

JOHN WESLEY'S MS POETRY MISCELLANY¹

Editorial Introduction:

This is a transcription of Volume 1 of the “Coleman Collection” of John Wesley manuscript materials, held in the Methodist Archives and Research Centre, The John Rylands Library, The University of Manchester, Manchester, England. It is a bound volume of Wesley’s copies of 110 poems. It was apparently completed prior to February 6, 1730, as dated on page 180. Wesley’s Oxford dairy supports this dating in its record of when he read several of the volumes used (noted below at time of citations).

Almost all of the poems are by authors other than John Wesley himself. He drew on about 20 sources (all identified in notes). Two sources merit special mention as they were NOT published prior to February 1730.

- 1) John includes several poems by his old brother, Samuel Wesley Jr. None of these were published until 1736, and most were never published in the eighteenth century. John was clearly transcribing from Samuel’s manuscript copies, and the published version often has slight differences from that transcribed by John.
- 2) John also includes five poems that appeared in 1730 in a collection by David Lewis. Both John Wesley and his brother Samuel Jr contributed to an earlier volume by Lewis and assisted in soliciting other contributions (cf. John’s letters to his brother in *Works* 25: 190–93, 195–98). Thus, the poems included in this MS Miscellany that appeared in the published volume edited by Lewis were possibly also transcribed by John Wesley from manuscript versions.

Wesley transcribed the poems for his personal use. The value he put in several of them is evidenced by his decision in later years to publish them in his *Collection of Moral and Sacred Poems* (1744) and in the initial volume of the *Arminian Magazine* (1778). Information on such subsequent publication is included in footnotes throughout.

One poem in this collection was clearly by Wesley himself (the paraphrase of Psalm 104, beginning on page 74), bearing his signature when he later published it in the *Arminian Magazine*.

There are only 8 poems in the collection about which the source is uncertain (see pp. 39, 58, 61, 62, 70, 71, 77, 83). About half of these are likely the work of Samuel Wesley Jr. Some of the others may be by John Wesley, but this cannot be confirmed.

The inside cover of Wesley’s volume gives a list of his typical abbreviations. Pages 181–82 provide an index of the poems (reproduced in a more complete form on pages 181–84 of this transcript).]

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¹This document was produced by the Duke Center for Studies in the Wesleyan Tradition under editorial direction of Randy L. Maddox, with the diligent assistance of Aileen F. Maddox. Last updated: March 22, 2018.

Mr. Harte²**[Untitled]³**

- [p.] 4 Who takes his censure, or his praise on trust,
Is kind, 'tis true, but never can be just. [...]
- [p.] 11 No look, no posture must mishap'd appear,
Bold be the work, but boldly regular.

Part of Pindar's First Pythian Ode⁴

- [p.] 61 In fair Sicilia's rich domain,
Where flowers and fruits eternal blow,
Where plenty spreads her peaceful reign,
And seas surround, and fountains flow,
Bright religion lifts her eye,
Wand'ring thro' the kindred-sky.
Hail thou, everlasting Jove,
Parent of th' Aonian quire;
Touch my raptur'd soul with love,
Warm me with celestial fire!
- [p. 62] The pious mariner when first he sweeps
The foaming billows, and exalts his sails,
Propitiates every power that rules the deeps,
Led by new hopes, and born by gentle gales.
So e'er the muse disus'd to sing,
Emblazons her fair Hero's praise:
(What time she wakes the trembling string,
Attemper'd to the vocal lays)
Prostrate in humble guise she bends,
While some celestial power descends

²Walter Harte (1709–74), *Poems on Several Occasions* (London: Bernard Lintot, 1727).

³Harte, "An Essay on Painting," 3–43 (excerpts from pp. 4, 11).

⁴Harte, "Part of Pindar's First Pythian Ode paraphrased," 57–64 (excerpts from pp. 61–62).

To guide her airy flights along;
 God of the silver bow, give ear;
 (Whom Tenedos, and Chrysa fear)
 Observant of the Song!

[p.] 80 **Occasion'd By the Chirping of a Grasshopper⁵**

Happy Insect! ever blest
 With a more than mortal rest,
 Rosy dewes the leaves among,
 Humble joys, and gentle song!
 Wretched Poet! ever curst,
 With a life of lives the worst,
 Sad despondence, restless sears,
 Endless jealousies and tears.

In the burning summer, thou
 Warblest on the verdant bough,
 Meditating chearful play,
 Mindless of the piercing ray;
 Scorch'd in Cupid's fervors, I
 Ever weep, and ever die.

Proud to gratify thy will,
 Ready nature waits thee still:
 Balmy wines to thee she pours,
 Weeping thro' the dewy flowers:
 Rich as those by Hebe giv'n
 To the thirsty sons of heav'n.

⁵Harte, "A Soliloquy Occasioned by the Chirping of a Grasshopper," pp. 80–82.

Yet alas! we both agree,
 Miserable thou like me!
 Each alike in youth rehearses
 Gentle strains, and tender verses;
 Ever wand'ring far from home;
 Mindless of the days to come,
 (Such as aged winter brings
 Trembling on his icy wings)
 Both alike at last we die;
 Thou art starv'd, and so am I!

On Mr. Fenton's Miscellany⁶

[p.] 97 Like Vinci's strokes, thy verses we behold;
 Correctly graceful, and with labour bold.
 At Sappho's woes we breathe a tender sigh,
 And the soft sorrow steals from every eye.
 Here Spenser's thoughts in solemn numbers roll,
 Here lofty Milton seems to lift the soul.
 There sprightly Chaucer charms our hours away
 With stories quaint,⁷ and gentle roundelay.

Of Mr. Pope⁸

[p.] 102 Such be my days, and such my fortunes be,
 To live by reason, and to write by thee!

⁶Harte, "To a Young Lady with Mr. Fenton's Miscellany," 94–98 (excerpt from p. 97).

⁷Harte had spelled "queint," Wesley changes.

⁸Harte, "To Mr. Pope," 99–102 (excerpt from p. 102).

Dublin Miscellany⁹

(On a Lady Throwing Snow-balls
by Mr. Concanen.)¹⁰

[p.] 75 To the bleak Winds on barren Sands,
While Delia dares her Charms expose,
To missile Globes with glowing hands,
She forms the soft descending Snows.

The lovely Maid from every part
Collecting, molds with nicest care,
The Flakes less frozen than her heart,
Or than her downy Bosom fair.

On my poor Breast her Arms she tries;
Level'd at me, like darted Flame
From Jove's red Hand, the Pellet flies,
As swift-its Course, and sure its Aim.

Cold as I thought the fleecy rain,
Unshock'd I stood, nor fear'd a smart,
While latent Fires with pointed pain,
Shot thro' my Veins, and pierc'd my heart.

Or with her Eyes she warm'd the Snow,
(What Coldness can their Beams withstand?)
Or else, (who would not kindle so?)
It caught th' Infection from her Hand.

⁹Matthew Concanen (1701–49), editor, *Miscellaneous Poems; Original and Translated* (London: J. Peele, 1724) [Binder's Title "Dublin Miscellany"].

¹⁰Concanen, editor, "On a Lady's Throwing Snowballs, an Ode," by the same, pp.75–77.

So glowing Seeds to Flints confin'd,
 The Sun's enlivening Heat conveys:
 So¹¹ Iron to the Loadstone join'd,
 Usurps its Power, and wins its Praise.

So strongly influent shine her Charms,
 While Heav'n's own Light can scarce appear;
 While Winters rage, his Rays disarms,
 And blasts the Beauties of the Year.

To every Hope of Safety lost,
 In vain we fly the lovely Foe,
 Since Flames invade disguis'd in Frost,
 And Cupid tips his Dart with Snow.

The Picture. By the Same¹²

So numerous Flavia's Charms appear,
 As may her Form display,
 In all the Dresses of the Year,
 And Beauties of the Day.

Calm and serene, like Spring, her Air;
 Like Autumn, soft her Mold;
 Her Face, like Summer, blooming fair;
 Her Heart, like Winter, cold.

Her Bosom, Cynthia's full-orb'd Light;
 Her Cheeks Noon's rays adorn;
 Her Tresses shew the falling Night;
 Her Eyes the rising Morn.

¹¹Orig., "Thus."

¹²Concanen, ed., "The Picture," by the same, pp. 89–90.

On Seeing a Friends Picture. By the Same.¹³

[p.] 97 The pleasing Aspect, and the Front serene,
 The comely Stature, and the graceful Mien,
 Shall, taught to live by H— —'s artful Hand,
 In bloom perennial on the Canvas stand.
 Ah! how unlike the frailty of the Clay,
 That while the Colours ripen, melts away;
 While the same course of Time with equal Strife,
 Improves the Picture, and impairs the Life.

The present Likeness then to what avails?
 Too soon, alas! the faint Resemblance fails.
 Some few Years hence, when weighty Cares shall bend,
 And hoary Age sit freezing o'er my Friend,
 The Blood shall mantle in his Cheek no more,
 And Wrinkles rise where Dimples lay before;
 The Leg shall tremble, and the Shoulder bow,
 While the warm'd Canvas glows as bright as now;
 And Men, surpriz'd, shall see the Piece declare,
 Such were his Features once, and such his Air.
 And thence the Meanness of our Nature see,
 Since Shadows boast more Permanence than we.

Taken from Randolph, p. 61

See p. 51¹⁴

¹³Concanen, editor, "On Seeing a Friend's Picture," by the same, pp. 97–98.
 Wesley published in *Arminian Magazine* 1 (1778): 429–30.

¹⁴Wesley is noting Concanen's dependence upon a similar poem by Thomas Randolph (p. 61 in *Poems*), which Wesley includes on p. 51 of this miscellany.

(A Song. By the Same)¹⁵

[p.] 109 Fond Orpheus went, as Poets tell,
 To bring Eurydice from Hell;
 There he might hope to find a Wife,
 The bane and pest¹⁶ of Human Life.

The damn'd from all their Pains were eas'd;
 Not that his Musick so much pleas'd,
 But that the oddness of the matter
 Had justly made the wonder greater.

Pluto, enrag'd that any He
 Should enter his Dominion free;
 And to inflict the sharpest Pain,
 Made him a Husband once again.

But yet, in justice to his Voice,
 He left it still within his choice;
 If, as a Curse, he'd not refuse her,
 And taught him by a Look to lose her.

By a Lady¹⁷

[p.] 227 If it be true, celestial Powers,
 That you have form'd me fair,
 And yet in all my vainest Hours
 My Mind has been my Care;
 Then in Return I beg this Grace,
 As you were ever kind,
 What envious Time takes from my Face,
 Bestow upon my Mind.

¹⁵Concanen, editor, "A Song," by the same, pp. 109–10.

¹⁶Orig., "pest and bane."

¹⁷Concanen, editor, [no title] By the same [a Lady], p. 227.

[To Stella]¹⁸

[p.] 230 Stella, when we your Beauties trace,
 How easily we find,
 That Nature, when she form'd your Face,
 But copied from your Mind:
 And lest your Form should make you vain,
 She wisely did provide
 Superiour Beauty, both to pain
 And moderate your Pride.
 Resolving that no Vice should spoil
 What she so well design'd,
 She wisely made your Face a Foil
 To your more lovely Mind.

A Song¹⁹

Stella and Flavia, every Hour,
 Do various Hearts surprise:
 In Stella's Soul lies all her Power,
 But Flavia's in her Eyes.

More boundless Flavia's conquests are,
 And Stella's more confin'd:
 All can discern a Face that's fair,
 But few a lovely Mind.

Stella, like Britain's Monarch, reigns
 O'er cultivated Lands;
 Like Eastern Tyrants Flavia deigns
 To rule o'er barren Sands.

¹⁸Concanen, editor, "To Stella," p. 230.

¹⁹Concanen, editor, "A Song," p. 234.

Then boast, fair Flavia, boast thy Face,
 Thy Beauty's only Store;
 Thy Charms will ev'ry Day decrease,
 Each Day gives Stella more.

[p.] 360 **(Song, in Imitation of Sternhold-Hopkins.)**
By Mr. Ward²⁰

Fair Margaret in wofull wise
 Six Hearts has bound in thrall;
 As yet she undetermin'd lies,
 Which she her Spouse shall call.

Wretched, and only wretched he,
 To whom that Fate shall fall!
 For, if her heart aright I see,
 She means to please 'em all.

Proverbs the 7th
By the Same²¹

My Son, the Instruction that my Words impart,
 Grave on the living Tablet of thy Heart;
 And all the wholesome Precepts that I give,
 Observe with strictest Reverence, and Live.

Let all thy Homage be to Wisdom paid,
 Seek her Protection, and implore her Aid;
 That she may keep thy Soul from Harm secure,
 And turn thy Footsteps from the Harlot's door.
 Who with curs'd Charms lures the Unwary in,
 And soothes with Flattery their Souls to Sin.

²⁰Concanen, editor, "Song, in Imitation of Sternhold-Hopkins," by the same [Rev. James Ward], p. 360.

²¹Concanen, editor, "The Seventh Chapter of Proverbs translated into Verse," by the same [Rev. James Ward], pp. 337–40.

Once from my Window as I cast mine Eye
 On those that pass'd in giddy Numbers by,
 A Youth among the foolish Youths I spied,
 Who took not sacred Wisdom for his Guide.

Just as the Sun withdrew his cooler Light,
 And Evening soft led on the Shades of Night,
 He stole in covert Twilight to his fate,
 And pass'd the Corner of the Harlot's Gate;
 When, lo, a Woman comes!—
 Loose her Attire, and such her glaring Dress,
 As aptly did the Harlot's Mind express:
 Subtle she is, and practis'd in the Arts,
 By which the Wanton conquer heedless Hearts. ...²²
 The Youth she seiz'd; and laying now aside
 All Modesty, the Female's justest Pride,
 She said, with an Embrace, Here at my House
 Peace-Offerings are, this Day I paid my Vows;
 I therefore came abroad to meet my Dear,
 And, lo, in happy Hour, I find thee here.

My Chamber I've adorn'd, and o'er my Bed
 Are covering's of the richest Tap'stry spread;
 With Linnen it is deckt, from Egypt brought,
 And Carvings by the curious Artist wrought.
 It wants no glad Perfume Arabia yields,
 In all her Citron Groves, and spicy Fields;
 Here all her store of richest Odours meets,
 I'll lay thee in a Wilderness of Sweets.

²²Wesley omits:

Stubborn and loud she is; she hates her Home,
 Varying her Place and Form, she loves to roam;
 Now she's within, now in the Streets does stray,
 Now in each Corner stands, and waits her Prey.

Whatever to the Sense can grateful be
I have collected there—I want but Thee. ...²³

Upon her Tongue did such soft Mischief dwell,
And from her Lips such welcome Flattery fell,
Th' unguarded Youth, in Silken Fetters tied,
Resign'd his Reason, and with ease complied.
Thus does the Ox to his own Slaughter go,
And thus is senseless of th' impending Blow.
Thus flies the simple Bird into the Snare,
That skilful Fowlers for his Life prepare.
But let my Sons attend, attend may they,
Whom youthful Vigour may to Sin betray;
Let them false Charmers fly, and guard their Hearts,
Against the wily Wanton's pleasing Arts.
With Care direct their Steps, nor turn astray
To tread the Paths of her deceitful Way;
Lest they too late of her fell Power complain,
And fall, where many Mightier have been slain.

**Part of the Eighth Chapter Paraphrased
By the Same²⁴**

[...]
[p.] 342 My Precepts all are pure, and shall impart
Light to the Eyes, and Knowledge to the Heart:
Thro' all I utter, simple Truth will shine,
Exalted is my Speech, my Theme divine;
Nothing perverse shall in my Words appear,
Tho' high as Heav'n they be, yet are they clear
As those bright Lamps that shine for ever there.

²³Wesley omits:

My Husband's gone a Journey far away,
Much Gold he took abroad, and long will stay,
He nam'd for his Return a distant Day.

²⁴Concanen, editor, "Proverbs, Chapter 8. Paraphrased," by the same [Rev. James Ward], pp. 341–46. Wesley published in this abridged form in *Arminian Magazine* 1 (1778): 427–29.

I, sacred Wisdom, am more precious far
 Than purest Gold, or costly Rubies are. ...
 From inexhausted Springs my Riches flow,
 The more I give, I more abundant grow:
 Love shall from me Returns of Love obtain,
 And none, that seek me early, seek in vain:
 I bring my Votaries untainted Joys,
 Which nor Enjoyment palls, nor Time destroys;
 Forbidden Pleasures in Remorse conclude,
 But I, to make you happy, make you good. ...

But why thus boast I Pow'r, weak Man, o'er thee!
 Ev'n God vouchsafes to take Delight in me,
 Me he possess'd from all Eternity.
 While all Things yet did in their Causes lie,
 Before his glorious Works of old, Was I;
 E'er this fair Earth arose at his Command,
 And felt the forming Power of his Almighty Hand.
 E'er yet the watry Stores, that scatter'd lay,
 Into one Heap collected form'd a Sea;
 E'er Chrystal Springs did thro' the Vallies flow,
 Dispensing goodly Plenty as they go;
 E'er the gay Meads adorn'd with Flow'rs were seen,
 Or smiling Fields array'd in cheerful Green;
 Nor had the Mountain rais'd its tow'ring Brow,
 And swell'd with Pride o'erlook'd the Plain below.

I then did on the Almighty Presence wait,
 When he went forth his Wonders to create;

When wild Confusion did his Voice obey,
 And sudden started into fair Array.
 By him I stood, when Heav'n's amazing Frame,
 Call'd by his quickning Voice, from nothing came;
 I saw, when all its glitt'ring Hosts were made,
 And in bright Ranks their beauteous Orbs display'd;
 I at his Word beheld the Clouds arise,
 And in their fleecy Volumes cloath the Skies,
 Form'd by the heav'nly Artist to contain
 The watry Treasures of his fruitful Rain.
 When he rebuk'd the haughty Ocean's Pride,
 And check'd the Fury of the swelling Tide,
 I saw the ebbing Waves submissive creep
 Back to the spacious Bosom of the Deep.
 I saw, when midst the Planets Earth he plac'd
 On her own Center fix'd, and round her Waste
 The Waters, as a Liquid Garment, cast.
 Thro' the whole Mass he my kind Influence spread,
 And stamp'd my Image on whate'er he made;
 I still, as his Delight, before him stood,
 Dwelt with th' Eternal, and convers'd with God. [...]

Phoenix Park. By the Same.²⁵

[p.] 379 Shall Cooper's-Hill, majestick rise in Rhyme,
 Strong as its Basis, as its Brow sublime?
 Shall Windsor Forest win immortal Praise,
 It self outlasting in its Poets Lays?
 And thou, O Phoenix Park, remain so long
 Unknown to Fame, and unadorn'd in Song?

²⁵Concanen, editor, "Phoenix Park," by the same [Mr. Ward], pp. 379–91.

Thou too canst boast thy Lawns, and painted Meads,
 Thy funny Vallies, and sequestr'd Shades;
 As pleasing Dreams thy Trees and Springs bestow,
 As gently whisper, and as sweetly flow;
 With equal Charms the tuneful Muse delight,
 Inspire her Rapture, and her Lays invite. ...²⁶

Oft thro' thy cool Retreats I silent stray,
 And lost in Thought, neglect my heedless Way;
 Intent on Nature's Works, my wand'ring Mind
 Shakes off the busy Town she left behind;
 Her Wings she plumes anew, expatiates free,
 And quits the World for Solitude and thee.

How pleasing, while the Sun in early Day
 Shoots o'er the Earth aslant his dawning Ray;
 In that calm Light thy glist'ring Fields to view,
 E'er his hot Beams have drunk the Morning Dew;
 E'er genial Zephyrs breathe upon the Bow'rs,
 Op'ning the balmy Buds, and Virgin Flow'rs;
 Th' unruffled Streams with silent Pace are born,
 Nor shakes the Aspen Leaf, nor waves the Corn;
 The sleeping Cloud low on the Mountain lies,
 And Vapours from the Valley slowly rise.
 Full of new Life, up starts the sprightly Fawn,
 And wanton, skips and bounds along the Lawn:
 The tow'ring Lark long since has reach'd the Sky,
 And equal balanc'd, soaring hangs on high;
 Maturely conscious of approaching Light,
 She first of Creatures breaks from drowzy Night;

²⁶Wesley drops two full stanzas that speak of nymphs, dryads, etc.

Beyond Earth's Shade, on daring Pinions born,
 Anticipates the Sun, and meets the Morn;
 Th' Impatient Joy that swells her little Breast,
 Breaks forth melodious in her Song's exprest;
 Warbling she wakes the slumb'ring Birds around,
 And Mattins shrill thro' all the Grove resound.

I too thy Blessings taste, bright Lamp of Day,
 Thy Influence own, and feel thy quick'ning Ray;
 Uncommon Raptures in my Bosom glow,
 And from my Tongue unlabour'd Numbers flow;
 Notes, free as theirs, join with the feather'd Throng,
 Alike our Ecstasy, alike our Song.

Thy Beams, kind Sun, do all the Gifts bestow,
 And all the Charms that grace the World below;
 All Nature is thy Boon, thy piercing Light
 To humane Eyes reveals the beauteous Sight;
 And 'tis thy Warmth inspires the Muse's Strain,
 And gives her Verse to paint the lovely Scene.

What Scene more lovely, and more form'd for Bliss,
 What more deserves the Muse's Strain than this?
 Where more can boundless Nature please, and where
 In Shapes more various, and more sweet appear?

Now when the Centre of the Wood is found,
 With goodly Trees a spacious Circle bound,
 I stop my wandring—while on ev'ry Side,
 Glades op'ning to the Eye, the Grove divide,

To distant Objects stretch my lengthen'd View,
And make each pleasing Prospect charm anew.

The Mountain here heaves up his airy Height,
A short Horizon to my bounded Sight,
Whose Caverns treasure up descending Show'rs,
Nor Heav'n on him in vain its Plenty pours;
When sultry Seasons scorch the rivel'd Earth,
His Bounty gives a thousand Fountains Birth:
Prolifick Moisture swells the smiling Grain,
And double Harvests load the grateful Plain.

Deep in the Vale old Liffy rolls his Tides,
Romantick Prospects crown his revered Sides;
Now thro' wild Grotts, and pendant Woods he strays,
And ravish'd at the Sight, his Course delays,
Silent and calm—now with impetuous Shock
Pours his swift Torrent down the steepy Rock;
The tumbling Waves thro' airy Channels flow,
And loudly roaring, smook, and foam below. ...

There, o'er wide Plains, my lab'ring Sight extends,
And fails itself e'er the long Landskape ends:
Where Flocks around the rural Cottage seen,
Brouze the young Buds, or graze the tufted Green;
And Fields bespread with golden Crops appear,
Ensuring Plenty for the following Year.

There on a Mount a ruin'd Tow'r I spy,
A sweet Amusement to the distant Eye;
Forward it starts, approaching to be seen,

And cheats me of the sinking Lands between. ...

There the broad Ocean spreads his Waves around,
 With anchor'd Fleets a faithful Harbour crown'd: ...²⁷
 While thus retir'd, I on the City look,
 A Groupe of Buildings in a Cloud of Smoak; ...
 I learn her Vice and Follies to despise,
 And love that Heav'n which in the Country lies.
 The Sun in his Meridian mounted high,
 Now warns me to the covert Bow'r to fly;
 Where Trees officious crowd around my Head,
 And twisted Woodbine forms a fragrant Shade.
 No noisy Ax thro' all the Grove resounds,
 No cruel Steel the living Branches wounds:
 Rev'rend in Age the wide-spread Beech appears,
 The lofty Oak lives his long date of Years. ...²⁸

The 28th Chapter of Job Paraphrased
By Mr. Sterling²⁹

[p.] 401 With quick Vibrations of Etherial Flame,
 The Voice divine forth from the Whirlwind came;
 The Skies in Undulations shook around,
 And Job and Nature trembled at the Sound.

Thus spake th' Almighty: Who presumptuous tries
 To pierce unbounded Space with mortal Eyes?
 Can finite Beings, and weak Reason's Line,
 Fathom the mazy Depths of Power Divine?
 Answer thy God, Where was't thou, Earth-born Man,

²⁷Wesley deletes early stanza and these lines that suggest we trust in political power:
 By whose kind Aid we num'rous Blessings share,
 In Peace our Riches, and our Strength in War.

²⁸Wesley omits stanzas praising Ireland, and again speaking of mythic beasts, etc.

²⁹Concanen, editor, "The 28th Chapter of Job paraphrased," by Mr. Sterling, pp. 401–8. Wesley prints in this abridged form in *Arminian Magazine* 3 (1781): 113–16.

E'er Motion, Time, or Entity began?
 Who thro' the Skies the flaming Orbs has hurl'd?
 Who fix'd the Basis of the stedfast World?
 Who thus has heav'd aloft each pond'rous Sphere,
 To float self-ballanc'd³⁰ in circumfluous Air? ...³¹
 Who laid the Corner-stone, what potent Hand?
 Or say, where fixt Earth's stable Columns stand?
 Who, when the Morning-Stars in Consort rise,
 With Wings the Breeze, with Balm prepares the Skies?
 Say, did the Musick of according Spheres,
 Or Shouts of Angels ever hail thy Ears?
 Who fix'd³² the Barriers of the lawless Main,
 Where booming to the Beach it roars in vain?
 Obsequious to their God the Waters stand,
 Heap'd on themselves high o'er the threaten'd Land:
 Billows the Voice omnipotent obey'd,
 Thus far, ye Seas—here your proud Waves be stay'd.³³
 Who cloath'd the Ocean with a watry Shroud,
 Or made its swadling Band an ambient Cloud?
 Did'st thou appoint the Day-spring to be born?
 Or pour out genial Light on Infant Morn?
 Did'st thou mark where the golden Sun should rise;
 Or teach the Dawn to paint the orient Skies?
 Who feeds the Urn of unexhausted Day,
 While the cheer'd World bless the diffusive Ray.³⁴ ...

Gav'st thou the Wave o'er briny Wastes to flow,
 Or hast thou search'd the christal Depths below?

³⁰AM: "self-balanc'd."

³¹Wesley omits:

Who o'er the measur'd Globe has stretch'd the Line,
 Or steer'd the Sun thro' each illustrious Sign?

³²AM: "fixt."

³³AM: "staid."

³⁴AM: substitutes "To cheer the world with his diffusive ray?"

Saw'st thou beneath my wond'rous Strata spread?
 Or Billows gurgling from their Oozy Bed?
 Know'st thou how new-born Winds their Pinions try?
 Or where inchain'd the dormant Tempests lie? ...
 Declare, to thee are Earth's Dimensions known,
 The mighty Axis and the burning Zone?
 Know'st thou the Regions of immortal Day,
 Where dazzling Beams in sportive Glories play?
 Hast thou explor'd the Caverns of the Gloom,
 And genuine Night's inhospitable Womb?
 These do'st thou know in deep Experience sage,
 And have three thousand Years matur'd thy Age?

Saw'st thou the Store-house of the treasur'd Snow,
 Whence the fledg'd Drops in feather'd Whiteness flow?
 Who rais'd the Magazine of blasting Storms?
 Pronounce what Mold the driving Hailstone forms. ...³⁵
 Renew'd in Light, whence the grey Morning springs,
 Born in a Cloud on Eurus' balmy Wings;
 How is the swelling Tide alternate toss'd
 Back on itself, and in itself is lost? ...
 Answer, whence momentary Meteors rise,
 Dart thro' the Air, or trail along the Skies?
 Whence Clouds, with Sulphur charg'd, opposing break,
 And shock'd Heav'ns their Rage in Thunder speak? ...

Say, hath the Rain a Sire? Refin'd by you,
 In subtle Sleet distills the copious Dew?
 Why chrystal Floods in nitrous Chains are bound,
 And Frosts congeal the unrelenting Ground?

³⁵Wesley omits:

These from on High, hurl'd with a mighty Hand,
 I send vindictive on a guilty Land.

How solid Waves to glassy Mountains grow,
While sunk beneath, the pining Waters flow?

Resolve, inquiring³⁶ Man, thy God demands;
Speak! Can'st thou loose Orion's [frozen] Bands?
Can'st thou suspend the vast harmonious Frame?
Or stop on high each Orb of circling Flame?
Can'st thou arrest the Northern Stars that roll
In paler Fires around the gelid³⁷ Pole?
By me the Pleiads their sweet Course advance;
I bid Mazaroth lead the radiant Dance:
I mark the Period each bright Planet runs,
And guide Arcturus with his humid Sons.

Can mortal Ken pierce my mysterious Laws?
Or trace Effects to their remotest Cause?
Who in their Turn the Seasons can dispense,
And stand the Substitute of Providence?
Can thy strong Call unsluice the burthen'd Cloud,
Till Rains descending roll a rapid Flood?
Sudden can'st thou command the Light'ning's Glare,
While forky Streams lick the retreating Air?

By whom are Souls to generous Arts refin'd?
Who molds the Heart, and cultivates the Mind?
Who frames the wond'rous Brain, the secret Cell,
Where Thought first dawns, and crude Ideas dwell;
Where rip'ning Judgment glimmers thro' the Dark,
And slow calls³⁸ forth each intellectual Spark?

³⁶AM: "enquiring."

³⁷AM: "frigid."

³⁸AM: "casts."

The Senses there thro' dark Meanders rove,
 Thro' ev'ry tender Tube and fibrous Grove:
 Each a long Train of Images affords:
 Reason receives, and Memory records.

Who stops the turgid Bottles of the Sky,
 Bids Storms disperse, and low'ring Vapours fly?
 Who paints the show'ry Bow, the golden Stream,
 The Sun-born Beauties, and the vivid Gleam?

Again, O Man, what Species, say, what Tribe,
 To thee their wond'rous Sustenance ascribe?
 Whether the feather'd Race and scaly Brood,
 Or savage Beasts, that haunt the lonely Wood?
 Can thy all-piercing Eye the Range survey,
 Where grumbling Lyons seek the destin'd Prey? ...
 Do'st thou their Food, with providential Care,
 The clam'rous Ravens daily Food prepare?
 Lo! From their callow Young, the tender Cries
 Reach the high Heav'ns; high Heav'n their Want supplies:
 For God alone can God's Creation guide,
 And Nature's Lord, o'er Nature's Works³⁹ preside.

³⁹AM: "work."

The Hive
(Vol. 2)⁴⁰

[Untitled]⁴¹

[p.] 39 See, see She wakes, Sabina wakes!
And now the Sun begins to rise;
Less glorious is the Morn that breaks
From his bright Beams than her fair Eyes.

With Light united, Day they give,
But different Fates e'er night fulfill;
How many by His Warmth will Live?
How many will Her Coldness Kill!

[Untitled]⁴²

Clarinda, the Pride of the Plain,
So fam'd for her conquering Charms,
Repenting her Scorn of a Swain.
Sat pensive, and folded her arms.
Her Lute, and her shining attire,
Neglected were laid at her side;
While pining with helpless Desire,
The Damsel thus mournfully cried.

Oh! could the past Hours but return,
When I triumphed in Angelot's Heart,
Clarinda would mutually burn,
Would mutually suffer the smart.

⁴⁰*The Hive: A Collection of the Most Celebrated Songs of Our Best English Poets*, Vol. 2 (London: John Walthoe Jr., 1724).

⁴¹“On his Mistress waking at Break of Day,” *Hive*, 2:39.

⁴²“Clarinda's Repentance,” *Hive*, 2:115–17.

But, far from the Plain he is gone!
 Enjoys the sweet smiles of a Fair,
Whose Kindness the Shepherd has won;
 And Clarinda no more is his Care.

How oft at these feet has he lain,
 Bewailing his sorrowful Fate!
But all his Complaints were in vain,
 I foolishly doated on State.
I long'd to be gaz'd on in town,
 To sparkle in golden array;
By my dress, and my Charms, to be known,
 In the Park, and at every new Play.

I thought, without Grandeur and Fame,
 That Marriage no Blessing could prove;
Some wealthy young Heir was my aim,
 And I slighted poor Angelot's Love.
Such Madness besotted my Mind,
 I receiv'd all his Sighs with Disdain;
I regarded his vows but as Wind,
 And scornfully smil'd at his Pain.

How Happy my Fortune had been,
 Could my Reason have conquer'd my Pride!
In Bliss I had rival'd a Queen;
 Had been my dear Angelot's Bride.

With him more Content I had found
 Than Grandeur and Fame could supply;
 For his Fondness my Wishes had crown'd
 With a Passion that never would die.

I had feasted, with Innocent Joy,
 On the Pleasures of Kindness and Ease;
 While the Fears which the great ones annoy,
 Had ne'er interrupted my Peace.
 But ah! that Glad Prospect is Gone!
 His Love I can never regain;
 And the loss I shall ever bemoan,
 Till Death shall relieve me from Pain.

Thus wail'd the sad nymph, all in Tears,
 When the Swain to the Green did advance,
 In his hand his new Consort appears,
 With a Train, gaily join'd, in a Dance.
 Impatient, and sick at the Sight,
 To the neighbouring Grove she retir'd
 (Once the Scene of here Daily Delight)
 And fainting, in Silence, expir'd.

[Untitled]⁴³

[p.] 118 Cyndraxa, Kind and Good,
 Has all my Heart and Stomach too;
 She makes me love, not hate,⁴⁴ my food,
 As other peevish Wenches do.

[skips a verse]

⁴³“Cyndraxa,” *Hive*, 2:118.

⁴⁴Ori. “loath.”

And as She's Fair, she can impart
 That Beauty to make all things fine;
 Brightens the Floor with wondrous Art,
 And at her Touch the Dishes shine.

[Untitled]⁴⁵

[p.] 203 Fly, fly, ye happy shepherds, fly,
 Avoid Philira's Charms;
 The Rigor of her Heart denies⁴⁶
 The Heav'n that's in her arms.
 Ne'er hope [to gaze] and then retire;
 Nor, yielding, to be blest.
 Nature, who form'd her Eyes of Fire,
 Of Ice compos'd her Breast.

Yet lovely Maid, this once believe
 A Slave, whose Zeal you move:
 The Gods, alas! your Youth deceive,
 Their Heav'n consists in Love.
 In spite of all the Thanks you owe,
 You may reproach 'em This,
 That where they did their Form bestow,
 They have denied their Bliss.

⁴⁵"Eyes of Fire, Breast of Ice," *Hive*, 2:203.

⁴⁶Orig., "The rigours of her heart deny."

[Untitled]⁴⁷

[p.] 268 Cosmelia's Charms inspire my Lays,
 Who fair, in Nature's Scorn,
 Blooms in the Winter of her Days
 Like Glastonbury Thorn.

Cosmelia's cruel at threescore,
 Like Bards in modern Plays
 Four Acts of Life past guiltless o'er,
 But in the fifth She Slays.

The Swan⁴⁸

[p.] 269 'Twas on a River's verdant side
 About the close of Day,
 A Dying Swan, with Musick, tried
 To chase her Cares away.

And tho' She ne'er had strain'd her Throat,
 Or tun'd her voice before,
 Death, ravish'd with so sweet a note,
 Awhile the Stroke forbore.

Farewell, she cried, ye Silver Streams;
 Ye purling Waves, adieu,
 Where Phoebus us'd to dart his Beams,
 And blest both me and you.

Farewell, ye tender whistling Reeds,
 Soft Scenes of happy Love;

⁴⁷“Cosmelia's Charms,” *Hive*, 2:268.

⁴⁸“The Swan,” *Hive*, 2:269–70.

Farewell, ye bright enamell'd meads,
Where I was wont to rove;

With you I must no more converse;
Look, yonder setting sun
Waits, while I these last notes rehearse,
And then I must be Gone.

Mourn not, my kind and constant mate,
We'll meet again below;
It is the kind decree of fate,
And I with pleasure go.⁴⁹

I go to⁵⁰ soft Elysian Shades,
And bow'rs of Sweet Repose,
Where never any storm invades,
Nor Tempest ever blows.⁵¹

Then, tho' the Fatal Stroke be nigh,⁵²
I have such cause to grieve;
Since 'tis a Happiness to die,
And 'tis a Pain to Live.

⁴⁹Wesley omits four stanzas:

While thus she sung, upon a tree / Within th' adjacent wood,
To hear he mournful melody, / A stork, attentive, stood.
From whence, thus to the swan she spoke, / What means this song of joy?
Is it, fond fool, so kind a stroke, / That does thy life destroy?
Turn back, deluded bird, and try, / To keep thy fleeting breath;
It is a dismal thing to die, / And pleasure ends in death.
Base stork, the swan replied, give o'er; / Thy arguments are vain.
If after death we are no more, / Yet we are free from pain.

⁵⁰Orig., "But there are."

⁵¹Wesley omits one stanza:

There, in cool streams, and shady woods, / I'll sport the time away;
Or, swimming down the crystal floods, / Among young halcyons play.

⁵²Orig., "Then pr'y thee cease, or tell me why."

(The Grove)⁵³[p.] 283 **In Behalf of Mr. Southerne
To the Duke of Argyle**⁵⁴

Argyle, his praise when Southern wrote,
First struck out This, and then that Thought.
Said, This was Flattery, that a Fault;
How shall the bard contrive?

My Lord, consider what you do,
He'll lose his Pains and Verses too,
For if these Praises fit not you,
They'll serve no man alive.

[p.] 285 **The Resignation**⁵⁵

Great Pow'r! at whose Almighty Hand
Vengeance and Comfort ever wait;
Starting to Earth at thy Command
To execute thy Love, or Hate.

Thy Indignation knits the Brow
On Those who dare to sin give Way;
But who's so perfect, Lord, below,
As never from thy Word to stray?

Yet when they mighty Laws we break,
And after do our Guilt deplore;
Thou do'st the Word of Comfort speak,
And treasure up our Crimes no more.

⁵³Lewis Theobald (1688–1744), editor, *The Grove; or, A Collection of Original Poems, Translations, etc.* (London: W. Mears, 1721).

⁵⁴“In Behalf of Mr. Southerne, To the Duke of Argyle. Epigram,” *Grove*, 283.

⁵⁵“The Resignation: Written for a Lady at Her Request,” *Grove*, 185–87.

O then thy mighty grace display,
And they offending Servant spare;
With Pain my Body wast[e]s away,
My weakened Limbs with constant Care.

Grief has my Blood and Spirits drunk,
My Tears do like the night-dew fall:
My Cheeks are faded, Eyes are sunk,
And all my Draughts are dash'd with Gall.

Thou can'st the heavy Hand withdraw,
That Bends me downward to the Grave;
One healing Touch my Pains can awe,
And thy declining Servant save.

But if thy Justice has decreed,
I still must languish out my Days;
Support me in the time of need,
Patient to bear the slow Decays.

Lo! to thy dreadful Will I bow,
Thy Visitations still to prove;
Thy Judgments do thy mercy shew,
Since, Lord, thou chast'nest in thy Love.

Horace, B. I, Ode 22.
By the Earl of Roscommon
Out of Dryden's Miscellany, Vol. 1.⁵⁶

[p.] 61 Virtue, Dear Friend, needs no Defence,
 The surest Guard is Innocence:
 None knew, till Guilt created Fear,
 What Darts or poison'd arrows were.

Integrity undaunted goes.
 Through Libyan Sands or Scythian Snows,
 Or where Hydaspes wealthy side
 Pays Tribute to the Persian Pride.

For as (by am'rous Thoughts betray'd)
 Careless in Sabin Woods I stray'd,
 A grisly foaming Wolf unfed,
 Met me unarm'd, yet, trembling, fled. ...

Set me in the remotest place,
 That Neptune's frozen Arms embrace;
 Where angry Jove did never spare
 One Breath of kind and temp'rate Air.

Set me where on some pathless Plain
 The swarthy Africans complain,
 To see the Chariot of the Sun
 So near their scorching Country run.

The burning Zone, the frozen Isles,
 Shall hear me sing of Celia's Smiles;

⁵⁶“The Twenty-Second Ode of the First Book of Horace,” By the Earl of Roscommon, in John Dryden (1631–1700), editor, *Miscellany Poems*, 4th edition, 6 vols. (London: Jacob Tonson, 1716), 1:61–62. Page numbers cited by Wesley make clear it is this edition he is citing. Wesley records reading this volume in his Oxford diary (14 Apr. 1726).

All Cold but in her Breast I will despise,
And dare all Heat but that in Cælia's Eyes.

L'Allegro⁵⁷
[by Milton]

[p.] 145 Hence loathed Melancholy
Of Cerberus, and blackest midnight born,
 In Stygian Cave forlorn
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy,
 Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings,
 And the night-Raven sings;
There under Ebon shades, and low-brow'd Rocks,
 As ragged as thy Locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
 But come thou Goddess fair and free,
 In Heav'n yclep'd Euphrosyne,
 And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
 Whom lovely Venus at a birth
 With two sister Graces more
 To Ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;
 Or whether (as some Sages sing)
 The frolick Wind that breathes the Spring,
 Zephir with Aurora playing,
 As he met her once a Maying,
 There on Beds of Violets blue,
 And fresh-blown Roses washed in dew,

⁵⁷"L' Allegro," By Mr. Milton, in Dryden, ed., *Miscellany*, 1:145–49.

Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.

Haste thee nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and Wreathed Smiles.
Such as hang on Hebe's Cheek,
And love to dwell in dimple sleek;
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his Sides
Come, and trip it as ye go
On the light fantastic Toe
And in thy right hand lead with Thee,
The Mountain Nymph, sweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy Crue
To live with Her, and live with Thee,
In unreproved Pleasures free;
To hear the Lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull Night,
From his watch-tower in the Skies,
Till the dappled Morn doth rise;
Then to come in spight of sorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow,
Through the Sweet-Briar, or the Vine,

Or the twisted Eglantine.
While the Cock with lively din,
Scatters the rear of Darkness thin,
And to the Stack, or the barn door,
Stoutly struts his Dames before,
Oft list'ning how the Hounds and Horn,
Chearly rouse the slumbring Morn,
From the side of some hoar Hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill.
Sometimes walking not unseen
By Hedge-row Elms, on Hillocks green,
Right against the Eastern Gate,
Where the great Sun begins his state,
Rob'd in flames and amber Light,
The Clouds in thousand Liveries dight
While the Plowman near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd Land,
And the Milkmaid singeth blith,
And the Mower whets his Sithe,
And every Shepherd tells his Tale
Under the Hawthorn in the Dale.

Strait mine eye hath caught new Pleasures
While the Landskip round it measures,
Russet Lawns, and Fallows gray,
Where the nibling Flocks do stray,
Mountains on whose barren breast

The labouring Clouds do often rest:
 Meadows trim with Daisies pide,
 Shallow Brooks, and Rivers wide.
 Towers, and Battlements it sees
 Bosom'd high in tufted Trees,
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,
 The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes. ...⁵⁸

Tow' red Cities please us then,
 And the busy hum of men, ...⁵⁹
 Then to the well-trod Stage anon,
 If Johnson's learned Sock be on,
 Or sweetest Shakespear, Fancy's Child,
 Warble his native Wood-notes wild,
 And ever against eating Cares,
 Lap me in soft Lydian Airs,
 Married to Immortal Verse
 Such as the meeting Soul may pierce
 In notes, with many a winding bout
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
 With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
 The melting voice through Mazes running,
 Untwisting all the Chains that tie
 The hidden Soul of Harmony.
 That Orpheus' self may heave his head
 From golden slumber on a bed

⁵⁸Wesley omits 36 lines.

⁵⁹Wesley omits 12 lines.

Of heapt Elysian Flowers, and hear
 Such Strains as would have won the ear
 Of Pluto, to have quite set free
 His half regain'd Eurydice.
 These Delights, if thou can'st give,
 Mirth, with thee, I mean to Live.

Il Penseroso⁶⁰
[By Milton]

Hail thou Goddess, sage and holy,
 Hail divinest Melancholy,
 Whose Saintly visage is too bright
 To hit the Sense of human Sight; ...⁶¹
 Come, but keep thy wonted State,
 With even step, and musing Gate,
 And looks commercing with the Skies,
 Thy rap't soul sitting in thine Eyes ...⁶²
 And join to these retired Leisure,
 That in trim gardens takes his pleasure;
 But first, and chiefest, with Thee bring
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,
 Guiding the fiery-wheeled Throne,
 The Cherub Contemplation. ...⁶³

Sweet Bird that shun'st the noise of folly
 Most musical, most melancholy!
 Thee Chantress oft the Woods among
 I woo, to hear thy evensong;

⁶⁰“Il Penseroso,” By Mr. Milton, in Dryden, ed., *Miscellany*, 1:149–53.

⁶¹Wesley omits 22 lines.

⁶²Wesley omits 8 lines.

⁶³Wesley omits 6 lines.

And missing thee, I walk unseen
 On the dry smooth-shaven Green.
 To behold the wandring Moon,
 Riding near her highest noon.
 Like one that had been led astray
 Through the Heaven's wide pathless way;
 And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
 Stooping through a fleecy Cloud.

**Verses by Mrs. Singer Rowe on the Death
 of Her Husband⁶⁴**

In what soft Language shall my Thoughts break free,
 My dear Alexis! when I talk of Thee?
 Nor Nymph, nor Grace, of all the fancied Train,
 Nor weeping Loves, shall aid my pensive Strain:
 True Passion has a Force, too strong for Art;
 She needs no Muse, who can invoke her Heart.
 Tasteless of Forms and from all Comfort torn,
 The Husband, Lover, and the Friend, I mourn:
 Whate'er to Worth or Tenderness was due,
 Whate'er Excess the fondest Passion knew,
 I felt: My Prayers to Heav'n were all for Thee,
 And Love inspir'd me first with Piety.
 Oh! Thou wert all my Triumph, and my Pride:
 My Hope, my Peace, my Shelter, and my Guide!
 Thy Love (sweet Study!) busied all my Days,
 And my full Soul's Ambition was Thy Praise.

Why has my Heart this fond Engagement known?

⁶⁴A revised version found in *The Plain Dealer* #79 (December 21, 1724), 186–88; original in Alexander Pope, editor, *Poems on Several Occasions* (London: Bernard Lintot, 1717), 43–48.

Or, why would Heaven dissolve the Tie so soon?
 Whence had the Charmer all his Power to move?
 And why was all my Breast so turn'd for Love?

Oh! he could talk! 'Twas Extasy to hear!
 The list'ning Soul hung trembling on the Ear,
 Musick's whole Power dwelt artless on his Tongue,
 Awefully soft! Like some kind Angel's Song:
 Pain that but heard Him speak, was charm'd to Rest,
 And Mercy melted down the Miser's Breast;
 Hours, Days, and Years unheeded took their Flight,
 For Time was only measured by Delight!

Fancy still paints him fresh in every Grace;
 But the thin Shade eludes my lost Embrace,
 The empty Vision sinks in shapeless Night,
 And a dim Horror blots my blasted Sight!
 Then the past Misery rises to my View,
 His Death (sad Scene) will be forever New.
 Then with the quickest Sense his Pangs I feel
 And his Last Accents o'er my Silence steal.

My Wife, my sharpest Pain, my fondest Care,
 Heaven for thy sake will hear my dying Prayer,
 Will guard and comfort Thee, when I am dead,
 When from these aking Eyes thy Form is fled,
 When these cold Hands that now thy Grasp implore,
 Shall tremble at the touch of thine no more.
 Oh where shall my unguided Spirit stray,

How err unblest along th' Eternal Way!
 From all Engagements here I now am free,
 But that which keeps my lingering Soul with Thee.
 How I have loved, thy bleeding Heart can tell.
 And—we may meet—till that dear Time—Farewell.

He ceased, and waiting Angels caught his Breath,
 And his quenched Eyes dissolved their beams in death.
 But oh! what Words my Passion can express?
 What Tongue can speak the force of my Distress?
 Why did they tear me from his breathless Clay?
 I should have staid, and wept my Life away.
 Yet Thou, blest Saint,⁶⁵ where-e'er thou now may'st dwell,
 Where-e'er thy Spirit does the Rest excell,
 If thou can'st listen to my Voice, O take
 The softest Vows that Love and Truth can make.

For Thee, my Heart all Pleasure shall forego,
 My Eyes, for Thee, shall stream in secret Woe;
 Far from the busy World I will retire,
 Where mournful Memory feeds the silent Fire.

— By Thee first taught to prove,⁶⁶
 The Force, the Life, the Elegance of Love!
 Sacred to Thee I will thy Gift confine,
 Grasp Thee thro' Death, and be forever Thine!

⁶⁵Orig., “Yet, gentle Shade!”

⁶⁶Ori. “First taught by Thee the noblest Flame to prove,”

“Verses to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady”⁶⁷

In tender Strains, by Nature taught to flow,
 Where no false Art pollutes the genuine Woe.
 For Celia mourns my Heart; and long must mourn,
 Ere the once pleasing Scene knows to return,
 Why roll ye fast, my Tears? Long must ye roll
 Ere healing Peace shall dawn on Celia’s Soul:
 Ere Joy once banish’d shall succeed again
 To biting Care and Strength, consuming Pain;
 Ere the fond maid by sad experience prove,
 The utmost Ills that wait on hapless Love.

Say, Lovely Mourner, what avails Thee now
 The laughing Bloom that wanton’d on thy Brow,
 Thy Cheek, whose Crimson sham’d the blushing Rose,
 Thy Bosom fairer than descending Snows,
 That thy small Waist in just Proportion shone,
 That all thy Sexes’ Charms were join’d in one?
 Ah! What avails thy Elegance of Thought,
 Thy fruitful Mind, with early Counsel fraught,
 Thy piercing Judgment, ever sound and clear,
 Thy more than Female’s Heart, untaught to Fear,
 Thy Wit, still studious, not in vain, to please;
 Oft, inly sighing, wilt thou wish them less?

⁶⁷By John Wesley, as evidenced when Charles quotes it, “turning your own words upon you,” in a letter to John (January 20, 1728). Published without attribution in *Arminian Magazine* 1 (1778): 380–83.

For every Charm a Pang thou shalt receive,
 And grief increas'd be all the Boon they give.

Can'st thou, tender of Heart, whose spotless Name,
 Defied the keenest Shafts of babbling Fame;
 Endure the bitter Scoff, the pointed Wrong,
 And loud Insults of the opprobrious⁶⁸ Tongue?
 Must that fair Pile that kissed its kindred Sky,
 And tower'd beyond the wond'ring Gazer's Eye,
 Sink, overwhelm'd, to Dust? In one short Hour
 The triumph of the abandon'd Scorners' power!
 Should thy Corporeal Part, that Beauteous Frame,
 Shriveled beneath the Fever's scorching Flame?
 Still might the vital Streams their course renew,
 And thy pale Lip glow fresh with purpled Hue.
 But when from withering Fame the Bloom is fled,
 Ne'er can the sickly Flower revive its faded Head.

Can that soft Bosom, which so oft has rose
 At visionary Tales of painted Woes;
 Those Eyes that never view'd the Sufferer's Care,
 But mixt with them that wept a pitying Tear,
 When Fancy paints the real Scene, sustain
 Thy Parents smit with agonizing Pain:
 Thy Sisters, Brother, Friends, whose joyous Smiles
 Doubled thy Pleasures, and deceiv'd thy Toils.
 Whose honied Words with healing Counsel join'd,
 Oft smother'd the Tumult of thy ruffled Mind,

⁶⁸Misspelled in *AM*: "opprobrious."

In Bitterness of Anguish can'st thou see
 Afflicted, Comfortless,— and all for Thee!
 How will that Breast with eager Pantings beat,
 And heave and labour to discharge its Weight;
 How will those Eyes from their full Sluices pour
 Big drops, now first an unavailing Shower!
 Till their exhausted Springs at length deny
 To lend the lamp of Life that small Supply;
 Till of all Utterance barr'd the raging Smart,
 Drink deep thy gushing Blood, and tear thy aching Heart.

Who now, where E— — spreads his fruitful vale,
 Shall bid new Glories o'er the Landscape swell,
 Still steer my doubtful Eyes their steady way,
 In sportive Strife where numerous Beauties play;
 Still guide my wand'ring Feet, joyous to rove
 Thro' blissful Scenes, sit Seats of Peace and Love:
 Where the gay Meadow glows with spotted Pride,
 Where the fair Hill rears high his tufted Side,
 Where, or the Sight in neighbouring Shades is lost,
 Or the extended Prospect widens most.

O Vale, now the sad seat of those that mourn!
 O Scene, for ever clos'd to Joy's return;
 Now boast thy circling Hills, thy wide spread Plain:
 I ne'er must view thee more, or view with Pain.
 May Night eternal, her dire Influence shed,

And pour her blackest Horrors on thy Head,
 Contain, ye fleecy Clouds, your Liquid Store;
 Ye Dews, refresh the guilty Soil no more;
 For there did Guardian Saints their Charge betray,
 There was fair Honour vilely cast away;
 As though but common Glories e'er had grac'd
 Her Form: as though high Heaven had ne'er imprest,
 Its Stamp peculiar on her favorite Breast.

Nor yet from my dim Eyes thy Form retires,
 Fain would they mix with thine their soften'd Fires.
 My bounding Heart with equal Pantings own
 Thy Sway, and spring to seat thee on thy Throne:
 Still should its inmost Chambers open be,
 Its inmost Chambers ne'er were hid from thee;
 Still would my trembling Hand, should Language fail,
 Press thine, assistant to the tender Tale.

Ah no! No more on Horrel's airy Van
 With thee must I admire the subject Plain;
 Drink in the vernal Sweets that float around,
 Or listen to the Soul-enchanting Sound,
 While on the Sprightly Poets' tuneful Song,
 Or Truths divine flow easy from thy Tongue.

Proud Hill, once far above thy Fellows blest,
 Which⁶⁹ Celia with her Presence frequent grac'd,
 Why shines thy Brow in Summer's gaudy Pride?

⁶⁹Orig., "Whom"; JW corrected in his personal copy of *AM*.

Why with enamell'd Verdure laughs thy Side?
 While she that lov'd thee, droops and pines away:
 Expos'd to stormy Grief an helpless Prey!
 Enjoy thy Crime, ungrateful, happy Hill;
 How chang'd is Celia! Thou how beauteous still!

Yet when on Time's slow Wings arrives the Day,
 That sinks that goodly Fabric in Decay,
 Then once more shalt thou rear thy drooping Head,
 Then shalt thou bloom in charms that never fade!
 And when that long expected Hour I see,
 That breaks my cumbrous Chains, and sets me free;
 Surely our disembodied Souls shall join;
 Surely my friendly Shade shall mix with thine!
 To Earth-born Pain superior, light shall rise
 Thro' the wide Waves of unopposing Skies;
 Together view the shining Spheres that stray
 In beauteous Order their appointed Way:
 Together swift ascend Heaven's high Abode,
 Converse with Angels, and Rejoice in GOD!⁷⁰
 [John Wesley⁷¹]

⁷⁰Wesley quoted six of the last eight lines in his letter to Hester Roe, 2 June 1776.

⁷¹JW added his initials in his personal copy of *AM*.

Hampton-Gay⁷²

Fancy, sprightly Nymph, whose Dress
 Shines with Colours numberless,
 More than stain the heav'nly Bow,
 More than glitt'ring Dew-drops show
 In early Dawn; yet ever new,
 Ever changes to the View.
 Take thy Wings, and come away!
 Such a Scene invites thy Stay,
 Such a Scene as never yet
 Before thy ravish'd Eyes was set!
 Tho' o'er Field, and Air, and Wood,
 Over Hill, and over Flood,
 Wandring light, and unconfin'd,
 Thou leav'st the panting Storm behind.

Far away, ye airy Train,
 Natives of the Poet's Brain;
 Sister Nine, suppos'd to tread
 Cold Parnassus' aged Head.
 Airy Train, be far away,
 Guide my undissembling Lay,
 Parent Nature; thou whose Smile

⁷²[Anonymous], "Hampton Gay," in David Lewis (1683?–1760), ed., *Miscellaneous Poems by Several Hands* (London: J. Watts, 1730), 164–73.

Ever glads the grateful Soil:
 Genuine all, all real be,
 "Truth transcending Poetry!"

Draw the envious Veil aside;
 See, the Garden opens wide
 Her well-chose Stores: the pensive Yew,
 Clad in Robes of deepest Hue,
 Here salutes us, taught to stand
 Obedient to the Artist's Hand.
 Fruit-Trees there in gay Attire,
 Gift of Spring's returning Fire,
 Bloom luxuriant, proud to bear
 Promise of a plenteous Year.

Why, ye flutt'ring airy Throng,
 Joyous the fair Leaves among,
 Shrowd Ye your painted Heads, and pay
 Thanks in your sweetest warbled Lay?
 Oft the soothing Tale repeat,
 And praise the Hospitable Seat?
 Should one chilling, fatal Hour
 Blast the blooming Plant, no more
 The flatt'ring Parasites appear,
 No more the soothing Tale we hear;

No more the gaudy Tribe we see.
Droops the Solitary Tree.

Along th' embroider'd Banks I stray,
Damask'd o'er with rich Array:
Primrose, whose pale Leaves first bring
Tidings of approaching Spring.
Cowslips, faintly sweet, that love
The Sunny Mead; the covert Grove
Screen'd the Violet's tender Head,
Ere plac'd in Hampton's sweeter Shade.
Tulip, rich in varied Show,
Rival of the show'ry Bow;
Proud Narcissus, bold to vie
Ev'n with the Lilly's snowy Die.
Lilly, not alone design'd
To please the Eye, but chear the Mind.
Fragrant Lilly, yield to none,
Or yield to the Junquil alone:
Junquil, alone unequal'd reign
Monarch of Maia's flow'ry Train.

What has Nature's ceaseless Care
Form'd so sweet, so gay, so fair?
Scarce so fair the dawning Day;
Scarce so soon it fades away!

Yet shall sure-returning Spring
 Their reviving Glories bring.
 Mourn, Ye wretched Sons of Men,
 Your more transitory Scene;
 When your with'ring Charms are gone,
 Vainly shines the vernal Sun.

Hail, Ye happy Sons of Men,
 Your untransitory Scene!
 When your reviving Seeds shall rise,
 In the Garden of the Skies,
 Never shall their Bloom decay,
 Ever beauteous, ever gay,⁷³
 Winter here retains no Pow'r,
 Time and Death are now no more!

Oft with amusing Thoughts like these,
 Wandring, where the friendly Trees
 Join umbrageous, and defy
 Mounted Titan's piercing Eye;
 Now I mark the chequer'd Glade,
 Mingling Streaks of Light and Shade;
 Or catch the floating Sweets, that from
 The Orchard's swelling Bosom come,
 Deck'd with richer Gems than shade,
 The Indian Monarch's circled Head:

⁷³Orig., "Ever sweet, and fair, and gay."

Cowslip, in pale Gold array'd;
 Lilly, in silver Mantle clad;
 Azure Lilac, yet unsung;
 Violet, Theme of every Tongue.
 Now, in fixt Attention still,
 I listen to the Blackbird shrill,
 Temper'd by the softer Note
 Of the gay Linnet's tuneful Throat:
 Or listen to the neighb'ring Flood,
 That embrac'd by waving Wood,
 Slow, unwilling travels on
 To leave the blissful Soil so soon;
 Whispers to th' inclining Grove,
 And murm'ring tells her Tale of Love.

Oft when Zephyr's wanton Play
 Speaks the calm descending Day;
 Over the smooth-shaven Grass
 Musing, softly, sad I pass
 To the Mount's aspiring Plain,
 Rear'd above the Level Green;
 Far as tallest Lillies rise,
 To pour their Odours thro' the Skies.

Envious Woodbine, cease to spread
 Thy flow'ry Branches round my Head;

Instant the turgid Buds repell,
 Let them strive, and press, and swell,
 Never can their Charms repay
 Thousands their Shade would take away.
 The sloping Grass, the even Flood,
 The Banks embrown'd by verdant Wood,
 The painted Mead, whose modest Side
 Shrubs from the rude Sun-beams hide;
 The Fields with springing Corn that smile;
 The Hill that mocks the Tiller's Toil;
 (The Cottage on whose yellow Brow
 O'erlooks the various Scene below)
 These, tho' but Part of what I see,
 Cool and fragrant tho' Thou be,
 Woodbine, who would lose for Thee?

Haste, my Feet, ere parting Light
 Veil the Lawns in sable Night;
 Where the tall Elm in shady Rows,
 Long extended Arbor, grows;
 Where the low Meadow's spotted Hue
 Glows with yellow, white, and blue;
 Where the River glides between,
 Skirted round with lively Green.

Wreaths of deeper Dye bespread,
 Yon fair Hill's aërial Head.

There the Monarch Oak appears,
Son of thrice an hundred Years:
There round their Chief a lowly Band
Mixt in gay Confusion stand:
Part reach their pious Arms to shade
The sacred Ashes of the Dead;
Part on the Mount's steep Forehead grow,
Nodding o'er the Waves below.
Here too Cherwell rolls her Tide,
Bending Willows crown her Side.
Willow, inglorious, hapless Tree,
Doom'd to wasting Flames a Prey;
Fond of the sequester'd Vale,
Ever languid, ever pale;
Far from me thy Branch remove,
Emblem fit for luckless Love!

Nature, why dost thou bestow
Here thy sweetly-varied Show?
Why, in this luxuriant Clime,
Wanton as in thy early Prime?
Why, profuse of Sweets, outpour
All thy long-collected Store?
All that breathe in verdant Spring,
All that yellow Summers bring,

All that purple Autumn's Wing?
 Vale, and Hill with tow'ring Head,
 Tufted Lawn, and even Mead,
 Fields with Infant Corn that teem,
 Peaceful, thought-inviting Stream,
 Trees that smile, for Ages gay,
 Flow'rs the Glory of a Day;
 Untaught Minstrels, whose soft Song
 Ever floats the Shades among:
 In these luxuriant Climes, if e'er,
 Vain the Labour will appear;
 Spare the Rest—for Celia's here!

Mr. Randolph⁷⁴

[p.] 60

On His Own Picture⁷⁵

When Age hath made me what I am not Now,
 And every Wrinkle tells me where the Plow
 Of Time hath furrowed; When an Ice shall flow
 Through every Vein, and all my head be Snow;
 When Death displays his Coldness in my Cheek,
 And I, myself in my own Picture seek,
 Not finding what I am, but what I was,
 In doubt which to believe, This, or my Glass:

⁷⁴Thomas Randolph (1605–35), *Poems*, 2nd ed., enlarged (Oxford: Francis Bowman, 1640). Page numbers cited by Wesley do not fit the first edition.

⁷⁵Randolph, "Upon His Picture," *Poems*, 60–61. Wesley published in *Arminian Magazine* 1 (1778): 143–44.

Yet tho' I alter, This remains the same
 As It was drawn, retains the primitive⁷⁶ Frame,
 And first Complexion: Here will still be seen
 Blood on the Cheek, and Down upon the Chin.
 Here the smooth Brow will stay, the lively Eye,
 The ruddy Lip, and Hair of youthful Die.
 Behold, what Frailty we in Man may see.
 Whose Shadow is less given to Change than He!

[p.] 66 **Thirsis & Lalage**⁷⁷

[Th.] My Lalage when I behold
 So Great a Cold.
 And not a Spark of Heat in Thy Desire,
 I wonder what strange power of Thine,
 Kindles in Mine
 So bright a Flame, and such a burning Fire,

Lal. Can Thirsis in Philosophy
 A Truant be,
 And not have learn'd the power of the Sun;
 How he to sublunary Things
 A Fervour brings,
 And yet himself is subject unto None?

Th. But why within Thy Eyes appear
 Never a Tear.
 That cause from mine perpetual Showers to fall?

Lal. Fool 'tis Fire's Property,⁷⁸ you know

⁷⁶AM: "ancient."

⁷⁷Randolph, "A Dialogue: Thirsis – Lalage," *Poems*, 66–67.

⁷⁸Orig., "the power of fire."

To melt the Snow.
Yet has no moisture in it self at all.

Th. How can I be, Dear Virgin, show
 Both Fire and Snow?
Do you that are the Cause, the Reason tell;
 More then Miracle to me
 It seems to be,
That so much Heat with so much Cold should dwell.

Lal. The Reason I will render Thee;
 Why Both should be.
Audacious Thirsis in thy Love too bold,
'Cause thy Presumption⁷⁹ durst aspire
 To such a Fire,
Thy Love is Hot; but 'tis thy Hope is Cold.

Th. Let Pity move Thy gentle Breast
 To one opprest;
This Way, or that, give Ease to my Desire;
 And either let Love's Fire be lost
 In Hope's cold Frost,
Or Hope's cold Frost be warm'd in Love's quick Fire.

A Pastoral Courtship⁸⁰

[p.] 93 Behold these Woods, and mark my Sweet
How all these Boughs together meet!
The Cedar his fair arms displays;
And mixes branches with the Bay's.

⁷⁹Orig., "sauciness."

⁸⁰Randolph, "A Pastoral Courtship," *Poems*, 93–99 (Wesley ends his excerpt at p. 95).

The lofty Pine deigns to descend,
 And sturdy Oaks do gently bend.
 One with another subt'ly weaves
 Into one Loom their various Leaves;
 As all ambitious were to be
 Mine and my Sylvia's⁸¹ Canopy!

Let's enter, and discourse our Loves;
 These are, my Dear, no tell-tale Groves!
 There dwell no Pies, nor Parrots there,
 To prate again the Words they hear.
 Nor babbling Echo, that will tell
 The neighbouring Hills one Syllable. ...⁸²

How soon the Flowers do sweeter smell?
 And all with Emulation swell
 To be Thy Pillow? These for Thee
 To lean upon,⁸³ as thou for me! ...⁸⁴
 And why so Coy? What dost Thou fear?
 There lurks no speckled Serpent here. ...⁸⁵
 This is the hallowed Shrine of Love,
 No Wasp nor Hornet haunts this Grove, ...⁸⁶
 No danger in These Shades doth lie,
 Nothing but's Peaceable, as I. ...⁸⁷

Being set, let's sport a while my Fair,
 I will tie Love-knots in thy Hair.

⁸¹Orig., "Phyllis."

⁸²Wesley omits: Being enter'd lets together lye, / Twin'd like the Zodiak's Gemini!

⁸³Orig., "Were meant a bed."

⁸⁴Wesley omits: And I may with as just esteem / Press thee, as thou mayst lie on them.

⁸⁵Wesley omits:

No Venemous snake makes this his rode, No Canker, nor the loathsome Toad.
 And yon poor spider on the tree, / Thy spinster will, no poysoner be,
 There is no Frog to leap and fright / Thee from my arms and break delight;
 Nor Snail that o're thy coat shall trace, / And leave behind a slimy lace.

⁸⁶Wesley omits: Nor Pismire to make pimples rise / Upon thy smooth and ivory thighs.

⁸⁷Orig., "Nothing that wears a sting: but I."

Then Wesley omits: And in it doth no venome dwell, / Although perchance it make thee swell.

See Zephyrus through the Leaves doth stray,
 And has free Liberty to play:
 And braid thy Locks: And shall I find
 Less Favour then the saucy Wind?

Now let me sit, and fix my Eyes,
 On Thee that art my Paradise.
 Thou art my All: The Spring remains
 In the fair Violets of thy Veins:
 Yet that it is a summer's day,
 The⁸⁸ Cherries in thy Lips display.
 And if I would for Autumn Seek.
 'Tis in the Apples of thy Cheek.
 But that which only moves my Smart,
 Is to see Winter in thy Heart! ...⁸⁹

(State Verses)

[Most by Samuel Wesley Jr., in manuscript]⁹⁰

One Good Turn Requires Another⁹¹

When Patriots sent a Bishop⁹² 'cross the Seas,
 They met, to fix their Pains and Penalties;
 While true-blue Blood-hounds on his Death were bent,
 Thy Mercy, Walpole,⁹³ voted Banishment;
 Or forc'd thy Sovereign's orders to perform,
 Or Proud to Govern, as to Raise the Storm.
 Thy Goodness, shown in such a dangerous Day,
 He only who received it can repay:

⁸⁸Ori. "Ripe."

⁸⁹Wesley omits remainder of poem (140 lines) where writer speaks of wanting to touch the breast and thighs of his beloved Phyllis.

⁹⁰Wesley is copying here some manuscript poems by his brother Samuel. None were published at the time when Wesley copies, and most remained unpublished until a mid-nineteenth century, enlarged edition of Samuel's poetry: Samuel Wesley Jr. (1691–1739), *Poems on Several Occasions* (London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co, 1862). Poems will be cited by first edition in which they were published.

⁹¹Samuel Wesley Jr., ms; cf. *Poems* (1862), 631.

⁹²Francis Atterbury (1663–1732).

⁹³Robert Walpole (1676–1745).

Thou never justly recompensed canst be,
Till banish'd Francis do the same for Thee.

(On the same)⁹⁴

Though Some would give Sir Bob⁹⁵ no quarter,
But long to hang him in his garter;
Yet sure he will deserve to have
Such Mercy as in Power he gave.
Send him abroad to take his Ease,
By Act of Pains and Penalties:
But if he e'er comes here again,
Law, take it's Course, and hang him Then.

[Another]⁹⁶

Four Shillings in the Pound we see,
And well may rest contented,
Since war (Bob swore 't should never be)
Is happily prevented.

But he, now absolute become,
May plunder every Penny;
Then blame him not for taking some,
But Thank for Leaving any.

[Another]⁹⁷

A Steward once, the Scripture says,
When order'd his accounts to pass,
To gain his Master's Debtors o'er,
Cried, "For a Hundred write Fourscore."

⁹⁴Samuel Wesley Jr., ms; cf. *Poems* (1862), 631.

⁹⁵Robert Walpole (1676–1745).

⁹⁶Samuel Wesley Jr., ms; cf. *Poems* (1862), 632.

⁹⁷Samuel Wesley Jr., ms; cf. *Poems* (1862), 630.

Near as he could, Sir Robert bent
 To follow Gospel Precedent,
 When told a Hundred, late, would do,
 Cried, "I beseech you, Sir, Take Two."
 In Merit which should we prefer,
 The Steward or the Treasurer?
 Neither for Justice cared a fig;
 Too Proud to beg, too Old to Dig;
 Both Bountiful themselves have shown
 In things that never were their own.
 But here a Difference we must grant:
 One robb'd the Rich to keep off want;
 T' other, Vast Treasures to secure,
 Stole from the Public and the Poor.

[Another]⁹⁸

Let Hal⁹⁹ his Treasons now Confess,
 Display'd to Every Eye:
 'T was base in Hal to Sell a Peace,
 But great in Bob¹⁰⁰ to buy.

Which most promotes Great Britain's Gain,
 To all Mankind is clear;
 One sends our Treasure 'cross the Main,
 One brings the Foreign Here.

But if 'tis fit to Give Rewards
 or Punishments to Either,

⁹⁸Samuel Wesley Jr., ms; cf. *Poems* (1862), 632.

⁹⁹Henry St. John (1678–1751).

¹⁰⁰Robert Walpole (1676–1745).

Why make 'Em both together Lords,
Or Hang them Both together.

[Another]¹⁰¹

At Scribblers poor, who Rail¹⁰² to Eat,
Ye wags, give over jeering;
Since gall'd by Harry, Bob the Great
Has stoop'd to Pamphleteering.

Would not one Champion on his Side
For Love or Money venture?
Must Knighthood's Mirror, spite of Pride,
So mean a Combat enter?

To take the Field his Weakness shows,
Though well he could maintain it:
Since Hal no Honour has to lose,
Pray, how should Robin gain it?

Worthy each other are the Two:
Halloo! Boys, Fairly start ye:
Let Those be hated worse than You
Who ever strive to part Ye!

The Alliance, or Like to Like¹⁰³

The Saints in Nol's Religious Years
Struck up a Friendship with Algiers,
And, while they Cavaliers exclude
Receive the Turk to Brotherhood

¹⁰¹Samuel Wesley Jr., ms; cf. *Poems* (1862), 633.

¹⁰²Later published version: "write to eat"

¹⁰³Not in *Poems* (1862), so not surviving in manuscript, but likely also by Samuel Jr.

Now pious T—nd¹⁰⁴ once again
 Renews the league with Musslemen.
 And good Morocco has agreed
 Of late to guarantee the Creed.
 Allies at least as full of Grace
 As our dear Friend the Regent was.

Deny Ye Jacobites that dare,
 That our's will be a Holy War,
 Since all the World may plainly see
 A zealous Hate of Popery.

Rather than let That ill be born
 We'll bring the Mufti into thorn,
 And a new Faith's Defender get
 of Mustapha or Mahomet.

On Bishop Atterbury's Birthday¹⁰⁵

[1] What Morn with more auspicious Ray
 Or lovelier Dawning ever shin'd?
 Be blest the memorable Day
 Which gave Thee, Father, to Mankind!
 In each hard Trial fully shewn
 Great, good, and just, as Clarendon!

[2] Tempests and Storms in vain attack;
 In vain Thy Foes their Arts employ;
 Nought Thy well-grounded Faith can shake,

¹⁰⁴Charles Townshend (1674–1738); Secretary of State, 1721–30.

¹⁰⁵Samuel Wesley Jr., ms; cf. *Poems* (1862), 431–33 (slightly revised version). John Wesley published the version here in *Arminian Magazine* 1 (1778): 282–83.

Thine exemplary zeal destroy.
 Nor Prayers nor Threatnings can prevail;¹⁰⁶
 The Rock 'tis built on cannot fail.

[3] They nor th' opposing World could fright,
 Nor Flattery's utmost fawnings bend,¹⁰⁷
 To shrink from aiding injur'd Right,
 To cease the Helpless to befriend.
 Nor Mitres rich, nor exile near,
 Could bribe to Hope, or sink to Fear.

[4] Superior to the Ills you feel,
 Illustrious sufferer, well you know
 To scorn the Instruments that deal,
 T' adore the Hand that aims the Blow;
 Like Job, with Patience to resign;
 O might his latter End be thine!

[5] Mean season, live! Nor barbarous Foes
 Nor exile grievous to sustain,
 Nor Prospect of thy Country's Woes,
 Nor Torture of afflicting Pain,
 Make thee bemoan thy longer Stay,¹⁰⁸
 Or cause thee to regret To-Day!

[6] No! let the Statesman, Human Fiend,¹⁰⁹
 The Ruffian fell, in Murders old,

¹⁰⁶In *Poems* (1862): "Nor storms nor tempests can avail." It is unclear here (and further instances) if John revised what he found in Samuel's manuscript, or Samuel revised after John saw the manuscript.

¹⁰⁷In *Poems* (1862): "Nor humblest fraud or fawning bend."

¹⁰⁸In *Poems* (1862): "Force thee to mourn thy longer stay."

¹⁰⁹Misprinted in *AM* as "Friend."

The vile Betrayer of his Friend,
 The Seller of his God for Gold,
 The False, the Traitor, the Forsworn,
 Bewail the Day that they were born!

[7] Enjoy the Peace they cannot find,
 No more than they can take away.
 Thy Birthday still with even mind ¹¹⁰
 View calmly, as thy Dying Day;
 That Second Birthday, happier far,
 Which clears thee at the last great Bar!

[untitled]¹¹¹

Poor Dorothy, confined for Life
 Has past her melancholy Time,
 If not Divorc'd, a Widow'd Wife,
 Her state as Doubtful as her Crime.

Now Death have her Releasement sign'd
 None her Departure must report
 Unless they would expect to find
 The Fury of the Angry Court.

Can Ages an Example give
 Of Tyranny that went so high!
 They scare would suffer her to Live,
 And yet prohibit her to Die!

¹¹⁰*Poems* (1862): "Thy happy birth with equal mind."

¹¹¹Not in *Poems* (1862), so not surviving in manuscript, but likely also by Samuel Jr.

On the Death of -----¹¹²

Here lies a Dicer,¹¹³ long in doubt
 If Death could kill the Soul or not.
 Here ends his Doubtfulness at last
 Convinced; But O! the Die is Cast!

On the Duke of Gloucester's Death¹¹⁴

Lest he with Burning's faith should be endued
 Or learn from Churchill Truth and Gratitude,
 Kind Heaven did well its timely force employ,
 And to preserve the Man, Destroy'd the Boy!

[Another epitaph]¹¹⁵

Upon this Marble drop a Tear;
 Here lies Fair Rosalind:
 All Mankind was pleased with Her,
 And She with all Mankind.

[The Tomb of Euphemius]¹¹⁶

A blooming youth lies buried here,
 Euphemius, to his Country Dear.
 Nature adorn'd his Mind and Face
 With every Muse, and every Grace;
 About the Marriage State to prove,
 But Death had quicker Wings than Love.

¹¹²Samuel Wesley Jr., ms; cf. "Epitaph on a Gamester and Free Thinker," *Poems on Several Occasions* (London: S. Birt, 1736), 92. John quotes the form above in Sermon 115, "Dives and Lazarus," II.8, *Works* 4:15; and in *Earnest Appeal*, §65, *Works* 11:72.

¹¹³Published version of Samuel Jr.: "Here lies a Skeptick ..."

¹¹⁴Not in *Poems* (1862), so not surviving in manuscript, but likely also by Samuel Jr. On William, Duke of Gloucester (1689–1700); mentioning John Churchill (1650–1722).

¹¹⁵Cf. William Oldys, ed., *A Collection of Epigrams* (London: J. Walthoe, 1727), #170; original by Mary Monk in *Marinda* (London: J. Tonson, 1716), 125.

¹¹⁶Samuel Wesley Jr., ms; cf. *Poems* (1862), 650.

On Mrs. Hole, aged 71¹¹⁷

Here slumber Free among the Dead,
 Blest Dust! nor Care, nor Age, nor Pain
 Again shall raise that peaceful Head,
 Shall ope those sleeping Eyes again.

With even, patient, humble Mind,
 Long, Happy Sufferer, hast Thou prov'd
 Thy Father how severely Kind!
 How sore He chasten'd whom he Lov'd!

Sweet, mild and tender wast Thou shown,
 While in this Land of Tears below,
 Tho' more than Conqu'ror in Thy own,
 Bending beneath thy Neighbour's Woe.

When Seventy Winters now had snow'd
 Their Silver Honours on thy Head,
 Thy spotless Soul, mature for God,
 Groan'd from her Bondage to be freed.

God heard: Th' obedient Fever came,
 Yet wanted Strength Life's Knot t' unty,
 Till, aided by Devotion's Flame,
 It rap't her to her native Sky!

¹¹⁷[Anonymous], "On Mrs. Hole, Aged 71," in David Lewis (1683?–1760), ed., *Miscellaneous Poems by Several Hands* (London: J. Watts, 1730), 203–5.

On the Coronation¹¹⁸

With the long Vigil of the Night opprest,
 A tir'd Spectator clos'd her eyes to rest;
 And while sweet slumbers lock'd her senses fast
 The Pomp was o'er, and the Procession past.
 Poor drowsy wretch! by spiteful fortune crost
 O what a dream hast thou by sleeping lost!

**Epigram for Lord Oxon.
 On a Paragraph in Mist's Journal**¹¹⁹

Wesley, if Wesley here you mean
 'Tis said on Pope would fall
 Would his Best Patron let his Pen
 Discharge his inward Gall.

What Patron this, a doubt must be
 Which none but You can clear.
 Or Father Francis¹²⁰ cross the sea
 Or else Earl Edward here.

That Both were Good must be confest
 And much to both he owes
 But which to Heaven will prove the Best
 The Lord of Oxford knows.

**To the Right Honorable, the Earl of Oxford,
 upon his not appearing at St. James**¹²¹

While thick to court transported Tories run,
 Spurn'd by the Sire, scarce smiled on by the Son,
 Freed from an Iron Reign's continued Curse,
 Expecting better, and secure from worse;
 Beyond their Principles while Passive grown,

¹¹⁸Henry Pollexsen, in *Comitia Westmonasteriensium* (London: Westminster School, 1728), 27. Wesley published in *Arminian Magazine* 1 (1778): 429.

¹¹⁹Not in *Poems* (1862), so not surviving in manuscript, but surely by Samuel Jr.

¹²⁰Francis Atterbury (1663–1732).

¹²¹Samuel Wesley Jr., ms; cf. *Poems* (1862), 480–82 (slight differences from version here)

They lick the Spittle which the Whigs have thrown;
 Embrace the authors of their former Fears,
 Forgetting in an hour the Spoil of Years:
 Reserved and Silent you at distance stand,
 Nor hast to kiss the oft-extended hand.
 Their Compliments and Hopes let others show;
 And if you must be laugh'd at, Be it so.

If G[eorge], ascending his Imperial Throne,
 With decent grief a Father may bemoan,
 Let not his partial greatness e'er require
 That duteous Oxford should neglect his Sire;
 A Sire who left a Heritage more fair
 Than hoarded wealth or scepters to his Heir.
 A Harley seldom treads this mortal Stage;
 But Kings and Misers rise in every age.

He used for public good the public Store,
 Still daring to be Just and to be Poor;
 Firm to his Country's and Religion's cause,
 True to our ancient Faith and ancient Laws.
 He due regard to Learning's Seat profess'd;
 Nor awed with Threatenings, nor with Troops oppress'd;
 Skilfull through suppliant Crowds to force his way,
 And call retiring merit into Day.

No narrow Views his mighty Soul confined,
 Friend to the World, and Patron to Mankind.
 He join'd in glorious Peace contending kings,
 And pluck'd the Austrian Eagle's spreading Wings.
 He knew the Rage of Faction's Tide to stem,
 And gave the B[runswic]k Race their Diadem.

Graved in your Bosom let his Image dwell,
 Great while he stood, but Greater when he fell.
 Fearless, Serene, he look'd on danger nigh;
 Let Harcourt double, and let Saint-John fly.
 Against the Storm he turn'd his steady face,
 And scorn'd the shelter of an Act of Grace.

Let Whigs by mean retreat their gains ensure,
 Conscious they need the Pardons they procure.
 'Twas vain, O G[eorge], that mercy to refuse
 Which Harley could not want and would not use;
 T' except his name who, faithful to thy line,
 Amongst the British kings inserted Thine!
 What prince so Vast a Benefit would own?
 Thou couldst not pardon— for he gave thy Crown!
 Fairly rewarded He, to death pursued:
 O Glorious Act of G[erma]n Gratitude!

To greet their ppower how nobly you disdain'd
 Who strove with Oxford's murder to be stain'd!
 To G[eorge], with supple Fawnings, scorn to bow;
 Persist—remember you are Oxford now.
 Faithful, but never cringing, to the Crown,
 Forgive his Father, not forget your own.

The Quidnunki's; a Tale
Occasioned by the Death of the Regent of France¹²²

“How vain are Mortal Man's Endeavours!”
 Said, at St James's,¹²³ Master Trevors.
 “Good Orleans dead! in Truth 'tis hard:”
 “Oh! may all Statesmen die prepar'd!”
 I do foresee (and for Fore-seeing

¹²²John Gay, “The Quidnunki's,” in Alexander Pope and Jonathan Swift, eds., *Miscellanies in Prose and Verse*, 2nd edition (Dublin: Samuel Fairbrother, 1728), 2:130–31.

¹²³Gay: “Dame Elliott's”

He equals any Man in being)
 The Army ne'er can be disbanded. —
 I wish the King were safely landed.
 Ah Friends! great Changes threat the Land!
 All France and England at a stand!
 There's Meroweis, mark ye, strange Work!
 And there's the Czar, and there's the Turk —
 The Pope — An Indian Merchant by,
 Cut short the Speech with this Reply.

All at a Stand? You see great Changes?
 Sir, did you ever see the Ganges?
 There dwell the Nations of Quidnuncki's
 (So Monomotapa calls Monkies).
 On either bank, from bough to bough,
 They meet and chat (as we may now).
 Whispers go round, they grin, they shrug,
 They bow, they snarl, they scratch, they hug;
 And, just as Chance, or Whim, provoke them,
 They either bite their Friends, or stroke them.

There have I seen some active Prig,
 To shew his Parts, bestride a Twig:
 Lord! how the chatt'ring Tribe admire!
 Not that he's wiser, but he's higher:
 All long to try the vent'rous thing,
 (For Pow'r is but to have one's Swing.)
 From side to side he springs, he spurns,
 And bangs his Foes and Friends by turns.
 Thus, as in giddy Freaks, he bounces,
 Crack goes the Twig, and in he flounces!
 Down the swift Stream the Wretch is born,

Never, ah never, to return!

Z—ds! What a Fall had our dear Brother?
 Morblêu! cries one, and Dam'me, t'other.
 The Nations give a general Screech,
 None cocks his Tail, none claws his Breech;
 Each trembles for the publick Weal,
 And, for a while, forgets to steal.

A while all Eyes, intent and stedly,
 Pursue him, whirling down the Eddy.
 But out of Mind when out of View,
 Some other mounts the Twig anew;
 And Business, on each Monkey Shore,
 Runs the same Track it went before.

To the Duchess of Queensborough¹²⁴

Let the Knight on Beauty lower,
 Loveliest ornament of Power;
 Let him, at a stager's nod,
 Painted, Prostitute, and Proud,
 Hate to Real Charms display,
 Basely sworn to ruin Gay ...

Happy Gay! ordain'd to know
 Such a Friend and such a Foe!
 What, though Wit and Sense to love
 Courtiers' Idle Rage may move?
 Calmly you unhurt retreat,
 Banish'd from the meaner Great;
 Take your Beauties thence away:
 Full Revenge is to Obey.

¹²⁴Samuel Wesley Jr., ms; cf. *Poems* (1862), 626–27.

Let the Vulgar Rank and Face
Borrow Lustre from the Place.
There where Friendship false beguiles,
Basely murdering while it smiles;
There where Proud Despotic Will
Boasts the power of doing Ill;
There where paltry Gold outvies
The lively lustre of your Eyes;
Generous and Just and Fair,
Why, O why should You be There?

[remainder of page is blank]

Cleaveland¹²⁵

Give me a woman made of stone,
 A widow of Pygmalion;
 Or what does more of Statue carry,
 A Lady of Platonic Quarry.
 Love melts the Hardening in the Rocks inbred;
 A Flint will break upon a Featherbed.

Written on the Deanery Window at Dr. Swift's¹²⁶

In the Days of old John when we came here to dine,
 We had store of good Meat, but no store of good Wine.
 Now in Jonathan's reign, when we come here to eat,
 We have store of good Wine, but no store of good Meat.
 These evil might easily both be redrest
 Would Jove but give ear to this modest request.
 Join Both Deans in one, of if it's too much trouble,
 Instead of the Dean, make the Deanery Double!

On a Great Destroyer of Trees¹²⁷

On every Creature Providence bestows
 A secret Instinct to discern its Foes:
 The Goose, a silly Fowl, yet flies the Fox,
 Hares run from Hounds; from Wolves, the trembling Flocks.
 A Knave the gallows as his End foresees,
 And bears a like antipathy to Trees.

[another]

Newton with open mouth demands his Sway.
 Carter looks wisely, but will nothing say;
 O endless Question, Should it last so long
 Tell Carter find, or Newton hold his Tongue!

¹²⁵Compare John Cleaveland (1613–58), “Antiplatonick,” st. 2, *Poems* (London: s.n., 1651), 73.

What though she be a Dame of stone, / The Widow of Pigmalion;
 An hard and unrelenting she, / As the new-crafted Niobe;
 Or (what doth more of statue carry) / A Nun of the Platonick Quarry?
 Love melts the rigor which the Rocks have bred, / Flint will break upon a Feather-bed.

No adapted version has been located yet, so Wesley may be doing the adaptation. In any case, he quotes the first two lines of his version in Letter to Miss March, 30 November 1774.

¹²⁶Cf. William Oldys, ed., *A Collection of Epigrams* (London: J. Walthoe, 1727), #352; though significantly revised, either by Wesley or from some journal.

¹²⁷Cf. William Oldys, ed., *A Collection of Epigrams* (London: J. Walthoe, 1727), #64; again, significantly revised.

Upon John Dryden

At All religions, Present and the Past
 Thou still hast railed, yet chose the Worst at last.
 True to thyself: 'Tis what Thou didst before;
 Rail at all women, and then Wed a Whore.

[another]¹²⁸

John Dryden enemies had three,
 Sir Dick, Old Nick, and Jeremy:¹²⁹
 The doughty Knight was forc'd to yield:
 The other Two maintained the Field:
 Yet, had his life been somewhat holier,
 He had shamed the Devil and the Collier.

The Spider. by Mr. Pope¹³⁰

Artist that underneath my Table,
 Thy curious Texture hast display'd,
 Who, if we may believe the Fable,
 Wast once a lovely blooming Maid.

Insidious, restless, watchful Spider,
 Fear no officious Damsel's Broom;
 Extend thine artful Cobweb wider,
 And spread thy Banner round my Room.

Whilst I the wond'rous Fabrick stare at,
 And think on hapless Poet's Fate,
 Like Thee confin'd to lonely Garret,
 And rudely banish'd Rooms of State.

¹²⁸Cf. William Oldys, ed., *A Collection of Epigrams* (London: J. Walthoe, 1727), #397 (original by E. Baynard).

¹²⁹Sir Richard Blackmore, the Devil, and Jeremy Collier (who wrote against the immorality of the stage).

¹³⁰Cf. Anthony Hammond, ed., *A New Miscellany of Original Poems, Translations and Imitations* (London: T. Jauncy, 1720), 147–49.

And as from out Thy tortur'd Body,
 Thou draw'st the slender threads with Pain,
 So does He labour like a Noddy,
 To spin Materials from his Brain.

He for some Taudry flutt'ring Creature,
 That makes a glitter in his Eye,
 And that's a Conquest little better
 Than thine o'er captive Butterfly.

Thus far 'tis plain you both agree,
 (And Time perhaps may quickly show it)
 'Tis Ten to One, but Poverty
 Ends both the Spider and the Poet.

[Untitled]

Tho' sorer Sorrow than their birth
 Your children's death has given
 Mourn not that others bear for earth,
 While you have peopled Heaven!

If now, so painful 'tis to part,
 O think, that when ye meet
 Well bought with shortly-fleeting Smart
 Is never-ending Sweet.

What if those little angels nigh
 T' assist your latest pain
 Should hover round you when you die
 And leave you not again?

Say shall you Then regret your Woes
 Or mourn your teeming Years?
 One moment will reward your Throes
 And overpower your Tears.

Redoubled Thanks will fill your Song
 Transported while you view
 The incircling, happy infant Throng
 That owes their bliss to you!

So moves the Common Star, tho' bright
 With single Lustre, crown'd;
 The Planet shines with Guards of Light
 Attending it around.

On an Infant¹³¹

Beneath a Sleeping Infant lies;
 To earth whose Ashes lent
 More glorious shall hereafter rise,
 But not more Innocent.

When the Archangel's Trump shall blow,
 And Souls and Bodies join,
 What Crowds will wish their Lives below
 Had been as Short as Thine!

Ye who more Strict Account must give
 Prepare as low to lie!
 Ye that know what it is to Live,
 Learn what it is to Die!

¹³¹Samuel Wesley Jr., ms; published (anonymously) in David Lewis (1683?–1760), ed., *Miscellaneous Poems by Several Hands* (London: J. Watts, 1730), 18 (without last stanza); republished with last stanza in *The Venture: Being a Collection of Poems on Several Occasions* (London: J. Penn, 1731), 19; then again without last stanza in Samuel Wesley Jr., *Poems on Several Occasions* (London: S. Birt, 1736), 12.

Part of the 104th Psalm Paraphrased¹³²

- v. 1. Upborn aloft on Ventrous Wing,
 While spurning Earthly Themes I soar,
 Thro' Paths untrod before,
 What God, what Seraph shall I sing?
 Whom but Thee should I proclaim,
 Author of this Wondrous Frame?
 Eternal, uncreated Lord,
 Enshrin'd in Glory's radiant Blaze!
 At whose Prolific Voice, whose Potent Word,
 Commanded nothing swift retir'd, and Worlds began their Race.
- v. 2. Thou, brooding o'er the Realms of Night,
 Th' unbottom'd infinite Abyss,
 Bad'st the Deep her Rage surcease,
 and said'st, Let there be Light!
 Ethereal Light Thy Call obey'd
 Thro' the wide Void her living Waters past,
 Glad She left her Native Shade,
 Darkness turned his murmuring Head,
 Resign'd the Reins, and trembling fled;
 The Crystal Waves roll'd on, and fill'd the ambient Waste.
- v. 2. In Light, Effulgent Robe, array'd,
 Thou left'st the beauteous Realms of Day;
 The Golden Towers inclin'd their Head,
 As their Sovereign took his way.

¹³²Published in *Arminian Magazine* 1 (1778): 285–88; signed “John Wesley.”

3, 4 The all-incircling Bounds (a shining train,
 Minist'ring Flames around him flew,)
 Through the Vast Profound he drew,
 When lo! Sequacious to his fruitful Hand,
 Heaven, o'er th' Uncolour'd Void, her azure Curtain threw.

 Lo! marching o'er the Empty Space,
 The Fluid Stores in order rise,
 With Adamantine Chains of Liquid Glass,
 To bind the New-born Fabric of the Skies.
 3 Downward th' Almighty Builder rode,
 Old Chaos groan'd beneath the God:
 Sable Clouds his pompous Car;
 Harnest Winds before him ran,
 Proud to wear their Maker's Chain,
 And told, with hoarse-resounding Voice, his coming from afar.

5 Embryon Earth the Signal knew,
 And rear'd from Night's dark Womb her infant Head;
 6 Tho' yet prevailing Waves her hills¹³³ o'erspread,
 And stain'd their Sickly Face with pallid Hue.
 7 But when loud Thunders the Pursuit began
 Back the affrighted Spoilers ran.
 8 In vain Aspiring Hills oppos'd their Race;
 O'er Hills and Vales with equal Haste,
 The Flying Squadrons past,
 Till safe within the Walls of their appointed Place.
 9 There, firmly fix'd, their Sure Enclosures stand,
 Unconquerable Bounds of ever-during Sand!

¹³³Wesley first wrote "face," then struck it out and replaced with "hills."

- v. 10 He spake! From the tall Mountain's wounded Side,
 Fresh Springs roll'd down their Silver Tide:
 O'er the glad Vales the shining Wanderers stray,
 Soft murmuring as they flow,
- 11 While in their cooling Wave inclining low,
 The Untaught Natives of the Field their parching Thirst allay.
- 12 High-seated on the dancing Sprays,
 Checquering with varied Light their Parent Streams,
 The Feather'd Quires attune their artless Lays,
 Save from the dreaded Heat of Solar Beams.
- 13 Genial Showers at his Command,
 Pour Plenty o'er the barren Land:
 Labouring with parent Throes,
- 14 See! The teeming Hills disclose
 A New Birth; See the cheerful Green,
 Transitory, pleasing Scene,
 O'er the smiling Landskip glow,
 And gladden all the Vale below.
- 15 Along the Mountain's craggy brow,
 Amiably Dreadful now!
 See the Claspng Vine dispread
 Her gently-rising, Verdant Head;
 See the Purple Grape appear,
 Kind Relief of Human Care!
- 16 Instinct with Circling Life, Thy Skill
 Uprear'd the Olive's loaded Bough.

What time on Lebanon's proud Hill,
 Slow rose the Stately Cedars Brow.
 Nor less rejoice the lowly Plains,
 Of useful Corn the fertile Bed,
 Than when the Lordly Cedar reigns,
 A beauteous, but a Barren Shade.

- 17 While in His Arms the Painted Train,
 Warbling to the Vocal Grove,
 Sweetly tell their Pleasing Pain,
 Willing Slaves to Genial Love.
- 18 While the Wild goats, an active Throng,
 From Rock to Rock light-bounding fly
 Jehovah's Praise in Solemn Song
 Shall echo thro' the Vaulted Sky.

To Mr-----, Schoolmaster

From Flowery Plains, whose ever humid Sides
 Isis and Cherwell, lucid streams, bedew
 Wide rolling, and in wanton Circlets wav'd
 Embrace old Earth, till from her swelling Womb
 (Her Pangs assuag'd by Titan's healing Hand)
 The springing Green erects his filial Head;
 Thou, Swain, a Humble muse accosts, Thee admires;
 Potent of Song, If haply Thou mayst deign
 T' unbend Thy Brow, or stay thy Red Right hand
 (Arrested in mid course) with fell Intent
 Dependent o'er the Quivering Thigh, Mine bent

on other Purposes, far differing Wars
 attempts, with different arms instruct. Nor were
 Th' Imperial Forces in This Hand; nor glows
 This vestment, purpled late with Human Gore.
 When long suspended Vengeance calls me forth
 'Gainst Hostile Rage, Not Blood in Our Encounter,
 But Ichor, such as Pens Immortal bleed
 With Sable stream embrowns the snowy Field.

But say, Skilfull of Tongue, what Happy Maid
 Receives thy Vows? Whom hath thy yielding Heart
 Enthron'd sole empress, and in deathly Song
 Proclaim'd with Sense, whence perfect Beauty adorn'd?
 Or Diamonds deck the shining Fair, tho' veiling
 Their Lustre to her brighter Eyes? Or wears She
 Plain Nature's Dress, rich in Unborrow'd Charms,
 Such, well I ween, salute thy gladsom Eye
 When Day calmly declining lures Thee forth
 To taste the Evening Air: Such, Ah! The Day
 When first These Eyes beheld Those piercing Beams!
 Contains a blissful Seat in that Fair Vale
 Where Avon rolls her gently gliding Flood,
 Parent of Fruitfulness and Joy and Love!

Excellent Maid! How could my Friendly Thought
 Broad o'er thy Virtues! How my heated Tongue
 Sport in Thy Praise! Recite Thy spotless Truth,
 Thy Elegance of Mind, Chasteness of Manners,
 Firmness of Soul, and Generous Tender Heart

Bending beneath all Sufferings — But Thy Own!
 In Vain —
 My feeble Wing disclaims the lofty Flight
 Conscious of Strength inferior. Ha! Why droops
 The Lilly of the Field, while double Pollen
 New die's her languid Head? Why starts the Rose
 and sends fresh Crimson forth through all her Leaves
 Vainly Ye strive to emulate Her Form,
 Tho' Heaven its Magazines of silver'd Rain
 Sent to Thy Aid, O Lilly. Tho', O Rose,
 The Rainbow's Blush were added to Thy Own.

The Dog¹³⁴

Thee, Sister, gladly would my Verse provoke,
 Nor other Meed expect I, than to wake
 Thy Strain melodious; while without or Rhyme
 Or haply Reason, unexperienc'd Lays,
 And unapprov'd, unless when sung by Thee,
 Audacious I attempt, and rise to sing
 A Dog; if Dog aright he may be term'd,
 Who scarcely more in Shape, I ween, resembles
 The vulgar barking Animals on Earth,
 Than Sirius or than Procyon, heav'nly Stars.

Say first, whoe'er can say, what Sire begot,
 What Clime produced, this admirable Form,
 Uncouth, Prodigious; Lately curst, but now
 Thrice blest! the Subject of Heroick Song?

¹³⁴Samuel Wesley Jr., ms.; cf. *Poems on Several Occasions* (London: S. Birt, 1736), 148.

Or Dutch low-built and squat, or slimmer Dane,
 Four-footed Wit, with roguish Visage sly:
 Or nobler Kinds, too near, alas! extinct,
 The Irish Greyhound or the English Mastiff;
 Or fav'rite Brood of Charles, discerning King,
 To spy Perfection or in Beast or Man!

Or rather else from Parentage unknown,
 Like ancient Heroes sprung from Mother Earth,
 The general Mother Earth, without a Sire?
 For Sires beget their Like, and propagate
 Their Kinds; but like to This was never found.

His Colours strange, what mortal Painter's Hand.
 With all his Lights and Shadings can express?
 Inexplicably grisly! But his Tail,
 Oh! had'st Thou seen his Tail, the matchless Shape
 Th' identick Shape thy Memory would retain,
 Engraven in eternal Characters!¹³⁵
 A Line like which not Archimedes old
 In yielding Sand e'er trac'd, nor greater Skill
 Of modern Newton e'er has yet on Slate
 'Midst Figures Curve or Rectilinear drawn:
 Transverse, unjointed from the Sacred Bone,
 It stood, as nought of kindred to the Parts
 Posterior whence it grew, or rather seem'd
 To adhere, not native there. So Misseltoe
 Seems only grafted on its parent Oak.
 Nor uniform the Girth; part dangling lithe,
 Part horizontal, stiff; tho' not so stiff

¹³⁵Omits next line: "While Memory holds its Empire in the Brain,"

As Tail of Memphian Crocodile full-grown.¹³⁶

[remainder of page is blank]

¹³⁶Omits the last stanza in Samuel's printed version:

Learn hence, Thou two-legg'd Animal call'd Man
 Or haughty Stoick boasting Apathy,
 Or grunting Swine of Epicurus' Herd;
 Or Cynick Churl, that proud of causeless Snarl,
 Unworthily usurp'st the Name of Dog;
 Learn from my lofty moralizing Song,
 A grateful Sense of Benefits receiv'd,
 An humble Rev'rence of superior Pow'r.

This stanza may have been added after John saw original manuscript, for there is a hiatus in the manuscript before this stanza; cf. *Poems* (1862), 157.

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The Sand-hole

While lazy Lout sits colting o'er the hearth
 With spacious Hat which hides his gloomy Front
 and screens his Sapphire Eyes from loathed Light
 I pray the craven Lubber to uprear
 His massy Limbs, and ply those lifeless Shanks.
 That faint with Idleness can scant sustain
 The reeling Bulk; and wend with painful Steps
 To dig the cleanly Earth, whose breaking Lumps
 Spread the fair Boards in freshest mantle clad.
 With hideous yawn he turns up his broad Eyes,
 And with a furious Scratch the guiltless Hat
 Dismounted greets the ground with slimmy Lips.
 With bristly looks and crooked, canker'd Tongue
 He speaks the Harsh Denial; Strait Inflamed
 With Rage and Scorn, I low'r like watery Clouds
 Dependent o'er the Threaten'd Earth: I quick
 With angry speed snatch up the boding Spade,
 And with Herculean labor I prepare
 To dig the brittle Clay from inmost Earth.

With supple Joints and nimble Limbs alert
 Sprightly I mount the lofty Stile and safe
 On t'other side light on my feet — When Lo!
 My faithless Shoes admit the streaming Mud
 and chill with itching Cold those Pedestals
 On which the stately Frame is born upright.

An Instrument I take, which not exceeds
 A yard in length, such as men frequent use
 To make the fatal Chasm to inclose
 Frail Mortals dead, inshrined in Coffin black.
 To this I add another Instrument
 Black, dismal, gaping wide, a Subtle Height.
 With these I low descend into the Earth
 where my amaz'd Eyes do strait behold
 Strange, hideous monsters, crawling on six legs,
 With disproportioned Head, and branched Thighs,
 And useless Wings, and Bellies ting'd with Blue!
 In spite of these I dig my monstrous load.
 Reluctant, often humming drowsy tune,
 And sometimes in more lively¹³⁷ Notes, I wot [??]
 And merry strains I bid old Care avaunt
 When done, my Spade across my Shoulder slung,
 With writhen neck, and countenance nothing blith,
 I bear the tawny Spoil: For should my foot,
 Should my unwary foot once chance to slide
 Down goes the ill-poised Load — With stupid Eyes
 and Heart o'ercome with Grief, I see my Vast
 My ponderous Labor leveled with the Dust!

So, as deluded Malabarians sing,
 An ancient monster, an unwieldy Serpent,
 Upholds the stedfast Pillars of the Earth.
 But should he chance to quit his surest hold
 It's Pillars break, it's warring elements

¹³⁷First wrote "merry," then crosses out and writes "lively."

Jar like the hoarsest Thunder: All this firm,
Stupendous Frame is in a moment crushed
And into atoms sinks the shattered Globe.

Song by Shakespear¹³⁸

Take, O take those Lips away
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those Eyes, like break of Day,
Lights that do mislead the Morn;
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of Love, though seal'd in Vain.

Hide, O hide those Hills of Snow
Which thy frozen Bosom bears,
On whose Tops, the Pinks that grow
Are of those that April wears.
But first set my poor Heart free
Bound in those Icy Chains by Thee.

Roundelay, by Mr. Lee¹³⁹

Why should All things yield to Love,
Men Below, and Gods above!
Fate and Death, more awful move;
Death below, and Fate above!
Why should all things yield to Love?

Another¹⁴⁰

O be kind, my Dear, be Kind
While our Loves and Lives are young;
We shall find, we shall find,
Time will change both Face and Mind.

¹³⁸The first stanza of this song appeared originally in Shakespeare, *Measure for Measure*, Act. IV, Scene I. Wesley quotes a revised version—with added second stanza—from John Fletcher (1579–1625), *The Bloody Brother*, Act V, Scene II.

¹³⁹Adaptation of a chorus in Nathaniel Lee, *The Princess of Cleve* (London: Abel Roper, 1689), Act V, Scene III.

¹⁴⁰Chorus in John Crowne, *Sir Courtly Nice* (London: R. Wellington & E. Rumball, 1703), Act III.

Both will not continue long!
O be kind, my Dear, be kind!

Ode to the Grand Khaibar
1726¹⁴¹

[1]

To endless Rounds of Hopes and Fears
Our Reason¹⁴² we betray;
And Toils on Toils, and Cares on Cares
Consume our Lives away.

The fond Desire and flatt'ring View
But lead us to Despair;
With Pain we all our Ends pursue,
And all our Ends are Air.

Cho[rus]: Then lose we Care, and balk we Toil,
Our Sorrows well deceiving;
And wisely now, a little while,
Devote we Life to Living.

2

Our better Part, the Human Mind,
(’Tis Reason’s chearful Voice)
Ally’d to Angels, was design’d
Like Them for social Joys:

And to diffuse the Heart in Mirth,
And give the Soul to shine,
Distinguish Man from vulgar Earth,
And speak him half divine.¹⁴³

Cho[rus]: ’Tis thus we live, and thus we rise
Above all worldly Measure,

¹⁴¹From David Lewis (1683?–1760), ed., *Miscellaneous Poems by Several Hands* (London: J. Watts, 1730), 295–98. This may have been written in response to *An Ode to the Grand Khaibar* (London: J. Roberts, 1725), which was a satire on Free Masonry. Wesley published in *Collection of Moral and Sacred Poems*, 2:205–7; and *Arminian Magazine* 11 (1788): 277–78.

¹⁴²Change to “Glory” in *MSP* and *AM*.

¹⁴³Note that Wesley deletes this stanza in the later reprint in *Arminian Magazine*.

Assert our Kindred to the Skies,
And grasp Immortal Pleasure.

3

The Good and Brave the Vertues own
To Generous Converse due;
And they're the Good and Brave alone
That Can and Dare be True.

They're Such who feel the Steady Rays
Of Friendship's purest Flame;
And, Clear or Cloudy be their Days,
For ever Love the same.

Ch[orus]: So Friend with Friend we'll nobly close,
While All around us wonder
There should be found in Nature Those,
Whom Fortune cannot sunder.

4

What tho' the Many wholly bend
To Things beneath our State,
Some poorly to be Rich contend,
And others meanly Great?

There liv'd a few thro' every Space,
Since first our Kind began,
Who still maintain'd, with better Grace,
The Dignity of Man.

Ch[orus]: For this, as met our Sires, meet We,
With Brother join we Brother:
For Souls from Pride and Av'rice free,
Were form'd for one another.

Mr Broome¹⁴⁴**The Rose-bud: To a Young Lady**¹⁴⁵

Queen of Fragrance, lovely Rose,
 The Beauties of thy Leaves disclose!
 The Winter's past, the Tempests fly,
 Soft Gales breathe gently thro' the Sky;
 The Lark sweet warbling on the Wing
 Salutes the gay Return of Spring:
 The silver Dews, the vernal Show'rs,
 Call forth a bloomy Waste of Flow'rs;
 The joyous Fields, the shady Woods,
 Are cloath'd with Green, or swell with Buds;
 Then haste thy Beauties to disclose,
 Queen of Fragrance, lovely Rose!

Thou, beauteous Flower, a welcome Guest,
 Shalt flourish on the Fair-one's Breast,
 Shalt grace her Hand, or deck her Hair,
 The Flow'r most sweet, the Nymph most fair;
 Breathe soft, ye Winds! be calm, ye Skies!
 Arise ye flow'ry Race, arise!
 And haste thy Beauties to disclose,
 Queen of Fragrance, lovely Rose!

But thou, fair Nymph, thyself survey
 In this sweet Offspring of a Day;
 Swift as Flower your charms will fly,
 At Morn they bloom, at Ev'ning die.¹⁴⁶
 Now Helen lives alone in Fame,
 And Cleopatra's but a Name;
 Time must indent that heav'nly Brow,
 And thou must be, what Helen's now.

¹⁴⁴William Broome (1689–1745), *Poems on Several Occasions* (London: Bernard Lintot, 1727).

¹⁴⁵Broome, "The Rose-bud: To a Young Lady," *Poems*, 82–84. Wesley published in *Arminian Magazine* 1 (1778): 96.

¹⁴⁶Wesley has reduced six lines to two. The original read:

That Miracle of Face must fail, / Thy Charms are sweet, but Charms are frail:
 Swift as the short-liv'd Flow'r they fly, / At Morn they bloom, at Evening die:
 Tho' Sickness yet a while forbears, / Yet Time destroys, what Sickness spares;

This Moral to the Fair Disclose
Queen of Fragrance, Lovely Rose!

Daphnis and Lycidas: A Pastoral¹⁴⁷

- D: How calm the Evening! see the falling Day
Gilds every Mountain with a ruddy Ray!
In gentle Sighs the softly whisp'ring Breeze
Salutes the Flow'rs, and waves the trembling Trees.
Hark! the Night Warbler from yon vocal Boughs,
Glads every Valley with melodious Woes!
Swift thro' the Air her rounds the Swallow takes,
Or sportive skims the Level of the Lakes. [...]
See! how yon Swans, with snowy Pride elate,
Arch their high Necks, and sail along in State!
Thy frisking Lambkins wanton o'er the Plain,
And the glad Season claims a gladsome Strain.
Begin—Ye Echoes listen to the Song,
And with its sweetness pleas'd, each Note prolong! ...
- L: The joyous Spring draws nigh! ambrosial Showers
Unbind the Earth, the Earth unbinds the Flowers,
The Flowers blow sweet, the Daffadils unfold
The spreading Glories of their blooming Gold.
- D: As the gay Hours advance, the Blossoms shoot,
The knitting Blossoms harden into Fruit,
And as the Autumn by degrees ensues,
The mellowing Fruits display their streaky Hues. [...]
- L. Sweet is the Spring, and gay the Summer Hours,
When balmy Odours breathe from painted Flow'rs;
But neither sweet the Spring, nor Summer gay,
When she I love, my Charmer is away! [...]

¹⁴⁷Wesley combines here an abridgement of Broome, "Daphnis and Lycidas: A Pastoral" (*Poems*, 48–56) with parts of "A Pastoral: To a Young Lady upon Her Leaving The Country" (*Poems*, 131–38).

- [D]: If in the murmuring Stream by Thy Delight,
If the gay Rose, or Lilly please thy Sight;
Here the Stream murmurs,, here the Roses glow,
Here the proud Lillies rise to shade thy Brow!
- L: Where'er She roves, ye Winds, around her play,
Where'er She treads, ye Flow'rs adorn her way.
From sultry Suns, ye Groves, my Charmer keep,
Ye bubbling Fountains, murmur to her Sleep!
- D: Come, Delia, come, Till Delia bless these Seats,
Hide me, ye Groves, within your dark Retreats.
In hollow Groans, ye Winds, around me blow,
Ye bubbling Fountains, murmur to my Woe. [...]
- L:¹⁴⁸ Come, Rosalind, before the wint'ry Clouds
Frown o'er th' aerial Vault, and rush in Floods;
E'er raging Storms howl o'er the frozen Plains;
Thy Charms may suffer by the Storms or Rains. [...]
- D: Yet, ah, forbear to urge thy homeward Way,
While sultry Suns infest the glowing Day:
The sultry Suns thy Beauties may impair!
Yet haste away! For Thou are now too Fair.
- L:¹⁴⁹ Ah! Now I know why late the opening Buds
Clos'd up their Gems, and sicken'd in the Woods;
Why droop'd the Lilly in her snowy Pride,
And why the Rose withdrew her Sweets, and died.
For Thee, fair Rosalind, the open Buds
Closed up their Gems, and sicken'd in the Woods;
For Thee the Lilly shed her snowy Pride,
For thee the Rose withdrew her Sweets, and died.
- D: See, where yon' Vine in soft Embraces weaves
Her wanton Ringlets with the Myrtle's Leaves,
There tun'd sweet Philomel her sprightly Lay,

¹⁴⁸Here Wesley jumps to "A Pastoral," picking up on page 136 (and changing the names of the dialogue partners to match the earlier poem).

¹⁴⁹Wesley now jumps back to p. 132 in "A Pastoral."

Both to the rising and the falling Day;
 But since fair Rosalind forsook the Plains,
 Sweet Philomel no more renews her Strains;
 With Sorrow dumb, She disregards her Lay,
 Nor greets the rising nor the falling Day.

On the Death of a Friend¹⁵⁰

How shall I praise, how make thy Virtues known,
 By every Tongue commended, by thy own? [...]
 All Autumn's Riches in thy Spring were found,
 And blooming Youth with hoary Wisdom crown'd;
 Yet tho' so fair the Flow'r of Life began,
 It wither'd e'er it ripen'd into Man. ...

Transcend ev'n after Death, ye Great, in Show,
 Lend Pomp to Ashes, and be vain in Woe;
 Hire Substitutes to mourn with formal Cries,
 And bribe unwilling Drops from venal Eyes,
 While here, Sincerity of Grief appears,
 Silence that speaks, and Eloquence in Tears!
 Unless the Soul, a Wound eternal bears,
 Sighs are but Air, but common water, Tears.
 The Proud, relentless weep in State, and show
 Not Sorrow, but Magnificence of Woe. ...

To Mr. E. Fenton¹⁵¹

Free from the Lust of Wealth, and glittering Snares,
 That make th' unhappy Great in love with Cares,
 Me humble Joys in calm Retirement please,
 A silent Happiness, and learned Ease,
 Deny me Grandeur, Heav'n, but Goodness grant!
 Superior to a Monarch is a Saint!
 Hail, holy Virtue! come thou heav'nly Guest,

¹⁵⁰Broome, "On the Death of a Friend," *Poems*, 57–60 (Wesley excerpts 58–59).

¹⁵¹Broome, "An Epistle to My Friend Mr. Elijah Fenton," *Poems*, 193–201 (Wesley excerpts 195–200).

Come, fix thy pleasing Empire in my Breast!
 Thou know'st her Influence, Friend! Thy chearful Mien
 Proclaims the Innocence and Peace within;
 Such Joys as none but Sons of Virtue know,
 Shine in thy Face, and in thy Bosom glow. ...

Whilst niggard Souls indulge their craving Thirst,
 Rich without Bounty, with Abundance curst; ...
 O happier Thou, my Friend, with Ease content,
 Blest with the Conscience of a Life well spent!
 Nor wouldst be great; but guide Thy gather'd Sails,
 Safe by the Shore, nor tempt the rougher Gales;
 For sure of all that feel the Wounds of Fate,
 None are compleatly wretched but the Great;
 Superiour Woes, superiour Stations bring,
 A Peasant sleeps, while Cares awake a King:
 Exposed to public Rage or private Arts,
 There Fortune and there Envy point their Darts.
 Change but the Scene, and Kings in Dust decay,
 Swept from the Earth, the Pageants of a Day;
 There no Distinctions on the Dead await,
 But pompous Graves, and Rottenness in State;
 Such now are all that shone on Earth before,
 Cæsar and mighty Marlbro' are no more!
 Unhallow'd Feet o'er awful Tully tread,
 And Hyde and Plato join the vulgar Dead; [...]
 O Compton, when this Breath we once resign,
 My Dust shall be as Eloquent as Thine!

On Retirement¹⁵²

Bear me, ye friendly Pow'rs, to peaceful Scenes,
 To shady Bow'rs, and never-fading Greens!
 Where the shrill Trumpet never sounds Alarms,
 Nor martial Din is heard, nor Clash of Arms.
 Unenvied may your Laurels ever grow
 That never flourish but in Human woe;
 If never Earth the Wreath Triumpal bears
 Till drenched in Heroes' Blood and Orphan Tears.¹⁵³

Hail ye soft Seats! ye limpid Springs and Floods!
 Ye flow'ry Meads, ye Vales, and mazy Woods!
 Ye limpid Floods, that ever murmuring flow!
 Ye verdant Meads, where Flow'rs eternal blow!
 Ye shady Vales, where Zephyrs ever play!
 Ye Woods, where little Warblers tune their Lay!

Here grant me, Heav'n, to end my peaceful days,
 And steal myself from Life by slow Decays;
 With Age unknown to Pain, or Sorrow blest,
 To the dark Grave retiring as to Rest.
 While gently with one Sigh this mortal Frame
 Dissolving turns to Ashes whence it came,
 While my freed Soul departs without a Groan,
 And joyful, wings her flight to Worlds unknown.

Ye gloomy Grots! ye awful solemn Cells,
 Where holy pensive Contemplation dwells,
 Guard me from splendid Cares and tiresome State,
 That pompous Misery of being Great!
 Content with Ease, ambitious to despise
 Illustrious Vanity, and glorious Vice!

¹⁵²Broome, "The Seat of War in Flanders," *Poems*, 66–76 (Wesley excerpts pp. 71–75). Wesley published in *Arminian Magazine* 1 (1778): 284–85.

¹⁵³Wesley brought the last four lines forward from page 75 and inserted here.

Come Thou chaste Maid, here ever let me stay.
 While the calm Hours steal unperceiv'd away;¹⁵⁴
 Here court the Muses, while the Sun on high
 Flames in the Vault of Heav'n, and fires the Sky;
 Or while still Night's dark Wings the Globe surround,
 And the pale Moon glides on her solemn Round;
 Bid my free Soul to starry Orbs repair,
 Those radiant Worlds that float in ambient Air.
 Or when Aurora, from her golden Bow'rs,
 Exhales the Fragrance of the balmy Flow'rs,
 Reclin'd in Silence on a mossy Bed,
 Consult the learned Volumes of the Dead:
 Fal'n Realms, and Empires in description view,
 Live o'er past Times, and ancient Days renew. [...]

Charm me, ye sacred Leaves, with loftier Themes,
 With opening Heav'ns, and Angels robe'd in Flames:
 Ye restless Passions, while I read, be aw'd!
 Hail ye mysterious Oracles of God!
 Here I behold how Infant Time began,
 How the Dust mov'd and quicken'd into Man;
 There tread on hallow'd Ground where Angels trod,
 And revr'nd Patriarchs talk'd as Friends with God;
 Or hear the Voice to slumbring Prophets giv'n,
 Or gaze on Visions from the Throne of Heav'n.

The 43rd Chapter of Eccles. Paraphrased¹⁵⁵

The Sun that rolls his beaming Orb on high,
 Pride of the World and Glory of the Sky,
 Illustrious in his Course, in bright array
 Marches along the Heav'ns, and scatters Day
 O'er Land, and o'er the Main, and thro' th'ethereal Way.

¹⁵⁴Wesley copied these two lines in wrong order, and numbers them underneath to be reversed (shown above in correct order).

¹⁵⁵Broome, "The 43rd Chapter of Ecclesiastes Paraphrased," *Poems*, 151–60. Wesley published in *Collection of Moral and Sacred Poems* 2:95–99; and in *Arminian Magazine* 10 (1787): 387–91.

He in the Morn renews his radiant Round,
 And warms the fragrant Bosom of the Ground;
 But e'er the Noon of Day, in fiery Gleams
 He darts the Glory of his blazing Beams;
 Beneath the Burnings of his sultry Ray,
 Earth to her Center pierc'd admits the Day;
 Huge Vales expand, where Rivers rolled before,
 And lessen'd Seas contract within their Shore.

O! Pow'r Supreme! O high above all height!
 Thou gav'st the Sun to shine, and thou art Light!
 Whether he falls or rises in the Skies,
 He by thy Voice is taught to fall or rise;
 Swiftly he moves, refulgent in his Sphere,
 And measures out the Day, the Month, and Year;
 He drives the Hours along with slower pace,
 While the quick Minutes nimble run their Race:
 He wakes the Flowers that sleep within the Earth,
 And calls the fragrant Infants out to Birth;
 The fragrant Infants paint th' enamel'd Vales,
 And native Incense loads the balmy Gales;
 The balmy Gales the Fragrancy convey
 To Heav'n, and to their God an Off'ring pay.

By thy Command the Moon, as Day-light fades,
 Lifts her broad Circle in the deep'ning Shades; ...¹⁵⁶
 Now in decrease by slow degrees she shrouds
 Her fading Lustre in a Veil of Clouds;
 Now reinforc'd,¹⁵⁷ her gathering Beams display
 A blaze of Light, and give a paler Day; ...¹⁵⁸
 Thro' the wide Heav'ns she moves serenely bright,
 Queen of the Fair Attendants of the Night;
 Orb above Orb in sweet Confusion lies,
 And with a bright Disorder paints the Skies.

¹⁵⁶Wesley omits here, but restores in *MSP* and *AM*:

Array'd in Glory, and enthron'd in Light, / She breaks the solemn Terrors of the Night;
 Sweetly inconstant in her varying Flame, / She changes still, another, yet the same!

¹⁵⁷Wesley changes from "Now at increase," but restores in *MSP* and *AM*.

¹⁵⁸Wesley omits here, but restores in *MSP* and *AM*:

Ten Thousand Stars adorn her glittering Train, / Fall when she falls, and rise with her again;
 And o'er the Desarts of the sky unfold / Their burning Spangles of sidereal Gold.

The Lord of Nature fram'd the show'ry Bow,
 Turn'd its gay Arch, and bade its Colours glow;
 Its radiant Circle compasses the Skies,
 And sweetly the rich Tinctures faint, and rise;
 It bids the Horrors of the Storm to cease,
 Adorns the Clouds, and makes the Tempest please.

He, when embattled Clouds in black Array,
 O'er the wide Heav'ns their gloomy fronts display;
 Pours down a watry Deluge from on high,
 And opens all the Sluices of the Sky; ...¹⁵⁹
 Mean time dreadfully bright the Light'nings glare,
 And Bursts of Thunder rend th'encumber'd Air;
 At once the Thunders of th'Almighty sound,
 Heav'n low'rs, descends the Torrent, rocks the Ground.

He gives the furious Whirlwind Wings to fly,
 To rend the Earth, and wheel along the Sky;
 In circling Eddies whirl'd, it roars aloud,
 Drives Wave on Wave, and dashes Cloud on Cloud;
 Where'er it moves, it lays whole Forests low,
 And at the Blast, eternal Mountains bow;
 While their torn Sands in darkly Volumes rise,¹⁶⁰
 And half the Desert mounts the burthen'd Skies.

He from aërial Treasures downward pours
 Sheets of unsullied¹⁶¹ Snow in lucid Show'rs,
 Flake after Flake, thro' Air thick-wavering flies,
 Till one vast shining Waste all Nature lies;
 Then the proud Hills a Virgin Whiteness shed,
 A dazzling Brightness glitters from the Mead:
 The hoary Trees reflect a silver Show,
 And Groves beneath the lovely Burden bow. ...¹⁶²

¹⁵⁹Wesley omits here, but restores in *MSP* and *AM*:
 The rushing Torrents drown the floated Ground, / The Mountains tremble and the Plains resound.
 Meantime from every Region of the Sky / Red burning Bolts of forky Vengeance Fly.
 Dreadfully bright o'er Sea and Earth they glare ...

¹⁶⁰Wesley restores this line in *MSP* and *AM* to its original in Broome: "While tearing up the Sands, in Drifts they Rise."

¹⁶¹In *MSP* (but not in *AM*) Wesley returns to Broome's spelling: "unsully'd."

¹⁶²Wesley omits a six-line stanza here, in *MSP*, and in *AM*.

When stormy Winter from the frozen North
 Borne on his Icy Chariot issues forth; ...¹⁶³
 Sharp blows the Rigour of the piercing Winds,
 And the broad Floods as with a Breast-plate binds;
 Ev'n the proud Seas forget in Tides to roll
 Beneath the influence of the neighborly Pole;¹⁶⁴
 There Waves on Waves in solid Mountains rise,
 And Alpes of Ice invade the wondring Skies;
 While Gulphs below, and slippery Vallies lie,
 And with a dreadful Brightness pain the Eye;
 But if warm Winds, a warmer Air restore,
 And softer Breezes bring a genial Show'r,
 The genial Show'r revolves the secret Chain,¹⁶⁵
 And the huge Hills flow down into the Main.

When the Seas rage, and loud the Ocean roars,
 When foaming Billows lash the sounding Shores;
 If he in Thunder bid the Waves subside,
 The Waves obedient sink upon the Tide,
 A sudden Peace controls the unfolded Deep,
 And the still Waters in soft Silence sleep.
 Then Heav'n lets down a Golden-streaming Ray,
 And all the broad Expansion flames with Day:
 In the clear Glass the Mariners descry
 A Sun inverted, and a downward Sky.

They who advent'rous plow the watry Way,
 The dreadful Wonders of the Deep survey;
 Familiar with the Storms their Sails unbind,
 Tempt the rough Blast, and bound before the Wind:
 Now high they mount, now shoot into a Vale,
 Now smooth their Course, and scud before the Gale; [...] ¹⁶⁶
 There huge Leviathan unwieldy moves,

¹⁶³Wesley omits here, in *MSP*, and in *AM*: "The blasted Groves their verdant Pride resign, / And Billows harden'd into Crystal shine."

¹⁶⁴Wesley restores in *MSP* and *AM* Broome's original: "Beneath the freezings of the Northern Pole."

¹⁶⁵Broome's original: "The genial Show'r revives the chearful Plain"; Wesley in *MSP* and *AM*: "The genial Show'r unbinds the secret Chain."

¹⁶⁶Wesley omits here, in *MSP*, and in *AM*: "There rouling Monsters, arm'd in scaly Pride, / Flounce in the Billows, and dash round the Tide."

And thro' the Waves, a living Island, roves; ...
 Where'er he turns the hoary Deeps divide,
 He breathes a Tempest, and he spouts a Tide.

Thus, Lord, the Wonders of Earth, Sea, and Air,
 Thy boundless Wisdom, and thy Pow'r declare;
 Thou high in Might, in Majesty serene,¹⁶⁷
 See'st and mov'st all, thy self unmov'd, unseen:
 Should Men and Angels join in Songs to raise
 A grateful Tribute equal to thy Praise,
 Yet far thy Glory would their Praise outshine,
 Tho' Men and Angels in the Song should join;
 For tho' this Earth with Skill divine is wrought,
 Tho' wondrous far beyond the Reach of Thought,¹⁶⁸
 Yet in the spacious Regions of the Skies
 New Scenes unfold, and Worlds on Worlds arise,
 There other Orbs, round other Suns advance,
 In aether float, and run their mystic Dance;
 And yet the Pow'r of thy Almighty Hand,
 Can build another World from every Sand.¹⁶⁹

Pope's and Swift's Miscellany¹⁷⁰

To Mr John Moore, Author of the celebrated Worm-Powder¹⁷¹

How much, Egregious Moore, are We
 Deceived by Shows and Forms?
 Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,
 All Humankind are Worms.

Man, is a very Worm by Birth,
 Proud Reptile, weak and vain,
 A while he crawls upon the Earth,
 Then shrinks to Earth again.

¹⁶⁷In *MSP* and *AM* Wesley restores Broome: "Thou high in Glory, and in Might serene."

¹⁶⁸Broome: "Above the Guess of Man, or Angel's Thought." Change stays in *MSP* and *AM*.

¹⁶⁹Note that Wesley omits here, in *MSP*, and in *AM* Broome's closing: "And tho' vain Man arraign thy high Decree, / All, all is just! what is, that ought to be."

¹⁷⁰Alexander Pope (1688–1744) & Jonathan Swift (1667–1745), *Miscellanies in Prose and Verse*, 2nd edition, 3 vols (last two bound together but numbered separately) (Dublin: S. Fairbrother, 1728). Wesley records reading this collection in his Oxford Diary (20–30 May 1729).

¹⁷¹[John Gay?], "To the Ingenious Mr. Moore, Author of the Celebrated Worm-Powder," Pope & Swift, *Miscellanies*, 3:73–74.

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The Learn'd themselves, we Book-Worms name
 The Block-head, is a Slow-Worm;
 The Nymph, whose Tail is all on Flame:
 Is aptly term'd a Glow-Worm.

The Fops are painted Butter-Flies,
 That flutter for a Day;
 First from a Worm they took their Rise,
 Then in a Worm decay.

The Flatterer an Ear-wig grows,
 Some Worms suit all Conditions;
 Misers are Muck-Worms; Silk-Worms, Beaus,
 And Death-Watches, Physicians.

That Statesmen have a Worm is seen,
 By all their winding Play:
 Their Conscience is a Worm within,
 That gnaws them Night and Day.

Ah! Moore! Thy Skill were well Employ'd,
 And greater Gain would rise,
 If thou could'st make the Courtier void
 The Worm that never Dies!

O Learned Friend of Ab-Church-Lane,
 Who sett'st our Entrails Free,
 Vain is thy Art, thy Powder Vain,
 Since Worms shall Eat ev'n Thee.

The Alley
In Imitation of Spenser¹⁷³

In ev'ry Town, where Thamis rolls his Tide,
 A narrow Pass there is, with houses low;
 Where ever and anon, the Stream is ey'd,
 And many'a boat soft sliding to and fro.
 There oft' are heard the notes of infant Woe,

¹⁷²Note that Wesley omits these two stanzas:

That Woman, is a Worm, we find, / E'er since our Grannum's Evil;
 She first convers'd with her own kind, / That Ancient Worm, the Devil.
 But whether Man, or He, God knows, / Foecundified her Belly,
 With that pure Stuff from whence we rose, / The Genial Vermicelli.

¹⁷³[Alexander Pope], "The Alley: In Imitation of Spenser," Pope & Swift, *Miscellanies*, 3:45–47.

The short thick Sob, loud Scream, and shriller Squall:
 How can ye, Mothers, vex your Children so?
 Some play, some eat, some cack against the wall,
 And as they crouchen low, for bread and butter call.

And on the broken pavement, here and there,
 Doth many a stinking Sprat and Herring lie;
 A Brandy and Tobacco Shop is near,
 And Hens, and Dogs, and Hogs are feeding by;
 And here a sailor's Jacket hangs to dry.
 At ev'ry door are sun-burnt Matrons seen,
 Mending old nets to catch the scaly Fry;
 Now singing shrill, and scolding eft between;
 Scolds answer foul-mouth'd scolds; bad neighbourhood I ween.

The snappish cur, (the passengers annoy)
 Close at my heel with yelping treble flies;
 The whimp'ring Girl, and hoarser-screaming Boy,
 Join to the yelping treble, shrilling Cries;
 The scolding Quean to louder notes doth rise,
 And her full pipes those shrilling cries confound;
 To her full pipes the grunting Hog replies;
 The grunting Hogs alarm the Neighbours round,
 And Curs, Girls, Boys, and Scolds, in the deep base are drown'd.

Hard by a Sty, beneath a roof of thatch,
 Dwelt Obloquy, who in her early Days
 Baskets of fish at Billingsgate did watch,
 Cod, Whiting, Oyster, Mackrel, Sprat, or Plaice:
 There learn'd she Speech from Tongues that never cease.
 Slander beside her, like a Magpie, chatters,
 With Envy (spitting Cat), dread foe to peace;
 Like a curs'd Cur, Malice before her clatters,
 And vexing ev'ry Wight, tears Clothes and all to tatters.

Her Dugs were mark'd by ev'ry Collier's hand,
 Her mouth was black as Bull-dogs at the Stall:
 She scratched and bit, and spar'd ne lace ne band,
 And bitch and rogue her answer was to all;
 Nay, e'en the parts of Shame by name would call:
 Yea when she passed by or Lane or Nook,
 Would greet the Man who turn'd him to the Wall,
 And by his hand obscene the Porter took,
 Nor ever did askance like modest Virgin look.

Such place hath Deptford, navy-building town,
 Woolwich and Wapping, smelling strong of pitch;
 Such Lambeth, envy of each Band and Gown,
 And Twicknam such, which fairer Scenes enrich
 Grots, Statues, Urns, and Jo--n's Dog and Bitch,
 Ne village is without, on either side,
 All up the silver Thames, or all adown;
 Ne Richmond's self, from whose tall front are ey'd
 Vales, Spires, meandring Streams, and Windsor's tow'ry Pride.

Ode for Musick: On the Longitude¹⁷⁴

Recitativo

The Longitude mist on
 By wicked Will. Whiston,
 And not better hit on
 By good Master Ditton.

Retornello

So Ditton and Whiston
 May both be bep-st on,
 And Whiston and Ditton
 May both be besh-t on.

¹⁷⁴“Ode, for Musick, On the Longitude,” Pope & Swift, *Miscellanies*, 3:104.

Sing Ditton
 Besh-t on
 And Whiston
 Bep-st on

Sing Ditton and Whiston
 And Whiston and Ditton
 Besh-t on, bep-st on
 Bep-st on, besh-t on.

Da Capo.¹⁷⁵

New Song of new Similies¹⁷⁶

My Passion is as Mustard strong;
 I sit, all sober sad;
 Drunk as a Piper all day long,
 Or like a March-Hare mad.

Pert as a Pear-Monger I'd be,
 If Molly were but kind;
 Cool as a Cucumber could see
 The rest of Womankind.

Like a stuck Pig I gaping stare,
 And eye her o'er and o'er;
 Lean as a Rake with Sighs and Care,
 Sleek as a Mouse before.

Plump as a Partridge was I known,
 And soft as Silk my Skin,
 My Cheeks as fat as Butter grown;
 But as a Groat now thin!

Hard is her Heart as Flint or Stone,
 She laughs to see me pale,
 And merry as a Grig is grown,
 And brisk as Bottled-Ale.

¹⁷⁵Wesley actually puts this on the margin near the bottom of p. 101. It has been moved to the end of the song, where it was in the original.

¹⁷⁶John Gay, "A New Song of New Similies," Pope & Swift, *Miscellanies*, 3:120–22.

As fine as Five-pence is her Mien,
No Drum was ever tighter;
Her Glance is as the Razor keen,
And not the Sun is brighter.

As smooth as Glass, as white as Curds,
Her pretty Hand invites;
Sharp as a Needle are her Words,
Her Wit, like pepper, bites:

Brisk as a Body-Louse she trips,
Clean as a Penny drest;
Sweet as a Rose her Breath and Lips,
Round as the Globe her Breast.

Full as an Egg was I with Glee;
And happy as a King.
Good Lord! how all Men envy'd me!
She lov'd like any thing.

But false as Hell, she, like the Wind,
Chang'd, as her Sex must do.
Tho' seeming as the Turtle kind,
And like the Gospel true;

Till you grow tender as a Chick,
I'm dull as any Post;
Let us, like Burs, together stick,
And warm as any Toast.

You'll know me truer than a Dye,
And wish me better sped;
Flat as a Flounder when I lie,
And as a Herring dead.

Sure as a Gun, she'll drop a Tear
And sigh perhaps, and wish,
When I am rotten as a Pear,
And mute as any fish.

Song¹⁷⁷

I Said to my Heart, between Sleeping and Waking,
 Thou wild Thing, that always art leaping or aking,
 What Black, Brown, or Fair, in what Clime, in what Nation,
 By turns has not taught thee a Pit-a-pat-ation?

Thus accus'd, the wild Thing gave this sober Reply:
 See the Heart without Motion, tho' Celia pass by!
 Not the Beauty she has, or the Wit that she borrows,
 Gives the Eye any Joys, or the Heart any Sorrows.

When our Sappho appears, she whose Wit so refin'd
 I am forc'd to applaud with the rest of Mankind;
 Whatever she says, is with Spirit and Fire;
 Ev'ry Word I attend; but I only admire.

Prudentia as vainly would put in her Claim,
 Ever gazing on Heaven, tho' Man is her Aim:
 'Tis Love, not Devotion, that turns up her Eyes,
 Those Stars of this World are too good for the Skies.

But Cloe so lively, so easy, so fair,
 Her Wit so Genteel, without Art, without Care;
 When she comes in my Way, the Motion, the Pain.
 The Leapings, the Akings, return all again.

O wonderful Creature! a Woman of Reason!
 Never grave out of Pride, never gay out of Season;
 When so easy to guess who this Angel should be,
 Do you think — — ne'er dreamt it was She?

To Stella, who Transcribed His Poems¹⁷⁸

Thou Stella, wert no longer young,
 When first for thee my Lyre I strung:
 Without one Word of Cupid's Darts,
 Of killing Eyes, or bleeding Hearts:

¹⁷⁷“Song,” By a Person of Quality, Pope & Swift, *Miscellanies*, 3:101.

¹⁷⁸“To Stella, who ... Transcribed His Poems,” Pope & Swift, *Miscellanies*, 3: 156–59 .

With Friendship and Esteem possest,
I ne'er admitted Love a Guest.

In all the Habitudes of Life,
The Friend, the Mistress, and the Wife,
Variety we still pursue,
In Pleasure seek for something new: ...
But his Pursuits are at an End,
Whom Stella chuses for a Friend. ...

Stella, when you these Lines transcribe,
Lest you should take them for a Bribe,
Resolv'd to mortify your Pride,
I'll here expose your weaker Side.

Your Spirits kindle to a Flame,
Mov'd with the lightest Touch of blame;
And when a friend in kindness tries
To shew you where your Error lies,
Conviction does but more incense;
Perverseness is your Whole Defence: ...
Your undiscerning Passion bends
Its Force against your nearest Friends;
Which Manners, Decency, and Pride,
Have taught you from the World to hide:
In vain; for see, your Friend hath brought
To publick Light your only Fault;
And yet a Fault we often find
Mix'd in a noble generous Mind;
And may compare to Etna's fire,
Which, tho' with Trembling, all admire;
The Heat that makes the Summit glow,
Enriching all the Vales below. ...

Stella's Birthday¹⁷⁹
1718

Stella this Day is Thirty four,
(We shan't dispute a Year or more:)
However Stella, be not troubled,
Although thy Size and Years are doubled,
Since first I saw thee at Sixteen,
The brightest Virgin on the Green.
So little is thy Form declin'd;
Made up so largely in thy Mind.

Oh, would it please the Gods, to split
Thy Beauty, Size, and Years, and Wit,
No Age could furnish out a Pair
Of Nymphs so graceful, wise, and fair:
With half the Lustre of your Eyes,
With half your Wit, your Years, and Size.
And then, before it grew too late,
How should I beg of gentle Fate,
(That either Nymph might have her Swain,)
To split my Worship too in twain.

Sent to Mrs M. B. on Her Birthday¹⁸⁰

Oh, be thou blest with all that Heav'n can send,
Long Health, long Youth, long Pleasure, and a Friend.
Not with those Toys the Female Race admire,
Riches that vex, and Vanities that Tire;¹⁸¹
Not as the world its pretty Slaves rewards,
A Youth of Frolicks, an Old-Age of Cards.
Fair to no Purpose, artful to no End,
Young, wanting Lovers; old, to want a Friend.
A Fop their Passion, but their Prize a Sot.
Alive, ridiculous; and dead, forgot!

¹⁷⁹“Stella's Birthday, 1718,” Pope & Swift, *Miscellanies*, 3:92–93.

¹⁸⁰“To Mrs. M.B., Sent on her Birthday,” Pope & Swift, *Miscellanies*, 3:100. Wesley published in *Arminian Magazine* 1 (1778): 144.

¹⁸¹*Arminian Magazine*: “fire.”

Let Joy, or Ease, let Affluence, or Content,
 And the gay Conscience of a Life well spent,
 Calm every Thought, inspirit every Grace,
 Glow in thy Heart, and smile upon thy Face:¹⁸²
 Till Death unfelt that tender Frame destroy,
 In some soft Dream, or Extasy of Joy,
 Consign Thee to the Sabbath of the Tomb,
 And wake to Raptures in a Life to come!

The Happy Life: In Imitation of Marial¹⁸³

Parson, these things in thy possessing,
 Are better than the Bishop's Blessing.
 A Wife that makes conserves; a Steed
 That carries double when there's Need:
 October, store, and best Virginia,
 Tithe-Pig, and mortuary Guinea: ...
 A large Concordance, bound long since:
 Sermons to Charles the First, when Prince;
 A Chronicle of ancient standing;
 A Chrysostom—to smooth thy band in.
 The Polyglott—three parts—my text,
 Howbeit—likewise—now to my next,
 Lo here the Septuagint—and Paul,
 To sum the whole—the Close of all.

He that has these, may pass his Life,
 Drink with the Squire, and kiss his Wife;
 On Sundays preach, and eat his fill;
 And fast on Fridays—if he will;
 Toast Church and Queen, explain the News,
 Talk with Church-Wardens about Pews,
 Pray heartily for some new Gift,
 And shake his head at Doctor Swift.

¹⁸²Wesley omits here, and in *Arminian Magazine*: “Let Day improve on Day, and Year on Year, / Without a Pain, a Trouble, or a Fear.”

¹⁸³Alexander Pope, “The Happy Life of a Country Parson: In Imitation of Martial,” Pope & Swift, *Miscellanies*, 3:43.

On the Death of Dr. Freind¹⁸⁴

In Medicine far renown'd, what Clime or Age
Has seen thine Equal, since the Coan Sage?
Thy generous Aid when Enemies implor'd,
They rose to Greatness and to Life restor'd;
While Carolina wept, thy Skill Divine
With Health unhop'd for blest the Royal Line.
What Worth a nobler Height of Glory knows,
Than saving Princes, and preserving Foes?
But greatest Blessings make the shortest Stay,
The Tree of Life was given but for a Day:
Freind died in Strength of Years! Nor must we see
Regain'd on Earth our Immortality;
His matchless Art presumptuous Hopes had given,
His Death recalls us to rely on Heaven.

¹⁸⁴[Anonymous,] "On the Death of Doctor J. Freind, corrected from a Copy in one of the Journals," in David Lewis (1683?–1760), ed., *Miscellaneous Poems by Several Hands* (London: J. Watts, 1730), 199.

Mr Pope¹⁸⁵**Verses to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady**¹⁸⁶

What beck'ning Ghost, along the moonlight Shade
 Invites my Step, and points to yonder Glade?
 'Tis She!—But why that bleeding bosom gor'd,
 Why dimly gleams the Visionary Sword?
 Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly, tell,
 Is it in heav'n a Crime to love too well?
 To bear too tender, or too firm a Heart,
 To act a Lover's or a Roman's part?
 Is there no bright Reversion in the Sky,
 For those who greatly think, or bravely die? ...¹⁸⁷

See on these ruby Lips, the trembling breath,
 These Cheeks, now fading at the blast of Death;
 Cold is that Breast which warm'd the world before,
 And those love-darting Eyes must roll no more. ...¹⁸⁸

What can atone, oh ever-injur'd Shade,
 Thy Fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpaid?
 No friend's Complaint, no kind domestic Tear
 Pleas'd thy pale Ghost, or grac'd thy mournful Bier.
 By foreign Hands thy dying Eyes were clos'd,
 By foreign Hands thy decent Limbs compos'd,
 By foreign Hands thy humble Grave adorn'd,
 By Strangers honour'd, and by Strangers mourn'd!
 What tho' no friends in sable Weeds appear,
 Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
 And bear about the mockery of Woe
 To Midnight Dances, and the publick Show?

¹⁸⁵Alexander Pope (1688–1744), *Miscellany Poems*, Vol. 1 (London: Bernard Lintot, 1726). It is clear in *MSP* that Wesley was using this edition/volume.

¹⁸⁶Pope, “Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady,” *Miscellany Poems*, 1:160–63.

¹⁸⁷Wesley omits 20 lines.

¹⁸⁸Wesley omits 12 lines.

What tho' no weeping Loves thy Ashes grace,
 Nor polish'd Marble emulate thy Face?
 What tho' no sacred Earth afford Thee room,
 Nor hallow'd Dirge be mutter'd o'er thy Tomb?
 Yet shall thy Grave with rising flow'rs be drest,
 And the green Turf lie lightly on thy Breast:
 There shall the Morn her earliest Tears bestow,
 There the first Roses of the Year shall blow;
 While Angels with their Silver Wings o'ershade
 The ground, now sacred by thy reliques made.

So peaceful rests, without a Stone, a Name,
 What once had Beauty, Titles, Wealth, and Fame.
 How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails Thee not,
 To whom related, or by whom begot;
 A heap of Dust alone remains of Thee,
 'Tis all Thou art, and all the Proud shall be!

Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung,
 Deaf the prais'd Ear, and mute the tuneful Tongue.
 Ev'n he, whose Soul now melts in mournful Lays,
 Shall shortly want the gen'rous Tear he pays;
 Then from his closing Eyes thy Form shall part,
 And the last pang shall tear thee from his Heart,
 Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
 The Muse forgot, and Thou belov'd no more!

Eloisa to Abelard¹⁸⁹

In these deep Solitudes and awful Cells,
 Where heav'nly-pensive Contemplation dwells,
 And ever-musing Melancholy reigns;
 What means this tumult in a Vestal's veins?
 Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat?
 Why feels my heart its long-forgotten Heat?
 Yet, yet I love!— From Abelard it came,
 And Eloisa yet must kiss the name.

Dear fatal Name! rest ever unreveal'd,
 Nor pass these lips in Holy Silence seal'd:
 Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
 Where mix'd with God's, his lov'd Idea lies:
 Oh write it not, my hand—the Name appears
 Already written—Wash it out, my Tears!
 In vain lost Eloisa weeps and prays,
 Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.

Relentless walls! whose darksome round contains
 Repentant Sighs, and voluntary Pains:
 Ye rugged rocks! which holy knees have worn;
 Ye Grotts and Caverns shagg'd with horrid Thorn!
 Shrines! where their Vigils pale-eyed Virgins keep,
 And pitying Saints, whose Statues learn to weep!
 Tho' cold like you, unmoved and silent grown,
 I have not yet forgot my self to Stone.
 Heav'n claims me all in vain, while he has part,
 Still Rebel nature holds out half my heart;
 Nor prayers nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,
 Nor Tears, for ages, taught to flow in vain.

¹⁸⁹Pope, "Eloisa to Abelard," *Miscellany Poems*, 1:139–59.

Soon as thy Letters trembling I unclose,
 That well-known name awakens all my Woes.
 Oh name for ever sad! for ever dear!
 Still breathed in Sighs, still ushered with a Tear.
 I tremble too where'er my own I find,
 Some dire misfortune follows close behind.
 Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow,
 Led thro' a sad variety of Woe!
 Now warm in Love, now with'ring in thy bloom,
 Lost in a Convent's Solitary Gloom!¹⁹⁰

Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join
 Griefs to thy griefs, and echo Sighs to thine.
 Nor foes nor fortune take this Power away;
 And is my Abelard less kind than they?
 Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare,
 Love but demands what else were shed in prayer;
 No happier task these faded Eyes pursue;
 To read and weep is all they now can do.

Then share thy Pain, allow that sad Relief;
 Ah, more than share it! Give me all thy Grief.
 Heav'n first taught Letters for some wretched Maid,
 Some banished lover, or some captive's Aid;
 They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
 Warm from the Soul, and faithful to its fires,
 The Virgin's wish without her fears impart,
 Excuse the Blush, and pour out all the Heart,
 Speed the soft intercourse from Soul to Soul,
 And waft a Sigh from Ganges to the Pole.

Thou know'st how guiltless first I met thy flame,
 When Love approach'd me under Friendship's name;

¹⁹⁰Wesley omits (without marking, while he does mark all other cases in this poem):
 "There stern Religion quench'd th'unwilling flame, / There dy'd the best of passions, Love and Fame."

My fancy form'd Thee of angelick Kind,
 Some Emanation of th'all-beauteous Mind.
 Those smiling Eyes, attemp'ring every ray,
 Shone sweetly lambent with celestial Day.
 Guiltless I gazed; Heaven listen'd while you sung;
 And truths divine came mended from that Tongue.
 From Lips like those what precept failed to move?
 Too soon they taught me 'twas no Sin to Love:
 Back thro' the paths of pleasing Sense I ran,
 Nor wish'd an Angel whom I lov'd a Man. ...¹⁹¹

Oh Happy State! when sSuls each other draw!
 When Love is Liberty; and Nature, Law!
 All then is full, possessing, and possess'd,
 No craving void left aking in the breast:
 Ev'n thought meets thought, e'er from the Lips it part,
 And each warm wish springs mutual from the Heart.
 This sure is Bliss, if Bliss on Earth there be,
 And once the Lot of Abelard and me. ...

Canst Thou forget that Sad, that solemn Day,
 When victims at yon altar's foot we lay?
 Canst Thou forget what Tears that moment fell,
 When, warm in Youth, I bade the World farewell?
 As with cold Lips I kiss'd the sacred Veil,
 The Shrines all trembled, and the Lamps grew pale:
 Heaven scarce believed the conquest it surveyed,
 And Saints with wonder heard the Vows I made. ...¹⁹²
 Yet then not zeal, love only was my call,
 And if I lose thy love, I lose my all. ...
 Ah no! instruct me other Joys to prize,
 With other Beauties charm my partial Eyes,
 Full in my view set all the bright Abode,
 And make my soul quit Abelard for God!

¹⁹¹Wesley omits:

Dim and remote the joys of saints I see; / Nor envy them that heav'n I lose for thee.

How oft', when prest to marriage, have I said, / Curse on all laws but those which love has made?
 Love, free as air, at sight of human ties, / Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies. ...
 Before true passion all those views remove, / Fame, wealth, and honour! what are you to Love?
 The jealous God, when we profane his fires, / Those restless passions in revenge inspires,
 And bids them make mistaken mortals groan, / Who seek in love for ought but love alone. ...
 Not Cæsar's empress would I deign to prove; / No, make me mistress to the man I love;
 If there be yet another name, more free, / More fond than mistress, make me that to thee!

¹⁹²Wesley omits:

Yet then, to those dread altars as I drew, / Not on the Cross my eyes were fix'd, but you.

Ah think at least thy Flock deserves thy Care,
 Plants of thy hand, and children of thy Pray'r.
 From the false world in early youth they fled,
 By Thee to Mountains, Wilds, and Deserts led.
 You rais'd these hallow'd Walls; the Desert smiled,
 And Paradise was open'd in the Wild.
 No weeping Orphan saw his Father's Stores
 Our Shrines irradiate, or emblaze the Floors;
 No Silver Saints, by dying misers given,
 Here bribe'd the Wrath¹⁹³ of ill-requited Heaven:
 But such plain Roofs as Piety could raise,
 And only vocal with the Maker's Praise.
 In these lone walls (their day's eternal bound)
 These moss-grown Domes with spiry Turrets crowned,
 Where awful Arches make a noon-day night,
 And the dim windows shed a solemn light;
 Thy eyes diffused a reconciling Ray,
 And gleams of Glory brightened all the Day.
 But now no face divine contentment wears,
 'Tis all blank Sadness, or continual Tears.
 See how the force of others Prayers I try,
 (Oh pious fraud of amorous Charity!)
 But why should I on others Prayers depend?
 Come Thou, my Father, Brother, Husband, Friend!
 Ah let thy Handmaid, Sister, Daughter move,
 And, all those tender names in one, Thy love!
 The darksome Pines that o'er yon rocks reclin'd
 Wave high, and murmur to the Hollow wind,
 The wand'ring Streams that shine between the Hills,
 The Grots, that echo to the tinkling Rills,
 The dying Gales that pant upon the Trees,

¹⁹³Pope: "rage."

The Lakes that quiver to the curling breeze;
 No more these Scenes my meditation aid,
 Or lull to rest the Visionary Maid.
 But o'er the twilight Groves, and dusky Caves,
 Long-sounding Isles, and intermingled Graves,
 Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws
 A death-like Silence, and a dread repose:
 Her gloomy presence saddens all the Scene,
 Shades ev'ry flower, and darkens ev'ry Green,
 Deepens the murmur of the falling Floods,
 And breathes a browner Horror on the Woods.

Yet here for ever, ever must I stay;
 Sad Proof how well a Lover can obey!
 Death, only Death, can break the lasting Chain;
 And here ev'n then, shall my cold Dust remain,
 Here all its Frailties, all its Flames resign,
 And wait, till 'tis no Sin to mix with Thine.

Ah wretch! believ'd the Spouse of God in vain,
 Confest within the Slave of Love and Man.
 Assist me heaven! But whence arose that Prayer?
 Sprung it from Piety, or from Despair? ...¹⁹⁴
 Of all Affliction taught a Lover yet,
 'Tis sure the hardest Science, to Forget! ...¹⁹⁵
 Unequal Task! a passion to resign,
 For Hearts so touch'd, so pierc'd, so lost as Mine.
 E'er such a Soul regains its peaceful State,
 How often must it love, how often hate?
 How often hope, despair, resent, regret,
 Conceal, disdain—Do all things but forget.
 But let Heaven seize it, all at once 'tis fired,
 Not touched, but rapt; not wakened, but inspired!

¹⁹⁴Wesley omits:

Ev'n here, where frozen chastity retires, / Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.
 I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought; / I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;
 I view my crime, but kindle at the view, / Repent old pleasures, and solicit new;
 Now turn'd to heav'n, I weep my past offence, / Now think of thee, and curse my innocence.

¹⁹⁵Wesley omits:

How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense, / And love th'offender, yet detest th'offence?
 How the dear object from the crime remove, / Or how distinguish penitence from love?

Oh come! oh teach me Nature to subdue,
 Renounce my Love, my Life, myself—and You.
 Fill my fond Heart with God alone, for He
 Alone, can rival, can succeed to Thee.

How happy is the blameless Vestal's Lot?
 The World forgetting, by the World forgot:
 Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind!
 Each prayer accepted, and each Wish resigned; ...¹⁹⁶
 Desires compos'd, affections ever even;
 Tears that delight, and Sighs that waft to Heaven.
 Grace shines around her with serenest Beams,
 And whisp'ring Angels prompt her golden Dreams.
 For Her the Spouse prepares the Bridal Ring,
 For Her, white Virgins Hymeneals sing,
 For her th' unfading Rose of Eden blooms,
 And Wings of Seraphs shed divine perfumes,
 To Sounds of Heav'nly Harps She dies away,
 And melts in Visions of Eternal Day.

Far other Dreams my erring Soul employ,
 Far other raptures, of unholy Joy:
 When at the close of each sad, sorrowing Day,
 Fancy restores what Vengeance snatched away, ...¹⁹⁷
 I hear Thee, view Thee, gaze o'er all thy Charms,
 And round thy Phantom glue my clasping Arms.
 I wake—no more I hear, no more I view,
 The Phantom flies me, as unkind as You.
 I call aloud; It hears not what I say;
 I stretch my empty Arms; It glides away.
 To dream once more I close my willing Eyes;
 Ye soft Illusions, dear Deceits, arise!
 Alas, no more!—Methinks we wand'ring go

¹⁹⁶Wesley omits:

Labour and rest, that equal periods keep; / Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep;

¹⁹⁷Wesley omits:

Then conscience sleeps, and leaving nature free, / All my loose soul unbounded springs to thee.
 O curst, dear horrors of all-conscious night! / How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight!
 Provoking Dæmons all restraint remove, / And stir within me ev'ry source of love.

Thro' dreary Wastes, and weep each other's woe,
 Where round some mould'ring Tow'r pale Ivy creeps,
 And low-brow'd Rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.
 Sudden You mount, You beckon from the skies;
 Clouds interpose, Waves roar, and winds arise.
 I shriek, start up, the same sad prospect find,
 And wake to all the griefs I left behind.

For Thee the Fates, severely kind, ordain
 A cool suspense from Pleasure and from Pain;
 Thy life a long, dead calm of fixt repose;
 No Pulse that riots, and no blood that glows.
 Still as the Sea, e'er Winds were taught to blow,
 Or moving Spirit bade the Waters flow;
 Soft as the slumbers of a Saint forgiv'n,
 And mild as opening Gleams of promis'd Heaven.

Come Abelard! for what hast thou to dread?
 The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.
 Nature stands checked; Religion disapproves;
 Ev'n Thou art cold—yet Eloisa loves.
 Ah hopeless, lasting Flames! Like those that burn
 To Light the Dead, and warm th' unfruitful Urn.

What Scenes appear, where-e'er I turn my View,
 The dear Ideas where I fly, pursue, ...¹⁹⁸
 I waste the Matin Lamp in Sighs for Thee,
 Thy image steals between my God and me,
 Thy Voice I seem in ev'ry Hymn to hear,
 With ev'ry Bead I drop too soft a Tear.
 When from the Censer Clouds of fragrance roll,
 And swelling Organs lift the rising Soul,
 One Thought of Thee puts all the Pomp to flight,
 Priests, Tapers, Temples, swim before my Sight:

¹⁹⁸Wesley omits:
 Rise in the grove, before the altar rise, / Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes.

In Seas of Flame my plunging Soul is drown'd,
While Altars blaze, and Angels tremble round.

While prostrate here in humble Grief I lie,
Kind, virtuous drops just gathering in my Eye,
While praying, trembling, in the Dust I roll,
And dawning Grace is opening on my Soul:
Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as Thou art!
Oppose thyself to Heaven; dispute my Heart; ...¹⁹⁹

No, fly me, fly me! far as pole from Pole;
Rise Alps between us! and whole oceans roll!
Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor share one pang of all I felt for Thee.
Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign;
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
Fair Eyes, and tempting looks (which yet I view!)
Long lov'd, ador'd Ideas, all adieu!
O Grace Serene! O Virtue Heavenly Fair!
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted Care!
Fresh blooming Hope, gay Daughter of the Sky!
And Faith, our early Immortality!
Enter, each mild, each amicable Guest;
Receive, and wrap me in Eternal Rest!

See in her Cell sad Eloisa spread,
Propt on some Tomb, a neighbour of the Dead!
In each low wind methinks a Spirit calls,
And more than Echoes talk along the Walls.
Here, as I watched the dying Lamps around,
From yonder Shrine I heard a hollow sound.
Come, Sister, come! It said, or seem'd to say.
Thy place is here, Sad Sister, come away!
Once like thyself, I trembled, wept, and prayed,
Love's Victim then, tho' now a sainted Maid:

¹⁹⁹Wesley omits:

Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes / Blot out each bright Idea of the skies;
Take back that grace, those sorrows, and those tears; / Take back my fruitless penitence and pray'rs;
Snatch me, just mounting, from the blest abode; / Assist the fiends, and tear me from my God!

But all is calm in this Eternal sleep;
 Here Grief forgets to groan, and Love to weep,
 Even Superstition loses every fear:
 For God, not Man, absolves our Frailties here.

I come, Ye Ghosts! Prepare your roseate bowers,
 Celestial palms, and ever-blooming flowers.
 Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,
 Where flames refined in breasts seraphic glow:
 Thou, Abelard! the last sad Office pay,
 And smooth my passage to the Realms of Day;
 See my lips tremble, and my Eye-balls roll,
 Suck my last breath, and catch the flying Soul!
 Ah no! In sacred Vestments may'st Thou stand,
 The hallow'd Taper trembling in thy hand,
 Present the Cross before my lifted Eye,
 Teach me at once, and learn of me to Die.
 Ah then, thy once lov'd Eloisa see!
 It will be then no crime to gaze on me.
 See from my Cheek the transient Roses fly!
 See the last sparkle languish in my Eye!
 Till every Motion, Pulse, and Breath, be o'er;
 And ev'n my Abelard belov'd no more.
 O Death all-eloquent! You only prove
 What Dust we doat on, when 'tis Man we love.

Then too, when fate shall Thy fair frame destroy,
 (That cause of all my Grief,²⁰⁰ and all my Joy)
 In trance extatic may thy Pangs be drown'd,
 Bright Clouds descend, and Angels watch Thee round,
 From opening Skies may streaming Glories shine,
 And Saints embrace Thee with a Love like Mine.

²⁰⁰Pop: "Guilt."

May One kind Grave unite each hapless name,
And graft my Love immortal on thy Fame!
Then, Ages hence, when all my Woes are o'er,
When this rebellious Heart shall beat no more;
If ever chance two wand'ring Lovers brings
To Paraclete's white Walls and silver Springs,
O'er the pale marble shall they join their Heads,
And drink the falling Tears each other sheds;
Then sadly say, with mutual Pity moved,
Oh may we never love as These have loved!
From the full Quire when loud Hosannas rise,
And swell the Pomp of dreadful Sacrifice,
Amid that Scene, if some relenting Eye
Glance on the Stone where our Cold Reliques lie,
Devotion's self shall steal a thought from Heaven,
One Human Tear shall drop, and be forgiven.
And sure if fate some future Bard shall join
In sad similitude of Griefs to mine,
Condemn'd whole Years in absence to deplore,
And image Charms he must behold no more;
Such if there be, who loves so long, so well;
Let Him our Sad, our Tender Story tell;
The well-sung Woes will sooth my pensive Ghost;
He best can paint them, who shall feel them most.

Epitaph²⁰¹

A Pleasing Form; a firm, yet cautious Mind,
 Sincere, tho' prudent, constant, yet resign'd;
 Honour unchang'd, a principle profest,
 Fixt to one side, but moderate to the rest:
 An honest Courtier, and a Patriot too,
 Just to his Prince, and to his Country true.
 Fill'd with the sense of Age, the Fire of Youth,
 A Scorn of wrangling, yet a Zeal for Truth,
 A gen'rous Faith, from Superstition free;
 A love to Peace, and Hate of Tyranny;
 Such this man was; who now from Earth remov'd,
 At length enjoys that Liberty he lov'd.

Messiah**In Imitation of Virgil's Pollio**²⁰²

Ye Nymphs of Solyma! begin the Song:
 To heav'nly Themes sublimer Strains belong.
 The mossy Fountains, and the Sylvan Shades,
 The dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian Maids,
 Delight no more—O Thou my Voice inspire
 Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd Lips with Fire!

Rapt into future times, the Bard begun,
 A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!
 From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
 Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the Skies:
 Th' Ethereal Spirit o'er its Leaves shall move,
 And on its Top descends the Mystic Dove.
 Ye heav'ns, from high the dewy Nectar pour,
 And in soft silence shed the kindly Shower!

²⁰¹Pope, "Epitaph," *Miscellany Poems*, 1:200. Wesley published in *Collection of Moral and Sacred Poems*, 1:279.

²⁰²Pope, "Messiah: A Sacred Eclogue. In Imitation of Virgil's Pollio," *Miscellany Poems*, 1:27–32. Wesley published in *Collection of Moral and Sacred Poems*, 1:281–85; and *Arminian Magazine* 9 (1786): 60–63 [He goes back to Pope's original, as none of his slight changes here appear in the published form].

The Sick and Eeak the Healing Plant shall aid,
 From Storms a shelter, and from Heat a Shade.
 All Crimes shall cease, and ancient Fraud shall fail;
 Returning Justice lift aloft her Scale;
 Peace o'er the world her Olive Wand extend,
 And white-robed Innocence from Heaven descend.

Fly swift the years, and rise th' expected Morn!
 Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
 See Nature hastes her earliest Wreaths to bring,
 With all the Incense of the breathing Spring:
 See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
 See nodding Forests on the Mountains dance;
 See spicy Clouds from lowly Saron rise,
 And Carmel's flow'ry Top perfumes the Skies!

Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert chears;
 Prepare the way! a God, a God appears:
 A God; a God! the vocal Hills reply,
 The Rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
 Lo, Earth receives him from the bending Skies!
 Sink down ye Mountains, and ye Valleys rise,
 With heads declined, ye Cedars, Homage pay;
 Be smooth ye Rocks, ye rapid Streams give way!
 The Saviour comes! by ancient Bards foretold;
 Hear him, ye Deaf, and all ye Blind, behold!
 He from thick films shall purge the visual Ray,
 And on the sightless Eye-ball pour the Day:
 'Tis He th' obstructed paths of Sound shall clear,
 And bid new Music charm th' unfolding Ear:
 The Dumb shall sing, the Lame his Crutch forego,
 And leap exulting like the bounding Roe.
 No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear,

From every Face he wipes off every Tear,
 In adamant Chains shall Death be bound,
 And Hell's grim Tyrant feel th' eternal Wound.

As the Good Shepherd tends his fleecy Care,
 Seeks freshest Pasture and the purest Air,
 Explores the lost, the wandering Sheep directs,
 By day o'ersees them, and by night protects,
 The tender Lambs he raises in his Arms,
 Feeds from his hand, and in his Bosom warms;
 Thus shall mankind his Guardian Care engage,
 The promis'd Father of the future Age.

No more shall Nation against Nation rise,
 Nor ardent Warriors meet with hateful Eyes,
 Nor fields with gleaming Steel be cover'd o'er,
 The brazen Trumpets kindle Rage no more;
 But useless Lances into Scythes shall bend,
 And the broad faulchion in a plow-share end.
 Then Palaces shall rise; the Joyful Son
 Shall finish what his short-liv'd Sire begun;
 Their Vines a shadow to their Race shall yield,
 And the same hand that plowed, shall reap the field.
 The Swain in barren Deserts with surprize
 Sees Lillies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
 And starts amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
 New falls of water murm'ring in his Ear.
 On rifted Rocks, the Dragon's late Abodes,
 The green Reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
 Waste sandy Vallies, once perplexed with Thorn,
 The spiry Fir and shapely Box adorn;
 To leafless Shrubs the flow'ring Palms succeed,
 And od'rous Myrtle to the noisom Weed.

The Lambs with Wolves shall graze the verdant Mead,
 And Boys in flowery Bands the Tiger lead;
 The Steer and Lion at one Crib shall meet,
 And harmless Serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
 The smiling Infant in his hand shall take
 The crested Basilisk and speckled Snake,
 Pleas'd the green lustre of the Scales survey,
 And with their forky tongue and pointless Sting shall play.

Rise, crown'd with light, Imperial Salem rise!
 Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy Eyes!
 See, a long race thy spacious Courts adorn;
 See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
 In crowding ranks on every side arise,
 Demanding Life, impatient for the Skies!
 See barb'rous Nations at thy Gates attend,
 Walk in thy light, and in thy Temple bend;
 See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate Kings,
 And heap'd with products of Sabæan Springs!
 For Thee Idume's spicy Forests blow,
 And seeds of Gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
 See Heaven its sparkling Portals wide display,
 And break upon Thee in a flood of Day!
 No more the rising Sun shall gild the Morn,
 Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver Horn,
 But lost, dissolved in Thy Superior rays,
 One Tide of Glory, one unclouded blaze
 O'erflow thy Courts: The Light himself shall shine
 Reveal'd, and God's Eternal Day be Thine!
 The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
 But fixt His Word, His Saving Power remains:
 Thy Realm forever lasts, Thy own Messiah Reigns!

[Dryden, *Miscellany*, Vol. 2]²⁰³

The 19th Idyllium of Theocritus²⁰⁴

Cupid, the sliest Rogue alive,
 One Day was plundering of a Hive:
 But as with too eager Haste
 He strove the liquid Sweets to taste,
 A Bee surpriz'd the heedless Boy;
 Prick'd him, and dash'd th' expected Joy.
 The Urchin when he felt the Smart
 Of the envenom'd angry Dart,
 He kick'd, he flung, he spurn'd the Ground;
 He blow'd, and then he chaf'd the Wound:
 He blow'd and chaf'd the Wound in vain!
 The Rubbing still increas'd the Pain.
 Straight to his Mother's Lap he hies,
 With swelling Cheeks, and blubber'd Eyes.
 Cries she — What does my Cupid ail?
 When thus he told his mournful Tale.
 A little Bird they call a Bee,
 With yellow Wings; see, Mother, see
 How it has gor'd, and wounded me!
 And are not you, replied his Mother,
 For all the World just such another?
 Just such another angry thing,
 Like in Bulk, and like in Sting?
 For when you aim a poisonous Dart,
 Against some poor unwary Heart,
 How little is the Archer found!
 And yet how wide, how deep the Wound!

²⁰³John Dryden (1631–1700), editor, *Miscellany Poems*, 4th edition, 6 vols. (London: Jacob Tonson, 1716). Wesley records reading this series in his Oxford Diary (2–14 July 1729).

²⁰⁴[John Dryden?] “The 19th Idyllium of Theocritus,” in Dryden, ed., *Miscellany*, 2:230–31.

Dryden's *Miscellany*
Vol 3

To a Young Lady Weeping²⁰⁵
By Mr Yalden

Could mournful Sighs, or Floods of Tears, prevent
 The ills, Unhappy Men lament:
 Could all the Anguish of my Mind
 Remove my Cares, or make but Fortune kind;
 Soon I'd the grateful Tribute pay,
 And weep my troubled thoughts away:
 To Wealth and Pleasure every Sigh prefer,
 And more than Gems esteem each falling Tear.

But, since insulting Cares are most inclin'd
 To triumph o'er th' afflicted Mind;
 Since Sighs can yield us no Relief,
 And Tears, like fruitful Showers, but nourish Grief;
 Then cease, Fair Mourner, to complain,
 Nor lavish such bright Streams in vain,
 But still with chearful Thoughts thy Cares beguile,
 And tempt thy better Fortunes with a Smile.

The generous Mind is by its Sufferings known,
 Which no Affliction tramples down;
 But when oppress'd will upward move,
 Spurn down its Clog of Cares, and soar above.
 Thus the young Royal Eagle tries
 On the Sun's beams his tender Eyes,
 And, if he shrinks not at th' offensive Light,
 He's then for Empire fit, and takes his soaring Flight,

Though Cares assault thy Breast on every side,
 Yet bravely stem th' impetuous Tide:
 No tributary Tears to Fortune pay,

²⁰⁵Thomas Yalden, "Against Immoderate Grief: To a Young Lady Weeping," in Dryden, ed., *Miscellanies*, 3:48–49.

Nor add to any Loss a nobler Day;
 But with kind Hopes support thy Mind,
 And think thy better Lot behind:
 Amidst Afflictions let thy Soul be Great,
 And show Thou dar'st deserve a better State.

Then, lovely Mourner, wipe those Tears away,
 And Cares that urge Thee to decay;
 Like ravenous Age thy Charms they waste,
 Wrinkle thy youthful Brow, and blooming beauties blast.
 But keep thy Looks and Mind serene,
 All Gay without, all Calm within;
 For Fate is awed, and adverse Fortunes fly
 A Cheerful Look, and an unconquer'd Eye.

Hymn to Darkness²⁰⁶
by the Same

Darkness, Thou first kind Parent of us all,
 Thou art our Great Original:
 Since from Thy Universal Womb
 Does all Thou shad'st below, thy numerous offspring, come.

Thy Wondrous Birth is ev'n to Time unknown,
 Or, like Eternity, Thou 'dst none;
 Whilst Light did its first being owe
 Unto that awful Shade it dares to rival now.

Say, in what distant Region dost Thou dwell,
 To Reason inaccessible?
 From form and duller Matter free,
 Thou soar'st above the reach of Man's Philosophy.

Involv'd in Thee, we first receive our Breath,
 Thou art our refuge too in Death,
 Great Monarch of the Grave and Womb,
 Where e'er our souls shall go, to Thee our Bodies come.

²⁰⁶Thomas Yalden, "A Hymn to Darkness," In Dryden, ed., *Miscellanies*, 3:57–59. Wesley published in *Collection of Moral and Sacred Poems*, 1:62–65 (restoring the first of three stanzas that he deletes here).

The silent Globe is struck with awful Fear,
 When Thy Majestic Shades appear:
 Thou dost compose the Air and Sea,
 And Earth a Sabbath keeps, sacred to Rest and Thee.

In thy Serener Shades our Fhosts delight,
 And court the umbrage of the Night;
 In Vaults and gloomy Caves they stray,
 But fly the Morning's Beams, and sicken at the Day.

Though Solid Bodies dare exclude the Light,
 Nor will the brightest Ray admit;
 No Substance can thy Force repel,
 Thou reign'st in Depths below, dost at the Center dwell.

The Sparkling Gems, and Ore in Mines below,
 To Thee their beauteous Lustre owe;
 Though form'd within the Womb of Night,
 Bright as their Sire they shine, with Native Rays of Light. ...

Thou dost thy Smiles impartially bestow,
 And know'st no difference here below:
 All things appear the same by Thee,
 Though Light Distinction makes, Thou giv'st Equality. ...

Calm as the Blest above the Anchorites dwell,
 Within their peaceful gloomy Cell.
 Their minds with Heavenly Joys are fill'd;
 What envious Light denies, Thy Shades for ever yield. ...

When the Almighty did on Horeb stand,
 Thy Shades enclos'd the hallow'd Land:
 In Clouds of Night he was array'd,
 And venerable Darkness his Pavilion made.

When he appear'd arm'd in his Power and Might,
 He veil'd the Beatific Light;
 When terrible with Majesty,
 In Tempests he gave Laws, and clad Himself in Thee.

Ere the Foundation of the Earth was laid,
 Ere brighter Firmament was made;
 Ere Matter, Time, or Place, was known,
 Thou, Monarch Darkness, sway'dst these spacious Realms alone.

But, now the Moon (though gay with borrow'd Light)
 Invades thy scanty Lot of Night,
 By Rebel Subjects Thou 'rt betray'd,
 The anarchy of Stars depose their Monarch Shade.

Yet fading Light its Empire must resign,
 And Nature's Power submit to Thine:
 A general Ruin shall erect Thy Throne,
 Thy Kingdom shall confirm, for evermore Thy own.

**On Mrs Arabella Hunt singing²⁰⁷
 by Mr Congreve**

Let all be husht, each softest Motion cease,
 Be ev'ry loud tumultuous thought at peace,
 And ev'ry ruder Gasp of breath
 Be calm, as in the arms of Death.
 And Thou most fickle, most uneasie Part,
 Thou restless Wanderer, my Heart,
 Be still; Gently, ah gently, leave,
 Thou busy, idle thing, to heave.
 Stir not a pulse; and let my Blood,
 That turbulent, unruly Flood,
 Be softly staid:

Let me be all, but my Attention, dead. [...]
 For I would hear her Voice, and try
 If it be possible to die.

Come all ye love-sick Maids and wounded Swains,
 And listen to her healing Strains.
 A wond'rous Balm, between her Lips she wears,

²⁰⁷William Congreve, "On Mrs. Arabella Hunt Singing: a Pendaric Ode," in Dryden, ed., *Miscellany*, 3:65–68 (Wesley includes only the first two of five stanzas).

Of Sov' reign force to soften Cares;
 'Tis piercing as your Thoughts and melting as your Tears ...
 But ah! beware of clam'rous Moan:
 Let no unpleasing Murmur or harsh Groan,
 Your slighted Loves declare:
 Your very tend'rest moving Sighs forbear,
 For even they will be too boist'rous here.
 Hither let nought but sacred Silence come,
 And let all saucy Praise be dumb. ...

Considerations on the 88th Psalm²⁰⁸
by Mr Prior

Heavy, O Lord, on me thy Judgments lie,
 And cursed I am; for God neglects my Cry.
 O Lord in Darkness and Despair I groan;
 And ev'ry place is Hell; for God is gone.
 O! Lord, arise, and let thy Beams controul
 Those horrid Clouds, that press my frightened Soul:
 O rise and save me from Eternal Night,
 Thou art the God of light!

Downward I hasten to my destin'd place;
 There none obtain Thy aid, or sing thy Praise.
 Soon I shall lie in Death's deep Ocean drown'd:
 Is mercy there? Is sweet forgiveness found?
 O save me yet, whilst on the brink I stand;
 Rebuke the storm, and set me safe on land.
 O make my Longings and thy Mercy sure,
 Thou art the God of pow'r.

Behold the wearied Prodigal is come,
 To Thee his Hope, his Harbor, and his home:
 Nor Father he could find, no Friend abroad,
 Deprived of Joy and destitute of God!

²⁰⁸Matthew Prior, "Considerations on the Eighty-Eighth Psalm," in Dryden, ed., *Miscellany*, 3:112–13.

O let thy terrors, and his anguish end!
 Be thou his Father, and be thou his Friend:
 Receive the Son Thou didst so long reprove,
 Thou art the God of love.

Harry Martin's Epitaph on Himself²⁰⁹

Here, or elsewhere, (all's one to you, to me)
 Earth, Air, or Water, gripes my Ghostless Dust.
 None knowing when brave Fire shall set it free;
 Reader, if you an oft-tried Rule will trust,
 You'll gladly do and suffer what you must!

A Sigh²¹⁰

Gentlest Air, thou Breath of Lovers,
 Vapour from a Secret Fire;
 Which by Thee itself discovers,
 Ever daring to aspire.

Softest Note of whisper'd Anguish,
 Harmony's refined Part,
 Striking, while Thou seem'st to languish,
 Full upon the List'ner's Heart.

Softest Messenger of Passion,
 Stealing thro' a Crowd of Spies;
 Which constrain the outward Fashion,
 Close the Lips, and guard the Eyes.

Shapeless Sigh, we ne'er can show Thee,
 Form'd but to assault the Ear;
 Yet e'er to their Cost they know Thee,
 Ev'ry Nymph may read Thee here.

²⁰⁹“Harry Martin's Epitaph,” by Himself, in Dryden, ed., *Miscellany*, 3:142.

²¹⁰“A Sigh,” in Dryden, ed., *Miscellany*, 3:189.

A F—.²¹¹

Gentlest Blast of ill Concoction,
 Reverse of high-ascending Belch,
 The only Stink abhor'd by Scotchmen,
 Belov'd and practis'd by the Welch.

Softest Note of inward Griping,
 Sir reverence's finest Part:
 So fine it needs no pains of wiping,
 Except it be a Brewers F—.

Swiftest Ease of Cholick Pains,
 Vapour from a secret stench,
 That's rattled by the unbred Swains,
 But whisper'd by the bashful Wench.

Shapeless F—, we ne'er can shew thee,
 But in that noble Female Sport;
 In which by burning blue we know thee,
 Th' amusement of the Maids at Court.

**[Dryden's *Miscellany*]
 Vol. 5**

[On Tyburn]²¹²

Oh Tyburn! coud'st Thou reason and dispute;
 Coud'st thou but Judge as well as Execute;
 How often would'st thou change the Felon's Doom,
 And truss some stern Chief-Justice in his Room?

Gloria Patri. By John Dryden²¹³

Immortal Honour, Endless Fame,
 Attend the Almighty Father's name;
 The Saviour Son be glorified,
 Who for lost Man's Redemption died;
 And Equal Adoration be,
 Eternal Paraclete, to Thee!

²¹¹“A F—t,” in Dryden, ed., *Miscellany*, 3:190.

²¹²“On Tyburn,” in Dryden, ed., *Miscellany*, 5:126.

²¹³Last stanza of Dryden, “Veni Creator Spiritus,” in Dryden, ed., *Miscellany*, 5:249.

The Despairing Lover²¹⁴

Distracted with Care
 For Phyllis the Fair,
 Since nothing could move her,
 Poor Damon, her Lover,
 Resolves in Despair
 No longer to languish,
 Nor bear so much Anguish;
 But, mad with his Love,
 To a precipice goes,
 Where a Leap from above
 Would soon finish his Woes.

When in rage he came there,
 Beholding how steep
 The Sides did appear,
 And the Bottom how Deep;
 His Torments projecting,
 And sadly reflecting,
 That a Lover forsaken
 A new Love may get,
 But a Neck, when once broken,
 Can never be set;
 And that he could die
 Whenever he would;
 But that he could live
 But as long as he Could:
 How grievous soever
 The Torment might grow,
 He scorn'd to endeavour
 To finish it so.
 But Bold, Unconcern'd,
 At thoughts of the Pain,
 He calmly return'd
 To his Cottage again.

²¹⁴William Walsh (1663–1708), “The Despairing Lover,” in Dryden, ed., *Miscellany*, 5:140–41.

Vol. 6

Alcidor. By a Lady²¹⁵

While Monarchs in stern Battle strove
 For proud Imperial Sway;
 Abandon'd to his milder Love,
 Within a silent peaceful Grove,
 Alcidor careless lay.

Some term'd it cold, unmanly Fear;
 Some, Nicety of Sense,
 That Drums and Trumpets could not hear,
 The sullyng Blasts of Powder bear,
 Or with foul Camps dispense.

A patient Martyr to their Scorn,
 And each ill-fashion'd Jest;
 The Youth, who but for Love was born,
 Remain'd, and thought it vast Return,
 To reign in Cloria's Breast.

But oh! a ruffling Soldier came
 In all the Pomp of War:
 The Gazettes long had spoke his Fame;
 Now Hautboys his Approach proclaim,
 And draw in Crowds from far.

Cloria unhappily would gaze;
 And as he nearer drew,
 The Man of Feather and of Lace
 Stopp'd short, and with profound Amaze
 Took all her Charms to view.

A Bow, which from Campaigns he brought,
 Down to his Holsters low,
 Herself, and the Spectators taught,
 That Her the fairest Nymph he thought,
 Of all that form'd the Row.

²¹⁵[Anne Winchilsea,] "Alcidor," in Dryden, ed. *Miscellany*, 6:53–54. Wesley published in *Arminian Magazine* 1 (1778): 479–81.

Next day, or ere the Sun was seen,
 Or any Gate unbarr'd;
 At Her's, upon th' adjoining Green,
 From Ranks, with waving Flags between,
 Were soften'd Trumpets heard.

The Noon does following Treats provide,
 In the Pavilion's Shade;
 The Neighbourhood, and all beside,
 That will attend the amorous Pride,
 Are welcom'd with the Maid.

Poor Alcidor! Thy Hopes are crost!
 Go perish on the Ground;
 Thy Sighs by stronger Notes are tost,
 Drove back, or in the Passage lost;
 Rich Wines thy Tears have drown'd.

In Women's Hearts, the softest things
 Which Nature could devise,
 Are yet some harsh, and jarring Strings,
 That, when loud Fame, or Profit rings,
 Will answer to the Noise.

Poor Alcidor! go Fight or Die!
 Let thy fond Notions cease:
 Man was not made in Shades to lie,
 Or his full Bliss, at ease, enjoy,
 To Live, or Love in peace!

January and May: or The Merchant's Tale from Chaucer²¹⁶

There liv'd in Lombardy, as Authors write,
In Days of old, a wise and worthy Knight;
Of gentle Manners, as of gen'rous Race,
Bless'd with much Sense, more Riches, and some Grace. [...] ²¹⁷

When sixty Years were o'er, he vow'd to wed,
And try the Pleasures of a lawful Bed.
This was his nightly Dream, his daily Care,
And to the Heavenly Powers his constant Prayer,
Once, e're he died, to taste the blissful Life
Of a kind Husband and a loving Wife.

These Thoughts he fortified with Reasons still,
(For none want Reasons to confirm their Will.)
Grave Authors say, and witty Poets sing,
That honest Wedlock is a glorious Thing:
But Depth of Judgment most in him appears,
Who wisely weds in his maturer Years.
Then let him chuse a Damsel, Young and Fair,
To bless his Age, and bring a worthy Heir; ...
The marry'd Man may bear his Yoke with Ease,
Secure at once himself and Heaven to please; [...]
Tho' Fortune change, his constant Spouse remains,
Augments his Joys, or mitigates his Pains.

But what so pure, which envious Tongues will spare?
Some wicked Wits have libell'd all the Fair.
With matchless Impudence they style a Wife,
The dear-bought Curse, and lawful Plague of Life! ...
Let not the Wise these sland'rous Words regard,
But curse the Bones of ev'ry lying Bard. ... ²¹⁸

Our Grandsire Adam, e're of Eve possest,
Alone, and even in Paradise unblest,
With mournful Looks the blissful Scenes surveyed,
And wandered in the solitary Shade:
The Maker saw, took pity, and bestowed

²¹⁶Alexander Pope, "January and May; or The Merchant's Tale from Chaucer," in Dryden, ed. *Miscellany*, 6:29–49.

²¹⁷Wesley omits:
Yet, led astray by Venus' soft Delights, / He scarce could rule some idle Appetites:
For long ago, let Priests say what they could, / Weak, sinful Laymen were but Flesh and Blood. ...

²¹⁸Wesley omits:
All other Goods by Fortune's Hand are giv'n, / A Wife is the peculiar Gift of Heav'n: ...

Woman, the last, the best Reserve of God.
 A Wife! Ah, gentle Deities, can he,
 That has a Wife e'er feel Adversity?
 Would Men but follow what the Sex advise,
 All things would prosper, all the World grow wise.
 'Twas by Rebecca's Aid that Jacob won
 His Father's Blessing from an elder Son: [...] ²¹⁹
 At Hester's Suit the persecuting Sword
 Was sheathed, and Israel lived to bless the Lord.

These weighty Motives, January the sage
 Maturely ponder'd in his riper Age;
 And charm'd with virtuous Joys, and sober Life,
 Would try that Christian Comfort call'd a Wife.
 His Friends were summon'd on a Point so nice,
 To pass their Judgment, and to give Advice;
 But fix'd before, and well resolv'd was he:
 (As Men that ask Advice, are wont to be.)
 My Friends, he cry'd (and cast a mournful Look
 Around the Room, and sigh'd before he spoke:)
 Beneath the Weight of threescore Years I bend,
 And, worn with Cares, am hast'ning to my End;
 How I have liv'd, alas! you know too well,
 In worldly Follies, which I blush to tell;
 But gracious Heav'n has op'd my Eyes at last,
 With due Regret I view my Vices past;
 And, as the Precept of the Church decrees,
 Will take a Wife, and live in holy Ease.
 But since by Counsel all things should be done,
 And many Heads are wiser still than one;
 Chuse you for me, who best shall be content,
 When my Desire's approv'd by your Consent.

One Caution yet is needful to be told,
 To guide your Choice: This Wife must not be old. [...] ²²⁰
 Now, Sirs, you know to what I stand inclined;
 Let ev'ry Friend with Freedom speak his Mind.

²¹⁹Wesley omits:

Abusive Nabal owed his forfeit Life / To the wise Conduct of a prudent Wife:
 Heroic Judith, as old Hebrews show, / Preserved the Jews, and slew th' Assyrian Foe:

²²⁰Wesley omits:

There goes a Saying, and 'twas shrewdly said, / Old Fish at Table, but young Flesh in Bed.
 My Soul abhors the tasteless, dry Embrace / Of a stale Virgin with a Winter-Face: ...
 But young and tender Virgins, ruled with Ease, / We form like Wax, and mold them as we please. ...

He said; the Rest in diff'rent Parts divide,
 The knotty Point was urg'd on either side: [...]
 Till, what with Proofs, Objections, and Replies,
 Each wondrous positive, and wondrous Wise,
 There fell between his Brothers a Debate;
 Placebo this was call'd, and Justin that.

First to the Knight Placebo thus begun
 (Mild were his Looks, and pleasing was his Tone)
 Such Prudence, Sir, in all your Words appears,
 As plainly proves, Experience dwells with Years:
 Yet you pursue sage Solomon's Advice,
 To work by Counsel when Affairs are nice:
 But, with the Wise man's leave, I must protest,
 (So may my Soul arrive at Ease and Rest,
 As still I hold your own Advice the best.)

Sir, I have liv'd a Courtier all my Days,
 And study'd Men, their Manners, and their Ways;
 And have observ'd this useful Maxim still,
 To let my Betters always have their Will.
 Nay, if my Lord affirm'd that Black was White,
 My Word was this, your Honour's in the right.
 Th' assuming Wit, who deems himself so wise,
 As his mistaken Patron to advise,
 Let him not dare to vent his dangerous thought;
 A noble Fool was never in a Fault.
 This, Sir, affects not you, whose every Word
 Is weigh'd with Judgment, and befits a Lord:
 Your Will is mine; and is (I will maintain)
 Pleasing to God, and should be so to Man. ...

Justin, who silent sate, and heard the Man,
 Thus, with a philosophic frown, began:

A Heathen Author, of the first degree,
 (Who sure had Common Sense as well as we)²²¹
 Bids us be certain our concerns to trust

²²¹Pope: "(Who, tho' not Faith, had Sense as well as we)."

To those of generous principles, and just.
 The venture's greater, I'll presume to say,
 To give your person, than your goods away:
 And therefore, Sir, as you regard your rest,
 First learn your Lady's Qualities at least:
 Whether she's Chaste or rampant, proud or Civil;
 Meek as a Saint, or Haughty as the Devil;
 Whether an Easy, fond, familiar Fool,
 Or such a Wit as no man e'er could rule. ...²²²
 Ah, gentle Sir, take warning of a friend,
 Who knows too well the State you thus commend; ...²²³
 While all my friends applaud my blissful Life,
 And swear no Mortal's happier in a Wife; [...]
 But, by th' immortal Powers, I feel the Pain,
 And he that smarts has Reason to complain. ...²²⁴
 If what I speak my noble Lord offend,
 My tedious Sermon here is at an end.

'Tis well! 'Tis wondrous well! the Knight replies,
 Most worthy Kinsman, Faith you're Mighty Wise!
 We, Sirs, are Fools, and must resign the Cause
 To Heath'nish Authors, Proverbs, and old Saws.
 He spoke with Scorn, and turned another way:—
 What does my Friend, my Dear Placebo say?

I say (quoth he) by Heaven the man's to blame,
 To slander Wives, and Wedlock's Holy Name.
 At this, the Council rose without delay;
 Each, in his own opinion, went his way;
 With full consent, that all disputes appeased,
 The Knight should marry when and where he pleased.

Who now but January exults with Joy?
 The Charms of Wedlock all his Soul employ:
 Each Nymph by Turns his wav'ring Mind possest
 And reigned the short-lived Tyrant of his Breast; ...
 Thus, in some public Forum fixt on high,
 A Mirror shows the figures moving by;

²²²Wesley omits:

'Tis true, Perfection none must hope to find / In all this World, much less in Woman-kind;
 But if her Virtues prove the larger Share, / Bless the kind Fates, and think your Fortune rare.

²²³Wesley omits:

And, spite of all his Praises, must declare, / All he can find is Bondage, Cost, and Care. ...

²²⁴Wesley omits:

... To please a Wife, when her Occasions call— / Would busy the most vig'rous of us all.
 And trust me, Sir, the chastest you can chuse / Will ask Observance, and exact her Dues.

Still one by one, in swift succession, pass
 The gliding Shadows o'er the polished glass. ...
 Thus doubting long what Nymph he should obey,
 He fixt at last upon the youthful May.²²⁵
 Her faults he knew not, Love is always blind,
 But ev'ry Charm revolv'd within his Mind: ...
 Her Sweet Behaviour, her enchanting face!
 Her moving Softness, and Majestic Grace! [...]

Once more in haste he summon'd ev'ry friend,
 And told them all, their pains were at an End: ...
 A Dame there is, the darling of my Eyes,
 Young, beauteous, artless, innocent and Wise; ...
 Her will I wed, if Gracious Heaven so please;
 To pass my Age in Sanctity and Ease: [...]
 If you, my friends, this Virgin can procure,
 My Joys are full, my Happiness is sure.

One only doubt remains: Full oft' I've heard,
 By Casuists grave, and deep Divines aver'd;
 That 'tis too much for Human Race to know
 The Bliss of Heaven above, and Earth below.
 Now should the nuptial Pleasures prove so great,
 To match the Blessings of the future State,
 Those endless Joys were ill exchanged for these;
 Then clear this doubt, and set my mind at ease.

This Justin heard; nor could his Spleen control,
 Touched to the Quick, and tickled at the Soul.
 Sir Knight (he cried) if this be all your dread,
 Heav'n put it past your doubt, whene'er you Wed; ...
 Then be not, Sir, abandoned to despair;
 Seek, and perhaps you'll find, among the fair,
 One that may do your business to a hair;
 Not even in wish your Happiness delay,
 But prove the Scourge to lash you on your way:
 Then to the Skies your mounting Soul shall go,
 Swift as an arrow soaring from the Bow. ...

²²⁵Wesley transposed this and the previous line in his manuscript, but marked them to be returned to proper order.

So said, they rose, nor more the work delayed;
 The Match was offered, the proposals made. ...
 Nor was it hard to move the Lady's Mind:
 When Fortune favours, still the Fair are kind. ...

Ye Bards! renowned among the tuneful throng
 For gentle Lays, and joyous nuptial Song,
 Think not your softest Numbers can display
 The matchless Glories of this blissful Day; ...
 The beauteous Dame sat smiling at the board,
 And darted tender Glances at her Lord. ...
 The joyful Knight surveyed her by his Side,
 Nor envied Paris with the Spartan Bride: ...
 Meantime the vigorous Dancers beat the ground,
 And Songs were sung, and flowing Bowls went round;
 With od'rous Spices they perfumed the Place,
 And Mirth and Pleasure shone in every Face.

Damian alone, of all the menial Train,
 Sad in the midst of Triumphs, sighed for Pain;
 Damian alone, the Knight's obsequious Squire,
 Consumed at Heart, and fed a secret Fire. ...²²⁶

The weary Sun, as learned Poets write,
 Forsook th' Horizon, and rolled down the Light;
 While glittering Stars his absent Beams supply,
 And night's dark Mantle overspread the Sky.
 Then rose the Guests; and, as the time requir'd,
 Each paid his thanks, and decently retir'd. ...²²⁷

But anxious Cares the pensive Squire opprest,
 Sleep fled his Eyes, and peace forsook his breast;
 The raging Flames that in his bosom dwell,
 He wanted art to hide, and means to tell.
 Yet hoping time th' occasion might betray,
 Compos'd a Sonnet to the lovely May; [...]
 When now the fourth revolving Day was run,
 ('Twas June, and Cancer had received the Sun) [...]
 He softly gave, and bribed the Powers divine
 With secret Vows, to favour his Design. [...]

²²⁶Wesley omits:

His lovely Mistress all his Soul possess'd; / He look'd, he languish'd, and could take no Rest: ...

²²⁷Wesley omits:

The Foe once gone, our Knight prepar'd t' undress, / So keen he was, and eager to possess:
 But first thought fit th' Assistance to receive, / Which grave Physicians scruple not to give:
 Satyrion near, with hot Eringo's, stood / Cantharides, to fire the lazy Blood; ...
 What next ensu'd, beseems not me to say; / 'Tis sung, he labour'd till the dawning Day ...
 Then on the Couch his weary Limbs he cast; / For ev'ry Labour must have Rest at last.

Were it by forceful Destiny decreed,
 Or did from Chance, or Nature's power proceed; [...] ²²⁸
 Whatever was the Cause, the tender Dame
 Felt the first Motions of an infant flame;
 Received th' impressions of the love-sick Squire,
 And wasted in the soft infectious fire. ...

His spacious Garden, made to yield to none,
 Was compast round with walls of solid Stone: [...] ²²⁸
 A Place to tire the rambling Wits of France
 In long descriptions, and exceed Romance;
 Enough to shame the gentlest Bard that sings
 Of painted Meadows, and of purling Springs.

Full in the center of the flow'ry Ground,
 A crystal fountain spread its Streams around,
 The fruitful Banks with verdant Laurels crown'd:
 About this Spring (if ancient fame says true)
 The dapper Elves their moonlit Sports pursue;
 Their pigmy King, and little Fairy Queen,
 In circling Dances gambold on the Green,
 While tuneful Sprites a merry concert made,
 And airy Music warbled thro' the Shade.

Hither the noble Knight would oft repair,
 (His Scene of Pleasure, and peculiar Care) [...] ²²⁸
 To this sweet place, in Summer's sultry heat,
 He us'd from noise and bus'ness to retreat;
 Here midst the shades to spend the live-long Day,
 And take no Partners but his sprightly May. [...] ²²⁹

But ah! what mortal lives of bliss secure?
 How short a space our worldly Joys endure!
 O Fortune, Fair, like all thy treach'rous Kind,
 But faithless still, and wavering as the Wind! [...] ²²⁹
 This rich, this wise, this venerable Knight, ²³⁰
 Amidst his Ease, his Solace, and Delight,
 Struck blind by Thee, resigns his days to Grief,
 And calls on Death, the Wretch's last Relief.

²²⁸Wesley omits:

Or that some Star, with Aspect kind to Love, / Shed its selectest Infl'ence from above;

²²⁹Wesley omits:

For, whate'er Work was undischarg'd a-bed, / The duteous Knight in this fair Garden sped.

²³⁰Orig., "This rich, this am'rous, venerable Knight."

The Rage of Jealousy then seized his Mind;
 For much he fear'd the Faith of Womankind.
 His Wife, not suffered from his side to stray,
 Was Captive kept; he watched her Night and Day,
 Abridged her pleasures, and confin'd her Sway. ...
 Yet venturous Damian could not refrain
 By secret Writing to disclose his Pain:
 The Dame by Signs revealed her kind Intent,
 Till both were conscious what each other meant.

Ah, gentle Knight! what would thy Eyes avail,
 Tho' They could see as far as Ships can sail?
 'Tis better sure, when blind, deceived to be,
 Than be deluded when a man can see. ...

The Dame at last, by Diligence and Care,
 Procured the Key her Lord was wont to bear;
 She took the Wards in Wax before the Fire,
 And gave th' Impression to the trusty Squire. [...]

It happ'd, that once upon a Summer's Day,
 Our rev'rend Knight address the lovely May:
 He tuned his voice, e're Matin-Bell was rung,²³¹
 And thus his Morning-Canticle he sung:

Awake, my Love! Hark how the Doves complain
 And in soft murmurs tell the trees your Pain. [...]
 The Winter's past; the Clouds and Tempests fly;
 The Sun adorns the Fields, and brightens all the Sky.
 Fair without spot, whose every charming part
 My bosom wounds, and captivates my Heart:
 Come, and in mutual pleasures let's engage,
 Joy of my Life, and Comfort of my Age.

This heard, to Damian strait a sign She made,
 To haste before; the gentle Squire obeyed:
 Secret, and undescried, he took his way,
 And ambushed close behind an Arbour lay.

It was not long e're January came,
 And Hand in Hand with him his lovely Dame:

²³¹Orig.,

Our rev'rend Knight was urg'd to am'rous Play: / He rais'd his Spouse, e're Matin-Bell was rung.

Blind as He was, not doubting all was sure,
He turn'd the Key, and made the Gate secure. [...] ²³²

Meanwhile a sidelong Glance the Lady cast,
Where Damion kneeling, worshipped as she past.
She saw him watch the Motions of her Eye,
And singled out a Pear-Tree planted nigh:
'Twas charged with Fruit that made a goodly Show,
And hung with dangling Pears was every Bough.
Thither th' obsequious Squire addressed his pace,
And climbing, in the Summit took his place: ...

Clear was the Day, and Phoebus rising bright,
Had streaked the azure Firmament with Light: [...]
It so befell, in that fair Morning-tide,
The Fairies sported on the Garden's side,
And, in the midst, their Monarch and his Bride. ...
The Dances ended, all the fairy train
For Pinks and Daisies searched the flowery Plain;
While on a Bank reclined, of rising Green,
The King thus with a frown bespoke his Queen:

'Tis too apparent, argue what you can,
The Treachery you Women use to Man: ...
Heaven rest thy Spirit, noble Solomon,
A wiser Monarch never saw the Sun: [...]
For sagely hast thou said, Of all Mankind,
One only just and righteous, hope to find.
But, should'st thou search the spacious World around,
Yet one good Woman is not to be found. ...

Full well you view the Villan in the Tree,
And well this venerable Knight you see: ...
Now, by my own dread Majesty I swear,
And by this awful Sceptre which I bear,
No impious wretch shall 'scape unpunished long,
That in my Presence offers such a Wrong.
I will this Instant undeceive the Knight,
And, in the very act, restore his sight; ...

²³²Wesley omits long speech by Knight seeking to persuade his wife to be faithful, and her insistence that she would never think of being unfaithful.

And will you so, replied the Queen, indeed?
 Now, by my Mother's Soul, it is decreed,
 She shall not want an answer at her need. ...²³³

What tho' this sland'rous Jew, this Solomon,
 Called Women fools, and knew full many a one? ...²³⁴
 Think You we'll grant that Women should be weighed
 By every Word that Solomon has said? ...
 Whose Reign indulgent God (says holy Writ)
 Did but for David's righteous Sake permit;
 David, the Monarch after Heav'n's own mind,
 Who loved our Sex, and honoured all our kind. ...

Nay (quoth the King) dear Madam, be not wroth:
 I yield it up; but since I gave my Oath,
 That this much-injured Knight again should see,
 It must be done—I am a King, said He,
 And one, whose Faith has ever sacred been.

And so has mine (she said)—I am a Queen;
 Her answer she shall have, I undertake;
 And thus an end of all dispute I make.
 Try when You list; and you shall find, my Lord,
 It is not in our Sex to break our Word.

We leave them here in this heroic Strain,
 And to the Knight our Story turns again;
 Who in the Garden, with his lovely May,
 Sung merrier than the Cuckoo or the Jay:
 This was his Song, Oh, kind and constant be;
 Constant and kind I'll ever prove to thee.

Thus singing as he went, at last he drew,
 By easy Steps, to where the Pear tree grew:
 The longing Dame looked up, and saw her Love
 Full fairly perched among the Boughs above.
 She stopped; and sighing: Oh, good Heaven, she cried,
 What Pangs, what sudden Shoots tear my Side!
 Oh, for the tempting fruit, so fresh, so green!
 Help, for the Love of Heav'n's immortal Queen!

²³³Wesley omits:

... All they shall need, is, to protest and swear, / Breathe a soft Sigh, and drop a tender Tear;
 Till their wise Husbands, gulled by Arts like these, / Grow gentle, tractable, and tame as Geese.

²³⁴Wesley omits:

The wiser Wits of later Times declare, / How constant, chaste, and virtuous Women are:
 Witness the Martyrs, who resigned their Breath, / Serene in Torments, unconcerned in Death:
 And witness next, what Roman Authors tell, / How Arria, Portia, and Lucretia fell.
 But since the sacred Leaves to all are free, / And Men interpret Texts, why should not we?
 By this, no more was meant, than to have shown, / That sov'reign Goodness dwells in Him alone,

Help, dearest Lord, and save at once the Life
Of thy poor Infant, and thy longing Wife!

Sore sighed the Knight, to hear his Lady's Cry;
But could not climb, and had no servant nigh:
Old as he was, and void of Eyesight too,
What could, alas! the helpless Husband do?
And must I languish then (she said) and die,
Yet view the lovely fruit before my Eye?
At least, kind Sir, for Charity's sweet Sake,
Vouchsafe the trunk between your Arms to take;
Then from your back I might ascend the Tree;
Do you but stoop, and leave the rest to me.

With all my Soul (he thus replied again)
I'd spend my dearest blood to ease thy pain.
With that, his back against the trunk he bent;
She seized a twig, and up the Tree she went. ...

In that nice Moment, lo! the wond'ring Knight
Looked out, and stood restored to sudden sight.
Strait on the tree his eager Eyes he bent,
As one, whose thoughts were on his Spouse intent;
But when he saw his bosom-Wife so drest,
His Rage was such as cannot be exprest: [...]
He cried, he roared, he stormed, he tore his hair;
Death! Hell! and Furies! what dost Thou do there?

What ails my Lord? the trembling Dame replied;
I thought your patience had been better tried:
Is this your Love, ungrateful and unkind?
This my reward for having cured the blind?
Why was I taught to make my husband see,
By struggling with a Man upon a Tree?
Did I, for this, the Power of Magic prove?
Unhappy Wife, whose Crime was too much Love!

If this be struggling, by this Holy Light,
'Tis struggling with a vengeance quoth the Knight.
So Heaven preserve the Sight it has restored,
As with these Eyes I plainly saw thee wh—d²³⁵ ; [...]

²³⁵Orig., "whor'd."

Guard me, good Angels! cried the gentle May,
 Pray Heaven, this magic work the proper Way!
 Alas, my Love! 'tis certain, could you see,
 You ne'er had used these killing words to Me:
 So help me, Fates, as 'tis no perfect Sight,
 But some faint glimmering of a doubtful Light.

What I have said, quoth he, I must maintain;
 For by th' immortal Powers, it seemed too plain.
 By all those Powers, some Frenzy seized your Mind,
 Replied the Dame; are these the Thanks I find?
 Wretch that I am, that e'er I was so kind!
 She said; a rising Sigh exprest her Woe,
 The ready Tears began apace to flow, ...

The Knight was touched, and in his Looks appeared
 Signs of Remorse, while thus his Spouse he chear'd:
 Madam, 'tis past, and my short anger o'er;
 Come down, and vex your tender Heart no more: ...
 Let my repentance your forgiveness draw;
 By Heaven, I swore but what I Thought I saw.

Ah, my loved Lord! 'twas much unkind, she cried
 On bare Suspicion thus to treat your Bride. ...
 While just recovering from the Shades of Night,
 Your swimming Eyes are drunk with sudden Light,
 Strange Phantoms dance around, and skim before your Sight.

Then, Sir, be cautious, nor too rashly deem;
 Heaven knows, how seldom Things are what they seem!
 Consult your Reason, and you soon shall find,
 'Twas You were Jealous, not your Wife Unkind: ...

With that she leaped into her Lord's Embrace,
 With well-dissembled Virtue in her Face.
 He hugged her close, and kissed her o'er and o'er,
 Disturbed with Doubts and Jealousies no more:
 Both, pleased and blest, renewed their mutual Vows,
 A fruitful Wife, and a believing Spouse!

Epitaph
on M. W.²³⁶

In even Scale, by Truth Divine,
 When Greatness weigh'd shall be;
 Nor scepter'd Kings shall brighter shine,
 Nor, laurel'd Chiefs than Thee.

Thy Patient, Active, Chearful Faith,
 No Form of Woe could move,
 Not Worldly Want! Securely plac'd
 On God, Thy Hope! Thy Love!

Well thought, by fawning Crowds enclosed,
 They grasped an empty Name?
 No finer Dust their Limbs composed,
 Their Minds no purer Flame.

Now equal Death has level laid
 The Sovereign and the Slave.
 His Honors like her Beauty fade:
 Thine flourishing in the grave.

Incline, Blest Shade, thy pitying Brow:
 on these mean Great look down;
 A Richer Robe adorns Thee now,
 A never-fading Crown!

²³⁶Cf. [Anonymous,] "On the Death of a good Poor Woman," in David Lewis (1683?–1760), ed., *Miscellaneous Poems by Several Hands* (London: J. Watts, 1730), 244–45. [Wesley's version differs at several points, perhaps reflecting an earlier version of that published.]

A Letter from a Lady to Her Husband Abroad²³⁷

To Thee, dear Youth, in sacred Wedlock tied,
 Disown'd, forsook, a Widow and a Bride;
 Not suffered to lament, and disallow'd
 That one sad Privilege of Widowhood;
 Let me disclose my Love, and speak my Fears,
 And freely pour my long-forbidden Tears.
 Anxious I tremble lest in distant Lands,
 Lest too obedient to your Sire's Commands,
 Whilst from your faithful Consort torn, you rove,
 This ill-meant Absence should efface your Love.

Say, have you still preserv'd your constant Heart,
 From the French Flutt'ring and Italian Art?
 Does still this Face each foreign Fair out-shine?
 Does no forbidden Beauty rival mine?
 Does yet your Breast its wonted Flame retain?
 And is your Father guilty yet in vain?
 O! that propitious Heaven would fix my Life
 In barbarous Climes a Captive, but a Wife,
 By thee acknowledged, willing I'd remain,
 Prisoner of Love, in Italy or Spain;
 Safe in thy Arms enjoy the smiling Days,
 And oft transported, bless the Happy Place;
 Happy whate'er its Government might prove,
 Happy the Slaves in State, if free in Love.
 But curst I mourn a Slave amidst the Free,
 Born in the boasted Land of Liberty.
 For me no Shield the Cobweb Laws appear,
 I feel by Proof that Tyranny is here.

Tho' Holy Rites that join'd our plighted Hands,
 Confirm'd our Loves with everlasting Bands,
 Still would your arbitrary Sire divide
 Our Hearts, and doom thee to another Bride.
 What frantick Aims distract his giddy View?

²³⁷[Noel Broxholme (1689?–1748),] *A Letter from a Lady to Her Husband Abroad* (London: J. Roberts, 1728).

Which Power Almighty would in vain pursue,
 Can he the Past recall? Can he the Done undo?
 Let Factions join th' oppression to disclose,
 And all my Friends be fired, and all my Foes;
 Each Lover speak, to aid a Lover's Sighs,
 To save a Wife, let every Woman rise;
 Nor pent within this narrow Isle alone,
 Wide as the World my History be known:
 Where-e'er the British Navy spreads her Sails,
 Bear it, ye Tides; and whisper it, ye Gales;
 Ah! who the dangerous Story dares reveal?
 'Tis Death to veil, it is but Death to tell.
 My Father trembling, keeps the Tale unknown,
 Nor for his Daughter's Life will risque his own;
 Lest Villains Power should plotted Treason feign,
 Or basely load him with a Felon's Chain:
 Afresh my Wounds bleed at a Father's Name,
 Weeping I blush, and pity whilst I blame.
 Did he for this the drooping Tyrant save,
 And raise to Health when sinking to the Grave?
 Is this the kind Reward, to be pursued
 To Chains, to Death, by Statesmen's Gratitude?
 Or forc'd to deep Despair his Child to give,
 His Darling Child, a curst Alternative.

The Great, too fond of their despotic Will,
 The grave Distinctions mock of Good and Ill,
 By vilest Guilt, their Hellish Ends ensure,
 Nor start at any Crime but being Poor:
 For conscious Heaven, no Reverence they show,
 If safe from Legal Witnesses below;
 If Hope of Place can move, or Fear of Death;
 If Gold or threat'ning stop the tell-tale Breath.
 But me no Frown shall frighten to resign
 The Heart, which spight of Interest shall be mine.
 To barter Thee for Lucre I disdain,

Or stoop to sell, whom I would die to gain;
 The Candid Free my Conduct will approve,
 My Fault is Virtue, for my Fault is Love.

Let him who dares in State Tyrannick Sway,
 Make the Poor tremble, and the Rich obey;
 Let Peace or War submit to his Command;
 Let him at Pleasure tax the weary Land:
 Enact, repeal, establish, or remove,
 Take Lives or Freedom, every thing but Love.

If Power by Breach of Marriage must be shewn,
 Let him, to prove his Strength, dissolve his own;
 No mutual Loves their Hearts together bind,
 Those vertuous Fetters have been long disjoin'd.
 If mere Ambition disappointed tore
 His fainting Breast, with Pangs unfelt before;
 And forc'd the haughty Tongue for help to call:
 With flatt'ring Tone support me, or I fall,²³⁸
 O! could he think what sorer Pain attends
 Despairing Lovers, and departed Friends;
 So might our Love-sick Anguish vanish soon,
 Could but that Heart relent as well as swoon:
 Fears the vain Man our Marriage should disgrace
 The ancient Arms of his illustrious Race?
 His Pride forgets, my Family is known,
 If not so Rich, as Gentle as his own.
 Did e'er my Stem, so slighted though it be,
 Produce a single Branch so black as He?
 Did e'er—but poor Reprizals I forbear,
 And for the loyal Dead, the Living spare;
 Spare for thy sake; yet, O! had gracious Heaven,
 To Worth like thine, some other Parent given,
 Blest hadst thou loved like humble happy Swains,
 Had purer Currents filled thy honest Veins;
 Had virtuous Blood in those dear Channels run,
 O! could Fate change it;—but thou art his Son.

²³⁸Wesley has inverted this and the previous line, compared to the original.

Tho' his by Nature's Bonds, by Right Divine
 Unshaken and Eternal, thou art mine;
 Milton, Rebellion's Advocate, in vain
 Would set the Conscience free from Wedlock's Chain,
 By quick Divorce when Nuptial Discord springs,
 An Enemy to Love, as well as Kings:
 In vain a Sweet-tongued Oracle of Laws,
 Disgrac'd his Silver Pen in such a Cause;
 Whilst Pagan Precedents support his Dreams,
 And Saints adorn his Patriarchal Schemes;
 Saints, in whose Footsteps he disdains to tread,
 Except by taking Handmaids to his Bed.

In vain a zealous Protestant pursues,
 Unchristian Peer, the Privilege of Jews,
 To disengage his Son from Bondage strives,
 Or save him from a Wife by adding Wives;
 The Orphan's Plunder, and the Widow's Foe,
 With more Success could equal Justice show.
 When a weak Stranger saw with frighted Eye
 Th' united Strength of Power and Policy,
 By Bribes and Threats determined to forswear
 Her Rank, her Fame, her Husband, and her Heir.
 But Vows like ours mock the Divider's Art,
 Thee, dear Possessor of my changeless Heart,
 No Power on Earth shall tempt me to disown,
 Nor the great Woolpack, nor the greater Throne:
 No Power on Earth our Friendship ought to move,
 Tho' merely founded on the Base of Love.
 Love fixt like ours, with Horror struck you hear
 A Fiend incarnate whisp'ring to your Ear;
 "A Second wed, nor give the former o'er,
 But while you drop the Consort, keep the Whore."
 Can this the Counsel of a Father be?
 How worthy Him! and how unworthy Thee!
 Say we were yet unwed, should I submit,

To lay my Peace, my Virtue at his Feet?
 Stoop to a Load of Infamy, content
 With Harlot's Shame and Harlot's Settlement,
 Embrace his loveless Courtezans for Hire,
 O! could I bear it, or couldst Thou desire?
 But me, no Tongue shall prostitute declare,
 I leave that title to another Fair;
 Her whom your Tyrant Father would provide,
 To join your perjur'd Hands, a seeming Bride.
 Must then your Innocence and Bliss be sold,
 To please his never-sated Thirst of Gold?
 Eliza boasts of Wealth a shining Store,
 But hates the blooming Youth that I adore;
 In vain her Father threatens the steady Maid:
 "Shall I, with generous Anger," thus she said,
 "Allur'd by ill-got Grandeur, idle Charms,
 "Receive my Country's Enemy to my Arms,
 "Draw on my Seed collective Curses down,
 "And pour a Nation's Vengeance on my Son?
 "Nor think too rash my fix'd Resolve appears,
 "Th' Unexperience of my Seventeen Years;
 "No, 'twas my Parents show'd me not to bow,
 "And such as he was once, will I be now:
 "No Time shall alter my well-grounded thought,
 "Or shake the Virtue that a Father taught,
 "E'er Vanity could yet his Reason blind,
 "Or soothing Flattery had bewitch'd his Mind:
 "Forbid it Heaven, shall I my Hand bestow,
 "To raise a barbarous domineering Foe?
 "Shall I for him my Virgin Fame resign,
 "And blot th' Escutcheon of my Father's Line,
 "Yield up the Wealth my Ancestors have won,
 "To shine the glorious Strumpet of his Son?"

Eliza spoke, and O! that fixt as Fate,
 May stand confirm'd her Everlasting Hate;

May some brave Youth with Well-tim'd Love conspire,
To save her from the Dotage of her Sire!

But ah! should there my Wishes fruitless prove,
As much alas! I fear, for much I love;
Where shall I hide this miserable Head,
Single, not free, without a Husband wed?
My ravish'd Bliss must I for ever mourn?
Can Joy departed once have no return?
That Stingless Joy, which Lust can never taste,
Too great to tell, too exquisite to last:
Joy which the guilty Great can never try,
Which all your Father's Thousands cannot buy.

If wicked Power your fickle Faith constrain,
And all my Fence of Love and Law be vain:
Haste not to Guilt, Oh! stay a little, stay,
Till mould'ring Grief destroys this wretched Clay;
Then take my happier Rival to your Bed,
From Solemn Vows, how vainly solemn, freed;
Yet even then no Nuptial Joy display,
Let my sad Memory cloud the gloomy Day;
With Sighs half-stifled meet th' appointed Hour,
And bow reluctant to the Tyrant's Power.
But soon stern Death shall drag the Wretch away,
From short-lived Dreams of Arbitrary Sway;
At Heaven's great Court of Judgment to appear,
Terribly Just, immoveably Severe:
That Court where our Records of Love are plac'd,
That last uncancel'd, and shall ever last.
No Venal Friends shall there support his Cause,
Nor Fraud nor Faction break th' Eternal Laws:
See flagrant Crimes stripped of their thin Disguise,
With genuine Horror blast his Guilty Eyes;
Spectres of Power, and Wealth, and Time misused,
Himself th' Accuser, and himself th' Accused;
And deep to plunge him in extreme Despair;
There too is —'s sad Ghost, and I am there.

The Last Day
By Dr. Young²³⁹

While Others sing the Fortune of the Great,
 Empire and Arms, and all the Pomp of State; ...
 I draw a deeper Scene; a Scene that yields
 A louder Trumpet and more dreadful Fields:
 The World alarm'd, both Earth and Heaven o'erthrown,
 And gasping Nature's last tremendous Groan;
 Death's ancient Scepter broke, the teeming Tomb,
 The Righteous Judge, and Man's Eternal Doom. [...]

O Thou, Almighty Ruler, Lord of all!²⁴⁰
 Before whose Throne arch-angels prostrate fall;
 If at Thy nod, from Discord and from Night,
 Sprang Beauty, and yon sparkling Worlds of Light,
 Exalt e'en Me: all Inward Tumults quell;
 The Clouds and Darkness of my mind dispel;
 To my Great Subject Thou my Breast inspire,
 And raise my labouring Soul with equal Fire.

Man, bear thy Brow aloft; view every Grace
 In God's great Offspring, Beauteous Nature's Face:
 See Spring's gay Bloom; see golden Autumn's Store;
 See how Earth smiles, and hear old Ocean roar. ...
 Here, Forests rise, the Mountain's awful Pride;
 Here, Rivers measure Climes, and Worlds divide; ...
 There, to the Skies aspiring Hills ascend,
 And into distant Lands their Shades extend. ...
 View the whole Earth's vast Landskip unconfined,
 Or view in Albion²⁴¹ all her glories joined.

Then let the Firmament thy wonder raise;
 'T will raise thy Wonder, but transcend thy Praise.
 How far from East to West? The lab'ring Eye

²³⁹Edward Young (1683–1765), *A Poem on the Last Day* (Oxford: Sheldonian Theatre, 1713). Wesley records reading this volume in his Oxford diary (22 June–6 July 1729). He later published in *Collection of Moral and Sacred Poems* 2:71–94. He restores several of the deleted passages and altered wording in the published form.

²⁴⁰Orig., “But chiefly Thou, great Ruler, Lord of all!”

²⁴¹Orig., “Britain.”

Can scarce the distant azure Bounds descry: [...]

Mark how those radiant Lamps inflame the Pole,

Call forth the Seasons, and the Year control. ...

How Great, How Firm, How Sacred All appears!

How worthy an Immortal round of Years!

Yet all must drop, as Autumn's sickliest grain,

And Earth and Firmament be sought in vain;

The Track forgot where Constellations shone,

Or where the Stuarts filled an awefull Throne:

Time shall be slain, All Nature be destroyed,

Nor left one Atom in the mighty Void.

Sooner or later, in some future Date,

(A dreadful Secret in the Book of Fate!) ...

While other Bourbons rule in other Lands,

And (if man's Sin forbids not) other Annes;

While the still busy World is treading o'er

The Paths they trod five thousand Years before, [...]

(Ye Sublunary Worlds, Awake, Awake!

Ye Rulers of the Nations, Hear, and Shake!)

Thick Clouds of Darkness shall arise on Day,

In sudden Night all Earth's Dominions lay;

Impetuous Winds the scatter'd Forests rend;

Eternal Mountains, like their Cedars, bend;

The Valleys yawn, the troubled Ocean roar,

And break the Bondage of his wonted Shore;

A Sanguine Stain the Silver Moon o'erspread;

Blackness²⁴² the Circle of the Sun invade;

From inmost Heaven incessant Thunders roll,

And the Strong Echo bound from Pole to Pole.

When, lo, a Mighty Trump, one half concealed

In Clouds, one half to Mortal Eye revealed,

Shall pour a dreadful Note— ...

²⁴²Orig., "Darkness"

O Potent²⁴³ Blast! To which no equal Sound
 Did e'er the frighted Ear of Nature wound,
 Though Rival Clarions have been strain'd on high,
 And Wars Immortal kindled thro' the Sky;²⁴⁴
 Though God's whole Enginery discharged, and all
 The Rebel Angels bellowed in their Fall. [...]

When guilty Joys invite us to their Arms,
 When Honor²⁴⁵ smiles, or Grandeur spreads her Charms,
 The Conscious Soul should this great Scene display,
 Call down the' Immortal Hosts in dread Array, ...
 Such deep Impression would the Picture make,
 No Power on Earth her firm Resolve could shake; [...]
 Or proffered Worlds her Ardour could restrain,
 And Death might shake his threatening Lance in vain!
 Her certain Conquest would endear the Fight,
 And Danger serve but to supply²⁴⁶ Delight. ...

The sparkling Eye, the sleek and painted Breast,
 The burnisht Scale, curled Train, and rising Crest,
 All that is lovely in the noxious Snake,
 Provokes our Fear, and bids us flee the Brake:
 The Sting once drawn, his guiltless Beauties rise
 In pleasing Lustre, and detain our Eyes;
 We view with Joy what once did Horror move,
 And strong Aversion softens into Love. ...

You see the Change!²⁴⁷ The blissful Earth, that late
 At leisure on her Axle rolled in state;
 While thousand golden Planets knew no rest,
 Still onward in their circling Journey prest;
 A grateful Change of Seasons some to bring,
 And sweet Vicissitude of Fall and Spring;
 Some through vast Oceans to conduct the Keel,
 And some those Watery Worlds to sink or swell;
 Around her some, their Splendors to display,
 And gild her Orb with tributary Day:

²⁴³Orig., "powerful."

²⁴⁴Orig., "And kindled Wars Immortal thro' the Sky."

²⁴⁵Orig., "beauty"

²⁴⁶Orig., "exalt."

²⁴⁷ Ori. "Ah mournful turn!"

This World so Fair, of Joy the bright abode,
 Heaven's darling Child, and Favourite of her God,
 Is now an²⁴⁸ Exile from her Father's Care,
 Delivered o'er to Darkness and Despair.
 No Sun in radiant Glory shines on high;
 No Light, but from the Terrors of the Sky:
 Fallen are her Mountains, her famed Rivers lost,
 Together into²⁴⁹ second Chaos tost:
 One Universal Ruin spreads abroad;
 Nothing is safe beneath the Throne of God.

Such, Earth, thy Fate! What Then canst Thou afford
 To comfort and support thy Guilty Lord?
 Man, haughty Lord of all, Say where is Now, [...]
 Thy boasted Stature and assuming Brow;
 Claim kindred with the Clay, and curse thy Form,
 That speaks Distinction from his Sister Worm!
 What dreadful Pangs the trembling Heart invade!
 Lord, why dost Thou forsake whom Thou hast made?
 Who can sustain Thy anger? Who can stand
 Beneath the Terrors of Thy lifted Hand?
 It flies the reach of Thought; O save me, Power
 Of Powers Supreme, in this tremendous Hour!
 Thou who beneath the Frown of Fate hast stood,
 And in thy dreadful Agony sweat Blood;
 Thou, who for me, through every throbbing Vein,
 Hast felt the Keenest Edge of Mortal Pain; ...
 Defend me, O my God! O save me, Power
 Of Powers Supreme, in this tremendous Hour! [...]

And is there a Last Day? And must there come
 A sure, a fixt, inexorable Doom?
 Ambition, swell, and, thy proud Sails to show,
 Take all the Winds that Vanity can blow;
 Wealth, on a Golden Mountain blazing stand,
 And reach an India forth in either Hand;

²⁴⁸Orig., "Now looks an .."

²⁴⁹Orig., "And all into a ..."

Spread all thy purple Clusters, tempting Vine,
 And Thou, more dreaded Foe, bright Beauty, shine:
 Shine all; In all your Charms together rise;
 That all, in all your Charms, I may despise,
 While I mount upward on a strong Desire,
 Borne, like Elijah, on a Car of Fire. ...

Again the Trumpet's intermitted Sound
 Rolls the wide Circuit of Creation round,
 An Universal Concourse to prepare
 Of All that ever breathed the Vital Air;
 See the vast Plain, which active Whirlwinds sweep,
 Drive Cities, Forests, Mountains to the Deep,
 To smooth and lengthen out th' unbounded Space,
 And spread an Area for all Human Race.

Now Monuments prove faithful to their trust,
 And render back their long committed Dust.
 Now Charnels rattle; scatter'd Limbs, and all
 The various Bones, obsequious to the Call,
 Self-moved, advance; the Neck perhaps to meet
 The distant Head; the distant Legs, the Feet.
 Dreadful to view, see through the dusky Sky
 Fragments of Bodies in confusion fly,
 To distant Regions journeying, there to claim
 Deserted Members, and compleat the Frame. ...

That Ancient, Sacred, Venerable Dome,²⁵⁰
 Where soon or late fair Albion's heroes come,
 From Camps and Courts, tho' Great, or Wise, or Just,
 To feed the Worm, and moulder into Dust;
 That solemn Mansion of the Royal Dead,
 Where passing Slaves o'er sleeping Monarchs tread,
 Now populous o'erflows; a numerous Race
 Of rising Kings fill all th' extended Space.
 A Life well-spent, not the Victorious Sword,
 Awards the Crown, and stiles the Greater Lord.

²⁵⁰Orig., "That Ancient, Sacred, and illustrious Dome."

Nor Monuments alone, and Burial Earth,
 Labour with Man to this his second Birth;
 But where gay Palaces in Pomp arise,
 And gilded Theaters invade the Skies,
 Nations shall wake, whose unsuspected Bones
 Support the Pride of their Luxurious Sons.
 The most magnificent and costly Dome
 Is but an upper Chamber to a Tomb.
 No Spot on Earth but has supplied a Grave,
 And Human Skulls the spacious Ocean pave.
 All's full of Man; and at this dreadful Turn,
 The Wwarm shall issue, and the Hive shall burn.

Not all at once, nor in like manner, rise:
 Some lift with Pain their slow unwilling Eyes;
 Shrink backward from the Terror of the Light,
 And bless the Grave, and call for lasting Night.
 Others, whose long-attempted Virtue stood
 Fixt as a Rock, and broke the rushing Flood. ...
 These, in this Day of Horrors, shall be seen
 To face the Thunders with intrepid²⁵¹ Mien: ...
 An Earth dissolving, and a Heaven thrown wide,
 A yawning Gulf, and Fiends on every side,
 Serene they view, impatient of delay,
 And bless the Dawn of everlasting Day.

On every side, what unknown Objects rise,
 And with glad wonder strike their open Eyes?²⁵²
 Here Greatness prostrate falls; there Strength gives place:
 Here Lazars smile; there Beauty hides her Face.
 Christians, and Jews, and Turks, and Pagans stand,
 One blended throng, one undistinguisht band.
 Some who, perhaps, by mutual Wounds expired,
 With Zeal for their distinct Persuasions fired,
 In mutual Friendship their long Slumber break,
 And hand in hand their Saviour's Love partake. ...

²⁵¹Orig., "a godlike."

²⁵²Wesley adds these two lines. In *MSP* revises:
 O Wonderous change! What unknown Objects rise, / And with fresh wonder fix my lingering Eyes.

Indulgent God! O how shall Mortal raise
 His Soul to due Returns of Grateful Praise,
 For Bounty so profuse to Human kind,
 Thy wondrous Gift of an Eternal Mind?
 Shall I, who, some few years ago, was less
 Than Worm, or Mite, or Shadow can express,
 Was Nothing; Shall I live, when every Fire
 And every Star shall languish and expire?
 When Earth's no more, shall I survive above,
 And through the radiant Files of Angels move?
 Or, as before the Throne of God I stand,
 See new Worlds rolling from His spacious Hand,
 Where our adventures shall perhaps be taught,
 As we now tell how Michael sung or fought?
 All that has Being in full Concert join,
 And celebrate the Depths of Love Divine! ...

Lo! the wide Theatre, whose ample Space
 Must entertain the Whole of Human Race,
 At Heaven's all-powerful Edict is prepared,
 And fenced around with an Immortal Guard.
 Tribes, Provinces, Dominions, Worlds o'erflow
 The Mighty Plain, and deluge all below:
 And every Age and Nation pours along;
 Nimrod and Bourbon mingle in the Throng;
 Adam salutes his youngest Son; no sign
 Of all those ages which their Births disjoin. ...

What joy must it now yield, what Rapture raise,
 To see the glorious Race of ancient Days!
 To greet those Worthies who perhaps have stood
 Illustrious on Record before the Flood!
 Alas! a nearer Care your Soul demands,
 Cæsar unnoted in your presence stands.

How vast the Concourse! not in number more
 The Waves that break on the resounding Shore,

The Leaves that tremble in the Shady Grove,
 The Lamps that gild the spangled Vaults above.
 Those overwhelming Armies, whose Command
 Said to one Empire, Fall; t' another, Stand;
 Whose Rear lay wrapt in Night, while breaking Dawn
 Rous'd the broad Front, and called the Battle on:
 Great Xerxes' World in arms, Proud Cannæ's Host,²⁵³ [...]
 They all are here, and here they all are Lost:
 Their Millions swell to be discern'd in vain,
 Lost as a Drop²⁵⁴ in the Unbounded Main. ...

A sudden Blush inflames the Waving Sky,
 And now the Crimson Curtains open fly;
 Lo! far within, and far above all Height,
 Where Heaven's dread²⁵⁵ Sovereign reigns enrobed in light,²⁵⁶
 Whence Nature He informs, and, with one Ray
 Shot from his Eye, does all her Works survey,
 Creates, supports, confounds! Where Time and Place,
 Matter and Form, and Fortune, Life, and Grace,
 Wait humbly at the Footstool of their God,
 And move obedient at His awefull Nod;
 Whence He beholds us vagrant Emmets crawl
 At random on this air-suspended Ball:
 (Speck of Creation!) If He pour one Breath,
 The Bubble breaks, and 'tis Eternal Death.

Thence issues on an Empyrean Throne
 Midst Seas of Light, Heaven's everlasting Son; [...]
 Virtue, Dominion, Praise, Omnipotence,
 Support the Train of their Triumphant Prince. [...]
 Night shades the solemn arches of his Brows,
 While in his Cheek the purple Morning glows.
 Where'er serene he turns propitious Eyes,
 Is felt a more than earthly Paradise.²⁵⁷
 But if Resentment reddens their mild Beams,
 The Eden kindles, and the World's in Flames.

²⁵³Orig., "Field."

²⁵⁴Orig., "Billow" (and "th'unbounded").

²⁵⁵Orig., "great."

²⁵⁶Orig., "reigns in worlds of light."

²⁵⁷Orig., "Or we expect, or find, a Paradise."

On one hand, Knowledge shines in purest Light;
 On one, the Sword of Justice, fiercely bright.
 Now bend the Knee in sport, present the Reed;
 Now tell the scourged Impostor He shall bleed!

But oh, you Sons of Men, exalt your Voice,
 And bid the Soul through all her Powers rejoice;
 Mercy, his Darling, in his Bosom found,
 Scatters Ambrosial Odors all around;
 Unbends his Brow, and mitigates his Frown,
 Softens his Rage, and melts his Thunders down.
 Changed is the Scene, now Man exalt thine Eye,²⁵⁸
 In thy dread Judge, thy dear Redeemer spy:
 E'en Judas struggles his Despair to quell;
 Hope almost blossoms in the Shades of Hell. ...

Triumphant King of Glory! Soul of Bliss!
 What a stupendous Turn of Fate is this!
 O whither art Thou raised above the Scorn
 And Indigence of Him in Bethlem born!
 A needless, helpless, unaccounted Guest,
 And but a second to the foddered beast!
 How changed from Him who, meekly prostrate laid,
 Vouchsafed to wash the Feet himself had made!
 From Him who was betrayed, forsook, denied,
 Who languished, wept, bled, thirsted, groaned, and died;²⁵⁹
 Hung pierced and bare, insulted by the Foe,
 Heaven all in tears above, Earth unconcerned below! ...

Mistaken Caiaphas! Ah! which blasphemed,
 Thou, or thy Prisoner? Which shall be condemned?
 Well mightst Thou rend thy garments, well exclaim;
 Deep are the Horrors of Eternal Flame!
 But God is good! 'Tis wondrous All! E'en He
 Thou gavest to Death, Shame, Torture, died for Thee.

Now the descending Triumph stops its flight
 From Earth full twice a Planetary Height.

²⁵⁸Orig., "My Thoughts are chang'd, now Man exalt thine Eye."

²⁵⁹Orig., "Wept, languish'd, pray'd, bled, thirsted, groan'd, and died."

There all the Clouds condensed, Two Columns raise
 Distinct with orient Veins, and golden Blaze:
 One fixt on Earth, one in the Sea, while round ²⁶⁰
 Its ample Foot the swelling Billows sound.
 These an immeasurable Arch support,
 The Grand Tribunal of this awful Court.
 Sheets of bright Azure, from the purest Sky,
 Stream from the Crystal Arch, and round the Columns fly.
 Death, wrapt in Chains, low at the Basis lies,
 And on the point of his own Arrow dies. ...

The Christian flag unfurl'd, which waving flies,
 And shuts and opens more than half the Skies:
 The Cross so Strong a Red, it sheds a Stain,
 Where'er it floats on Earth, in Air, or Main;
 Flushes the Hill, and sets on fire the Wood,
 And turns the deep-dyed Ocean into Blood. [...]

O Thou! whose Balance does the Mountains weigh,
 Whose Will the wild tumultuous Seas obey,
 Whose Breath can turn those watery Worlds to Flame,
 That Flame to Tempest, and that Tempest tame;
 Earth's meanest Son, all trembling, prostrate falls,
 And on the Plenty²⁶¹ of Thy goodness calls.

O give the Winds all past offence to sweep,
 To scatter wide, or bury in the Deep!
 Thy Power, my Weakness may I ever see,
 And wholly dedicate my Soul to Thee. ...

O may my Understanding ever read
 This glorious Volume, which Thy Wisdom made!
 Who decks the maiden Spring with flowery Pride?
 Who calls forth Summer, like a sparkling Bride?
 Who joys the Mother Autumn's Bed to crown,
 And bids old Winter lay her Honors down? ...
 May Sea and Land, and Earth and Heaven be join'd,
 To bring th' Eternal Author to my Mind!

²⁶⁰Orig., "One fix'd on Earth, and one in Sea, and round."

²⁶¹Orig., "Boundless."

When Oceans roar, or awful Thunders roll,
 May Thoughts of Thy dread Vengeance shake my Soul!
 When Earth's in Bloom, or Planets sweetly²⁶² shine,
 Adore, my Heart, the Depths of Love Divine!²⁶³

Through every Scene of Life, in Peace or War,
 Plenty or Want, Thy Glory be my Care!
 Shine we in Arms? Or sing beneath our Vine?
 Thine is the Vintage, and the Conquest Thine:
 Thy Pleasure points the Shaft, and bends the Bow;
 The Cluster blasts, or bids it richly flow:²⁶⁴
 'Tis Thou that lead'st our powerful Armies forth,
 And giv'st Great Anne thy Sceptre o'er the North.

Grant I may ever, at the MorningRay,
 Open with Prayer the Consecrated Day;
 Tune thy great Praise, and bid my Soul arise,
 And with the mounting Sun ascend the Skies:
 As He advances, let my Zeal improve,
 And glow with Ardour of consummate love;
 Nor cease at Eve, but with the setting Sun
 My endless Worship shall be still begun. ...

Canst Thou not shake the Center? O control,
 Subdue by force, the Rebel in my Soul!
 Thou, who canst still the Raging of the Flood,
 Restrain the various Tumults of my Blood;
 Teach me, with equal Firmness, to sustain
 Alluring Pleasure, and assaulting Pain.
 O may I pant for Thee in each Desire!
 And with Strong Faith foment the Holy Fire!
 Stretch out my Soul in Hope, and grasp the Prize
 Which in Eternity's deep Bosom lies!
 At the Great Day of Recompence behold,
 Devoid of Fear, the Fatal Book unfold!
 Then, wafted upward to the blissful Seat,
 From Age to Age my grateful Song repeat;

²⁶²Orig., "proudly."

²⁶³Orig., "the Majesty Divine."

²⁶⁴Orig., "brightly glow."

My Light, my Life, my God, my Saviour see,
And rival Angels in the praise of Thee! [...]

Ten Thousand Trumpets now at once advance;
Now deepest Silence lulls the vast Expanse;
So deep the Silence, and so strong the Blast,
As Nature Died when she had Groan'd her Last.
Nor Man nor Angel moves: the Judge on high
Looks round, and with his Glory fills the Sky:
Then on the Fatal Book his hand he lays,
Which high to view supporting Seraphs raise;
In solemn Form the Rituals are prepared,
The Seal is broken, and a Froan is heard! ...

See on the Left, (for by the Great Command
The Throng divided falls on either Hand,)
How Weak, how Pale, how haggard, how obscene!
What more than Death in every Face and Mien!
With what Distress, and Glarings of affright,
They shock the Heart, and turn away the Sight!
In gloomy Orbs their trembling Eye-balls roll,
And tell the horrid Secrets of the Soul.
Each Gesture mourns, each Look is black with Care,
And every groan is loaden with Despair. ...

Shouldst Thou behold thy Brother, Father, Wife,
And all the Soft Companions of thy Life,
Whose blended Interests leveled at one Aim,
Whose mixt Desires sent up one common Flame,
Divided far; Thy wretched self alone
Cast on the left, of all whom Thou hast known;
How would it wound! What Millions wouldst Thou give
For one more Trial, one more day to live? ...
Drive back the Tide! Suspend a Storm in Air,
Restrain²⁶⁵ the Sun; but still of this despair.

²⁶⁵Orig., "Arrest."

Mark, on the Right, how amiable a Grace!
 Their Maker's Image fresh in every Face!
 What purple Bloom a Virtuous Soul inspires,²⁶⁶
 How their eyes sparkle with immortal fires!²⁶⁷
 Triumphant Beauty! Charms that rise above
 This World, and even in Angels kindle love!
 Submissive, yet fearless to the Judge they turn,²⁶⁸
 And dare behold th' Almighty's Anger burn;
 Its flash sustain, against its Terror rise,
 And on the Dread Tribunal fix their Eyes. ...

Since Adam's Family, from first to last,
 Now into one distinct Survey is cast; ...
 Look round, and view the Lights of Human Race,
 Whose shining Acts Time's brightest Annals grace;
 Who founded Sects; cCrowns conquered, or resigned;
 Gave names to Nations, or spacious²⁶⁹ Eempires joine'd;
 Who raised the Vale, and laid the Mountain low,
 And taught obedient Rivers where to Flow; ...
 All lost! All undistinguisht! Nowhere found!
 How will this Truth in Bourbon's Palace sound?
 Round gilded Roofs how gloomy will it fly?
 With what a weight on Crowns and Scepters lie?
 E'en Great and Good Augustus is not seen,
 Nor haughty Babylon's Victorious Queen.

What then is He, in midst the radiant Bands
 of spotless Saints, and laureled Martyrs stands,
 Conspicuous from afar? Whose Rays so bright
 With sweet attractions fix the ravisht Sight?²⁷⁰
 In whom shine forth two distant Virtues joined,²⁷¹
 A Royal Greatness, and a Humble Mind:
 His lifted Hands, his lofty Neck surround
 To hide the Scarlet of a circling Wound

²⁶⁶Orig., "What purple Bloom my ravish'd soul admires."

²⁶⁷Orig., "And their eyes sparkling with immortal fires!"

²⁶⁸Orig., "To the great Judge with holy pride they turn."

²⁶⁹Orig., "famed."

²⁷⁰Orig., "sollicit and attract the ravisht Sight?"

²⁷¹Orig., "In whome I see two distant Virtues joyn'd."

Th' Almighty Judge bends forward from his Throne
 These Scars to mark, and then regards his Own.
 Jerusalem's Foundations groan aloud,
 And Albion sinks beneath her ambient Flood. ...

But see the Volume Vast since Time begun,
 Just Register of all beneath the Sun,
 Is opened Wide! Peace Ocean! Silence lull
 The sounding Winds! Ye Spheres, forbear to roll!
 Hear, Q Creation, thy Creator speak:
 Now first for Guilty Man blest Angels shake.

That hour, on which th' Almighty King on high
 From all Eternity has fixt his Eye,
 Whether his Right Hand favoured, or annoyed,
 Continued, altered, threatened, or destroyed;
 Southern or Eastern Scepter downward hurled,
 Gave North or West Dominion o'er the World;
 The Point of Time, for which that World was built,
 For which the precious Blood of God was spilt,²⁷²
 That moment is arrived.

Aloft, the Seats of Bliss their Pomp display,
 Brighter than Brightness one distinguisht Day;
 Less glorious, when of old th' Eternal Son
 From Realms of Night returned with Trophies won;
 Thro' Heaven's high gates when He triumphant rode,
 And shouting Angels hailed the Victor God.
 Horrors, Beneath, Darkness in Darkness, Hell
 Of Hell, where Torments behind Torments dwell; ...²⁷³
 Expands its foaming Jaws (dreadful to survey),²⁷⁴
 And roars outrageous for the destined Prey.
 The Sons of Light scarce unappalled look down,
 And nearer press Heaven's Everlasting Throne. [...]

²⁷²Orig., "For which the blood of God Himself was spilt."

²⁷³Wesley omits (here and in *MSP*):

A furnace formidable, deep, and wide, / O'er-boiling with a mad sulphureous tide,

²⁷⁴Orig., "Expands its jaws, most dreadful to survey."

What pangs are those which from the Guilty Breast,²⁷⁵
 In words like these, but faintly are exprest:
 “Who burst the Barriers of my peaceful Grave?
 Ah, cruel Death! that would no longer save,
 But grudged me even that narrow dark abode,
 And cast me forth into the wrath of God;
 Where shrieks, the roaring Flame, the rattling Chain,
 And all the dreadful Eloquence of Pain,
 Our only Song; Black Fire’s malignant Light,
 The sole refreshment of the blasted Sight.

“Must all those Powers Heaven gave me to supply
 My Soul with Pleasure, and bring in my Joy,
 Rise up in Arms against me? Join the Foe,
 Sense, Reason, Memory, increase my Woe?
 And shall my Voice, ordained on Hymns to dwell,
 Corrupt to Groans, and blow the Fire of Hell?
 O! Must I look with Terror on my Gain,
 And by existence only measure Pain?
 What no reprieve! No least indulgence given?
 No Beam of Hope from any Point of Heaven?
 Ah, Mercy! Mercy! Art Thou dead above?
 Is Love extinguisht in the Source of Love?

“Bold that I am! Did Heaven stoop down to Hell?
 Th’ expiring Lord of Life my Ransom seal?
 Have I not been industrious to provoke?
 From his embraces obstinately broke?
 Pursued, and panted for his Mortal Hate,
 Earned my Destruction, laboured out my Fate?
 And dare I on extinguisht Love exclaim?
 Take, take full Vengeance! Rouse the slackening Flame;
 Just is my Lot—but O! must it transcend
 The Reach of Time? Despair a distant end?
 With dreadful Growth shoot forward, and arise,
 Where Thought can’t follow, where even Fancy dies?²⁷⁶

²⁷⁵Orig., “That woe, those pangs, which from the guilty breast.”

²⁷⁶Orig., “Where Thought can’t follow, and bold Fancy dies?”

“Never! Where falls the Soul at that dread Sound?
 Down an Abyss how dark, and how profound!
 Down, down I still am falling, horrid pain!
 Ten thousand thousand Fathoms still remain;
 My Plunge but still begun—And this for Sin?
 Could I offend, if I had never been,
 But still increased the senseless happy Mass,
 Flowed in the stream, or flourished²⁷⁷ in the grass?

“Father of Mercies! Why from silent Earth
 Didst Thou awake, and curse me into Birth?
 Tear me from Quiet, ravish me from Night,
 And make a thankless Present of Thy Light?
 Push into being a Reverse of Thee,
 And animate a Clod with Misery?

“The Beasts are Happy; they come forth, and keep
 Short watch on Earth, and then lie down to sleep.
 Pain is for Man; and O! How vast a Pain,
 For Crimes which made the Godhead bleed in vain? [...]

How is our Punishment for ever Strong,²⁷⁸
 Our Constitution too for ever Young;
 Cursed with Returns of Vigour, still the same,
 Powerful to bear and satisfy the Flame; [...]

“And this, my Help! my God! at Thy decree?
 Nature is changed, and Hell should succour me.
 And canst Thou, then, look down from perfect Bliss,
 And see me plunging in the Dark Abyss?
 Calling Thee Father in a Sea of Fire?
 Or pouring Blasphemies at thy Desire?
 With mortals’ anguish wilt Thou raise Thy Name,
 And by my pangs Omnipotence proclaim?

“Thou, who canst toss the Planets to and fro,
 Contract not Thy great Vengeance to my Woe;
 Crush Worlds; in hotter Flames fallen Angels lay:

²⁷⁷Orig., “shiver’d.”

²⁷⁸Orig., “As our dire punishment for ever strong.”

“On me Almighty Wrath is cast away.
 Call back thy Thunders, Lord, hold-in thy Rage,
 Nor with a Speck of Wretchedness engage:
 Forget me quite, Stoop not²⁷⁹ a Worm to blame;
 But lose me in the Greatness of thy Name.
 Thou art all Love, all Mercy, all Divine;
 And shall I make those Glories cease to shine?
 Shall sinful Man grow great by his offence,
 And from its Course turn back Omnipotence?”

“Forbid it! and O! grant, Great God, at least
 This One, this Slender, almost No Request:
 When I have wept a thousand Lives away,
 When Torment is grown weary of its Prey,
 When I have raved ten thousand Years in fire,
 Ten thousand Thousand, let me Then Expire.”

Deep anguish, but too late! The hopeless Soul,
 Bound to the Bottom of the burning Pool,
 Though loath, and ever loud blaspheming, owns,
 He’s justly doomed to pour Eternal Groans; ...
 To talk to Fiery Tempests; to implore
 The raging Flame to give its Burnings o’er;
 To toss, to writhe, to pant beneath his Load,
 And bear the Weight of an offended God.

The Favoured of their Judge in triumph move
 To take possession of their Thrones above;
 Satan’s accursed Desertion to supply,
 And fill the Vacant Stations of the Sky;
 Again to kindle long-extinguisht Rays,
 And with New Lights dilate theEthereal²⁸⁰ Blaze;
 To crop the Roses of Immortal Youth,
 And drink the Fountain-head of Sacred Truth; [...]
 To lose Eternity in rapturous²⁸¹ Lays,
 And fill Heaven’s wide Circumference with Praise.

²⁷⁹Orig., “nor stoop.”

²⁸⁰Orig., “heavenly.”

²⁸¹Orig., “grateful.”

But I attempt the wondrous Height in vain,
 And leave unfinish'd the too lofty Strain; ...
 I choose a less, but no Ignoble, Theme
 Dissolving Elements, and Worlds in Flame.

The Fatal Period, the Great Hour, is come,
 And Nature shrinks at her approaching Doom; ...
 Black rising Clouds the thickened Ether choke,
 And spiry Flames dart through the rolling Smoke,
 With keen Vibrations cut the sullen Night,
 And strike the darken'd Sky with dreadful Light;
 From Heaven's four Regions, with immortal Force,
 Angels drive-on the Wind's impetuous Course
 T' enrage the Flame: It spreads, it soars on high,
 Swells in the Storm, and billows through the Sky:
 Here winding Pyramids of Fire ascend,
 Cities and Deserts in one ruin blend; ...
 There, undermined, down rush th' Eternal Hills,
 The neighbouring Vales the Vast Destruction fills.

Hear'st Thou that dreadful Crack? That Sound which broke
 Like Peals of Thunder, while the Center shook?
 What Wonders must that Groan of Nature tell!
 Olympus there, and mightier Atlas, fell;
 Which seemed above the reach of Fate to stand,
 A towering Monument of God's Right Hand;
 Now Dust and Smoke, That Brow which lately spread²⁸²
 O'er shelter'd Countries its diffusive Shade. ...

Some Angel say, Where ran proud Asia's Bound?
 Or where with Fruits was Fair Europa crown'd?
 Where stretched waste Libya? Where did India's store
 Sparkle in Diamonds, and Golden Ore?
 Each lost in each, their mingled Kingdoms glow,
 And all, dissolved, one Fiery Deluge flow:
 Thus earth's contending Monarchies are joined,
 Thus does full period of ambition find.

²⁸²Orig., "whose brow so lately spread."

And now whate'er or swims, or walks, or flies,
 Inhabitants of Sea, or Earth, or Skies;
 All on whom Adam's Wisdom fixt a Name;
 All plunge and perish in the conquering Flame.

Yet these alone²⁸³ would but defraud the fire,
 Starve its devouring Rage: the Flakes aspire,
 Beyond the clouds, and make the Heavens their Prey;
 The Sun, the Moon, the Stars, all melt away;
 And leave a Might Blank: Enrobed²⁸⁴ in Flame
 The whole Creation sinks! The Glorious Frame,
 In which ten thousand Worlds in radiant Dance,
 Orb above Orb their wondrous Course advance. ...
 Is crushed, and lost; no Monument is seen,²⁸⁵
 Where once so proudly Blazed the gay Machine.
 The Devastations of One dreadful Hour
 The Great Creator's Six Days Work devour.
 So Bubbles on the foaming Stream Expire,
 So Sparks that scatter from the kindling Fire. [...]

How rich the God who can such Charge defray,
 As nothing, throw ten thousand Worlds away!²⁸⁶
 Great Wealth! and yet, (Ye nations hear!) One Soul
 Has more to boast, and far outweighs the Whole; [...]
 Have you not seen th' Eternal Mountains nod,
 An earth dissolving, a descending God?
 What strange Amazement²⁸⁷ thro' all Nature ran!
 For whom These Revolutions, But for Man?
 For Him, Omnipotence new measures takes,
 For Him, through all Eternity awakes;
 Pours on Him Gifts sufficient to supply
 Heaven's Loss, and with fresh glories fill the Sky.

Think deeply then, O Man, How Great Yhou art;
 Pay thyself Homage with a trembling Heart. ...

²⁸³Orig., "This globe alone."

²⁸⁴Orig., "Involv'd."

²⁸⁵Orig., "no Monument, no Sign."

²⁸⁶Orig., "and bear to sling ten thousand Worlds away!"

²⁸⁷Orig., "surprises."

Enter the Sacred Temple of thy Breast,
 And gaze, and wander there, a ravisht Guest;
 Gaze on those hidden Treasures Thou shalt find,
 Wander through all the Glories of thy Mind.
 Of Perfect Knowledge, see, the dawning Light
 The Noon how Dazzling, if the Morn so bright!²⁸⁸
 Here Springs of endless Joy are breaking forth!
 There buds the Promise of Celestial Worth!
 Worth, which must ripen in a happier Clime,
 And nobler²⁸⁹ Sun, beyond the Bounds of Time. [...]

Lose not thy Claim: Let Virtue's Path be trod;
 Thus glad all Heaven! Thus thank the bounteous God,²⁹⁰
 Who, to light Thee to Pleasures, hung on high
 Yon' radiant Orb, proud Regent of the Sky;
 That Service done, its Beams shall fade away,
 And God shine forth in one Eternal Day.

²⁸⁸Orig., "Foretells a noon most exquisitely bright!"

²⁸⁹Ori. "brighter."

²⁹⁰Orig., "and please that bounteous God."

Mr Herbert.²⁹¹**Constancy**²⁹²

Who is the Honest Man?
 He that does still and strongly Good pursue,
 To God, himself, and to his Neighbour True:²⁹³
 Whom neither Force nor Fawning can
 Dissuade or wrench from giving All their Due. ...

Who, when Great Trials come,
 Nor seeks, nor shuns them; but does calmly stay,
 Till He the Thing and the Example weigh:
 All being brought into a Sum,
 What Place or Person calls for, he doth pay. ...

Who never melts or thaws
 At close Temptations: When the Day is done,
 His Goodness sets not, but in Dark can run:
 The Sun to others writes Laws,
 And is their Virtue; Virtue is his Sun.

Who, when he is to treat
 With those whom Sickness shakes, or Passions sway,²⁹⁴
 Allows for that, and keeps his constant Way:
 Whom Others Faults do not defeat;
 Though Men fail Him, yet He his Part will play.

Whom nothing can procure,
 When the Wide World runs bias from his Will
 To writhe his Limbs, and share, not mend the Ill.
 This is the Marks-man, safe and sure,
 Who still is right, and Prays to be so still.

²⁹¹George Herbert (1593–1633), *The Temple: Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations*. Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633. Wesley records “collecting” from this volume in his Oxford Diary (25–29 November 1729).

²⁹²Herbert, *Temple*, #47 (pp. 63–64). Wesley published later in *Herbert* (1773), 14–15.

²⁹³Orig., “To God, his neighbor, and himself most true.”

²⁹⁴Orig., “With sick folks, women, those whom passions sway.”

Life²⁹⁵

I made a Posie, while the Day ran by:
 Here will I smell my Remnant out, and ty
 My Life within This Band.
 Meanwhile Time beckoned to the Flowers, and they²⁹⁶
 By Noon most cunningly were stole away,
 And withered in my Hand.

My Hand was next to them, and then my Heart:
 I took, without more thinking, in Good part
 Times gentle Admonition:
 Who did so mildly²⁹⁷ Death's sad Taste convey,
 Making my Mind to smell my Fatal Day;
 Yet sweetn'ng the Suspicion.

Farewell dear Flowers, sweetly your Time ye spent,
 Fit, while ye lived, for Smell or Ornament,
 And after Death for Cures.
 I follow straight without complaints or Grief,
 Since if My Scent be good, I care not, if
 It be as Short as yours

The Pulley²⁹⁸

When God created Man,
 Having a Glass of Blessings standing by;
 Let us, said he, pour on him all we can:
 Let the World's Riches, which dispersed lie,
 Contract into a Span.

So Strength first made a way;
 Then Beauty flowed, then Wisdom, Honour, Pleasure:
 When almost all was out, God made a Stay,
 Perceiving that alone of all his Treasure
 Rest in the bottom lay.

²⁹⁵Herbert, *Temple*, #69 (p. 87). Wesley published later in *Herbert* (1773), 19.

²⁹⁶Orig., "But time did beckon to the flowers, and they."

²⁹⁷Orig., "sweetly."

²⁹⁸Herbert, *Temple*, #129 (pp. 153–55). Wesley published later in *Herbert* (1773), 28.

And if I should, said He,
 Bestow this Jewel also on my Creature,
 He would adore my Gifts in stead of Me,
 And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature.
 So Both should Losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
 But keep them with repining Restlessness:
 Let him be Rich and Weary, That at least,
 If Goodness leade him not, yet Weariness
 May toss him to my Breast.

Submission²⁹⁹

But that Thou art my Wisdom, Lord,
 And both mine Eyes are Thine,
 My Soul would be extremely stirred
 At missing my Design.

Were it not better to bestow
 Some Place and Power on me?
 Then should Thy Praises with me grow,
 And share in my Degree.

But when I thus dispute and grieve,
 I do resume my Sight,
 And pilfering what I once did give,
 Disseize Thee of Thy Right.

How know I, if Thou shouldst me raise,
 That I should then raise Thee?
 Perhaps Great Places and Thy Praise
 Do not so well agree.

Wherefore unto my Gift I stand;
 I will no more advise:
 Only do Thou lend me Thy Hand,
 Since Thou hast both mine Eyes.

²⁹⁹Herbert, *Temple*, #70 (pp. 87–88). Wesley published in *Collection of Psalms and Hymns* (1738), 63; and *Herbert* (1773), 32.

Providence³⁰⁰

O sacred Providence, Who from End to End
Strongly and Sweetly movest! Shall I write,
And not of Thee, through whom my fingers bend
Thro' whom my Mind has Thought, my Eyes have Light!³⁰¹

Of all the Creatures both in Sea and Land
Onely to Man Thou hast made known Thy Ways,
And put the Pen alone into His Hand,
And made Him Secretary of Thy Praise.

Beasts fain would sing; Birds ditty to their Notes;
Trees would be tuning on their Native Lute
To Thy Renown: but all their Hands and Throats
Are brought to Man, while they are Lame and Mute.

Man is the Worlds High Priest: He doth present
The Sacrifice for All; while they below
Unto the Service mutter an Assent,
Such as Springs use that fall, or Winds that blow. [...]

We all acknowledge both thy Power and Love
To be Exact, Transcendent, and Divine;
Who dost so strongly and so gently move,
While all things have their Will, yet none but Thine. ...³⁰²

Nothing escapes thy Hand; All must appear,
And be disposed, and dressed, and tuned by Thee,
Who wisely³⁰³ temper'st All. If we could hear
Thy Skill and Art, what Music would it be!

Thou art in Small things Great, not Small in Any.
Thy even Praise can neither rise, nor fall.
Thou art in All things One, in Each thing Many:
For Thou art Infinite in one and all. [...]

Thy Storehouse serves the world: the meat is set,
Where All may reach: no Beast but knows his Feed.

³⁰⁰Herbert, *Temple*, #92 (109–14). Wesley published in *Collection of Moral and Sacred Poems*, 1:32–36.

³⁰¹Orig., “To hold my quill? shall they not do thee right?”

³⁰²Wesley omits:

For either thy command, or thy permission / Lay hands on all: they are thy right and left.
The first puts on with speed and expedition; / The other curbs sinnes stealing pace and theft.

³⁰³Orig., “sweetly.”

Birds teach us Hawking; Fishes have their Net:
The Great Prey on the less, They on some Weed.

Nothing engendred does prevent his Meat:
Flies have their Table spread, ere they appear.
Some Creatures have in Winter what to eat;
Others do sleep, and envy not their Cheer.

How finely dost Thou times and seasons spin,
And make a Twist checkered with Night and Day!
Which as it lengthens winds, and winds us in,
As Bowls go on, but turning all the Way.

Each Creature hath a Wisdom for its good.
The Turtle³⁰⁴ feed their tender off-spring, crying,
When they are callow; but withdraw their Food
When they are plum'd,³⁰⁵ that need may teach them flying.

Bees work for Man; and yet they never bruise
Their Masters Flower, but leave it, having done,
As Fair as ever, and as fit to use;
So both the Flower doth stay, and Honey run. ...³⁰⁶

Even Poisons praise Thee. Should a thing be lost?
Should Creatures want, for want of care, their due?
Since where are Poisons, Antidotes are most:
Thy Help stands close, and keeps the Fear in view. [...]

And as Thy House is full, so I adore
Thy curious Art in marshalling thy Goods.
The Hills with Health abound; the Vales with Store;
The South with Marble; North with Furs and Woods. ...

Nothing wears Clothes, but Man; nothing does need
But He to wear them. Nothing uses Fire,
But Man alone, to show his Heavenly Breed:
And Man alone has Fuel in desire.

When Earth was Dry, Thou madest a sea of Wet:
When that sufficed not, Thou didst broach the Moutains:

³⁰⁴Orig., "pigeon."

³⁰⁵Orig., "fledge."

³⁰⁶Wesley omits four stanzas, including:

And if an herb hath power, what have the starres? / A rose, besides his beautie, is a cure.
Doubtlesse our plagues and plentie, peace and warres / Are there much surer then our art is sure.

When yet some Places could no Moisture get,
The Winds grew Gard'ners, and the Clouds good Fountains.

Rain, do not hurt my Flowers; but gently spend
Your Honey drops: Press not to smell them here:
When they are ripe, their odor will ascend,
And at your Lodging with their Thanks appear. ...

Sometimes Thou dost divide thy Gifts to Man,
Sometimes unite. The Indian nut alone
Is Clothing, Meat and Trencher, Drink and Can,
Boat, Cable, Sail and Needle, all in one. ...

Thy Creatures leap not, but express a Feast,
Where all the Guests sit close, and nothing wants.
Frogs unite Fish and Flesh; Bats, Bird and Beast;
Sponges, non-sense and Sense; Mines, Earth and Plants. ...

But who has Praise enough? or will have any?
None can express thy Works, but He that knows them:
And none can know Thy works, which are so many,
And so Complete, but only He that owes them.

All things that are, though they have sev'ral Ways,
Yet in their Being join with one Advise
To honour Thee: and so I give Thee praise
In all my other Hymns, but in This Twice.

Each Thing that Is, although in use and name
It go for One, hath Many Ways in store
To honour Thee; and so Each Hymn thy Fame
Extolleth Many Ways, yet This one more.

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³⁰⁷Given with some more detail than Wesley’s original index.

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