MS Patriotism (drafts)¹

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 1783.²

There are a number of looseleaf drafts of verse on these themes in the collection at the Methodist Archive and Research Centre. A couple are drafts of poems that Wesley published in the *Arminian Magazine* (shown in blue font in the TOC below). Most were not published during his life, but did find more polished form in MS Patriotism. We have gathered them here, even though they appear also in MS Patriotism because several provide good examples of Wesley’s composition process, with multiple revisions. Manuscripts present in the Methodist Archives at The John Rylands University Library that are transcribed or indicated by annotation below include the following accession numbers:³

MA 1977/583/3
MA 1977/583/13
MA 1977/583/14, pp. 6–17
MA 1977/583/27
MA 1977/583/32 (#13, #14, #16, #17)
MA 1977/583/33 (all 13 items)
DDCW 3/14

In three instances, the looseleaf draft in the Methodist Archives is a more polished version of an earlier draft, which is held in the Special Collections of Wesley College in Bristol, England. In each case we give the transcript of the earliest version.⁴

The transcripts gathered here are arranged in the order they appear in MS Patriotism. Many of the manuscripts have no pagination. We have not reproduced page numbers where they do appear. They are presented instead with consecutive numbering, but reflecting manuscript page breaks.

The transcriptions below are provided with permission of the Librarian and Director, The John Rylands Library, The University of Manchester; and of Wesley College, Bristol.

¹This document was produced by the Duke Center for Studies in the Wesleyan Tradition under the editorial direction of Randy L. Maddox, with the diligent assistance of Aileen F. Maddox, and Dr. Timothy Underhill consulting on the shorthand. Last updated: August 19, 2010.
³Specific identification is included in footnotes for each item.
⁴See below, pp. 5–8, 12–13, 14–15.
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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 ene’ mies of the state,
   To aid 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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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
   Shine forth with undiminish’d rays,
   And flourish on his head.7

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 hearts.

8. Give them with other eyes to see
   The Copy of thy majesty,
   The Image of thy power,
   And give of his illustrious race
   A Man to stand before thy face,
   Till time shall be no more.

6“Shine forth” has “Glitter” written in the margin as an alternative.
7Ori., “And flourish in on his head.”
[Untitled.]8

[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
Cast away,
Left a prey
To their cruel power?

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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
    Savst thine own
    In our last distresses.

10. God almighty to deliver
    We proclaim
    Still the same:
    MERCY reigns for ever!
[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\(^{10}\) whose deeds abhor’d
   Bewray’d their foul Hypocrisy.

3. In \textit{Solemn League}\(^{11}\) with death and hell,
   The saints against their King conspir’d
   With furious, fierce, fanatic zeal,
   With avarice and ambition fir’d,

\(^{9}\)The text and notes here follow a loose-leaf draft in the collection of Wesley College Bristol: D6/1, p. 166a. A more polished draft (with variants noted) is present in MARC: MA 1977/583/32, #14. The most polished draft is MS Patriotism, 11–14. Published posthumously in \textit{Unpublished Poetry}, 1:64–66.

\(^{10}\)Ori., “The elect of God.”

\(^{11}\)The \textit{Solemn League and Covenant} (1643) between the Scots and the English Parliament at the time of the English Civil War.
Or returned 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.

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 cast off thy fear,
    Begat 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:

12 Ori., “In.”
14 Ori., “The cause of all our ...”
15 Ori., “Which.”
16 MA 1977/583/32, #14 substitutes “throw” for “cast.”
17 Ori., “the.”
18 MA 1977/583/32, #14 substitutes “retain” for “maintain.”
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 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 threat’nings breathe
To pluck our Monarch from his19 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 coud 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,
O’rejoy’d to see the Scourge draw nigh
   Triumphant in their Country’s doom.

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’rthrow,
   And drag their Countrymen to hell.

19Ori., “the.”
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, 20
And millions of salvation’s heirs
   Salute thee on thy 21 azure throne.

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20 Ori., “Thy kingdom appear, thy will be done.”
21 MA 1977/583/32, #14 substitutes “thine” for “thy.”
[Untitled.]\(^{22}\)

1. Whence come wars, and deadly feuds
   Slaughtring 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,
   Monarchs grasp at boundless sway,
   Subjects swell, and scorn t’ obey.

3. Victims of ambitious pride
   Answering the Destroyer’s call,
   See mown down on every side
   Thousands, and ten thousand 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’er 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?

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,
    Lord of all Creation reigns!

23st Lord of” has “God o’re” written under it as an alternative.
[Untitled.] 24

[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 in 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 25 destruction near,
Let us to the ark repair, 26
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.

24The text and notes here follow a loose-leaf draft in the collection of Wesley College Bristol: D6/1 p. 154b. A more polished draft (with variants noted) is present in MARC: MA 1977/583/33, #9. The most polished draft is MS Patriotism, 17–18. Published posthumously in Unpublished Poetry, 1:69–70.

25Ori., “sure.”

26Wesley has struck out an alternative to “repair” that is now illegible.
5. God of redeeming Love,
   Our Hiding-place above,
   Into thy most gracious hands
   Soul\textsuperscript{27} 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\textsuperscript{28} unconscious creatures join
   All\textsuperscript{29} 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\textsuperscript{30} thy Spirit’s mind we have;
   Thou to us the End\textsuperscript{31} has show’d
   All thy purpose is—TO SAVE.

8 Thy whole design we know
   To fix thy throne below;
   Here Thou wilt once more\textsuperscript{32} appear,
   Claim us by thy Father given,
   Reign before thine ancients here,
   Then transport thy saints\textsuperscript{33} to heaven.

\textsuperscript{27}Ori., “We Soul ....”
\textsuperscript{28}Ori., “All.”
\textsuperscript{29}Ori., “Thy good.”
\textsuperscript{30}Ori., “We, if.”
\textsuperscript{31}MA 1977/583/33, #9 substitutes “thy will” for “the End.”
\textsuperscript{32}Ori., “wilt again.”
\textsuperscript{33}“Church” is suggested beneath as an alternative to “saints.” MA 1977/583/33, #9 adopts the suggested change.
To the Rebellious Among the Americans. 34

[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
    And scourge the land35 from whence ye came.

2. Our children, whom we long have fed,
    And carried in our friendly36 arms,
    Nourish’d, and brought you37 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 coud He38 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.

34The text and notes here follow a loose-leaf draft in the collection of Wesley College Bristol: D6/1 p. 154a. A more polished draft (with variants noted) is present in MARC: MA 1977/583/33, #1. The most polished draft is MS Patriotism, 19–20. Published posthumously in Unpublished Poetry, 1:70–71.

35MA 1977/583/33, #1 strikes out “And scourge the,” replacing with “To the dear.”

36MA 1977/583/33, #1 suggests “fondling” in the margin, as an alternative for “friendly.”

37Ori., “him.”

38Ori., “What more coud he.”
5. Ye vipers who your mother\textsuperscript{39} tear,
   And evil for our good requite,\textsuperscript{40}
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.

\textsuperscript{39}MA 1977/583/33, #1 suggests “Parent” in the margin, as an alternative for “mother.”
\textsuperscript{40}MA 1977/583/33, #1 rewrites: “With evil all our good requite.”
[Part I.]

[1.] Congress repeats its empty boasts,
    As favor’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, profane,
    And take his hallow’d name in vain,
    As lords by his decree,

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His executioners at first,  
Suffer’d to deal\textsuperscript{42} his plagues and curst  
With long impunity.

5. As Cromwell\textsuperscript{43} with his desperate crew  
Was sent\textsuperscript{43} three kingdoms\textsuperscript{44} to subdue  
And crush beneath his yoke;  
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 accurs\textsuperscript{45},  
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,  
Or trod beneath their feet.

\textsuperscript{42}Ori., “raise.”

\textsuperscript{43}Oliver Cromwell (1599–1658).

\textsuperscript{44}I.e., England, Scotland, and Ireland.
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.”

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’er 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. Possest 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.]

1. By faith we now the cloud look thro’,
    With blest, anticipated 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.

45Part 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 man that dare 46 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!

46 Ori., “Whoever dares” changed to “The man that dare.”
[Part I.]

[1.] Summon’d to put off my clay,
Here I woud no longer stay
Grant me but\(^48\) my last request,
Give my suffering\(^49\) 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\(^50\) we may thy mercy feel,
Britain’s wounds and breaches\(^51\) heal,
Raise out of the dust, and bless,
Stablish us\(^52\) 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.

\(^{47}\text{MARC, MA 1977/583/33, #3. Appears also in MS Patriotism, 25–26. Published posthumously in Unpublished Poetry, 1:75–76.}\)

\(^{48}\text{Ori., “Woudst Thou grant” changed to “Grant me but.”}\)

\(^{49}\text{Ori., “wounded.”}\)

\(^{50}\text{Ori., “Then.”}\)

\(^{51}\text{Ori., “breeches.”}\)

\(^{52}\text{Ori., “Stablishing” changed to “Stablish us.”}\)
[Part] II.

[1.] Yet if Justice hath decreed
Britons still for sin shoud 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 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\(^{53}\) heaven with Thee
   Kings thro’ all eternity.

\(^{53}\)Ori., “Bear us then to” changed to “Crown us then in.”
[Untitled.] 54

[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,
   Hir’d 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 blacken’d King.

[5.] They vent their fiercest rage on Him
   With daring insolence blaspheme,
   Their menaces in senates breathe,
   As They could 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\textsuperscript{55} 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?

[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 them to join,

\textsuperscript{55}Oliver Cromwell (1599–1658).
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.
Written February 26, 1782.56

[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’turn the British throne.

56MARC, MA 1977/583/33, #5. Appears also in MS Patriotism, 29–31. Published posthumously in Unpublished Poetry, 1:78–80. Wesley is responding to the vote of Parliament on 24 February 1782 to abandon further prosecution of the war against the American colonists.
4. But hide him, Lord, beneath thy wings,
Of men the virtuouset, 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.

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.

57 Ori., “By.”
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 cheerfully obey
   His awful Minister.

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 thine eye,
   Till 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.

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58 This is titled “Another” in this draft, but rendered as Part II of the same hymn in MS Patriotism. We have preserved the continuity with MS Patriotism. Published posthumously in Unpublished Poetry, 3:245–46.

59 Ori., “His dread Vicegerent here.”
4. But let them have their judgment here
And scape thine utmost wrath severe
If Thou their bodies slay;
The dying Penitents⁶⁰ forgive,
And bid⁶¹ their Souls thro’ mercy live
In that eternal day.

⁶⁰Ori., “Parricides.”
⁶¹Ori., “let.”
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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 one righteous man
   “Who doth to truth and justice cleave,
   “I for his sake will all forgive.”

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.

3. Yet ev’n in these licentious days
   Of general, reigning wickedness,
   When millions rul’d 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.

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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 their cry to 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,
[^5^]Thy mercy, not thy wrath, make known,
[^6^]And give us to thy Pleading Son.”
“King Josiah went against him, and He slew him.”—2 Kings 23. 29.63

[1.] To our tremendous Lord
What shall thy people say?
The wicked scape thy scourge and sword,
The just is swept away:
Possest 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 a 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.

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 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.
[Untitled.]$^{64}$

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$^{65}$ 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.


$^{65}$“Feeble” has “faithless” written above it as an alternative.
4. We never can confide in Them, but will 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.

5. O might we each distinctly grieve, death’s sentence in himself receive, before the measure is fulfil’d, before the nation’s 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 slaughtring sword devour.”

7. While humbly, thus, our sins we own which forc’d thy lingring judgments down,

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66 Ori., “We blame, but cannot credit Them,” with “credit” changed to “trust in.” Finally changed from “We blame, but cannot trust in Them” to “We never can confide in Them.”

67 “Himself” has “ourselves” written above it as an alternative.

68 “Nation’s” has “general” written above it as an alternative.

69 Ori., “in.”

70 “Slaughtring” has “greedy” written below it as an alternative.

71 “While” has “When” written above it as an alternative.

72 Ori., “Lord.”

73 “Thy lingring” has “great God thy” written above it as an alternative.
Our sins, which brought this evil day,
In mercy\textsuperscript{74} 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, till time shall be no more.

\textsuperscript{74}``In mercy” has “O woudst Thou” written above it as an alternative.
For the King.

[1.] Father by all confest
On thy 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 quell,
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:

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76Ori., “I make my” changed to “we make our.”
The dire Deceiver blast,
But pluck out of his\textsuperscript{77} teeth
His\textsuperscript{78} wretched slaves, redeem’d at last,
And sav’d from Second death.

4. The poor, misguided crowd,
Who mad for liberty
Insult their King, and threaten loud,
With soft compassion see,
Beguil’d by specious lies,\textsuperscript{79}
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\textsuperscript{80} 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,
Intestine strife shall cease,
And Britons sheath the slaughtring sword,
And meet again in peace:
Reform’d we\textsuperscript{81} then shall live
Converted by thy rod,
And honor to our Sovereign give
And glory to our God.

\textsuperscript{77}Ori., “their.”
\textsuperscript{78}Ori., “Their.”
\textsuperscript{79}Ori., “arts.”
\textsuperscript{80}Ori., “breeches.”
\textsuperscript{81}Ori., “Our nation” changed to “Reform’d we.”
[Untitled.]\(^\text{82}\)

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’ extirminating 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.

4. O for his only sake,83
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 let84 us die.

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 wondering see,
And gladly give, with all the praise
Our ransom’d lives to Thee.

6. Low 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!

83Ori., “Son.”
84Ori., “have.”
[Untitled.] 85

[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 Royal Dignity,
On scanty bread to live
Brought by his subjects 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 blessing to insure,
In love to condescend,
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 bottomless Abyss,
Thy Footsteps are not seen
Thy mind is not exprest,
Who sufferst thus the worst of men
To trample on 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*
   Conspire, or canker’d Shimei curse
   And Absalom rebel.*
   We trust thy faithful love
   To bless and hold him fast
   Till more than Conqueror he prove
   And more than sav’d 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,
   Stampt 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
   Let every heart receive,
   And Thou, great King, in them and me
   Thro’ endless ages live.

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86Ori., “By.”
87Ori., “Ahitophel.”
88Cf. 2 Sam. 16–17.
Party Loyalty, written in the year 1780.89

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,
But purchas’d with an annual Bribe
The Votes of the Dissenting Tribe,
Who serv’d with flaming zeal and hearty
The HEADS of their own favor’d Party. [4]

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 Kingdom’s comprehends;
“All Sects and Parties reconciles,
“And like on Whig and Tory smiles, [16]

89MARC, MA 1977/583/27. Appears also in MS Patriotism, 45–46. Published in Arminian Magazine 4 (1781): 340. 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.
“Aims at impossibilities,
“And studies all the world 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!”
Written on a Late Declaration of Lord C______, that the Conquest of America by Fire and Sword is not to be Accomplished. 90

[1.] True is the patriotic word,
   We never can by fire and sword
   The fierce Americans subdue;
   If we our General’s steps pursue,
   Against his friends his sword 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

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90Charles, Earl Cornwallis (1738–1805).
91MARC, MA 1977/583/3 (which is numbered pp. 3–5). Appears also in MS Patriotism, 47–49. Published during Wesley’s life in Arminian Magazine 5 (1782): 500–502.
Leaves them, who on his faith rely,
By hunger and disease to die.

4. Thousands, who unconsum’d remain,
He drives out of his camp again;
And while they trust his treach’rous words,
Gives back 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—,\textsuperscript{92}
Who fierce Americans subdu’d,
And conquer’d them whene’er he wou’d;
Too generous to pursue the blow,
Or trample on a vanquish’d foe.

6. His vanquish’d foe full oft he rear’d,
And kindly their despondence cheer’d:
Too brave to take them by surprize,
He saw their straits with pitying eyes;
And put them out of all their pain,
And gave them back their towns again.

\textsuperscript{92}MS Patriotism reads “Howe.” I.e., Lieutenant General Sir William Howe (1729–1814).
7. Such Leaders never can aspire
   Rebels to quell with sword or fire;
   But without fire—another can
   Accomplish it—an honest\textsuperscript{93} 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\textsuperscript{94} is the Patriot’s Name!

\textsuperscript{93}Ori., “other.”

\textsuperscript{94}Sir Guy Carlton, who replaced Sir Henry Clinton as Commander-in-Chief of British forces as the war neared its end.
On a late Vote  
Febr[uary] 22, 1782.95

How furiously now do the Patriots strive,  
And on to the brink of the Precipice drive!96
“No longer oppose: let the Rebels alone:  
Give up the Dispute, and the Business is done.
“Our Commanders may then with impunity rest,  
The matter be hush’d and Inquiry suppress;
“While the men who so well understood Peculation,  
And grew fat on the spoils of a Sacrifice’d Nation
“Their own Villanies 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,
“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,
“Our zeal for unlimited Liberty prove
“And demonstrate, how dearly our Country we love.”

95MARC, MA 1977/583/14, pp. 6–7. Appears also in MS Patriotism, 50. Published posthumously in Representative Verse, 346–47; and Unpublished Poetry, 1:145–46. Wesley is referring to a vote in the House of Commons on February 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.
96Ori., “strive.”
Shall the war be abandon’d, or still carried on?
(Now we come to the Point, and the day is our own)
Shall Britain exist as a Nation, or not?
It exists by a single unfortunate Vote,
But if Numbers of Votes we could gain by surprize,
Over-reach half a Senate, and put out their eyes,
We shall surely prevail, if we bravely persist,
The whole Parliament conquer—and do as we list.
[Written after the Next Vote.]\(^97\)

[1.] Come away to the Chase!—The Republican Pack,
With a rabble of Livery-men at their back,
Have started the Stag; and resolve to press on,
Till the bloodthirsty 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 fam’d for their exquisite Taste,
“In the present, as well as the Century past,
“At their annual Club\(^98\) who so greedily\(^99\) 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,
By hard strugling and lying their purpose attained,
And by Treason at last—a majority gain’d.

\(^97\)MARC, MA 1977/583/14, pp. 8–9 (untitled). Appears also in MS Patriotism, 51–52 (with title above). Published posthumously in Representative Verse, 348–49; and Unpublished Poetry, 1:146–47. This would be the vote of Parliament on 24 February 1782 to abandon further prosecution of the war against the American colonists.

\(^98\)In MS Patriotism Wesley identifies this annual feast as on “Jan. 30.” This would be the feast for the martyrdom of King Charles I.

\(^99\)Ori., “eagerly.”
[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 harms way, and their weapons lay down,
Till the Mob has secur’d their Republican Crown.

[6.] But true Englishmen hope, that our Nation o’reach’d
Will recover their wits, and awake unbewitch’d;
Then the Traitors at home, and the Agents of France
Shall 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.

Ori., “to.”
Pax quaeritur—Precibus!\textsuperscript{101}

The Men who nothing understand,
Woud make a Peace with Sword in hand,
But wiser Methods now are tried
By Those, that lay the Sword aside:
They sue to Congress for\textsuperscript{102} a peace,
And sue, \textit{in forma pauperis},
And meekly beg it—on their knees.

\begin{quote}
“Peace must be by Intreaty gain’d,
“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 Burk[e],\textsuperscript{103}
It woud not on their Passions work;
Had we the Modesty of Fox,\textsuperscript{104}
It woud not soften stones and stocks,
Persuade them to give up their Prize
To reprobate their French Allies,
Their Father-confessors to spurn,
And to their Country’s Arms return.
\end{quote}


\textsuperscript{102}Ori., “of.”

\textsuperscript{103}Edmund Burke (1729–97).

\textsuperscript{104}Charles James Fox (1749–1806), supporter in Parliament of American independence.
In this precarious situation
What saith the Wisdom of the Nation?
With patriotic tenderness
Our Legislators give us peace,
The universal Wish allow,
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
Have public Leave to fight again,
And may resist (the Senate votes)
When Yankies come—to cut their throats.

"Meantime by our pacific measures
"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 or’ewhelm
"And thrust our Rivals from the Helm,
"The State into subjection bring,
"And turn our arms against the K[ing]
"For if he refractory prove,
"And will not all his friends remove,
“With all his Ministers, with all
“His friends—the K[ing] himself shall fall!”* 

* See a late Speech in the House.
Sire,

with indulgent smiles receive
The Nation’s Represent[ative],
Who humbly our requests make known,
Low at the Footstool of your Throne:
Your Commons, for the Public Weal
Anxious, and full of loyal Zeal,
With duteous modesty, we pray—
Put your old Ministers away,
Your trusty Friends and Counsellors,
Your Servants for a length of years,
Let all who love you, we insist,
Be instantaneously dismissed;
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]

In vain against the stream you strive,
Or talk of your Prerogative,
As You could Officers declare,
And give us either Peace, or War:
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.
Vested in Them dominion see,
And bow to LEGION’S Majesty,
A Servant of the people, know
Your Masters have ordain’d it so:
Allow the Patriots then their Hire, 107
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! 108 [40]

107 Ori., “tide.”

108 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.
The major part, the stronger side,
On horseback set, will surely ride!
“And wherefore shoud we not, they say,
“If every dog must have his day,
“Infinte 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!

“We now prescribe the peaceful law
“And soon our forces shall withdraw,
“And spare the nation’s farther pains
“To quel the brave Americans.
“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:
“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 fleec’d the nation

“Baffled the credulous Majority
And shelter took in the Minority.

“Why should we now renounce our ease
For a few paltry colonies?
“Why vindicate our Monarch’s right,
Or for the Constitution fight?
“For King and Country what care we,
“For George, or his Supremacy?
“For Loyalists, or their distresses?
“Our care is—to secure our places
“The brave Americans to crown,
“And turn this kingdom upside down.

“Our fixt Resolve we first declare
“To end Germain’s destructive war:
“But if both sides refuse to bend,
“How should the quarrel have an end?
“Then let us beg, or buy a peace,
“The high and mighty States confess,
“All, to be Independent,—
“And thus we make a glorious End on’t!![

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110 George Germain, 1st Viscount Sackville (1716–85); known as Lord George Sackville until 1770 and as Lord George Germain from 1770 to 1782.
I. Written in 1782  
by an American in New York, 1782.\footnote{MARC, MA 1977/583/13, #1 (where the entirety of the hymn appears on one side of a large page). Appears also in MS Patriotism, 74–75. Published posthumously in Unpublished Poetry, 1:136–37.}

[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 oppress’d, 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.\footnote{Ori., “load.”}

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.

4. Our latest Hope was fixt on Him  
In goodness as in power Supreme;  
Of\footnote{Ori., “On.”} 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 despised,  
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!

II. Written in October 1782  
   For the Loyal Americans.\textsuperscript{114}

\textbf{[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 dar’d 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 \textit{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, or hope,  
   Bound hand and foot, and given up  
   To the Destroyer’s sword!

4. Thus we reward their faithful zeal  
   Who lost their all from Principle  
   With their last drop of blood;  
   Thus we the generous Martyrs praise,  
   And a perpetual Mon’ment raise  
   Of England’s gratitude!

\textsuperscript{114}MARC, MA 1977/583/13, #2 (where the entirety of the hymn appears on the backside of the same page as the preceding hymn). Appears also in MS Patriotism, 78–79. Published posthumously in \textit{Unpublished Poetry}, 1:137–38.
5. 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.

6. 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.

7. 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.

8. Redeem them in their last distress,
   That nations yet unborn may bless
   The wonders of thy love,
   And finishing their Course below
   With songs of joy triumphant go,
   To bless thy Name above.
III. The American Refugees.\textsuperscript{115}

[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 sufferers 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 forc’d to beg our bitter bread:
Which when we scarce obtain
The scanty meat, the short relief,
Is, to increase 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 wilt the spot supply,
And hide us in the grave.

\textsuperscript{115}MARC, MA 1977/583/13, #3. A more polished draft appears below. Appears also in MS
Patriotism, 73–74. Published posthumously in \textit{Representative Verse}, 353–54; and \textit{Unpublished Poetry},
1:139–40.
[Untitled.]\textsuperscript{116}

[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,
    Scorn’d his uplifted Hand\textsuperscript{117} to see,
    And gloriéd 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 foreign\textsuperscript{118} lands,
    With power Assassins 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 rend,\textsuperscript{119} 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


\textsuperscript{117}Wesley suggests “outstretched arm” in the margin (in shorthand), as an alternative for “uplifted Hand.”

\textsuperscript{118}“Distant” is written in the margin, most likely as an alternative to “foreign.”

\textsuperscript{119}“Rend” has “burn” written above it as an alternative.
To tread their loyal Brethren down,  
And fix the rebels on their\textsuperscript{120} throne.

5. Therefore the Lord hath given them 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.

6. Left to their hellish cruelty,  
   Beneath their saws and harrows torn,  
   Britons their bleeding Brethren see,  
   Nor daign to sympathize or mourn,  
   Till by the 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 chastisement 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\textsuperscript{121} our Saviour’s sake,  
   Till in the hollow of thy hand  
   We scape the wreck, and reach the land.

\textsuperscript{120}“Their” has “a” written above it as an alternative.
\textsuperscript{121}Ori., “And spare us \textit{with} for.”
[Untitled.] ¹²²

[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 glori’d 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 hir’d
    Their ruin’d Country to abase
    To tread their loyal Brethren down
    And seat the Rebels on a throne.

5. Therefore the Lord hath given them 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.

6. Left to their hellish cruelty
   Beneath their Saws and harrows torn,
   Britons their bleeding Brethren see,
   Nor daign to sympathize, or mourn,
   Till by the 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 Chastisement we bear
   Or’whelm’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 grasp the land.

9. [unfinished]123

123Neither the first version of this MS (pp. 66–67 above) nor MS Patriotism, 80–81, indicate that Wesley was considering a stanza 9.
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?

Protection if allegiance draws,
If Kings their subjects shoud defend,
The Sufferers in their Country’s Cause,
May justly on our help depend:
And must they who on us rely,
By famine, sword, and gibbets die?

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 that yet remain,
To us stretch out their hands—in vain!

Whom rebels up to slaughter give,
As rebels ’gainst their lawless power
Shall Britons to the murtherer leave
(While suppliant they our aid implore,)
Or push them back into the fire
By varied torments to expire?

Tell us of Punic faith no more,
Of Rome’s, or Gallia’s Perfidy,

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125Ori., “fought.”
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 stony hearts refuse to feel
For those that made our Cause their own,
As adverse Partizans we treat,
And spurn them gasping at our feet.

7. The Prize for which our Fathers fought,
Which cost a Wolf’s 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 faithful Subjects lost
With joy our modern Patriots see,
And o’re their King and Country boast
A full, desisive victory
Force him to pull his kingdom down
And pluck the jewels from his Crown.

9. But will not God the just arise,
The secret traytors to display,
Scatter their evil with his eyes,
Drag out the fiends in open day,
Blast all the sons of wickedness,
And save us in our last distress?

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126 Ori., “6.”
127 I.e., James Wolfe (1727–59), who lead the British forces in a daring battle and reclaimed Quebec from the French in September 1759.
128 Ori., “pernicious.”
129 Ori., “throne.”
130 At the bottom of the page is a line of shorthand, with several cross-outs, which cannot be deciphered with confidence. It does not appear to be a draft of any portion of the longhand poem. It may be the collection of short notes related to composing the verse.
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 the 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.\(^{131}\)

\(^{131}\)In shorthand at the bottom of the page is an earlier draft of the last four lines of stanza 10 and the first four lines of stanza 11.
Written on the Peace, 1783.\textsuperscript{132}

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\textsuperscript{133} 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 Fiends could give,  
   Which deadly feuds creates,


\textsuperscript{133}The Six Indian Nations.
Murders, and massacres, and wars;
Peace which humanity abhors\textsuperscript{134}
\hspace{1em}And every Briton hates.

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,
Orewhelms with loads of infamy
\hspace{1em}And sinks the British name.

6. A peace which never could have been,
   But as the punishment of sin,
   Of riot in excess,
Of falsehood, cruelty 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.

\textsuperscript{134}Ori., “A peace which loyalty abhors.”
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 righteous God,
And inquisition makes for blood,
Will he not call to mind
Those Pests of our afflicted race,
And thrust them down to their own place,
The murtherers 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,\textsuperscript{135}
And safe with Christ their Life above
On thy eternal throne.

\textsuperscript{135} Ori., “grace.”