
The joy of relatives no more to share,  
The tale of glorious deeds no more to tell.
- [6.] Learn then, ye fair, for others woes to feel,  
Let the soft tears bedew the sparkling eye;  
When the brave perish for their country's weal,  
'Tis pity's debt to heave the heartfelt sigh.

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<sup>54</sup>Thomas Penrose, *Poems by the Rev. Thomas Penrose* (London: J. Walter, 1781), 10–12.

- [7.] Ah! glorious Drake! far other lot was thine,  
Fate gave to thee to quell the hostile pride;  
To seize the treasures of Potosis mine,  
And sail triumphant o'er la Plata's tide.
- [8.] But providence, on secret wonders bent,  
Conceals its purposes from mortal view;  
And heav'n no doubt with some all-wise intent,  
Deni'd to numbers what it gave to few.

**An Elegy on the Use of Poetry.**  
**(Inscribed to the Rev. Randle Darwall, M. A.<sup>55</sup>)**  
**[By Miss Whateley<sup>56</sup>]**

- [1.] Hail! gentle evening, clad in sober grey,  
Mild mother, thou, of fancy's airy train:  
How sweet to fly the vain pursuits of day,  
And range with thee the solitary plain!
- [2.] Far from the dome, where splendid anguish weeps,  
Where guilt, or envy, blast the midnight hour;  
Lead me, where poppy-crown'd contentment sleeps,  
To the light breeze, that fans the dew-bath'd flow'r.
- [3.] Slow winding near yon osier-fringed stream,  
On whose green marge soft silence loves to stray,  
O modest eve! indulge my muse-rapt<sup>57</sup> dream,  
That breathes no light-tun'd air, or wanton lay.
- [4.] At this still hour oft through the high-arch'd grove,  
Where dwells sage contemplation, let me roam,  
Where heav'n-born truth, and keen-ey'd genius rove,  
Where peace resides in freedom's moss-roof'd dome.
- [5.] These heav'n ordain'd the guardian of the muse;  
Beneath their sacred influ'nce unconfi'd  
She soars, superior to terrestrial views,  
To harmonize, instruct, and charm mankind.

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<sup>55</sup>The attribution is added by JW in his personal copy of *AM*. Randle Darwall (c. 1703–77 was the father of John Darwall (c. 1732–1828), whom Mary Whateley married in 1767.

<sup>56</sup>Mary Whateley (later, Darwall), *Original Poems on Several Occasions* (London: R. & J. Dodsley, 1764), 109–13. JW transcribed in *MS Poetry* (c. 1768–80), 10–14.

<sup>57</sup>Orig., “rape”; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

- [6.] Her pleasing task, through nature's vari'd plan,  
To trace the goodness of almighty pow'r;  
To vindicate the ways of God to man;  
Soothe care's deep gloom, and cheer the lonely hour.
- [7.] Nor scorn'd she mild, to sing of swains and flocks,  
In simple elegance to haunt the plain;  
In dorian mood beneath impending rocks  
To breathe the rural reed to softer strains.
- [8.] To paint the scenes, which sportive fancy drew,  
To love and truth attune the tender lyre,  
While her chaste steps fair virtue's paths pursue,  
Scorning each sordid wish and low desire.
- [9.] Shame to the hand, that first her pow'r abus'd,  
And with licentious freedom stain'd the page,  
Whose wit infectious poison wide diffus'd,  
Or sacrific'd to gold the noble rage.
- [10.] When vice would taint the morals of mankind,  
When pride or envy would debase a name,  
When flatt'ry has her venal chaplet twin'd,  
Shall these degrade the muse's sacred flame?
- [11.] When beauty from the chaste-rob'd graces flies,  
To hold light<sup>58</sup> converse with the cyprean queen;  
While blushing modesty with down-cast eyes,  
Gives place to mirth's loud laugh, or jeer obscene.
- [12.] Shall these a place in fame's fair records gain,  
Who strew pierian flow'rs on vice's shrine:  
No, let oblivion shrowd each guilty strain,  
Though wit and learning all their pow'rs combine.
- [13.] For me,<sup>59</sup> the meanest of the tuneful throng,  
If e'er to themes like these my voice I raise;  
If venal flatt'ry e'er debase my song,  
Or ought but merit gain my honest praise:

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<sup>58</sup>Orig., "bright"; changed by JW in his personal copy of *AM*.

<sup>59</sup>Orig., "one"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).



- [14.] Perish the blooms, which from the vernal field,  
This hand has cull'd fair friendship's brows to wreath;  
No pleasure may the humble off'ring yield,  
No grateful odours, or sweet fragrance breathe.
- [15.] To gratitude and friendship flows this strain;  
Accept, O Darwall! what thy verse inspir'd,  
Else have I wak'd my rural reed in vain,  
Else has the muse in vain my bosom fir'd.
- [16.] But should thy eye with wonted candour view,  
This well-meant lay, by truth and freedom plann'd;  
Should these fair strokes, which simple nature drew,  
Pass unprov'd beneath thy judging hand;
- [17.] I ask no more; happy, with this poor bough,  
This tributary strain of artless youth,  
If gracious thou shalt deign to bind thy brow,  
O! friend to virtue, piety and truth!

**A Reflection on some lines of Horace,  
which seem to represent Life only as a Scene of Luxury.  
(Extracted from a late Author.)<sup>60</sup>**

Deluded souls! that sacrifice  
Eternal hopes above the skies,  
And pour their lives out all in waste,  
To the vile idol of their taste!  
The highest heav'n of their pursuit  
Is to live equal with the brute:  
Happy if they could die as well,  
Without a judgment or a hell.

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<sup>60</sup>Isaac Watts, *Reliquiae Juveniles. Miscellaneous thoughts in prose and verse on natural, moral, and divine subjects* (London: R. Ford & R. Hett, 1734), 62–63.

**POETRY.**

**To the Rev. Mr. J. Langhorne,  
on reading his Visions of Fancy, &c.<sup>61</sup>**

- [1.] Fraught with each wish the friendly breast can form,  
A simple muse, O, Langhorne, would intrude:  
Her lays are languid, but her heart is warm,  
Though not with fancy's potent pow'rs endu'd.
- [2.] Fancy, though erst she shed a glimm'ring ray,  
And op'd to fairy scenes my infant-eye;  
From pain, and care, has wing'd her cheerful way,  
And with Hygeia sought a milder sky.
- [3.] No more my trembling hand attempts the lyre,  
Which Shenstone oft (sweet bard) has deign'd to praise;  
Ev'n tuneful Langhorne's friendship fails t' inspire,  
The glow that warm'd my breast in happier days.

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<sup>61</sup>Mary Whateley (later, Darwall), *Original Poems on Several Occasions* (London: R. & J. Dodsley, 1764), 114–16. JW transcribed in MS Poetry (c. 1768–80), 14–17.

- [4.] Yet not this frozen heart is quite unmov'd,  
When thy sweet numbers strike my raptur'd ear:  
The silver sounds, by ev'ry muse approv'd,  
Suspend a while the melancholy tear.
- [5.] What time, on Arrowe's osier'd banks reclin'd,  
I to the pale moon pour'd thy plaintive lay;  
Smooth roll'd the waves, more gently sigh'd the wind,  
And echo stole the tender notes away.
- [6.] Sweet elves and fays, that o'er the shadowy plains,  
Their mystic rites and mazy dance pursue;  
Tun'd their light minstrelsy to softer strains,  
And from thy lays their melting-music drew.
- [7.] Sweet son of fancy! may the white-rob'd hours,  
Shed their kind influ'nce on thy gentle breast;  
May Hebe strew thy vernal path with flow'rs;  
Blest in thy love, and in thy friendship blest.
- [8.] Smooth as thy numbers may thy years advance,  
Pale care and pain their speeding dart suspend:  
May health, and fancy, lead the cheerful dance,  
And hope for ever her fair torch extend.
- [9.] For thee, may fame her fairest chaplets twine,  
Each fragrant bloom, that paints Aonia's brow:  
Each flow'r that blows by Alcidale, be thine;  
With the chaste laurel's never-fading bough.
- [10.] On thee, may faithful friendship's cordial smile,  
Attendant wait to soothe each rising care;  
The nymph thou lov'st be thine, devoid of guile;  
Mild, virtuous, kind, compassionate, and fair.

- [11.] May thy sweet lyre still charm the gen'rous mind,  
Thy liberal muse the patriot spirit raise;  
While in thy page to latest time consign'd,  
Virtue receives the meed of polish'd praise.

**Ode on Friendship.**<sup>62</sup>

- [1.] Parent of joy! thou kind relief  
Of ev'ry care, of ev'ry grief,  
Ah! whither art thou fled?  
Whilst faithless smiles, and forc'd grimace,  
And flatt'ry's hypocritic face,  
Are honour'd in thy stead.
- [2.] Ye courtly tribe whose laws refin'd,  
Make men less virtuous and less kind,  
Hence! to the Gallic shore:  
Come! ye rough Britons, void of art,  
Who speak the language of the heart,  
And friendship's joys restore.
- [3.] When nature's latest, noblest birth,  
Man, issu'd from the recent earth,  
A staring, stalking thing;  
Unpleas'd, he view'd the purple rose,  
Each field its clust'ring fruit disclose,  
Or blossoms of the spring.
- [4.] Forlorn, in solitary state,  
The joyless wretch his morsel ate,  
Or stroll'd around the plain:  
Then prostrate on the matted grass  
He slept, a drowsy, lumpish mass,  
Till morning rose again.

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<sup>62</sup>Richard Graves, *Euphrosyne: or, Amusements on the Road of Life*, 2<sup>nd</sup> edition (London: J. Dodsley, 1780), 1:283–87.

- [5.] Heav'n saw and piti'd his distress;  
The savage monarch deign'd to bless;  
    His rude condition mend:  
Then drew from near his throbbing heart,  
His second self, his better part,  
    A tender, faithful friend.
- [6.] Instant he saw a brighter grace,  
Fresh lustre deck'd fair nature's face;  
    His breast new raptures warm:  
Now first began each hill and dale,  
Each grove its fragrance to exhale,  
    And paradise to charm.
- [7.] As darts the sun in radiant streams,  
O'er the chaotic mass its beams,  
    And lights the vast profound:  
Thus friendship gilds the gloom of life,  
Thus dissipates each jarring strife,  
    And spreads its joys around.
- [8.] Affliction droops her pensive head;  
Her child bemoans, or consort dead,  
    Or weeps some dire disgrace:  
Friendship with sympathetic woe,  
Or shares the tears that ceaseless flow,  
    Or wipes them from her face.
- [9.] Cordial of life! thus friendship pours  
Her comforts o'er our heavi'r hours,  
    And makes the burthen light;  
Or sprightly sheds joys gladsome rays,  
Illuminates our happier days,  
    And bids them shine more bright.

- [10.] Yet though the great may hope to gain,  
How oft they wish, alas! in vain,  
    True friendship's charms to prove!  
Their pow'r inferior folks may fear,  
Haply their virtues may revere,  
    But can they claim our love?
- [11.] Yes; let them nobly lay aside  
Their state, reserve, and empty pride,  
    And humbly condescend  
Their breasts to friendship to unfold,  
And gain what ne'er was bought with gold,  
    A constant, cordial friend.
- [12.] Ah! what avails it bount'ous heav'n,  
That mitres, truncheons, crowns were giv'n,  
    Or India's wealth were mine?  
If you substantial bliss would give,  
With friendship blest, oh! let me live,  
    Or life itself resign.

**On the Death of Alexander Harford,  
who Departed this Life January 24, 1783.**<sup>63</sup>

- [1.] And is the happy moment come,  
When Jesus hath recall'd thee home,  
    And wip'd off ev'ry tear?  
And must we part, no more to join,  
Till all who tread the path divine,  
    Shall with their Lord appear?
- [2.] Go happy saint, by Jesus bless'd,  
Of all that happiness possess'd  
    Thy Saviour hath in store;  
Thy conflicts now for ever past,  
And thou from earth escap'd at last  
    Hast reach'd the heav'nly shore.

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<sup>63</sup>Although this funeral hymn does not appear among Charles Wesley's surviving manuscripts, his authorship seems likely. The style, metre, and some phrases in the hymn are common to Wesley, and it appears in the same volume with some other funeral hymns from his hand. Nothing is known about Alexander Harford beyond what is revealed in this hymn.

- [3.] A blessing to the church below,  
He long'd that all the truth might know,  
    And all its sweetness prove;  
He by example spread around,  
The precious faith himself had found,  
    The faith that works by love.
- [4.] Long in affliction's furnace tri'd,  
But still with heav'nly grace suppli'd,  
    He bow'd beneath the rod;  
Resign'd to his Redeemer's will,  
Desirous always to fulfil  
    The pleasure of his God.
- [5.] He testifi'd to all around,  
The happiness in Jesus found,  
    And prais'd his loving Lord;  
While in excruciating pain,  
Did heav'nly consolation gain,  
    Relying on his word.
- [6.] Thus longing for the welcome word,  
And wishing to behold his Lord,  
    The happy prisoner lay;  
Till Jesus did his convoy send,  
Who bore the spirit of our friend,  
    To realms of endless day.
- [7.] Supported by the pow'r of grace,  
May we behold the Saviour's face,  
    To wonder and adore;  
From him receive the glorious prize,  
And claim our mansion in the skies,  
    Where parting is no more.

**POETRY.**

**The Jackdaw.<sup>64</sup>**

- [1.] There is a bird who by his coat,  
And by the hoarsness of his note,  
    Might be suppos'd a crow;  
A great frequenter of the church,  
Where bishop-like he finds a perch,  
    And dormitory too.
- [2.] Above the steeple shines a plate,  
That turns and turns to indicate  
    From what point blows the weather;  
Look up—your brains begin to swim,  
'Tis in the clouds—that pleases him,  
    He chooses it the rather.
- [3.] Fond of the speculative height,  
Thither he wings his airy flight,  
    And thence securely sees  
The bustle, and the raree-show,  
That occupy mankind below,  
    Secure and at his ease.
- [4.] You think, no doubt, he sits and muses  
On future broken bones and bruises,  
    If he should chance to fall;  
No, not a single thought like that  
Employs his philosophic pate,  
    Or troubles it at all.
- [5.] He sees that this great round-about,  
The world, with all its motley rout,  
    Church, army, physic, law,  
Its customs, and its businesses,  
Are no concern at all of his,  
    And says (what says he?) caw.

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<sup>64</sup>William Cowper, *Poems* (London: J. Johnson, 1782), 337–39.



- [6.] Thrice happy bird! I too have seen  
Much of the vanities of men,  
    And sick of having seen 'em;  
Would cheerfully these limbs resign  
For such a pair of wings as thine,  
    And such a head between 'em.

**To T. H. Esq.; on the Death of his Daughter.**<sup>65</sup>

While deep you mourn, beneath the cypress-shade,  
The hand of death, on your dear daughter laid  
In dust, whose absence gives your tears to flow,  
And racks your bosom with incessant woe;  
Let recollection take a tender part,  
Assuage the raging tortures of your heart,  
Still the wild tempest of tumultuous grief,  
And pour the heav'nly nectar of relief:  
Suspend the sigh, dear sir, and check the groan,  
Divinely bright your daughter's virtues shone:  
How free from scornful pride her gentle mind,  
Which ne'er its aid to indigence declin'd!  
Expanding free, it sought the means to prove  
Unfailing charity; unbounded love!

She unreluctant flies, to see no more  
Her dear-lov'd parents on earth's dusky shore:  
Impatient heav'n's resplendant goal to gain,  
She with swift progress cuts the azure plain,  
Where grief subsides; where changes are no more,  
And life's tumultuous billows cease to roar;  
She leaves her earthly mansion for the skies,  
Where new creations feast her wond'ring eyes,  
To heav'n's high mandate cheerfully resign'd  
She mounts and leaves the rolling globe behind;

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<sup>65</sup>Phillis Wheatley, *Poems on Various Subjects, Religious and Moral* (London: A. Bell, 1773), 98–100.

She, who late wish'd that Leonard might return,  
 Has ceas'd to languish, and forgot to mourn:  
 To the same high empyreal mansions come,  
 She joins her spouse, and smiles upon the tomb:<sup>66</sup>  
 And thus I hear her from the realms above:  
 "Lo! this the kingdom of celestial love!  
 Could ye, fond parents, see our present bliss,  
 How soon would you each sigh, each fear dismiss?  
 Amidst unutter'd pleasures whilst I play,  
 In the fair sunshine of celestial day,  
 As far as grief affects a happy soul,  
 So far doth grief my better mind controul,  
 To see on earth my aged parents mourn,  
 And secret wish for T\_\_\_\_\_b to return.  
 Let brighter scenes your ev'ning-hours employ:—  
 Converse with heav'n,—and taste the promis'd joy!"

**A Translation of a Latin Epitaph on a Foreign Bishop.<sup>67</sup>**

Capacious soul, with learning fraught,  
 From stores of Greece and Latium brought,  
 Persuasive from the preacher's chair,  
 Censor of heresy severe;  
 By whose example taught, we see,  
 What bishops were and ought to be;  
 Prelate with ev'ry virtue crown'd;  
 Still to the poor a patron found;  
 Adorn'd with Christian piety;  
 Guardian and friend of chastity;  
 Where'er thou goest, the Lamb shall be  
 A guide, divine A\_\_\_\_\_se, to thee.

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<sup>66</sup>Orig., "Lamb"; changed by JW in his personal copy of *AM*.

<sup>67</sup>This is the epitaph of Adrian d'Amboise, Bishop of Treguier. Among Wesley's possible sources, where this English translation is found, is Pierre Bayle's *Historical and Critical Dictionary* (1739 edn.), 1: 251.

**POETRY.**

**Heroism.**<sup>68</sup>

There was a time when Aetna's silent fire,  
Slept unperceiv'd, the mountain yet entire,  
When conscious of no danger from below,  
She tour'd<sup>69</sup> a cloud-capt pyramid of snow.  
No thunders shook, with deep intestine sound,  
The blooming groves that girdled her around;

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<sup>68</sup>William Cowper, *Poems* (London: J. Johnson, 1782), 357–62.

<sup>69</sup>I.e., “tower’d.”

Her unctuous olives, and her purple vines,  
Tell not<sup>70</sup> the fury of those bursting mines.

When on a day, like that of the last doom,  
A conflagration labouring in her womb,  
She turn'd, and heav'd with an infernal birth,  
That shook the circling seas and solid earth.  
Dark and voluminous the vapours rise,  
And hang their horrors in the neighb'ring skies,  
While through the stygian veil, that blots the day,  
In dazzling streaks the vivid light'nings play.

But Oh! what muse, and in what powers of song,  
Can trace the torrent as it runs along?  
Havoc and devastation in the van,  
It marches o'er the prostrate works of man.  
Vines, olives, herbage, forests disappear,  
And all the charms of the Sicilian year.  
Revolving seasons, fruitless as they pass,  
See it an uninform'd and idle mass,  
Without a soil t' invite the tiller's care,  
Or blade that might redeem it from despair.  
Yet time at length (what will not time atchieve?)  
Clothes it with earth, and bids the produce live,  
Once more the spiry myrtles crown the glade,  
And ruminating flocks enjoy the shade.  
Oh bliss precarious, and unsafe retreats,  
Oh charming paradise of short-liv'd sweets!  
The self-same gale that wafts the fragrance round,  
Brings to the distant ear a sullen sound,  
Again the mountains feels th' imprison'd foe,  
Again pours ruin on the vale below,  
Ten thousand swains the dreadful scene deplore,  
That only future ages can restore.

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<sup>70</sup>Orig., "Unfelt"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

Ye monarchs, whom the lure of honour draws  
 Who write in blood the merits of your cause.  
 Who strike the blow, then plead your own defence,  
 Glory your aim, but justice your pretence:  
 Behold in Aetna's emblematic fires,  
 The mischiefs your ambitious pride inspires.  
 Fast by the streams that bounds your just domain,  
 And tells you where you have a right to reign,  
 A nation dwells, not envious of your throne,  
 Studious of peace, their neighbours and their own.  
 Ill-fated race! how deeply must they rue  
 Their only crime, vicinity to you!  
 The trumpet sounds, your legions swarm abroad,  
 Through the ripe harvest lies their destin'd road,  
 At ev'ry step beneath their feet they tread  
 The life of multitudes, a nation's bread;  
 Earth seems a garden in its loveliest dress  
 Before them, and behind a wilderness;  
 Famine and pestilence, her first-born son,  
 Attend to finish what the sword begun,  
 And echoing praises, such as fiends might earn,  
 And folly pays, resound at your return.  
 A calm succeeds—but plenty with her train  
 Of heart-felt joys, succeeds not soon again,  
 And years of pining indigence must show  
 What scourgers are the gods that rule below.  
 Yet man, laborious man, by slow degrees,  
 (Such is his thirst, of opulence and ease)  
 Plies all the sinews of industrious toil,  
 Gleans up the refuse of the general spoil,  
 Rebuilds the towns that smoak'd upon the plain,  
 And the sun gilds the shining spires again.  
 Increasing commerce and reviving art  
 Renew the quarrel on the conqu'ror's part,

And the sad lesson must be learn'd once more,  
That wealth within is ruin at the door.

What are ye monarchs, laurel'd heroes, say,  
But Aetnas of the suff'ring world ye sway?  
Sweet nature stripp'd of her embroider'd robe,  
Deplores the wasted regions of her globe,  
And stands a witness at truth's awful bar,  
To prove you there, destroyers as ye are.  
Oh place me in some heav'n-protected isle,  
Where peace, and equity, and freedom smile,  
Where no volcano pours his fiery flood,  
No crested warrior dips his plume in blood,  
Where pow'r secures what industry has won,  
Where to succeed is not to be undone,  
A land that distant tyrants hate in vain,  
In Britain's isle, beneath a George's reign.

**Verses under a Picture of Mr. Poyntz, by Lord L\_\_\_\_\_.**<sup>71</sup>

Such is thy form, O Poyntz! but who shall find  
A hand, or colours to express thy mind?  
A mind unmov'd by ev'ry vulgar fear,  
In a false world, that dares to be sincere;  
Wise without art; without ambition great;  
Though firm, yet pliant; active, though sedate;  
With all the richest stores of learning fraught;  
Yet better still by native prudence taught;  
That, fond the griefs of the distress'd to heal,  
Can pity frailties it could never feel;  
That, when misfortune su'd, ne'er sought to know  
What sect, what party, whether friend or foe;  
That, fix'd on equal virtue's temp'rate laws,  
Despises calumny, and shuns applause;  
That, to its own perfections singly blind,  
Would for another think this praise design'd.

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<sup>71</sup>George Lyttelton, in *The Works of George, Lord Lyttleton ... now collected together; with some other pieces never before printed*, Edited by G. E. Ayscough, 3<sup>rd</sup> edn. (London: Dodsley, 1776), 3:95–06; cf. Wesley, *Journal* (Feb. 28, 1776), *Works* 23:4.

**POETRY.**

**To S. M. a young African Painter,  
on seeing his Works.**

**[By Phyllis Wheatley, a Negro]<sup>72</sup>**

- [1.] When first thy pencil did these beauties give,  
And breathing figures learnt from thee to live;  
A new creation met my wond'ring sight,  
And fill'd my ravish'd bosom with delight.
- [2.] Still, wond'rous youth! each noble path pursue,  
On deathless glories fix thy ardent view:  
Still may the painter's and the poet's fire  
To aid thy pencil, and thy verse conspire!
- [3.] And may the charms of each seraphic theme  
Conduct thy footsteps to immortal fame:  
High to the blissful wonders of the skies  
Elate thy soul, and raise thy wishful eyes.
- [4.] Calm and serene thy moments glide along,  
And may the muse inspire each future song!  
Still, with the sweets of contemplation bless'd,  
May peace with balmy wings thy soul invest!
- [5.] But when these shades of time are chas'd away,  
And darkness ends in everlasting day,  
On what seraphic pinions shall we move,  
And view the landscapes in the realms above?
- [6.] There shall thy tongue in heav'nly murmurs flow,  
And there my muse with sacred transport glow:  
No more to tell of Damon's tender sighs,  
Or rising radiance of Aurora's eyes;  
For nobler themes demand a nobler strain,  
And purer language on th' ether'al plain.

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<sup>72</sup>This identification added in the errata; i.e., Phillis Wheatley, *Poems on Various Subjects, Religious and Moral* (London: A. Bell, 1773), 114–15.

**Life: an Elegy.**  
(By Mr. [John] W[alte]rs.)<sup>73</sup>

- [1.] Fair are the scenes that nature's empire yields,  
The stores that all her happy haunts adorn,  
The vernal breeze of fragrance in her fields,  
The smile of evening, and the blush of morn:
- [2.] Fair are life's placid cares, its social hours,  
Its fond endearments, and its mild repose:  
The peace of pure affection's nuptial bow'rs,  
And all the joys domestic comfort knows.
- [3.] Fair are the beams of friendship's bright'ning eye,  
Sweet modesty, and ignorance of art,  
The soul enlarg'd with warm philanthropy,<sup>74</sup>  
And beauty's bloom, and youth's ingenuous heart.
- [4.] Yes, they are fair, and fraught with large delight,  
Yes, they are themes my serious soul admires;  
May time's rude hand ne'er sweep them from my sight,  
Nor quench the zeal of virtue's young desires!
- [5.] Reflection comes, with truth's impartial frown,  
And all the visionary scene destroys,  
Tears the bright gems from fancy's glittering crown,  
And mars the prospect of our promis'd joys.
- [6.] In vain the muse hath built her fairy plan,  
Severe philosophy contracts her brow,  
The illusion mocks, and tells unthinking man,  
How vain the hope of happiness below.
- [7.] But though nor calm reflection's form appear,  
Nor sage philosophy her lore impart,  
Yet deep experience (rugged nurse!) is near  
To stamp her lesson on the bleeding heart.

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<sup>73</sup>John Walters, *Poems* (London: G. Kearsly, 1780), 97–102.

<sup>74</sup>Orig., "philanthropy"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).



- [8.] Behold how soon the transient scenes recede,  
How soon rich autumn's golden gleams decay!  
Cold winter desolates the pictur'd mead,  
And all the bright creation fades away!
- [9.] But ah! that each sweet passion should expire,  
The luxury of tender thought be o'er!  
Lost the soft thrill of innocent desire!  
And love, and youth, and beauty be no more!
- [10.] Their fleeting influ'nce no new morn recalls,  
By death, night-fetter'd in his iron cave,  
No spring restores, but ruthless fate enthral,  
Deep in th' eternal winter of the grave.
- [11.] Oft as the tombs I trac'd with silent dread,  
That lie forlorn, and ev'n without a name,  
Even<sup>75</sup> here may sleep some virtuous heir, I said,  
Though ne'er recorded by the voice of fame.
- [12.] Some Howard here may sleep, whose pitying breast  
At wants and woes he could not heal, repin'd;  
In his pale shroud some Hanway here may rest,  
Unblest with power to benefit mankind.
- [13.] See, where in dust the orphans late have laid  
Their parent's couch, their parent now no more!  
Here the wan bride, in widow-weeds array'd,  
With deepest anguish her lost lord deplore!
- [14.] Ah see how low the son of genius lies,  
Resigns in sad obscurity his breath,  
In the fair dawn of fancy doom'd to feel  
The cruel, cold, arresting hand of death!
- [15.] Unknown to fame, (but fame he ne'er desir'd,)  
Far from the vale where his young steps had rov'd:  
No pitying look from her his soul admir'd;  
No strain of solace from the muse he lov'd.

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<sup>75</sup>Orig., "And"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

- [16.] But hark! what sounds burst on th' imperfect strain?  
The bell's slow, plaintive, melancholy breath  
Pours its big voice along the list'ning plain,  
And pealing sounds the solemn knell of death.
- [17.] Thee too, Aurelia, thee death's clay-cold hand  
Leads young and beauteous to his dreary bow'r,  
For thee the groves their sacred glooms expand,  
Breathe on thy bloom, and blight thy opening flow'r.
- [18.] While yon pale maid, with sorrow-streaming eyes,  
With tears that warm from wounded friendship flow,  
Kneels on the turf, and, O blest shape! she cries,  
And bursts into an extasy of woe.
- [19.] Soft sympathy beholds, and on the scene,  
Life's mournful picture, sheds the pitying tear;  
Sore troublous thoughts, mean while with anguish keen,  
Seize the sad soul of comfortless despair.
- [20.] Yet Oh, revive! behold with milder gleam  
Hope's joyful day-spring in the east arise;  
To cheer our path, till joy's immortal beam,  
Descend in full effulgence from the skies!
- [21.] Beyond the joys of life, beyond the tomb,  
Exalt the soul to endless joys above,  
Where virtue dwells, with beauty's heav'nly bloom,  
Unfading youth, and everlasting love.
- [22.] How poor, how sunk will then these worlds appear!  
Then, when yon dazzl'd orb shall fail to shine,  
When nature's voice no more shall charm the ear,  
Lost in the spheres of harmony divine.
- [23.] Reflection pains no more the musing mind,  
Sad elegy no more awakes the sigh:  
Fain would I leave these transient scenes behind,  
And lift a strain of triumph to the sky.

**POETRY.**

**The Hermit's Vision.**<sup>76</sup>

Mildly beam'd the queen of night,  
Sailing through the grey serene:  
Silver'd by her modest light,  
But faintly shone the solitary scene,  
With deep'ning shadows mixt, and glitt'ring breaks between.

High on a cliffy steep, o'erspread  
With many an oak, whose ancient head  
Did in its neighbour's top itself inwreath,  
And cast an umbred gloom and solemn awe beneath:

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<sup>76</sup>Thomas Penrose, *Poems by the Rev. Thomas Penrose* (London: J. Walter, 1781), 70–76.

High on a cliffy steep a hermit sat,  
    Weighing in his weaned mind  
The various turns of mortal fate,  
    The various woes of human-kind;  
Meek pity's pearl oft started in his eye,  
And many a pray'r he pour'd, and heav'd a frequent sigh.

Silent was all around,  
    Save when the swelling breeze  
Convey'd the half-expiring sound  
Of distant water-falls, and gently-waving trees.

No tinkling folds, no curfew's parting knell  
    Struck the sequester'd anchoret's ear;  
Remote from men he scoop'd his narrow cell,  
For much he had endur'd; no more he look'd to fear.

But still the world's dark tempest past,  
    What though his skiff was drawn to shore,  
And shelter'd in retirement fast,  
    Yet oft his voyage he wou'd<sup>77</sup> ponder o'er;  
Oft in reflection life's rough ocean view,  
How mount the stormy waves, how hard to struggle through!

Before his sage revolving eyes  
Various phantoms seem'd to rise,  
Now retreat, and now advance,  
And mazy twine the mystic dance.

Joy led the van, in rapture wild,  
    Thoughtless of the distant day;  
Sweet complacence, angel mild,  
    Hi'd from the frantic pageant far away;  
For she was wisdom's favour'd child,  
    In revelry untaught to stray.

---

<sup>77</sup>Orig., "he'd"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

Joy led the van,—her painted vest,  
    Flowing to the obsequious wind,  
Hope had seiz'd, with flutt'ring breast,  
    And eager tripp'd behind.

Gay she stepp'd till busy fear  
Whisper'd in her startled ear,  
    “How many a cup is dash'd with gall!  
    How many an evil may befall!”  
Aghast, awhile she heard the ruthful song,  
Then faster seiz'd the robe, and hasti'r danc'd along.

Love close follow'd in the train,  
Love the queen of pleasing pain:  
Placid now in dear delight!  
Madd'ning now in deep affright!  
And prying keen with jaundic'd eye,  
Pierc'd by the sting of hell-born jealousy.

'Twixt pride and lust of grandeur led,  
Next ambition rear'd her head,  
By phrenzy urg'd o'er ev'ry bar to rise,  
And seize the visionary prize:  
Wild as she rush'd, she scorn'd to mark the ground,  
Yet many a slip she made, and many a fall she found.

Pale as the waning moon,  
    With tear-stain'd cheek and stupid gaze,  
With'ring before life's sunny noon,  
    Grief crept along in sad amaze,  
By many a stroke to keenest misery brought,  
Now in a shower dissolv'd, now lost in inward thought.

As the rous'd tyger gaunt and fell,  
    Kindles into cruel rage,

With flashing glare, and murd'rous yell,  
Thus anger past th' ideal stage,  
Too fierce for wounds or groans to feel  
Onward she sprung, and shook the bloody steel.

While far behind, with silent pace and slow,  
Malice was content to go,  
Patient the distant hour to wait,  
And hide with courteous smiles the blackest hate,  
Secret long her wrath she'd keep,  
Till time disarm'd the foe, then drove her poniard deep.

To malice link'd, as near allied,  
Envy march'd with baneful low'r;  
Detraction halted by her side,  
Upheld by falsehood's feeble pow'r.  
"No more! no more!" the holy seer exclaim'd,  
"Passions wild, unbroke, untam'd,  
Must sure the human heart o'erthrow,  
And plunge in all the energy of woe.

<sup>[4]</sup>Grant then the boon all-gracious heaven,  
Let reason ever take the helm;  
Lest by unheeded whirlwinds driv'n,  
The pinnacle frail, some gust may overwhelm!

<sup>[4]</sup>Hang out the friendly lamp, that clear  
From error's perils she may safely steer;  
Till death shall bid each trial cease,  
And moor the shatter'd bark in peace.<sup>[7]</sup>

**On a Young Woman, found dead in St. George's Fields.**  
(By Miss Portia Young.)<sup>78</sup>

- [1.] Unhappy daughter of distress and woe,  
    Whate'er thy sorrows, and whoe'er thou art;  
For thee the tear of sympathy shall flow,  
    Warm from the purest fountain of the heart!
- [2.] Perhaps though now neglected and unknown,  
    A parent once beheld thee with delight;  
The darling of a father's heart alone,  
    Or the lov'd idol of a mother's sight!
- [3.] For thee, perhaps, they toil'd, they watch'd, they pray'd:  
    O'er thy sweet innocence with rapture hung;  
And well they thought their tend'rest care repaid  
    To hear the artless music of thy tongue.
- [4.] When dawning reason shed her ray benign,  
    And all thy excellence became reveal'd;  
Charm'd did they see thy op'ning beauties shine,  
    And heard thy praise with transport, ill conceal'd.
- [5.] For who alas! can tell thy secret worth,  
    What soft angelic virtues might appear;  
The bosom laid defenceless on the earth,  
    Might once be grateful, generous, and sincere.
- [6.] The lips that knew no friend to bid farewell,  
    Might once the noblest sentiments express;  
The wretched head that unsupported fell,  
    Might once be turn'd to stories of distress.

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<sup>78</sup>Published previously in *The Lady's Magazine* 12 (1781): 384 (identifying author as M. Y.). The author was actually Mary Young (married name, Sewell); see *Poems by Mrs. G. Sewell* (Egon & Chertsey: R. Wetton and Sons, 1803), 4–7. Portia Young was her sister.

- [7.] Some base deceiver, practised to betray,  
Might win thy easy faith, destroy thy fame;  
Then cast thee like a loathsome weed away,  
The sport of fortune and the child of shame!
- [8.] Poor wanderer! perhaps thou could'st not find  
One liberal hand the slender gift to spare,  
Insatiate avarice the soul confin'd,  
Or timid prudence disbeliev'd thy pray'r.
- [9.] Then from the world despairing, and forlorn,  
Careless of life, and hopeless of relief;  
Thy agonizing heart retir'd to mourn,  
And breathe its last in unmolested grief.
- [10.] Whate'er thy lot has been, unhappy shade,  
From sin, at length, and sorrow, thou art free;  
Thy debt to virtue,—it is amply paid,  
And weeping pity pays her debt to thee.

**A Translation of Lucretius' Address to the goddess Venus,  
Transferred (with a few Alterations) to the True God.<sup>79</sup>**

O thou from whom the universe arose,  
Source of delight, the joy of earth and heav'n,  
Jehovah; thy imperial sway extends  
O'er the wide seas, and all th' expanded fields  
Of teeming nature. By thy pow'r of old  
The various tribes, that rove the realms below,  
Issu'd to life, and fill'd the vacant world.  
O, King of heav'n, at thy supreme command  
The whirlwinds die away, the storm is still,  
And the big clouds dissolve in limpid air.  
To thee we owe the beauties of the field,  
And earth's rich produce. At thy mild approach  
The dimpling waves put on a thousand smiles;  
The sky no longer lowers: but calm and clear,  
Spreads its pure azure to the world's extreme.

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<sup>79</sup>Jacob Bryant, *A New System: or, an Analysis of Ancient Mythology* (London: T. Payne, 1774–76), 2:318. (Wesley had been publishing a series of extracts from Bryant, beginning in volume 6).



POETRY.

**Life: An Anacreontic Ode.**<sup>80</sup>

What is life? its term, and tale?  
Passing shadows in a vale;  
Mortal minutes short and few,  
Scatter'd as the morning dew.  
'Tis a garden wild, where grows,  
Here a thorn, and there a rose;  
'Tis a cloister; 'tis a tomb;  
'Tis a change of light and bloom;  
'Tis a spirit brisk and warm;  
'Tis a pilgrim in a storm;  
'Tis a story brief to tell;  
'Tis a taper in a cell.  
Little spark of feeble light,  
Struck from chaos elder night;  
Cherish'd still in human urns,  
Now it flares, and now it burns.  
Now it flows in rapid tides;  
Now it droops, and now subsides;  
Now it lights the poet's pen;  
Such is life,—but what are men?  
Atoms in the solar beam;<sup>81</sup>  
Dancing bubbles on a stream;  
Vapours fashion'd by a breeze;  
Aspen leaves on brittle trees;  
Glimm'ring lights that rise in rain;  
Set in ev'ning tears again;  
Strange oeconomists! that keep  
Hearts to ach, and eyes to weep;

---

<sup>80</sup>By Henry Man; cf. *Mr. Bentley; or, The Rural Philosopher* (Dublin. W. Whitestone, 1777), 2:193–96. Wesley may have encountered in *Weekly Miscellany* (Dec. 18, 1775), 309–10; no other evidence he had read Man.

<sup>81</sup>Orig., “team”; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

Sighs to pass, and tears to flow,  
Mighty magazines of woe!  
Withering as the gather'd grass;  
Pension'd on the smiling glass;  
Fed by folly, reared by rules,  
Nurs'd in arts, and taught in schools!  
Taught from dusty death to fly;  
Taught to brave the lance and die;  
Taught to pick from sordid briars,  
All the aid that life requires.  
Taught to plough the deep for gain;  
Taught to reap the bearded grain;  
Taught in polish'd paths to run;  
Taught to launch beyond the sun.  
Still from art to art they turn;  
Much they teach and little learn,  
How the annual seasons roll;  
Where the south, and northern pole;  
Which the friendly star that guides  
Sailors charts through winds and tides;  
When the planets interfere;  
When the next eclipse is near;  
Many a Greek and Roman sage,  
Grows more dark in ev'ry age.  
Glorious scientific suns,  
Kindle as the journey runs.  
Still they soar, and still they shine,  
And catch a spark of ray divine;  
Though they see with sight profound,  
Girt the mighty globe around,  
Still they to themselves are blind,  
Still contract the heart and mind.  
What were Newton, Locke, and Boyle?  
Men that wasted midnight oil.  
What the glorious themes they taught?  
Dawnings of immortal thought.

What the learned lights we trust?  
Darkness visible in dust.  
Books of knowledge load our shelves,  
Men know all things but themselves.  
Inconsistent things are we,  
Dive to soar! and wink to see!  
Toil to rest! and laugh to cry!  
Wake to sleep! and live to die!  
On the self-same brow are seen  
Scornful frowns, and looks serene;  
And the self-same forehead bears  
Auburn locks, and silver hairs!  
Now the blooming cheeks engage;  
Now they're furrow'd o'er with age;  
Now the busy heart contains  
Hopes and fears, and joys and pains.  
We love, we hate, caress, betray,  
Abound, and want; and serve, and sway!  
Now we dance with sprightly air;  
Now we grasp the crutch with care!  
Rear to-day the splendid dome;  
To-morrow make the grave our home;  
Welcome threescore years and ten,  
If such is life, and such are men!

**On the Death of Mrs. [Grace] Pawson.**<sup>82</sup>

- [1.] Our friend hath dropt her cumb'rous clay,  
And joyful soars the shining way,  
While kindred spirits spread their wings,  
And bear her to the King of kings.
- [2.] Long had she known the Saviour's love,  
And fix'd her heart on things above:

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<sup>82</sup>The hymn does not appear among Charles Wesley's surviving manuscripts, but his authorship is probable. The style and many phrases in the poem are common to Wesley (though its metre is less so), and he regularly wrote hymns on the deaths of friends. This hymn is on the death of Grace Pawson in 1783. She was the wife of John Pawson, a Methodist lay preacher. Mrs. Pawson, whose maiden name was Davis, grew up in Bristol and knew the Wesley family there.

Long had she run with even pace,  
A painful—not uncertain race.

- [3.]       With various gifts and graces fraught,  
By the unerring Spirit taught,  
She warn'd, allur'd, with fervent zeal,  
Nor dar'd religion to conceal.
- [4.]       Who saw the brightness of her face,  
Admir'd the monument of grace:  
Herself, not to herself reveal'd,  
By humble poverty conceal'd.
- [5.]       But now she shines in endless light,  
In all her Father's glory bright:  
A spotless robe to her is giv'n,  
And all the glorious joys of heav'n.
- [6.]       She sees with joy her Saviour's face,  
And sings the triumphs of his grace;  
Then casts her crown before his throne,  
And glory gives to God alone.
- [7.]       Mortality, thou veil of night,  
How dost thou now obscure my sight?  
How dost thou clip my soaring wings,  
And chain me to inferior things!
- [8.]       Yet still I'll bear the port in view,  
And sav'd by hope my way pursue,  
Till I shall hear my Saviour say,  
Rise up my love, and come away.
- [9.]       Then shall I join th' immortal throng,  
And swell the everlasting song:  
With joy, through endless ages own,  
All praise belongs to God alone!

**An Elegy on Miss Mary Penrose, who died Dec. 18, 1764,  
in the Nineteenth Year of her Age.<sup>83</sup>**

- [1.] Heard ye the bell from yonder dusky tower?  
Deep, deep it tolls the summons of the dead;  
And marks with sullen note the solemn hour,  
That calls Maria to her earthy bed!
- [2.] With solemn awe, ye virgin-train, attend!  
With musing steps, the hallow'd place draw near!  
View there your once-lov'd, happy, blooming friend,  
Now silent, slumb'ring on the sable bier!
- [3.] Come ye who join'd in friendship's sacred tie,  
With her engaged in pleasure's guiltless scene,  
Who shared with her the tender, social joy;  
Wove the gay dance, or trod the flow'ry green.
- [4.] Mark here, Oh! mark, how chang'd, how alter'd lies  
The breast that once with youth's warm tide beat high,  
Read your own fate in her's;—in time be wise,  
And from her bright example learn to die.
- [5.] Like drooping lillies cropp'd by wintry wind;  
For fate has doom'd the hour when die ye must;  
Must leave the world's fantastick dreams behind,  
And sleep, and mingle with your parent dust.
- [6.] Say, are your forms with youth's soft graces drest?  
Say, are they ting'd with beauty's brightest bloom?  
So once was her's, by you, by all confest,  
Till death untimely swept her to the tomb.

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<sup>83</sup>Thomas Penrose, *Poems by the Rev. Thomas Penrose* (London: J. Walter, 1781), 13–17.

- [7.] Her eyes beam'd out (how innocent! how meek!)  
At whose rebuke vice shrunk abash'd and pale;  
Like vernal roses blush'd her modest cheek,  
Like them as lovely, and like them as frail!
- [8.] How was she skill'd the softest breasts to move!  
Of hardest hearts, the passions rough to bend!  
How was she skill'd to win the gen'ral love!  
How form'd to bless the husband or the friend!
- [9.] With meek-soul'd charity, with pitying hands,  
To mis'ry oft her little store she gave;  
Now she herself our flowing tears demands,  
And bids our pious drops bedew her grave.
- [10.] There on her dusty couch in firm repose,  
Deaf to our call, the clay-cold slumb'rer lies;  
Her beauty faded, like the blasted rose,  
Mute her sweet tongue, and clos'd her radiant eyes.
- [11.] Full many an hour of agonizing pain,  
The patient suff'rer bore her lot severe;  
Well did the anguish of her soul restrain,  
Nor dropt one female, one repining tear.
- [12.] 'Midst life's last pangs religion lent her aid,  
And wip'd, with lenient hand, her misty eyes;  
With blest assurance cheer'd the pain-worn maid,  
And bade her hopes high-soaring reach the skies.
- [13.] There now, enroll'd with heavenly angels bright,  
Whose hallow'd hymns their Maker's glories raise,  
She shines refulgent in the blaze of light,  
And swells with raptur'd voice the note of praise.

**POETRY.**

**Conversation.**

**Part I.**<sup>84</sup>

Though nature weigh our talents, and dispense  
To ev'ry man his modicum of sense,  
And conversation, in its better part,  
May be esteemed a gift, and not an art;  
Yet much depends, as in the tiller's toil,  
On culture, and the sowing of the soil.  
Words learn'd by rote, a parrot may rehearse,  
But talking is not always to converse:  
Not more distinct from harmony divine,  
The constant creaking of a country sign.  
Sacred interpreter of human thought,  
How few respect or use thee as they ought!  
But all shall give account of ev'ry wrong,  
Who dare dishonour or defile the tongue;  
Who prostitute it in the cause of vice,  
Or sell their glory at a market-price;  
Who vote for hire, or point it with lampoon  
The dear-bought place-man, and the chief buffoon.

Ye pow'rs who rule the tongue, if such there are,  
And make colloquial happiness your care,

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<sup>84</sup>William Cowper, *Poems* (London: J. Johnson, 1782), 212–33 (much abridged).

Preserve me from the thing I dread and hate,  
 A duel in the form of a debate:  
 The clash of arguments, and jar of words,  
 Worse than the mortal brunt of rival swords;  
 Decide no question with their tedious length,  
 For opposition gives opinion strength;  
 Divert the champions prodigal of breath,  
 And put the peaceably disposed to death.  
 Oh thwart me not! Sir Soph.\* at ev'ry turn,  
 Nor carp at ev'ry flaw you may discern;  
 Though syllogisms hang not on my tongue,  
 I am not surely always in the wrong:  
 'Tis hard if all is false that I advance,  
 A fool must now and then be right, by chance.  
 Not that all freedom of dissent I blame,  
 No; there I grant the privilege I claim.  
 A disputable point is no man's ground,  
 Rove where you please, 'tis common all around;  
 Discourse may want an animated—No—  
 To brush the surface, and to make it flow;  
 But still remember, if you mean to please,  
 To press your point with modesty and ease.

A story in which native humour reigns  
 Is often useful; always entertains,  
 A graver fact enlisted on your side,  
 May furnish illustration, well applied;  
 But sedentary weavers of long tales,  
 Give me the fidgets, and my patience fails.  
 'Tis the most asinine employ on earth,  
 To hear them tell of parentage and birth;  
 And echo conversations dull and dry,  
 Embellish'd with, *he said*, and *so said I*.  
 At ev'ry interview their rout[e] the same,  
 The repetition makes attention lame;

\* A Sophist.



We bustle up with unsuccessful speed,  
 And in the saddest part cry—droll indeed!  
 The path of narrative with care pursue,  
 Still making probability your clue;  
 On all the vestiges of truth attend,  
 And let *them* guide you to a decent end.  
 Th' emphatic speaker dearly loves t' oppose,  
 In contact inconvenient, nose to nose;  
 As if the gnomon on his neighbour's phiz,  
 Touch'd with a magnet had attracted his.  
 His whisper'd theme, dilated and at large,  
 Proves after all a wind-gun's airy charge;  
 An extract of his diary—no more,  
 A tasteless journal of the day before.  
 He walk'd abroad, o'ertaken in the rain,  
 Call'd on a friend, drank tea, stept home again;  
 Resum'd his purpose, had a world of talk,  
 With one he stumbled on, and lost his walk.  
 I interrupt him, with a sudden bow,  
 Adieu, dear sir! lest you should lose it now.  
 The solemn fop; significant and budge;  
 A fool with judges, amongst fools a judge,  
 He says but little, and that little said,  
 Owes all its weight, like loaded dice, to lead.  
 His wit invites you, by his looks to come,  
 But when you knock, it never is at home:  
 'Tis like a parcel sent you by the stage,  
 Some handsome present, as your thoughts presage,  
 'Tis heavy, bulky, and bids fair to prove,  
 An absent friend's fidelity and love;  
 But when unpack'd your disappointment groans,  
 To find it stuff'd with brick-bats, earth, and stones.

The reeking, roaring hero of the chase,  
 I give him over as a desp'rate case.

Physicians write in hopes to work a cure  
Never, if honest ones, when death is sure;  
And though the fox he follows may be tam'd,  
A mere fox-follow'r never is reclaim'd.  
Some farrier should prescribe his proper course,  
Whose only fit companion is his horse.  
Or if deserving of a better doom  
The noble beast judge otherwise his groom.  
Yet ev'n the rogue that serves him, though he stand  
To take his honour's orders cap in hand,  
Prefers his fellow-grooms with much good sense,  
Their skill a truth, his master's a pretence.  
If neither horse nor groom affect the 'squire,  
Where can at last his jockeyship retire?  
Oh to the club, the scene of savage joys,  
The school of coarse good-fellowship and noise;  
There in the sweet society of those  
Whose friendship from his boyish years he chose,  
Let him improve his talent if he can,  
Till none but beasts acknowledge him a man.

**To the Right Honorable William, Earl of Dartmouth,  
when Secretary of State for North America.  
(By Miss Phillis Wheatley, a Negro.)<sup>85</sup>**

Hail, happy day, when, smiling like the morn,  
Fair freedom rose New-England to adorn:  
The northern clime beneath her genial ray,  
Dartmouth, congratulates thy blissful sway:  
Elate with hope, her race no longer mourns,  
Each soul expands, each grateful bosom burns,  
While in thy hand with pleasure we behold,  
The silken reins, and freedom's charms unfold.

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<sup>85</sup>Phillis Wheatley, *Poems on Various Subjects, Religious and Moral* (London: A. Bell, 1773), 73–75.

Long lost to realms beneath the northern skies,  
She shines supreme, while hated faction dies:  
Soon as appear'd, the goddess long desir'd,  
Sick at the view, she languish'd and expir'd;  
Thus from the splendors of the morning light,  
The owl in sadness seeks the cave of night.

Should you, my lord (while you peruse my song)  
Wonder from whence my love of freedom sprung,  
Whence flow these whispers for the common good,  
By feeling hearts alone best understood,  
I, young in life, by seeming cruel fate,  
Was snatched away from Afric's fanci'd seat:  
What pangs excruciating must molest?  
What sorrows labour in my parent's breast?  
Steel'd was that soul, and by no mis'ry mov'd,  
That from a father seiz'd his babe below'd:  
Such, such my case: and can I then but pray,  
Others may never feel a tyrant's sway.

**An Elegy on leaving \_\_\_\_\_.**  
**(By the Same [Miss Phillis Wheatley, a Negro].)<sup>86</sup>**

- [1.] Farewel! ye friendly bow'rs, ye streams adieu,  
I leave with sorrow each sequester'd seat:  
The lawns, where oft I swept the morning dew,  
The groves, from noon-tide rays a kind retreat.
- [2.] Yon wood-crown'd hill, whose far projecting shade,  
Inverted trembles in the limpid lake:  
Where wrapt in thought I pensively have stray'd,  
For crowds and noise, reluctant, I forsake.
- [3.] The solemn pines, that, winding through the vale,  
In graceful rows attract the wand'ring eye,  
Where the soft ring-dove pours her soothing tale,  
No more must veil me from the fervid sky.

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<sup>86</sup>Phillis Wheatley, *Poems on Various Subjects, Religious and Moral* (London: A. Bell, 1773), 119–22.

- [4.] Beneath yon aged oak's protecting arms,  
Oft-times beside the pebbl'd brook I lay;  
Where, pleas'd with simple nature's various charms,  
I pass'd in grateful solitude the day.
- [5.] Rapt with the melody of Cynthio's strain,  
There first my bosom felt poetic flame;  
Mute was the bleating language of the plain,  
And with his lays the wanton fawns grew tame.
- [6.] But, ah! those pleasing hours are ever flown;  
Ye scenes of transport from my thoughts retire;  
Those rural joys no more the day shall crown,  
No more my hand shall wake the warbling lyre.
- [7.] But come, sweet hope, from thy divine retreat,  
Come to my breast, and chase my cares away,  
Bring calm content to gild my gloomy seat,  
And cheer my bosom with her heav'nly ray.

**An Epitaph.**<sup>87</sup>

Here rests a woman, good without pretence,  
Blest with plain reason, and with sober sense;  
No conquest she, but o'er herself desir'd,  
No arts essay'd, but *not* to be admir'd.  
Passion and pride were to her soul unknown,  
Convinc'd, that virtue only is our own.  
So unaffected, so compos'd a mind,  
So firm, yet soft; so strong, yet so refin'd:  
Heav'n as its purest gold, by tortures tri'd;  
The saint sustain'd it—but the woman di'd.

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<sup>87</sup>Alexander Pope, "Epitaph on Elizabeth Corbet," *The Works of Alexander Pope* (London: Bernard Lintot, 1736), 1:8. Wesley included earlier in *MSP* (1744), 1:189; and he also quotes in *Journal* (May 5, 1757), *Works* 21:101; and *Journal* (Feb. 28, 1776), *Works* 23:5.

**POETRY.**

**Conversation.**

**Part II.**<sup>88</sup>

Man's heart had been impenetrably seal'd,  
Like theirs that cleave the flood, or graze the field,  
Had not his Maker's all-bestowing hand  
Giv'n him a soul, and bade him understand;  
The reasoning pow'r vouchsaf'd, of course inferr'd  
The pow'r to clothe that reason with his word;  
For all is perfect that God works on earth,  
And he that gives conception, adds the birth.

If this be plain, 'tis plainly understood,  
What uses of his boon the Giver would.  
The mind dispatch'd upon her busy toil,  
Should range where providence has blest the soil;  
Visiting every flow'r with labour meet,  
And gathering all her treasures sweet by sweet:  
She should imbue the tongue with what she sips,  
And shed the balmy blessing on the lips;

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<sup>88</sup>William Cowper, *Poems* (London: J. Johnson, 1782), 233–43 (abridged).

That good, diffus'd may more abundant grow,  
And speech may praise the pow'r that bids it flow.

Will the sweet warbler of the live-long night,  
That fills the list'ning lover with delight,  
Forget his harmony, with rapture heard,  
To learn the twitt'ring of a meaner bird;  
Or make the parrot's mimickry his choice,  
That odious libel on a human voice?

No—nature unsophisticate by man,  
Starts not aside from her Creator's plan;  
The melody that was at first design'd,  
To cheer the rude forefathers of mankind;  
Is note for note deliver'd in our ears,  
In the last scene of her six thousand years:  
Yet fashion, leader of a chattering train,  
Whom man, for his own hurt, permits to reign;  
Who shifts and changes all things but his shape,  
And would degrade her vot'ry to an ape;  
The fruitful parent of abuse and wrong,  
Holds an usurp'd dominion o'er his tongue:  
There sits and prompts him with his own disgrace,  
Prescribes the theme, the tone, and the grimace;  
And when accomplish'd in her way-ward school,  
Calls gentleman, whom she has made a fool.

'Tis an unalterable fixt decree  
That none could frame or ratify but she;  
That heav'n and hell, and right'ousness and sin,  
Snares in his path and foes that lurk within;  
God and his attributes (a field of day  
Where 'tis an angel's happiness to stray)  
Fruit of his love, and wonders of his might,  
Be never nam'd in ears esteem'd polite.  
That he who dares, when she forbids, be grave,  
Shall stand proscib'd, a madman or a knave;

A close designer, not to be believ'd,  
Or if excus'd that charge, at least deceiv'd.  
Oh folly worthy of the nurse's lap,  
Give it the breast, or stop its mouth with pap!

Is it incredible, or can it seem  
A dream to any, except those that dream;  
That man should love his Maker, and *that* fire  
Warming his heart should at his lips transpire?  
Know then, and modestly let fall your eyes,  
And veil your daring crest that braves the skies.  
That air of insolence affronts your God,  
You need his pardon, and provoke his rod;  
Now in a posture that becomes you more,  
Than that heroic strut assumed before;  
Know your arrears, with ev'ry hour accrue,  
For mercy shown, while wrath is justly due.  
The time is short, and there are souls on earth,  
Though future pain may serve for present mirth.  
Acquainted with the woes, that fear or shame,  
By fashion taught, forbade them once to name;  
And having felt the pangs you deem a jest,  
Have prov'd them truths too big to be express'd:  
Go seek on revelation's hallow'd ground,  
Sure to succeed, the remedy they found;  
Touch'd by that pow'r that you have dar'd to mock,  
That makes seas stable and dissolves the rock.  
Your heart shall yield a life-renewing stream,  
That fools, as you have done, shall call a dream.

What, always dreaming over heav'nly things,  
Like angel-heads in stone, with pigeon-wings?  
Canting and whining out all day the word,  
And half the night? fanatic and absurd!  
Mine be the friend, less frequent in his pray'rs,  
Who makes no bustle with his soul's affairs;

Whose wit can brighten up a wintry day,  
And chase the splenetic dull hours away;  
Content on earth, in earthly things to shine,  
Who waits for heav'n, ere he becomes divine;  
Leaves saints t' enjoy those altitudes they teach,  
And plucks the fruit plac'd more within his reach.

Well spoken, advocate of sin and shame,  
Known by thy bleating; ignorance thy name.  
Is sparkling wit the world's exclusive right,  
The fixt fee-simple of the vain and light?  
Can hopes of heav'n, bright prospects of an hour,  
That come to waft us out of sorrow's pow'r,  
Obscure, or quench a faculty that finds  
Its happiest soil in the serenest minds?  
Religion curbs indeed its wanton play,  
And brings the trifler under rig'rous sway;  
But gives it usefulness unknown before,  
And purifying, makes it shine the more.  
A Christian's wit is inoffensive light,  
A beam that aids, but never grieves the sight;  
Vigorous in age, as in the flush of youth,  
'Tis always active on the side of truth;  
Temp'rance and peace ensure its healthful state,  
And make it brightest at its latest date.

Oh I have seen (nor hope perhaps in vain,  
Ere life go down, to see such sights again)  
A vet'ran warrior, in the Christian field,  
Who never saw the sword he could not wield:  
Grave without dullness; learned without pride;  
Exact, yet not precise; though meek, keen-ey'd:  
A man that would have foil'd at their own play,  
A dozen would-be's of the modern day:  
Who when occasion justifi'd its use,  
Had wit as bright, as ready to produce;  
Could fetch from records of an earlier age,  
Or from philosophy's enlighten'd page,



His rich materials, and regale your ear,  
With strains it was a privilege to hear.  
Yet above all his luxury supreme,  
And his chief glory was the gospel theme.  
There he was copious as old Greece or Rome,  
His happy eloquence seem'd there at home:  
Ambitious, not to shine or to excel,  
But to treat justly what he lov'd so well.

**A Prayer for Holiness.**<sup>89</sup>

- [1.] When, O my Saviour, shall I find,  
Planted in me thy heav'nly mind!  
When wilt thou make me as thou art,  
Lowly and meek and pure in heart!
- [2.] Till with thy mind and Spirit blest,  
I cannot enter into rest;  
Rest to my soul I cannot know,  
Till fashion'd as my Lord below.
- [3.] Thou man of griefs, thou man of love,  
This wrath, desire, and pride remove:  
My nature by thine own expel,  
And in my soul for ever dwell.
- [4.] Thou know'st for this alone I live,  
Thy spotless image to retrieve;  
With peace and wisdom from above,  
With gentle, chaste, and humble love.
- [5.] O love, essentially divine,  
I cannot want, when thou art mine;  
Substantial holiness thou art,  
And God inhabiting the heart.
- [6.] Come then to vindicate thine own,  
And fix in me thy favourite throne,  
My uttermost salvation be;  
My heav'n through all eternity!

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<sup>89</sup>Charles Wesley; appears in MS Hymns for Love, 75–76.

**POETRY.**

**Conversation.**

**Part III.**<sup>90</sup>

It moves me more perhaps than folly ought,  
When some green heads, as void of wit as thought,  
Suppose *themselves* monopolists of sense,  
And wiser men's abilities, pretence.  
Though time will wear us, and we must grow old,  
Such men are not forgot as soon as cold;  
Their fragrant mem'ry will outlast their tomb,  
Embalm'd for ever in its own perfume.  
And to say truth, though in its early prime,  
And when unstain'd with any grosser crime,  
Youth has a sprightliness and fire to boast,  
That in the valley of decline are lost,  
And virtue with peculiar charms appears,  
Crown'd with the garland of life's blooming years;  
Yet age, by long experience well inform'd,  
Well read, well temper'd, with religion warm'd;  
That fire abated which impels rash youth,  
Proud of his speed to over-shoot the truth,  
As time improves the grape's authentic juice,  
Mellows and makes the speech more fit for use,  
And claims a rev'rence in its short'ning day,  
That 'tis an honour, and a joy to pay.  
The fruits of age, less<sup>91</sup> fair, are yet more sound,  
Than those a brighter season pours around,  
And like the stores autumnal suns mature,  
Through wint'ry rigour unimpair'd endure.

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<sup>90</sup>William Cowper, *Poems* (London: J. Johnson, 1782), 243–57 (much abridged).

<sup>91</sup>Orig., “lie”; a misprint.

What, is fanatic frenzy scorn'd so much,  
And dreaded more than a contagious touch?  
I grant it dang'rous, and approve your fear,  
That fire is catching if you draw too near:  
But sage observers oft mistake the flame,  
And give true piety that odious name.  
To tremble (as the creature of an hour  
Ought at the view of an almighty pow'r)  
Before his presence, at whose awful throne  
All tremble in all worlds, except our own,  
To supplicate his mercy, love his ways,  
And prize them more than pleasure, wealth, and praise,  
Though common sense allow'd a casting voice,  
And free from bias, must approve the choice,  
Convicts a man fanatic in th' extreme,  
And wild as madness in the world's esteem.  
But that disease, when soberly defin'd,  
Is the false fire of an o'erheated mind;  
It views the truth with a distorted eye,  
And either warps or lays it useless by;  
'Tis narrow, selfish, arrogant, and draws  
Its sordid nourishment from man's applause:  
And while at heart, sin unrelinquish'd lies,  
Presumes itself chief fav'rite of the skies.  
'Tis such a light as putrefaction breeds  
In fly-blown flesh, whereon the maggot feeds,  
Shines in the dark, but usher'd into day,  
The stench remains, the lustre dies away.

But conversation, chuse what theme we may,  
And chiefly when religion leads the way,  
Should flow like waters after summer show'rs,  
Not as if rais'd by mere mechanic pow'rs.  
The Christian, in whose soul (though now distress'd)  
Lives the dear thought of joys he once possess'd;

When all his glowing language issu'd forth,  
With God's deep stamp upon its current worth,  
Will speak without disguise, and must impart,  
Sad as it is, his undissembling heart,  
Abhors constraint, and dares not feign a zeal,  
Or seem to boast a fire he does not feel.

The song of Sion is a tasteless thing,  
Unless when rising on a joyful wing:  
The soul can mix with the celestial bands,  
And give the strain the compass it demands.  
Although life's valley be a vale of tears,  
A brighter scene beyond that vale appears,  
Whose glory, with a light that never fades,  
Shoots between scatter'd rocks and opening shades,  
And while it shews the land the soul desires,  
The language of the land she seeks, inspires.  
Thus touch'd, the tongue receives a sacred cure  
Of all that was absurd, profane, impure,  
Held within modest bounds, the tide of speech  
Pursues the course that truth and nature teach,  
No longer labours merely to produce  
The pomp of sound, or tinkle without use,  
Where'er it winds the salutary stream  
Sprightly and fresh, enriches ev'ry theme,  
While all the happy man possess'd before,  
The gift of nature or the classic store,  
Is made subservient to the grand design  
For which heav'n form'd the faculty divine.

So should an idiot, while at large he strays,  
Find the sweet lyre on which an artist plays,  
With rash and aukward force the chords he shakes,  
And grins with wonder at the jar he makes;  
But let the wise and well instructed hand  
Once take the shell beneath his just command,

In gentle sounds it seems as it complain'd  
Of the rude injuries it late sustained,  
Till tun'd at length to some immortal song,  
It sounds Jehovah's name, and pours his praise along.

**The Glow-Worm.**  
(By Mr. [William] C[owper].)<sup>92</sup>

- [1.] Beneath the hedge, or near the stream,  
A worm is known to stray;  
That shews by night a lucid beam,  
Which disappears by day.
- [2.] Disputes have been, and still prevail,  
From whence his rays proceed;  
Some give that honour to his tail,  
And others to his head.
- [3.] But this is sure, the hand of might  
That kindles up the skies,  
Gives him a modicum of light,  
Proportion'd to his size.
- [4.] Perhaps indulgent nature meant,  
By such a lamp bestow'd,  
To bid the trav'ler, as he went,  
Be careful where he trod:
- [5.] Nor crush a worm, whose useful light  
Might serve, however small,  
To shew a stumbling-stone by night,  
And save him from a fall.
- [6.] Whate'er she meant, this truth divine  
Is legible and plain,  
'Tis pow'r almighty bids him shine,  
Nor bids him shine in vain.

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<sup>92</sup>William Cowper, *Poems* (London: J. Johnson, 1782), 335–37.

[7.] Ye proud and wealthy, let this theme  
Teach humbler thoughts to you,  
Since such a reptile has its gem,  
And boasts its splendour too.

**On the Death of Mr. Addison:  
Supposed to be written in Westminster-Abbey.**<sup>93</sup>

Oft let me range the gloomy [a]isles alone,  
(Sad luxury, to vulgar minds unknown)  
Along the walls, where speaking marbles show,  
What worthies form the hallow'd mould below:  
Proud names, who once the reigns of empire held;  
In arms who triumph'd, or in arts excell'd;  
Chiefs, grac'd with scars, and prodigal of blood;  
Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood;  
Just men, by whom impartial laws were giv'n;  
And saints, who taught and led the way to heav'n.  
Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,  
Since their foundation came a nobler guest:  
Nor e'er was to the bow'rs of bliss convey'd  
A fairer spirit, or more welcome shade.  
That awful form (which, so ye heav'ns decree,  
Must still be lov'd, and still deplor'd by me)  
In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,  
Or rous'd by fancy, meets my waking eyes.  
If business calls, or crowded courts invite,  
Th' unblemish'd statesman seems to strike my sight:  
If on the stage I seek to sooth my care,  
I meet his soul, which breathes in Cato there:  
If pensive to the rural shades I rove,  
His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove:  
'Twas there of just and good he reason'd strong;  
Clear'd some great truth, or rais'd some serious song;  
There patience shew'd us the wise course to steer;  
A candid censor, and a friend severe;  
There taught us how to live, (and oh, too high  
A price for knowledge!) taught us how to die.

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<sup>93</sup>Excerpt from "To the Earl of Warwick, on the Death of Mr. Addison" by Thomas Tickell. Reprinted broadly; including the preface to the 1721 edition of Addison's *Works* (xix–xx), which Wesley owned.

**POETRY.**

**A Tale.**<sup>94</sup>

Thus saith the prophet of the Turk,  
Let Musselmen beware of pork:  
There is a part in ev'ry swine,  
No follower, or friend of mine  
May taste, whate'er his inclination,  
On pain of excommunication.

Such was Mahomet's mystic charge;  
And thus he left the point at large.  
Had he the sinful part exprest,  
They might with safety eat the rest;  
But for one part they thought it hard  
From the whole hog to be debarr'd.  
Much controversy therefore rose;  
These chose the back, the shoulder those,  
By some 'twas confidently said,  
He meant not to forbid the head;  
Whilst others at that doctrine rail,  
And piously prefer the tail:

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<sup>94</sup>Thomas Penrose, *Poems by the Rev. Thomas Penrose* (London: J. Walter, 1781), 114–16.

Thus conscience freed from ev'ry clog  
Amongst them they ate up the hog.

You laugh—'tis well—the tale appli'd  
May make you laugh the other side.  
Renounce the world, the preacher cries;  
We do, a multitude replies,  
While one, as innocent regards  
A snug and friendly game at cards,  
And some whatever you can say,  
Can see no evil in a play.  
Some love a concert, ball, or race,  
And others shooting or the chace:  
Revil'd, and lov'd, renounc'd, and follow'd,  
Thus bit by bit the world is swallow'd:  
With sophistry their sauce they sweeten,  
Till quite from tail to snout 'tis eaten.

**The Force<sup>95</sup> of Friendship: an Elegiac Ode,  
Sacred to the Memory of Several Deceased Friends.<sup>96</sup>**

- [1.] The ev'ning now in sable mantle clad,  
Comes forth, effacing the remains of day,  
By swift degrees; and darkness deep and sad,  
O'er nature spreads her universal sway.
- [2.] No joyous birds now swell their tuneful throats,  
But in their stead the screech-owl grates the ear;  
In his lone flight with bitter boding notes,  
And flitting bats through the dark shades appear.
- [3.] What time like this so suited to my woe?  
All nature seems to sympathize with me,  
And while my eyes with copious currents flow,  
The sorrows trickle from each mournful tree.

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<sup>95</sup>Orig., "Feats"; corrected in errata (at end of vol. 9).

<sup>96</sup>Thomas Gibbons, *The Christian Minister, in Three Poetic Epistles to Philander ... and Original Pieces, chiefly in verse* (London: Buckland & Dilly, 1772), 216–26.



- [4.] By fierce descending rains the golden crops  
    (Whose ripeness asks the barn) in ruins lay;  
And night, with silent, slow-distilling drops,  
    Bewails the wasteful deluge of the day.
- [5.] My dearest intimates now sleep in death,  
    Whose friendship, genius, and celestial fire,  
Enkindl'd by th' eternal Spirit's breath,  
    Could life with half the bliss of heav'n inspire.
- [6.] How high indulg'd was I when Watts has deign'd,  
    With me the free unbending hour to spend!  
In his discourse divinest wisdom reign'd:  
    Angels with pleasure might the sage attend.
- [7.] Rich was his *genius*; and on genius *art*,  
    Her fairest, noblest polish had bestow'd:  
Sacred and pure the altar of his heart,  
    And there the fervors of devotion glow'd.
- [8.] Virtue adorn'd him in her brightest rays,  
    For him the *nine* their choicest laurels twin'd;  
In one unwearied labour pass'd his days,  
    And all that labour was, to bless mankind.
- [9.] And can I mention him without the praise  
    Of Abney,\* at whose seat the prophet liv'd;  
Through almost half the circle of his days,  
    And without care life's ev'ry joy receiv'd?
- [10.] O what a soul was hers!—with light divine,  
    Wisdom before her led the sacred way;  
Through life's meander, and from virtue's line  
    Her steady steps were never known to stray.

\* Lady Abney, of Stoke-Newington.

- [11.] Large were her riches, but her tow'ring hope,  
    Fir'd with sublimer views, had scorn'd to call  
    The wealth of worlds her bliss, her only scope  
    T' enjoy her God, her portion, and her all.
- [12.] Laden with years, in hoary holiness,  
    Her long expecting spirit wing'd its flight  
    (No more our wretched world t' adorn and bless)  
    To the glad mansions of eternal light.
- [13.] Notcutt,\* thy worth deserves the highest praise,  
    Thou best of pastors, and thou steadiest friend!  
    Celestial pleasure fill'd thy happy days,  
    Smil'd on the brow of death, and blest thy end.
- [14.] But these and other names to death consign'd,  
    Still Grosvenor liv'd a venerable sage:  
    The *great* and *good* alike compos'd his mind,  
    And threw their lustres down the vale of age.
- [15.] His genius was an inexhausted *source*,  
    That smoothly flowing in spontaneous streams,  
    Through gay, enamell'd meadows wind their course,  
    And in its glass reflects the solar beams.
- [16.] Pleasure and piety his soul possess,  
    And each shone brighter in the other's ray:  
    This union, language, life and mien exprest,  
    Mildly divine, and elegantly gay.
- [17.] The brightest science, the acutest sense,  
    The polish'd grace, the wit's quick-darting fire,  
    The orator's resistless eloquence,  
    And the calm joys eternal hopes inspire.

\* The Rev. William Notcutt, of Ipswich, who died Feb. 7, 1758, aged 65.

- [18.] All these in Grosvenor met, and join'd their rays,  
What miracle to see those rays combin'd!  
Oft have I wonder'd at the blended blaze,  
And long'd to heir a portion of his mind!
- [19.] Through a long day still, still he liv'd the saint,  
Cheerful to act, and ready to endure,  
And well he knew the rainbow's smiles to paint  
O'er life's black storms, of endless bliss secure.
- [20.] Flow, flow, my eyes; with tears redundant flow,  
Henceforth my heart be thou the seat of grief,  
How can I bear such oft repeated woe?  
Or how expect th' impossible relief?
- [21.] Just at this instant, startling the thick gloom,  
His head with sun-beams deckt, with stars his wings,  
A seraph glowing with immortal bloom,  
Over the dark, the rays of morning flings.
- [22.] Surpris'd and trembling at the dazzling sight,  
A freezing horror thrill'd through all my frame,  
Nor could frail nature have sustained the fright,  
Had not his pow'r reviv'd the vital flame.
- [23.] For straight he touch'd me with his lenient hand,  
His hand that trickled with ambrosial dews,  
And bade my tears "be gone"; at his command  
My fluttering heart its wonted peace renews.
- [24.] "How canst thou think it thy Creator's will,  
Thus to wail o'er the ashes of the dead?  
Heav'n fix'd the rounds of time they should fulfil,  
Heav'n order'd when from earth their spirits fled.

- [25.] “Freed from the chains of flesh, their painful cell,  
And this dark vale, the range of sin and woe,  
They with their God on thrones of glory dwell,  
In the full joys that from his presence flow.
- [26.] “This world was ne’er design’d for their abode:  
’Tis but the anti-chamber where to dress,  
For their acceptance with a holy God,  
In the Redeemer’s radiant righteousness:
- [27.] Nor in this robe alone, but in th’ array  
Of ev’ry virtue, ev’ry grace divine,  
That sulli’d with no blemish from decay,  
Secure o’er all the heirs of glory shine.
- [28.] Then weep no more, or if thou needst must weep,  
With tears of woe let tears of transport run;  
For while in dust their mould’ring bodies sleep,  
Their souls are bright and active as the sun.
- [29.] “Think of their end, pursue the path they trod,  
And imitate the pattern they have shown;  
Approve thyself a servant of thy God,  
And equal honours shall thine exit crown.”

**A Specimen.\***  
**An original Epitaph, taken from a**  
**Tomb-Stone in Arbroth Church-Yard.**

Here lyis Alexand Peter, *present* town-treasurer of  
Arbroth who died \_\_\_\_\_ day January 1630  
Such a treasurer was not since, nor yet before,  
For common works, calsaïs, brigs, and schoir.  
Of all others he did excel;  
He deviced our skoel, and he hung our bell!

\* The above is inserted to shew, that all inscriptions, epitaphs, &c. ought to be prepared by persons who have some knowledge of grammatical and typographical accuracy; and not thus left to illiterate relations, parish-clerks, or stone-masons, to the great scandal of the nation in general, and of religion in particular.

**POETRY.**

**Liberty, an Elegy inscribed to Miss Loggin:  
feigned to be written  
from the happy Valley of Ambara.<sup>97</sup>**

- [1.] To you, Eliza, be these lays consign'd,  
Who blest in freedom's fair dominions live,  
While I, alas! am pompously confin'd,  
Bereft of ev'ry joy the world can give.
- [2.] In vain for me the sweetest flow'rets bloom,  
And spring eternal decks the fragrant shade,  
In vain the dewy myrtle breathes perfume,  
And sounds angelic echo through the glade.
- [3.] The marble palaces, and glitt'ring spires,  
What are they? pageant glare, and empty show:  
Ah ! how unequal to my fond desires,  
Which tell me—freedom makes a heav'n below.
- [4.] Pensive I range these ever verdant groves,  
And sigh responsive to the murmuring stream;  
While woodland warblers chant their happy loves,  
Dear liberty is wretched Myra's theme.
- [5.] The velvet lawns diversified with flow'rs,  
In sweet succession ev'ry morn the same,  
Fresh gales that breathe through amaranthine bow'rs,  
And ev'ry charm, inventive art can frame.

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<sup>97</sup>Mary Whateley (later, Darwall), *Original Poems on Several Occasions* (London: R. & J. Dodsley, 1764), 17–20.

- [6.] Here fondly vie, to crown this favour'd place:  
And here, to smooth captivity a prey,  
Each royal child of Abyssinian race,  
Consumes the vacant inauspicious day.
- [7.] Though festive mirth awakes the laughing morn,  
And guiltless revels lead the dancing hours;  
Though purling rills the fertile meads adorn,  
And the wild rock its spicy produce pours:
- [8.] Yet what are these to fill a boundless mind?  
Though gay each scene appears 'tis still the same:  
Variety—in vain I hope to find;  
Variety, thou dear, but distant name.
- [9.] With pleasure cloy'd, and sick of tasteless ease,  
No sweet alternatives my spirits cheer:  
Joys oft repeated lose their pow'r to please,  
And harmony grows discord to my ear.
- [10.] Blest freedom! how I long with thee to rove,  
Where varying nature all her charms displays;  
To range the sun-burnt hill, the rifted grove,  
And trace the silver current's winding maze!
- [11.] Free as the wing'd inhabitants of air,  
Who distant climes, and various seasons see,  
Regions—though not, like soft Ambara fair;  
Yet blest with change, and crown'd with liberty.
- [12.] Vain wish! these rocks, whose summits pierce the skies,  
With frowning aspect tell me—hope is vain:  
Till, freed by death, the purer spirit flies;  
Here wretched Myra's destin'd to remain.

**On the Death of J[ames] C. an Infant.<sup>98</sup>**

- [1.] No more the flow'ry scenes of pleasure rise,  
No charming prospects greet the mental eyes,  
No more with joy we view that lovely face,  
Smiling, disportive, flush'd with ev'ry grace.

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<sup>98</sup>Phillis Wheatley, *Poems on Various Subjects, Religious and Moral* (London: A. Bell, 1773), 92–94 (abridged).

- [2.]       The tear of sorrow flows from ev'ry eye,  
Groans answer groans, and sighs respond to sigh;  
What sudden pangs shot through each aching heart,  
When ruthless death dispatch'd his mortal dart?
- [3.]       “Where flies my James?” ('tis thus I seem to hear  
The parent ask) “some angel tell me where  
He wings his passage through the yielding air?” }
- [4.]       Methinks a cherub, bending from the skies,  
Observes the question, and serene replies,  
“Before his Saviour's face, your babe appears:  
Prepare to meet him, and dismiss your tears.
- [5.]       “There, there behold him, like a seraph glow:  
While sounds celestial in his numbers flow:  
Melodious, while the soul enchanting strain  
Dwells on his tongue, and fills th' ethereal plain.”
- [6.]       Enough—for ever cease your murmuring breath;  
Not as a foe, but friend converse with death,  
Since to the parts of happiness unknown  
Is gone the treasure which you call your own.

**POETRY.**

**On Imagination.<sup>99</sup>**

Thy various works, imperial queen, we see,  
How bright their forms! how deck'd with pomp by thee!  
Thy wond'rous acts in beaut'ous order stand,  
And all attest how potent is thy hand.

Imagination! who can sing thy force?  
Or who describe the swiftness of thy course?  
Soaring through air to find the bright abode,  
Th' empyr'al palace of the thund'ring God.

We on thy pinions can surpass the wind,  
And leave the rolling universe behind:

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<sup>99</sup>Phillis Wheatley, *Poems on Various Subjects, Religious and Moral* (London: A. Bell, 1773), 65–68 (abridged).



From star to star the mental optics rove,  
Measure the skies, and range the realms above;  
There in one view we grasp the mighty whole,  
Or with new worlds amaze th' unbounded soul.

Such is thy pow'r, nor are thine orders vain,  
O thou the leader of the mental train:  
In full perfection all thy works are wrought,  
And thine the sceptre o'er the realms of thought.

Before thy throne the subject-passions bow,  
Of subject-passions sovereign ruler thou;  
At thy command joy rushes on the heart,  
And through the glowing veins the spirit dart.

Fancy might now her silken-pinions try  
To rise from earth, and sweep th' expanse on high;  
From Tithon's bed now might Aurora rise,  
Her cheeks all glowing with celestial dyes,  
While a pure stream of light o'erflows the skies. }

The monarch of the day I might behold,  
And all the mountains tipt with radiant gold;  
But I reluctant leave the pleasing views,  
Which fancy dresses to delight the muse.

**An Epitaph on Sir Thomas Hanmer.**<sup>100</sup>

Thou, who survey'st these walls with curious eye,  
Pause on this tomb where Hanmer's ashes lie:  
His various worth, through varied life attend,  
And learn his virtues, whilst thou mourn'st his end.

His force of genius burnt in early youth,  
With thirst of knowledge, and with love of truth;  
His learning join'd with such endearing art,  
Charm'd ev'ry ear, and gain'd on ev'ry heart.

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<sup>100</sup>By Samuel Johnson, it appeared in several collections from the mid 1760s; including *A Collection of Poems in four volumes, by several hands* (London: George Pearch, 1770), 3:251–52.

Thus early wise, th' endanger'd realm to aid,  
His country call'd him from the studious shade:  
In life's first bloom his public toils began,  
At once commenc'd the senator and man.  
In business dext'rous, weighty in debate,  
Thrice ten long years he labour'd for the state;  
In ev'ry speech persuasive wisdom flow'd,  
In ev'ry act refulgent virtue glow'd.

Suspended faction ceas'd from rage and strife,  
To hear his eloquence and praise his life:  
Resistless merit fix'd the senate's choice,  
And hail'd him Speaker with united voice.

Illustrious age! how bright thy glories shone!  
When Hanmer fill'd the chair, and Anne the throne?  
Then when dark arts obscur'd each fierce debate,  
When mutual frauds perplex'd the maze of state,  
The moderator firmly mild appear'd,  
Beheld with love, with veneration heard!  
This task perform'd, he sought no gainful post,  
Nor wish'd to glitter at his country's cost;  
Strict on the right he fix'd his stedfast eye,  
With temp'rate zeal and wise anxiety:  
Nor e'er from virtue's path was turn'd aside,  
To pluck the flow'rs of pleasure or of pride:  
Her gifts despis'd, corruption blush'd and fled;  
And fame pursu'd him where conviction led.

Age call'd at length his active mind to rest,  
With honour sated, and with cares oppress'd;  
To letter'd ease retir'd, and honest mirth,  
To rural grandeur, and domestic worth.

Delighted still to please mankind, or mend,  
The patriot's fire yet sparkl'd in the friend:  
Calm conscience then his former life survey'd,  
And recollected joys endear'd the shade;  
Till nature call'd him to the gen'ral doom,  
And virtue's sorrow dignifi'd his tomb.

**A Hymn.**  
**(By a Young Lady.)**<sup>101</sup>

- [1.] When Abrah'm fill'd with holy fear  
    Before Jehovah stood,  
And with an humble, fervent pray'r  
    For guilty Sodom su'd.
- [2.] With what success, what wond'rous grace,  
    Was his petition crown'd?  
The Lord would spare, if in the place  
    Ten righteous men were found.
- [3.] And could a single holy soul,  
    Such wond'rous grace obtain?  
And shall, O God! a nation plead,  
    And plead with thee in vain?
- [4.] Britain, all-guilty as she is,  
    Some holy souls can boast;  
See! their united pray'rs ascend,  
    And shall these pray'rs be lost?
- [5.] Are not the righteous dear to thee,  
    Now as in ancient times?  
Or doth this sinful land exceed  
    Gomorrah in her crimes?

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<sup>101</sup>This hymn dates at least from the mid 1740s, when it was published in Scotland as a broadsheet titled *A Hymn Fit to be Sung on Days of Humiliation and Prayer*; cf. *Scots Magazine* 8 (1746): 220. Wesley could have known it from reprints in *Lloyd's Evening Post* (Feb. 14–16, 1759), 165–66; and *London Chronicle* (Dec. 12–14, 1776), 572. In none of these settings is it identified as by a “young lady.”

- [6.] Lord! we are thine; we bear thy name,  
Here yet is thine abode;  
Long has thy presence blest our land,  
Forsake us not, O God!
- [7.] Dread Lord; let not thine anger burn,  
If we thy suppliants bow,  
And say, till thou vouchsafe thy grace,  
We will not let thee go.
- [8.] O may the people, prince and priest  
Thy saving mercy share,  
And know thee by that glorious name,  
The God that heareth prayer.

**A Second Specimen\* of Doggerel:  
taken from a Tomb-stone in  
Crail Church-yard, Scotland.**

Here lyes interred *before* this tomb,  
The corpse of Bailie Thomas Young,  
An honest man of good renoun,  
Three times a bailie of this toun.  
He sixteen years conveener was,  
But now into the dust he lyes,  
The 20<sup>th</sup> of October born was he  
In anno. 1683:  
And dyed December 6<sup>th</sup>, inter'd the eight,  
In anno. 1758.  
Than he with great composure left this stage,  
And in the 76 year of his age.  
Isabel Mairtin his spouse does ly here,  
As also doth six of their children dear.

\* See the note in the last page of the October number.<sup>102</sup>

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<sup>102</sup>Refers to note on p. 564.