

MS Funeral Hymns (1756–87)¹

The largest portion of Charles Wesley’s poetic labor was devoted to providing texts for general worship settings and hymnic meditations upon scripture. Among the other verse that he produced, one of the largest groupings is a body of nearly 100 funeral hymns, elegies, and epitaphs. These texts span the range of his work, from examples as early as 1741 to the last months of his life.² Wesley published many of these hymns—both those that could be used generically for funeral settings and hymns on selected friends and family members, as a form of eulogy.³ Among his surviving manuscript verse are drafts of some of these published items, a few items that he apparently chose not to publish, and several items that were written after his last published collection: *Funeral Hymns* (1759).⁴

At some point in the 1770s Wesley began gathering together (and polishing) the various funeral hymns and epitaphs that he had written over the last two decades, in the third section of a manuscript notebook (with pages 6.25 x 7.5 inches in size) that Frank Baker designated “MS Death.” Since this section is numbered separately in the notebook, we have chosen to transcribe it as a distinct collection.⁵ The forty-six items included in MS Funeral Hymns date from 1756 through 1787. Many are also extant in earlier looseleaf drafts, which are noted below or transcribed separately. Wesley was likely considering another published collection of funeral hymns. For whatever reason, he chose instead to publish nine of the hymns individually in the *Arminian Magazine* (indicated in the Table of Contents in blue font).

The notebook containing MS Funeral Hymns is part of the collection in the Methodist Archive and Research Centre, accession number MA 1977/578 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3). The transcription below is provided with permission of the Librarian and Director, The John Rylands Library, The University of Manchester.

¹This document was produced by the Duke Center for Studies in the Wesleyan Tradition under the editorial direction of Randy L. Maddox, with the diligent assistance of Aileen F. Maddox. Last updated: July 21, 2022.

²For early examples, see *HSP* (1742), 124, 131. Perhaps the latest example is in the present manuscript, p. 114; by see also MS Henderson.

³The published examples include: *HSP* (1742), 124–31; *Elegy on Robert Jones* (1742); *MSP* (1744), 3:261–66, 278–84; *Funeral Hymns* (1746); *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 13–14, 36–37; *HSP* (1749), 1:276–86; *HSP* (1749), 2:74–86, 195–220; “Death of Thomas Hogg” (1750); *Funeral Hymns* (1759); *Family Hymns* (1767), 74–76; “Hymn for Mary Langson” (1770); “Hymn for Whitefield” (1770); *Elegy on George Whitefield* (1771); *Ode on Dr Boyce* (1779); and several in the *Arminian Magazine*.

⁴Most of these are gathered as a section in the present online collection. In addition, see MS Richmond, pp. 9, 89, & 127 (and parallel locations cited there).

⁵See also the closely related MS Death of Mary Horton (draft 3).

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Funeral Hymns.

[I.]⁶
On the Death of Lady Hotham,⁷
June 30, 1756.

[Part] I.

- [1.] Father, thy righteous will be done!
To make thy righteous will our own,
 We patiently resign
The Object of our softest care,
The daughter of our faith and prayer,
 The dearest gift divine.
2. Unworthy of the blessing lent,
Her from our bleeding bosom rent
 For ours no more we claim,
(Whom mortals could not duely prize)
Join'd to her kindred in the skies,
 And married to the Lamb.
3. Her lovely excellence is fled,
And leaves the dead t' intomb the dead
 T' embalm them with our tears:
And lo, with softly pensive pace
We measure out our mournful days
 Till Israel's Car appears.
4. The Car that carried up our Friend,
The flaming host shall soon descend
 Our spirits to remove,

⁶Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 6:292–300.

⁷This was apparently written for one of the daughters of Lady Gertrude (Stanhope) Hotham (1696–1775), widow of Sir Charles Hotham (1693–1738), 5th Baronet of Scarborough. She had two daughters that are known to have lived to adulthood but die unmarried. Melusina Hotham died in 1765; so this was likely Caroline (b. 1728, but not present as a witness for her brother's marriage in 1757).

Then we again our Friend shall find,
In love indissolubly join'd
 To Her who reigns above.

5. Thro' Him who call'd her up to reign,
We too th' immortal crown shall gain
 On patient faith bestow'd;
We trust the Lamb to bring us thro',
And hasten to the Blisful View
 Of a redeeming God.
6. Till then disdainig all relief,
And brooding o're our sacred grief,
 We quietly endure
The pangs of loss, the lingring smart,
 The anguish of a broken heart
Which only Heaven can cure.
7. Help us, Thou heavenly Man of woe,
Unwearied in thy steps to go,
 To mix our tears with thine,
To drink thine agonizing cup,
To fill thine after-sufferings up
 And die the death Divine.
8. We only fear to *lose our loss*;
The burthen of our heaviest cross
 Thro' life we fain woud bear,

Woud feel the ever-recent wound,
And weeping at thy feet be found,
And die lamenting there.

Part II.

- [1.] Still let us on her Virtue gaze,
With sad delight and wonder trace
The Favourite of the skies
The Child that lives her hundred years
An hoary saint to God appears,
And fill'd with glory dies.
2. Her from the birth her Lord did draw,
His Spirit with meek, obedient awe
Her tender soul endow'd;
He fix'd the principle within,
The love of truth, the dread of sin,
The hunger after God.
3. While nature's will remain'd alive,
He never ceas'd to check, and strive,
And heavenly power impart;
Her heart from evil He with-held,
Till love divine the world expel'd
For ever from her heart.
4. Thenceforth intirely ruled by grace,
She swiftly ran her even race,

A secret saint unknown,
Stranger to pride, and selfish art,
In singleness of eye and heart
She lived to God alone.

5. Whoe'er beheld, pronounc'd her blest;
 Her walk on earth the Lamb confest
 The wisely-simple Dove,
 The soul compos'd in Jesus peace
 That only languish'd to possess
 The fulness of his love.

6. Unconscious of the love bestow'd
 Whence all her words and actions flow'd,
 She made her humble moan,
 Hid from herself by grace divine,
 How sweetly did she wail, and pine
 To find the God unknown!

7. Known by her God, and well approv'd
 His servants for his sake she lov'd
 His messengers receiv'd,
 From death to life her passage show'd
 By owning all who own'd her God,
 And in his Spirit liv'd.

8. For them she toil'd with Martha's hands,
 Yet listning for her Lord's commands
 Of Mary's part possest,

Till Jesus call'd her at his feet,
Spake her glad soul for glory meet,
And caught her to his breast.

Part III.

- [1.] Go, blessed Saint, to Jesus go,
Transported from the vale below,
Thou canst not quite depart:
Thy fair memorial stays behind,
Thy lovely portraiture we find
Ingraven on our heart.
2. The Friend, by grace and nature dear,
The cordial Friend doth still appear,
Tho' ravish'd from our sight,
On earth a guardian angel found
Diffusing bliss to all around,
And ministring delight.
3. As born her Relatives to please,
Her own delight, and choice, and ease
She chearfully denied,
Servant of all, rejoic'd to stoop
Fill'd each domestic duty up
And every part supplied.
4. But shining in her properest sphere,
(The sacred, Social Character,)
The mystery she display'd

Of Jesus by his Church ador'd,
While next to Christ, her earthly Lord
She lov'd, rever'd, obey'd.

5. She more than shared his woe, and weal
Attentive to his safety still,
Ingross'd by *his alone*,
Her time, her thoughts, her health she gave,
Till his far dearer life to save,
She sacrific'd her own.
6. 'Twas aim'd at Him the deadly dart,
But glancing mist his fearless heart,
And pierc'd her faithful side;
Eager her Consort to redeem,
She sicken'd, and declin'd for Him,
For Him she droop'd, and died!
7. Conscious of dissolution near,
Above all pain, regret, and fear,
Her paradise restor'd
She found with Jesus in her heart,
And calmly languish'd to depart,
And see her heavenly Lord.
8. "Ready to fly this moment home,
"If Thou, my Saviour, bidst me come
"Me if Thou wilt receive,

“Poorest of all thy creatures me;
“And surely now Thou sayst—with Thee
“I shall for ever live.^[1]”

9. She spake, and by her looks exprest
The glorious, everlasting Rest
To saints triumphant given,
Glided in extasies away
And told us thro’ her smiling Clay
“*My Soul is fled to heaven!*”^[2]

Part IV.

- [1.] Then let us look with comfort up,
Not sorrowing as bereft of hope,
But bow’d by God’s decree:
Father, thy love severely kind
Calls off our hearts from earth to find
Their bliss compleat in Thee.
2. From Her, and every creature torn
Blest with the privilege to mourn,
In calm submission kept,
Softened, we feel the sacred woe,
Which God himself vouchsaf’d to know,
And weep as Jesus wept!

3. His tears relieve our mournful pain,
His word "Your Friend shall rise again"
 Puts every care to flight:
Thou wilt, O God, fulfil his word,
And bring her back, with Christ our Lord,
 And all the saints in light.
4. Her soul we shall embrace once more,
(How chang'd from Her we knew before,
 The Godhead's earthly shrine!)
Distinguish'd by peculiar rays,
The image shining on her face,
 The glorious Name Divine!
5. Met in those permanent abodes,
Secure we live the life of gods,
 Of bliss without alloy:
No pining want, or soft excess,
No tender fear to damp our peace,
 Or death to kill our joy.
6. Sorrow, and sin, and death are dead,
And sighing is for ever fled,
 When life's last gasp is o're,
When that celestial Port we gain,
Sickness, infirmity, and pain,
 And parting is no more.

7. O that we all were landed there!
We only wait, till Christ prepare
 His dearly purchas'd bride:
Come, Lord, and change, and take us hence,
And give us an inheritance
 Among the sanctified.
8. We know Thou wilt not long delay,
To bear our ready souls away;
 And when we meet above,
Our full inheritance be Thou;
But bless us with the Earnest now,
 The seal of perfect love.

Part V.

- [1.] O wondrous power of Jesus' grace
Who sends an Angel from his face
 With ministerial aid!
By faith in brightest glory seen,
She pours the balm of comfort in,
 And heals the wound she made.
2. The blessed Spirit inthron'd above,
(Whom far beyond ourselves we love,
 Soon as her bliss appears,)

Scatters the gloom of nature's grief,
Bring irresistible relief
And dries our selfish tears.

3. Her bliss nor pause nor period knows,
Her bliss our ravish'd heart o'reflows;
The heavenly drop we feel
Is more than thousand worlds can give;
Who then shall all her joy conceive,
Or all her raptures tell?
4. So wholly form'd for social love
Her union with the spirits above
What angel can declare?
Her joy amidst the virgin-quire
To mark a saint in white attire,
To clasp a Sister there!⁸
5. With her to range th' ethereal plains
To catch the harpers sweetest strains,
And match them with her own
Pursue the Living Water's course,
Or trace the River to its Source,
And drink it at the Throne.
6. There, there the Extacy is full,
While wide-expanding all her soul

⁸Stanzas 5–6 were originally put in reverse order, but CW marked them to be reversed. They are shown here in his corrected order.

The Godhead she receives,
Injoys th' unutterable grace
Beholds without a veil his face,
Beholds his Face, and lives!

7. For this on earth she could not rest,
(With every other blessing blest)
Or in his gifts delight,
Not holiness itself could sate,
The Spirit constrain'd in flesh to wait
Without that Blisful Sight.
8. But gaining now whom she requires,
She all her infinite desires
Lets loose in Him alone,
She plunges in the chrystal Sea,
Lost in the depths of Deity,
With God for ever One!

II.⁹
**On the Death of
Dr Middleton,
Dec. 16, 1760.**

[Part I.]

- [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 thro' sufferings sure.
2. Let infidels and heathen 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 claims his own again
And takes to his reward in heaven.
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:

⁹Appears also in an earlier draft: MS Death of John Middleton. Published in *Arminian Magazine* 6 (1783): 445–48, 502–4, 557–58. On Aug. 6, 1740 Charles fell dangerously ill of a fever while preaching to the colliers in Kingswood. He was treated by Dr. John Middleton, who became his personal physician and lasting friend.

He liv'd a life of faith unfeign'd,
His rigid virtue unsubdued,
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 an heart.
5. Yet in no narrow bounds confin'd
His undisguis'd¹⁰ affection flow'd:
His heart, enlarg'd to all mankind,
Render'd to all the love he owed:
But chiefly Those who lov'd his Lord
Who most of Jesus mind exprest,
Won by their lives without the word,
He cherish'd in his generous 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:

¹⁰Ori., “undisguish'd”; but clearly means “undisguis'd.”

Rejected, and despis'd of men,
He heard the Saints departing sing
He saw them smile in mortal pain,
And trample on the grizly king.

7. Not biass'd by a party-zeal,
Their unsought advocate he stood,
"The men who live and die so well,
Howe'er decried, they must be good:"
Happy his tenderest help t' afford,
A servant of salvation's heirs,
He look'd on earth for no reward,
He ask'd no payment "but their prayers."
8. In part, before he reach'd the sky
He found his loving labour *paid*
He found their prayers 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 tried;
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 Jesus feet.

10. While weeping there the sinner lay,
Asunder sawn by hopes and fears,
He cast, as filthy rags, away
The righteousness of Seventy years;
Loathsom, and foul, and self-abhor'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 tried
Must suffer all his 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; replied 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 driven,
Caught up as from the dark abyss
He mounted to the highest heaven!

Part II.

- [1.] “He’s come,¹¹ He’s come, in peace and power,
“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 thro’ the sprinkled blood,
“And testify his power to save,
“And claim him for my Lord, my God!
2. “My God to me his grace hath given,
“Hath with the sense of pardon blest,
“I taste anticipated heaven,
“And happy in his favor rest;
“No evil now, but pride, I fear
“For God in Christ is reconcil’d:
“My heart is fixt, I find him here,
“The Witness that I am his child.
3. “What is redemption unpossesst?
“Poor, reasoning soul, to Jesus bow
“Thy pardon seek, like me distrest,
“And find it, a mere sinner, Now!

¹¹Ori., “He’s comes.”

“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 woud 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;
“Thro’ the dark vale of death I go,
“Whom Jesus to himself doth bring,
“And triumph o’re my vanquish’d foe,
“A feeble foe without a sting.^[b]

5. Twas thus the dying Christian spoke,
Conqueror of death, and hell, and sin,
While every accent, every look
Confess’d the heavenly change within:
How patient now, and meek, and mild,
That spirit which man could never tame,
As loving as a little child,
As gentle as an harmless lamb!

6. That all might Jesus 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 was not pleas’d t’ impart
[“]To a poor sinner justifi’d
[“]The comfort of a praying heart? [”]”

7. Yet 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,
Rous’d by his spirit’s newborn cry
Satan, and all his host assail:
In vain to shake his faith they try:
The Rock tis built on cannot fail.
8. Mercy prolong’d his dying hours,
That wrestling with the hellish foe,
With principalities, and powers,
He might his utmost Saviour know,
Might act his faith in Jesus blood,
Hold fast his adamantine shield,
And see th’ accusing fiend subdued
With all his fiery darts repel’d.
9. The tempter ask’d, and urg’d in vain,
Hath God indeed thy sins forgiven?

“He hath, He hath! in mortal pain
“I cleave to Christ, my Life, my Heaven
“Jesus, Thou seest my sprinkled heart;
“My faith in power almighty stands:
“Thou wilt not let th’ Accuser part,
“Or pluck my soul out of thy hands.

10. [“]The purchase of thy death I am,
“On this, my only hope, depend,
“Look on thy hands, and read my name
“And keep me faithful to the end:
“I do, I do believe on Thee,
“Thou knowst the grace by Thee bestow’d
“I plunge me in the purple sea,
“I bathe me in my Saviour’s blood.

11. [“]I will, I will on Jesus trust,
[“]I cannot doubt his changeless love:
[“]The fiend hath made his parting thrust
[“]But coud not from my Rock remove:
[“]My Saviour woud not quit his own:
[“]And, lo, in death I hold him fast,
[“]Having my latest foe o’ rethrown,
[“]I stand: And all is well at last.^[“]

12. One only task is yet behind,
 To bless us with his parting breath,
With love unutterably kind,
 With love surviving 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.

* Dr Robertson¹²

¹²John Robertson, M. D. (c. 1691–1761), originally of Wells, married into an estate in Pitcombe, Somersetshire.

III.¹³
On the Death
of Mr John Matthews, Dec. 28, 1764.

[Part I.]

- [1.] Blessing, and thanks, and power, and praise
 Jesus is worthy to receive,
Who keeps his saints throughout their days,
 And doth the final victory give!
He hath¹⁴ his faithful mercies shown,
 To Him, whose loss we now deplore,
Safe entred on that land unknown
 To weep, and fret, and die no more.
2. A servant in his earliest years
 After the hidden God he griev'd,
Till from his Saviour's messengers
 The welcom tidings he receiv'd:
His alms and prayers were not in vain,
 But rose acceptable to heaven;
And God assur'd the pious man
 His sins were all thro' Christ forgiven.
3. O what a mighty change was wrought
 By Jesus in his heart reveal'd!
Tis past the reach of human thought
 That peace which spake his pardon seal'd:
As quite exempt from sin and care,
 He feasted with the saints above;

¹³Two looseleaf drafts also exist: see MS Death of John Matthews (draft 1) and (draft 2). Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 6:308–15; but missing verses 8–10 of Part I. Thus Part I is published also in its entirety in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:335–37. John Matthews was a London Methodist who became a particular confidant and supporter of the Wesley brothers.

¹⁴Ori., “doth.”

And all his life was praise and prayer,
And all his Soul was joy and love.

4. Long he on Tabor's top abode;
His Pattern there, and patient Head
The perfect way thro' sufferings show'd,
And to the cross his follower led:
'Twas there he learnt with Christ to die,
And daily languish'd on the tree,
And ecchoed back the plaintive cry
"Why hath my God forsaken me!["]
5. Yet not forsook, but sorely tried,
But pain'd throughout his evil day,
And fashion'd like the Crucified,
He never cast his shield away:
Chose in the furnace of distress,
Kept by the power of Jesus Name,
He highly priz'd the passive grace
And prais'd his Saviour in the flame.
6. Witness his old companions there
How close in Jesus steps he trod,
The man of diffidence and prayer
The humble, upright man of God!
Happy, if all their faith coud prove,
Like him, like him their Lord confess,

By every work of genuine love,
By mercy, truth, and righteousness!

7. A doer of the word he heard,
He *lived* an Israelite unseen,
And always blest, who always fear'd
Not the reproach, but praise of men:
Not all the visits from his Lord,
The favors, or the grace bestow'd
Coud tempt to one vain-glorious word,
Or make him witness "I am good!"

8. Five hundred witnesses arose,
In proof of instantaneous grace,
And each his own perfection *knows*,
And *simply* utters his own praise!
Th'impeccable, immortal band
Intirely pure, intirely new
His sudden, full assent demand
"And he shall then be perfect too!"

9. Cautious their saying he receiv'd
Nor fondly fed their secret pride
Nor weakly every spirit believ'd,
Till in the sacred balance tried:
The language of their lives he heard,
Their sufferings, and their tempers *prov'd*,

And waiting till the fruit appear'd,
He saw them short; yet still he lov'd.

10. His wary, quick, judicious eye
Look'd every self-deceiver thro',
But pass'd the imperfections by
Of people, and of preachers too:
Paternal faults he woud not see;
O're failings in a saint indeed,
O're wrinkles of infirmity
His pious love the mantle spread.

Part II.

- [1.] Nor less the Christian Husband shone;
With steady, strong affection kind,
Wisdom and love he join'd in one,
The pastor's and the father's mind:
A drop from the pure Fount above
Did all his heart and life inflow,
Whose only labour was to prove
How Jesus lov'd his Church below.
2. Freely his all for her he gave,
(Whom mercy had on him bestow'd)
Her soul, her precious soul to save,
And without spot present to God:

For this alone he toil'd and liv'd
Her burthens on himself to take,
Kindly in her afflictions griev'd,
And suffer'd all things for her sake.

3. Oppression laid *her* iron yoke
By Satan's choicest messenger,
And bruis'd with many a cruel stroke,
And gaul'd his generous soul sincere:
In wrongs that might the wise confound,
His Father's gracious hand he sees,
Nor murmurs at the treacherous wound,
But still maintains his soul in peace.
4. The tempter all his wiles essay'd
A servant of the Lord t' o'rethrow:
His eye in garb¹⁵ angelic clad
Discern'd the soft, malicious foe:
The most perverse of human race
Might, leagued with hell, his caution try,
He never to the fiend gave place,
Or once believ'd their smoothest lie.
5. His love endur'd the fiery test;
Unfeign'd, impartial, unconfin'd
His love receiv'd the worst, and best,
As due to all the ransom'd kind:

¹⁵Ori., "garp."

If some well-meaning kindness show,
If others spitefully intreat,
He could not recollect a foe,
A friend he never could forget.

6. His friends and partners in distress
With warmest gratitude he held:
Affliction could not make it less,
When all the powers of nature fail'd:
Worn out with lingering, lasting pain,
Ready, and longing to depart,
In confidence to meet again,
He bore them on his faithful heart.
7. The Object of his kindest love
His Father to the utmost tries,
And calls a fav'rite child to prove
A thousand deaths, before he dies;
The strength, but not the joy of grace
He doth in largest measure give;
Yet still He seems to hide his face,
Yet still He seems his own to leave.
8. Did such a soul the Witness want,
Tho' not in formal words express?
He knew his Father's love would grant
Whate'er his wisdom counted best:

He cannot once mistrust that Care
Throughout his life of mercies shown,
Or doubt his sure admission there
Where Jesus prays before the throne.

9. His soul doth on the Rock remain,
Within the veil his anchor's cast
Thro' many a night of hallow'd pain
Till pain extreme hath brought the last;
He now on Christ his Life relies,
Nor can the King of terrors fear,
While calm in Mercy's arms, he cries
"The Lord preserves for ever near!"
10. Nor yet the Lord his light imparts,
Or comes, on his own work to shine,
Nor yet the sinner saved exerts
That act reflex of faith divine:
While ready for celestial bliss
His gasping soul on Christ he stays,
But never challenges for his
The perfect, or the pardning grace.
11. Above all sin, and doubt, and fear
While prov'd with agonies unknown,
To faith's almighty Finisher
He cleaves by naked faith alone:

Stranger to sensible delight,
Still his own grace he cannot see;
'Tis hidden from a sinner's sight
Whose soul is all humility.

12. Come, see in this pale, shadowy form
A spectacle to gods and men,
And learn from a frail, dying worm
The wonders of the world unseen!
His flesh, and heart, and spirit faints,
His life is safe conceal'd above:
Here is the patience of the saints!
Here is the power of perfect love!
13. Poor, meek, and patient to the end,
One even man in life and death,
He doth the humble grace commend,
And breathes it with his latest breath
"My dearest friends, whom now I leave
"Your charity in prayer be show'd
[^c]Lest I at last my soul deceive,
[^c]Or vainly think that I am good."
14. He speaks, and yielding up the ghost,
Without a parting sigh or groan,

Escorted by th' angelic host,
Appears before th' Eternal throne!
He still instructs us how to live,
Our Saviour how to testify,
Till all his fulness we receive,
And perfected thro' sufferings die!

Part III.

- [1.] O that a portion of his grace
 Might on his old companions rest,
Who the same precious Christ embrace,
 With pardon, and salvation blest!
O that his meek and lowly mind,
 His wise, discerning love were given
To men, instructors of the blind,
 Our patterns, and our guides to heaven!
2. We want the Spirit of humble fear
 Our fleshly confidence to stay,
Lest swift to speak, and slow to hear
 We swerve from the celestial way,
In error's endless mazes rove,
 As fancy, self, and Satan guide,
And take our grace for perfect love,
 When Jesus sees it perfect pride.

3. Jesus, thy ministers inspire,
Thy people, with the knowing zeal,
We then shall quench wild nature's fire,
And Satan's flaming darts repel,
Retract our confidence in men
(The men we worship'd heretofore)
No more on Verbal Goodness lean,
And trust to broken reeds no more.

4. O that we might our faith sincere
By doing, not by talking, show,
(While all the fruits of grace appear,
And tell the tree on which they grow:)
Our Saviour, not ourselves commend,
His sole perfections testify,
Or bid the world our works attend,
And hearken to our life's reply.

5. Partakers of thy nature made,
Thy tempers, Lord, we long t' express,
And show throughout our lives display'd
The power of real godliness,
As followers of the silent Lamb
To breathe thy meek humility
And always feel "I nothing am
"But a poor worm redeem'd by Thee."

6. What have I else whereof to boast?
A sinner by myself undone,
And still without thy mercy lost,
I glory in thy cross alone;
Conform'd to my expiring Head,
I share thy passion on the tree;
And now I to the world am dead,
And now the world is dead to me.

7. As pilgrims to the world unknown,
Acknowledg'd by the sinner's Friend,
Jesus, the Lover of thine own,
Wilt Thou not love us to the end?
No help in our weak selves we have,
But in thy strength and yearning zeal,
Mere sinners by thy blood to save,
And stamp us with thy Spirit's seal.

8. In lowly confidence divine
That Thou wilt never let us go,
We now into thy hands resign
Our souls so dearly bought below;
With Thee we trust them to that day
When summon'd, from the flesh we part,
And drop our corruptible clay,
And soar to see Thee as Thou art.

**On being desired to write an Elegy for
Mrs Hannah Butts.¹⁶**

- [1.] Can I describe a worth like thine,
Transcript of excellence divine,
Tho' friendship urge, and love demand
The tribute of so mean an hand?
Thy loveliness from far I see,
Thy height of Christian dignity,
But fail to utter *that* Thou art,
Or show thine image in my heart.
- [2.] Coud I like rapid Young¹⁷ aspire
Transported on his Car of fire,
Or flow with Academic Ease,
Smooth as our own *Isocrates*;^{*}
Beautiful words I coud not find
Expressive of so fair a mind,
But want an Angel's tongue to paint
The glories of an humble Saint.
- [3.] O were they all on me bestow'd
The form, and lineaments of God,
His image on thy soul imprest,
His love that fill'd thy faithful breast!

* the Revd James Hervey.¹⁸

¹⁶Appears also in MS Funeral Hymns for Hannah Butts, 3. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 6:331–32. Hannah Witham (b. 1720) was the daughter of Thomas Witham (d. 1743) and Elizabeth Witham (d. 1747), supporters of the Wesley brothers and active in the Methodist Society in London. In 1746 she married Thomas Butts, another active participant in the London Methodist Society, who occasionally accompanied both John and Charles Wesley on preaching tours in the 1740s. Thomas Butts also served as the first steward of John Wesley's book room in London from 1753–59. While CW does not record the date of Hannah's death, other records suggest it was in 1762.

¹⁷The poet Edward Young (1683–1765).

¹⁸James Hervey (1713–58), wrote prose poetry.

How gladly then should I ascend
With thee to view our heavenly Friend,
In rapturous strains his praise repeat,
And sing triumphant at thy feet!

Funeral Hymn.¹⁹

[For Hannah Butts]

- [1.] Hark, hark! 'tis a voice from the tomb,
Come, mourner, it cries, come away!
The grave of thy children has room,
To rest thee beside their cold clay:
Thy burthen of sorrow lay down,
Escape to the harbour so nigh;
Thy course of affliction is run,
And mercy permits thee to die!
2. The hope of a sudden release,
The token for good I receive,
The blissful assurance of peace
Which Jesus is ready to give:
It reaches a soul in the deep,
It points to that heavenly shore:
And there I no longer shall weep,
And there I shall suffer no more.

Another

[Funeral Hymn.

For Hannah Butts].²⁰

- [1.] Most gentle of all the soft kind,
I cannot allow Thee to part,
So deeply ingraven I find
Thy form on my desolate heart!

¹⁹Appears also in MS Funeral Hymns for Hannah Butts, 4. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 6:332.

²⁰Appears also in MS Funeral Hymns for Hannah Butts, 1–2. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 6:332–33.

Still, still the Desire of my eyes,
The bright apparition I see—
It beckons me up to the skies,
It waits—to be happy with me!

2. Thy voice ever-sounding I hear:
The harmony lulls me to rest;
It speaks my deliverance near,
It calms my tumultuous breast,
It bids me a moment endure,
Resign'd in affliction and pain,
To make my inheritance sure,
A share of her glory to gain.
3. O could I attain to the grace
That richly resided in Thee,
A number of sorrowful days
Woud seem but a moment to me;
So swiftly I then shoud remove,
Where sorrow, and sighing are o're,
And find my companion above,
And meet to be parted no more.
4. O Jesus, in pity appear,
Thy peace to a mourner impart,
Thy kingdom of righteousness here,
And whisper it into my heart;
Partaker at last of my hope,
With mercy a sinner embrace,

And out of the valley take up,
And bless with the Sight of *thy* face.

IV.²¹
On the Death of
Mrs Hannah Butts.

Part I.

- [1.] Happy, pure, impassive Soul!
 Ended are her mournful days,
She hath reach'd the heavenly goal,
 She hath won the glorious race,
'Scaped out of the stormy deep
 Angels welcom her to shore:
For ourselves alas, we weep,
 Not for her who weeps no more.
2. Early from our vale of tears
 Snatch'd by her Redeemer's love,
Ripe for God, she now appears
 With the spotless Church above;
Mixt with that triumphant quire
 Still the pitying saint looks down,
Bids us after her aspire,
 Win the fight, and claim the crown.
3. In the morning of her day
 Call'd to seek an hidden God,
Chearful she pursued her way,
 In the paths of duty trod;

²¹Appears also as MS Death of Hannah Butts. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 6:333–38.

(Guided by parental hands
Stranger then to Christ her Peace)
Ran the way of his commands,
Follow'd after righteousness.

4. One of those distinguish'd Few
From their childhood sanctified,
Wash'd by Christ, she never knew
When the blood was first applied:
Favor'd of the Lord and blest,
Nothing could his handmaid say,
Only by her life confess
He had borne her sins away.
5. Silent follower of the Lamb,
Him in deed and truth she lov'd,
Priz'd the odour of his name,
Never from his statutes rov'd,
Track'd the footsteps of his flock,
With his poor disciples stay'd,
Follow'd by their guardian Rock,
Safe in his almighty shade.
6. Humble like her Lord, and meek
Did she not herself abase?
Swift to hear, and slow to speak,
Still she chose the lowest place,
Glad to be accounted least,
Each she to herself prefer'd,

Far beyond her fellows blest,
Always blest who always fear'd.

Part II.²²

- [1.] Sinners she with pity saw
Of their own perfection proud,
Pleas'd the public eye to draw,
Forward, turbulent, and loud,
Witnesses of their own grace,
“Instantaneously secure
“Choicest of the chosen race
“Pure at once, intirely pure!^[b]”
2. Calm from such she turn'd away,
Left them to their God unknown:
Them to judge she coud not stay,
Busied with herself alone;
Free from proud, or bitter zeal,
Nature's wild or fierce excess,
Studying to be quiet, still,
Still she kept her love and peace.
3. Walking in her house with God,
Portion'd with the better part,
She her faith by actions show'd,
Martha's hands, and Mary's heart:
Labouring on from morn to night,
Still she offer'd up her care,

²²Part II published in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:338–39, because *Poetical Works* omitted stanzas 1–2.

Pleasing in her Saviour's Sight,
Sanctified by faith and prayer.

4. Taught of God himself to please,
Daily she fulfill'd his word,
In her meanest services
Ministring unto the Lord;
Happy, if her constant smile
Might but ease the sufferer's load,
Soften a companion's toil,
Win her little ones to good.
5. Gently she their will inclin'd,
Diligent her house to build,
Wisely, rationally kind,
With divine discretion fill'd:
Far remov'd from each extream,
Conscious why her babes were given,
Heirs of bliss, she liv'd for Them,
Liv'd to train them up for heaven.
6. Principled with faith unfeign'd,
Blest with Jesus quiet mind,
Every part she well sustain'd,
Bright in every function shin'd:
Simple love with lowly fear
Kept possession of her breast,

Made her every act appear
Wisest, virtuousest, and best.

Part III.

- [1.] Born that others might rejoice
Sweetly she their cares beguil'd,
Listning to her tuneful voice
Grief was hush'd, and anguish smil'd:
Clouds she scatter'd with her eye,
Welcom as the peaceful Dove,
Vanquish'd by her soft reply
Nabal melted into love.
2. More esteem'd as nearer view'd,
More belov'd as longer known,
Good, without pretention good,
Smooth and swift her race she run;
Patiently her soul possest,
When his blessings she restor'd,
God in every stroke confest,
Meekly own'd It is the Lord!
3. Witness her companions here
How she wail'd her infants dead,
You who saw her tenderest tear
When her dearest comforts fled!

Did she not the murmurer shame,
Teach the sufferer to submit,
Bless her great Redeemer's Name
Weep in silence at his feet?

4. Smiling on his mourner there,
Ready all her tears to dry,
Israel's Strength and Comforter
Whisper'd her deliverance nigh:
Messenger of lasting peace,
Pain, immortalizing pain
Hastens to her soul's release
Gives her back her babes again.

5. Anguish if her Lord employs,
Shall she not his choice approve?
Mark'd for everlasting joys
Summon'd to her place above,
Happy in the arms of death,
Lo, the lovely Victim lies,
Rachel gasping out her breath,
Finishing her Sacrifice!

6. LIFE is to her rescue come,
 In her mortal pangs sustains,
By the Fruit of Mary's womb
 She the full salvation gains:
Every promise is fulfil'd,
 Every grace and blessing given;
Now the glorious heir is seal'd,
 Ripe for all the joys of heaven.

7. Heaven expanded in her heart,
 Love ineffable, divine
Makes the soul and body part,
 Swells, and bursts the earthy shrine:
Wafted by th' angelic powers,
 In an extacy of praise
To her Saviour's arms she soars,
 Finds his throne, and SEES his Face!

V.²³
**On the Death
of Mrs Hannah Dewal.**

[Part I.]

- [1.] Farewell, thou best of friends, farewell
 (Since God revokes his richest loan)
Return with kindred souls to dwell,
 As pure and upright as thine own!
No longer could our prayers detain
 The pilgrim from her heavenly rest:
Go, blessed Saint, with Jesus reign,
 And lean for ever on his breast.
2. In hope to share thy happiness,
 We check th' unruly, selfish sigh,
Restraining nature's soft excess,
 The tears commanding from our eye:
When Jesus to himself doth take
 A vessel of his glorious love,
Tis sacrilege to wish her back,
 Tis robbery of the Church above.
3. Yet should we on her memory dwell
 The pattern fair she left behind
Her genuine faith, and temper'd zeal,
 Her noble, true, Berean mind,

²³Two looseleaf drafts also exist: see MS Death of Hannah Dewal (draft 1) and (draft 2).
Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 6:318–23. Hannah Dewal was a member of the Methodist
society in Lewisham, Kent; for more details see the introduction to either looseleaf draft.

Her diligence to search the word,
“If man his pardon’d sin may know,”
She sought, till there she found her Lord,
And held, and never let him go.

4. On Him she fixt her single eye,
And steady in his steps went on,
Studios by works to testify
The power of God in weakness shown:
A quiet follower of the Lamb,
She walk’d in Him she had receiv’d,
And more, and more declar’d his Name
And more, and more like Jesus liv’d.
5. No sudden fits of transient love,
No instantaneous starts she knew,
But show’d, her heart was fixt²⁴ above,
And poorer still, and poorer grew:
The seed increas’d, she knew not how,
Nor aim’d her Saviours work t’ explain,
Nor tempted Him by nature’s NOW,
But waited all his mind to gain.
6. Transparent as the chrystal stream
Her life in even tenor flow’d,
Careful to *be*, and not to *seem*,
Whate’er she was, she was to God:

²⁴Ori., “plac’d.”

Superior to reproach, and praise,
By no fantastic impulse driven,
As unperceiv'd she ran her race,
As rapid as the Orbs of heaven.

7. Thither her godlike spirit soar'd
Above all pride, all wrath, all fear,
She triumph'd with her glorious Lord,
Yet suffer'd with his members here;
At every shape of woe distrest,
How did her yearning bowels move!
Soft pity fill'd her generous breast,
And mixt the eagle with the dove.
8. For friendship form'd, her constant heart
With pure, intense affection glow'd,
She could not give her friend a part,
Because she gave the whole to God:
Her friend she clasp'd with love intire,
Inkindled at the Saviour's throne,
A spark of that celestial fire,
A ray of that eternal Sun!
9. Could actions, words, or looks express
How warm, how boundless her esteem?
Her soul's delight T' oblige and please,
Bliss to impart, her joy supreme:
Say you, who shared that Angel here,
Whom neither life, nor death disjoin,

Was ever transport more sincere,
Was ever friendship more divine?

Part II.

- [1.] Celestial charity expands
The heart to all the ransom'd race:
Tho' knit to One in closest bands,
Her soul doth every soul embrace;
She no unkind exception makes,
A childlike follower of her God
The world into her heart she takes,
The purchase dear of Jesus blood.

2. She lov'd even that most straitned Sect
Who every other Sect disown,
Who all, besides themselves, reject,
As heaven were bought for them alone:
With noble frankness she confest
Good out of Babylon might come,
And cherish'd in her candid breast
The warmest Partizan of Rome.

3. But numbred with the British Sheep,
She priz'd, and held the blessing fast,
Resolv'd her privilege to keep,
Till all the storms of life were past;
She kept her faith at first receiv'd,
Nor fiercely judg'd who turn'd aside,
A daughter of our Sion liv'd,
A mother of our Israel died.

4. Warn'd of her dissolution near,
By waning strength and lingring pain,
She blest the welcom messenger,
(To live was Christ, to die was gain)
Made ready for her heavenly Lord
Who came his Servant to release,
Her lamp with holiness was stor'd,
Her spirit kept in perfect peace.

5. She cast the tempting fiend behind
Who preach'd in her last sacred hours
"Now, now believe again, and find
"Sensations new, and rapturous powers:"
In vain to instantaneous pride
He urg'd a saint of Christ possest;
With ease she turn'd the dart aside,
And closer clave to Jesus breast.

6. Her humble confidence she held,
Built on a Rock that coud not move,
And conscious of her pardon seal'd,
And fill'd with purity of love,
The world with widest arms embrac'd,
Partaker of her Saviour's mind,
And dying, all her soul confess'd
Alike drawn out to all mankind.

7. Her convoy to those endless joys
While Israel's flaming Car attends,
The precious moments she employs
In dealing blessings to her friends,
In counsels kind, as each had need,
In witnessing the truth of grace,
While angels croud around her bed,
And heaven is open'd in her face.
8. "My Master calls! at his command
"Joyful I drop this earthly clod,
"My roll I carry in my hand,
"Tis written, sign'd, and seal'd with blood:
"My way, she cries, is strew'd with flowers,
"A pleasant path before me lies
"And leads to amaranthine bowers,
["And leads to Christ in paradise.^[2]]
9. When language fail'd, her silence spoke
In meekest majesty of love;
On opening heaven she fixt her look,
Like angels worshipping above;
Full of unutterable awe
Her look th' Invisible declar'd
As bringing, in the Sight she saw,
Her weighty crown, her vast reward.

10. That Vision of the One in Three
Sweetly dissolves²⁵ the human shrine,
It swallows²⁶ up mortality
In joy ineffable, divine;
That Sight too strong for life to bear
Her true eternal LIFE displays,²⁷
And eagle-like she cleaves the air,
And mingles with the Glorious Blaze.

VI.²⁸
On the Death
of Mrs Elizabeth Blackwell,
March 27, 1772.

[Part I.]

- [1.] God of all power, and truth, and love,
Whose faithful mercies never end,
Thy longing Servant to remove
Who dost the flaming Convoy send,
Help us thine attributes to praise
Help us thy follower to pursue,
Till all obtain the crowning grace
Till all, with her, thy glory—view.
2. E'er yet she into being came,
Thou didst thy fav'rite handmaid chuse,
Thy love inscribed her with thy Name,
And mark'd the vessel for thy use:

²⁵Ori., “dissolv’d.”

²⁶Ori., “swallow’d.”

²⁷Ori., “display’d.”

²⁸Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 6:323–31. Elizabeth (Molland) Blackwell was the first wife of Ebenezer Blackwell. She joined her husband in providing support and hospitality to John Wesley and to Charles and Sarah Wesley. See MS Death of Elizabeth Blackwell, for both an earlier draft and a polished version sent to Ebenezer Blackwell.

With tender, gracious awe inspir'd
With innocence and purity;
God above all *the Child* desir'd,
And gave her simple heart to Thee.

3. Her pious course with life began,
Call'd by the Consecrating Rite,
In wisdom's pleasant paths she ran,
And serv'd her Maker day and night:
Watchful to keep her garments clean,
Glad to frequent the hallow'd place,
She never *left* her God for sin
Or *wholly* lost that earliest grace.
4. While zealous for thy righteous law
She her integrity maintain'd,
Thou didst her trembling spirit awe,
And bless with lowliness unfeign'd:
No Pharisaic pride, or scorn
Coud harbour in her bosom find,
Her virtue into poison turn,
Or taint so pure and good a mind.
5. Touching the legal righteousness
While blameless in thy sight she liv'd,
Thee she confess'd in all her ways,
And all her good from Thee receiv'd;

Faithful ev'n then, she flew to tend,
Where'er distrest, the sick and poor,
Rejoic'd for them her life to spend,
And all thy gifts thro' them restore.

6. Did not her alms and prayers²⁹ arise,
Memorial sweet before the throne?
Grateful, accepted sacrifice
They brought the gospel-blessing down:
To One who Thee sincerely fear'd,
Thou didst the Comforter impart:
The herald spake: the Grace appear'd,
And stamp'd salvation on her heart.
7. Her unopposing heart receiv'd
With meekness the ingrafted word,
With reverential joy believ'd,
And sunk before her smiling Lord;
Reciprocal affection mov'd,
And wonder ask'd How can it be?
Hath God so poor a creature lov'd,
Or bought so mean a worm as me!

Part II.

- [1.] Commences now the Christian race
The conflict good, the life conceal'd

²⁹Ori., "prayers and alms" with a circled "2" above "prayers" and a circled "1" above "alms," meaning to transpose the order of the two words.

Th' eternal God replete with grace,
Jesus, is to her soul reveal'd:
Translated into wondrous light,
Humbly assur'd of sin forgiven,
She goes in peace, she walks in white,
And close pursues her Guide to heaven.

2. Exulting with her Head to rise,
She seeks the things conceal'd above,
For joy sells all, the jewel buys,
The heavenly treasure of his love;
Jesus alone resolv'd to gain,
And crucified with Jesus here,
The finish'd sanctity t' attain
The lowliness of filial fear.
3. Fear to offend or God or man
In all her conversation shines,
While following the Redeemer's plan
She carries on his great designs:
Watchful immortal souls to win,
The God supreme she dares commend,
Constrains the outcasts to come in,
And shows them their Expiring Friend.
4. By wisdom pure and peaceable,
By the meek Spirit of her Lord,

She knows the stoutest to compel,
And sinners wins without the word:
They see the tempers of The Lamb,
They feel the wisdom from above,
And bow, subdued, to Jesus name,
As captives of resistless love.

5. Witness ye ones to evil sold;
Witness her kind, parental zeal,
Thou wanderer of the Romish fold,³⁰
Pursued so long, and lov'd so well!
Sav'd by her prayers, thro' Jesus blood,
Thy endless debt make haste to pay,
Go, meet her at the throne of God,
Her crown, and glory in that day!

6. Witness ye souls to her allied
Her humble walk with God below;
She ne'er look'd back, or lost her Guide,
Or started like a broken bow;
She ne'er forsook her former love
Or wandred in the wilderness,
But labour'd on her faith to prove
By power, and purity, and peace.

7. Her living faith by works was shown:
Thro' faith to full salvation kept

³⁰CW is referring specifically to Mary Freeman Shephard, a distant niece of Ebenezer Blackwell, who was devoutly Roman Catholic.

She made the sufferer's griefs her own
And wept sincere with those that wept:
Nursing the poor with constant care,
Affection soft, and heart-esteem,
She saw her Saviour's image there
And gladly ministred to Him.

8. How did she entertain the spies,
By fervent prayer their labours speed,
Bring down the Spirit's fresh supplies,
And more than share their every deed!
To spread Jehovah's gracious word,
To do his will her pleasant meat,
And serve the Servants of her Lord,
And wash an old disciple's feet!

Part III.

- [1.] For converse form'd by art divine
For friendship delicate as³¹ pure
Did she not all with ease resign,
To make Another's bliss secure?³²
On Him by heavenly grace bestow'd,
Her generous heart intire she gave,
And charg'd with the behests of God,
She only liv'd his soul to save.
2. As born her earthly lord to please,
Studious of his content alone,

³¹Orig., "and"; struck out and replaced with "as."

³²I.e., Ebenezer Blackwell.

Dispensing virtuous happiness,
She made his every wish her own
As in their heavenly Bridegroom's sight,
The Church their vows with rapture pay,
Her duty ministred delight,
Her joy and glory was T' obey.

3. God's image she in man rever'd,
And honour'd all the ransom'd race
Thrice happy soul, who always fear'd,
Whose love did the whole world embrace!
So humble, affable, and meek,
Her gentle, inoffensive mind,
None ever heard that Angel speak
A railing speech, or word unkind!
4. Upright she walk'd in open day,
Free as the light, on all she shone,
In sight of Him whose eyes survey
The secret wish to man unknown:
Whene'er her pleasing voice we heard,
We saw her thoughts spontaneous rise
Whose heart in every word appear'd,
Whose generous soul abhor'd disguise.
5. Even as life, the heavenly flame
In all her words and actions burn'd,
While still invariably the same
Her sweetness all estates adorn'd:

Strangers with loving awe confess'd
The ministerial spirit below,
Who every charm'd spectator³³ bless'd,
And liv'd, and died without a foe.

Part IV.

- [1.] Soon as th' appointed sickness came,
And *promis'd* her departure near,
She welcom'd death in Jesus name,
Nor weakly dropt a lingring tear:
Let those lament with conscious dread
Who teach "Ye must in darkness die:^[b]"
She knew her Advocate had sped,
Her place was ready in the sky.
2. "How can I doubt my blisful end,
"How can I tremble to remove,
"When Jesus, my almighty Friend,
"Is the great God of faith³⁴ and love?
"Him God supreme for ever blest,
"Sole self-existing God I own,
"Who purchas'd my eternal rest,
^[c]And calls me up to share his throne.
3. ^[c]Surrounded by his power I stand
^[c]Whom day and night his mercies keep,

³³"Spectator" is underlined, and "beholder" written in the margin as an alternative.

³⁴"Faith" is underlined, and "truth" written in the margin as an alternative.

[“]He holds me in his chastning hand,
[“]He gives to his beloved sleep;
[“]While in his mercies I confide,
[“]He keeps my soul in perfect peace
[“]He comforts me on every side,
[“]And pain is lost in thankfulness.

4. [“]Who for so poor a creature care
[“]My friends are with his kindness kind,
[“]My burthens for his sake they bear;
[“]The Fountain in the stream I find;
[“]I magnify my Saviour’s name,
[“]I praise Him with my parting breath,
[“]And sinking into dust, proclaim
[“]The everlasting Arms beneath.[”]

5. In words like these the dying saint
Her humble confidence exprest,
Or calmly sigh’d her only want
And languish’d for that endless rest:
Rest after toil and pain how sweet
To souls whose full reward is sure,
Who their last wish, like her, submit,
Like Jesus, to the end endure.

6. Induring, with that patient Lamb
Th’ appointed years of sacred woe,

She comes, as gold out of the flame,
To triumph o're her mortal foe:
Sweet peace, and pure, celestial hope,
And humble joy the bride prepare,
While waiting to be taken up,
She whispers soft her final prayer.

7. The witness which thro' life she bore,
When now made ready to ascend,
Loving, and meek, resign'd, and poor
She bears consistent to the end;
No sudden starts with nature mixt,
No violent extacies of grace,
Her eye on Him, her heart is fixt,
And silence speaks her Saviour's praise.

8. Exempt from nature's agonies,
Who now is able to conceive
What with her closing eyes she sees,
She cannot bear the Sight and live:
In sweet communion with her God,
She glides insensibly away,
Quietly drops the smiling clod
And mingles with eternal day!

Prayer
for Mr [Ebenezer] Blackwell, Departing
April 21, 1782.³⁵

- [1.] Sun of righteousness, appear
Faith's almighty Finisher
Life in death Thyself reveal
Save the soul Thou lov'st so well:
2. One Thou hast so dearly bought,
One who hath his Saviour sought,
Mindful of thy promise past,
O be found of him at last.
3. Ee'r the soul and body part,
If Thou shine into his heart,
Light he in thy light shall see,
Glories of eternity.
4. Conscious of his pardon seal'd,
Happy in his Lord reveal'd,
Pain, and death he then shall prove
Swallow'd up in joy and love.
5. Good Physician, show Thine art,
Gilead's bleeding balm impart,
On his gasping soul arise,
Light of life that never dies.
6. Bid him from this moment be
One, for ever One with Thee
Ready for his purchas'd place
Take him up to see thy Face.

³⁵Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 6:352–53.

VII.³⁶
**On the Death
of Mr Ebenezer Blackwell,
April 21, 1782.**

[Part I.]

- [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!
He rests from all his labours there,
 Pursued by all his works of love,
And waits for us the joy to share
 Triumphant with our Friends above.
2. Then let us chearfully pursue
 Our Comrade to that heavenly 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 Jesus steps to tread,
 And spent his life in doing good.
3. Affliction's kind, unfailing friend
 He wisely used his growing store,
And priz'd his privilege to lend
 To God, by giving to the poor:
The Lord his liberal Servant bless'd
 Who paid Him back the blessings given,

³⁶Published in *Arminian Magazine* 6 (1783): 108–10, 164–66. 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 they moved to London. See MS Death of Ebenezer Blackwell, for both an earlier draft and a version sent to Mary (Eden) Blackwell, Ebenezer's second wife, after his death.

And still, the more his wealth increas'd,
More treasure he laid up in heaven.

4. Thro' 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 abhor'd
The Polish smooth, the Courtier's Art,
While free from guile in every word
He spoke the language of his heart.
5. Who always liberal things devis'd,
By liberal things he firmly stood;
Sincerely lov'd his friends, and³⁷ priz'd,
Their burthens bore, and sought their good:
But chiefly Those to Jesus dear
Who travel'd to the land of rest,
As brethren intimately near
He cherish'd in his generous breast.
6. A man of passions, like to ours,
For years he groan'd beneath the load,
And wrestled with the adverse Powers,
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.

³⁷Ori., "at."

Part II.

- [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;
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 inraptur'd quire,
A sabbath of eternal love.
3. His prayer is heard, and saved 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 fiery steeds appear!

4. Triumphant while his soul ascends
By ministerial spirits convey'd,
The numbers whom his grateful friends
He by th' unrighteous Mammon made,
With kindred saints, and angels bright,
In shining ranks expecting stand,
And shouting, all the sons of light
Receive, and welcom 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 thro' their Saviour's love,
When all the storms of life are o're,³⁸
As safe, and sudden they remove,
And grasp their friend, to part no more.
6. To ask his death shall I presume?
Saviour, in me Thyself 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 torture to decline
And let me then, like him, depart,
And let his Final State be mine!

³⁸Ori., "past."

VIII.³⁹
On the Death
of the Revd. Mr. William Grimshaw.⁴⁰

- [1.] Thanks be to God, whose truth, and power
And faithful mercies never end,
Who brings us thro' the mortal hour,
And bids our spotless souls ascend!
2. Thanks be to God, the God of love,
The Giver of all-conquering grace,
Who calls our Friend to joys above,
And shows him there his open face.
3. The God whom here his faith beheld,
The Father's fulness in his Son
He sees in glorious light reveal'd,
And shouts, and falls before the throne.
4. We, Saviour, at thy footstool lie,
Thy creatures purchas'd by thy blood,
And holy, holy, holy cry,
In honor of the Tri-une God;
5. With angels, and archangels join,
With all the ransom'd sons of grace
Extol the Majesty Divine,
And breathe unutterable praise.

³⁹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 6:306–7.

⁴⁰William Grimshaw (b. 1708) was curate of Haworth, Yorkshire from 1742 until his death on 7 April 1763. He was a supporter of both Arminian and Calvinist evangelicalism.

6. We praise⁴¹ thy constancy of love
Which kept its fav'rite to the end;
Which soon shall all our souls remove
Who trust in our Eternal Friend:
7. To us who in thy blood believe
The world, the fiend, and sin tread down,
Thou wilt the final victory give,
And then the bright, triumphant crown.

II.⁴²

- [1.] How happy the Dead
Who Jesus ador'd!
The Soldier is freed,
And rests with his Lord:
His warfare is ended,
His labours are o're,
The soul is ascended,
And death is no more.
2. The ripe shock of corn
Corruption defies,
The Spirit is borne
To God in the skies,
The partner of Jesus
Looks down from above,

⁴¹Ori., "breathe."

⁴²Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 6:307–8.

Lamenting he sees us
With pity and love.

3. My father, my Guide
(Our Israel may say)
Is torn from our side,
Is ravish'd away!
A prophet's translation
We justly deplore,
With calm lamentation
And weeping adore.
4. Devotion in tears
Expresses its love,
Till Jesus appears
Our souls to remove:
The loss of a Stephen
We greatly bewail:
He triumphs in heaven,
We mourn in the vale.
5. We mourn, but as men
Rejoicing in hope,
To see him again,
Together caught up,
Our great Consolation
When Jesus comes down,

The heirs of salvation
With glory to crown.

6. O Saviour, descend,
No longer delay
Our sufferings to end,
And bear us away,
Where death cannot sever,
Or sorrow molest,
Thy people, for ever
Repos'd on thy breast.

IX.⁴³
On the Death
of Mr John Boulton, Nov. 1, 1771,
Aged Seventy Eight.

- [1.] Thanks be to God in Christ, who gives
 A dying Worm th' immortal prize,
As a ripe shook⁴⁴ of corn receives,
 And stores our Brother in the skies!
2. Found in the paths of righteousness,
 Our Lord hath crown'd his hoary hairs,
And parting hence in perfect peace
 He now the wreath triumphant wears.
3. The good and faithful Servant, blest
 With hope, and patience to the end,
Doth now from all his labours rest,
 And sees his everlasting Friend.
4. His faith was swallow'd up in Sight,
 Soon as he laid the body down;
His works pursue the Saint in light,
 T' adjust the measure of his crown.

⁴³Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 6:317–18.

⁴⁴I.e., “shock.” The *OED* lists “shook” as an alternate spelling for “shock” in the eighteenth century.

5. His crown of life shall soon be ours
Built on the sole Foundation sure,
Who serve our God with all our powers,
And faithful unto death endure;
6. Who now with humble zeal go on,
Our faith's integrity to prove,
The race prescrib'd with patience run
And walk in all the works of love.
7. Then let us steadily pursue
Our comrades in distress and pain,
And fight, like them, our passage thro'
Like them, the purchas'd prize obtain;
8. Press on to perfect holiness,
Instant in never-ceasing prayer,
By force the heavenly kingdom seize,
And find Salvation finish'd there!

X.⁴⁵

**On the Death
of the Princess Dowager.**⁴⁶

- [1.] Glory to God above,
 Whose mercy's arms receive
The Object of his constant love
 With Him inthron'd to live,
 Beyond our world of care,
 In mansions of the blest:
The wicked cease from troubling there,
 The weary are at rest.
2. Long in the conflict, long
 Appointed to sustain
With meekest awe th'outrageous wrong,
 The soul-afflicting pain,
 She drank the hallow'd cup
 Which Jesus once desir'd,
And fill'd his mournful measure up
 And on his cross expir'd.
3. What tho' she daily died
 A follower of her Lord
Faith in the fiery furnace tried
 Inhances her reward;
 What tho' she languish'd on,
 Tormented more and more,
A jewel added to her crown
 Was every pang she bore.

⁴⁵Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:339–40.

⁴⁶The Princess Dowager was Princess Augusta of Saxe-Gotha, who died 8 February 1772.

4. For now the Prize is gain'd,
The Lord delights t' approve
Her works of piety unfeign'd,
Her patient hope and love,
Her faithfulness to death:—
And lo, the spotless bride
From Jesus hand receive[s] the wreath
And triumphs at his side!

II.⁴⁷
For his Majesty.⁴⁸

- [1.] O God, who dost for ever live,
Yet suffer'st mortal man to grieve
When bosom-friends depart,
Us for a royal Mourner hear,
And shew Thyself the Comforter
Of his afflicted heart.
2. A soul detach'd from all below
By sad variety of woe
Thou only canst relieve,⁴⁹
Into his heart the peace convey
Which death can never take away
Which life can never give.
3. His troubled breast, and tearful eyes
The best of Parents justifies:
Yet let the pious Son
Thy mercy's kindest act approve
Who from the arms of filial love
Hast caught her to thine own.

⁴⁷Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:341–42.

⁴⁸I.e., King George III, the son Princess Augusta of Saxe-Gotha.

⁴⁹Ori., “release.”

[4.]⁵⁰ Inspire his soul with faith to soar
Where safe on the celestial shore
Her raptur'd Spirit sings,
Welcom'd by all those angel-quires,
Who shout, and strike their plausive lyres,
And clap their golden wings.

[5.] His grief be lost in joy's excess,
In her consummate happiness
His every care and pain:
Jesus, to him thy goodness show,
Earnest of heaven thy love bestow,
And let his joy remain.

6. Still may he hold the earnest fast,
Till all his suffering days are past,
His race of glory run;
Then, then our hoary King remove,
To find his full reward above
In an immortal Crown.

⁵⁰Charles misnumbered Stanzas 4 and 5, as 5 and 6 respectively.

XI.⁵¹

On the Death of Mr [Anthony] Charles Worgan.

- [1.] Blooming Innocence, adieu,
Lovely, transitory flower,
Faded is thy youthful hue,
Ended is thy morning hour,
Death hath closed thy sleeping eyes,
Opening them⁵² in paradise.
2. Ravish'd hence by Sovereign LOVE,
Wing'd with empyrean fire
Soars thy soul to joys above,
Mingled with th' immortal quire
Hears the music of the spheres,
All those heavenly harpers hears.
3. Happy harmonist, to thee
Sovereign LOVE assigns a place,
Crowns thy spotless purity,
Decks thy head with brighter rays,
Bids thee join the virgin-throng,
Chant th' inimitable song.
4. Hastning thro' this mortal vale
Lo, we after thee aspire,
Where thou dost their triumph swell,
Raise their highest raptures higher,
Sing the glorious One in Three,
Shout thro' all eternity.

⁵¹Appears also in two looseleaf drafts, see MS Death of Charles Worgan. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 6:365; and *Representative Verse*, 324. John Worgan (1724–90) was one of the most famous organists of his day. He was friends with the Charles Wesley family, and tutor to Charles Wesley Jr. on the organ. Anthony Charles Worgan (1758–75) was a son of John Worgan and his first wife, Sarah Mackelcan (1732–95), whom he married in 1753.

⁵²Ori., “Open’d now.”

XII.⁵³
On the Death
of Mrs Elizabeth Vigor.⁵⁴

- [1.] Farewell, my best, my happiest Friend,
Resign'd I let thee go before,
I see the flaming host descend
Thy convoy to the heavenly shore,
And LOVE supports thy languid head,
And Jesus smooths thy dying bed.
2. Go, claim thy full immense reward
In mansions of eternal rest,
With transport find thy place prepar'd,
And lean on thy Redeemer's breast,
And sink in the Divine embrace
And see the glories of his Face.
3. I trust *thy* utmost Saviour's love
Shall soon to me the victory give,
While thou, and all my friends above
Your partner sav'd with shouts receive,
And mixt with that angelic band
Conduct, and welcom me to land.
4. Come Thou, our longing hearts' Desire,
The number of thy saints compleat,
To raise their speechless raptures higher,
To fall triumphant at thy feet,
With Father, Son, and Spirit one
To reign on thy eternal throne.

⁵³Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 6:341–42.

⁵⁴Charles misspells the first name as “Elisabeth.” Elizabeth (Stafford) Vigor (b. 1697) was a Quaker widow in Bristol, drawn into the Methodist revival, who became a close friend of the Wesleys. She died Nov. 12, and was buried on Nov. 17, 1774.

**Epitaph
of Miss Maria Lowth
by her Father, the Bishop of London.⁵⁵**

*Cara, vale, ingenio praestans, pietate, pudore,
Et plus quam natae nomine, cara vale!
Cara Maria, vale! at veniet felicius aevum
Quando iterum tecum (sim modo dignus) ero.
Cara redi, laetâ tum dicam voce, paternos
Eia, age, in amplexus, cara Maria, redi!*

Imitated.

- [1.] Maria, dearest Child, farewell
Wise, pious, good above thy years!
Thy ravish'd Excellence I feel
Bereav'd—dissolv'd in softest tears.
- [2.] Yet soon, if worthy of the grace,
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!

⁵⁵Published in *Arminian Magazine* 1 (1778): 282. Robert Lowth (1710–87), Bishop of London, was an uncle of Ebenezer Blackwell's second wife Mary Eden, whom Blackwell married in 1774. CW prepared this at the request of Rev. Dr. John Jones; see Jones to CW, June 17, 1780.

XIII.⁵⁶
On the Death of
Mrs Dorothy Hardy.⁵⁷

- [1.] Farewell thou once a sinner,
 Sad daughter of distress,
Thy suffering faith's Beginner
 Confers the final peace;
The God of consolation
 Is to thy rescue come,
And crown'd with full salvation
 Receives his Exile home.
- [2.] With songs of pure thanksgiving
 We trace thee to the skies,
No longer dead, but living
 The life that never dies:
Thy days of sin and mourning
 Are finish'd all and past,
Thy joy with Christ returning
 Eternally shall last.
3. Where now are all thy fears
 That God woud never see
Thy unavailing tears,
 Or mark thy misery,
Woud never more forgive thee
 Or for his outcast care,
But quite reject, and leave thee
 Expiring in despair.

⁵⁶Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 6:342–43.

⁵⁷This is apparently Mrs. Dorothy Hardy (c. 1699–1777), who was buried in Epsom, Surrey on Oct. 8, 1777 (but identified as from London).

4. Where now thy lamentations
Of every comfort fled,
Thy friends and fond relations
Inroll'd among the dead?
Thy friends again have found thee
Where each to each is known,
And shouting saints surround thee
On a superior throne.

5. Thy more enduring treasure
Thou hast obtain'd above,
And riches beyond measure
In thy Redeemer's love:
No sacrilegious spoiler
Shall those possessions share,
No treacherous Keen reviler
Afflict thy spirit there.

6. The mourner there rejoices,
The weary are at rest,
And sweet, celestial voices
Record the Ever blest:
Jesus, they all adore thee
In extacies of praise,
Or sink in flouds⁵⁸ of glory
Before thy dazzling Face.

⁵⁸I.e., "floods." The *OED* lists "floud" as an alternate spelling for "flood" in the eighteenth century.

XIV.⁵⁹
**On the Death
of Mrs Anne Davis,
Nov. 5, 1775.**

- [1.] Glory to God on high!
 The God whom Saints adore
Hath caught our Partner to the sky,
 And sorrow is no more;
 The long, dark hour is past,⁶⁰
 And lo, to sight restor'd,
She gains the dazzling prize at last
 And SEES her⁶¹ smiling Lord!
2. To Thee, O Christ, to Thee
 Subject of all our songs,
Giver of life and victory
 The grateful praise belongs:
 With those that never die
 The Church inthron'd above
Poor worms of earth, we magnify
 Thy dear, redeeming love.
3. On us the grace be shown,
 Which sav'd our happy friend,
Saviour, and Lover of thine own,
 O love *us* to the end;
 Let *us* thy gracious power
 Throughout our lives proclaim
Kept in the adamant tower
 Of thy almighty Name.

⁵⁹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 6:338–39. CW first met Colonel and Anne Davis of London in 1749. Anne became a friend and supporter of Charles and Sarah Wesley.

⁶⁰See John Wesley's description of the suffering in her later years, in *Journal* (Dec. 15, 1775), *Works*, 22:478.

⁶¹Ori., "his."

4. Then, when thy work is wrought
 And faith hath pass'd the fire,
Receive our souls so dearly bought
 To that immortal Quire;
 Wash'd in th' atoning blood,
 Brought thro' the crimson sea,
To spend in praises of our God
 A blest Eternity.

XV.⁶²
On the Death
of Lady Gertrude Hotham,
April 12, 1775.

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,
Her even course she calmly ends,
And in a flaming⁶³ Car ascends!

⁶²Published in *Arminian Magazine* 2 (1779): 545. Lady Gertrude Hotham (1696–1775), wife of Sir Charles Hotham (1693–1738), 5th Baronet of Scarborough, and daughter of Philip Stanhope, the third Earl of Chesterfield, was a Methodist sympathizer and friend of CW's family, including him in her will.

⁶³Lady Hotham died from severe burns, when her clothing caught fire from a candle.

XVI.⁶⁴
On the Death
of Colonel Gallatin.

- [1.] In the mansions of the blest,
Where the weary are at rest,
Far from earth and sin remov'd,
Can we mourn whom best we lov'd?
2. Yes; tho' now his spirit reigns
Stranger to our griefs and pains,
Still remembring what he was,
Calmly sad, we feel our loss;
3. By our old Companion left,
Of our bosom-friend bereft,
Gentle, generous, and sincere,
Galatin demands the tear.
4. We ourselves, not him, deplore
Safe on the eternal shore,
Safe, where all his sorrows end,
Safe with his Redeeming Friend.
5. Jesus cheer'd the sinner here,
Show'd himself the Comforter,

⁶⁴Two looseleaf copies of this hymn exist: see MS Death of Bartholomew Gallatin. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 6:363–64. Gallatin was a Swiss army officer, naturalized by special act in 1737, who rose to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel by 1759. He retired in 1771 and died in 1779. Gallatin and his wife embraced the Methodist revival within the circle of George Whitefield and Lady Huntingdon. But they offered support to all branches of the movement, including hosting John Wesley on several occasions. CW knew the Gallatins well, in part because he maintained more active contact with Lady Huntingdon and her circle of supporters than did his brother John.

Sav'd the penitent forgiven
Bare his ransom'd soul to heaven.

6. We alas, remain below
Pilgrims in a vale of woe,
Banish'd from our native place,
Wandering o're the wilderness.
7. Thorns and briars our spirits wound,
Lions roar, and wolves surround;
Troubled, destitute, distrest
On this earth we cannot rest:
8. Burthen'd with a load of clay,
Strugling to escape away,
For our absent Lord we sigh,
For our country in the sky.
9. Lord, while after Thee we mourn,
Comfort us with thy return,
Saviour of the chosen race,
Come, and all our sorrows chase.
10. Bring the heavenly city down,
Bring the patient Victor's crown,
Son of God, on earth appear,
King of Saints triumphant here!

XVII.⁶⁵
On the murder of Miss Ray.⁶⁶

- [1.] Bleeding Tenderness,⁶⁷ farewell,
Hurried in a moment hence,
(Thy sad, unexampled tale
Shocks the agonised⁶⁸ sense)
Pitied and deplor'd by all!
Virtue[']s self, no more severe,
Grieves at thy untimely fall,
Drops the soft, forgiving tear!
2. Martyr of fidelity
Fatally alas, beloved!
Brutal Appetite to Thee
Crueller than hatred prov'd:
By the dire Assassin's hand
Torn from all thou lov'st below—
Who the deed can understand,
Who the ways of heaven can know?
3. Wherefore was she form'd to please
Gentlest of the gentle kind?
Why were want and wretchedness
Sure in her a friend to find?
Lo, the pleasing Form appears
Mangled, weltring in her gore!

⁶⁵Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:343.

⁶⁶Martha Ray (1742–79), the mistress of the Earl of Sandwich, whose murder Apr. 7, 1779 shocked London high society.

⁶⁷Ori., “**Excellence.**”

⁶⁸Ori., “~~tingling, tortur'd.~~” [?]

Misery's sons, indulge your tears,
Misery's Friend is now no more!

4. Dare we hope her safe above,
Snatch'd from the infernal grave?
Who shall bound Almighty LOVE,
Teach his God *how far* to save?
MERCY's thoughts are not as ours:
He who bought her with his blood,
Conqueror of all adverse Powers,
Jesus claims her soul for God!

**Prayer for her Murderer
at his Execution, April 19, 1779.⁶⁹**

- [1.] Jesus, was ever love like thine!
Jesus, remember Calvary!
Who didst thy precious life resign,
Who didst, expiring on the tree,
Pity the men that nail'd thee there,
And save them by thy dying prayer.
2. A Ruffian drench'd in guiltless blood
Thy utmost strength of grace requires:
From all the righteous wrath of God
From inextinguishable fires

⁶⁹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:352–53; and *Representative Verse*, 334. In the margin Charles identifies the murderer as “J. H.”; i.e. James Hackman (1752–79).

Redeem him at this dreadful hour,
Thou Infinite in saving power!

3. The one unpardonable sin
Great God, if he hath never done,
We ask that blood to wash him clean,
Which did for murtherers atone;
Wash'd in that blood his soul require,
And save him—save him—as by fire!

XVIII.⁷⁰
For a dying friend,
Mr Abraham Brown.⁷¹

- [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 obtain'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,

⁷⁰Published in *Arminian Magazine* 2 (1779): 659–60.

⁷¹Abraham Brown (c. 1725–80), husband of Hester (Tyler) Brown, came to know the CW's family when he apprenticed in the book trade in Bristol under Felix Farley. He remained a bookseller in Bristol and was buried there Oct. 18, 1780.

Ready with Thyself to live
Now his spotless soul receive.

3. O cut short thy work in mine,
Mine, most gracious Lord, prepare,
Purchase dear of blood divine
Let me all thine impress bear,
All thy great salvation see:
Send the chariot now for me.

4. Dying once to die no more,
Might I, like my friend, aspire,⁷²
On the wings of angels soar,
Added to the tuneful quire,
Mingled with the Saints above,
Lost in harmony and love!

⁷²Ori., “expire.”

XIX.⁷³
A prayer
for Dr Dodd, under Condemnation.

- [1.] God ever near to the distrest,
 When to thy gracious throne they fly,
In ours regard thy Son's request,
 In ours attend thy Spirit's cry.
2. The hearts of kings are in thy hand
 Turn'd as the rivers of the sea
They melt at thy supreme command,
 And take the course prescrib'd by Thee.
3. Whom thy Vicegerent we confess
 To mercy, Lord, his heart incline,
And on his soften'd soul impress
 That brightest character divine.
4. Now let him kindly condescend,
 Reverse the merciless decree,
And to a guilty worm extend
 The grace he needs himself from Thee.

⁷³Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:351–52. This and the next two hymns relate to William Dodd (1729–77), and Anglican priest who resorted to forgery in an effort to clear his debts, was caught, and became the last person convicted of forgery to be hanged at Tyburn. His hanging came despite a public campaign, led by Samuel Johnson, for his pardon. CW clearly sympathized with this campaign.

5. The mercy ask'd in Jesus Name
Be in his royal bosom found,
The bowels of that bleeding Lamb
In him, in him this moment sound!
6. If Thou our instant suit approve,
If mercy be thy own design,
Give him no rest, Almighty Love,
Till his resolve submits to thine.
7. But if thy sovereign awful will
Hath fixt a dying sinner's doom,
Thy pardon on his conscience seal
The earnest sure of joys to come;
8. Whom man accounts not fit to live
Thy poor, repenting Servant own,
Into thy mercy's arms receive,
And make him partner of thy throne.

**Written June 27, 1777,
the Morning of his Execution.⁷⁴**

- [1.] Refuge supreme of sad despair
The outcast's Hope, the sinner's Friend,

⁷⁴Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:352.

For Him we breathe our latest prayer
Whose life hath reach'd its shameful end,
For Him we in thy Spirit groan,
And bear his burthen to the throne.

2. The mercy which he sought from man,
From cruel man he could not find:
But can he ask thy grace in vain?
Lover, and Saviour of mankind,
Thy mercy, and *thy* grace impart,
And fill with peace his happy heart.
3. Give him the sting of death to feel
With all his cancel'd sins remov'd,
Now in his soul Thyself reveal
So dearly bought, so dearly lov'd
Challenge his parting soul for thine,
And swallow' up death in Life Divine!

Written
After the Execution.⁷⁵

Ah, who the ways of Providence can know
Distributing or good, or ill below?

⁷⁵Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:444.

M—d⁷⁶ consents that murderers should live,
And Sodom's sons the Royal grace receive:
Mercy the merciful cannot obtain,
And contrite Dodd for pity sues in vain!
But lo, the righteous Judge shall quickly come,
And every soul receive his equal doom:
Who mercy now to Penitents deny,
Guilty yourselves, and soon condemn'd to die,
(Yourselves to felons if ye dare prefer)
Judgment unmixt ye for yourselves prepare,
And death eternal at the last great Bar!

}

⁷⁶Lord Chief Justice Mansfield, who refused to show clemency to Dodd.

XX.⁷⁷
On the Death
of Prudence Box, Jan. 9, 1778, Aged 38.

- [1.] He's come to set the prisoner free,
 The dear Redeemer's come
To give the final victory,
 And take his Servant home;
To wipe the sorrow from her eyes,
 To end her mourning days,
And shew her soul the glorious prize
 In his unclouded face.
2. Long in the toils of death she lay,
 Nor fear'd the ghastly king,
When Christ had borne her sins away,
 And spoil'd him of his sting;
Yet still she drank the bitter cup
 Of grief, and pain extreme,
And fill'd his Lord's afflictions up,
 And *tasted* death with Him.
3. Seeing the great Invisible
 Her Saviour, and her Friend,
She suffer'd all his righteous will,
 And suffer'd to the end:

⁷⁷Appears also in looseleaf draft as MS Death of Prudence Box. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 6:339–41; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:327–29 (adding an extra stanza). Prudence Box (c. 1740–78) was a maid for CW's family, and a particular favorite of Charles Jr. and Samuel.

Thro' a long vale of misery
She walk'd with Christ her Guide,
And bleeding on the hallow'd tree,
Confess'd the Crucified.

4. With all the Spirit's powers she pray'd
With infinite desire
To bow her weary, fainting head,
And suddenly expire:
The agonizing prayer was heard
For everlasting peace,
Yet still her faithful Lord defer'd
To sign her soul's release.
5. He holds her still in life detain'd,
Her ripen'd grace to prove,
Her stedfast hope, and faith unfeign'd,
And all-victorious love;
To emulate his sacrifice,
Obtain a richer crown,
And point us to the opening skies,
And pray the Saviour down.
6. Unutterable things I see!
The purchase of thy blood,

That place Thou hast prepar'd for me!
Come, O my God, my God!
I dare not murmur at thy stay;
But to depart is best:
Come, O my Saviour, come away,
And take me into rest.⁷⁸

7. Now, Lord, into thy hands receive,
That Thee my soul may bless,
Intirely love her God, and live
To thine eternal praise!—
She speaks—and hears the answering word,
“Come up, my spotless bride,”
And angels waft her to her Lord,
And seat her at his side.

XXI.⁷⁹

**On the Death of Dr. Boyce,
Feb. 7, 1779.**

- [1.] Father of harmony, farewell,
Farewell 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.

⁷⁸Ori., “And take me to thy breast.”

⁷⁹Published as *Ode to Dr. Boyce* (1779); and in *Arminian Magazine* 2 (1779): 606. William Boyce (1711–79) was a well-known organist, who gave lesson to the talented Wesley sons.

2. Thy generous, good, and upright heart
That sigh'd for a celestial lyre,
Was tuned on earth to bear a part
Symphonious with that heavenly quire,
Where Handel strikes the warbling 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 greet.⁸⁰
4. Thy brow a radiant Circle wears,
Thy hand a golden 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!

⁸⁰“Meet” is written under “greet” as an alternative.

**Prayer, for the
Mother, of a Son in the Small-pox.⁸¹**

- [1.] Jesus, regard a Mother's sighs!
Her Isaac on the altar lies,
Her lov'd and only Son
As struggling in the toils of death
He lies—as gasping out his breath,
His last, expiring groan!
2. With pity mark her silent tears,
Her pious prayers, and tender fears
T' oppose the Sovereign will;
Her wish with meekness to submit,
And weep, afflicted, at thy feet,
Till Thou thy mind reveal.
3. Obedient to the word divine,
She woud her more than life resign,
If Thou her Son demand,
Forbid on earth his longer stay,
And take him from the evil day
To that celestial land.
4. If Thou hast work prepar'd for him,
Thou canst, almighty to redeem,
Both soul and body save,

⁸¹Appears also in a looseleaf draft: see MS Smallpox. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:410–11. Title originally., “~~The~~ Prayer, ~~of a~~ Mother, ~~for her~~ Son in the Small-pox.” The mother is identified as “Mrs Vigor” in the margin. This would be Elizabeth Vigor (d. 1775; see her funeral hymn above). The sick child is likely her son Francis.

Canst stop the Spirit in his flight,
Arrest him at the gates of light,
And snatch him from the grave.

5. Now, Lord, a gracious token give,
And let us with the Parent grieve,
Resign'd to thy decree,
Calmly, like her, expect to prove
Th' appointments of Almighty love,
And leave our all to Thee.
6. Thy love must send whate'er is best;
Grant, or deny her fond request;
O⁸² give her back her Son,
Or to thy mercy's arms receive,
And bid him in thy glory live
Partaker of thy throne.

XXII.⁸³
On the Death
of Mr Thomas Waller,
in his⁸⁴ **thirtieth Year—May 11, 1781.**

[Part I.]

- [1.] Th' Eternal mind at last is known,
The will Omnipotent obey'd,
The Father hath call'd home his Son
And numbred with th' Immortal Dead!

⁸²Ori., "Or."

⁸³Appears also in two looseleaf drafts: MS Death of Thomas Waller. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 6:345–46. Thomas Waller (1751–81), was the son of James and Elizabeth Waller. James Waller (1735–1802) was a lace merchant who became active among the Methodists in the mid-1740s. Through the second half of this decade he frequently traveled with CW on his preaching tours. In the process Waller became acquainted with Elizabeth Gwynne (b. 1730), the younger sister of Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley. They were married on Dec. 4, 1750, with CW performing the ceremony (recounted in his *Manuscript Journal*). Thomas was their first child, and CW's nephew.

⁸⁴Ori., "this."

Redeem'd from earth, th' unspotted Youth
Hath join'd the Virgin-quire above,
And SEES unveil'd the God of truth,
And triumphs in his Saviour's love.

2. Not of the world, while here he liv'd,
A stranger to its hopes and fears,
With reverence he rejoic'd, and griev'd,
Resign'd throughout his thirty years:
From vice, and every great offence
By grace miraculous secur'd,
He kept his childish innocence,
And faithful unto death endur'd.
3. A daily death thro' life he died
In weakness, weariness, and pain,
By many a sharp affliction tried
His faith did every cross sustain:
What but th' Invisible display'd
Coud bear him thro' the fiery test,
While still he look'd to God for aid,
And God in all his ways confest?
4. So modest, diffident, and meek,
So small and mean in his own eyes,
Did not his life and actions speak
An humble soul without disguise?

Let Others of their virtue tell,
Their knowledge, or superior grace,
His good he studied to conceal,
And only sought his Maker's praise.

5. Religion undefil'd and true
In works of charity is shown:
'Twas thus his loving heart we knew,
Who made the sufferer's griefs his own,
So swift to succour the distrest,
So wise, and tender to reprove—
He clasp'd a Sister to his breast
With more than a Paternal love.
6. His soul in pure affection flow'd
To all by nature's ties endear'd
Freely he paid the debt he owed,
The friend in every act appear'd;
The warmth of piety unfeign'd,
The flame of love unquenchable
That in his grateful bosom reign'd
Let an afflicted Parent tell.
7. For her a suffering life he liv'd,
For her a daily death he died,
With all her pains and sorrows griev'd,
On all her crosses crucified;

Willing for her on earth to stay,
And want his place above prepar'd,—
But call'd at last, he drops his clay,
And mounts, and gains a full reward.

Part II. the Mother's.⁸⁵

- [1.] Still let me his remembrance bless,
Still on his dearest image dwell,
Indulge my sorrow's soft excess,
And weep o're One I lov'd so well!
Flow fast, and never cease to flow
These streams of unforbidden tears,
Till HE who shares his creature's woe,
My Comforter in death appears.
2. He knows the texture of my heart,
Remembers that I am but dust,
So loth alas, with that to part
Which nature loves and prizes most!
Partner of all my good and ill,
My friend, my bosom-friend, he was—
In anguish exquisite I feel,
I feel th' unutterable loss.
3. Yet for myself, not him, I grieve,
By⁸⁶ Mercy's sudden stroke remov'd
Beyond the reach of pain to live
Safe in the arms of his Belov'd:

⁸⁵Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 6:347–48. This would be for Elizabeth Waller (née Gwynne), the younger sister of Charles's wife Sarah.

⁸⁶Ori., "My."

He looks with pity from the skies—
His happiness my grief suspends,
Crown'd with the life that never dies,
Possess of joy that never ends.

4. Contemplating his blest estate,
I hasten to my endless home,
And lighter feel th' afflictive weight
Which sinks my flesh into the tomb:
The sense of his transcendant bliss
With comfort soothes this aching breast,
Commands these storms of grief to cease,
And lulls my sorrowing soul to rest.

5. Not without hope, henceforth I mourn,
(Since Thou, my God, woudst have it so)
He never shall to me return,
But I e'erlong to him shall go;
Thou wilt cut short my mourning days,
Thou wilt my longing soul prepare,
To see, with him, thy heavenly Face
And grasp my Son triumphant there!

XXIII.⁸⁷
On the Death
of Mr Thomas Lewis, April 1782.⁸⁸

- [1.] Thee, Lord, in all events we praise!⁸⁹
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 instantaneous 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 died,
A stranger in the vale of tears,
Whose life for more than forty years
 Confess'd the Crucified.
4. His life the Proof substantial gave,
And witness'd Jesus power to save
 The sinner here forgiven,

⁸⁷Published in *Arminian Magazine* 6 (1783): 49–51 (where it is noted that Lewis died in Bristol).

⁸⁸Thomas Lewis (1714–82) was a General Steward for the Methodist society in Bristol for many years. He was buried in Bristol on Apr. 28, 1782.

⁸⁹Ori., “bless.”

While firm in the old paths he stood,
Redeem'd the time by doing good,
And laid up wealth in heaven.

5. Rugged howe'er his manners seem'd,
His manners were by all esteem'd
Who truth prefer'd to art:
His hands for Esau's hands were known,
His voice bewray'd the fav'rite Son,
And Jacob's honest heart.
6. His heart, as tender as sincere,
Melted for every sufferer,
And bled for the distrest,
(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 denied,
The naked cloth'd, the hungry fed,
Or parted with his daily bread,
That they might be supplied.
8. But chiefly who in Christ believ'd,
For them, into his heart receiv'd,

He naturally cared,
His faith's integrity to prove,
By labours of unwearied love
To gain a full reward.

9. A steward just, and wise, and good,
Thro' life against the men he stood
Who basely sought their own,
He dared their practices condemn,
Yet not an enemy to Them,
But to their deeds alone.
10. Sin, only sin his soul abhor'd,
A follower of his righteous Lord,
Till all his toils were past:
And lo, the hoary Saint ascends,
And gather'd to his heavenly friends
Obtains the prize at last.
11. Thanks be to God, thro' Christ his Son!
Thy power is on our brother shown,
Thy truth and constant love,
Thou dost the final victory give,
And more than conqueror receive
To rapturous joys at last.

12. O that the friends he leaves beneath,⁹⁰
Might live his life, and die his death
For glory as mature,
Partakers with the sons of light,
And reap the pleasures in thy Sight
Which evermore endure!

XXIV.⁹¹

**On the Death
of Mr William Kingsbury,
February 8, 1782
(set to music by his Scholar S[amuel]W[esley]).**⁹²

- [1.] And is He then set free
The child of misery!
Free from sin, and want, and pain
Safely lodg'd in Abraham's breast
There the Wrong'd no more complain
There the Weary are at rest!
2. Born to distress and woe,
Inur'd to grief below,

⁹⁰Ori., “**behind.**”

⁹¹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 6:348–49.

⁹²William Kingsbury was an accomplished violinist, and gave the young Samuel lessons on the violin. For a description of the musical setting that Samuel prepared for this poem, see Philip Olleson, *Samuel Wesley: The Man and His Music* (Woodbridge, Suffolk: Boydell Press, 2003), 275.

Toiling hard for scanty bread,
Scanty bread he could not find,
Not a place to lay his head,
Not a friend in all mankind.

3. By his own flesh forsook
 With want and sickness broke,
Charity's cold hand at last
 Necessary food supplied:
Wanting then the power to taste,
 Meekly he sunk down, and died!

4. But lo, he lives again
 A new, immortal man,
Blest with Lazarus he lives,
 With the tuneful Quire above,
Good, not evil, things receives,
 Fruits of his Redeemer's love.

5. Happy at last might I
 As meek and lamblike die,
Gladly reach Immanuel's land,
 Meet for heavenly Concerts made,

By the bright, angelic band
To my Father's arms convey'd.

6. With those redeem'd of old
 In life's fair book inroll'd,
Saviour, tune, and take my soul
 With that double quire to meet:
There the harmony is full,
 There the triumph is compleat!

**Communion
with a Saint departed.**⁹³

- [1.] Ah! my dear, departed friend,
 Can I cease remembering Thee?
 Must our sacred⁹⁴ friendship end
 With the life of misery?
 From the⁹⁵ fleshly dungeon freed,
 Dead to all thou lovdst before,⁹⁶
 Dead to me, intirely dead
 Shall I clasp thy Soul no more?
2. Wherefore, when we met below,
 Struck with sympathy divine,
 Pleas'd its counterpart to know,
 Flew my soul to mix with thine?
 Blaz'd the pure, expanded flame
 Such as burns in those above;
 Love pervaded all my frame,
 Heavenly, everlasting love.
3. Wing'd with infinite desire
 Wherefore doth my soul⁹⁷ remain,

⁹³Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 6:365–66. CW identifies the saint as Mrs. Lefevre in shorthand in the column. There is a manuscript copy of the hymn in CW's hand, titled "Written in the Year 1758," on a blank page at the front of his personal copy of *Letters upon Sacred Subjects, by a person [Mrs. Lefevre] lately deceased* (London: s.n., 1757). This copy is signed and dated by CW in 1757, and now resides at the Methodist Archives in The John Rylands University Library, Manchester: shelf number MAW CW78. Only three variants appear in the manuscript copy, and they are noted below. See also the related hymns in *Funeral Hymns* (1759), 46–49.

⁹⁴CW's manuscript copy in *Letters upon Sacred Subjects*, reads "heaven born" instead of "sacred."

⁹⁵CW's manuscript copy in *Letters upon Sacred Subjects*, reads "thy" instead of "the."

⁹⁶Ori., "~~below~~."

⁹⁷CW's manuscript copy in *Letters upon Sacred Subjects*, reads "Love" instead of "soul."

If we *all* at death expire,
If we ne'er must meet again?
Say, thou questionable shade,
Once so intimately dear,
Art thou far remov'd, when dead?
None on earth is half so near.

4. Coud the greedy grave devour
One whom I this moment feel,
Lured by some mysterious power
To that world invisible?
Surely now her bliss I share
Live her life which never dies:
Yes, my old companion there
Draws me after to the skies!

XXV.²
**On the Death of
Mrs Gwynne.**³

- [1.] Rejoice, ye happy⁴ spirits above,
Another thro' the Saviour's love
Is added to your quire:
Redeem'd from earth, and great distress,
She comes t' inhanche your happiness
And raise your raptures higher.
2. Detain'd in a long vale of tears,
She suffer'd out her seventy years
With patient grace indued,⁵
Servant of all, for others liv'd,
And no reward from man receiv'd
But black ingratitude.
3. All her delight and joy below
Requir'd by Mercy to forego,
With her last hope to part,
Father, she cried, thy will be done,
And urg'd by a beloved Son⁶
The dagger reach'd her heart!

¹Note: the leaf containing pp. 107–108 was torn from the notebook; it is catalogued separately in MARC as DDCW 5/65

²A loose-leaf copy of the first three stanzas of this poem in CW's handwriting exists in the collection at Drew University (Wesley Family Letters 2135-6-4:14); this was published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:329–30. A shorthand early version of stanzas 4–6 appears on the inside cover of a notebook at MARC (DDCW 4/8); published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:433–34.

³After the title is added in another hand, "of Garth, Mother of Mrs. S. Wesley." Sarah (Evans) Gwynne (1695–1770) died on Jan. 3, 1770.

⁴The Drew copy has "~~blessed~~," replaced with "happy."

⁵CW spelled the last word "indew'd" originally; changing to "indued" in the margin. The copy at Drew reads "endow'd."

⁶A note is inserted here in another hand: "The Death of her Son Roderick, Governor of Tobago."

4. She dies redeem'd,⁷ to die no more!
Whom landing⁸ on the heavenly shore
Her faithful Consort greets —
But who the joyous Scene can paint
When first a disembodied Saint
A kindred Spirit meets!
5. Mixt⁹ with her comrades in distress,
With joy unspeakable she sees
The angel-host sent down
Her on their outstretched¹⁰ wings to bear
(So long on earth¹¹ their fav'rite care)
To the Redeemer's¹² Throne.
6. Her smiling Lord appoints his bride
To wait, where blessed Spirits reside,
Th' accomplished mystery.
The number¹³ of the saints compleat,
When all shall sing around his seat,¹⁴
And God for ever SEE!

⁷DDCW 4/8 reads "on earth" instead of "redeem'd."

⁸Ori., "reaching."

⁹Ori., "With."

¹⁰DDCW 4/8 reads "out-spread."

¹¹DDCW 4/8 reads "On Earth so long."

¹²DDCW 4/8 reads "eternal" instead of "Redeemer's"

¹³DDCW 4/8, orig., "~~When all.~~"

¹⁴DDCW 4/8: "When all around his Throne shall meet."

**Funeral-hymn (corrected),
On the Sight of a Corpse.¹⁵**

- [1.] Ah, lovely appearance of death!
 No sight upon earth is so fair;
Not all the gay pageants that *breathe*
 Can with a dead body compare:
Delighted, and awed I survey
 The corpse, when a spirit is fled,
In love with the beautiful clay,
 And longing to lie in its stead.
2. How blest is our brother, bereft
 Of all that incumbred his mind,
How easy the soul that has left
 This wearisom body behind!
Of evil incapable Thou
 With envy whose relicks I see,
No longer in misery now,
 No longer a sinner like me.
3. This languishing head is at rest
 Its thinking and aching are o're,
This quiet, insensible breast
 Is heav'd by affliction no more:

¹⁵Original version published in *Funeral Hymns* (1746), 7–8; and as *Festival Hymns* (1746), 56–58. A close comparison with this corrected version is available in *Representative Verse*, 89–90.

No anger henceforward, or shame
Shall redden his innocent clay;
Extinct is the animal flame,
And passion is vanish'd away.

4. The lids he so seldom could close,
Tho' weary, forbidden to sleep,
Seal'd up in eternal repose
Have strangely forgotten to weep;
The springs can afford no supplies:
By Mercy's almighty decree
The tears are all wiped from these eyes,
And sorrow they never shall see.

5. To sorrow and suffer is mine,
While bound in a dungeon I breathe,
For speedy deliverance pine,
And press to the issues of death:
What now with my tears I bedew
O might I this moment become,
My soul be created anew,
My flesh be consign'd to the tomb!

**Epitaph (at Monmouth).
Here rest the Ashes of
Edward Hearne,
Who finished his Christian Course Apr. 28, 1776.¹⁶**

Stranger to vice, with early grace imbued,
The pious youth his Saviour's steps pursued;
Pursued a zealous Follower of his Lord,
A mother labouring for her full reward,
Traced her from earth by lawless violence driven
And found the martyr'd Saint inthron'd in heaven.

**Epitaph
for Mr Thomas Forfitt,
Aged 76.¹⁷**

Of gracious riches full, and happy days
A Christian here concludes his glorious race,
Disciple of a meek and lowly Lord,
He labour'd on, and long'd for his reward,
Till ripe for bliss, he laid his body down,
And faithful unto death, receiv'd the crown.

¹⁶Published in *Arminian Magazine* 4 (1781): 344.

¹⁷Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:434. Thomas Forfitt (1706–82), of the parish of St. Luke in London, was connected with the Foundry society much of his life and was a trustee of the City Road Chapel for three years. John Wesley officiated at Forfitt's funeral on Dec. 29, 1782 (see his *Journal*).

**Epitaph
for Mr Charles Greenwood.¹⁸**

The blessed, tempted Man who always fear'd,
Hath laid triumphantly his burthen down,
Intrepid, when the stingless foe appear'd,
He bow'd his head, and gain'd the victor's crown:
Exalted to an higher place above,
Who humbly chose on earth the lowest place,
His endless fears are lost in endless love
His ceaseless prayers in never-ceasing praise.

**On the Death
of Mr [Richard] Boardman.
Epitaph.¹⁹**

With zeal for God, with love of souls inspir'd,
Nor awed by dangers, nor by labours tir'd
Boardman in distant worlds proclaims the word,
To multitudes, and turns them to the Lord:
But soon the bloody waste of war he mourns,
And loyal from rebellion's seat returns,
Nor yet at home, on eagles pinions flies,
And in a moment soars to paradise!

¹⁸Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:433–34. Charles Greenwood (1726–83) was an early member of the select society at the Foundery and one of the trustees of City Road Chapel. Greenwood died Feb. 21, 1783 (recorded in John Wesley's *Journal*).

¹⁹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:434. This hymn appears, in CW's hand, at the top of a letter John Wesley wrote to Zechariah Yewdall in Cork, dated Nov. 21, 1782 (MARC, MAM JW 6/39), responding to Yewdall's request for an epitaph for Richard Boardman's tombstone. Boardman (1732–82) became an itinerant Methodist lay preacher in 1763. He was sent, along with Joseph Pilmore, to assist the emerging Methodist movement in the North American colonies in 1769. He returned to England in 1774 and spent most of his remaining years in circuits in Ireland.

**Epitaph
for Mr Thomas Garforth.²⁰**

Lover of every Sect, attach'd to none,
But Those in all who clave to Christ alone,
For more than thirty years his even race
He ran, a witness of redeeming grace:
For twenty more intrusted with the word
He preach'd, and liv'd the doctrine of his Lord,
His loving faith by works of mercy show'd,
By giving all his time, and goods to God:
But lo, in perfect peace, meet for the skies,
An hoary Saint, he bows his head and dies,
In Christ he dies, a full reward receives,
And in his Saviour's Sight the life of glory lives!

**Epitaph
for Mr Peter Jaco.²¹**

Fisher of men, ordain'd by Christ alone
Immortal souls He for his Saviour won;
With living 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.

²⁰Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:327. Thomas Garforth formed a Methodist Class at Wrangthorn, near Leeds, in 1756. In 1769 he built at his own expense the first chapel in Woodhouse. Garforth died in 1784.

²¹Published in *Arminian Magazine* 4 (1781): 621. CW misspelled the last name as "Jacco." Peter Jaco (1729–81) was born in Newlyn, Cornwall. He was converted through a tin-miner's sermon and in 1751 was appointed by John 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.

**Epitaph
for Mr Richard Kemp.²²**

Fond of his King, and to his Country true,
He paid to Cesar, and to God their due;
And soon experiencing the Saviour's grace,
Fought the good fight, and won the Christian race;
In every state, in every duty shin'd
Generous, and just, beneficent and kind
Friend of distress, and Father to the poor,
Active to do, and patient to endure,
No injuries his stedfast soul coud move,
Abate his zeal, or weary out his love:
A Steward wise, a Doer of the word,
An humble, faithful follower of his Lord,
Close in his dear Redeemer's steps he trod,
Took up his daily cross, and liv'd for God,
Till summon'd to compleat his sacrifice,
And claim his purchas'd Mansion in the skies,
He more than Conqueror in death appear'd,
And trampled on a Foe he never fear'd!
O that I might, like Him, my life resign
O might his soul's eternal state be mine!

C.W.

²²Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:435. Richard Kemp (1721–87) was a member of the Foundery society and an original trustee of City Road Chapel. He was buried in Oct. 1787.