

## *Arminian Magazine* (1778–87)<sup>1</sup>

[Baker list, #371–380]

### Editorial Introduction:

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

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

In the first year, as he sought to highlight the distinctive emphases of the *Arminian Magazine*, John Wesley reprinted nine of Charles Wesley's polemical poems against predestination from the *Hymns on God's Everlasting Love* (1741/42), and one other in this vein from *HSP* (1740), 136–42. He also began to publish (without attribution) a series of other poems by Charles that had not appeared in print before.

This document contains all of the new poems included in the *Arminian Magazine* through 1787 that there is reason to believe were written by Charles Wesley. In many cases (noted below) there are manuscript copies of the poems in Charles's notebooks that prove authorship. In a few cases the judgment is based on the content and style of the poem, as well as the lack of any other identifiable source.

In those cases where a poem exists in a manuscript collection and in print in the *Arminian Magazine*, there are frequently differences between the two. Most of these are minor and reflect editing for stylistic reasons. It is unclear if such changes were made by John Wesley or by Charles as he prepared a text to send to John. The text below reproduces what was printed in the *Arminian Magazine*. Notes from manuscript copies are added only where they supply missing information or the change is considered potentially significant.

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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: July 20, 2016.

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**An Epitaph on Miss Mary Lowth  
Imitated.<sup>2</sup>**

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

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<sup>2</sup>A Latin epitaph written by Mary’s father, Robert Lowth was quoted on pp. 281–82, followed by this English imitation, which appears in *MS Funeral Hymns*, 74. Robert Lowth (1710–87), Bishop of London, was an uncle of Ebenezer Blackwell’s second wife Mary Eden, whom Blackwell married in 1774. This relationship may explain Wesley writing the English imitation of the original epitaph.

<sup>3</sup>Ori., “grave”; a misprint.

Volume 1 (1778): 383–84

Address to the Calvinists.<sup>4</sup>

- [1] God has, you say, a twofold will,  
One to preserve, and one to kill:  
*That* in his word to all revealed,  
*This* from the reprobate concealed:  
[384] *That* would have all the fallen kind  
Repentance and salvation find;  
To hell's inevitable pains,  
*This* the far greater part ordains;  
Compelled to sin by his decree,  
And damned from all eternity
- [2] His written will to all displays  
Offers of life and pard'ning grace:  
His secret doth this life deny  
To most, yet asks, "Why will ye die?"  
His *seeming* will their good pretends,  
His *real* their damnation sends;  
Makes the devoted victims fit,  
And thrusts them down into the pit.
- [3] 'Tis thus, O God, they picture thee,  
Thy justice and sincerity;  
Thy truth which never can remove,  
Thy bowels of unbounded love:  
Thy freedom of redeeming grace,  
"Withheld from almost all the race,  
Made for Apollyon to devour,  
In honour of thy sovereign power!"
- [4] Ye weak, mistaken worms, believe  
Your God, who never can deceive;  
Believe his word sincerely meant,  
Whose oath confirms his kind intent:  
Believe his tears: believe his blood:  
Both for a world of sinners flowed;  
For those who nailed him to the tree,  
For those who forged *the dire decree*,  
For ev'ry reprobate—and me! }

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<sup>4</sup>Frank Baker refers to a fragment he has seen that confirms Charles Wesley's authorship of this poem in *Representative Verse*, 331.

Volume 1 (1778): 430

Written after reading Mr. H[ill]'s *Remarks*,  
and *Farrago Double-distilled*.<sup>5</sup>

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

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<sup>5</sup>Appears in MS Miscellaneous Poems, 24. Responding to: Richard Hill (1732–1808), *Some Remarks on a Pamphlet Entitled “A Third Check to Antinomianism”* (London: Dilly, 1772); and *Logica Wesleiensis; or, The Farrago Double-Distilled* (London: Dilly, 1773).

**On Reading the *Checks* and Other  
Polemical Works of Mr. Fletcher.<sup>6</sup>**

- [1] When Zeal impetuous urged her vot'ries on  
To force submission to great Calvin's throne,  
With fire unhallowed glowing in her breast,  
She cries aloud, "*Protest*, my friends, *Protest!*"  
WISDOM in guise of peaceful Fletcher came,  
And checked her rage, and stopped the spreading flame;  
His pencil gives fair Truth her robes of light,  
While vanquished Error flies to shades of night.
- [2] Where are Geneva's doughty champions fled?  
Is he that slew the great Goliath dead?  
What! None to raise the baseless image found?  
Lo? Their Diana's prostrate on the ground!

Kingston,<sup>7</sup> Nov. 4, 1778.

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<sup>6</sup>I.e., the series of *Checks on Antinomianism* by the Wesleys' colleague, John William Fletcher (1729–85).

<sup>7</sup>This is likely Kingsdown, Wiltshire, near Bristol. Charles's letters show that he was there in late 1778.

**Epitaph on Lady Gertrude Hotham.<sup>8</sup>**

Stranger to sin and guilty fears,  
An useful life of fourscore years  
She lived on earth, like those above,  
A life of humble praise and love:  
And lo, the same from first to last,  
When all her toils of love are past,  
With triumph calm her course she ends,  
And in a flaming<sup>9</sup> car ascends!

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<sup>8</sup>Appears in MS Funeral Hymns, 78. Lady Gertrude Hotham (1696–1775), widow of Sir Charles Hotham (1693–1738), 5<sup>th</sup> Baronet of Scarborough, and daughter of Philip Stanhope, the third Earl of Chesterfield, was a Methodist sympathizer and friend of the Charles Wesley family, including him in her will.

<sup>9</sup>Lady Hotham died from severe burns, when her clothing caught fire from a candle.

**Volume 2 (1779): 659–60**

**For a Dying Friend.**

**Mr. Abraham Brown.**<sup>10</sup>

- [1] Stricken with the stroke of death,  
    Jesus, save my gasping friend,  
Kindly catch his parting breath,  
    Bless him with a peaceful end;  
Death be endless life begun,  
Bliss attained, and glory won!
- [2] One is as a thousand days,  
    As a thousand years to thee:  
O cut short thy work of grace,  
    Ripe for full felicity.  
Ready with thyself to live,  
Now his spotless soul receive.
- [3] Now cut short thy work in mine,  
    Mine, most gracious Lord, prepare,  
Decked with righteousness divine,  
    Let me all thine impress bear,  
All thy great salvation see:  
Send the chariot now for me.
- [660]
- [4] Dying once, to die no more,  
    Might I, like my friend, aspire,  
On the wings of angels soar,  
    Added to the tuneful choir,  
Mingled with the saints above,  
Lost in harmony, and love.

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<sup>10</sup>Appears in MS Funeral Hymns, 83–84.



Volume 3 (1780): 55–57

**On the Church of England.**<sup>11</sup>

- [1] Jesus our true and faithful Lord,  
    May we not on thy word depend,  
Thy sure, irrevocable word,  
    “Lo, I am with you to the end!”  
[56]
- [2] Thy promise with the church to abide  
    For ours may we not justly claim,  
For ours who in thy blood confide,  
    And truly bear thy hallowed name!
- [3] The gates of hell cannot o’erthrow  
    Thy church immovably secure:  
Built on the Rock, we surely know  
    It must from age to age endure.
- [4] Yet Satan hath too oft prevailed;  
    And Antichrist victorious proved:  
Churches particular have failed;  
    Have seen their candlestick removed.
- [5] Nations that walked in gospel-light  
    Thy presence doth no longer cheer;  
Afric again is wrapped in night,  
    And Asia’s ruins scarce appear.
- [6] The man of sin that reigns at Rome  
    Compels adoring crowds t’ obey,  
Honours divine he dares assume,  
    And poisons all who own his sway.
- [7] And may not we to Satan yield,  
    And sink before th’ infernal host,  
The measure of our sin fulfilled,  
    Our lamp extinct, our gospel lost!
- [8] Humbly we hope for better things,  
    Since thou our offering dost receive,  
And grace to us salvation brings,  
    And unconsumed, by faith we live.  
[57]
- [9] Thy blessings with the remnant stays,

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<sup>11</sup>Appears in MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 136–39.

The faithful seed is multiplied,  
Thousands their bleeding Lord embrace,  
And follow close their heavenly guide.

[10] Oh may they more and more increase!  
Protectors of a guilty land;  
And spread the kingdom of thy grace,  
Till all submit to thy command.

[11] Oh may they never turn aside!  
In separate sects and parties stray,  
Far from the fold, and scattered wide,  
But still walk on in Christ the way.

[12] To thee and to each other draw,  
Thy mercy, pow'r, and truth make known;  
A pattern to all churches live,  
Till all are perfected in one.

[13] Thou God who hear'st the faithful pray'r,  
Presented after thy own will;  
Assure us of thy constant care,  
And on our hearts the answer seal.

[14] The Spirit pleading in the bride  
With gracious smiles of love attend;  
And with our favourite church abide,  
And bless, and keep, till time shall end.

Volume 3 (1780): 282–83

He dwelleth *with* you, and shall be *in* you.

[John 14:7]<sup>12</sup>

1.       With us we know He dwells,  
          The Spirit of our Lord,  
For still His counsels He reveals,  
          Interpreting His word:  
          To us the promise made  
          We still through Him receive,  
And trust, the Spirit of our Head  
          Shall *in* His members live.
  
2.       His present power controls  
          The flesh which lusts within,  
Keeps down the rebel in our souls,  
          And holds us back from sin:  
          He visits us unsought,  
          And freely doth inspire  
Our hearts with every serious thought  
          And every good desire.
  
3.       He gives the grace unknown,  
          Helps our infirmity,  
And groans th' unutterable groan  
          And pleads th' effectual plea:  
          Our God is pleased to hear,  
          And streaming from above  
The Father, Son, and Comforter  
          Fills all our hearts with love.
  
4.       Come then, celestial Guest,  
          Into Thy temple come,  
Take full possession of the breast  
          That pants to be Thy home:  
          Spring up, Thou living Well,  
          Thou Lord of life Divine,  
And now Thy humble mansion seal  
          Through endless ages Thine.

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<sup>12</sup>Appears in MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 195–96.

Volume 3 (1780): 397–98

An Old Man's Prayer.<sup>13</sup>

- [1] Jesus, my hope of heav'nly rest,  
Indulge me in my last request,  
If thy desires in mine I feel,  
And ask according to thy will.
- [2] Ah, make me, ere I hence remove  
Meet to partake the joys above,  
To triumph with the sons of grace,  
And, pure in heart, behold thy face.
- [3] Soon as the mighty change I know,  
Through life, through death, in peace I go:  
[398]  
Now, Lord, thy gracious work begin,  
Forgive, and finish all my sin.
- [4] Redeemed from passion and from pride,  
In thee my blameless spirit hide;  
Thyself my glorious earnest be,  
My present immortality.
- [5] Thou only canst my soul prepare,  
And stamp me with thy character;  
Thy new mysterious name impart,  
Thy nature spread throughout my heart.
- [6] Then am I ready for my Lord,  
I wait the kind transporting word,  
Thine utmost truth and mercy prove,  
And die, to see the God I love.

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<sup>13</sup>Appears in MS Preparation for Death, 22.

Volume 3 (1780): 398–99

Another<sup>14</sup>  
[An Old Man's Prayer].

- [1] Lo, on the margin of the grave,  
Jesus, omnipotent to save,  
On thee for help I call:  
Sinking into the dust of death,  
Oh might I find thine arms beneath,  
And on thy bosom fall!
- [2] Reject me not because I fear,  
But rather a lost sinner hear  
Who trembles at thy word:  
The pow'r of faith I do not prove,  
And by the Spirit of thy love  
I cannot call thee Lord.
- [399]
- [3] Without that sense of pardoning grace,  
Without that real holiness,  
Oh! Where shall I appear?  
They only can contemplate thee,  
And face to face their Saviour see  
Who bear thy character.
- [4] Thy favour how shall I obtain  
Or how the heav'nly image gain  
In spotless love renewed?  
Answer thou heav'nly Man of Woe,  
The proofs of thy affection show,  
And wash me in thy blood.
- [5] The blood which did my pardon buy  
That, only that can sanctify  
This poor polluted heart:  
Cleansed in thy blood my soul shall shine,  
Adorned with righteousness divine,  
And ready to depart.
- [6] Rememb'ring then thy mortal pain,  
Receive me saved, and born again,  
Thy dearly-purchased prize:  
Through faith to full salvation keep,  
Till in thine arms I fall asleep,  
And wake in paradise.

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<sup>14</sup>Appears in MS Preparation for Death, 23–24.

Volume 3 (1780): 453–54

A Departing Minister's Prayer.<sup>15</sup>

- [1] Shepherd of souls, the great, the good,  
Who on thy servant's side hast stood,  
And bless'd my ministry,  
Ready my prospered course to end,  
I to thy guardian love commend  
The flock received from thee.
- [454]
- [2] Beneath thy wings, their sure defence,  
Protected by omnipotence,  
Thy most distinguished care;  
The lambs and sheep of England's fold,  
Now in thy book of life enrolled  
Preserve forever there.
- [3] Our church a thousandfold increase,  
With ev'ry gospel blessing bless,  
And o'er the earth disperse,  
Till every heart thy kingdom own,  
Till thou art feared, confessed and known,  
Throughout the universe.
- [4] In hope of that thrice happy day,  
To quit this tenement of clay  
Thy summons I receive;  
For when I lay my body down,  
Thy work shall still be carried on,  
And God forever live.
- [5] The Spirit's residue is thine:  
Fit instruments for thy design,  
Dispensers of thy grace,  
(If some like salt, their savour lose)  
Thou canst from other stones produce,  
And nobler vessels raise.
- [6] Come then, thy servant to release,  
And suffered to depart in peace,  
Without a ling'ring sigh;  
In all the confidence of hope  
I now ascend the mountaintop  
I get me up and die!

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<sup>15</sup>Appears in MS Preparation for Death, 41–42.

**On the Extent of the Atonement.**

Shall man, a worm of earth, a child of dust,  
Prescribe for God, the gracious, and the just?  
Shall he report, how far his grace extends,  
Tell where his love begins, and where it ends?  
No, let our God himself, his ways explain;  
Let him make known, his boundless love for man  
Let him unfold, the purpose of his will,  
And tell the world, that he is gracious still:  
Declare that co-extensive with the fall,  
Is Jesu's death, and hath atoned for all.  
That all may live accepted, through his Son,  
And reap eternal joy, in worlds unknown.

**Volume 3 (1780): 510–11**

**Before Preaching.<sup>16</sup>**

- [1] Lord, if thy sov'reign majesty  
Doth still vouchsafe to send by me,  
Ev'n me thy meanest servant own,  
And make thy love to sinners known.
- [2] Thy presence and thy help afford,  
To ratify the gracious word.
- [511]  
Th' attesting Spirit's seal set to,  
To prove the joyful tidings true.
- [3] If thou the genuine gospel bless,  
They must thy saving pow'r confess  
Whoe'er in Jesu's blood believe,  
And peace and righteousness receive.
- [4] Come then, in blessings from above,  
Thy Godhead, truth and mercy prove,  
The gift unspeakable impart,  
And write thy name on every heart.

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<sup>16</sup>Appears in MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 230–31.



**For the Fast-Day, Feb. 10, 1779.<sup>17</sup>**

- [1] Tremendous God, thy work we see,  
Thy strange destruction work below,  
Chastised for our iniquity  
Compelled the fatal cause to know:  
We tremble, as the storm comes on,  
And turns the kingdoms upside down.
- [2] Abroad the sword our kin devours,  
And thousands and ten thousands fall;  
(Their doom alas! Involving ours)  
Yet still for sorer plagues they call;  
And by the tyrant's heaviest chain,  
With wasted realm, and heaps of slain.
- [567]
- [3] By famine, pestilence, and sword,  
Thou hast our guilty brethren tried;  
Yet, Oh! Thou dread, avenging Lord,  
Thy justice is not satisfied;  
Thine anger is not turned away,  
Thine arm is still stretched out to slay.
- [4] Britons at home with Britons fight,  
And furious partisans engage,  
With cruel hate, and full despite  
Intestine war they madly rage:  
By discord dire the land o'erturn,  
And thee and thy vicegerent scorn.
- [5] Thy speaking rod they will not hear,  
Thy lifted hand they will not see:  
But cast off all religious fear,  
And only by their crimes agree  
Their sinful measure to fulfil,  
Their own extreme perdition seal.
- [6] Yet Oh! Thou gracious God and true,  
Our death-devoted nation spare,  
Attentive to the pious few,  
Who wrestle on in ceaseless pray'r;  
Who will not let thy wrath alone,

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<sup>17</sup>Appears in MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 233–35. This was an official fast day in England, related to the war with the North American colonists.

But cry for mercy—in thy Son.

[7] Thy children faithful in the fire  
    Regard, and timely rescue send:  
Mercy our hearts, with theirs, require,  
    Mercy our miseries to end;  
For Jesu's sake our sins remove,  
And save us through thy pardoning love.

[568]

[8] All things are possible to God,  
    To them that on thy Son believe;  
In answer to his speaking blood  
    Father the murderers forgive,  
And pristine piety restore  
And peace till time shall be no more.

**Volume 3 (1780): 677–78**

**A Prayer for King George.<sup>18</sup>**

- [1] Why do the christened heathens rage,  
And furiously their pow'rs engage  
    Against the Lord most high,  
Against his dread vicegerent here,  
Cast off the yoke of loyal fear,  
    And God himself defy?
- [678]
- [2] Counsel they take, but not by thee,  
Great King of kings, whose firm decree  
    Supports the British throne:  
Through whom our rightful monarch reigns,  
Thy sov'reign character sustains,  
    And bows to thee alone.
- [3] Thine eye observes, thy Spirit knows  
His open, and his secret foes,  
    Who deep their plots conceal,  
As zealous for their country's good,  
Stir up the undiscerning crowd,  
    And make a league with hell.
- [4] But thou, without the help of man,  
Canst all their fiercest wrath restrain,  
    And all their plots confound:  
Canst on our king thy blessings shed,  
And cover his anointed head,  
    With lasting glories crowned.
- [5] Answ'ring in us thy Spirit's cries,  
Now, Lord, in his defence arise,  
    With majesty supreme  
Adorn the man of thy right hand,  
That all may bless his mild command,  
    And honour thee in him.
- [6] Long may he here thy image live,  
Thy kingdom in his heart receive,  
    Spiritual joys unknown:  
Earnest of joys that never end,  
And late with all thy saints ascend,  
    To fill a heav'nly throne.

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<sup>18</sup>Appears in MS Patriotism, 1–2.

**Volume 3 (1780): 679**

**It is Appointed for Men Once to Die.<sup>19</sup>**

- [1] Tremendous God with humble fear,  
Prostrate before thy glorious throne,  
Th' irrevocable word we hear,  
Thy sov'reign righteousness we own.
- [2] 'Tis fit we should to dust return,  
(Since such the will of the Most High)  
In sin conceived, to trouble born,  
Born only to lament, and die.
- [3] Submissive to thy just decree,  
We all shall soon from earth remove:  
But when thou sendest, Lord, for me,  
O let the messenger be love.
- [4] By whisp'ring love into my heart,  
Warn me of my approaching end,  
And then I joyfully depart,  
And then I to thine arms ascend!

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<sup>19</sup>Appears in MS Preparation for Death, 24–25.

Volume 4 (1781): 63–64

An Old Man's Prayer.<sup>20</sup>

- [1] The knowledge of thy love  
O how shall I attain?  
Its excellence is far above  
The reach of fallen man:  
For more than threescore years  
I for the grace have pined,  
And sought with ceaseless pray'rs and tears  
What I could never find.
- [2] Tremendous God unknown,  
Hath thy severe decree  
Rejected, as perdition's son,  
And sternly passed by me?  
The saving grace withheld,  
That left to Satan I,  
By thy resistless will compelled,  
Might sin, despair, and die!
- [3] Blasphemous thoughts, away!  
As hell itself abhorred!  
Thy attributes the lie gainsay,  
Thy nature and thy word:  
Thy oath forbids my fears,  
And comforts all that grieve,  
Thy bloody sweat, thy cries and tears,  
Thy death would have me live.
- [64]
- [4] Would have me love my God,  
Who loved the world so well:  
Then surely I the grace bestowed,  
The purchased bliss shall feel:  
Thou wilt the bliss confer,  
Before I hence depart;  
And the abiding Comforter  
Shall take up all my heart.

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<sup>20</sup>Appears in MS Hymns for Love, 74–75.

Volume 4 (1781): 117–18

A Prayer.

“Thou shalt love the Lord thy God  
with all thy heart.”<sup>21</sup>

[Deuteronomy 6:5]

- [1] Dost thou request a feeble worm,  
To touch the sky, t’ arrest the storm,  
The mountains to remove:  
Dost thou command what cannot be,  
That thine apostate creature, thee  
I should entirely love?
- [2] Have I ability t’ obey,  
Why should I then one moment stay?  
Compelled, alas! I own,  
[118] Forced by ten thousand efforts vain,  
There is no pow’r in fallen man,  
To love a God unknown.
- [3] The power must then from thee proceed,  
If thee I even love indeed;  
The thing thy laws enjoin,  
Thy Spirit must in me fulfil,  
Who ask, according to thy will,  
The precious grace divine.
- [4] If all who *will* receive it, *may*,  
I humbly for the blessing pray,  
To poorest beggars given:  
With strength of infinite desire  
I nothing but thy love require,  
Of all in earth, or heav’n.
- [5] What shall I say my suit to gain?  
Father, regard that heavenly man,  
Who groaned on Calvary!  
Who paid my ransom on the cross,  
And ever lives to plead my cause,  
And asks thy love for me.
- [6] In honour of th’ incarnate God,  
The gift he purchased with his blood,  
Father, on me bestow!  
That loving thee with all my heart,

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<sup>21</sup>Appears in MS Hymns for Love, 69–71.

And thus made ready to depart,  
I to thy arms may go.

**An Old Man's Prayer.**<sup>22</sup>

- [1] Father of all, whose bowels move  
To ev'ry object of thy love,  
Regard my advocate and friend,  
And bless me with a peaceful end.
- [2] Weary of life, with guilt oppressed,  
I want the pledge of endless rest,  
I want thy grace to testify,  
And then to lay me down and die.
- [3] The pardon grant for which I pray,  
Because I nothing have to pay;  
Because I a mere sinner am,  
And ask the grace in Jesu's name.
- [4] Ten thousand talents, Lord, remit,  
Whose mercies are more infinite,  
The sins of seventy years forgive,  
And then my spotless soul receive.
- [5] Thou know'st, I wait for this alone,  
Till thou shalt manifest thy Son,  
The fulness of the deity;  
Reveal, in Christ, thyself to me.
- [6] Then, O my God, and Father, then,  
When I have thy salvation seen,  
In peace permitted to depart,  
I soar, and see thee as thou art!

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<sup>22</sup>Appears in MS Preparation for Death, 19–20.



Volume 4 (1781): 229–30

For the Church.<sup>23</sup>

- [1]       Head of thy church, attend  
            Our long-continued pray'r,  
And our Jerusalem defend,  
            And in thy bosom bear,  
            The sheep of England's fold,  
            Marked with their shepherd's sign,  
Bought with a price, redeemed of old,  
            And washed in blood divine.
- [2]       Called out of Babylon,  
            At thy command we came,  
Our ancestors their lives laid down,  
            And triumphed in the flame:  
            The church's seed arose  
            Out of the martyr's blood,  
And saw their antichristian foes  
            Before thy cross subdued.
- [3]       Again thy Spirit of grace  
            Doth with our Israel strive,  
And ev'n in our degen'rate days  
            His ancient work revive:  
            Ten thousand witnesses  
            Stand forth on ev'ry side,  
And bold in life and death confess  
            Jehovah crucified.
- [4]       O that the faithful seed  
            Might never, never fail,  
Victorious, through their conqu'ring head,  
            O'er all the powers of hell!
- [230]       Still with thy people stay,  
            By England's church adored,  
Till every island flee away  
            Before our glorious Lord.

---

<sup>23</sup>Appears in MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 135–36.

**“No Longer Pipe, No Longer Dance.”<sup>24</sup>**

- [1] The First and Second George were wise,  
And understood a faction’s price;  
Little account of those they made,  
That from mere principle obeyed,  
But purchased with an annual bribe  
The votes of the Dissenting tribe;  
Who served with flaming zeal and hearty,  
The heads of their own favoured party.
- [2] Why are they changed to George the Third,  
And never give him a good word?  
His rebels why do they embrace,  
And spit in a mild monarch’s face!  
“Because he slights his father’s friends,  
And the three kingdoms comprehends,  
All sects and parties reconciles,  
Alike on Whig and Tory smiles:  
Aims at impossibilities,  
And studies friends and foes to please;  
Because our pensions he withdraws,—  
And if he starve the good, old cause,  
And if he nothing more advance—  
No longer pipe, no longer dance!”

---

<sup>24</sup>Appears in MS Patriotism (drafts), 45–46; and MS Patriotism, 45–46, under title “Party Loyalty.” Frank Baker (*Representative Verse*, 339) suggests it was written shortly after 6 April 1780, when John Dunning secured passage in Parliament of a resolution calling for the power of the Crown to be diminished.

**An Epitaph on Edward Hearne,  
of Monmouth,  
who Died April 28, 1776.<sup>25</sup>**

Stranger to vice, with early grace imbued,  
The pious youth his Saviour's steps pursued:  
Pursued, a zealous follow'r of his Lord,  
A mother labouring for her full reward:  
Traced her from earth, by lawless violence driv'n,  
And found the martyred saint enshrined in heaven.

---

<sup>25</sup>Appears in MS Funeral Hymns, 111.

On the Messengers of God.

[1] A scripture test—to tell, and try  
The messengers of the Most High—  
“Servants of all”—are these on earth,  
Yet sons of God, by heav’nly birth!<sup>26</sup>  
Godlike in temper, act, and word,  
Meek imitators of their Lord;<sup>27</sup>  
Who seek not pleasure, profit, praise,  
Which vanish with terrestrial days;  
But “Honour coming from above,”  
Boundless as heav’n’s eternal love!  
“Lord, make me fruitful,” is their cry,  
“To prove my mission from the sky,  
O give me children—else I die!”

}

[2] Nor labour such for souls—in vain,  
While faithful—fruitful they remain;  
Weeping, with zeal through crowds they roam!  
Shouting, with sheaves fly bounding home!  
Wishing the world to heav’n would come!  
Expecting that millennial day<sup>28</sup>  
When earth, like heav’n, shall God obey  
Nor “run they as uncertainly,”  
Each know from strictest scrutiny,  
By heart-felt joys, and what they see,  
“I AM hath sent unworthy me.”

}

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<sup>26</sup>Note in *AM*: John 3:3.

<sup>27</sup>Note in *AM*: Matt. 11:29; John 8:40.

<sup>28</sup>Note in *AM*: Isa. 66:23.

Volume 4 (1781): 511–12

On Old Age.<sup>29</sup>

(“Even to hoar hairs I will bear, and I will carry,  
and I will deliver you.” Isaiah [46:4].)

- [1] Believing, I my seal set to,  
That God is merciful and true;  
Who took out of my mother’s womb,  
He leads me softly to the tomb.
- [2] From infancy to hoary hairs,  
He all my griefs and burdens bears;  
[512]  
Supports me in his arms of love,  
And hides my ransomed life above.
- [3] Still, O my gracious God and just,  
I in thy faithful mercies trust:  
And who on thee alone depend,  
Thou wilt deliver to the end:
- [4] Thou wilt in death my weakness bear,  
And raised out of the sepulchre,  
Carry me up thy face to see,  
And save through all eternity.

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<sup>29</sup>Appears in MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 218–19.

Volume 4 (1781): 567–68

For Love.<sup>30</sup>

[1] O love, thou sov'reign good unknown!  
Anxious I wait for thee alone,  
    Before I take my flight;  
Before I *can* depart in peace,  
Or hope for endless happiness,  
    In a new world of light.

[2] Joyful I fly this moment hence,  
Meet for my rich inheritance,  
    If thou thyself impart:  
Salvation sure in thee is giv'n;  
My perfect peace, my present heaven,  
    My God himself thou art!

[568]

[3] O love, O God, thyself reveal!  
My pardon in thy blood to seal,  
    My spirit to restore;  
Then, let me then a lot obtain,  
Where grief, infirmity, and pain,  
    And death shall be no more.

[4] Canst thou deny thyself to me,  
A thirsty soul who gasps for thee,  
    Incapable of rest;  
Till I thy loving nature share,  
Till thou the mystery declare,  
    And take me to thy breast.

[5] Now, O thou love essential come!  
And lo! I sink into the tomb,  
    With Jesus in my heart;  
Secure at that great day to rise,  
And mount above the flaming skies,  
    And see thee as thou art.

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<sup>30</sup>Appears in MS Hymns for Love, 67–68.

**An Epitaph on Mr. Peter Jaco.<sup>31</sup>**

Fisher of men,<sup>32</sup> ordained by Christ alone,  
Immortal souls he for his Saviour won;  
With loving faith, and calmly fervent zeal,  
Performed, and suffered the Redeemer's will;  
Unmoved, in all the storms of life remained,  
And in the good old ship the haven gained.

---

<sup>31</sup>Appears in MS Funeral Hymns, 113. Peter Jaco (1729–81) was born in Newlyn, Cornwall. He was converted through a tin-miner's sermon and in 1751 was appointed by Wesley to visit several local societies. Jaco entered the itinerancy in 1754 and exercised a circuit ministry in England and Ireland, suffering much persecution and hardship.

<sup>32</sup>Note in *AM*: In the short account of Mr. Jaco's life, he says he was brought up to the fishing-business. Here then we have another Peter the fisher-man, forsaking his nets, following Christ, and becoming a fisher of men.

**A Motion of the Minority.<sup>33</sup>**

- [1] Agreed! Let it be as the patriots hope,  
To their friends let us give all America up:  
Let the rebels be lords, and the loyalists swing,  
For loving old England, and serving their king:  
Be the Westerly Isles the next easy prize,  
Which Geneva<sup>34</sup> bestows on her Popish allies:  
The East Indies must then unavoidably fall,  
And dominion at sea be transferred to the Gaul.
- [2] Here's an end of the story, and end of the dance,  
By Great Britain becoming—a province to France!

---

<sup>33</sup>Appears in MS Patriotism, 46. Frank Baker suggests (*Representative Verse*, 347) that it may be in reference to a vote in the House of Commons on February 22, 1782, urging the king not to prosecute the war against the colonists in North America, seeking peace instead. The motion lost by one vote.

<sup>34</sup>MS Patriotism reads “congress” for “Geneva.”



Volume 5 (1782): 500–502

Written on a Late Declaration of Lord C\_\_\_\_,<sup>35</sup>  
that the Conquest of America by Fire and Sword  
is not to be Accomplished.<sup>36</sup>

- [1] True is the patriotic word,  
“We never can by fire and sword  
The fierce Americans subdue;”  
If we our gen’ral’s steps pursue,  
His own allies who tears and rends,  
And turns his sword against his friends.
- [2] The loyal if he first invite<sup>37</sup>  
For Britain and its king to fight,  
Promise to succour and protect;  
He then abandons to neglect,  
[501]  
Or draws them in an easy prey,  
For their invet’rate foes to slay.
- [3] Poor, credulous slaves if he allure,  
By flatt’ring hopes of refuge sure,  
Their cruel tyrants to desert;  
He then with an unfeeling heart  
Leaves them, who on his faith rely,  
By hunger, or disease to die.
- [4] Thousands, who unconsumed remain,  
He drives out of his camp again;  
(While trusting in his treach’rous words,)  
Gives up the victims to their lords,  
To punish in the ling’ring fire,  
By varied torments to expire.
- [5] Such faithful leaders we allow,  
Fit to succeed immortal H[ow]e,<sup>38</sup>  
Who fierce Americans subdued,  
And conquered them whene’er he would;  
Too gen’rous to pursue his blow,  
Or trample on a vanquished foe.
- [6] His vanquished foe full oft he reared,

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<sup>35</sup>Charles, Earl Cornwallis (1738–1805).

<sup>36</sup>Appears also in MS Patriotism (drafts), 47–49; and MS Patriotism, 47–49.

<sup>37</sup>MS Patriotism adds a note: “At Hillsborough.”

<sup>38</sup>Lieutenant General Sir William Howe (1729–1814).

And kindly their despondence cheered:  
Too brave to take them by surprise,  
He saw their straits with pitying eyes;  
And put them out of all their pain,  
And gave them back their towns again.

[7] Such gen'ral's never can aspire  
Rebels to quell with sword or fire;  
But without fire, another can  
Accomplish it—an honest man

[502]  
Who truth and public faith approves,  
And more than life his country loves.

[8] A man for this great end designed,  
Our nation now expects to find,  
By providential love bestowed,  
Whose object is Britannia's good,  
Britannia's peace his only aim:  
And Carlton<sup>39</sup> is the patriot's name.

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<sup>39</sup>Sir Guy Carlton, who replaced Sir Henry Clinton as Commander-in-Chief of British forces as the war neared its end.

Volume 6 (1783): 49–51

**On the Death of Mr. Thomas Lewis:  
who Died at Bristol, [April] 1782.<sup>40</sup>**

- [1] Thee, Lord, in all events we praise:  
With wisdom, faithfulness, and grace  
    Thou dost thy gifts dispense;  
Thou dost thy benefits revoke,  
And by an unexpected stroke,  
    Transport our brother hence.
- [2] How many whom thy judgments call,  
As sudden, not as safely fall!  
    He falls, again to rise,  
By instantaneous grace removed,  
He falls asleep in his belov'd,  
    And wakes in paradise.
- [3] For this habitually prepared,  
Death could not find him off his guard,  
    A man who daily died:  
A stranger in the vale of tears,  
Whose life for more than forty years,  
    Confessed the crucified.
- [50]
- [4] His life the proof substantial gave,  
And witnessed Jesus' pow'r to save,  
    The sinner here forgiv'n;  
While firm in the old paths he stood,  
Redeemed the time by doing good,  
    And laid up wealth in heav'n.
- [5] Rugged howe'er his manners seem'd,  
His manners were by all esteem'd,  
    Who truth preferred to art:  
His hands for Esau's hands were known,  
His voice bewrayed the favourite son,  
    And Jacob's honest heart.
- [6] His heart, as tender as sincere,  
Melted for ev'ry sufferer,

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<sup>40</sup>Appears in MS Funeral Hymns, 99–102.

And bled for the distressed,  
Whene'er he heard the grieved complain;  
And pity for the sons of pain,  
Resided in his breast.

- [7] A father to the sick and poor,  
For them he husbanded his store,  
For them himself denied;  
The naked clothed, the hungry fed,  
Or parted with his daily bread,  
That they might be supplied.
- [8] But chiefly, who in Christ believed,  
For them, into his heart received,  
He naturally cared;  
His faith's integrity to prove,  
By labours of unwearied love,  
To gain a full reward.
- [51]
- [9] A steward just, and wise, and good,  
Through life against the men he stood  
Who basely sought their own;  
He dared their practices condemn,  
Yet not an enemy to them,  
But to their deeds alone.
- [10] Sin, only sin, his soul abhorred,  
A follow'r of his righteous Lord,  
Till all his toils were past:  
And lo! The hoary saint ascends,  
And gathered to his heav'nly friends,  
Obtains the prize at last!
- [11] Thanks be to God in Christ his Son!  
Thy pow'r is on our brother shown,  
Thy truth, and constant love:  
Thou dost the final victory give,  
And more than conqueror receive  
To rapturous joy above.
- [12] O! That the friends he leaves beneath,  
Might live his life, and die his death,  
For glory as mature,  
Partakers with the saints in light,  
And reap the pleasures in thy sight,  
Which evermore endure!

**On the Death of Mr. [Ebenezer] B[lackwell],  
who Died on Sunday, April 23, 1782.<sup>41</sup>**

**[Part 1.]**

- [1] Happy the follower of his Lord,  
Called, and indulged in him to die,  
To gain a full, immense reward,  
Bestowed by Jesus in the sky!
- [109]  
He rests from all his labours there,  
Pursued by all his works of love;  
And waits for us the joy to share,  
Triumphant with our friends above.
- [2] Then let us cheerfully pursue  
Our comrade, to that heav'nly land,  
And keep, like him, our end in view,  
And love, like him, our Lord's command:  
Obedient both in word and deed,  
By works his genuine faith he showed;  
Rejoiced in Jesu's steps to tread,  
And spent his life in doing good.
- [3] Affliction's kind, unfailing friend,  
He wisely used his growing store,  
And prized his privilege to lend  
To God, by giving to the poor:  
The Lord his lib'ral servant bless'd,  
Who paid him back the blessings giv'n;  
And still, the more his wealth increased,  
More treasure he laid up in heav'n.
- [4] Through life inviolably just,  
He his integrity maintained,  
Most strictly faithful to his trust,  
An upright man of truth unfeigned;  
His roughly, honest soul abhorred,  
The polish smooth, the courtier's art,  
And free from guile in ev'ry word,

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<sup>41</sup>Appears in MS Funeral Hymns, 59–62. Ebenezer Blackwell (1711–82), a London banker, was one of John Wesley's most trusted friends from as early as 1739. Blackwell helped finance many of Wesley's charitable efforts. He and his wife Elizabeth also frequently hosted Wesley at their country home in Lewisham. The Blackwells became close as well to Charles and Sarah Wesley, particularly after they moved to London.

He spoke the language of his heart.

[5] Who always lib'ral things devised,  
By lib'ral things he firmly stood,  
Sincerely loved his friends and prized,  
Their burdens bore, and sought their good:

[110] But chiefly those to Jesus dear,  
Who travelled to that land of rest;  
As brethren intimately near,  
He cherished in his gen'rous breast.

[6] A man of passions like to ours,  
For years he groaned beneath his load,  
And wrestled with the adverse pow'rs,  
And looked to the atoning blood!  
The blood which once his pardon bought,  
Did here the contrite sinner save;  
And all his faults are now forgot,  
Are buried in his Saviour's grave.

[164]

## Part 2.

[1] On earth he drank the deepest cup  
Of sharp, but consecrated pain,  
And filled his mournful measure up,  
And suffered with his Lord to reign;

[165]

Meekly the sudden call obeyed,  
His willing spirit to resign,  
And only for his Saviour stayed,  
To finish his own work divine.

[2] The souls whom most he prized below,  
The dearest partners of his heart,  
Free, and detached, he let them go;  
Resigned, and ready to depart:  
'Tis all his gasping soul's desire,  
To find his place prepared above;  
And keep, with that enraptured choir,  
A sabbath of eternal love.

[3] The pray'r is heard, and saved at last,  
He drops the gross, corporeal clay,  
The dreary, doleful vale is past,  
And opens into glorious day;  
Past are his days to feel and mourn,  
Accomplished is his warfare here,  
His Father wills him to return,

And Israel's flaming steeds appear!

[4] Triumphant while the soul ascends,  
By ministerial spirits conveyed,  
The numbers whom his grateful friends,  
He by th' unrighteous mammon made;  
With kindred saints and angels bright,  
In shining ranks expecting stand,  
And all the shouting sons of light,  
Receive, and welcome him to land.

[5] Happy the souls he leaves behind,  
If following him, as he his Lord,  
As meek, and lowly, and resigned,  
They hear the last transporting word;

[166]

If ready through the Saviour's love,  
When all the storms of life are o'er,  
As safe and sudden they remove,  
And grasp their friend, to part no more.

[6] To ask his death shall I presume?  
Saviour thyself in me reveal,  
And grant me when my hour is come,  
His penitence and faith to feel:  
Thou seest the wish of this weak heart,  
His cup of tortures to decline,  
And let me then like him depart,  
And let his final state be mine!

**In Memory of Mr. Charles Perronet,  
Who Died on Monday,  
August 12, 1776, Aged 53.<sup>42</sup>**

Farewell! thou man of complicated strife,  
Thou heir immortal of immortal life!  
Protracted years of long protracted pain  
Were *here* thy portion—but are *now* thy gain.

Who tried thy patience has refined its dross,  
To bear his image as it bore his cross.

Yet not thy hope of pardon, or its crown,  
From sorrows suffered, or from duties done:  
This all from him—whose everlasting grace  
Became thy ransom, as it bought thy peace.

This all thy life, this all thy death confest,  
That “Christ was all—and refuse all the rest:”  
Even him—on whom as *first* and *last* depend,  
Where grace shall work, and how that work shall end.

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<sup>42</sup>This text appeared first in the September 1776 issue of *Gospel Magazine* (p. 434), under the heading, “In the midst of life we are in death.” There is no mention of Perronet or his recent death. There is also no indication of authorship there, or when it reappears in the *Arminian Magazine* with the title above. It is not to be found in Charles Wesley’s manuscript collections. But his authorship still seems highly likely, for three reasons. First, Wesley regularly wrote short poems on occasions like weddings and deaths of friends, sending them in letters to the friends connected, and he was quite close to Charles Perronet’s father, Vincent. Vincent Perronet was connected with the various evangelical branches of Anglicanism, including the Calvinist branch that published *Gospel Magazine*. Second, the style and many phrases in the poem are common to Charles Wesley. Third, if Wesley wrote the original it would explain how the occasion for the poem could be added as its title in this republication.



**An Epitaph on the Death of  
Mr. Charles Perronet.<sup>43</sup>**

Here lies, who late a living emblem lay  
Of human greatness, in a tent of clay;  
A pilgrim, wand'ring through this desert wild,  
Weak as a reed, and helpless as a child:  
Whose strengthened arm by faith untaught to yield,  
Oft foiled the tempter, and maintained the field.  
In wars without, in warring fears within,  
He conquered terror as he conquered sin;  
Looked from himself to him, whose potent breath  
Can light up darkness, or extinguish death:  
Dart from his eye destruction on the foe,  
And make hell tremble as she hears the blow:  
He looked, and found what all who look receive,  
Strength to resist, and virtue to believe;  
Meek, to endure and suffer from his God  
The tender chast'nings of a father's rod:  
While thus corrected, as by pain refined  
His spirit groaned to leave its dross behind:  
The dross is left—no more his spirit mourns,  
But spreads her wings, and to her ark returns:  
Great Ark of Rest—the sufferer's bright abode;  
The arms of Jesus, and the ark of God!

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<sup>43</sup>Like the prior poem, this one appeared first in the September 1776 issue of *Gospel Magazine* (p. 434), with the heading “The Epitaph” and concluding with the benediction, “Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.” There is no indication of authorship there, or when it is republished with the new title here in the *Arminian Magazine*. However, the reasons given for the prior poem also point to Charles Wesley as the most likely author of this epitaph.

**On the Death of Dr. Middleton,  
an Eminent Physician in Bristol,  
who Died Dec. 16, 1760.<sup>44</sup>**

**[Part 1.]**

- [1] Glory to the Redeemer give,  
The glory of a soul brought home!  
Our friend, for whom we joy and grieve,  
Is to th' eternal garner come:  
Like a ripe shock of corn laid up,  
In season due, for God mature;  
He kept the faith, held fast his hope,  
And made his crown through suff'rings sure.
- [2] Let infidels and heathens mourn,  
Hopeless to see their dead restored;  
We feel him from our bosom torn,  
But calmly say,—“It is the Lord!”  
In pity of his creature's pain,  
Whom God had to th' afflicted given;  
He justly asks his own again,  
And takes to his reward in heav'n.
- [446]
- [3] Let us the shining path pursue,  
And, following him to God ascend,  
His bright example keep in view,  
His useful life, and blessed end:  
He lived a life of faith unfeigned,  
His rigid virtue unsubdued;  
His strict integrity maintained,  
And boldly owned he feared a God.
- [4] O where shall we his equal find!  
To all so just, to all so dear;  
The pious son, the husband kind,  
The father good, the friend sincere:  
Not David loved his friend so well,  
Loth from his Jonathan to part;  
Or served him with so warm a zeal,

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<sup>44</sup>Appears in MS Funeral Hymns, 12–20. On 6 August 1740 Charles fell dangerously ill of a fever while preaching to the colliers in Kingswood. He was treated by Dr. John Middleton, with whom he formed a lasting friendship.

Or held him in so fond a heart.

- [5] Yet in no narrow bounds confined,  
His undisguised affection flowed;  
His heart, enlarged to all mankind,  
Rendered to all the love it owed:  
But chiefly those who loved his Lord,  
Who most of Jesu's mind expressed,  
Won by their lives, without the word,  
He cherished in his gen'rous breast.
- [6] Covered with honourable shame,  
He marked the poor afflicted FEW,  
The faithful followers of the Lamb,  
In life and death to Jesus true:  
Rejected and despised of men,  
He heard the saints departing sing;  
He saw them smile in mortal pain,  
And trample on the grizzly king.
- [447]
- [7] Not biassed by a party-zeal,  
Their unsought advocate he stood:  
"The men, who live and die so well,  
Howe'er decried, they must be good."  
Happy his tend'rest help to afford,  
A servant of salvation's heirs,  
He looked on earth for no reward,  
He asked no payment—but their pray'rs.
- [8] In part, before he reached the sky,  
"He found his loving labours *paid*;"  
He found their pray'rs return from high,  
In blessings on his hoary head:  
Warned of his dissolution near,  
He missed that witness from above;  
Or felt him in distressing fear,  
And not in sweet forgiving love.
- [9] The God unknown his servant knew,  
Long in the school of Moses tried;  
The sin-convincing Spirit blew,  
And withered all his virtuous pride:  
With publicans and harlots now  
He comes the sinner's friend to meet;  
By *grace* subdued, and taught to bow,  
"A leper poor at Jesu's feet."
- [10] While weeping there the sinner lay,  
Asunder sawn with hopes and fears,

He cast his filthy rags away,  
The righteousness of seventy years!  
Loathsome, and foul, and self-abhorred,  
Full of all sin, void of all good,  
His soul, at the last gasp, implored  
“One drop of that atoning blood.”

[448]

[11] Nor yet the peaceful answer came;  
His spirit to the utmost tried,  
Must suffer all its guilty shame,  
Condemned, and scourged, and crucified,  
Must all his Saviour’s sorrows share,  
And cry, as bleeding on the tree,  
As in the depths of self-despair—  
“My God hath quite forsaken ME.”

[12] “Not so,” replied the Father’s love,  
And Jesus in his heart revealed;  
He felt the comfort from above,  
The gospel-grace, the pardon sealed,  
How strange that instantaneous bliss!  
While to the brink of Tophet driv’n,  
Caught up, as from the dark abyss,  
He mounted to the highest heav’n.

[502]

## Part 2.

[1] “He’s come, he’s come, in peace and pow’r!  
The agony” he cries “is past;  
Called at my life’s eleventh hour,  
But called I surely am at last!  
I now in Christ redemption have;  
I feel it, through his sprinkled blood;  
And testify his will to save,  
And claim him for my Lord and God.

[503]

[2] “My God to me his grace hath giv’n,  
Hath with the sense of pardon blest;  
I taste anticipated heav’n,  
And happy in his favour rest.  
No evil now, but sin I fear;  
For God in Christ is reconciled:  
My heart is fixed—I find him *here*,  
The witness that I am his child.

[3] “What is redemption unpossessed?—  
Poor reasoning soul to Jesus bow;

Thy pardon seek, like me distressed,  
And find it, a *mere sinner*, now.  
“Ah, who the blessing will embrace,  
The tidings of great joy believe;  
Or urged, accept the proffered grace,  
As *freely* as my Lord would give?”

[4] “Today, while it is called today,  
Ye all my happiness may prove;  
Discharged when I had nought to pay,  
I go to thank my Lord above:  
Through the dark vale of death I go,  
Whom Jesus to himself doth bring;—  
And triumph o’er my vanquished foe—  
A feeble foe!—Without a sting!”

[5] ’Twas thus the dying Christian spoke,  
Conqu’ror of death, and hell, and sin,  
While ev’ry accent, ev’ry look,  
Confessed the heav’nly change within:  
How patient now, and meek, and mild,  
That spirit, which could never tame;  
As loving as a little child,  
As gentle as a harmless lamb.

[504]

[6] That all might Jesu’s witness hear,  
Might own his Lord in him revealed,  
His reason, as his conscience clear,  
Its office to the last fulfilled.—  
“But what are nature’s gifts,” he cried  
“If Jesus were not pleased t’ impart,  
To a poor sinner justified,  
The comfort of a praying heart?”

[7] Just ready to depart in peace,  
He must a farther test sustain,  
The last good fight of great distress,  
And suffer more with Christ to reign;  
Roused by his spirit’s newborn cry,  
Satan and all his hosts assail,  
In vain to shake his faith they try,  
The Rock ’tis built on cannot fail.

[557]

### Part 3.

[1] Mercy prolonged his dying hours,  
That, wrestling with the hellish foe,  
With principalities and pow’rs,

He might his utmost Saviour know:  
Might act his faith in Jesu's blood,  
Hold fast his adamantine shield,  
And see th' accusing fiend subdued,  
With all his fiery darts repelled.

[2] The tempter asked and urged in vain,  
"Hath God indeed thy sins forgiv'n?"  
"He hath, he hath, in mortal pain,  
I cleave to Christ, my life, my heav'n!  
Jesus, thou seest my sprinkled heart,  
My faith in pow'r almighty stands;  
Thou wilt not let th' accuser part,  
Or pluck my soul out of thy hands.

[3] "The purchase of thy death I am,  
On this my only hopes depend;  
Look on thy hands, and read my name,  
And keep me faithful to the end.  
I do, I do believe on thee,  
Thou know'st the grace by thee bestowed;  
I plunge me in the purple sea,  
I bathe me in my Saviour's blood.

[558]

[4] "I will, I will on Jesus trust,  
I cannot doubt his changeless love;  
The fiend hath made his parting thrust,  
But could not from my Rock remove.  
My Saviour would not quit his own,  
And, lo, in death I hold him fast!  
Having my latest foe o'erthrown,  
I stand and all is well at last!"

[5] One only task is yet behind,  
To bless, as with his parting breath,  
With love, unutterably kind,  
With love surpassing time and death:  
Ready to quit the house of clay,  
He leans on a beloved breast,<sup>45</sup>  
And sinks in friendship's arms away,  
And finds his everlasting rest.

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<sup>45</sup>Note in *AM*: "Dr. Robertson, of Wells." John Robertson, M. D. (d. May 1761), originally of Wells, married into an estate in Pitcombe, Somersetshire.

**On the Death of Alexander Harford,  
who Departed This Life January 24, 1783.<sup>46</sup>**

- [1] And is the happy moment come,  
When Jesus hath recalled thee home,  
And wiped off ev'ry tear?  
And must we part, no more to join,  
Till all who tread the path divine,  
Shall with their Lord appear?
- [2] Go happy saint, by Jesus bless'd,  
Of all that happiness possessed  
Thy Saviour hath in store;  
Thy conflicts now forever past,  
And thou from earth escaped at last  
Hast reached the heav'nly shore.
- [60]
- [3] A blessing to the church below,  
He longed that all the truth might know,  
And all its sweetness prove;  
He by example spread around,  
The precious faith himself had found,  
The faith that works by love.
- [4] Long in affliction's furnace tried,  
But still with heav'nly grace supplied,  
He bowed beneath the rod;  
Resigned to his Redeemer's will,  
Desirous always to fulfil  
The pleasure of his God.
- [5] He testified to all around,  
The happiness in Jesus found,  
And praised his loving Lord;  
While in excruciating pain,  
Did heav'nly consolation gain,  
Relying on his word.
- [6] Thus longing for the welcome word,  
And wishing to behold his Lord,  
The happy prisoner lay;

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<sup>46</sup>Although this funeral hymn does not appear among Charles Wesley's surviving manuscripts, his authorship seems likely. The style, metre, and some phrases in the hymn are common to Wesley, and it appears in the same volume with some other funeral hymns from his hand. Nothing is known about Alexander Harford beyond what is revealed in this hymn.

Till Jesus did his convoy send,  
Who bore the spirit of our friend,  
To realms of endless day.

[7] Supported by the pow'r of grace,  
May we behold the Saviour's face,  
To wonder and adore;  
From him receive the glorious prize,  
And claim our mansion in the skies,  
Where parting is no more.



On the Death of Mrs. Pawson<sup>47</sup>

- [1] Our friend has dropped her cumb'rous clay,  
And joyful soars the shining way,  
While kindred spirits spread their wings,  
And bear her to the King of kings.
- [2] Long had she known the Saviour's love,  
And fixed her heart on things above:  
[338]  
Long had she run with even pace,  
A painful — not uncertain race.
- [3] With various gifts and graces fraught,  
By the unerring Spirit taught,  
She warned, allured, with fervent zeal,  
Nor dared religion to conceal.
- [4] Who say the brightness of her face,  
Admired the monument of grace:  
Herself, not to herself revealed,  
By humble poverty concealed.
- [5] But now she shines in endless light,  
In all her Father's glory bright:  
A spotless robe to her is giv'n,  
And all the glorious joys of heav'n.
- [6] She sees with joy her Saviour's face,  
And sings the triumph of his grace;  
Then casts her crown before his throne,  
And glory give to God alone.
- [7] Mortality, thou veil of night,  
How dost thou now obscure my sight?  
How dost thou clip my soaring wings,  
And chain me to inferior things!
- [8] Yet still I'll bear the port in view,  
And saved by hope my way pursue,  
Till I shall hear my Saviour say,

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<sup>47</sup>The hymn does not appear among Charles Wesley's surviving manuscripts, but his authorship is probable. The style and many phrases in the poem are common to Wesley (though its metre is less so), and he regularly wrote hymns on the deaths of friends. This hymn is on the death of Grace Pawson in 1783. She was the wife of John Pawson, a Methodist lay preacher. Mrs. Pawson, whose maiden name was Davis, grew up in Bristol and knew the Wesley family there.

Rise up my love, and come away.

[9] Then shall I join th' immortal throng,  
And swell the everlasting song:  
With joy, through endless ages own,  
All praise belongs to God alone.

**A Prayer for Holiness.**<sup>48</sup>

- [1] When, O my Saviour, shall I find,  
Planted in me thy heav'nly mind!  
When wilt thou make me as thou art,  
Lowly and meek and pure in heart!
- [2] Till with thy mind and Spirit blest,  
I cannot enter into rest;  
Rest to my soul I cannot know,  
Till fashioned as my Lord below.
- [3] Thou man of griefs, thou man of love,  
This wrath, desire, and pride remove:  
My nature by thine own expel,  
And in my soul forever dwell.
- [4] Thou know'st for this alone I live,  
Thy spotless image to retrieve;  
With peace and wisdom from above,  
With gentle, chaste, and humble love.
- [5] O love, essentially divine,  
I nothing want, when thou art mine;  
Substantial holiness thou art,  
And God inhabiting the heart.
- [6] Come then to vindicate thine own,  
And fix in me thy favourite throne,  
My uttermost salvation be;  
My heav'n through all eternity!

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<sup>48</sup>Appears in MS Hymns for Love, 75–76.

**A Prayer for One Grievously Tempted.**<sup>49</sup>

- [1] Jesus, the promise made by thee  
We plead, and touching this agree,  
To ask it for our friend;  
The help thou only canst bestow,  
Deliv'rance from her cruel foe,  
A swift deliv'rance send.
- [2] The virtue of thy saving name,  
Today, as yesterday the same,  
In her relief exert;  
The fiend who dares thy temple seize,  
No longer suffer him t' oppress,  
But bid him now depart.
- [3] Thou canst with equal ease make whole  
The body and the sin-sick soul,  
Physician of mankind:  
Thy patient, Lord, at once restore,  
Filled with th' spirit of love and pow'r,  
And of a healthful mind.
- [4] Clothed with humility and grace,  
Thy saved, thy happy handmaid place  
Attentive at thy feet;  
And never may she thence remove,  
Till spotless in thy sight above  
She finds her joy complete.

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<sup>49</sup>Appears in MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 210–11, with title “For Miss A. D. (September 1784).”

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**A Prayer Written for Mrs. Sarah Bulgin.<sup>50</sup>**

- [1] Jesus, in whose name I trust,  
Nearest those who need thee most;  
See, thy helpless creature see,  
Touched with my infirmity.
- [2] While I sensibly decline,  
Unassured that thou art mine,  
Pained in life, of death afraid,  
Let me feel thy present aid.
- [3] Calmly with submission mourn,  
For the Comforter's return;  
For the reconciling kiss,  
Seal of my eternal bliss.
- [4] When his coming from above,  
Re-assures me of thy love,  
Stamps thy image on my heart,  
Ready am I to depart.
- [303]
- [5] Or if so my Lord ordain,  
Still I in the flesh remain,  
Neither life, nor death request;  
Sure whate'er thou wilt is best.
- [6] Till thy welcome will is done,  
Hang I on my Lord alone;  
Happy thine in life to be,  
Happier still to die in thee!

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<sup>50</sup>Included in "An Extract of the Experience and happy Death of Mrs. Sarah Bulgin," 301–3.