

MS Preachers 1786¹

MS Preachers 1786 is a bundle of octavo-sized sheets, containing thirty-eight numbered pages, on which are present 16 manuscript hymns. Wesley titled the collection “Hymns for the Methodist Preachers in 1786.” The hymns were apparently written in the context of the annual Conference of Methodist (lay) preachers held in late July 1786. That conference witnessed a strong push by several of the lay preachers to sever relationship with the Church of England and to encourage John Wesley to begin ordaining them as clergy for (at least remote regions of) England, as he had already begun to do for the Methodists in the United States. Charles helped rally those loyal to the Church of England and staved off this attempt, as he reported happily in a letter to Benjamin La Trobe (July 30, 1786). These hymns challenge the presumption of lay preachers who are seeking to usurp the role of ordained clergy, instead of praying for God to renew the clergy so that they might fulfill their role in a proper fashion.

MS Preachers 1786 is a refined and enlarged transcription of MS Preachers 1786 (drafts). Wesley may have been preparing it for publication, but it was not published during his life.

MS Preachers (1786) is part of the collection in the Methodist Archive and Research Centre, accession number MA 1977/583/10 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 4). 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: August 1, 2010.

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**Hymns in 1786
for the Methodist Preachers.**

[L.]²

- [1.] Great God, who never dost pass by,
Or sin in thy own people spare,
Regard our penitential cry,
And let thy Spirit swell the prayer:
If tempted by the subtle sin,
We all to pride have given place,
If every soul hath tainted been,
Bow every soul by humbling grace.
2. The godly jealousy inspire,
The deep, divine humility,
That every preacher may inquire
Stopt is thy work? and stopt by me?
Have I and my companions dear
With unperceiv'd presumption vain
Usurp'd the sacred character,
Or sought the praise that comes from men?
3. Surely at first our hearts were right,
When strangely call'd to preach thy word
Little and mean in our own sight
We only lived to please our Lord:
Forth without scrip or purse we went,
And Israel's wandring sheep pursued,

²Appears also in MS Preachers 1786 (drafts), 13–15. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:43–45.

With food and raiment well content,
With raiment coarse, and scanty food.

4. Simple we then remain'd, and poor,
But safe in our simplicity,
Vulgar, illiterate, and obscure,
And ignorant of all but Thee:
We never join'd the slaves of fame
In search of pleasure, wealth, or power,
Jesus was all our hope, and aim,
Possess of Thee, we ask'd no more.
5. But now the love of earthly things
Hath imperceptibly stole in,
And pride, whereof contention springs,
Revives, our old besetting sin:
Fulness of bread (with worldly praise,)³
Hath us for sensual joys prepar'd;
And unforeseen temptations seize,
While jealous fear is off its guard.
6. Genteelity⁴ we now affect,
Fond to adorn the outward man,
Nice in our dress, we court respect
And female admiration gain;
As men of elegance and taste
We slight, and overlook the poor,

³Ori., "(not sloth and ease)."

⁴Ori., "Genteeler garb."

- But in the Rich, with servile⁵ haste
Contend to make our Interest sure.
7. With indiscriminating zeal
To brand our Rivals we presume,
We who so much in gifts excel
Those Priests of Babylonish Rome:
We vent our insolent disdain,
Those blind Idolators condemn,
“They stand in need of us, ’tis plain,
“We scorn to stand in need of Them.”
8. Proud of our numbers, and success,
We are the men (we boldly cry)
We are the men of gifts and grace,
Wisdom and faith with us shall die!
To greater things we now aspire,
And, studious of our own renown,
Deny, but secretly desire,
The honors of the Envied *Gown!*
9. Ambition in our bosom strives
Inflam’d by the historic page
Delivering our illustrious lives
And portraits, down from age to age:^{*6}
But now impatient to be known
We boldly for ourselves declare,
Our plan mature, and purpose own
And claim the hallow’d Character.
10. Those Reverend Drones who fill *our* place
And rob the Labourers of their bread,
We soon out of the fold shall chase
And take possession in their stead:
But while our hopes the land devour,
And each anticipates his lot,

⁵“Selfish” written as an alternative to “servile” above the line, then crossed out.

⁶In the manuscript, CW originally shows stanza 10, lines 5–8 as stanza 9, lines 5–8; and stanzas 11–12 as stanzas 10–11. However, he changes the manuscript by drawing a line divider under stanza 9, line 4 and also an asterisk at the end of the line to show an insertion. He places the insertion (which he indicates to be stanza 9, lines 5–8 through stanza 10, lines 1–4) at the bottom of page 4. We have revised the transcription to show this insertion.

Thou wilt or'etern our lofty Tower,
And make us know—*Thou needst us not!*

11. Those hireling Priests whom we despise
Thou canst by miracle convert,
*Render*⁷ them Stewards good and wise
And pastors after thy own heart—
A multitude shall feel thy word,
And to the faith obedient prove,
And witnessing their dying Lord
Experience and proclaim thy love.

12. We then our righteous doom shall meet
As useless vessels cast aside,⁸
Trodden under foot, for nothing fit,
Broken by sin, and marr'd by pride:
Becoming last, we then shall see,
Thy kingdom, Lord, to others given,
Worthy to be shut out by Thee,
Tho' once our Names were wrote in heaven.

⁷The word “Create” is written in the margin as an alternative to “Render.”

⁸Charles originally starts stanza 12 with line 2, but crosses it out and then begins with line 1.

[II.]⁹

- [1.] O God, who didst out of the dust
 An abject beggar raise,
 And to so poor a creature trust
 The gospel of thy grace;
 I own with grief, and guilty shame
 I have betray'd thy cause,
 "And stole the honors of thy name
 "To build my own applause."
2. Thy work, alas, too often I
 Deceitfully have done,
 My own desires to gratify
 And not thy will alone:
 I hid my heart, and woud not know
 Its secret vanity,
 And while I spake my gifts to show,
 I preach'd myself, not Thee.
3. But the effects I cannot hide
 Of my unfaithfulness,
 My peace is forfeited by pride,
 And eager thirst of praise:
 Or'eturn'd my hill, which stood so fast
 Nor ever coud remove:
 The salt has lost its savoury taste,
 And I my former love.

⁹Appears also in MS Preachers 1786 (drafts), 11–12. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:46–47.

4. What can I do, but humbly call
 Upon the Sinner's Friend?
Whose mercies rich are over all,
 Whose mercies never end?
Enter not into judgment, Lord,
 In deep distress I pray,
Nor take out of my¹⁰ mouth thy word,
 Nor cast me quite away.

5. O be not rigorously extreme,
 (While at thy feet I lie,
A sinner, who myself condemn)
 But freely justify:
Yet¹¹ if thou wilt not save, before
 Thou dost my soul release,
My faith at the last hour restore,
 And let me die in peace.

¹⁰Ori., "thy", replaced by "of my."

¹¹Ori., "And."

[III.]¹²

- [1.] O Thou, who dost vouchsafe to chuse
 The feeble to confound the strong,
And fit as vessels for thy use
 The least, and meanest of the throng,
That none may rob Thee of thy right,
Or glory in Jehovah's sight;
2. Me Thou hast sent, a thing of nought,
 Thy truth and mercy to proclaim,
To tell the world, so dearly bought,
 Of sure Salvation thro' thy name;
To wonder at thy sovereign will
Which blesses, and employs me still.
3. Or'whelm'd with gratitude and fear,
 I thy mysterious counsels own,
Meanest in my own eyes appear,
 And give the praise to God alone,
And prostrate in the dust confess
My own extreme unworthiness.
4. Master, thy Greatness needs not me
 Thy cause, and kingdom to maintain,

¹²Appears also in MS Preachers 1786 (drafts), 16–18. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:47–48.

Who dost in glorious majesty
 At God's right-hand for ever reign,
 Who out of stones canst children raise,
 And preachers of thy pardning grace.

5. Thou art not to one Sect confin'd,
 Tho' every Sect woud have it so,
 Blows, as he lists, the Spirit's Wind,
 And ceases, as he lists, to blow:
 The Pledge, the Witness, and the Seal,
 He calls, and sends by whom He will.
6. If swell'd with self-important pride,
 I seek to build my own renown,
 Canst Thou not set me quite aside,
 A sacrilegious worm cast down,
 Revoke my ministerial grace,
 And justly drive me from thy face?
7. Thou canst, Thou wilt abase the proud,
 Reduce to their own nothingness,
 Confound before the listning croud,
 Their testimony *vain* suppress,
 Withdraw their gifts and *boasted* power,
 And trust them with thy word no more.
- 8.¹³ But if I always humbly fear,
 Nor in myself, but Thee, confide,
 Indued with strength to persevere,
 Thou wilt thy trembling Servant hide,
 And keep me, who on Thee depend,
 Faithful, and useful to the end.

¹³In the manuscript verse 8 appears on an unnumbered page by itself (the recto to stanzas 5–7). Charles leaves the back side of this page blank and starts the next hymn on the opposing recto, numbering it page 9. We incorporate verse 8 on this page to retain Charles's page numbering.

[IV.]¹⁴

- [1.] Help, Lord, the weakest Instrument,
Thy sovereign grace hath ever sent
 To publish, and proclaim
The Reigning power and peace of God,
General redemption in thy blood,
 And pardon thro' thy Name.
2. While preaching gospel to the poor,
My soul impoverish, and secure
 By deep humility,
Safe in thy wounds a Novice hide,
Then shall I preach the Crucified,
 And nothing know but Thee.
3. T'exalt myself I woud not speak,
Or proud of my own talents, seek
 The praise of flattering man,
But serve Thee with a single eye,
And while thy Name I magnify,
 Thy approbation gain.
4. With pride that I may never swell,
Or my suppos'd importance feel,
 Vouchsafe me, Lord, the grace

¹⁴Appears also in MS Preachers 1786 (drafts), 2–4. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:261–62; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:48–49.

To loath myself in my own eyes
Myself deny, renounce, despise,
And take the lowest place.

5. Here may I covet no reward,
Nor trifles temporal regard,
Or reckon earth my home,
But things invisible desire,
And wait for my appointed hire
Till the great Shepherd come.
6. A life of poverty and toil,
A thousand lives, one gracious Smile
Of thine will overpay,
If Thou receive me with Well done,
And for thy faithful Servant own,
In that triumphant day.

[V.]¹⁵

- [1.] Jesus, my hope, my life, my Lord,
A mean dispenser of thy word
Wilt Thou not still defend?
Who hast thro' life my refuge been,
Preserve from the Satanic sin,
And save me to the end.
2. The foe hath thrust at me full sore,
That I might fall and rise no more,

¹⁵Appears also in MS Preachers 1786 (drafts), 4–6. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:50–51.

But succour'd by thy aid,
He could not drag me to the pit,
He could not sift a soul like wheat
For which my Saviour pray'd.

3. Thou wouldst not let the Fiend prevail,
Or suffer my weak faith to fail
In trials too severe,
Trials which long as life must last;
For O, the danger is not past,
The tempter still is near.

4. My faith is to the utmost tried,
In lofty thoughts ingendering pride
His fiery darts I feel:
He tempts me to th' ambitious crime
Which hurl'd him from a throne sublime
To the profoundest hell.

5. He practises his subtlest wiles,
My heart with soothing hopes beguiles
Of greater usefulness,
Would I my Mother-Church disown,
Call her the whore of Babylon,
And look for vast success.

6. He urges me (so rich in grace,
So great) to take the highest place,
Superior gifts to *show*,
To *separate* from the *carnal* croud,
And proudly trample on the proud
Ungodly Priests *below*.
7. Beneath the honors of thy Name
He teaches me to hide my aim¹⁶
And well-disguis'd intent,
To make my own provision sure,
My name ennoble,¹⁷ and secure
An earthly Settlement!
8. O Son of God, whose flaming eyes
Look thro' th' angelical disguise,
The Serpent's closest art,
Far from my soul *his sin* remove,
Humble by thy expiring love,
And fill my humbled heart.
9. O may I every moment feel,
My proness¹⁸ to the devilish ill,
If unrestrain'd by grace,

¹⁶Ori., “*shā*”; likely starting word “shame.”

¹⁷The word “perpetuate” is written above “ennoble” as an alternative.

¹⁸I.e., “proneness.”

And never in *my* grace confide,
Or think myself secure from pride,
Till I behold thy Face.

10. Thy Face I shortly hope to see,
And partner of thy victory
To tread the tempter down,
And more than conqueror thro' thy blood
By the meer mercy of my God
To gain the glorious crown.

[VI.]¹⁹

- [1.] God of unbounded patience, hear
An humble penitent sincere
Who at thy footstool fall,
My sins of ignorance confess,
Since first I tasted of thy grace,
And offer'd it to All.
2. A novice full of youthful fire,
I call'd them to the World's Desire,
Who woud not One reject;
I preach'd his love to all mankind
Nor knew that mine was still confin'd
To my own narrow Sect.
3. Elate with controversial pride,
To janglings vain I tum'd aside,

¹⁹Appears also in MS Preachers 1786 (drafts), 7–10. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:52–54.

And mercy show'd to none,
I did my fellow-servants smite,
In publishing their faults delight
But overlook'd my own.

4. Then, Lord, I had not learnt of Thee
To melt at man's infirmity
 To share the Sufferer's sigh,
To pity Those that went astray,
And did not find the perfect way
 Or know so much as I.
5. 'Gainst every Sect I fiercely fought,
Unless with me they spake and thought;
 Myself infallible
I scrupled not the Sons of Rome
As Satan's Synagogue to doom
 And send them all to hell.
6. The day of smaller things, the wise
To fear their Lord, I dared despise,
 The Servants of my God
With Satan's desperate slaves I join'd,
As those who could no blessing find
 Before they felt thy blood.
7. Their virtues, alms, accepted prayers,
Their well-meant deeds, and pious cares

As splendid sins I deem'd,
As filth their partial righteousness,
The work of thy Initial grace,
I impiously blasphem'd.

8. My strong partition-walls within,
I mock'd as "Advocates for sin"
Who saw not with my eyes,
As all but who my Plan allow'd,
Were, with the unbelieving croud,
Shut out of paradise.
9. But O! the depth of pardning love!
Thou dost the middle walls remove,
Detect the Serpent's art,
Dost end the dark, Satanic hour,
And by th' uniting Spirit's power
Inlarge my wondring heart.
10. Inlighten'd by thy grace, I see,
The different Sects in One agree
Essentially the same,
Who love, or long to love their Lord,
And hope, believing in thy word,
Salvation thro' thy Name.

11. The Men whoever hold the Head
And would be by thy Spirit led,
And freely saved by grace,
To their own forms and modes I leave,
But Them with open arms receive
And cordially embrace.

12. With Those that do thy Father's will
A closer fellowship I feel
Than nature's dearest tie,
Whom neither life nor death can part
I have, I have them in my heart,
With Them to live, and die.

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²⁰Wesley has the first eight lines of the hymn found on pages 19–22 at the bottom of this page in the manuscript, with a line drawn through them.

**The People's Prayer for
the Methodist Preachers.²¹**

- [1.] Head of thy Church, our prayers attend
For men Thou didst to sinners send
 With news of sin forgiven,
Raised from the people's lowest lees,
Thy messengers to publish peace,
 Peace betwixt Earth and Heaven.

2. Their prayers for Us Thou oft hast heard
O answer Ours for Them, prefer'd
 In²² thy prevailing Name,
Display thy tutelary power,
Their Guardian in the fiery hour,
 And bring them thro' the flame.

3. Root out that curst self-seeking pride,
Which woud the little Flock divide,
 And into Parties tear,
That each may make his will the law
After himself disciples draw,
 And seize the largest share.

4. Highminded they refuse to hear
The ruin, and confusion near,
 The Consequences scorn,

²¹Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:54–55. An earlier draft of this hymn almost certainly appeared on the missing pages 18–19 on MS Preachers 1786 (drafts).

²²Ori., “Thro’.”

When brethren shall with brethren fight
When banish'd peace shall take its flight
And never more return.

5. They will not see th' impending ills
All Israel scatter'd on the hills
By no kind Shepherd led,
No longer by their Mother nurst;
Their children vagabonds, disperst,
And supplicants for bread.
6. Warn'd by their loving Pastor's care
To shun the specious Tempter's snare
They slight his kind request,
"Parties distinct ye must not be
"(Howe'er provok'd, whate'er your plea)
"Or separate from the rest.
7. "Have any separated, and sped
"And prosper'd in the daring deed?
"Their love and meekness lost
"Their influence more and more confin'd,
"No longer useful to mankind,
"They sunk into the dust.^[1]
8. Yet resolute These to win the prize
They stop their ears, and shut their eyes

And rush into the toils,
Soon as their long-liv'd Father drops,
To gratify their greedy hopes
They fly upon the spoils.

9. The Sword is drawn, the Breach is made!
But where shall the proud waves be stay'd
Of controversial strife?
The Sects against each other spend
Their bitter zeal, and fighting end
A vile, litigious life.
10. The kingdom took from Them, by²³ God
Shall then on others be bestow'd
A poor, but fruitful race,
Contented to be nothing here,
Who rise by lowly loving fear
To perfect holiness.

II.²⁴

- [1.] But O my God, shall all be lost
And the proud foe his victory boast
Or'e every messenger?
Surely Thou hast a Remnant still
Of servants who their weakness feel,
And always humbly fear.

²³Ori., "our."

²⁴Appears also in MS Preachers 1786 (drafts), 20–21b. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:56–57.

2. The depths of hell they have not known,
They do not vaunt, or seek their own
Or lose their poverty:
The Salt its savour doth retain
Nor honor they desire, nor gain
Nor any good but Thee.
3. They woud not take the tempter's part;
Thou hearst the language of their heart
When boded ill is nigh,
The best suspects himself the worst
"Shall I forsake my calling first?
"Shall I my Lord deny?"^[25]
4. A difference in their favor make,
And now into thy bosom take
The humble²⁵ and sincere:
Tell them, they shall not die, but live,
And to each trembling Servant give
The grace to persevere.
5. The chaff shall fly, Thou sayst it shall;
But not one grain of wheat shall fall
In the wide-scattering day:
Thou shalt their work and partners show
To men who woud thy counsel know,
And all thy will obey.

²⁵Ori., "simple."

6. The weak, the simple, and the poor
Within thy mercy's arms secure
 With confidence we leave:
But O, the strong, the rich, the wise,
Ee'r²⁶ their last spark of goodness dies
 Revisit, and forgive.
7. Help us for them in faith to pray,
Blind guides, who have mistook their way
 And wander'd far from thine:
To them again their calling show,
Raised up to carry on below
 Thy mercy's chief Design.
8. To the lost sheep of England's fold
First, be the joyful tidings told
 (Thus their Commission ran)
Then every Sect and party press
To know the power of godliness,
 And every child of man.
9. Resolv'd their calling to pursue,
Do Thou the Preachers strength renew,
 With double grace inspire,
Their work with tenfold blessings crown
To turn the kingdoms upside down
 And set the world on fire.

²⁶Ori., "White."

10. Then let the spreading fire of love
By Thee rekindled from above
In every bosom burn,
Till those that hear, or preach thy word
See in the clouds their flaming Lord
And all to heaven return.²⁷

III.²⁸

- [1.] Lord of the harvest, hear
Our supplicating cry,
And every gospel-messenger
With labouring strength supply,
With well-instructed zeal,
To make thy mercy known,
Their ministerial work fulfil
And live for Thee alone.
2. To show forth all thy praise
Let them, thy servants, live;
Of every virtue, every grace
A bright example give:
Let each by sinking rise,
By self-abasing fear,
And poor, and mean in his own eyes,
And least of all appear.

²⁷Ori., “ascend.”

²⁸Appears also in MS Preachers 1786 (drafts), 1–2. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:58–59.

3. Still let thy little ones
 Thy little ones remain,
Nor e'er despise the prophets Sons²⁹
 Or wish like Them to reign:
 Out of their hearts expel
 The plague of selfish pride,
And in thy secret place conceal
 And by thy Presence hide.

4. Be this their single aim
 Thy glorious truth to spread,
As simple men without a name
 Who hang on Thee for bread;
 Who never seek their own;
 In blest obscurity
Content to live and die unknown,
 Or known to none but Thee.

5. In answer to our prayer,
 Thy mind in Them reveal
That every humbled messenger
 May his own vileness feel;
 That to the faithful race
 They all thro' life may prove
Patterns of purity, and grace,
 Of meek and lowly love.

²⁹In MS Preachers 1786 (drafts), Wesley adds the note: "The Clergy."

**The Call
of the First, *Sound* Methodist
Preachers.³⁰**

- [1.] Godly in Christ resolv'd to live,
 Branded by an opprobrious name
The scandal calmly we receive
 Th' impos'd Appellative disclaim:
The world may either curse, or bless,
Names cannot make us more or less.
2. Not the wild Authors of a Sect,
 Not Ringleaders, ourselves we call,
But messengers of God elect,
 Raised up for preaching Christ to all,
To Christians not in heart but name,
Whose lives with heathens are the same.
3. Not as distinguish'd from the rest
 In a new Party's bounds confin'd
But sent we run, in spirit prest
 To do the work by God design'd,
Primeval piety revive,
And *show* how real Christians live.
4. Born and bred up within the Pale
 Of England's Church, to her we owe

³⁰Appears also in MS Preachers 1786 (drafts), 22–24. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:59–60.

Our first regard; and cannot fail
Our filial gratitude to show,
And gladly in her service join
Affection natural and divine.

5. We for our dearest Country feel
A warmth which words cannot express,
An inextinguishable zeal
Which patriots false in vain profess;
Nor can we from a Church remove
Which more than life we prize and love.
6. By civil and religious ties
United to our brethren here,
Them we respect who us despise,
Who neither God nor man revere,
But in the deadly darkness dwell
And riot on the Verge of hell.
7. While plung'd in wickedness and vice
Our wretched Countrymen we see,
We see them with the Saviour's eyes,
We feel his yearning sympathy,
Sad Prophet of their woes to come
Who wept the bloody City's doom.
8. We put his tender bowels on
Who did his murtherers redeem,

Our lives made willing to lay down,
To spend, and to be spent for Them
Our brethren, countrymen; —and friends
When hatred in conversion ends.

II.³¹

- [1.] But chiefly Those in Moses' seat
The Sons of Levi, we revere,
To all their just commands submit
Honor their sacred Character
Their heavenly Office magnify
Servants and Priests of the Most-high.
2. Their Apostolic claim we own,
Their Right by Providence divine
From age to age deliver'd down
God's covenants in his name to sign,
Watchmen of Israel's house confest,
To guard and govern all the rest.
3. Of these if some their charge betray,
And careless, or ungodly live,
Must they not answer in that day
When call'd a strict account to give?
And *shoud* they not our pity move,
Demand our prayers, and tenderest love?

³¹Appears also in MS Preachers 1786 (drafts), 24–25. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:61–62.

- [4.]³² Whoe'er the fiery spirit feel,
Or good and bad alike decry,³³
We dare not rail with bitter zeal,
Or the whole Order vilify,
Or e'er expose a father's shame,
And share the curse of impious Ham.
- [5.] The men who as Gamaliel wise,
Stand still our *whole* design to see
Let them our actions scrutinize,
Till conquering their neutrality
Our lives over their doubts prevail
And truth weighs down the hovering scale.
- [6.] If fiercely some the truth deny,
Shall we, incens'd, our patience lose,
Or with invectives keen reply,
Angry contempt, and foul abuse?
The wrath of man let God repress;
It worketh not his righteousness.
- [7.] Humble, dispassionate, and meek,
As sheep before the shearers dumb,
Learn we to turn the other cheek
Till evil we with Good ore'come

³²Ori., "3"; so this and the next five stanzas have been corrected to 4–9.

³³Sarah Wesley Jr. placed a † here, and wrote at the bottom of the page an alternative line: "Or call for vengeance from the sky."

Their furious enmity remove,
And melt their hatred into love.

[8.] But those that labour in the word
Worthy we count of double praise,
As abler servants of their Lord,
Distinguish'd Ministers of grace
Their faithful, tho' obscure, Allies
We trace their footsteps to the skies.

[9.] O might we gain that heavenly Rest
Meanest of all the Prophet's Sons,
Behold our Guides supremely blest,
Exalted to superior thrones,
With joy our elder brethren meet,
And shout triumphant at their feet!

III.³⁴

[1.] Head of thy Church, attend our cry
For Those Thou hast redeem'd of old,
Regard with a propitious eye
The lambs and sheep of England's fold,
For whom in earnest faith we pray,
And glad thy *dear* command obey.

³⁴Appears also in MS Preachers 1786 (drafts), 26–27. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:62–63.

2. Thy promise to the Church at large
For our Particular we plead,
O make her thy peculiar charge,
Her children satisfy with bread,
Bless with a thousand fold increase
And fill them with eternal peace.
3. Thou hast in our degenerate years
Reviv'd thine antient work of grace,
A cloud of witnesses appears
Who know thy name, and spread thy praise,
Redeem'd, and of thy Spirit born,
With songs to Sion they return.
4. Thou hast ten thousand tokens given,
That England's Church is still thy care,
The Holy Ghost sent down from heaven
Thy truth and mercy doth declare,
Thine everlasting gospel seals,
And pardon in our hearts reveals.
5. While Thee remembering in thy ways
Thou dost thy favour'd people meet,³⁵
In all the channels of thy grace
We hold with Thee communion sweet,

³⁵Ori., "bless."

The Cloud on our Assemblies rests,
And glory swells our ravish'd breasts.

6. Thee present in thy Courts we find,
Thee present at thy table know,
And while we call thy death to mind
Thyself Thou to our hearts dost show,
And nourish'd with immortal food,
We eat thy flesh, and drink thy blood.
7. Then let us still delight to wait
Where our dear Lord is pleas'd t'appear:
Bethel is the celestial gate,
And faithful souls perceive Thee here,
And all who here with Thee remain
The crown of endless life shall gain.

IV.³⁶

- [1.] Why shoud we now a Church forsake
Which Thou our Lord hast not forsook,
Which Thou thy residence dost³⁷ make
And hast into thy bosom took?
And kept by the good Shepherd's care,
The lambs and sheep are happy there.
2. To silent streams his flock He leads,
And while on Him our souls recline,
Our souls in pastures green he feeds,
With Angels bread of life divine,

³⁶Appears also in MS Preachers 1786 (drafts), 28–29. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:64–65.

³⁷Ori., “dosth.”

With hidden manna from above,
The joy of hope, the heaven of love.

3. Our souls in holiness restor'd
 He marks with his new name unknown,
Found in the image of our Lord
 From faith to faith he leads us on,
In pleasant paths of perfect peace,
And everlasting righteousness.
4. While walking in the mortal vale
 We cannot fear with Christ our Guide,
No evil shall our souls assail
 While Jordan's stricken waves divide,
And stay'd by thine almighty hand,
With shouts we gain the heavenly land.
5. Till then Thou dost a table spread
 For us, in presence of our foes,
With sacred oyl anoint our head,
 And fill'd by Thee our cup o'reflows,
Our days are all with mercy crown'd,
Our lives with God for ever found.
6. Here then, while sojourning below,
 We in thy house resolve to dwell,
And to that heavenly Sion go,
 Eternal extacies to feel,
And all who here their Mother love
Shall join with us the Church above.

V.³⁸

*O pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they
shall prosper that love her &c.*

[Ps. 122:6ff.]

- [1.] Jesus, our true and faithful Lord,
Sole Author of assur'd success,
Thou knowst if we can trust thy word
The Lovers of thy Church to bless;
Thy promise of prosperity
Thou knowst if it belongs to me:
2. To us commission'd in thy name
To preach glad tidings to the poor?
May we not confidently claim
The word to pious children sure,
Who dutiful affection show
The Church to which their birth they owe.
3. All-wise, omniscient as Thou art,
Thou dost our secret passions see,
The drop which now o'reflows my heart,
The tenderness of piety
From the pure, heavenly Fountain flow'd:
The grace Thou hast thyself bestow'd.
4. Thy word Thou hast to us fulfill'd
Least of our Church's duteous Sons,
Our ministerial labours seal'd
On multitudes of quicken'd stones,

³⁸Appears also in MS Preachers 1786 (drafts), 29–30. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:65–66.

Hast prosper'd us weak things of nought
And wonders by meer sinners wrought.

5. But bless us, Lord, and prosper still
 Who in the good old ship abide,
(And fight our passage up the hill
 God, and the martyrs on our side)
For Sion still our love declare
In all the fervency of prayer.
6. Peace be within her walls and grace
 Plenty be in her temples found,
Let all the fruits of righteousness
 In our Jerusalem abound,
That faith may from the least proceed,
And knowledge to the Greatest spread.
7. For other Sects and Churches sake
 We seek to do our Sion good,
That They her blessings may partake
 Plenteous redemption in thy blood,
That the pure life her children find
May reach, and quicken all mankind.

[Untitled.]³⁹

- [1.] O Thou to whom all hearts are known
Who dost for thy disciples own
 The simple and the poor,
Omniscient Son of God and man,
Come with thy winnowing Spirit's fan,
 And throughly purge thy floor.

2. Who rashly ran uncall'd, unsent,
And forging thy commission, went
 With us to the high-ways,
Arrest, and lay them, Lord, aside
And every false Pretender hide
 In his own proper place.

3. The men who did not count the cost,
The Salt that hath its savor lost
 Out of thy Church remove,⁴⁰
But let them in the ship remain
The men Thou didst thyself ordain,
 Who Thee and Sion love.

4. Still let the little leaven spread,
The remnant small, the faithful seed
 Throughout our happy land;
Exert thy power, till every knee
Till every heart bows down to Thee
 And blesses thy command.

³⁹Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:66–68.

⁴⁰The phrase “Far from thy work” is written in the margin as an alternative to “Out of thy Church” (as indicated by underlining the latter phrase).

5. But first, Thou all-refining Fire,
With purifying faith inspire
The Sacerdotal race,
That multitudes of priests may know
Their heavenly Lord reveal'd below,
And preach thy pardning grace.
6. Why shoud They be the last that⁴¹ bring
Home to their hearts their gracious King
Who comes with man to dwell,
Their sins and troubles to remove,
And with the signal of his⁴² love
True Israelites to seal?
7. Who bear the vessels of the Lord,
Cleans'd by the Spirit and the word
Thy converts let them rise,
Strengthen their brethren's hearts and gain
And urge them with their guides t'obtain
A kingdom in the skies.
8. Thy Priests be cloth'd with righteousness,
Thy flock a thousand-fold increase,
A witness of thy power
Till each with God himself acquaints,
And Britain shines, an Isle of Saints,
Till time shall be no more.

⁴¹Ori., "who."

⁴²Ori., "thy."

**Prayer
for the Unconverted Clergy.**⁴³

- [1.] Thy Priests commanded to revere
 We pay them the respect we owe:
But can we, Lord, with heart sincere
 More than external honor show?
Howe'er unwilling to displease,
 And Governors and Fathers blame,
Thy Church's Guides we must confess
 In every nation still the same.
2. Their outward Call to minister
 In things divine is plainly prov'd:
But⁴⁴ few, ordain'd by man, we fear,
 Are inly by thy Spirit mov'd:
Yet These, devoid of sacred power
 Who nothing know, or understand,
Suffer'd by Thee, thy flock devour,
 And all thy houses in the land.
3. But hast Thou, Lord, thy Church forsook,
 And let thy faithful promise fail?
Sion is founded on the Rock;
 The gates of hell cannot prevail:

⁴³Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:68–69.

⁴⁴Ori., “Yet.”

Thou dost thy people's wants supply,
And some of every Order raise
In every age, to testify
Thy truth, and power, and pardning grace.

4. Jesus, thy witnesses increase,
And let the gospel-trumpet sound
To rouse the men, who take their ease
In luxury, and pleasures drown'd:
Break, and bind up the broken heart
Of every stranger to his Lord—
Convince the Pastors, and convert,
And send them forth to preach thy word.
5. Open their eyes the signs to see
The tokens of this gospel-day,
Of Sion visited by Thee
Who comst to take our sins away:
To the lost Sheep of England's fold,
Is not the great Salvation sent?
Thine Arm reveal'd let them behold
And gladly answer thy Intent.
6. Saviour, at thy benign command
A troop of preaching Priests shall rise,
And Israel's Masters understand
The mysteries hidden from the wise;

Themselves begotten from above,
Made conscious of their sins forgiven,
Renew'd in holiness and love
And meet for all the joys of^{f45} heaven.

⁴⁵Ori., "in."