

## MS Patriotism<sup>1</sup>

Much of Charles Wesley's poetry in the late 1770s and the turn to the 1780s revolved around the war in North America—criticizing the motives of the American rebels, chastising the British military leaders for their missteps, calling upon the British people to pray for God's forgiveness and renewed blessing of their righteous cause, and pleading the case of those who remained loyal to the monarchy in North America and at home. See in particular MS Howe, *Hymns for the Nation* (1781), *Hymns for the National Fast* (1782), and MS American Loyalists 1783.<sup>2</sup>

There are a number of looseleaf drafts of verse on these themes in the collection at the Methodist Archive and Research Centre—see MS Patriotism (drafts). Wesley published a few of these items individually in his brother's *Arminian Magazine* (shown in blue font in the TOC below). Eventually he gathered these and other items into a quarto manuscript notebook (about 9 inches by 10 inches). The first section of the notebook, running 136 pages (6.0 x 7.5 inches in size), contains 57 discrete poems (transcribed below). We have preserved Charles Wesley's numbering of these pages, even though he mistakenly duplicates numbers on a couple of occasions (which we handle by adding a "b" to the second occurrence).

In the same notebook, following MS Patriotism but starting over in numbering, is a section presented in this collection as MS American Loyalists 1783. One further section of the notebook, again numbered individually, contains MS Miscellaneous Poems.

The notebook containing MS Patriotism is part of the collection in the Methodist Archive and Research Centre, accession number MA 1977/559 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 2). The transcription below is provided with permission of the Librarian and Director, The John Rylands Library, The University of Manchester.

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

<sup>2</sup>See also Philip O. Beale, "Historical Introduction," in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:27–39.

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**Hymns and Verses  
On Modern Patriotism, and the American  
Rebellion &c. Independancy &c.**

**[Hymn] I.  
Hymn for his Majesty  
King George.<sup>3</sup>**

- [1.] Why do the Christen'd Heathen rage,  
And furiously their powers engage  
    Against the Lord most high,  
Against his dread Vicegerent here,  
Cast off the yoke of legal fear,  
    And God himself defy?
2. Counsel they take, but not by Thee,  
Great King of kings, whose firm Decree  
    Supports the British throne,  
Thro' whom our rightful Monarch reigns,  
Thy sovereign Character sustains,  
    And bows to Thee alone.
3. Thine eye observes, thy Spirit knows  
His open, and his secret foes,  
    Who deep their plots conceal,  
As zealous for their Country's Good,  
Stir up the undiscerning croud,  
    And make a league with hell.

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<sup>3</sup>Published in *Arminian Magazine* 3 (1780): 677–78.

4. But Thou, without the help of man,  
Canst all their violence restrain,  
And all their plots confound,  
Canst on our King thy blessings shed,  
And cover his anointed head  
With lasting glories crown'd.
5. Answering in us thy Spirit's cries,  
Now, Lord, in his defence arise,  
With majesty supreme,  
Adorn the Man of thy right hand,  
That all may bless his mild command,  
And honour Thee in Him.
6. Long may He here thine Image live,  
Thy kingdom in his heart receive,  
Spiritual joys unknown,  
Earnest of joys that never end,  
And late with all thy saints ascend  
To a celestial throne.

[Hymn II.]  
“Who gave Jacob for a spoil &c.”  
—Isai[ah] 42. 24. 25.<sup>4</sup>

- [1.] Who gave our Israel to the sword,  
    Britain into the Spoilers hands?  
Did not the great, Almighty Lord,  
    Rebellious to whose mild commands  
We all ungratefully have been  
And madly added sin to sin.
2. Like Those of old, a stiffneck'd race  
    We woud not to our God submit,  
Or walk in Wisdom's pleasant ways,  
    But trod his laws beneath our feet  
And fought against the Lord most high,  
And dar'd his utmost wrath defy.
3. Therefore upon our guilty head<sup>5</sup>  
    He hath his furious anger pour'd,  
The strength and flame of battle spread,  
    And lo, on every side devour'd,  
We rest secure, insensible,  
We see the fire, but scorn to *feel*.
4. Surrounded by the conquering Foe,  
    Destroy'd by the consuming Fire,  
We will not our destruction know,  
    Or once reflect, or once inquire  
If God hath sent the sore distress,  
A scourge of our ungodliness.
5. But O Thou faithful God and just,  
    Thou knowst, in these apostate times,

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<sup>4</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:59–60.

<sup>5</sup>Ori., “land.”

There are who in thy mercy trust,  
    Deeply lament the public crimes,  
The sin in every judgment read,  
And for their suffering Country bleed.

6. For the blind multitude distrest,  
    Who Thee and all thy works deny,  
The pious Few refuse to rest,  
    By day and night the mourners sigh:<sup>6</sup>  
Regard the pitying people's moan,  
Respect the passion of thy Son.
7. They could not offer up a prayer,  
    If Jesus did not pray above,  
They could not ask thy grace to spare,  
    Unless the bowels of his love,  
Unless the blood of sprinkling cried,  
And begg'd Thee to be pacified.
8. Father of everlasting grace,  
    Of infinite compassion, hear,  
The Man that in his members prays,  
    And saves our land from year to year;  
Our nation for his sake convert,  
And reign in every human heart.

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<sup>6</sup>Ori., "cry."

**Hymn III.**<sup>7</sup>

- [1.] God of grace and patience, hear  
Those whom Thou hast made sincere,  
In the gap who humbly stand  
Pillars of a tottering land.
2. We who woud on Thee rely,  
Add to theirs our feeble cry,  
Day and night we intercede,  
Jesus death for sinners plead.
3. Thou who hast endur'd so long,  
Suffer yet th' ungodly throng,  
While they still thine anger dare,  
Still th' audacious rebels spare.
4. Tho' they bear thy name in vain,  
Most abandon'd, most prophane,  
Let not human wickedness  
More abound than heavenly grace.
5. Monsters of iniquity  
Thou dost all their evils see,  
All the evils they have done  
Thou hast punish'd in thy Son.
6. Great howe'er their guilt hath been,  
If they have not sinn'd the sin  
Which Thou never canst forgive,  
Let them yet repent, and live.

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<sup>7</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:60–61.

7. We for them the promise claim,  
Asking life in Jesus name,  
Let them live thro' Christ forgiven,  
Strangely snatch'd from hell to heaven.

**Hymn IV.**<sup>8</sup>

- [1.] The national Calamity  
With stony eyes can Britons see,  
    With stupid carelessness?  
Nearer it draws, and nearer still  
The dreadful Storm of public Ill  
    To swallow up our race.
2. Numberless hosts and fleets combin'd,  
Rebellious Sects and aliens join'd,  
    With dire, malicious joy  
Our navies and our trade to seize,  
Our church and Government t' oppress,  
    Our Country to destroy.
3. But worse than all, the factious throng  
With furious opposition strong  
    Against the public weal,  
They set the nation in a flame,  
And with the patriot's sacred name  
    Their dark designs conceal.
4. Thousands of secret Traitors wait  
To aid the enemies of the state,  
    To join th' invading foe:  
And let them show themselves and rise,  
But blast them, Jesus with thine eyes,  
    And all their plots o'rethrow.

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<sup>8</sup>Appears also in MS Patriotism (drafts), 1–2. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:61–62.

5. By Thee if rightful Monarchs reign,  
Against a World of foes maintain  
    Our King's authority,  
And let him, held in thy right hand,  
Submit to only thy command,  
    And bow to none but Thee.
6. Our sovereign Lord by right divine,  
Thy Servant, challenge him for thine,  
    To govern in thy stead,  
And let the crown thy hand doth place  
Glitter with undiminish'd rays,  
    And flourish on his head.
7. Thy will can every bar remove,  
It changes hatred into love,  
    And ill to good converts:  
Confound whoe'er his ruin seeks,  
Give him his adversaries necks,  
    Give him his people's heart[s].
8. Give them with other eyes to see  
This Copy of thy Majesty,  
    This Image of thy power,  
And give of his illustrious race  
A Man to stand before thy face  
    Till time shall be no more.

**Hymn V.**<sup>9</sup>

- [1.] God of infinite compassion,  
Israel's prayer  
Hear and spare  
A devoted nation.
2. Stop th' exterminating sentence,  
Rich in grace,  
Grant us space  
For unfeign'd repentance.
3. Conscious of our lost condition,  
Let us mourn,  
Rent and torn,  
With sincere contrition:
4. Pierc'd our hearts with pungent sorrow  
While we feel  
Present ill,  
Trembling for tomorrow.
5. By the toils of hell or'etaken,  
Must we be,  
Lord, by Thee  
Utterly forsaken?
6. Britain shall her foes devour,

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<sup>9</sup>Appears also in MS Patriotism (drafts), 3–4. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:63–64.

Cast away,  
Left a prey  
To their cruel power?

7. Whom Thou didst for ages cherish,  
Hear our call,  
Lord of all,  
Save us, or we perish.
8. From the gulph of desperation  
Raise us up  
Thro' the hope  
Of thy great salvation.
9. So will we exalt thy praises,  
Who alone  
Sav'st thine own  
In our last distresses.
10. God almighty to deliver  
We proclaim  
Still the same;  
MERCY reigns for ever!

Hymn VI.<sup>10</sup>

[Part I.]

- [1.] Recall not, Lord, our sins to mind,  
Our Fathers sins remember not,  
Whose dire effects we sadly find  
Ev'n to the verge of ruin brought;  
The sins our Ancestors have done  
Punish'd on us, we justly bear,  
Who make their every crime our own,  
And still persist thy wrath to dare.
2. Offensive to thy glorious eyes,  
Our Sins, a seeming godly race,  
Provok'd thy jealousy to rise,  
And vex'd the Spirit of thy grace;  
With lips unclean they call'd Thee Lord,  
As only They belong'd to Thee,  
The Saints elect whose deeds abhor'd  
Bewray'd their foul hypocrisy.
3. In *solemn League*<sup>11</sup> with death and hell  
The saints against their King conspir'd,  
With furious, fierce, fanatic zeal  
With avarice and ambition fir'd  
Or'eturn'd the government and laws  
The Parent-State and Church subdued,  
And *sought the Lord* in Satan's Cause,  
And wash'd their hands in Royal blood.

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<sup>10</sup>Appears also in MS Patriotism (drafts), 5–8. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:64–66. CW mistakenly numbered the hymn “VII.”

<sup>11</sup>The Solemn League and Covenant (1643) between the Scots and the English Parliament at the time of the English Civil War.

4. Thro' hatred of the saintly sin,  
    We then rejected thy command,  
A floud of wickedness broke in,  
    And delug'd all the guilty land;  
Abandon'd to the last excess,  
    The Profligates blasphem'd thy name  
The power, the form of godliness  
    Threw off, and gloried in their shame.

**Part II.**

- [1.] We here the dire Occasion see  
    That urg'd us to renounce thy fear,  
Begot the cool contempt of Thee  
    Which marks our nation's character:  
Because we hypocrites condemn,  
    Without controul, without remorse  
We rush into a worse extream,  
    If hell itself can yield a worse.
2. Corrupt, and daringly profane  
    From sin to sin we madly fall;  
And if a Few the truth maintain  
    As hypocrites we brand them all:  
We scorn and hate the good and just,  
    By wicked deeds afflict and grieve,  
And woud out of our Churches thrust,  
    And hardly suffer them to live.

3. Religion pure is<sup>12</sup> chas'd away,  
General ungodliness succeeds  
And treason walks in open day,  
And unprovok'd Rebellion spreads;  
New Regicides their purpose own,  
And fierce, audacious threatnings breathe  
To pluck our Monarch from the throne,  
And doom to banishment or death.
  
4. The Great thro' all restraints have broke,  
Regardless both of God and man;  
The people have cast off the yoke,  
And in a state of nature reign;  
The Priests to sin their sanction grant,  
From every decent rule set free,  
Disguise, the only fault they want,  
The only vice—Hypocrisy!

**Part III.**

- [1.] Our manners and our crimes so long  
How could the God of patience bear?  
The high and low, an harden'd throng,  
For neither plagues nor blessings care:  
Blessings they slight, and plagues defy;  
The patriot's sacred name assume,  
Or' enjoy'd to see the Scourge draw nigh,  
Triumphant in their Country's doom.

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<sup>12</sup>Ori., "it."

2. As eagles hastning to the prey,  
While hosts approach on every side,  
The men, who brought our evil day,  
Their own calamities deride,  
As happy, in their place below  
With everlasting flames to dwell,  
So they their Rivals may o'rethrow,  
And drag their Countrymen to hell.
  
3. But canst not Thou a difference make,  
If judgment must prevail at last,  
Into thy kind protection take  
The just, till every storm is past?  
Howe'er the Reprobates are shook,  
Like wither'd leaves into the fire,  
The substance of the British Oak,  
The holy Seed, remains intire.
  
4. When judgment has consum'd thy foes,  
The remnant shall again take root,  
Our Church shall blossom as the rose,  
And fill the earth with righteous fruit;  
In answer to thy people's prayers,  
Thy will throughout the earth is done,  
And millions of salvation's heirs  
Salute thee on thy azure throne.

**Hymn VII.**<sup>13</sup>

- [1.] Whence come wars and deadly feuds,  
Slaughtering half the human race?  
Lust the social love excludes,  
Sets our passions in a blaze,  
Fills our hearts with fury blind,  
Arms us each against his kind.
2. From the lust of lawless power  
Now the fierce contention springs,  
Faction bids the sword devour,  
Raising beggars into kings,  
Subjects swell, and scorn t' obey,  
Subjects grasp at boundless sway.<sup>14</sup>
3. Victims of ambitious pride  
Answering the Destroyer's call  
See mown down on every side  
Thousands and ten thousands fall!  
Win the field whoever will,  
Satan reaps the harvest still.
4. Who can stop his flowing tears,  
While our Countrymen complain,  
While America appears  
Weeping o're her children slain,  
Slain the countless multitude,  
Waste the land, and soak'd in blood!
5. Punish'd for their Leaders sin,  
Scourg'd for madness not their own,  
By infernal arts drawn in,  
Hear the loyal sufferers groan!  
Who shall bid their sufferings cease,  
Who shall give them back their peace?

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<sup>13</sup>Appears also in MS Patriotism (drafts), 9–11. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:67–68.

<sup>14</sup>CW numbers lines 5 and 6 of the manuscript stanza 2 as lines 6 and 5 to designate that he wants them switched to read as shown above.

6. Long on man their hopes were stay'd,  
But the reed beneath them broke,  
By their false allies betray'd,  
Spoil'd, and outrag'd, and forsook,  
Where must they for refuge fly,  
Doom'd by foes and friends to die?
7. Helper of the poor opprest,  
Vain is all relief but thine,  
Thy appointed time is best,  
Thy benevolent Design  
Let them soon accomplish'd see,  
Succour'd, and redeem'd by Thee.
8. Jesus, end the bloody Fray,  
Changing hatred into love;  
Touching this, in faith we pray,  
Faith which mountains can remove,  
Nought too hard for God it sees,  
Mocks impossibilities.
9. Take their cause into thy hand,  
Save them in a way unknown,  
That the world may understand  
Power belongs to God alone,  
Power surpassing human thought  
Things impossible hath wrought.
10. Cast the mighty from their thrones,  
Thou effectual Power divine,  
Raise the weak and abject ones,  
Then we cry The work is thine,  
God the universe sustains,  
God o're all creation reigns!

**Hymn VIII.**<sup>15</sup>

- [1.]           While Heaven with angry frown,  
                Doth on our land look down,  
Calls our foes on every side  
                Britain's ruin to compleat,  
How shall we his day abide,  
                How prepare our God to meet?
2.             Shall we on such a day  
                Feast, and rise up to play?  
Live in luxury and ease,  
                All our hours in pleasure spend,  
Sports, and riotous excess,  
                Till we meet a fearful end?
3.             Rather with humble fear  
                Of swift destruction near,  
Let us to the Ark repair,  
                To the house of refuge fly,  
Seek his face in humble prayer,  
                Seek, and find a Saviour nigh.
4.             In trouble and distress  
                He bids us seek his face,  
Bids us call upon our Lord,  
                Faithfully in Him confide,  
Him, who from the vengeful sword  
                Promises our lives to hide.

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<sup>15</sup>Appears also in MS Patriotism (drafts), 12–13. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:69–70.

5.           God of redeeming love,  
              Our hiding-place above,  
Into thy most gracious hands  
              Soul and body we commend;  
Thy eternal purpose stands,  
              Sure of this, we wait the end.
  
6.           Thy counsel we regard  
              For all events prepar'd,  
Servants of thy sovereign will,  
              The unconscious creatures join  
All thy pleasure to fulfil,  
              Execute thy whole design.
  
7.           But who the End can see,  
              Or fathom thy Decree?  
We; if call'd the friends of God,  
              If thy Spirit's mind we have;  
Thou to us thy will hast show'd,  
              All thy purpose is To save.
  
8.           Thy whole design we know  
              To fix thy throne below;  
Here Thou wilt once more appear,  
              Claim us by thy Father given,  
Reign before thine Ancients here,  
              Then transport thy Church to heaven.

**[Hymn] IX.<sup>16</sup>**  
**To the American Rebels.**

- [1.] Ye ministers of wrath divine,  
    Rais'd up by our offended Lord,  
Full well ye answer his Design,  
    Jehovah's sin-avenging sword,  
Full well your piety proclaim  
To the dear Land from whence ye came.
2. Our children whom we long have fed,  
    And carried in our fondling arms,  
Nourish'd, and brought you up and led,  
    Protecting from all hostile harms,  
Treasures immense on you bestow'd,  
And lavish'd seas of British blood.
3. Your unprovok'd Rebellion brings  
    Our more disloyal deeds to mind,  
(Disloyal to the King of kings)  
    In league against your Country join'd:  
Ye our ingratitude reprove,  
Against our heavenly Father's Love.
4. To cherish an unthankful race  
    What could He more for us have done?  
Riches of unexhausted grace  
    He freely gave us in his Son,  
Who, to secure our endless good,  
Expended all his sacred blood.

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<sup>16</sup>Appears also in MS Patriotism (drafts), 14–15. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:70–71.

5. Ye vipers who your Parent tear,  
    With evil all our good requite,  
Ye cannot yet with us compare,  
    Who do our loving Lord despite,  
His yoke reject, his cross disclaim,  
And put him to an open shame.
6. Wherefore we, humbled in the dust,  
    Our sin in our chastisement read,  
Confess our heavenly Father just,  
    And guilty at his footstool plead,  
Not worthy to be call'd his sons,  
Whom now his Providence disowns.
7. O might our nation now repent  
    Of all our foul rebellious past,  
Meekly accept our punishment,  
    And reconcil'd to God at last  
The joy of social union prove,  
The blessing of fraternal love.
8. Great Peacemaker 'twixt God and man,  
    Who God and man hast join'd in one,  
Turn and unite our hearts again,  
    That all Jehovah's work may own,  
And Britons thro' the world proclaim  
The wondrous powers of Jesus Name.

[Hymn] X.<sup>17</sup>

[Part I.]

- [1.] Congress repeats its furious<sup>18</sup> boasts,  
As favour'd by the Lord of hosts,  
    Who vindicates the right,  
When rebels bold with one consent  
Throw off the legal government,  
    And for dominion fight.
2. Not by their own resistless powers,  
But by the treachery of ours  
    Whom faithless chiefs command,  
By burnings, ravages, and rapes,  
And villainy in a thousand shapes  
    The weak Usurpers stand.
3. But first by Heaven's permissive will,  
Who basest instruments of ill  
    To punish ill employs,  
Whose awful righteousness is seen,  
When by the wickedest of men  
    The wicked he destroys.
4. The wickedest of men prophane,  
And take his hallow'd Name in vain  
    As lords by his decree,  
His executioners at first,  
Suffer'd to deal his plagues, and curst  
    With long impunity.
5. As Cromwell<sup>19</sup> with his desperate crew  
Was *sent* three kingdoms<sup>20</sup> to subdue,  
    And crush beneath his yoke,

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<sup>17</sup>Appears also in MS Patriotism (drafts), 16–21. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:72–75.

<sup>18</sup>Ori., “empty.”

<sup>19</sup>Oliver Cromwell (1599–1658).

<sup>20</sup>I.e., England, Scotland, and Ireland.

Struggling to throw it off in vain,  
They could not break the tyrant's chain  
While by their God forsook.

6. Were they not heard for years to groan,  
Subjected to the will of One,  
A Parricide accurst,  
A Ruffian gorg'd with Royal blood,  
A Hypocrite with man and God,  
Of human fiends the worst!
7. When he was swept to his own place  
The saints prolong'd the reign of grace,  
And Congress kept their seat,  
The many bow'd before the few,  
Who still their loyal brethren slew,  
And trod beneath their feet.
8. Long the triumphant Villains cried,  
"The Lord himself is on our side,  
"The cause of righteousness  
"By signs infallible he owns,  
"And justifies his chosen ones  
"By permanent success.<sup>[9]</sup>
9. But O, how suddenly cast down,  
And scatter'd by an angry frown  
Of our almighty Lord,  
The proud Usurpers were expel'd,  
And Britain, with its King beheld  
Prosperity Restor'd!

10. Thus shall the Lord his sway maintain,  
And o're th' impatient Rebels reign  
    Who now their King disown,  
Their Country's enemies engage  
With an unnatural Faction's rage  
    To prop their dunghill throne.
11. Possess of their ambitious hope,  
When they have fill'd their measure up,  
    Thou wilt exert thy power,  
Dissolve their covenant with death,  
And pluck the prey out of their teeth,  
    And bid the deep Restore.
12. The haven of the good old Cause,  
The Hate of kings, and Church, and laws  
    Thou wilt, O God, expel,  
And then the kingdom of the Fiend  
Shall come to a perpetual end  
    And sink again to hell.

**Part II.**<sup>21</sup>

- [1.] By faith we now the cloud look thro',  
With blest, anticipating view  
    Of brighter days behind,  
When Jesus, making wars to cease,  
Brings in an everlasting peace  
    To us, and all mankind.
2. Dispersing the infernal gloom,  
His kingdom shall, as lightning come,  
    And shine from east to west  
The trumpet of the gospel-word  
Shall then announce our glorious Lord,  
    And lull the world to rest.

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<sup>21</sup>Part II also appeared in *Poetical Works*, 8:486–87.

3. The savage Tribes, an injur'd Race,  
Americans shall then embrace  
    Their God so long unknown;  
The servile progeny of Ham  
Shall prostrated at Jesus name  
    Their dear Redeemer own.
  
4. The Crescent to the Cross shall yield,  
The Turks and Heathens be compel'd  
    Their Sovereign to confess,  
And Jews, who pierc'd his hands and side  
Discern Jehovah crucified,  
    Their true Messiah bless.
  
5. Then all religious Babels cease,  
And all into the kingdom press  
    Of God reveal'd below,  
And fountains open'd from above  
In streams of pure, celestial love  
    The new-made earth o'reflow.
  
6. O who, when God doth this, shall live?  
The men that dare the truth receive  
    The promise made to me  
Who trust to stand in that great day,  
When Christ his glory shall display,  
    And God for ever see!

**Hymn XI.**<sup>22</sup>

**[Part I.]**

- [1.] Summon'd to put off my clay,  
Here I woud no longer stay,  
Grant me but my last request,  
Give my suffering Country rest.
2. Let me only live to see  
Sion in prosperity  
See the kingdom of my Lord,  
Justice, joy, and peace restor'd.
3. Cause of our calamities  
O that all our sin might cease,  
All our enmity to God,  
All our scorn of Jesus blood!
4. Father, for his sake convert  
A rebellious nation's heart,  
That we may thy grace implore  
Fight against our God no more:
5. That we may thy mercy feel,  
Britain's wounds and breaches heal,  
Raise out of the dust, and bless,  
Stablish us in righteousness.
6. Then possest of my desire,  
Thou my happy soul require  
Happy with the Church above,  
All dissolv'd, and lost in love.

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<sup>22</sup>Appears also in MS Patriotism (drafts), 22–23. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:75–76.

**Part II.**

- [1.] But if Justice hath decreed  
Britons still for sin shou'd bleed,  
If their woes are but begun,  
Father, let thy will be done.
2. Only me in special love,  
Me, my gracious Lord, remove,  
Suffer'd to escape away,  
Taken from the evil day.
3. When Thou dost my soul release,  
Entring into perfect peace,  
Then I find my troubles o're,  
There the world afflicts no more.
4. There repos'd among the blest,  
I in<sup>23</sup> Abraham's bosom rest,  
Waiting for the general doom,  
Longing for my Lord to come.
5. Jesus, come, the Spirit cries,  
Jesus, come, the Bride replies,  
To the gazing nations shown,  
High on thy millennial throne:
6. Evil by thy presence chase,  
Wipe the tears from every face  
Crown us then in heaven with Thee,  
Kings thro' all eternity.

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<sup>23</sup>Ori., "a."

**Hymn XII.**<sup>24</sup>

- [1.] How can our wretched nation see  
A period of their misery,  
When every day the evil grows  
Augmented by domestic foes?
2. Monsters unnatural, who dare  
Usurp the patriot's character,  
And every art and means employ  
Their dear-lov'd Country to destroy!
3. Vile prostitutes, who write for bread  
And treason and rebellion spread,  
Hired by a curst, assassin band  
To scatter firebrands thro' the land.
4. The foulest falsehoods they invent  
To clog the wheels of government,  
Obstruct the public good, and fling  
The odium on their virtuous King:
5. They vent their fiercest rage on Him,  
With daring insolence blaspheme,  
Their menaces in senates breathe,  
As They cou'd put their King to death.
6. The croud they into madness drive,  
And Satan's good old Cause revive,  
Lash'd on by the infernal host,  
And spirited by Cromwell's ghost.
7. And must they not at last prevail,  
The bandied powers of earth and hell  
To sink a nation lost as this,  
And plunge us in the dark abyss?

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<sup>24</sup>Appears also in MS Patriotism (drafts), 24–26. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:76–78.

8. We cannot from destruction fly  
Unless the Lord, the Lord most high  
With a strong hand, and outstretch'd arm  
Redeem us from the mortal harm:
9. Unless he at our greatest need  
Hath left himself a faithful seed,  
Before his fiery wrath consume,  
To rescue us from Sodom's doom.
10. Most gracious God, our hearts incline,  
Our broken hearts, with theirs to join,  
In powerful, penitential prayer,  
And urge thy Clemency to spare.
11. Or if thy soul must vengeance take,  
A merciful distinction make,  
Thy judgments on the wicked send,  
Consume, but make not a full end.
12. When states and kingdoms are o'rethrown,  
Thou knowst the way to save thine own,  
And purging out the rebel race,  
To plant the righteous in their place.
13. Thy judgments shall the earth devour,  
But hid in that decisive hour,  
Cut off when multitudes expire,  
A Part shall be brought thro' the fire:
14. As gold from the refining flame,  
The saints shall then invoke thy name,  
While Jesus answers to their call,  
And God and Christ is all in all.

**Hymn XIII.**<sup>25</sup>  
**Written February 26, 1782.**<sup>26</sup>

**[Part I.]**

- [1.] To whom but God shall we complain  
Of cruel, false, flagitious men  
    Who Public Good profess,  
Resolv'd their Country to devour,  
Who glory in their baleful power  
    And prosperous wickedness?
2. Against our Church the gates of hell,  
The sons of anarchy prevail  
    Against our sinking state;  
The sins of our Forefathers, all  
Upon a guilty nation fall,  
    And crush us with the weight.
3. Our nation's and Religion's foes,  
The authors of our endless woes  
    No more their aim disown,  
To spread confusion thro' the land,  
By Treason's and Rebellion's hand  
    T' or'eturn the British throne.
4. But hide Him, Lord, beneath thy wings  
Of men the virtuosest, of kings  
    The mildest and the best,  
And by some sudden stroke remove  
Who hate the Object of thy love,  
    And curse whom Thou hast blest.
5. Thou never wilt our King forsake,  
Or let them thine Anointed take  
    In their infernal snares,  
But still thy Providential love  
Shall hide his precious life above,  
    And count his sacred hairs.

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<sup>25</sup>Appears also in MS Patriotism (drafts), 27–30. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:78–80.

<sup>26</sup>Responding to the vote of Parliament on Feb. 24 1782 to abandon further prosecution of the war against the American colonists.

6. Joy of our eyes, our heart's desire,  
Surround him as a wall of fire,  
    With flaming guards surround,  
Look thro' the cloud, disturb their host,  
When most secure they threaten most,  
    And all his foes confound.
7. In faith against their sin we pray,  
O take the parricides away,  
    The unrelenting fiends,  
But plant thy kingdom in his heart,  
The righteousness, and joy impart,  
    And peace that never ends.
8. Peace which the world can never give,  
Peace, which it never can conceive  
    This moment, Lord, bestow,  
And let him long the nations bless,  
And crown'd with joy and righteousness  
    To life eternal go.

**Part II.**

- [1.] The humble prayers which pierce the skies,  
Mingled with Jesus sacrifice  
    Will God refuse to hear,  
Who bids us for our Monarch pray,  
Honour, and chearfully obey  
    His dread Vicegerent here?
2. His firmest friends unbought, unknown,  
We pray Thee to support his throne,  
    His Person to defend,  
For whom we in thy Spirit cry,  
Keep as the apple of an eye  
    And all his troubles end.

3. His friends from principle increase:  
And when exulting in success  
    His foes their arrows shoot,  
Confounding their malicious joy,  
The dire Conspirators destroy,  
    Destroy them branch and root.
4. But let them have their judgment here,  
And scape thine utmost wrath severe,  
    If Thou their bodies slay,  
The dying penitents forgive,  
And bid their souls thro' mercy live  
    In that eternal day.

**Hymn XIV.<sup>27</sup>**  
**Jeremiah 5. 1.**

- [1.] “Run to and fro, whoe'er proclaim  
“My word, throughout Jerusalem,  
“And if by strictest search ye can  
“Find in her streets a righteous man  
“Who doth to truth and justice cleave,  
“I for his sake will all forgive.<sup>[b]</sup>”
2. But ah! not one was found to stay  
Thy hand, or turn thy wrath away,  
Wherefore thy heavy hand consum'd  
The sinners to destruction doom'd,  
And slain, or into exile driven,  
They justly perish'd unforgiven.

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<sup>27</sup>Appears also in MS Patriotism (drafts), 31–32. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:80–81.

3. Yet ev'n in these licentious days  
Of general, reigning wickedness,  
When millions ruled by Satan's will  
The measure of their crimes fulfil,  
All do not throng the spacious road,  
Or curse their King, or hate their God.
4. A faithful Seed there yet remains,  
Unspotted with the public stains,  
From worldly lusts and passions free,  
From sin, and Satan's tyranny,  
A people poor, to man unknown,  
Belov'd, and priz'd by God alone.
5. To these, O God, Thou hast regard,  
Against our evil day prepar'd,  
Who in the gap for years have stood,  
And join'd the Cry of Jesus blood,  
Which speaks for those that caus'd his pain,  
And nail him to his cross again.
6. That righteous Man, that God supreme,  
*Is* found in our Jerusalem,  
And thousands now unite their cries,  
"Father, respect his Sacrifice,  
"Thy mercy, not thy wrath, make known,  
"And give us to thy pleading Son."

**Hymn XV.<sup>28</sup>**  
**“Pharaoh-nechoh slew King Josiah.”**  
**—2 Kings 23. 29.**

- [1.] To our tremendous Lord<sup>29</sup>  
What shall thy people say?  
The wicked 'scape thy scourge and sword,  
The just is swept away;  
Possess of inward peace,  
He falls a sacrifice,  
And for a Nation's wickedness  
The good Josiah dies.
2. We tremble at thy rod,  
We tremble at thy grace,  
Who hast a virtuous King bestow'd  
On our rebellious race:  
Thy gift the Rebels spurn,  
With enmity extreme  
His patience mock, his virtues scorn,  
And Thee reject in Him.
3. Virtue and Him they hate,  
Implung'd in every vice,  
And vow t' or'eturn the British state,  
That they themselves may rise,  
May each his portion seize,  
And call the land their own,  
Emerging from the people's lees  
To fill the vacant throne.

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<sup>28</sup>Appears also in MS Patriotism (drafts), 33–35. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:81–82.

<sup>29</sup>Ori., “God.”

4.       But shall they, Lord, succeed,  
          And cast our Monarch down?  
And hast Thou for our sins decreed  
          The Parricides to crown?  
          Too good with us to live  
          Wilt Thou our King remove,  
And in thy mercy's arms receive,  
          To share thy throne above?
  
5.       For mercy's sake suspend  
          A guilty nation's doom,  
Visit, but make not a full end,  
          Nor utterly consume;  
          Secure from all his foes  
          Thy Delegate detain,  
And let him, e'er to heaven he goes,  
          Consent on earth to reign.
  
6.       Preserv'd in perfect peace  
          By Thee his only Lord,  
Till Britain's happiness he sees  
          With harmony restor'd,  
          United in thy fear  
          Till all his subjects join  
In GEORGE (thine Image) to revere  
          The Majesty divine.

Hymn XVI.<sup>30</sup>

- [1.] A State for judgment ripe as this,  
And swiftly plunging in th' Abyss,  
A nation by our God forsook,  
To whom shall we for succour look?  
No succour is in feeble man,  
We trust an arm of flesh in vain.
2. In vain we Causes false assign  
Of all these heavy plagues divine;  
They must remain, they must increase,  
Till we the real Cause confess,  
Our sins with deep repentance mourn,  
And to our angry Smiter turn.
3. Th' immediate Authors of our woes  
Charge their own crimes upon their foes,  
And seizing on the Helm, declare  
That They our ruin will repair,  
The Ship they dash'd against the strand  
Refit, and bring us safe to land.
4. We never can confide in Them:  
But do<sup>31</sup> not yet ourselves condemn,  
Or hear the Rod by Heaven employ'd  
On us, who have ourselves destroy'd,  
And reap in our extreme distress,  
The fruits of our own wickedness.

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<sup>30</sup>Appears also in MS Patriotism (drafts), 36–38. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:83–84.

<sup>31</sup>Ori., “will.”

5. O might we each distinctly grieve,  
Death's sentence in himself receive,  
Before the measure is fulfil'd,  
Before the general doom is seal'd,  
And find relief in contrite prayer,  
And hope emerging from despair.
  
6. "My sins have rais'd the stormy sea,  
"It works, and roars, and yawns for me;  
"My sins have shook the shatter'd state,  
"And arm'd the ministers of fate,  
"To wasters giv'n their wasting power,  
"And made the slaughtering sword devour.<sup>[b]</sup>
  
7. When humbly thus our sins we own  
Which forc'd, O God, thy judgments down,  
Our sins, which brought this evil day,  
O woudst Thou take them all away,  
And then our punishment remove,  
In honor of thy pardning love.
  
8. If yet Thou mayst intreated be,  
To change th' extirpating Decree,  
The Virtue of that Name impart  
Which roots out sin from every heart,  
That all may bless thy Saving Power,  
Thy Son, when time shall be no more.

**Hymn XVII.**<sup>32</sup>

- [1.]      Father by all confest  
            On thine eternal throne,  
To Thee we make our joint request  
            Thro' thy beloved Son:  
            The Man whom for thy sake  
            We loyally revere,  
Into thy kind protection take,  
            And in his cause appear.
2.         Stretch out thy mighty arm  
            His enemies to quel,  
And let the men that seek his harm  
            Thy righteous anger feel,  
            Who dare their King oppose  
            With causeless enmity  
Convince the Rebels, that his foes  
            Are fighting against Thee.
3.         Let not their counsel stand,  
            Which deep as hell they hide,  
But crush them by thy weighty hand  
            With Satan on their side:  
            The dire Deceiver blast,  
            But pluck out of his teeth  
His wretched slaves, redeem'd at last,  
            And sav'd from second death.

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<sup>32</sup>Appears also in MS Patriotism (drafts), 39–40. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:84–85.

4.       The poor misguided croud,  
          Who mad for liberty  
Insult their King, and threaten loud  
          With soft compassion see,  
          Beguil'd by specious lies,  
          By black, infernal arts,  
Open, O God, their blinded eyes,  
          And turn their simple hearts.
  
5.       Thou canst perform the thing  
          With man impossible,  
Order out of confusion bring,  
          And all our breaches heal,  
          Canst in our darkest hour  
          Thy glorious light display,  
For winds and seas confess thy power,  
          And earth and hell obey.
  
6.       If Thou pronounce the word,  
          Intestin strife shall cease,  
And Britons sheath the slaughtering sword,  
          And meet again in peace:  
          Reform'd we then shall live  
          Converted by thy Rod,  
And honor to our Sovereign give,  
          And glory to our God.

**Hymn XVIII.**<sup>33</sup>

- [1.]       Lost in an endless maze,  
            By sin, alas, undone,  
For help on every side we gaze,  
            But help for us is none;  
            No period of our fears,  
            No hope of rescue nigh,  
And not one ray of light appears  
            Throughout the darken'd sky.
2.         Tis time, O Lord, for Thee  
            Now to lay to thy hand,  
And in our sad extremity  
            To save a sinking land:  
            Th' exterminating curse  
            We soon expect to prove,  
Unless we find our last resource  
            In thy unfathom'd love.
3.         Cut off from every hope,  
            From every help but thine,  
Beneath the mighty hand we stoop,  
            The bruising hand divine:  
            Our punishment is just,  
            Thrust down to hell we own—  
But fain we woud for mercy trust  
            In thy Atoning Son.

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<sup>33</sup>Appears also in MS Patriotism (drafts), 41–42. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:86–87.

4. O for his only sake,  
Father, our doom repeal,  
And let us, while thy judgments shake  
Our guilty land, be still,  
Be still, and truly know  
That Thou art God most high,  
Who dost in Christ compassion show,  
And wilt not let us die.<sup>34</sup>
  
5. Our sins and woes to end,  
Thy Deity declare,  
By whom Thou wilt deliverance send,  
But thy own arm make bare,  
That thy redeeming grace  
We all may wondring see,  
And gladly give with all the praise  
Our ransom'd lives to Thee.
  
6. Lo, at thy feet we bow,  
The blessing to receive,  
With humble faith the When and How  
To thy great wisdom leave:  
But make thy counsel known,  
Indubitably Thine,  
That Europe may with Britain own  
“It is the Work Divine!”

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<sup>34</sup>Ori., “go.”

**Hymn XIX.**<sup>35</sup>  
**For the King.**

- [1.]      Our gracious King and good  
            O how shall we deplore,  
By vile Conspirators subdued,  
            By sacrilegious power,  
            Giv'n up into their hands,  
            Who triumph in his woes,  
And subjected to the commands  
            Of his insulting foes.
2.         Th' Anointed of the Lord  
            Stript of his realms we see,  
Spoil'd of his Magisterial Sword,  
            And regal dignity;  
            On scanty bread to live  
            Brought by his servants down,  
And from their bounty to receive  
            A poor, precarious crown.
3.         Their Monarch to requite,  
            They on his Person seize,  
Who made it all his soul's delight  
            T' advance their happiness,  
            Their blessings to insure,  
            In love to condescend,

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<sup>35</sup>Appears also in MS Patriotism (drafts), 43–44. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:143–45.

Of high and low, of rich and poor  
The father, and the friend.

4. Of long-continued prayer  
The answer sad is this?  
Great God, thy ways and judgments are  
A fathomless abyss!  
Thy footsteps are not seen,  
Thy mind is not exprest,  
Who sufferst now the worst of men  
To trample o're the best.
5. If still, his faith to try,  
Thou dost our King abase,  
Thy patient Servant fortify  
With all-sufficient grace,  
With peace surpassing thought,  
With joy and love unknown,  
With hope of what thy blood hath bought  
His everlasting throne.
6. Be Thou his sure resource,  
And let Ahithophel<sup>36</sup>  
Conspire, and taunting Shimei curse,  
And Absalom<sup>37</sup> rebel:<sup>38</sup>

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<sup>36</sup>Ori., "Ahitophel." Cf.

<sup>37</sup>Ori., "Absolom."

<sup>38</sup>Cf. 2 Sam. 16–17.

We trust thy faithful love  
To bless, and hold him fast,  
Till more than conqueror he prove,  
And more than saved at last.

7.       Thou wilt our captive King  
          Redeem from all his foes,  
And out of all his troubles bring  
          The Man whom Thou hast chose,  
          Stamp't with thy Spirit's seal,  
          Created as Thou art,  
A man according to thy will,  
          And after thy own heart.

8.       In perfect power divine  
          Then let thy kingdom come,  
And all our tribes united join  
          To bring their Monarch home,  
          Thee, the true David, Thee  
          Into their hearts receive,  
And Thou, great King, in them, and me,  
          Thro' endless ages live.

[blank]

**Verses and Hymns  
on Modern Patriotism, and  
the American Rebellion.**

**Party Loyalty,  
Written in the year 1780.<sup>1</sup>**

The First and Second George were wise,  
And understood a Faction's price,  
Little account of Those they made  
That from meer Principle obey'd, [4]  
But purchas'd with an annual bribe  
The votes of the Dissenting tribe,  
Who serv'd with flaming zeal and hearty  
The HEAD<sup>2</sup> of their own fav'rite Party. [8]

Why are they chang'd to George the Third,  
And never give him a good word?  
His Rebels why do they embrace,  
And spit in a mild Monarch's face? [12]  
"Because he slights his Father's friends,  
"And the three kingdoms comprehends,  
"All sects and parties reconciles,  
"Alike on Whig and Tory smiles, [16]

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<sup>1</sup>Appears also in MS Patriotism (drafts), 45–46. Published in *Arminian Magazine* 4 (1781): 340. Frank Baker (*Representative Verse*, 339) suggests that it was written shortly after Apr. 6, 1780, when John Dunning secured passage in Parliament of a resolution calling for the power of the Crown to be diminished.

<sup>2</sup>Ori., "HEADS."

“Aims at impossibilities,  
“And studies all the world to please:  
“Because our Pensions he withdraws—  
“And if he starve the Good old Cause, [20]  
“And if he nothing more advance—  
“No longer pipe, no longer dance!”<sup>3</sup>]

**Written on a Motion of the Minority.<sup>3</sup>**

Agreed: let it be as the Patriots hope,  
To their Friends let us give all America up,  
Let the Rebels be lords, and the Loyalists swing  
For loving old England, and serving their King:  
Let the Westernly Isles be the next easy Prize  
Which Congress bestows on their Popish Allies:  
The East Indies must then, unavoidably fall,  
And dominion at sea be transfer'd to the Gaul:  
Here's an end of the story, and National dance  
By Great Britain becoming—a Province to France!

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<sup>3</sup>Published in *Arminian Magazine* 5 (1782): 167. Frank Baker suggests (*Representative Verse*, 347) that it may be in reference to a vote in the House of Commons on Feb. 22, 1782, urging the king not to prosecute the war against the colonists in North America, seeking peace instead. The motion lost by one vote.

**Written**  
**On a Declaration of Lord C\_\_\_\_\_s:<sup>4</sup>**  
**that “the Conquest of America by sword**  
**“and fire is not to be accomplished.”<sup>5</sup>**

- [1.] True is the Noble Patriot’s word,  
We never can by fire and sword  
The fierce Americans subdue,  
If we our General’s steps pursue  
His sword against his friends who turns,  
And spoils, and plunders them, and burns.
- [2.] The Loyal if he first invite +  
For Britain and its King to fight,  
Promise to succour and protect;  
He then abandons to neglect,  
Or draws them in, an easy prey  
For their inveterate foes to slay.
- [3.] Poor, credulous slaves if he allure  
By flattering hopes of refuge sure,  
Their cruel tyrants to desert;  
He then with an unfeeling heart  
Leaves them, who on his faith rely,  
By famine, and disease to die.

+ At Hillsborough.

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<sup>4</sup>Charles, Earl Cornwallis (1738–1805).

<sup>5</sup>Appears also in MS Patriotism (drafts), 47–49. Published in *Arminian Magazine* 5 (1782): 500–502.

- [4.] Thousands who unconsum'd remain  
He thrusts out of his camp again,  
And, while they trust his treacherous words,  
Gives back the victims to their Lords,  
To perish in the lingring fire,  
By varied tortures to expire.
- [5.] Such faithful Leaders we allow  
Fit to succeed immortal Howe,<sup>6</sup>  
Who fierce Americans subdued,  
And conquer'd them—whene'er he woud  
Too generous to pursue his blow,  
Or trample on a vanquish'd foe.
- [6.] His vanquish'd foe full oft he rear'd,  
And kindly their despondence chear'd,  
Too brave to take them by surprize,  
He saw their straits with pitying eyes,  
And put them out of all their pain,  
And gave them back their towns again.
- [7.] Such Leaders never can aspire  
Rebels to quel with sword and fire:

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<sup>6</sup>Lieutenant General Sir William Howe (1729–1814).

But without fire—Another can  
Accomplish it—an honest man,  
Who truth and righteousness approves,  
And more than gold his Country loves.

[8.] A man for this great End design'd  
We now at last expect to find,  
By Providential love bestow'd,  
Whose Object is Britannia's Good,  
Britannia's peace his only aim,  
And Carlton<sup>7</sup> is the Patriot's Name.

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<sup>7</sup>Sir Guy Carlton, who replaced Sir Henry Clinton as Commander-in-Chief of British forces as the war neared its end.

**Written on a late Vote Febr[uary] 22, 1782.<sup>8</sup>**

How furiously now do the Patriots strive,  
And on to the brink of the Precipice drive!  
“No longer oppose: let the Rebels alone:  
“Give up the dispute, and the business is done: [4]  
“Our Commanders may then with impunity rest,  
“The matter be hush’d, and Inquiry suppress,  
“While the men who so well understood speculation,  
“And grew fat on the spoils of a sacrific’d nation, [8]  
“Their own villainies charge on their Rivals in power,  
“Given up for the Popular Beast to devour.

“Then a fig for the old Constitution and Laws,  
“Set aside by the Rump, and Republican Cause, [12]  
“Then in spite of a titular, obstinate King,  
“To justice we all the Delinquents shall bring;  
“Or set an impertinent Monarch aside,  
“The inheritance seize, and the kingdom divide, [16]  
“Our zealous, unlimited liberty prove,  
“And demonstrate how dearly our Country we love.

“Shall the war be abandon’d, or still carried on?<sup>[b]</sup>  
(Now we come to the Point, and the day is our own) [20]  
“Shall Britain exist as a Nation, or not?  
“It exists by a single, unfortunate Vote:

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<sup>8</sup>Appears also in MS Patriotism (drafts), 50–51. Published posthumously in *Representative Verse*, 346–47; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:145–46. CW is referring to a vote in the House of Commons on Feb. 22, 1782, on a motion urging the king not to prosecute the war against the colonists in North America, seeking peace instead. The motion lost by one vote.

“But if numbers of Votes we could gain by our lies,<sup>9</sup>  
“Over-reach half a Senate, and put out their eyes, [24]  
“We shall surely prevail, if we bravely persist,  
“The whole Parliament conquer, and do as we list.<sup>[3]</sup>”

**Written  
after the Next Vote.<sup>10</sup>**

- [1.] Come away to the chase! the Republican Pack  
With a rabble of Livery-men all at<sup>11</sup> their back,  
Have started the Stag; and resolve to press on  
Till the blood-thirsty hellhounds have hunted him down,  
And worried to death, without mercy or pity,  
To make a magnificent Feast for the City.
- [2.] The City so famed for their exquisite taste  
In the present, as well as the century past,  
At their annual Club<sup>12</sup> who so greedily feed,  
And to Turtle itself prefer a Calf’s head,  
Shall be treated again with the Cannibal’s food,  
And royally drunk at a banquet of blood.
- [3.] So they promise and vow who triumphantly sing  
For their victory over their Country and King:  
Their King they have conquer’d, and routed his friends,  
In pursuit of their own diabolical ends,

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<sup>9</sup>Ori., “~~surprize~~” changed to “our lies.”

<sup>10</sup>Appears also in MS Patriotism (drafts), 52–53. Published posthumously in *Representative Verse*, 348–49; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:146–47. This would be the vote of Parliament on Feb. 24, 1782 to abandon further prosecution of the war against the American colonists.

<sup>11</sup>Ori., “Livery-men at” changed to “Livery-men all at.”

<sup>12</sup>In the margin CW identifies this annual feast as on “Jan. 30.” This would be the feast for the martyrdom of King Charles I.

By hard struggling and lying their purpose attain'd,  
And by Treason—at last, a Majority gain'd!

- [4.] With what madness and rage do they now lay about 'em,  
The old ministers threaten, and rage, till they out 'em!  
“But the worst of them all, for whose horrible crime  
“His blood shall atone, is the Minister Prime!”  
In billingsgate language, and highwaymen's phrase,  
They command him to STAND AND DELIVER—his Place.
- [5.] Our soldiers abroad they forbid to oppose,  
Or molest, or annoy their innocent foes,  
But tamely to give all the Loyalists up  
To the Rebels, or French, to the Sword, or the Rope,  
To keep out of harm's way, and their weapons lay down,  
Till the Mob has secur'd their Republican Crown.
- [6.] But true Englishmen hope, that the Nation o'rereach'd  
Will recover their wits, and awake unbewitch'd,  
Then the Traitors at home, and the Agents of France  
Will finish their course with a sorrowful dance,  
Then we all shall unite in defence of our King,  
And the Rebels at last, and the Patriots, swing!

*Pax quaeritur—precibus!*<sup>13</sup>

“The men who nothing understand  
“Woud make a peace with sword in hand  
“But wiser methods now are tried  
“By us that lay the sword aside: [4]  
“We sue to Congress for a peace  
“And sue *in formâ pauperis*,  
“And meekly beg it on our knees. ]

“Peace must be by Intreaty gain’d, [8]  
“And not by bloody war obtain’d,”  
Shall we then sheathe our useless swords  
And conquer Rebels by our words?  
Had we the Rhetoric of Burke,<sup>14</sup> [12]  
We could not on their passions work,  
Had we the modesty of Fox,<sup>15</sup>  
We could not soften stones and stocks  
Persuade them to give up their prize, [16]  
To reprobate their French Allies,  
Their Father-confessors to spurn,  
And to their Country’s arms return.

In this precarious situation, [20]  
What saith the Wisdom of the nation?

---

<sup>13</sup>“Peace is sought—by prayers.” Appears also in MS Patriotism (drafts), 54–56. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:131–32.

<sup>14</sup>Edmund Burke (1729–97).

<sup>15</sup>Charles James Fox (1749–1806), supporter in Parliament of American independence.

With patriotic tenderness  
Our Legislators give us peace,  
The universal wish allow, [24]  
But do not tell us When, or how:  
Hostile attempts we must forbear  
And only wage Defensive War:  
But if attack'd, our martial men [28]  
Have public leave to fight again,  
And may resist (the Senate votes)  
When Yanki's come—to cut their throats.

“Meantime by our pacific measures [32]  
“We save the nation's blood, and treasures,  
“We save who squander'd both, the men  
“In league with us, from justice screen,  
“Our enemies at home o'whelm, [36]  
“And thrust our Rivals from the Helm,  
“The State into subjection bring,  
“And turn our arms against the King:  
“For if he refractory prove, [40]  
“And will not all his friends remove,  
“With all his ministers, with all  
“His friends—the King himself shall fall.”<sup>+</sup>

<sup>+</sup> See a late Speech in the House.

**The Patriot's Address.**<sup>16</sup>

Sire—  
     with indulgent smiles receive  
 The nation's Representative,  
 Who humbly our requests make known  
 Low at the footstool of your throne: [4]  
 Your Commons for the public weal  
 Anxious, and full of loyal zeal,  
 With duteous modesty we pray—  
 Put your old ministers away, [8]  
 Your *trusty friends* and counsellors,  
 Your servants for a length of years:  
 Let all *who love you*, we insist,  
 Be instantaneously dismiss, [12]  
 Turn every man out of his place,  
 Far from your court, and presence chase,  
 And to supply the nation's need,  
 Receive us Patriots in their stead, [16]  
 Without reluctance or delay  
 Let this be done this very day,  
 This very day let this be done,  
 Or, Sire, we *pluck you from your throne*. [20]

---

<sup>16</sup>Appears also in MS Patriotism (drafts), 57–59. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:147–48.

In vain against the stream you strive,  
Or talk of your Prerogative,  
As you coud Officers declare,  
And give us either peace or war: [24]  
In vain you stubbornly rebel  
Against the Power which can compel;  
Prosperous we sail with wind and tide  
Who have *the Rabble* on our side: [28]  
Vested in Them dominion see,  
And bow to *Legion's Majesty*,  
A servant of the people, know  
Your Masters have ordain'd it so: [32]  
Allow the Patriots then their hire,  
Grant us the Places we require,  
Give us the Titles we demand,  
And we *permit* your throne to stand: [36]  
And while to us your court you pay,  
And meekly *our commands* obey,  
Subject to every Demagogue,  
We all cry out GOD SAVE KING LOG!<sup>17</sup> [40]

---

<sup>17</sup>This alludes to Aesop's fable, "The Frogs desiring a King." Jupiter first threw them down a log of wood, but the frogs grumbled at so spiritless a king. He then sent them down a stork, which devoured them. So the desire is for a King who rules in peace and quietness, never exerting his power.

[Untitled.]<sup>18</sup>

The major part, the stronger side,  
On horseback set, will surely ride:  
“And wherefore shoud we not, say they,  
“If every dog must have his day? [4]  
“Infinite pains if we have took,  
“At nothing stopt, at nothing stuck,  
“But waded on, thro’ thick and thin,  
“The saddle, and the horse to win!<sup>[b]</sup> [8]

We now prescribe the peaceful law,  
And soon our Forces shall withdraw,  
And spare the Nation’s farther pains  
To quel the brave Americans; [12]  
Conquer them, it appears, we coud not,  
And reason good, because we woud not,  
When to secure our private ends,  
The war we trusted to our friends, [16]  
Who full of zeal sincere and hearty  
Their Country sold, to serve their Party,  
By all the arts of peculation  
Spoil’d their Allies, and flecc’d the nation, [20]

---

<sup>18</sup>Appears also in MS Patriotism (drafts), 60–61. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:148–49 (incorporated into the preceding hymn).

Baffled the credulous majority,  
And shelter took in the minority.

Why shoud we now renounce our ease  
For a few paultry colonies? [24]

Why vindicate our Monarch's right,  
Or for the Constitution fight?

For King and Country what care we,  
For George, or his Supremacy? [28]

For Loyalists, or their distresses?  
Our care is, To secure our places,  
The brave Americans to crown,  
And turn this kingdom upside down. [32]

Our fixt<sup>19</sup> Resolve we first declare,  
To end at once this wasting<sup>20</sup> war:  
But if both sides refuse to bend,  
How shoud the quarrel have an end? [36]

Then let us beg, or buy, a peace,  
The high and mighty States confess,  
Allow them to be Independant,  
And thus we make a glorious end on't! [40]

---

<sup>19</sup>Ori., "first."

<sup>20</sup>Ori., "ruinous."

*Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis  
Tempus eget.*

Virg[il]<sup>21</sup>

- [1.] What hope of safety for our Realm  
From men who by destruction thrive?  
By violence seize the shatter'd Helm,  
And madly let the Vessel drive,  
Till dash'd against the rocks it break—  
And then they gather up the wreck.
2. Makers of wrecks, a desperate race,  
Who treason and rebellion love,  
Who spit in a mild Monarch's face,  
Can They the public ills remove,  
Or, plung'd themselves in depths of vice,  
Assist our sinking State to rise?
3. Proud, profligate, to evil sold,  
Their Country's curse, reproach, and shame,  
Their lust of power, and thirst of gold  
Cloaking beneath the patriots' name,  
Shall These our liberties defend,  
Shall These, who caus'd, our troubles end?
4. Who their own Countrymen destroy'd,  
Kindled and fed Rebellion's fire,  
And all their hellish arts employ'd  
To raise the civil discord higher,  
Will These restore our happiness,  
Or give us back a lasting peace?
5. Order and government they scorn,  
Forbid the slighted laws to reign,  
And while their injur'd King they spurn,  
The Rabble's Majesty maintain,

---

<sup>21</sup>“The occasion does not call for such help, nor for your kind of ‘protectors’.” Published posthumously in *Representative Verse*, 349–50; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:155–57. The first eight stanzas appeared in *Poetical Works*, 6:480–82.

Those abject instruments of ill,  
Those tools of every tyrant's will.

6. First for themselves the Patriots care,  
And each sincerely seeks his own,  
Eager the public spoils to share,  
(Now they have pull'd their Rivals down)  
And all into their hands to seize,  
The mead of prosperous wickedness.
7. Thro' avarice and ambition blind,  
Their schemes, bewilder'd, they pursue,  
Grasping at that they cannot find,  
Still undetermin'd what to do,  
Till some superior Fiend appear,  
And claim the Sovereign Character.
8. Daring as Charles's spurious brood,  
Harden'd as W[il]k[e]s<sup>22</sup> in wickedness,  
As dissolute as F[ox]<sup>23</sup> and lewd,  
Worthy of the Protector's place,  
Worthy The Place by right his own  
Where Cromwell fills a burning throne.
9. Such is the crooked Statesman's hire,  
The Traitors who their Country sell,  
Or in Rebellion's Cause expire,  
They claim the hottest place in hell,  
Unless the Saviour interpose,  
To snatch them from eternal woes.
10. Saviour, the human Fiends convince,  
Persuade them from their sins to part,  
And when they cast away their sins,  
And turn to Thee with all their heart,  
O let them all thy love receive,  
And saved, with us, for ever live!

---

<sup>22</sup>John Wilkes (1725–97).

<sup>23</sup>Charles James Fox (1749–1806).

**The Associators.**<sup>24</sup>

*Nec lex est justior ulla  
Quam necis artifices arte perire suâ.* Ovid.<sup>25</sup>

Once on a time, a gallant Ship  
Was sailing on th' Atlantic deep,  
A Gang of Transports in the hold  
Confin'd, to desperation bold, [4]  
And madly bent to break their chain,  
Their freedom, and the Helm to gain;  
Had long their hands in secret ply'd,  
And in the bottom bored a wide [8]  
Tremendous hole—alarm'd, the Crew  
Swift to their boat, escaping, flew:  
(But none unlocks the fetter'd slaves,  
But none the Self-destroyers saves<sup>26</sup>) [12]  
The Sea pour'd in, as well it might,  
The vessel fill'd, and sunk outright,  
But sunk with all its wicked freight,  
And whirl'd the Felons to their fate. [16]

So in our days a Gang we see  
*Link'd* in a dark Conspiracy,  
The Vessel of the State to make [20]  
A sure, but profitable, wreck,  
That while the waves our Ship or'whelm,  
Themselves may seize, and rule the Helm;  
Nor do the desperate Wretches dream  
The foundring Ship will bury Them. [24]

---

<sup>24</sup>Published posthumously in *Representative Verse*, 351–52; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:157–58. CW is referring to the “Protestant Association,” formed in late 1779. Cf. the introduction to MS Protestant Association.

<sup>25</sup>“Nor is there any juster law than that the contrivers of murder shall perish by their own plot.”

<sup>26</sup>Ori., “slaves.”

Must not HE sink in the abyss  
The shackled slave of every vice,  
Unless some friendly hand unlocks  
The Fetters of felonious F[ox]?<sup>27</sup> [28]  
Must not his Comrades share his fate,  
Opprest by their own guilty weight,  
By avarice, lust, ambition, pride,  
And plunge in the avenging tide? [32]  
Can the Associators shun  
The mischiefs their own hands have done?  
Can the assassin band emerge, [36]  
When Britain sinks beneath the Surge?  
Or claim the empire of the main,  
Or kings by our destruction reign?

You that survive the wreck, attend  
The Patriot-plan, and mark the end! [40]  
Tho' oft the Wicked here we see  
Triumphant in their villany,  
Their wickedness, or soon or late,  
Shall surely fall on their own pate, [44]  
And sink them with their plots profound  
In bottomless perdition drown'd.

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<sup>27</sup>Charles James Fox (1749–1806).

**The Revolution.**<sup>28</sup>**Part I.**

Happy the days in which we see  
 Restor'd the reign of liberty,  
 Of constant faith which nought can move,  
 Of generous, patriotic love; [4]  
 When anxious for the public weal,  
 With pure, disinterested zeal,  
 The brave, the noble, and the great,  
 Magnanimous, themselves forget; [8]  
 No vile emoluments regard,  
 (For Virtue is its own reward)  
 No mercenary self-respect,  
 Which doth degenerate souls infect, [12]  
 These fathers of their Country know,  
 But the true, Roman Virtue show;  
 And having from the jaws of fate  
 Their Country snatch'd, and saved the State, [16]  
 Like Quintius, or immortal Howe,<sup>29</sup>  
 Return contented to the plow.

Have they not for a length of years  
 Baited those venal Ministers, [20]  
 (Those tools of arbitrary power,  
 Locusts that did the land devour)  
 Their efforts and designs withstood,  
 Pretended for the nation's good, [24]

---

<sup>28</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:158–63.

<sup>29</sup>Sir William Howe (1729–1814).

Defeated all their wicked plans  
T' inslave the brave Americans,  
And by concluding the dispute  
To make our Monarch absolute. [28]

Have they not took the Sufferers side,  
With every needful help supplied,  
With arms to stand on their defence,  
With counsel, and intelligence, [32]  
With means to cast off kingly sway,  
And force the Tories to obey,  
With British, and with French Allies,  
And power to grasp the glorious prize? [36]

Who can enough admire and praise  
The Patriots exquisite address  
The great ones in their toils to take,  
The people's lees their own to make, [40]  
*First* against traitors to exclaim,  
And on their Rivals cast the blame!  
"Their Rivals, not the Noble Pair,  
"Prolong'd the dire destructive war; [44]  
"The ministers<sup>30</sup> Burgoigne<sup>31</sup> betray'd,  
"And captives all his army made;  
"By blunders and egregious follies  
"They sacrific'd the bold Cornwallis,<sup>32</sup> [48]  
"Our lives and treasures cast away,  
"And lost us all America."

Mob undiscerning took their word,  
And *turn them out* with fury roar'd, [52]

---

<sup>30</sup>CW's daughter, Sarah Wesley Jr., suggests the substitution of "Their rivals they" for "The ministers" in the margin.

<sup>31</sup>I.e., John Burgoyne (1722–92).

<sup>32</sup>Charles, Earl Cornwallis (1738–1805).

Both the great Vulgar and the small,  
 “Turn, turn them out, discard them all  
 “Who lost America,” they cried,  
 And let their places be supplied [56]  
 With men the multitude can trust,  
 Men public-spirited, and just,  
 Who never will their charge betray,  
 Or their dear Country serve *for pay*, [60]  
 To public good prefer their own,  
 Or cring before a Monarch’s throne,  
 But from the tyrant’s yoke set free,  
 Adore the people’s Majesty. [64]

How have they persever’d in good,  
 And stubborn George at last subdued,  
 By cogent arguments compel’d  
 Their refractory King to yield, [68]  
 Himself into their hands to give,  
 His Crown and his Prerogative!  
 In vain he begs what can not be,  
 “But One of all his Ministry, [72]  
 “But One of all his friends to spare—”  
 Deaf to a suppliant Monarch’s prayer,  
 Sternly they urge He must comply  
 For power, compulsive power, is nigh, [76]  
 He must his last reserve forego,  
 Majestic Mob will have it so,  
 And if he longer pause, they swear  
 To ship him off—for Hanover.<sup>33</sup> [80]

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<sup>33</sup>George III was of the house of Hanover.

Thrice happy we, and all that live  
To see the good old Cause revive,  
When liberty unbounded reigns  
And binds rebellious Kings in chains, [84]  
Till every humbled Monarch know  
From whence his regal honors flow,  
And prostrate in the dust adore  
That awful Origin of power; [88]  
Till subject to the Many's rule  
The Royal Shade, the Fashion's Tool,  
Resigns his sceptre and his globe,  
And shouts for ever live KING MOB! [92]

**Part II.**

All hail, ye venerable Band,  
Who nobly for your Country stand,  
And from the yoke of tyranny  
Set an indignant Nation free [96]  
From Ministers that serv'd for gain,  
From Influence, and a Tory reign!  
Your public spirit we confess,  
Your patriotic labours praise, [100]  
Your indefatigable zeal  
The breaches (which ye made) to heal  
And by a Second Revolution  
To mend our crazy Constitution, [104]  
Full well the Balance ye restore  
Of Commons, Lords, and Kingly power,

Who neither King nor Nobles crown,  
But seat the Rabble on the throne, [108]  
That ye may hold the leading-strings  
Of men who make, and govern kings.

Our warmest thanks ye justly claim  
That ye have left us still the name, [112]  
While ye the people's Slave abase,  
And make him know his proper place,  
Reduce him to confess his need,  
And sue to you for daily bread, [116]  
As a poor, tame, obedient thing,  
An humble Doge, a wooden King.

But from his old oppressors freed  
Ye stile him now a King indeed, [120]  
Whilom in *other* hands *confin'd*,  
But neither captive now nor blind:  
His spoils among yourselves ye part,  
And praise the goodness of his heart; [124]  
(How coud they so much goodness wrong,  
And keep him in the dark so long?)  
But after all his sad disasters,  
We fear, he has but chang'd his masters. [128]

An happy change for him, I trow,  
As his own gracious speeches show  
*His own* (ye faithfully aver  
Not copied by a minister) [132]

Which fill your feeling hearts with joy,  
And well deserve a *Vive le Roy!*<sup>34</sup> +  
Proof of the blessed alteration  
Wrought by the New Administration. [136]

Wonders ye have already done,  
And taught the Child to go alone,  
His motion from himself proceeds,  
Spontaneous all his words and deeds; [140]  
Without reluctance, or constraint  
He grants whate'er ye wish, or want,  
Gives himself up into your hands  
With a *chart blanche*<sup>35</sup> for your demands, [144]  
Or'empowers your sensibility  
With favors so intirely free,  
To servants he so well approves,  
And with such tender fondness loves! [148]

You look the nation in the face,  
And say—It is the very case:  
The nation says (not to provoke you)  
A Lie, my friends, will never choak you. [152]

Have you so suddenly forgot  
(But we who love our King have not)

+ Exclamation of the D[uke] of G., in the house.

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<sup>34</sup>I.e., "*Vive le Roi*," meaning "Long live the king!"

<sup>35</sup>I.e., "*carte blanche*."

The slanders which your Party shed,  
 The curses, on his sacred head? [156]  
 Did you not then the tyrant paint  
 Deaf to his people's just complaint,  
 Deserter<sup>36</sup> of his Father's friends  
 To serve his own despotic ends, [160]  
 Bent to enslave the colonies,  
 And then your liberties to seize?  
 Did ye not in your speeches rate him,  
 And stir the rabble up to bait him, [164]  
 To outrage, and insult their King  
 (For Treason—there is no such thing)  
 The tool of Bute, the son of Rome,  
 Ye threaten'd him with Charles's doom, [168]  
 (Blacken'd him with ten thousand lies  
 That all might hate him and despise)  
 With ills ye did yourselves occasion  
 And made the Scape-goat of the Nation; [172]  
 Guilty of all that F[ox]<sup>37</sup> has done  
 His crimes and yours he bore alone,  
 And justly too ye must confess,  
 For why?—Ye then were out of place. [176]

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<sup>36</sup>Ori., “Deserted.”

<sup>37</sup>Charles James Fox (1749–1806).

But now the mist is clear'd away,  
He sees your worth in open day,  
Sees with a father's tenderness,  
And folds you in his fond embrace: [180]  
And you with warmest loyalty  
Unbought, uninfluenc'd, and free  
The greatest, best of Sovereigns own  
And make his royal virtues known, [184]  
And promise him your grateful praises,  
As long as ye retain your places.

But rais'd to rule us for an hour,  
Howe'er ye use your ill-got power, [188]  
Unmov'd by all your promises,  
The wise will wait, and hold their peace  
Rejoice, if public good is done,  
Nor wonder, if ye seek your own: [192]  
And here my final leave I take,  
And spare you for your Office sake.

[Untitled.]<sup>38</sup>

- [1.] Has he a British heart, who sees  
Unmov'd the foul indignities,  
The scorn, and obloquy, and shame  
Pour'd on The most respected<sup>39</sup> name?  
Who hears the taunts and insults rude  
Of the blaspheming multitude,  
Those eccho's of the lawless great  
Who curse the virtue which they hate.
2. But lo, the men who most decried  
And as a Tyrant vilified,  
His warmest advocates *in place*  
Are turn'd, and loudest in his praise!  
Sh[elburne]<sup>40</sup> his goodness magnifies,  
And F[ox]<sup>41</sup> extols it to the skies,  
And all the Patriot-king allow,  
For why? his eyes are open'd now.
3. Open'd indeed, but what to see?  
His own distress and poverty,  
Open'd, like Adam's, by his fall,  
To see himself quite stript of all!  
To see the fawning, threatenng band  
Who bow his neck to their command,  
Pluck their exalted Monarch down,  
And every jewel from his crown!

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<sup>38</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:164–65.

<sup>39</sup>In the margin Sarah Wesley Jr. changes “respected” to “respectful.”

<sup>40</sup>William Petty, Earl of Shelburne (1737–1805).

<sup>41</sup>Charles James Fox (1749–1806).

- [4.] What do they to their Sovereign leave  
Of power, or of prerogative?  
Themselves by actions they declare  
Sole arbiters of peace and war:  
Their privilege is To create  
The public Servants of the state,  
Preclude their King's superfluous voice,  
And fix upon Themselves the choice.
- [5.] His Rights they challenge for their own,  
And honors flow from Them alone:  
Disposers of the Royal Grants,  
They tell him *just how much* he wants  
Sell his Estates, and kindly show  
On whom he pensions shall bestow,  
And how his messages indite,  
And order his own house aright.
- [6.] While thus they lead him in a string,  
They praise the good, obedient King:  
But if, remembering what he was,  
He once begins to feel his loss,  
But if he offers to *resume*—  
Send him to Germany, or Rome,  
Away with him across the seas,  
To banquet with his Holiness!

[Note that Wesley is reusing page numbers 69–72]

**The Patriots' King.**<sup>42</sup>

**[Part I.]**

- [1.] The doctrine is old, and obsolete too,  
That Subjects shoud render to Cesar his due:  
The things which are his, are his own proper right;  
But right must give way to oppression and might:  
Prescription and laws, constitution and charters  
Are all swallow'd up by an army of Tartars,  
Who have conquer'd the nation, the mob, and the House,  
So for Country and King they care not a louse.
- [2.] The patriot-clans, by treason unawed,  
Despoil'd him at first of his empire abroad,  
And now the Republican Harpies are come,  
To strip him of all his dominions at home:  
In so lavish a King they cannot confide  
For himself and a family large to provide,  
So Hibernian Pity the Faction engages  
Both his children and Him to put out at board-wages.
- [3.] T'were Madness, they cry, in a Monarch to trust  
Who woud trample Americans brave in the dust,  
(If his absolute will he were suffer'd to have)  
And free Britons at last by his Tories inslave:  
Within proper bounds t'was high time to reduce him,  
But first for our own private purposes use him,

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<sup>42</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:165–67. Part I appeared in *Representative Verse*, 352–53.

To bully, and threaten, to humble and tame,  
Till he gives us a grant of whatever we claim.

- [4.] Our freedom and rights we can never secure  
If we leave him a single Prerogative sure,  
If the load of our slanders we rashly remove,  
And suffer his Subjects their Monarch to love:  
But we still must cajole, and throw dust in their eyes  
That they still may oppose him and hate and despise  
And be ready to act whatsoever we say  
And implicitly all our commands to obey.
- [5.] We allow him at present, a pitiful thing,  
To make use of the name and the stile of a King,  
But the slave of the people must always confess  
Tis Ours to set up, or pull down, as we please:  
For howe'er we permit him to reign for an hour,  
We shall give him to know our unlimited power,  
To rob, and abuse, to insult him and mock  
Or command him—to lay down his head on a block.

**Part II.**<sup>43</sup>

- [1.] For liberty why should we strive  
By swallowing up Prerogative?  
Prerogative and Liberty  
Inviolable both should be;  
Our Charters old have both defin'd,  
Its limits just to each assign'd,  
From all inroad and confusion  
To guard our sacred Constitution.
- [2.] The subject has his Rights, we own;  
But has the British Monarch none?  
No Royalties at his command?  
No property in woods or land?  
On our Estates he may not seize,  
Why then should we usurp on his?  
Or what authority have we  
To deem them *private property*?
- [3.] The man whose sacrilegious pains  
Would plunder him of his domains,  
Nor to remove old landmarks fears,  
(The landmarks of a thousand years)  
Tho' now he boast of his success,  
The Felon shall at last confess  
Who injure Kings their Lord defy,  
And touch the apple of his eye.
- [4.] Our ancestors, without remorse  
Th' Infringers of the Charter curse,  
Dreadful anathemas bestow,  
Devote them to the gods below,

---

<sup>43</sup>Ori., "II Part."

Who dare defraud, in law's despite,  
Or King, or people, of their right;  
For vengeance doth to God belong,  
And He will recompense the wrong.

[5.] Wherefore in time, dear MUN, attend  
To the kind warnings of a friend,  
Burn thy vile Plan, at my desire,  
And save thyself out of the fire;  
Nor hope to 'scape the curse before ye  
By a short turn in Purgatory;  
For him that violates the Charter  
The punishment denounc'd is smarter,  
That *Shout* a sorer doom shall feel  
And stink—for ever stink—in hell! <sup>+</sup>

<sup>+</sup> The words of Magna Charta.

**Epigram.**<sup>44</sup>

The patriots all were long at work  
To turn king G[eorge] into king Stork;  
But our reforming Demagogue  
Has turn'd king Stork into king LOG!<sup>45</sup>

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<sup>44</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:167.

<sup>45</sup>Another allusion to Aesop's fable, "The Frogs desiring a King." Jupiter first threw them down a log of wood, but the frogs grumbled at so spiritless a king. He then sent them down a stork, which devoured them. CW is contrasting the caricature of King George by the American rebels (as devouring them), to the constraints being placed on George by Parliament, under the influence of Charles James Fox.

**The American Refugees.**<sup>46</sup>

- [1.] So be it then! if God's decree  
Ordains, or suffers it to be  
    For wisest ends unknown,  
The land from which our Fathers came  
Our native soil we see, and claim  
    The country for our own.
2. From dire Rebellion's rage we fled,  
(Proscrib'd and singled out to bleed)  
    And left our all behind,  
Wanderers and Emigrants once more,  
On Britain's hospitable shore  
    A sanctuary to find.
3. But who with open arms receives  
The poor, the loyal fugitives,  
    Or generous pity shows?  
The Great will not incline their ear,  
The Happy cannot stop to hear  
    The annals of our woes.
4. Where all are patriots, not one  
Will make the sufferer's cause his own,  
    Or succour our distress;  
Zealous for liberty and right,  
Humane, they cast out of their sight  
    The sons of wretchedness.
5. We who for All a table spread,  
Are forced to beg our bitter bread,

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<sup>46</sup>Appears also in MS Patriotism (drafts), 65. Published posthumously in *Representative Verse*, 353–54; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:139–40.

Which when we scarce obtain,  
The scanty meal, the short relief,  
Is, to inhance our pining grief,  
Snatch'd from our mouth again.

6. But if the aids of life we need,  
And want a place to lay our head,  
The latest boon we crave  
Our gracious King will not deny,  
Our Country will a spot supply,  
And hide us in the grave.

**By an American in New York, 1782.**<sup>47</sup>

- [1.] And is our final doom decreed?  
To hide our death-devoted head  
Ah, whither shall we run?  
To whom for help or refuge flee  
Sufferers for our fidelity,  
Abandon'd, and undone?
2. By foes opprest, by friends betray'd,  
A prey to every spoiler made,  
And slaughter'd all day long,  
We did not of our lot complain,  
Or shrink impatient from the pain,  
Or faint beneath the wrong.
3. In vain our treacherous brethren tried  
To force us from the Royal Side;  
With faithfulness unmov'd  
Our Country's Cause we still confess'd  
Our much-respected Monarch bless'd,  
Whom more than life we lov'd.

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<sup>47</sup>Appears also in MS Patriotism (drafts), 62–63. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:136–37.

4. In goodness and in power supreme,  
Our latest hope was fixt on Him;  
    Of his protection sure,  
His wrongs we gloried to partake,  
And suffer all things for his sake  
    And to the end endure.
5. We serv'd our King with warmest zeal:  
O had we serv'd our God so well  
    He woud not have despis'd,  
Or left us at our greatest need,  
By traitors now condemn'd to bleed  
    By Britons sacrific'd.
6. Happy, if for our doom prepar'd  
We gain from God a full reward,  
    When this vile earth we leave,  
Exclaiming with our latest breath,  
Father, the Authors of our death  
    For Jesus sake, forgive!

**Another**

**[By an American in New York, 1782].<sup>48</sup>**

- [1.] To whom for refuge shall we run,  
If us the Parent-State disown,  
To which we ever faithful prov'd,  
Which more than life itself we lov'd?
- [2.] Can they forget our loyal zeal,  
While thousands in their quarrel fell,  
And listed against England's foes  
Fresh thousands still undaunted rose?

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<sup>48</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:90–91.

- [3.] The dearest partners of our heart  
We linger'd not with Them to part,  
Expos'd to a rebellious crew,  
To men who mercy never knew.
- [4.] Their rage and malice we defied  
With truth and justice on our side,  
Determin'd in a cause so good  
To lavish our last drop of blood.
- [5.] Nothing we thought too much t' endure,  
In Britain's plighted faith secure,  
Shelter'd beneath our Country's wings,  
Protected by the best of kings.
- [6.] We lov'd to rest under his shade,  
His word our sure dependance made,  
And while we did on Him rely  
For Him we vow'd to live and die.
- [7.] And can we now deserted be,  
Victims of filial piety,  
Given up the utmost ills to bear  
Abandon'd to extreme despair?
- [8.] Their countrymen, and sworn allies  
Will generous Britons sacrifice,  
Out of their covenant exclude,  
And glut assassins with our blood?

- [9.] Can kings be cruel and unjust  
To those that in their promise trust?  
Is public faith a broken reed?  
Is truth from earth for ever fled?
- [10.] If banish'd from the human race,  
In kings it still should find a place:  
And He whose heart The truth receives,  
The Father of his Country lives.
- [11.] We must believe his promise sure,  
If sordid souls their friends abjure,  
In traitorous league if statesmen join,  
Or Villains forge the Royal Sign.
- [12.] Wherefore we calmly wait the day  
Which shall the depths of hell display,  
Our foes confound, our King redeem,  
With all that love, and trust in Him.

**Written in Oct. 1782  
for the Loyal Americans.<sup>49</sup>**

- [1.] Father and friend of the opprest,  
Thy people's sorrowful request  
    With pitying ear attend,  
Attend thy Son's prevailing prayer  
And to our Brethren in despair  
    The swift deliverance send.
2. The men who dared their loyal love  
Their sworn fidelity approve,  
    Their King and Country own,  
Where Treason and Rebellion reign  
And perjur'd slaves their sway maintain  
    And Satan *keeps* his throne.
3. Hark, how they groan beneath the yoke,  
By their own Countrymen forsook,  
    By their own earthly Lord  
Cut off from all resource and hope,  
Bound hand and foot, and given up  
    To the destroyer's sword!
4. But O Thou God of boundless power,  
Of boundless mercy, from this hour  
    Avenge them of the foe,  
Suffice the countless thousands slain;  
O let the myriads that remain  
    Their only Saviour know.

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<sup>49</sup>Appears also in MS Patriotism (drafts), 63–64. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:137–38.

- [5.] Cut off from all dependance vain  
On any prince or child of man,  
    In their extremity  
Give them to trust on Thee alone,  
Who never wilt the souls disown  
    That humbly cleave to Thee.
6. While helpless at thy feet they lie  
Regard their penitential cry,  
    Compassionately near:  
We cannot point Thee out the way,  
But as Thou wilt thine arm display,  
    And in their cause appear.
7. Redeem them in their last distress,  
That nations yet unborn may praise  
    The wonders of thy love,  
And finishing their course below,  
With songs of joy triumphant go  
    To bless thy name above.

[Untitled.]<sup>50</sup>

[Part I.]

- [1.] How are the Mighty from their height  
    Fallen, and suddenly cast down,  
Who dared against their Maker fight,  
    Defied the great Jehovah's frown,  
Disdain'd his outstretch'd arm to see,  
And gloried in iniquity!
2. Therefore the just, avenging Lord  
    Hath sold us into Traitors hands  
Intrusted with the Nation's sword  
    They led our hosts to distant lands,  
With power Rebellion to suppress,  
And join us all in lasting peace.
3. But careless of the public good,  
    The patriots only sought their own,  
Not enemies, but friends subdued  
    Let loose their troops on friends alone  
To ravish, spoil, and burn, and tear,  
And lengthen out the gainful war.
4. Traitors at home with These conspir'd  
    Their desperate partizans to raise,  
And Britain's sons by Gallia hired  
    Their ruin'd country to abase,  
To tread their loyal brethren down,  
And seat the Rebels on a throne.
5. Justice hath given the Rebels up,  
    Their own inventions to pursue,  
Curst with their Luciferian hope  
    Suffer'd to found their Empire new,  
Their aim original t' attain,  
And Satan's Demagogues to reign.

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<sup>50</sup>Appears also in MS Patriotism (drafts), 66–69 (two drafts). Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:132–34.

6. Britons their bleeding brethren see  
    Beneath their saws and axes torn,  
Left to their savage cruelty;  
    Nor daign to sympathize or mourn  
Till by a common doom they fall,  
And wrath divine destroys them all.
7. Righteous, O God, thy judgments are,  
    Which lay our sinful nation low:  
Thy awful chastisements we bear,  
    Or'ewhelm'd with epidemic woe,  
But humbly to our doom submit,  
And sue for mercy at thy feet.
8. We with the faithful remnant sue,  
    And trust Thou wilt a difference make,  
Pass by the blood-besprinkled Few,  
    And spare us for our Saviour's sake,  
Till in the hollow of thy hand  
We 'scape the wreck, and reach the land.

**Part II.**<sup>51</sup>

- [1.] Can we with unconcern behold  
    Our Brethren destitute of aid,  
By a flagitious Party sold  
    By a perfidious Chief betray'd,  
Out of our kind protection cast,  
And by their King disclaim'd at last?

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<sup>51</sup>Appears also in MS Patriotism (drafts), 70–72. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:134–36.

2. Protection if allegiance draws,  
    If Kings their subjects should defend,  
The sufferers in their Sovereign's Cause  
    May justly on our help depend:  
Or must they, who on us rely,  
By famine, swords, and gibbets die?
3. Who nobly for their Country stood,  
    Who nobly for their Country fell,  
Thousands have seal'd their faith with blood  
    (Their King and us they lov'd so well)  
And myriads more who yet remain  
To us stretch out their hands—in vain.
4. Whom Rebels up to slaughter give  
    As rebels 'gainst their lawless power,  
Shall Britons to the murderer leave,  
    While suppliant they our aid implore,  
Or push them back into the fire,  
By varied torments to expire?
5. Tell us of Punic faith no more,  
    Of Rome's, or Gallia's perfidy,  
Whom in her arms so long she bore,  
    If Britain can her children see  
Cut off, abandon'd to despair,  
And massacred—for loving Her!

6. O dire effect of Party-zeal,  
Which turns the softest heart to stone!  
Our rocky hearts refuse to feel  
For those that made our Cause their own,  
As adverse to our side we treat,  
And spurn them—gasping at our feet.
7. The prize for which our fathers fought,  
Which cost a Wolf<sup>52</sup> his richest blood  
By countless lives and treasures bought  
We sacrifice to private good,  
We throw whole provinces away,  
And lose an Empire in a day.
8. Millions of fellow-subjects lost  
With joy our modern patriots see,  
And o're their King and Country boast  
A full, decisive victory,  
Force him to pull his kingdom down  
And pluck the jewels from his Crown.
9. But will not God the Just arise,  
Their depths of treason to display,  
Scatter their evil with his eyes,  
Drag out the fiends to open day,  
Blast all the sons of wickedness,  
And save us in our last distress?

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<sup>52</sup>I.e., James Wolfe (1727–59), who led the British forces in a daring battle and reclaimed Quebec from the French in September 1759.

10. Jesus, almighty to redeem,  
    To us thy great salvation show,  
And O be merciful to Them  
    Who neither truth nor mercy know,  
Whose crimes woud sink our shatter'd ship  
And plunge us all into the deep.
  
11. Let not the pit infernal close  
    Its mouth on its devoted prey,  
But change our proud, malicious foes,  
    And take their sins, not Them, away,  
Our foes implacable forgive,  
And let our pardon'd murtherers live.
  
12. The hearts of all this nation turn,  
    Ev'n as a single heart, to Thee,  
That of thy loving Spirit born,  
    We all with perfect harmony,  
Born in a day of power, and grace,  
May our dear Lord for ever praise.

[Untitled.]<sup>53</sup>

- [1.] Great God, with humble awe we own  
Thy judgments fathomless abyss,  
Thy strange, mysterious work unknown  
To worldly minds, thy people sees:  
Thy judgments blind our nation's eyes,  
Of ruin near the token sad,  
Confound the wisdom of the wise,  
And make the sage diviners mad.
2. Infatuated by wrath divine,  
On ruin's brink we rest secure,  
With enemies and traitors join  
Our own destruction to insure;  
Dismembred by rebellious hands  
Unmov'd we view our Empire's fall;  
For none perceives, or understands  
The fate, which must o'whelm us all.
3. We hug the Authors of our woes,  
And them our only friends believe,  
Our desperate and perfidious foes,  
Preferr'd, and pension'd to deceive;  
The pit that human fiends prepare  
We see, and shut our stupid eyes,  
And rush into the fatal snare  
From whence we never more shall rise.
4. We eat and drink, we sport and play,  
Like those of old, we plant and build  
Marry, and put our wives away,  
Nor dream of our damnation seal'd:

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<sup>53</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:91–92.

So often warn'd, the harden'd croud  
Will neither hear, nor see, nor feel,  
Unconscious of the coming flood,  
That sweeps their careless souls to hell.

5. Yet hear, Thou God of patient grace,  
The men who fear thy judgments nigh,  
The followers after righteousness,  
Who to the Ark for refuge fly;  
Before the dire decree brings forth,  
Regard the faithful remnant's prayer,  
Respect thy Son's all-saving worth  
And sinners doom'd persist to spare.
  
6. Our souls out of their fatal dream  
O that Thou woudst at last awake,  
From Satan's lulling power redeem,  
And save for their Redeemer's sake  
Th' accurst Confederacy or'ethrow,  
Of those that England's fall intend,  
And blast the foul Conspiring Foe,  
And bid the hour of darkness end.
  
7. The things impossible to man,  
Are possible, great God, to Thee,  
We shall, if so thy will ordain,  
An end of all our troubles see,  
Shall see prosperity restor'd,  
And blessings to our Israel given,  
And glory to our sovereign Lord,  
Who governs all in earth and heaven.

**To the Patriots**  
**Written Dec. 1782.**<sup>54</sup>

- [1.] Spirits perturb'd, ye now may rest,  
Nor stir the hell within your breast,  
The Rebels have their purpose gain'd,  
Ye see your heart's desire obtain'd,  
And in their Independance see  
Secur'd your own impunity.
- [2.] Your friends ye need no longer fear  
Or tremble at Detection near,  
If traitors shoud your treasons tell,  
Your secret practices reveal,  
Or some Associate false disclose  
Your compacts with your country's foes.
- [3.] Your horrid deeds which shun the light  
Wrapt in impenetrable night,  
Who shall expose to open day?  
Will France her Pensioners bewray?  
Or Rebels make the worthies known  
Who plac'd them on their tottering throne?
- [4.] F[ox]<sup>55</sup> in his hole may safely lie,  
And gibbets furiously defy  
B[urke]<sup>56</sup> need not hide his guilty head,  
Nor Charles's Brood impeachments dread,

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<sup>54</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:93–94.

<sup>55</sup>Charles James Fox (1749–1806).

<sup>56</sup>Edmund Burke (1729–97).

Nor Sh[elburne]<sup>57</sup> for his letters quake,  
Lest Congress piqued should send them back.

- [5.] Your patriotic care is o're  
Cities, and countries to restore,  
To give at Congress's commands,  
Our friends into the ruffians hands,  
And gratify your haughty lords  
By forcing thousands on their swords.
- [6.] Ye awful ministers of death,  
Rejoice with your allies beneath,  
Or'e desolated realms, or'eflow'd  
With torrents of fraternal blood,  
Or'e millions from their country torn  
To curse the day that ye were born.
- [7.] Injoy the evils ye have done,  
And lurk accountable to none,  
But when your measure is fulfil'd,  
Your crimes shall be to all reveal'd,  
And all who meet you at that bar,  
Shall shout your just damnation there.

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<sup>57</sup>William Petty, Earl of Shelburne (1737–1805).

**Written after the Allowance of  
American Independancy.<sup>58</sup>**

- [1.] Ye Pilots of the British state,  
Why shoud ye spare the men ye hate,  
Who long oppos'd your righteous plans  
To crown the bold Americans,  
And for their King unshaken stood  
Against the frantic multitude.
  
2. The generous men who, on our side,  
Th' usurper's lawless power defied,  
Till spoil'd, abandon'd, and undone  
To Britain they for refuge run,  
Reward for their officious pains,  
And send the rebels back in chains.
  
3. To make your character compleat,  
The Loyal ye as rebels treat,  
The Rebels ye as loyal own,  
Subjects to France, or Washington,  
And thus ye darkness put for light,  
And right for wrong, and wrong for right.
  
4. Darkness and light as well agree  
As You with friends to monarchy,  
With men of constancy unmov'd,  
Who faithful in the furnace prov'd,  
And for their King and Country's good  
Spilt their last drop of British blood.

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<sup>58</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:94–95.

5. Deeply the sore affront ye feel  
Upbraided by their loyal zeal,  
Yet scorning with the man to fight  
Who brought your Hero's deeds to light,  
On every loyalist ye fall,  
And vow to sacrifice them all.
6. But God who o're the heathen reigns  
Your threats derides, your rage restrains,  
And, suffer'd for a while, we know  
Beyond your bounds ye cannot go,  
Or your infernal schemes fulfil  
In all the dire extreams of ill.
7. Your ill shall serve th' Almighty's ends,  
Hastning the good which He intends,  
Shall, spite of hell, prepare his way,  
His glorious Majesty display,  
The mystery divine fulfil,  
And Jesus with his saints reveal.
8. Let earth be glad, the Lord is King,  
Let Britain's Isle rejoice and sing,  
Rejoice to see the World submit,  
And all his foes beneath his feet,  
When every tongue shall Jesus own  
Triumphant on his great white throne.

**Loyalty rewarded.**<sup>59</sup>

Who has not heard of Rankin's<sup>60</sup> proffer  
To bring the rebel Congress over,  
At Little York to take them napping  
Without a mother's son's escaping, [4]  
"Hous'd with the Loyalists, quoth he,  
"I'll fetch the *heads* of anarchy,  
"And, if your Excellence permit,  
"Lay them all—harmless—at your feet." [8]

The Chief his bold design approves,  
Yet tender of the men he loves,  
Before he grants him his permission,  
Throws in a merciful condition— [12]  
"Go fetch them—but let none be kill'd,  
"And not a drop of blood be spill'd."

Rankin replies, [<sup>c</sup>]If none is slain,  
[<sup>c</sup>]My work is to begin again; [16]  
[<sup>c</sup>]I cannot save them all I own:  
"Then let the *Gentlemen* alone,  
"That still our Faction's brave Upholders  
"May keep their heads upon their shoulders." [20]

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<sup>59</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:96–97.

<sup>60</sup>Apparently referring to Col. William Rankin, of the Pennsylvania militia, who approached the British about betraying leaders in the American revolution.

H[owe]<sup>61</sup> might have giv'n another reason  
Besides his hearty love of treason,  
“If Congress is destroy'd, my friend,  
“The war—and my appointments end, [24]  
“And the war's fortunate conclusion  
“Brings my own Party to confusion.<sup>[b]</sup>]

Rankin withdraws—not unpursued  
By men, that thirsted for *his* blood, [28]  
The rebels, as fierce savages  
His wealth and ample fortune seize;  
Proscrib'd he flies, of all bereft,  
With only a good conscience left. [32]

But how is loyalty regarded  
Or by his country dear rewarded?  
He loses all, her cause to serve:  
His Country suffers him—to starve: [36]  
In the Long Isle he hides his head,  
And sells—a cup of ale—*for bread!*

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<sup>61</sup>Sir William Howe (1729–1814).

[Note that Wesley is reusing page numbers 89–90, out of sequence]

**The Passage of the Schuylkill.**<sup>62</sup>

- [1.] The Rescuer of bold Burgoigne,<sup>63</sup>  
The Conqueror at Brandywine  
    What mortal power can stay  
Or stand against his matchless force?  
An envious stream retards his course,  
    The Skulkill stops his way.
2. Thick planted on the adverse side,  
To guard the interdicted tide,  
    And every ford secure,  
The thundering implements of war  
Th' impracticable passage bar,  
    And make destruction sure.
3. Baffled by his inferior foes,  
Shall Howe<sup>64</sup> his conquering troops expose  
    To slaughter and defeat?  
He must, unless some angel kind  
An unsuspected passage find,  
    Ingloriously retreat.

---

<sup>62</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:97–98. CW spelled it “Skulkill” originally in the title and in the poem, then corrected the title, but not the occurrence in the poem.

<sup>63</sup>I.e., John Burgoyne (1722–92).

<sup>64</sup>Sir William Howe (1729–1814).

4. That angel kind, in time of need,  
Offers himself the troops to lead,  
    And thro' the danger guard:  
Nor prayers, nor promises could move,  
But He that doth his Country love,  
    His work is his reward.
  
5. Brought by a way they never knew,  
Army and Chief their Guide pursue;  
    The secret ford is crost,  
And twice ten thousand men pass o're  
For loyal Swanwick<sup>65</sup> goes before  
    And saves the British Host!

---

<sup>65</sup>Richard Swanwick (fl.1760–90) was a native of England who came to Pennsylvania about 1770, on or near an estate called Clifton Hall on the Schuylkill River. When the colonial revolt against Britain erupted, Swanwick remained a loyalist, suffering fines and imprisonment. In 1777 he aided the British in their evacuation of their camp in Tredyffrin and guided them over the Schuylkill in their approach to Philadelphia. In response he was deprived of his property by colonial court. Swanwick came to England in Jan. 1782, where he petitioned for compensation for his lost estate. He appears to have lived the remainder of his life as a merchant in London. See Anne H. Cook, "A Tory 'Memorial'," *Tredyffrin Easttown History Quarterly* 27.4 (Oct. 1989): 123–30. See two related poems in MS Miscellaneous Poems, 33–35.

**Written  
on THE Peace 1783.<sup>66</sup>**

**[Part I.]**

- [1.] Tremendous God, thy hand we see!  
Permitted by thy just decree,  
    The woeful day is come!  
Kept off by a few righteous men  
Suspended by their prayers in vain,  
    We meet our fearful doom.
2. Allur'd, and bought with Gallic gold,  
Our statesmen have their Country sold,  
    While, deaf to Misery's cries,  
Innocent millions they compel  
Oppression's iron yoke to feel,  
    Or fall a sacrifice.
3. Nations <sup>+</sup> who did in Treaties trust,  
They leave, perfidious and unjust,  
    To fierce fanatic zeal,  
To men athirst for guiltless blood,  
Who send, as offerings worthy God,  
    Poor Savages to hell.
4. They force their Country to receive  
A Peace which only Hell could give  
    Which deadly feuds creates,  
Murders, and massacres, and wars;  
A peace which loyalty abhors  
    And each true Briton hates.

<sup>+</sup> The Six Indian Nations.

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<sup>66</sup>Part I appears also in MS Patriotism (drafts), 73–75; and was published posthumously in *Representative Verse*, 355–57. The entire poem is published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:98–102. CW is referring to the finalization in Sept. 1783 of peace with the former American colonies.

5. A peace, whose evils know no bounds,  
Which mercy, truth, and justice wounds  
    Our nation's curse and shame,  
Brands us, as long as time shall be,  
O'rewhelms with loads of infamy  
    And sinks the British name.
6. A peace which never could have been,  
But as the Punishment of sin,  
    Of riot in excess,  
Of foul concupiscence and pride  
Of crimes the great disdain to hide  
    Of general wickedness.
7. Lost to all sense of shame or fear,  
We neither God nor man revere;  
    All ranks and orders join  
To fill our sinful measure up  
And claim th' intoxicating cup  
    Of bitter wrath divine.
8. Yet unconcern'd the Many meet  
Their doom, and rush into the pit  
    By human fiends prepar'd,  
Those instruments of public ill  
Reserv'd the utmost wrath to feel  
    And gain a full reward.
9. When God awakes, the vengeful God,  
And inquisition makes for blood,  
    Will he not call to mind  
Those Pests of our afflicted race,  
And turn them into their own place  
    The murderers of mankind.

10. Yet then, O God, thy church shall see  
A gracious difference made by Thee  
    In favor of thine own,  
Preserv'd by thy redeeming love,  
And safe with Christ their Head above  
    On an eternal throne.

**Part II.**

- [1.] Why shoud the Nation's weal or woe  
    Depend on one flagitious man,<sup>67</sup>  
Whose heart doth no compassion know,  
    While millions of their lot complain,  
Betray'd, and sacrific'd, and sold,  
To glut his appetite for gold!
2. Them to the mercy he commends  
    Of men who mercy never knew,  
Implacable incarnate fiends  
    Who thousands of their brethren slew,  
Tortur'd to death Britannia's sons,  
Delighted in their dying groans.
3. To these the needy Patriot gives,  
    The sufferers in their Country's Cause:  
Yet still triumphantly he *lives*  
    A gainer by the public loss  
Proud to have pull'd a Monarch down  
And spoil'd of more than half his crown.
4. Rebels, whose Independant Rise  
    He prophecied his Country's fall,

---

<sup>67</sup>I.e., William Petty, Earl of Shelburne (1737–1805).

He decks with the imperial prize,  
    He makes them sovereign lords of all,  
His own prediction to fulfil,  
And yield us up to Satan's will.

5. Left to his will how could we be?  
    Vengeance divine in anger rais'd,  
Vested with short authority  
    And at the helm a Sh[elburne] plac'd,  
To plague th' infatuated croud,  
Compel'd to own There is a God!
6. There is a righteous God and true,  
    By his peculiar people known  
Who the base instruments look thro'  
    And God in all his judgments own  
Wheel within wheel at work they see,  
And all t' accomplish *his* decree.
7. The counsel of the Lord shall stand,  
    And out of evil bring forth good,  
The world shall bow to his command,  
    The earth in righteousness renew'd  
Shall bless his kingdom from above,  
For ever fill'd with glorious love.

**Part III.**

What Statesman for a trifle strives,  
For saving a few thousand lives?  
Or if the merciless account  
To full three millions shoud amount, [4]  
They all are lightly cast away,  
So Sh[elburne] may secure his pay.

But shoud not the First minister  
Make it his chief concern and care [8]  
To save the nation from disgrace?  
“No truly: but to save *his place*  
“And gratify the Factions tribe,  
“And sell three kingdoms for a bribe.<sup>[b]</sup> [12]

The truth let honest Oswald<sup>68</sup> tell  
Which knavish Sh[helburne] woud conceal,  
Sh[helburne] who as in desperate case  
To rebels, and arch-rebels prays, + [16]  
And for an ignominious peace  
Intreats our natural enemies,  
Tells them “We can hold out no more:  
“For peace we on our knees implore [20]  
“We on no previous term insist,  
“Nor stipulate for Loyalist

+ The Congress and [Benjamin] Franklyn.

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<sup>68</sup>Richard Oswald (1705–84), chosen by Lord Shelburne as the chief negotiator with Benjamin Franklin and other American representatives in the final peace agreement.

“Fill the Chart blanche<sup>69</sup> with what you please  
“Take all, but only give us peace [24]  
“Who wait with meekness to receive  
“Whate’er ye condescend to give.<sup>[5]</sup>”

Tis thus he courts his French Allies  
Tis thus he earns, and gains *his price!* [28]  
The bargain and the peace is made  
His Country sold, his King betray’d, }  
And all the Patriot’s debts are paid.

**“The memory of the just is blessed, but the name  
of the wicked shall rot.”—Prov. 10. 7.<sup>70</sup> \***

Accurs’d by all, his memory shall rot,  
Yet let the Wicked never be forgot,  
But while the memory of the just is blest  
Stand it in Britain’s chronicles confest,  
That smooth, perfidious, perjur’d Sh[elburne] sold  
His King, his Country, and his God for gold.

\* This might serve for his Epitaph.

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<sup>69</sup>I.e., “Carte blanche.”

<sup>70</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:102.

**American Independancy.**<sup>71</sup>**[Part I.]**

What harm, if Ministers agree  
 To rebel-independancy,  
 Or British Senators consent  
 To what we never can prevent? [4]  
 We never *can* prevent it now?  
 But *could* we not? inquire of H[owe],<sup>72</sup>  
 Who had the Yankies at his mercy  
 So oft, and drove them arsey-versy, [8]  
 Yet still permitted to take breath,  
 And snatch'd them from the jaws of death:  
 Subdue them finally he could not,  
 And reason good—because he *would* not [12]  
 Who only fought for double pay,  
 A trust accepting—to betray.

Or let his warlike Brother own  
 What with his Fleet he *might* have done, [16]  
 Block'd all their harbours up, and seiz'd,  
 Or burnt their ships, whene'er he pleas'd,  
 Their raggamuffin host compel'd,  
 Their Chief without a stroke to yield, [20]  
 Reduc'd to desperate condition,  
 And starv'd into intire submission.

Ask Will, why he refus'd to join  
 And save the resolute Burgoigne,<sup>73</sup> [24]

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<sup>71</sup>Published posthumously in *Representative Verse*, 357–61; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:102–6.

<sup>72</sup>Sir William Howe (1729–1814).

<sup>73</sup>I.e., John Burgoyne (1722–92).

Marching (his rival to betray)  
Three thousand miles another way?  
Right glad and happy then was<sup>74</sup> he  
To mock at his calamity; [28]  
And then with treacherous design  
To spare his friends at Brandywine.

Or let Monsieur sincerely say  
*Could* we have kept America, [32]  
And forc'd the rebels to submit—

“No: for ye ne'er intended it:  
“Your generals ne'er in earnest fought,  
“Or a decisive victory sought; [36]

“To trust their friends with arms afraid,  
“Lest Loyalists themselves shoud aid,  
“And crush their foes, and mar the plots  
“Of spurious, English Patriots.<sup>[74]</sup> [40]

Our Patriots here, a restless Party,  
For their Allies abroad so hearty  
Might safely promise and foretell  
America invincible, [44]

While all in the conspiracy  
Determin'd—It shall never be  
That Britain shoud obtain her ends  
And triumph or'e Rebellion's friends. [48]

Oft when the Cause appear'd as lost  
And ready to give up the ghost,

---

<sup>74</sup>Ori., “we.”

By some political manouvre  
 They help'd their Partners to recover, [52]  
 The last, expiring spark of war  
 Reviv'd, and snatch'd them from despair:  
 Till headlong and precipitate  
 C[ornwalli]s<sup>75</sup> rush'd upon his fate: [56]  
 Yielding at once without a stroke,  
 And passing, tame, beneath the yoke,  
 He *beg'd* the haughty Foe to spare  
 His sutlers, and his tools of war, [60]  
 But left the Loyalists to feel  
 The mercy of those Fiends from hell.

Woud faction's sons neglect th' occasion  
 Of subjecting both King and nation? [64]  
 Furious they rise with one consent,  
 And seize the helm of government  
 They vote, of sovereign power possest,  
 The ruinous war at once supprest, [68]  
 And all who dare their plans oppose  
 Declare their King's and Country's foes:  
 Loyalists must the strife give o're,  
 The soldiers must contend no more, [72]  
 But from America withdraw,  
 And Congress give to Britain law,  
 And traitors force us all t' agree  
 To Rebel-Independancy. [76]

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<sup>75</sup>Charles, Earl Cornwallis (1738–1805).

**Part II.**

O what a scene before us lies,  
 When Britons use their open eyes!  
 Britons employ them now and see  
 Your weak, dismembred Monarchy, [80]  
 Your shatter'd State behold, and mourn  
 Into a thousand parties torn;  
 Your King diminish'd and betray'd,  
 And shrunk into a Royal shade; [84]  
 Your Country sold by his own sons,<sup>76</sup>  
 And dying with convulsive groans;  
 Your brethren for their loyal zeal  
 Abandon'd to the murtherer's will; [88]  
 Your Provinces Rebellion's prey,  
 Renounc'd, and vilely cast away  
 (Kingdoms that countless millions cost)  
 And public Faith for ever lost! [92]

See the brave men of British race,  
 Our nation's glory, and disgrace,  
 Commanded to stand forth in fight,  
 T' assert their King's and Country's Right, [96]  
 Promis'd by both protection sure,  
 And in our plighted faith secure;  
 Yet while to Us for help they look,  
 Disown'd, disfranchis'd, and forsook, [100]  
 Their Country's gratitude to prove,  
 And perish for their faithful love,

---

<sup>76</sup>CW's daughter Sarah Wesley Jr. replaced "his own" with "Britons."

To spread thro' earth the British name,  
And brand us with eternal shame. [104]

See, how the bold, rapacious Great  
Their Rivals, and their King intreat!  
They strip him of his wealth and power,  
That patriots may both devour, [108]

They load him with indignities,  
And threaten all his realms to seize,  
Who gave the larger half away  
In spite, and lost America, [112]

Yet no concern they feel or pain  
For thousands, and ten thousand slain,  
Yet no remorse the ruffians know  
For millions plung'd in hopeless woe: [116]

The ruffians, wallowing in excess,  
And glorying in their wickedness,  
By no account hereafter awed,  
Enjoy the wrath, and curse of God. [120]

### **Part III.**

How strange a sight at court appears!  
A Congress of first ministers,  
Each other who in pieces tear,  
Engag'd in an intestin war, [124]

And to the brink of ruin bring  
Themselves, their Country, and their King  
Furious the shatter'd helm to seize  
And rule their Ruler as they please. [128]

He hears their insolent demands,  
“Give up your power into our hands:  
“The Power executive are we,  
“And absolute is our decree: [132]  
“Either from us receive the law,  
“Or, Sire, to Hanover withdraw,  
“Tamely submit to Abdication  
“(Unless you chuse Decapitation) [136]  
“And vacant leave the throne, nor fear  
“We soon shall find a Successor,  
“Either the Youth so wise and good,  
“Or One of Charles’s spurious brood, [140]  
“Perhaps we may permit a while  
“To bear, for form, the Regal style,  
“Till we have perfected our Plan,  
“As high and mighty States to reign, [144]  
“And following Congress’s example  
“On Kings and Monarchy to trample  
“And our dear Independant Cub lick  
“Into the Shape of a Republic.<sup>[b’]</sup> [148]

**A Prayer for his Majesty.**<sup>77</sup>

- [1.] Sole Arbiter and Judge of kings,  
From thy Decree Dominion springs,  
Not from the favor of the Proud,  
Not from the blind, unstable croud,  
Fountain of power Thyself we own,  
And Monarchs bow to God alone.
2. O set not an ungodly Man  
Or'e our afflicted King to reign  
Nor let a fiend incarnate stand  
Tyrannical at his right hand,  
But blast his hellish foe's design,  
And vindicate the Cause divine.
3. The cause of kings and thine is one,  
Tho' justice is a while or'ethrown,  
Tho' cruel Villany succeeds,  
And G[eorge]'s heart with anguish bleeds  
Constrain'd to lay his sceptre down  
And half the Jewels in his Crown.
4. Thou suffer'st Parricides t' abase  
And cover him with dire disgrace,  
By factious demagogues compel'd  
By traiterous violence to yield,  
And violate his Royal word,  
And give his subjects to the sword.
5. Arm of the Lord, awake, awake,  
Nor utterly thine own forsake,  
Thine own Anointed one defend,  
Preserv'd to see his troubles end.

---

<sup>77</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:106–7.

And thro' the furnace brought to bear  
Thy bright, authentic character.

6. Prepar'd by the refining flame<sup>78</sup>  
Inscribe him, Lord, with thy new name,  
In bliss ineffable impart  
Thy name and nature to his heart,  
That all his heavenborn soul may prove  
The glorious majesty of LOVE.

**Another**  
**[A Prayer for his Majesty].<sup>79</sup>**

- [1.] To whom for refuge shoud we fly,  
But to that King whose piercing eye  
Collected ill dispels,  
Whose wisdom counteracts the mines,  
And blasts the traiterous designs  
Of our Ahit[h]ophels.<sup>80</sup>
2. Thou knowst the ill our Foe intends,  
The rage of his Associate fiends  
Against our King and Thee,  
Their aim to strip him of his power,  
And Satan's kingdom to restore  
In wildest anarchy.
3. The men who 'gainst their Sovereign stood  
And fill'd America with blood,  
And rent it from his crown,

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<sup>78</sup>Ori., “fire.”

<sup>79</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:107–8.

<sup>80</sup>Cf. 2 Sam. 16–17.

Woud now the Tragedy repeat,  
And make our land Rebellion's seat,  
And turn it upside down.

4. But lo! in faith on Thee we call,  
Whose kingdom ruleth over all,  
Whose will must be obey'd,  
While safe amidst the toils of hell,  
Secure as Those above we dwell  
Beneath th' Almighty Shade.
5. Whoe'er have our destruction sworn,  
Their fierceness to thy praise shall turn  
Or at thy bidding cease;  
For who can harm, if Thou defend,  
Or who shall war and trouble send,  
If Jesus gives us peace?
6. Jesus, arise, thy cause maintain,  
The blessings of thy peaceful reign  
Be to our nation given,  
Thy sway let every nation own,  
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done  
On earth, as 'tis in heaven.

**Epigram.**<sup>81</sup>

Clodius, inspir'd with fierce inveterate hate,  
With furious faction shook his Roman state,  
His Country to destroy was the design  
Of daring, dark, atrocious Catiline,  
But both assassins meet in F[ox]<sup>82</sup> alone  
And perfect wickedness is all his own.

**Another  
[Epigram].**<sup>83</sup>

Hear, Britons, hear, and tremble at the Rod,  
The Scourge vindictive of an angry God,  
The public crimes commission'd to chastise  
Behold in F[ox] no single fiend arise,  
While Legion in her multitude doth reign  
Satan and Belial share the *people's man*,  
Malice and pride with lewd intemperance meet  
And make th' infernal character compleat.

**Another  
[Epigram].**<sup>84</sup>

Does he assume the name in vain  
Who calls himself *the rabble's man*?  
The rabble's man he surely is,  
If justice may her Debtor seize  
And F[ox] his debt at Tyburn<sup>85</sup> pay  
And make *the Rabble's Holiday!* <sup>+</sup>

<sup>+</sup> Commonly called Hanging day.

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<sup>81</sup>Published posthumously in *Representative Verse*, 365; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:108. Sarah Wesley Jr., presumably, has pasted a sheet of similar laid paper over this whole page, but left untouched the catchword "Epigram" on p. 107. It is possible to read the three epigrams against the light, though they are somewhat uncertain in parts because they have to be read against the poem on p. 107.

<sup>82</sup>CW is castigating the politician he most detested: Charles James Fox (1749–1806).

<sup>83</sup>Published posthumously in *Representative Verse*, 365; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:109.

<sup>84</sup>Published posthumously in *Representative Verse*, 365; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:109.

<sup>85</sup>The site for hangings in London.

**American Independancy.**<sup>86</sup>

[I.]

- [1.] Where is old England's glory fled,  
Which shone so bright in ages past?  
Virtue with our fore-fathers dead,  
And public Faith have breath'd their last  
And men who falsified their trust,  
Have laid our honor in the dust.
2. Our Rulers have to Rebels sued,  
And given us up into their hands,  
Rapacious, profligate, and lewd,  
Obedient to the Foe's commands,  
They serv'd their cause with Frantic zeal  
Factors of France, and Tools of hell.
3. Yet unimpeach'd they live, and reign,  
Triumphant<sup>87</sup> o're th' insulted laws,  
Yet none of British race remain  
To vindicate their Country's cause,  
To make them feel the laws they mock  
And bring the Traitors to the block.
4. Who kindled, and kept up the fire,  
And saw Rebellion's work succeed,  
They now to bolder crimes aspire,  
And havock thro' our nation spread,  
In haste to see their work renew'd  
And Britain's land a field of blood.

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<sup>86</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:109–14.

<sup>87</sup>Ori., "Triumph'd."

5. Our King they threaten and revile,  
Of all his Royalties divest,  
Fly on the prey, and take the spoil  
Nor let their injur'd Monarch rest,  
Who conquer'd by their bold demands  
Has yielded all into their hands.
6. O that there might at last appear  
A man who seeks our nation's good,  
Who arm'd with probity sincere  
Stands in the gap, and stems the flood,  
Resolv'd a sinking state to save,  
Or rush into his Country's grave!
7. God over all, deliverance send,  
If still Thou hearst thy people's prayer,  
By whom Thou wilt our troubles end,  
By whom Thou wilt our hearts prepare  
Thy long-lost blessing to receive,  
To turn from all our sins, and live.
8. Such power belongs to God alone  
Omnipotent in saving grace:  
O for the honor of thy Son  
Out of the depth our Nation raise,  
(The depth of sin and infamy)  
To a new, glorious life in Thee.

**II.**

- [1.] God is the Judge, and sets up one,  
And puts another kingdom down,  
    The sovereign Lord of all,  
In goodness, and in power supreme,  
Nor can, without a nod from Him,  
    One worthless sparrow fall.
2. But chiefly for his Own he cares,  
He counts the number of their hairs  
    By earth and hell pursued,  
His children thro' the purging fire  
He brings, while all events conspire  
    T' insure their endless good.
3. He uses men to serve his will,  
Permits, but over-rules their ill,  
    When hand in hand they join  
T' erect the throne of wickedness,  
He predetermines their success  
    T' accomplish *his* design.
4. Father, thy whole design to know,  
To see thy kingdom fixt below,  
    We faithfully attend,  
Look thro' these intermediate ills,  
Observe the opening of the seals,  
    And calmly wait the End.
5. Spectators of the grand Event,  
Thy own almighty Son's Descent,  
    We soon expect to rise,

And meeting Jesus in the air  
His glories<sup>88</sup> and his throne to share  
Eternal in the skies.

6. O Lord of lords, and King of kings,  
Whose long-expected Advent brings  
The universal doom,  
Shorten the days of wrath divine,  
And let thy last Appearing shine  
And let thy kingdom come!

### III.

- [1.] Why do our factious Tyrants boast  
Of colonies for ever lost,  
As by their machinations They  
Had thrown America away?  
What could the Instruments *alone*  
Sh[elburne] or B[ur]k[e], or F[ox] have done<sup>89</sup>  
If God the evil had not will'd,  
And his own high Decree fulfil'd?
2. Resolv'd our nation to chastise,  
He let the storms of discord rise,  
While wickedness and folly join  
To execute his dread design,  
While Faction's raging floods o'whelm,  
The men who *shoud* direct the helm,  
But sunk, unequal to the weight,  
Weak pillars of a tottering State.
3. Did they not trust the Cause to Those  
They knew would all their plans oppose

---

<sup>88</sup>Ori., "glorious."

<sup>89</sup>William Petty, Earl of Shelburne; Edmund Burke; and Charles James Fox.

Foes to their King and Country's good,  
Who boldly for Rebellion stood,  
Who sacrific'd our loyal bands  
Gave all into the Rebels' hands  
Forc'd us the sovereign States to own  
And greet th' Usurpers on their throne?

4. Did not our feeble Ministers  
Embrace the Authors of their fears,  
Conceal them from the public view,  
And screen the Villainies they knew?  
They thought it prudent to connive,  
And let the daring Traitors live,  
And suffer F[ox] his crimes t' avow,  
Triumphant with a front like H[owe].<sup>90</sup>
  
5. When those on whom our hopes were stay'd,  
Thro' cowardise their trust betray'd,  
When those who our destruction sought,  
For, not against, the Rebels fought,  
When Traitors here with France conspir'd  
And did whate'er the Foe requir'd,  
What wonder, in our evil day,  
That Britain lost America?
  
6. Whose wrath our evil day decreed,  
And justly sentenc'd us to bleed,  
The Lord hath cut us short—his hand  
Extended o're our guilty land  
We still behold with conscious fear  
We tremble still the Rod to hear,  
And own, whoe'er fulfils the word  
Of threaten'd ills—It is the Lord!

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<sup>90</sup>Sir William Howe (1729–1814).

IV.

- [1.] Before Jehovah's awful throne  
Prostrate, and humbled in the dust,  
Th' immortal Potentate, we own,  
The universal Judge is just!  
He hath on earth destruction brought,  
Hath from their seats the mighty driven,  
And, setting up the things of nought,  
The Kingdom to the Basest given.
2. A thousand different causes join'd  
T' accomplish, Lord, thy strange Decree,  
T' effect what all our foes design'd  
In vain, unless ordain'd by Thee,  
Unless our sinful measure fill'd  
Had mark'd our race of Heaven abhor'd,  
Apollyon's dread Commission seal'd,  
And left us to the slaughtering sword.
3. Our brethren, countrymen, and friends  
WE forc'd to feel the Tyrant's rod,  
Expos'd them to relentless fiends  
Tho' drunk, yet thirsting for their blood:  
Haters of kings, and kingly sway,  
And every Sect except their own,  
They triumph in<sup>91</sup> their prosperous day  
As fixt on a perpetual throne.
4. Swoln with the insolence of power,  
Like furious beasts they madly rage  
Like lions greedy to devour  
They roar, and spare nor sex nor age;  
The dogs of hell, let loose on all,  
The pests and scourges of mankind,

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<sup>91</sup>Ori., "on."

Push'd on by proud, insidious Gaul  
To leave nor root nor branch behind.

5. Yet ev'n where Satan keeps his seat,  
Thou hast reserv'd a chosen Few,  
Who wash with tears their Saviour's feet,  
And day and night for mercy sue;  
Cast out, cut off from human hope  
Who on th' Almighty arm depend,  
Thro' the infernal cloud look up  
Resign'd, and meekly wait the end.
6. We add our vehement suit to theirs,  
With souls beneath the altar cry,  
The answer of our faithful prayers  
Expecting from the Lord most high,  
Holy, and true, O Lord, how long  
Dost Thou as unconcern'd remain,  
Slow to regard our Monarch's wrong,  
T' avenge our guiltless brethren slain?
7. Cruelly mock'd, and scourg'd, and bound,  
In dungeons, and in mines conceal'd,  
No mercy upon earth they found  
Whom tortures could not force to yield:  
True to their King, and Country's laws,  
They fear'd an oath, they fear'd a God,  
And adverse to Rebellion's Cause,  
They strove, resisting unto blood.
8. Jesus, avenge us of the Foe,  
But Satan's instruments forgive,  
Their throne iniquitous o'rethrow,  
But let the *weak* Usurpers live,  
Live to repent of hellish crimes,  
Good out of their own ill to bring,  
And warn and teach succeeding times  
To dread their God, and prize their King.

**The Loyalists in America.**<sup>92</sup>

[I.]

- [1.] Father, whose mercies never end,  
Invok'd in Jesus name, attend  
    Thy suffering people's prayer:  
Great is thy love and faithfulness,  
Our refuge in the last distress,  
    Our hope in sad despair.
2. To whom, for conscience sake opprest,  
Shoud we our sorrowful request  
    But to our God make known,  
Who sees the authors of our fears,  
Who treasures up our mournful tears,  
    And numbers every groan!
3. Our brethren have their flesh denied,  
And, while we on their faith relied,  
    Left us to wolves a prey,  
Their countrymen to ruffians sold,  
Broke off from Them our feeble hold,  
    And thrown our lives away.
4. The Great in power and wickedness  
At our expence a shameful peace  
    Have purchas'd from the foe,  
From men that prostrate at their feet  
Did for whatever terms intreat  
    The conquerors woud bestow.
5. Their tame submission to prevent,  
Who guide the wheels of government  
    Renounce their own success,

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<sup>92</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:115–19.

Their trust betray, their troops revoke,  
And pass themselves beneath the yoke  
Of vanquish'd enemies.

6. Who can against the Rebels stand,  
While all our Senators demand  
Their Independancy,  
While noble and ignoble join,  
And force their struggling King to sign  
The Infamous Decree?
7. Tis fixt: Rebellion mounts the throne:  
But none their loyal brethren own,  
Or for our safety care,  
Or stipulate that We should live,  
"The righteous souls of saints to grieve  
"And taint their purer air."<sup>[3]</sup>
8. Outcasts of men, by all forsook,  
For varied death we daily look,  
And varied death we find  
From Those who mercy never feel,  
Who fiercest savages excel  
And leave the fiends behind.
9. Their chief and most religious joy  
To tear, and mangle, and destroy,  
And mock the victims cries  
To glut their grim, infernal god  
With rivers of fraternal blood,  
With human sacrifice.
10. As sheep appointed to be slain,  
To whom alas, shall we complain,  
In whom for succour trust?

Britons behold us from afar,  
And, authors of our woes, declare  
Our punishment is just.

11. Deaf to our cries and dying groans  
Our King disclaims his children, once  
With his protection blest—  
But if we truly humbled were,  
God never woud cast out our prayer,  
Or drive us from *his* breast.
12. O could we to our Smiter turn,  
And pierc'd with deep repentance, mourn  
The cause of all our woes,  
The sins which brought our evil day,  
And gave us up, an helpless prey  
To unrelenting foes.
13. Merciful God, the grace impart,  
That with an humble, contrite heart  
We may thy justice clear:  
And if Thou in that day acquit,  
We yield; we patiently submit  
To have our chastening here.
14. Still let our enemies prevail,  
Till life beneath their harrows fail,  
So Thou our souls receive  
Beyond the reach of cruel men,  
Redeem'd from sin, and death, and pain  
That endless life to live.

II.

- [1.] Out of the deep in vain we cry,  
Appointed by our foes to die  
By men of furious zeal,  
Who all their crimes on Us have laid  
Our innocence the Scapegoat made  
And doom'd our souls to hell.
2. They vow, the blood shall soon atone  
Of miscreants, who refus'd to run  
Their lengths of wickedness,  
"Who woud not share the glorious strife  
"For power, for liberty, for life,  
"And everlasting praise.<sup>[9]</sup>
3. We *coud* not aid their black design,  
In unprovok'd rebellion join,  
And perjur'd traitors prove,  
Spurn an indulgent Monarch's sway,  
And with ingratitude repay  
Our Country's waste of love.
4. We coud not all our oaths break thro',  
To gratify a desperate Few  
With mad ambition fir'd,  
Who *used* the frantic multitude,  
And, zealous for the public good,  
To sovereign power aspir'd.

5. Their impious scheme in Britain plann'd  
By patriot fiends, we dared withstand,  
    And stem'd their wickedness,  
Fixt as a rock that could not move  
Till Heaven their counsels seem'd to approve,  
    And cursed them with success.
6. As now abandon'd to our fate,  
Our gracious King and Parent-State  
    Acknowledge us no more:  
Britain her rebel sons has crown'd,  
And given us up, disarm'd and bound,  
    Into the murderer's power.
7. Will murderers the guiltless spare?  
Our irksom sight they cannot bear,  
    Upbraiders of their crime,  
As from th' infernal Congress sent  
Their conscious spirits to torment,  
    Torment before their time.
8. Their prey impatient to devour,  
Their plenitude of wicked power  
    They *must* on us employ,  
(The objects of their stedfast hate,  
The Rebels 'gainst their rebel-state)  
    And root and branch destroy.

9. As well may lambs with tigers dwell,  
Water and fire may mix as well,  
    Darkness and light agree,  
As Britain's loyal sons with Those  
Who mitres hate, and kings oppose,  
    As Regicides and We.
  
10. O that we could their malice shun,  
And shelter in some land unknown  
    From the Assassins find,  
No more to cruel deaths pursued  
By Savages, whose thirst of blood  
    Exterminates their kind.
  
11. O that the God of pardning grace  
Woud to the only secret place  
    His fugitives remove  
Where ruffians can no more molest,  
To break the everlasting rest  
    Of souls conceal'd above!
  
12. There we shall find the friends we lost,  
Who with the martyrs noble host  
    Out of the furnace came,  
Who for their King and Country died;  
And sing with all the glorified  
    The triumphs of The Lamb.

**Prayer for the Loyalists.**<sup>93</sup>

[I.]

- [1.] Arise, O God, arise,  
Thy people to defend,  
Whom their outrageous enemies  
As roaring lions rend:  
Break Thou the lions teeth,  
And whom they now devour  
Snatch from the jaws of instant death  
From the Tormentor's power.
2. While in the furnace tried,  
Jesus, to them appear,  
And let the presence of their Guide  
Their fainting spirits cheer:  
The virtues of thy Name,  
Miraculous to shew,  
Walk with them in the lambent flame,  
And bring them safely thro'.
3. The fire shall at thy word  
Its burning power forget,  
The men of blood their foes abhor'd  
Shall with compassion treat:  
Thee greater than their heart  
Let but the ruffians know,  
Nor curst with their own wish depart  
To their own place below.
4. Receive whom we commend  
To thy converting grace,  
But bring to a perpetual end,  
And all their crimes erase;  
To make thy justice known,  
To make destructions cease

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<sup>93</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:119–22.

Or'etern, or'etern, or'etern the throne  
Of prosperous wickedness.

5. The Antichristian power  
May for a time remain,  
But the world's God beyond his hour  
Of darkness cannot reign:  
The faithful word is past,  
The solemn oath Divine,  
The kingdoms of the earth at last  
Shall all be lost in Thine.

6. Then shall the ransom'd Seed  
Return in triumph home,  
With crowns of joy upon their head  
To their Redeemer come,  
Redeem'd from earth and hell  
Thy praises to repeat,  
And fall with bliss ineffable  
Transported at thy feet.

## II.

[1.] Great Judge of all opprest with wrong  
Our persecuted brethren see!  
Expos'd, and outrag'd all day long,  
Martyrs of faith and loyalty,  
Deserted at their utmost need,  
They for their King and Country bleed.

2. By rebels arm'd with cruel power  
As rebels judg'd, and doom'd to die,

They lean on broken reeds no more,  
No more on public Faith rely,  
On any prince, or child of man,  
Who cannot feel Another's pain.

3. Their foes, as countenanc'd by Thee,  
Implacable, with rage and scorn  
Insult their helpless misery,  
Beneath their feet the victims spurn,  
As objects of the general hate,  
By all abandon'd to their fate.
4. "You that on Britain built your hope,  
"Nor woud, like us, your King abjure,  
"Confident now to both look up  
"For succour and protection sure:  
"Where is your King, the scoffing croud  
"Exclaim, and Where is now your God?
5. "Your Country has deceiv'd your trust,  
"Subjecting you to our commands,  
"Your King out of his realms has thrust,  
"And given you up into our hands:  
"Where will ye now for refuge fly?  
"Curse, curse, like us, your King, and die!<sup>[2]</sup>
6. Merciful, just, almighty Lord,  
Tis time for Thee to interpose,  
Thine arm can still relief afford,  
And snatch from their triumphant foes

Our brethren urg'd to sad despair  
By ills too sore for life to bear.

7. Why shoud they lose their sufferings past,  
    To madness by oppression driven?  
Why shoud they lose their souls at last?  
    Shall<sup>94</sup> Rebels shut them out of heaven?  
They only can the body kill;  
To save their souls is Jesus' will.
8. Ah, give them, Lord, the rod to hear,  
    To mourn, and put their sins away,  
Turn to their God with grief sincere,  
    Out of the deep for mercy pray,  
Death's sentence from Thyself receive,  
And judge themselves not fit to live.
9. Then, then their humbled souls indue  
    With faith that may the fire abide,  
Till Thou, like gold, hast brought them thro',  
    Refin'd, and seven times purified,  
Thine all-sufficient grace to prove,  
Thy truth, and everlasting love.
10. Arm of the Lord, awake, awake,  
    Such power belongs to Thee alone,  
A way for the Redeem'd to make,  
    That all thy wondrous deed may own,  
And Britain's sons the trophy raise,  
Preserv'd, to thy eternal praise!

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<sup>94</sup>Ori., "Can."

[blank]

**Modern Patriots.**<sup>95</sup>

- [1.] How long shall Patriots prophane  
And take the awful Name in vain,  
Yet strive with a malicious joy  
Their harast Country to destroy  
Her rebel sons with rage inspire,  
And heaping fewel on the fire  
Destroy her root and branch, to prove  
How dearly they their country love!
2. Strange Lovers of their Country These  
Who aggravate her sore distress,  
Weaken, disarm, and bind her hands,  
Invite the fierce invading bands,  
Rejoice to see her power laid low,  
Triumphant in Britania's woe,  
And woud with every plague o'rewhelm,  
Because they do not guide the helm.
- [3.] While discord's swelling tides run high,  
And Faction mingles earth and sky,  
While hurricanes around her roar,  
And gulphs wide-open to devour,  
They wish the weather-beaten ship  
Implung'd in the tempestuous deep  
And sunk outright with all her freight  
Rather than sav'd—by Those they hate!

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<sup>95</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:122–23. There are instructions in the right margin, above the title of this poem to insert it at page 46. The instructions appear to be in CW's hand.

**A Prophecy of Sir Edward Newlites's  
in the reign of Charles II.<sup>96</sup>**

When a Branch of the Thistle gets o're the Atlantic,  
And in the New World its Seed doth get planted,  
When it doth arrive t' a degree of perfection  
It surely will breed a great Insurrection: [4]  
In Seventy and four its Root will get polished  
And in Eighty and Six it will be quite demolish'd.

In that year its Seed will be hot in rebellion,  
Of them will be slaughter'd above half a million: [8]  
The Lilly and Thistle that year will unite,  
But the Lion and Dun Cow will put them to flight,  
The Eagle will eagerly join in the fray,  
But Luna will clip all their wings in one<sup>97</sup> day. [12]

O Thistle, O Thistle, your wounds shall be sore,  
And you'l be abridg'd of all civil power, }  
And Kirk, and Kirk-Government shall be no more.

N.B. This Prophecy was found by an American Lady, now in Philadelphia, of undoubted Character and Veracity (when on a Visit to England in 1766) among her Great-Grandfather's papers. When the First Congress met in 1772, she thought the first Part of the Prophecy seemed to be fulfilling. She then gave Copies of it to her friends, and One to an intimate Acquaintance in America, now in London. (Mr [Joseph] Galloway, who gave this Copy to C[harles] W[esley].)

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<sup>96</sup>This poem is not by CW. It was published in 1786, attributed to John Cosins.

<sup>97</sup>Ori., "a."

[Untitled.]<sup>98</sup>

Who can the Prodigy explain,  
The power of one flagitious man?  
His Father of obscure condition,  
Till, rais'd into a new Patrician, [4]  
He show'd his power by peculation,  
Of countless millions robb'd the nation  
And left his honesty alone  
T' adorn his undegenerate Son. [8]

His Son, of little interest,  
With neither wealth, nor virtue blest,  
With neither principle, nor shame  
But stain'd with crimes too foul to name: [12]  
A profligate without disguise,  
A Catiline in every vice:  
Yet such he o're the vulgar reigns,  
Nobles, and Prince, and Senate gains, [16]  
As zealous in his Country's Cause  
Insults the King, defies the laws,  
And governs the distracted State,  
And long suspends a Nation's fate. [20]

We must acknowlege his address  
To *use* the Nation's Wickedness,  
T' avail himself of public crimes  
And swim the Current of the times, [24]

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<sup>98</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:140–41.

To seize the multitude by roaring  
By gaming, revelling, and whoring,  
By every plausible pretence,  
By dint of daring impudence; [28]  
To gain the men of high degree  
Because almost as lewd as He;  
The prince unstable to devour  
By promises of wealth and power, [32]  
And venal Senators allure  
By places, bribes, and pensions sure.

But grant him his superior Parts:  
Abus'd, they make infernal hearts; [36]  
His virtue vice, his good is evil,  
His talents only serve the devil;  
And Satan has employ'd him here  
To act as his prime Minister, [40]  
Devoted kingdoms to o'rethrow  
And people the dark realms below.