

MS Fish¹ [and MS Emory]

Use of the psalter is central to Anglican worship, which spawned a series of efforts to render the psalms into more singable English metrical verse or hymnic paraphrase. George Sandys produced the early standard in 1636, which served that century but was increasingly displaced in the eighteenth century by the efforts of Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady.² Among dissenters, Isaac Watts led the way with his *Psalms of David* in 1719. The project of producing a similar rendition of the entire psalter consumed much of Charles Wesley's time during the 1740s.³ The first fruit of this labor appeared in 1743, when brother John added thirty-seven new psalms by Charles Wesley to the second edition of *Collection of Psalms and Hymns* (1741).⁴

The manuscript which is transcribed below, **MS Fish**, contains further work on this project over the next few years. Physically, MS Fish is a set of about 140 sheets (or 280 pages, 3.75 in. by 6 inches in size), bound together with a printed copy of the 2nd edition of *CPH* (1741) in the middle. Wesley numbered the sheets on both sides, with pp. 1–142 coming before and pp. 143–249 following the printed booklet. The sheets after p. 249 are left blank. On the numbered pages Wesley inscribed forty-three additional hymnic paraphrases of psalms. At some point (likely in the 1750s) Wesley made this volume a gift to Selina Hastings, Countess of Huntingdon. It bears her bookplate, and was not among the papers passed down to his family on Wesley's death. About 1850 Rev. Henry Fish, an admirer of Wesley's verse, chanced upon the manuscript and purchased it (which is why it is known by its current name).

Wesley could make a gift of MS Fish because, shortly after completing the manuscript, he had a copy made by John Perronet, youngest son of his close friend Vincent Perronet, vicar of Shoreham.⁵ This copy is now in the special collections of Pitts Theological Library, Emory University (hence it was titled **MS Emory** by Frank Baker). Perronet's transcription is generally reliable, and Charles Wesley proofed the transcript, inserting occasional corrections (to restore original wording). Wesley also transcribed the final few pages (beginning on p. 225). At the end of MS Emory there is a list of items that Wesley left at the Perronet home dated Easter 1750, which suggests that the transcription was completed by then (and the original MS Fish earlier). Given its dependant nature and secondary hand, we do not include a separate transcription of MS Emory in this collection. But the few significant variants are noted below.⁶ We also used MS Emory to reconstruct pp. 1–5 of MS Fish, which were missing from the original manuscript by the time that Henry Fish obtained it.

In close connection to copying MS Fish, John Perronet also served as Wesley's scribe for the

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: August 1, 2010.

²George Sandys, *A Paraphrase upon the Psalms of David* (1636); and Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, *A New Version of the Psalms of David* (2nd ed., 1698).

³He refers to the maturing form of this work as his "new version of the psalms," in Letter to Sarah Gwynne Jr., January 2, 1749.

⁴See *CPH* (1743) – CW Psalms in the section of this website devoted to Charles Wesley's published verse. Two of these had appeared earlier—one in *HSP* (1740), 62–63; the other in *HSP* (1742), 174–75.

⁵At the front of MS Emory Thomas Jackson has a note suggesting that it was an older son, Edward Perronet, an occasional traveling companion of Wesley, who did the transcribing. Frank Baker is confident that it was instead the younger son, John (1732–67), whose fragile health meant that he stayed close to home and frequently served as a scribe for Wesley (see *Representative Verse*, 389).

⁶We have ignored in the notes those instances where Perronet miscopies a word and Wesley corrects it back to the original reading in MS Fish. We also ignore Perronet's occasional stylistic differences in matters of spelling, capitalization, and punctuation.

larger systematic collection MS Psalms (transcribed separately), which incorporated the material in the 2nd edition of *CPH* (1741) and in MS Fish, while adding thirty-three more psalms. We include notes below for any significant variants introduced by Wesley in MS Psalms to material found in MS Fish and MS Emory.

In both MS Fish and MS Emory Wesley numbered all of the pages but placed text mainly on the odd-numbered (recto) side of the sheet. The even-numbered (verso) side was reserved for occasional suggested corrections or alternatives to text of the facing page. We have replicated the original page numbering of MS Fish in this transcription, showing only the odd-numbered pages, and incorporating the corrections suggested on the verso into footnotes.

MS Fish is now part of the collection in the Methodist Archive and Research Centre, accession number MA 1977/566 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 2). The transcription below is provided with permission of the Librarian and Director, The John Rylands Library, The University of Manchester. The Pitts Theological Library, Emory University, generously provided access to MS Emory, so that comparative notes could be added to this file.

NOTE:

Henry Fish drew upon his newly purchased manuscript and various published sources⁷ to issue in 1854 *A Poetical Version of nearly the whole of the Psalms of David. By the Rev. Charles Wesley, M.A.*⁸ While introducing the public to many of these psalms for the first time, the volume has clear limitations. To begin with, Fish did not have access to MS Psalms, so he could include only the few items unique to that manuscript that had been published in the *Arminian Magazine*. Since the first three sheets of his own manuscript had been lost, Fish also could not include Wesley's version of Psalm 9. More problematic than the items that Fish was missing are some of those he included. For example, the rendition of Psalm 116 that he includes, taken from *CPH* (1741), is actually by Samuel Wesley Sr.; while the version of Psalm 139, drawn from the same source, is by Tate and Brady.⁹ Similarly, the hymn included on Psalm 72, likely drawn from the *Arminian Magazine* (where Wesley fails to identify its author), is by Philip Doddridge.¹⁰ Fish included at least two other psalms from the *Arminian Magazine* that lack any explicit connection to Charles Wesley.¹¹ The source and author of the hymn that he included on Psalm 19:12 (p. 282) remains particularly unclear. Thomas Summers corrected some of these misattributions (but none of the omissions) when he republished Fish's volume for an American audience.¹²

⁷In addition to all of the hymns on psalms in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), Fish included verse on psalms found in *Earthquake Hymns* (1750), 2:16–18; *Family Hymns*, 97; *Graces*, 9; *HSP* (1742), 33–35, 89–91; *Hymns for Children*, 80–82; *Hymns for Times of Trouble* (1744), 7–8; *Intercession Hymns* (1759), 2–3; *Redemption Hymns*, 43–44; *Trinity Hymns*, 52–53; and *Whitsunday Hymns*, 31–32. He also includes (on pp. 188–89) a hymn on Exodus 13:22 that Charles published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762) 1:43.

⁸London: James Nichols, for John Mason and Alexander Heylin, 1854.

⁹Fish includes Samuel Wesley's hymn on Psalm 116 on pp. 198–99; and the Tate and Brady version of Psalm 139 on pp. 266–68. Both had been included by John Wesley, without attribution, in *CPH* (1741). Fish was likely taking these from the 2nd edn, published in 1743.

¹⁰The hymn appeared in *AM* 9 (1786), 175–76; Fish reproduces it on pp. 150–52.

¹¹One on Psalm 73:25, from *AM* (1793), 55–56, is on pp. 152–53; another on Psalm 45:10–11, from *AM* (1793), 56, is on p. 283. These are not attributed to Wesley in the text, and there is no evidence of them among the extant manuscripts. On the other hand, their style is reminiscent of Wesley.

¹²Thomas O. Summers, ed. *The Wesleyan Psalter* (Nashville: E. Stevenson & F. A. Owen, 1855).

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Psalm 9.¹

1. Thee will I praise with all my Heart,
And tell Mankind how Good Thou art,
 How marvellous thy Works of Grace:
Thy Name I will in Songs record,
And joy and glory in my Lord
 Extol'd above all Thanks and Praise.

When Thou hast put my Foes to flight,
They all shall feel thine utmost Might,
 And lose their Being with their Power,
My Foes shall at thy Presence fall,
My Sins shall fade and perish all,
 My Sins shall die to live no more.

2. For Thou, O Lord, my Cause hast gain'd,
My Right to pardning Love maintain'd,
 And clear'd me at thy Gracious Throne;
Thy speaking Blood pronounc'd me free;
My Sins Thou hast condemn'd, not me,
 Condemn'd to Death my Sins alone.

Thou hast in Holy Souls destroy'd
The World of Evil, and it's God,²
 Forever and forever slain;
The foul Orig'nal Stain effac'd,
It's Being, and its Name eras'd,
 Nor let one Seed of Sin remain.

¹Appears also in MS Emory 1–7; and MS Psalms, 15–18. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:17–20. Pages 1–5 of MS Fish are missing from the manuscript. They are reconstructed here from the text in MS Emory (which is repeated with not substantive changes in MS Psalms).

²The scribe wrote “GOD” in MS Emory; Wesley struck it out and replaced with “God.”

3. Satan, thy reigning Hour is past,
Thy Rage which laid whole Cities waste;
 Their Souls Thou shalt no longer slay;
Destroy'd is thy Destroying Power,
For Sin subsists in Saints no more,
 It's Relicks all are swept away.

But Jesus shall for ever reign,
His Throne in Righteousness maintain;
 His Throne for Judgment is prepar'd,
And all Mankind at that great Bar
Shall stand, and meet their Sentence there,
 Their fearful Doom, or vast Reward.

4. The Lord will save his People *here*;
In Times of Need their Help is near,
 To All by Sin and Hell opprest;
And they that know thy Name will trust
In Thee, who to thy Promise just,
 Hast never left a Soul distrest.

An helpless Soul, that looks to Thee,
Is sure at last thy Face to see,
 And all thy Goodness to partake;
The Sinner, who for Thee doth grieve,
And longs, and labours to Believe,
 Thou never never wilt forsake.

5. Sing to the Lord unceasing Praise,
Who dwells among the Faithfull Race,
 His glorious Works to All declare:

He at his People's Cry shall come,
Their Foes to swift Destruction doom,
And answer all their humble Prayer.

Hear thou, O Lord, and succour me,
Regard my helpless Misery:
Thou from the Gates of Death shalt raise,
That I within thy Courts may sing
My GOD, my Conqueror, and my King,
And shew forth all thy Mercy's Praise.

6. I glory in thy Power to save,
My Foes are sunk into the Grave
Their Malice had for me prepar'd,
Their Foot is snar'd in their own Net;
The Nations, who their God forget,
Shall find in Hell their just Reward.

The Lord is by his Judgments known;
He helps his poor afflicted One,
His Sorrows all He bears in mind;
The Mourner shall not always weep,
Who sows in Tears at last shall reap,
With Grief who seeks with Joy shall find.

7. Now, Lord, in our Behalf arise,
Humble thy Church's Enemies,
Their vain Designs at once o'rethrow,
The Heathen at thy Bar arraign,
Adjudge them here to wholsom Pain,
That They Themselves and Thee may know.

Bring forth the Weapons of thy War,
And let thy redwing'd Lightnings glare,
 And send thy Thunderbolts abroad,
Fill all their Souls with sore Affright,
And shew them in thy Judgment's Light
 They are but Men, and Thou art GOD.

Psalm 11.³

1. On the Lord my Soul is stay'd,
 Wherefore do ye bid me fly
To the Mountain-top for Aid?
 My strong Mountain still is nigh,
Jesus' Arms are my Defence:
Who shall come, and pluck me thence?
2. Lo! the Wicked bend their Bow;
 At the Men of Heart sincere
Secretly their Darts they throw,
 Neither GOD nor Man they fear:
Whither shall the Righteous run?
Justice *here* for Them is none.
3. But the Lord who dwells above,
 Truth and Righteousness maintains,
On his awful Throne of Love
 Sovereign Arbiter He reigns,
Sends from thence his piercing Eyes,
All that is in Man descries.

³Appears also in MS Emory, 7–9; and MS Psalms 19–20. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:21–22.

4. GOD beholds and loves His own,
GOD abhors the faithless Seed,
Rains his fiery Judgments down
On the Persecutor's Head,
Gives them here the Trembling Cup,
Fills in Hell the Measure up.
5. Righteous in Himself, the Lord
Only Righteousness approves;
Sinners by his Grace restor'd,
Freely justified He loves,
Grants them *here* the Perfect Grace,
Pure in Heart to see his Face.

Psalm 16.⁴

1. O Lord, thy faithful Servant save,
Faith in thy Name Thou knowst I have,
My Soul hath call'd Thee Mine:
My Good cannot to Thee extend,
My Good did first from Thee descend,
And All I have is Thine.
2. I feel thy yearning Bowels move,
Thy People for thy sake I love,
In Them alone delight,
The⁵ Saints who *here* thine Image bear,
Who *here* thy sinless Nature share,
And walk with Thee in White.

⁴Appears also in MS Emory, 9–13; and MS Psalms, 28–29. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 2 (1799): 565–66; and *Poetical Works*, 8:27–28.

⁵MS Emory and MS Psalms read “Thy.”

3. But Those that serve the Prince of Hell
His wretched Slaves I still repel,
Nor in their Offerings join;
My Soul their Fellowship disclaims,⁶
My Lips shall never name their Names,
Or call their Pleasures Mine.
4. The Lord Himself my Portion is,
Thou reachest out my Cup of Bliss,
And wilt no more remove,
My fair Inheritance Thou art;
The Needful Thing, the Better Part
I find in perfect Love.
5. The Lord I will forever bless,
The Councillour, and Prince of Peace,
He teaches me his Will;
He doth with nightly Pains chastise,
And makes me to Salvation wise
By every Scourge I feel.
6. Him have I set before my Face,
The Pardning GOD of boundless Grace,
Of everlasting Love;
By Faith I always see Him stand;
And with Him, plac'd on my Right Hand
I never shall remove.
7. Wherefore my Heart doth now rejoice,
I wait to hear thy quickning Voice,
My Flesh exults in Hope,

⁶MS Emory miscopies as "disdains."

Thou wilt not leave me in the Grave,
Sure Confidence in Thee I have,
That Thou shalt raise me up.

8. As sure as GOD brought back our Head,
Our great good Shepherd from the Dead,
I shall right early rise;
My Soul shall no Corruption see,
My Soul, O Lord, shall rise⁷ with Thee,
And mount above the Skies.
9. Thou wilt the Path of Life display,
And lead me in Thyself the Way,
Till all the Grace is given:
Fulness of Joy with Thee there is,
Thy Presence makes the Perfect Bliss,
And where Thou art is Heaven.

Psalm 17.⁸

1. Righteous Lord, attend my Cry,
Hearken to my earnest Prayer,
Now absolve me, or I die,
Now mine Innocence declare,
From th' Accuser's Charge release,
Clear me by thy Righteousness.
2. Jesu, take the Sinner's Part,
Plead my Cause, in Pity plead;
Thou hast prov'd my trembling Heart,
Hast from Condemnation freed,

⁷Wesley changes to "live" in MS Psalms.

⁸Appears also in MS Emory, 13–17; and MS Psalms, 30–31. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:28–30.

Visited my Nature's Night,
Chear'd me by the Gospel-Light.

3. Lord, Thou knowst my Simpleness,
Guile Thou shalt not find in me,
Fully purpos'd thro' thy Grace
Sin t' eschew, and cleave to Thee,
Satan's Works and Ways to shun,
Guided by thy Word alone.
4. Still support me in thy Ways,
And my Foot shall never fall;
Thou hast heard my Calls for Grace,
Thou wilt hear me when I call;
Bow thine Ear, in Mercy bow,
Hear me, Lord, and hear me now.
5. Send me Succour from above,
Thou whose Arm is bar'd to save,
Those who trust thy wondrous Love,
Who in Thee Affiance have;
Saviour Thou from all their Foes
All who Thee and Thine oppose.
6. Keep me who in Thee confide
As the Apple of thine Eye,
Shade me with thy Wings, and hide
While my deadly Foes are nigh,
Ever greedy to devour;
Save me from th' Oppressor's Power.

7. Lo! they still my Steps surround,
 Watch my helpless Soul to slay,
Thou their cruel Pride confound,
 Spoil the Lion of his Prey,
Thou for Satan's Downfall rise,
Cast th' Accuser from the Skies.

8. Save me from the Wicked, Lord,
 Weapons of thy Wrath severe,
Thine avenging Scourge, and Sword;
 Men who have their Portion here,
With all worldly Good endow'd,
Poor, and destitute of GOD.

9. But my whole Desire Thou art,
 Happy when I see thy Face,
When renew'd and pure in Heart,
 Partner of the Perfect Grace,
Bright I in thine Image shine,
Satisfied with Love Divine.

Psalm 20.⁹

1. Faithful Soul, thy Lord be near
 Throughout thine Evil Day,
Thee the GOD of Jacob cheer,
 The Name of Jesus stay,
Arm thee with preserving Grace,
 Be thy Safeguard and Defence,

⁹Appears also in MS Emory, 17–19; and MS Psalms 42–43. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 3 (1800): 241–42; and *Poetical Works*, 8:39–40.

Hear thee from his Holy Place,
And send Deliverance thence.

2. GOD be mindful of thy Prayers,
Accept thy Sacrifice,
Treasure up thy gracious Tears,
And answer all thy Sighs;
Grant thee all thy Heart's Desire,
All thy good Designs improve,
Higher raise thy Joys and higher,
And perfect thee in Love.
3. We will glory in thy Name,
O GOD, thy Conquests sing,
Thee triumphantly proclaim
Our Saviour and our King;
Now I know, the Lord from high
Succours his Anointed One;
Still his Arm shall Strength supply,
And send Salvation down.
4. Some in Chariots put their trust,
In Horses some confide,
We of GOD will make our boast,
And in his Word abide:
Him we ever bear in mind,
All his faithful Mercies claim,
Life, and Strength, and Succour find
In Jesus conquering Name.
5. All our Foes by thy Righthand
Are suddenly brought down,

We are lifted up, and stand,
And stand by Faith alone;
Still on Thee we cast our Care,
On thine only Love depend,
King of Saints, regard our Prayer,
And save us to the End.

Psalm 23.¹⁰

1. Jesus the Good Shepherd is,
Jesus died the Sheep to save:
He is mine, and I am His,
All I want in Him I have,
Life, and Health, and Rest, and Food,
All the Plenitude of GOD.
2. Jesus loves, and guards his own,
Me in verdant Pastures feeds,
Makes me quietly lie down,
By the Streams of Comfort leads:
Following Him, where'er He goes,
Silent Joy my Heart o'reflows.
3. He in Sickness makes me whole,
Guides into the Paths of Peace,
He revives my fainting Soul,
Stablishes in Righteousness;
Who for me vouchsaf'd to die,
Loves me still—I know not why.

¹⁰Appears also in MS Emory, 21–23; and MS Psalms 50–51. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 3 (1800): 242–43; and *Poetical Works*, 8:46–47.

4. Unappall'd by guilty Fear
Thro' the Mortal Vale I go;
My Eternal Life is near,
Thee my Life in Death I know,
Bless thy chastning chearing Rod,
Die into the Arms of GOD.
5. Till that welcome Hour I see,
Thou before my Foes dost feed,
Bidst me sit, and feast with Thee,
Pourest thy Oil upon my Head,
Giv'st me all I ask, and more,
Mak'st my Cup of Joy run o're.
6. Love Divine shall still embrace,
Love shall keep me to the End,
Surely all my happy Days
I shall in thy Temple spend,
Till I to thy House remove,
Thy Eternal House above.

Psalm 25.¹¹

1. To Thee, O Lord, my Soul I raise,
I trust in Thee for Pardning Grace,
Ah put me not to shame,
Ah do not let my Sins prevail,
Let none who wait thy Mercy fail,
But all who hate thy Name.

¹¹Appears also in MS Emory, 23–29; and MS Psalms, 54–56. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 3 (1800): 527–29; and *Poetical Works*, 8:49–51.

2. Thy Ways to me, O Jesu, shew,
And teach me in thy Paths to go,
 Direct my willing Heart,
O GOD of my Salvation, lead
A Soul that in thy Steps would tread,
 Nor evermore depart.
3. All the Day long I wait on Thee,
In tender Love remember me,
 And save me by thy Grace;
Forgive, forget my Follies past,
Behind thy Back in Mercy cast,
 And all my Sins efface.
4. The righteous Lord is kind and good,
Sinners who faint beneath their Load
 He therefore will relieve,
Instruct, and grant them Power t' obey,
Whom first He brings into his Way,
 And freely doth forgive.
5. The Meek He will in Mercy guide,
Nor let the Lame be turn'd aside,
 Who now their Burthen feel;
Mercy, and Truth are all his Ways,
To them that keep his pardning Grace,
 And love to do his Will.
6. Thy Will, O GOD, I fain would do,
To me thy pardning Mercy shew,
 For which I ever wait;

Forgive me for thy glorious Name,
Because I a meer Sinner am,
Because my Sin is great.

7. What Man is He that fears the Lord?
Divinely taught his utmost Word
He all his Will shall prove,
His Soul shall dwell in perfect Peace,
His Seed shall the New Earth possess,
The Paradice of Love.
8. The Secret of the Lord is known
To humble trembling Souls alone,
Pierc'd thro' with filial Fear,
He will to Them his Cove'nant shew,
Ordain'd his Sinless Life to know,
And bear his Image here.
9. Mine Eyes to GOD I ever lift,
I humbly wait the Heavenly Gift
Which shall my Guilt remove,
From all the Toils of Hell set free,
Redeem from All Iniquity,
And perfect me in Love.
10. Turn to me, Lord, in Mercy turn,
While with redoubled Grief I mourn,
My troubled Heart relieve;
Look on my Pain with pitying Eye,
My Load remove, my Guilt pass by,
And all my Sins forgive.

11. Regard my cruel countless Foes,
While Fiends, and Men, and Sins oppose,
My constant Saviour prove,
O let me not be put to shame,
Who trust in thine Almighty Name
And hang upon thy Love.
12. Preserve my waiting Soul in Peace,
Thine Image of true Holiness
To me, to All restore,
An End of Sin let Israel see,
From all his Troubles sav'd by Thee
Let Israel sin no more.

Psalm 26.¹²

1. Give sentence, Lord, with me,
For I have injur'd none,
But walk'd in mine Integrity,
And Good for Evil done.
Thou knowst mine Innocence,
And Labour to maintain
A Conscience void of all Offence
Tow'rds Every Soul of Man.
2. Yet not in This I trust,
But in the Living GOD,
Who died, and rose to make me Just,
By sprinkling me with Blood.

¹²Appears also in MS Emory, 29–33; and MS Psalms 56–58. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 2 (1799): 606–7; and *Poetical Works*, 8:51–53.

Herein do I confide,
Herein I rest secure,
My feeble Steps shall never slide,
But stand in Jesus sure.

3. Examine me, O Lord,
Try out my Heart and Reins,
Prove, and discover by thy Word,
Whate'er of Sin remains:
I see thy Pardning Love,
And in the Truth abide,
Till all the Truth in Thee I prove
Forever sanctified.
4. For this I have forsook
The false dissembling Race,
From all their vain Engagements broke,
And hated all their Ways:
I wash my Hands and Heart
In Innocence Divine;
My Righteousness, O Lord, Thou art,
For all my Sins were Thine.
5. Cleans'd by¹³ thy Sacred Blood
I to thine Altar go,
In Songs to spread thy Name abroad;
And all thy Wonders shew:
Lord, I have lov'd the Place
Where Thou record'st thy Name,
And by the Channels of thy Grace
Forever found I am.

¹³Ori., "Wash'd in" changed to "Cleans'd by."

6. Thro' Thee resolv'd I am
Mine Innocence to keep,
Uphold me by thy Saving Name
And I shall never slip:
O that I in thy Blood
May full Redemption have;
Renew me, Thou all-gracious GOD,
And to the utmost save.

7. Here on thy Promise, Lord,
My Foot of Faith stands sure,
Thee will I with thy Saints record,
Till Thou hast made me pure
Then will I bless thy Name,
Till join'd to Those above
The Length, and Breadth, and Height proclaim,
And Depth of Jesus' Love.

Psalm 27.¹⁴

1. The Lord my great Salvation is,
My Life, and Health, my Joy, and Peace,
My Light, my Comfort, and my Power,
Whom shall I now submit to fear?
Though Hell, the World, and Sin are near,
They never shall my Soul devour.

To swallow up my Soul they came,
But arm'd with Faith in Jesus Name
I more than conquer'd them in Fight;

¹⁴Appears also in MS Emory, 33–39; and MS Psalms, 58–61. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 3 (1800): 335–37; and *Poetical Works*, 8:53–55.

They stumbled on my Rock, and fell;
And should their Hosts again assail,
I scorn to fear their baffled Might.

2. I trust in an Almighty Lord,
He shall fulfil his gracious Word,
And grant the Blessing I require,
That I throughout my happy Days
May in his House record his Praise
This, this is all my Heart's Desire.

Still in his hallow'd Courts to dwell,
To see the Great Invisible,
And ever on his Beauties gaze,
The Channels of his Grace attend,
Till perfect Grace¹⁵ in Glory end,
And I in Heaven behold his Face.

3. My Soul distrest on every Side
He shall in his Pavilion hide,
And in his Secret Place secure,
GOD shall direct my wandring Feet,
And on a Rock of Safety set,
And make in Christ my Goings sure.

Ev'n now He lifteth up my Head,
And lo! on all my Foes I tread,
Conqueror of Sin, and Earth, and Hell,
Wherefore I in his House will sing
With grateful Joy, my GOD and King,
And all his glorious Praises tell.

¹⁵MS Psalms reads: "Til Grace mature" Change inserted in Wesley's hand.

4. Still when to Thee for Help I cry,
Regard me with a pitying Eye
And answer me in Pardning Grace,
Soon as I hear thy Spirit speak,
“Turn, wandring Heart, thy Saviour seek,^[b]
My Heart repents, believes, obeys.

Thy Favour will I seek again,
Ah! do not, Lord, my Soul disdain,
Nor hide thy Face, nor stop thine Ear,
Thou hast my Help in Troubles been,
O leave me not a Prey to Sin,
O GOD of my Salvation, hear.

5. When left by All, and void of Hope,
Surely the Lord shall take me up,
And guide me in his perfect Way,
Hell, Earth, and Sin my Course oppose,
Bear me, O GOD, thro’ all my Foes,
Nor suffer them my Soul to slay.

False Witnesses against me rise,
And hurt my Soul with cruel Lies;
Their Father in his Children speaks,
Th’ Accuser of the Brethren stands,
My Life, his Forfeiture demands,
And still my Death Eternal seeks.

6. My Spirit utterly had fail’d,
Had not th’ Almighty GOD upheld,
And wrought a patient Hope in me,

Hope against Hope t' obtain his Grace,
To see on Earth his Glorious Face,
His Face in Holiness to see.

Wherefore to All I cry Believe:
Sinner, the faithful Word receive,
Away with thy despairing Fear,
Thy GOD his Nature shall impart,
Believe, and He shall change thy Heart,
And He shall make thee perfect *here*.

Psalm 28.¹⁶

1. To Thee, my Lord, my Rock I cry,
Ah! do not Thou reject my Prayer,
My Prayer if Thou reject, I die
Like Those that perish in Despair,
The Unbeliever's Doom I meet,
And sink into the Burning Pit.
2. The Voice of my Complaint attend,
While earnest I implore thy Grace,
While at thy Feet my Soul I bend,
And worship tow'rd thy Holy Place,
Lift up my Heart, and humbly claim
Thy Pardning Love in Jesus' Name.
3. With Sinners sweep me not away,
False Workers of Iniquity,

¹⁶Appears also in MS Emory, 39–41; and MS Psalms, 62–63. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 3 (1800): 385–86; and *Poetical Works*, 8:56–57.

Whose Souls Thou shalt forever slay,
Because thy Works they *will* not see,
Or Mercy at thy Hands receive,
Or timely come to Thee, and live.

4. Blest be the Lord for He hath heard
The Voice of my continued Prayer;
I thought He would at last regard,
A Soul that cast on Him his Care;
On Him I with my Heart believ'd,
And I am help'd, and I am sav'd.
5. Wherefore my Heart with Joy is fill'd,
And dances to the Saviour's Name,
He is my more than sevenfold Shield,
In Songs mine Helper I proclaim,
The Strength of All that trust in Him,
All-good Almighty to redeem.
6. Thou Strength of thine Anointed Ones,
Thine own persist to save and bless,
Cherish, and raise us up, thy Sons,
To perfect Power, and perfect Peace
Exalt us All on Earth to prove
Thine Height of Everlasting Love.

Psalm 29.¹⁷

1. Ye Worms, that wear an earthly Crown,
Before the King of Kings bow down,
 Glory to GOD, and Worship give:
Honour is due to GOD alone,
Fountain of Power your Maker own,
 And happy in his Service live.

With Joy the Lord of Hosts proclaim,
Extol the great Jehovah's Name,
 His Praises let your Lives declare,
His Image be your costly¹⁸ Dress,
Your Beauty be his Holiness,
 His Love your Royal Diadem wear.

2. His Voice upon the Waters is,
(What Monarch hath a Voice like His?)
 Loud as ten thousand Seas it roars;
Above the Firmament He sits,
And Earth to the Great King submits,
 And Heaven its sovereign Lord adores.

The glorious GOD majestic speaks,
From the dark Cloud his Terror breaks,
 And waving Sheets of Lightning shine,
Th' impetuous Hurricane of Sound
Rives the strong Oaks, and shakes the Ground,
 For Thunder is the Voice Divine.

¹⁷Appears also in MS Emory, 41–45; and MS Psalms, 64–65. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:57–58.

¹⁸Ori., “Royal.”

3. Jehovah's Voice the Cedars rends,
And all the Pride of Lebanon bends,
 And strips and tears the scatter'd Trees;
The Hinds affrighted calve,¹⁹ and die,
While mixt with Flames the Thunders fly
 And rock the howling Wilderness.

Creation hears his Voice, and quakes,
Sea, Earth, and Hell, and Heaven He shakes,
 Firm on his Everlasting Throne;
But All, who in His Temple praise,
And love, and thank Him for his Grace,
 Shall never, never be cast down.

4. High above All their Saviour sits,
And Earth to the Great King submits,
 And Heaven its sovereign Lord adores,
Jehovah sends his Succours thence,
Arms them with His Omnipotence,
 And all their Strength Divine restores.

Jesus to All who dare believe,
The Fulness of his Power shall give,
 The Gospel-Hope, the Glorious Prize,
The Perfect Love, the Perfect Peace,
The Everlasting Righteousness,
 The Heaven-ensuring Paradise.

¹⁹Ori., "calves"; corrected in MS Psalms.

Psalm 30.²⁰

1. Lord, I will exalt thy Grace,
Grace which hath exalted me;
Me Thou hast vouchsaf'd to raise,
Sunk in Sin and Misery:
But Thine own Thou woudst not leave,
Woudst not let my Foes prevail,
Me Thou dost the Vict'ry give,
Vict'ry over Earth and Hell.

2. Sick of Sin, to Thee I cried,
Thee my loving Lord and GOD,
Thou the Med'cine hast applied,
Heal'd me by thy Balmy Blood.
Thou Omnipotent to save
Hast redeem'd my Soul from Death,
Snatch'd it from th' Infernal Grave,
Kept it from the Gulph beneath.

3. Sing ye Saints unto the Lord,
Thank the Lord our Righteousness,
All his Faithfulness record,
All his Power, and Pardning Grace,
Quickly is his Anger past,
Never doth his Grace remove,
Long as Life his Love shall last,
Life Eternal is his Love.

4. If He seem awhile²¹ to chide,
Leave us a whole Night to mourn,

²⁰Appears also in MS Emory, 45–49; and MS Psalms, 66–68. Published posthumously in *Arminian Magazine* 20 (1797): 571–72; and *Poetical Works*, 8:58–60.

²¹Ori., “~~Longer if He seem~~” changed to “If He seem awhile.”

Yet the Veil is cast aside,
Yet He hastens to return.
Sure as the Return of Day
Chases all the Shades of Night,
Sorrow doth to Joy give way,
Darkness to the Gospel-Light.

5. Never shall I more remove,
In my prosp'rous State I said,
Thou the Mountain of thy Love
Hast so strong a Barrier made;
Thou didst hide thy blisful Face
Griev'd to find my GOD depart
Then I felt my Want of Grace,
Then I saw my feeble Heart.

6. Yet again to Thee, O Lord,
Humbled in the Dust I cried,
Self-condemn'd, and self-abhor'd,
Bruis'd, and chasten'd for my Pride.
What the Profit of my Blood,
When I sink into the Grave?
There I cannot praise my GOD,
Cannot shew thy Power to save.

7. Thee the Dead cannot declare,
True and faithful to thy Word,
Hear me now, in Mercy spare,
Now thy ready Help afford.
Surely Thou hast heard, and turn'd
Into Joy my Heaviness,

Comforted a Soul that mourn'd,
Cloath'd me with the Robes of Praise.

8. Thou hast girded me with Joy,
That I might my Lord proclaim,
All my Days in Thanks employ,
Sing, and bless thy glorious Name:
Surely This my Task shall be
Till I join the Hosts above,
Plung'd into the Deity,
Lost in all the Depths of Love.

Psalm 38.²²

1. In Vengeance, Lord, rebuke me not,
No longer let thy Wrath wax hot
The Sinner to chastise:
Thine Arrows in my Soul stick fast,
My Soul, as now to breathe her last,
Beneath thy Judgments lies.
2. Crush'd by thy heavy Hand I groan,
My Health is at thy Chiding gone,
My Bones are fill'd with Pain;
Plagued both in Soul and Flesh I grieve,
Restless thro' Sin, I only live
To suffer and complain.
3. My Sins have swept me far from GOD,
My Sins insufferable Load
I groan, I faint to bear;

²²Appears also in MS Emory, 49–55; and MS Psalms, 98–100. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:86–88.

My desp'rate Soul his²³ Grace implores,
As Bruises, Wounds, and putrid Sores
My Sins and Follies are.

4. Mourning I go beneath thy Frown,
Troubled, and all day long bow'd down,
With Guilt and Misery,
Fill'd with a loathsom sore Disease,
No Health alas! no Holiness,
No Virtue is in me.
5. In all the Feebleness of Sin,
Broken, and bruis'd, and sore within,
For Help I ever sigh,
My restless Spirit in deep Complaints
Its Total Fall aloud laments,
And cries a bitter Cry.
6. But all my Wants to Thee are known,
Thou hearest, Lord, my every Groan,
Thou seest my desp'rate Case;
My panting Heart hath lost its Might,
My weeping Eyes have lost their Light,
Nor view thy Blisful Face.
7. My Friends can yield me no Relief,
But fly from my contagious Grief;
While hunting for their Prey
My cruel Foes are always nigh,
And Sin, the World, and Satan try
My helpless Soul to slay.

²³Ori., "the."

8. But still regardless of the Wrong,
Deaf to their Threats, I held my Tongue,
And bore my Misery,
No hasty sharp Reply I made,
Thou, Lord, on whom my Soul is stay'd
Shalt answer soon for me.
9. O that I now might hear thy Voice,
Speak, Lord, nor let my Foes rejoice,
And glory in my Fall,
Defeat their dire malicious Joy,
Their Hopes, and vain Designs destroy,
Confound, confound them all.
10. For O! I always falling am,
My Helplessness, and Sin, and Shame
I every Moment see,
I see, and all my Sins confess,
I grieve at my own Wickedness,²⁴
And mourn for Help to Thee.
11. Mighty, and numberless my Foes,
Passions, and Lusts my Hopes oppose,
By Fiends and Men withstood,
I suffer all their Rage can do,
Because my Saviour I pursue,
And dare contend for GOD.
12. Ah! leave me not, my GOD and Lord,
Defer not to fulfil thy Word,
Nor from my Soul remove,

²⁴Ori., "Helplessness."

Make haste thy Goodness to reveal,
And let me my Salvation feel
In All-forgiving Love.

Psalm 67.²⁵

1. GOD on Us his Grace bestow
His freely-pardning Grace,
Bless us from our Sins, and shew
The Brightness of his Face.
Let thy Way on Earth be shewn,
Thee let Every Sinner find,
Make thy great Salvation known
To Us, and All Mankind.

2. Let the People praise Thee, Lord,
The GOD of Truth and Grace,
Thee the Everlasting Word,
Let all the People praise.
O give thanks, rejoice, and sing
Every Creature under Heaven!
Let them triumph in their King,
And shout their Sins forgiven.

3. Thou shalt judge the Nations right,
Thy Equal Sway maintain,
Rule them by thy Mercy's Might,
And bless them by thy Reign.
Let the People praise Thee, Lord,
Thee the GOD of Truth and Grace,

²⁵Appears also in MS Emory, 55–57; and MS Psalms, 172–73. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:147–48.

Thee the Everlasting Word
Let all the Nations²⁶ praise.

4. Then to Perfect Holiness
The Earth her Fruit shall have,
GOD, our GOD his Saints shall bless,
And to the utmost save:
GOD shall perfect us in One;
Then the World their Lord shall see,
Thee the Nations all shall own,
And give their Hearts to Thee.

Psalm 68.²⁷

1. Let GOD, the Glorious GOD arise,
And scatter Evil with his Eyes,
And make his Foes before Him flee;
His angry Look the Rebels chase,
Who scornfully reject his Grace,
And hate th' Incarnate Deity.

Arise the Lord of Earth and Heaven!
As Smoak before the Wind is driven,
So let them at his Presence fly
Dissolv'd, as Wax before the Fire,
Sinners shall feel his Flaming Ire,
And perish, and forever die.

2. But let the Saints with grateful Joy
Their happy Days for Him employ,

²⁶MS Psalms changes "Nations" to "People"; Wesley let the change stand.

²⁷Appears also in MS Emory, 59–71; and MS Psalms, 174–80. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 5 (1802): 328–32; and *Poetical Works*, 8:148–54.

And triumph in his Saving Grace,
Vie with the Elder Sons of Light,
And walk exulting in his Sight,
And hymn his Everlasting Praise.

Sing unto GOD, his Praise proclaim
Extol the great Jehovah's Name
Who rides upon the Stormy Sky:
His Name his Essence doth display,
Rejoice before th' Eternal JAH,
The Lord most merciful, Most High.

3. A Father of the Fatherless;
The Widow in her sad Distress
Is sure to find a Friend in Him:
He every helpless Soul befriends,
To all his Servants condescends,
In Goodness as in Power Supream.

Poor des'late Souls He makes his own,
'Tis GOD collects them into One,
'Tis GOD that sets the Prisoners free,
But lets his Rebels feel their Chain
Till forc'd they own in Want and Pain
That Sin is perfect Misery.

4. When Thou, O Lord, didst greatly lead
Thy People from the Furnace freed,
From haughty Pharaoh's Iron Yoke,
All Nature did its Lord confess,
Slow-marching thro' the Wilderness,
And Earth and Heaven thy Presence shook.

Trembled the Earth before thy Frown,
The Heavens in Flakes of Fire dropt down,
The Sea dried up, the Mountains flow'd,
Sinai was mov'd with Sacred Awe,
And quak'd to hear the Fiery Law,
And groan'd to feel th' Incumbent GOD.

5. Thou didst, O GOD, thy Blessing pour,
A plenteous Earth-reviving Shower,
Thy weary Israel's Camp to chear,
Type of the Grace thro' Christ bestow'd
Dropt from the Tutelary Cloud
The Promise of a Gospel-Year.

Still Thou art Israel's sure Defence,
The Lot of thine Inheritance
Thou dost with Hosts of Angels guard,
Thou hast prepar'd the Gospel-Feast,
Hast for the Needy and Distrest
The Manna of thy Love prepar'd.

6. The Lord, the All-redeeming Lord
Sent forth his Everlasting Word,
His Word to save a World of Foes,
His Heralds spread the Joyful Sound,
And lo! thro' all the Nations round
A Cloud of Witnesses arose.

Divinely struck with sudden Dread
Kings with their alien Armies fled,
And to weak Women left the²⁸ Spoil;

²⁸“The” changed to “their” in MS Emory and MS Psalms; Wesley let the change stand.

The feeblest Souls that Jesus know,
Shall still the World and Sin o'rethrow
And all the Powers of Darkness foil.

7. Though ye among the Pots have been,
The sordid Slaves of Hell and Sin,
Yet soon the silver-pinion'd Dove
The purifying Grace shall shed,
The Wings of his Protection spread
And wrap you in his hallowing Love.

When GOD made bare his Arm in Fight,
And scatter'd Kings in Israel's Right,
His Love's Omnipotence to shew,
His People did his Name express,
Just in the Lord their Righteousness
And whiter than the Mountain-Snow.

8. His People are all just and clean,
Beyond the Reach of Earth and Sin
Their hidden Life is lodg'd above,
Freed from their Hellish Pharaoh's Chain,
His People in his Church remain,
The Mountain of his Pardning Love.

Why ye ambitious Mountains, why
With Sion would ye vainly vie?
What Mountain can with Ours compare?
The Lord doth in his Church delight,
Majestick walks on Sion's Height,
And daigns to dwell forever there.

9. Around his Church the Angels stand,
The countless Troops of his Command,
And GOD doth with his Chariots go,
(As when of old the Heavens He bow'd,)
Inshrines his Glory in a Cloud,
And rests on all his Saints below.

Thou, Jesus, art gone up on high,
Hast captive led Captivity,
The Powers that held our Souls in Chains;
Thy Blood hath sign'd our Soul's Release
Pardon, and Liberty, and Peace
Thy pretious Blood for All obtains.

10. Thou hast receiv'd the Promis'd Grace,
For All of Adam's helpless Race,
The glorious Gift unspeakable,
That All thine Image might retrieve,
That Man again in GOD might live,
That GOD again in Man might dwell.

Blest be the GOD of Pardning Love,
Who showers his Blessings from above,
And fills us with his richest Store,
The GOD of our Salvation, He
Redeems from All Iniquity,
And bids us live, and sin no more.

11. Our GOD alone hath Power to save,
Salvation in His Name we have,
Salvation from Sin, Death, and Hell:

But Them that dare in Sin proceed
He pours his Judgments on their Head,
And lets them all his Anger feel.

Yet will I bring (the Lord hath said)
Mine Own, again from Egypt freed,
And drown their Foes in the Red Sea,
I will mine antient Works repeat,
And bruise beneath my People's Feet,
And slay their Threefold Enemy.

12. Thee, Saviour, let thy Church adore,
Thy Church hath serv'd Thee heretofore
With Typic Pomp and Solemn Joy;
Thou art the Strength of Israel's Race,
Stablish in Us thy Work of Grace,
And all our Powers for Thee employ.

Thou shalt for thy own Glory's sake,
The Kings of Earth thy Subjects make,
While humbly Each his Present brings,
Casts at thy Feet his menial Crown,
And lays his borrow'd Greatness down
And gladly serves the King of Kings.

13. Now, Lord, thy Grace Almighty shew,
The Warriors and their Hosts subdue,
Let Human Power to Thine submit,
Let every Soul it's Tribute pay,
With Joy the Prince of Peace obey,
And fall adoring at his Feet.

His Mercy shall to All appear,
Barbarick Kings shall soon draw near,

And spread their Hands and Hearts abroad,
Ev'n Cham's devoted Progeny
That glorious Gospel-Day shall see,
And grasp with Joy the Pardning GOD.

14. Ye Kingdoms of the Earth arise,
Sing unto GOD, who bows the Skies,
Salute th' Almighty King of Kings,
He from the Heaven of Heavens come down,
Forsakes his Everlasting Throne,
And Grace and Peace to Sinners brings.

Hear Him, ye Nations, and rejoice,
His Voice He sends, his mighty Voice,
And bids you come to Him, and live:
Sinners, receive the Gospel-Word,
Your Loving, All-redeeming Lord
With Joy let all Mankind receive.

15. Jesus let all Mankind adore,
Give Him the Glory of his Power,
His Power display'd in Pardning Love,
His Excellence of Saving Grace
Is only known to Israel's Race,
A Myste'ry to the Hosts above.

Thee by the highest Heavens ador'd,
Tremendous Everlasting Lord,
The GOD of Israel we proclaim;
The Glory of thy Grace receive:
All Blessing, Might, and Thanks we give,
All Praise, and Love to Jesus' Name.

Psalm 69.²⁹

1. Save me, O GOD: my Griefs abound,
Temptation's Waves inclose me round,
And Seas of Trouble roll;
Sunk in the deepest Mire of Sin
Floods of Iniquity pour in,
And deluge all my Soul.
2. Spent with my own Complaints and Cries,
With Pain I lift my weary Eyes,
Which fail with looking up,
Cleaves to the Roof my speechless³⁰ Tongue
Or hardly asks My GOD how long
Dost Thou defer my Hope?
3. My Foes are strong and numberless,
Who wrongfully my Soul oppress;
Thou, Lord, their Malice see:
Thee have I wrong'd, and Thee alone,
My Follies, which with Shame I own,
My Sins are known to Thee.
4. But let not them that seek thy Face
Be Sharers in my foul Disgrace,
For Israel's sake I pray,
Thou Lord of Hosts, Thou GOD of Love,
My Fears and dire Reproach remove,
Nor let me fall away.
5. For Israel's sake the Sinner spare
(I ask in Agony of Prayer)
O never let it be
That Those who wait to know thy Name,

²⁹Appears also in MS Emory, 71–79; and MS Psalms, 180–83. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:154–48.

³⁰Ori., “~~faulting~~.” Wesley suggested the alternative “speechless” in both shorthand and longhand.

Should stumble at my guilty Shame;
Or stand abash'd for me.

- 6.³¹ Me, Lord, Thou didst begin to turn,
I surely³² thy Reproach have born,
Thy People's Portion chose,
Stranger to³³ my own Flesh I was,
Despis'd and hated for thy Cause
By my own Houshold-Foes.
7. Thy Love did once my Heart inspire,
I rose inflam'd with sacred Fire
To build the House of GOD,
I triumph'd in my Master's Shame,
And jealous for thy Glorious Name
Thy faithful Witness stood.
8. Humbled in all thy Paths I stay'd,
Fasted,³⁴ and mourn'd, and wept, and pray'd,
And long'd my Lord to find,
The Theme of each opprobrious Tongue,
The Ruler's Scorn, the Drunkard's Song,
The Outcast of Mankind.
9. But O! my Suit to Thee is known,
Thou wilt thine humble Suppliant own,
And graciously receive,
Save, in the Riches of thy Grace,
Accept me thro' thy Righteousness,
And freely now forgive.
10. The Truth of thy Salvation shew,
Nor let the Flood my Soul o'reflow,
Nor let the Pit devour:

³¹Ori., "7." Wesley also corrected the numbering for stanzas 7–18 from their original numbering of 8–19.

³²Wesley originally wrote "Surely I," but he changed the order to "I surely" by numbering the words. Both MS Emory and MS Psalms miss this correction. MS Emory mistakenly reversed the first two words on the next line.

³³Ori., "Estrang'd from." Wesley provides the correction on the facing p. 74.

³⁴Ori., "I Fasted."

O snatch me from this Hell within,
From all the Mire of Inbred Sin,
From all the Tempter's Power.

11. Lord, for thy Mercy sake draw near,
In all thy tender Love appear,
Make haste to my Relief,
No longer hide from me thy Face,
But hear, and save me by thy Grace
From all my Sin and Grief.
12. Now to my helpless Soul draw nigh,
Redeem me at the Point to die,
From Sin and Hell redeem:
My Guilt and Shame to Thee are known,
But O! my Foes are all thy own,
Discharge thy Wrath on Them.
13. Long have I groan'd my Sin to feel,
And sinking into my own Hell,
For Succour look'd in vain,
No pitying Comforter was near,
No tender Friend my Grief to chear,
Or mitigate my Pain.
14. Conform'd to an Expiring GOD,
I bear my Portion of His Load,
And taste his bitter Cup;
Saviour, at last display thy Face,
Enrich the Needy by thy Grace,
And lift the Mourner up.

15. So shall I magnify thy Name,
My Saviour-GOD in Songs proclaim
Which Thou wilt daign t' approve,
Better than Bulls or Goats to Thee
The thankful Heart's Sincerity,
The Sacrifice of Love.
16. The Humble shall behold his Grace
Your Heart shall live who seek his Face
Rejoice in stedfast Hope,
He never hath the Poor abhor'd,
The Mournful Prisoners of the Lord
He hears, and lifts them up.
17. Let Heaven and Earth his Goodness sing,
The Sea, and every Moving Thing
That breathes³⁵ below, above,
For GOD his Sion shall repair,
And save, and fix his People there
Possessors of his Love.
18. Their faithful Seed shall still increase,
Heirs of his pretious Promises,
Who lovingly adore,
And bow their Hearts to Jesus Name,
Their Station in his House shall claim
And never leave it more.

³⁵Ori., "breaths."

Psalm 70.³⁶

1. Jesu, mighty to deliver,
Help afford, Hasten, Lord,
Or I die forever.
2. Those that have my Soul surrounded
Let them flee, Chas'd by Thee,
Baffled, and confounded.
3. But let all who seek thy Favour
Hear thy Voice, And rejoice
In their Present Saviour.
4. Those, whose earnest Expectation
Waits for Thee, Let them see
All thy great Salvation.
5. Let their Lips shew forth thy Glory,
Full of Praise For thy Grace
Let their Hearts adore Thee.
6. O might I with These confess Thee!
Needy I Fain would try
With thy Saints to bless Thee.
7. Hasten, Lord, my Soul deliver;
Thou art Mine, Seal me Thine,
Seal me Thine forever.

³⁶Appears also in MS Emory 79–81; and MS Psalms, 184. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 2 (1799): 416; and *Poetical Works*, 8:158.

Psalm 71.³⁷

1. In Thee, O Lord, I put my trust,
Ah never leave me to my Shame,
Thou Ever-merciful and Just
Redeem me by thy Saving Name,
Thy gracious Ear in Pity bow,
Accept my Prayer, and save me now.

2. Be Thou my strong Defence, and Tower,
To which my Soul may always fly,
Thou hast sent forth thy Word of Power,
Thy Grace hath brought Salvation nigh,
Thou art the Rock which cannot move,
My Rock of Everlasting Love.

3. Rescue me, O my GOD, from Those
Who cruelly my Life pursue,
Lord, I believe against my Foes,
I trust to find Thee good and true,
Guide of my helpless Infancy,
Thou³⁸ knowst my Hope is still in Thee.³⁹

4. The Life thy tender Love bestow'd
Thy tender Love hath still sustain'd,
Thou from the⁴⁰ Womb hast been my GOD,
The Breath which by thy Grace I gain'd,
I render back in Songs of Praise,
I live to glorify thy Grace.

³⁷Appears also in MS Emory, 81–87; and MS Psalms, 184–87. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:159–61.

³⁸Ori., “My Li[fe] Thou.”

³⁹Ori., “me.”

⁴⁰MS Emory and MS Psalms replace “the” with “my”; Wesley let the change stand.

5. A Monster to the World I am;
But Thou my mighty Refuge art,
Thy Glory be my constant Theme,
Thy Praises fill my Mouth and Heart,
O that I thus my Life might spend,
And praise, and love Thee to the End.
6. Cast me not off in feeble Age,
When Strength and human Succours fail,
My Foes their utmost Powers engage,
The banded Powers of Earth and Hell
Conspire to seize their helpless Prey,
And tear my trembling Soul away.
7. Ah! do not at a distance stand,
Haste to my Help in Power Divine,
Destroy by thine avenging Hand
My cruel Enemies and Thine,
Pronounce our Adversary's Doom,
Now, Lord,⁴¹ the Man of Sin consume.
8. I wait to prove thine utmost Grace,
To love and praise Thee evermore,
My Mouth shall show thy Righteousness,
The Riches of thy Saving Power:
But who thy Saving Power can tell?
Its Riches are unsearchable.
9. Yet will I in thy Strength go forth,
And spread thy Righteousness Divine:
Trample on all the Creature's Worth,
Merit, and Good are only Thine:

⁴¹Ori., "And all" changed to "Now, Lord" on the facing p. 84 of the manuscript.

Impute it, and our Sin's Forgiven,
Implant, and Man is meet⁴² for Heaven.

10. Me from my Youth Thou, Lord, hast taught,
And still I have thy Wonders shewn,
Feeble, and old forsake me not,
Till I thy Saving Power make known,
To this, and distant Times record
My glorious All-redeeming Lord.
11. Thy Righteousness is far above
The Human or Angelic Ken.⁴³
Who can express thy mighty Love,
Thy Wonders tow'rd the Sons of Men!
What Earthly Power or Heavenly dare
With Thee the GOD of Gods compare!
12. Thee; Saviour of Mankind I bless,
And thank Thee for my Troubles past,
Out of the Depth of sore Distress
Thy Love shall bring me up at last,
Quicken, increase my Faith, and guide,
And comfort me on every Side.
13. Wherefore I will thy Goodness sing,
Thy Faithfulness with Joy record,⁴⁴
My Harp, and every tuneful String
Shall sound the Mercies of my Lord,
The Holy One of Israel praise,
The Pardning GOD of Truth and Grace.

⁴²MS Psalms replaces "meet" with "fit"; Wesley let change stand.

⁴³I.e., "Kin."

⁴⁴Ori., "I will thy Faithfulness record" changed to "Thy Faithfulness with Joy record."

14. My Lips shall glory in the Song,
My Soul in thy Redeeming Love,
Thy Righteousness shall all day long
The Matter of my Triumph prove,
For⁴⁵ all the Tempter's Rage is o're
And Sin hath Place in me no more.⁴⁶

Psalm 84.⁴⁷

1. How lovely are thy Tents, O Lord,
Where'er Thou chusest to record
Thy Name, or place⁴⁸ thy House of Prayer,
My Soul outflies the Angel-quire,
And faints o'repow'rd with strong Desire,
To meet thy special Presence there.

My Heart and Flesh cry out for GOD;
There would I fix my Soul's Abode,
As Birds that in thy Altars nest;
There would I all my *Young ones* bring,
An Offering to my GOD and King,
And in thy Courts forever rest.

2. Happy the Man, to whom 'tis given
To dwell within that Gate of Heaven,
And in thy House record thy Praise;
Whose Strength and Confidence Thou art,
Who feel Thee, Saviour, in their Heart,
The Way, the Truth, the Life of Grace.

⁴⁵Ori., "Fih For."

⁴⁶"And Sin hath Place in me no more" is not struck out, but Wesley suggests the alternative line "And Sin and Sorrow is no more" on the facing p. 88 of the manuscript. Both MS Emory and MS Psalm use the alternative.

⁴⁷Appears also in MS Emory, 87–89; and MS Psalms, 212–13. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 1 (1798): 103–104 (as 8 six-line stanzas); and *Poetical Works*, 8:165–67.

⁴⁸Ori., likely "face."

Who passing thro' the mournful Vale
Drink Comfort from the Living Well
That flows, replenish'd from above;
From Strength to Strength advancing here,
Till All before their GOD appear,
And Each receives his Crown of Love.

3. O Lord of Hosts, incline thine Ear,
Thou mighty GOD of Jacob hear,
Accept me in thy fav'rite Son;
O look on thy Messiah's Face,
And grant me for His sake the Grace
To live and die to Thee alone.

Better a Day thy Courts within
Than thousands in the Tents of Sin:
How base the noblest Pleasures there!
How great the weakest Child of Thine!
His meanest Task is all Divine,
And Kings and Priests thy Servants are.

4. The Lord protects, and cheers His own,
Their Light and Strength, their Shield and Sun;
He shall both Grace and Glory give,
Unlimited his bounteous Grant,
No real Good they e'er shall want,
All, all is Theirs who sinless live.

O Lord of Hosts, how blest is He
Who stedfastly believes on Thee!
He all thy Promises shall gain;

The Soul that on thy Love is cast,
Thy perfect Love on Earth shall taste,
And soon with Thee in Glory reign.

Psalm 54.⁴⁹

1. Save me, Lord, by thy great Name
Avenge me by thy Might;
Hated for thy sake I am,
O vindicate my Right;
Let my Prayers thy Help engage,
Give ear to my continued Cry,
Save me from th' Oppressor's Rage,
O save me, or I die.

2. Strangers to my GOD have rose,
And seek my Soul to slay;
GOD Himself they dare oppose,
And cast his Yoke away:
But with me my Helper stays,
The Lord doth still my Soul defend,
He upholds me by his Grace,
And loves me to the End.

3. Evil He shall soon reward
To all mine Enemies:
Cut them off, O righteous Lord,
Let Sin forever cease,
Satan and his Works destroy,
But O! his hapless, Servants spare
That I may with thankful Joy
Thy faithful Love declare.

⁴⁹Appears also in MS Emory, 91–93; and MS Psalms, 142–43. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:120–21.

4. I shall then mine All to Thee
A Free-will-offering give,
Praise the Lord, so good to me
Who in his Name believe;
He hath from all Trouble freed,
Mine Eyes have seen his perfect Power,
All my inbred Foes are dead,
And Sin subsists⁵⁰ no more.

Psalm 86.⁵¹

1. Bow down, O Lord, thy gracious Ear,
Thy poor and needy Servant hear;
My Soul is all Thine own:
Preserve me, O my GOD, and save,
Faith in thy mighty⁵² Power I have,
I trust in Thee alone.
2. The Reconciling Word apply,
For Mercy, Lord, I daily cry,
And raise my Soul to Heaven,
Shew me the Brightness of thy Face,
Gladden my Heart by pardning Grace
And speak my Sins forgiven.
3. Thou still art ready to forgive,
Who sue to Thee for Life shall live,
Who seek thy Grace shall find;
Thy Grace doth more than Sin abound,
With Thee is plenteous Pardon found
For me and all Mankind.

⁵⁰MS Psalms replaces “subsists” with “remains”; Wesley let the change stand.

⁵¹Appears also in MS Emory, 93–97; and MS Psalms, 216–18. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:169–71.

⁵²In MS Psalms, Wesley suggests “pardning” in the margin as an alternative.

4. Now, Saviour, now accept my Prayer,
While sore opprest with guilty Care
 In this my evil Day
I call for Help on Thee alone;
Thou wilt regard my humble Moan,
 And hear me when I pray.

5. Among the Gods there's none like Thee,
The Glories of the Deity
 Thro' all Creation shine;
Who then to vie with Thee shall dare,
Thy Works are all beyond compare,
 And speak thy Hand Divine.

6. The Nations Thou hast made shall all
Approach with humble Fear, and fall
 Prostrate before thy Face,⁵³
Thee every Tongue shall soon proclaim
And glorify the Saviour's Name
 Saviour of all their Race.

7. For Thou in Power, and Love art great
Inthron'd in Everlasting State;
 The Works which Thou hast done,
What Angel-Tongue can fully tell?
Thy every Act is Miracle,
 And Thou art GOD alone.

8. Teach me, O Lord, thy perfect Way,
My simple Heart shall then obey,
 With filial Fear adore,

⁵³Ori., "~~Adoring at thy Feet~~" changed to "Prostrate before thy Face."

Then all my Heart thy Name shall bless,
And praise, and sing, and never cease,
And love Thee evermore.

9. For O! thy Love to me is great,
Thou hast redeem'd me from the Pit
Of Hellish Misery,
From all who sought my Soul t' oppress,
Human, and Devilish Enemies
Thy Love hath set me free.
10. Thou, Lord, a GOD of Mercy art,
Meer Mercy fills thy tender Heart,
And meek long-suffering Grace;
Plenteous in Truth, and pardning Love,
Thy Bowels of Compassion move
To all the Fallen Race.
11. Turn then to me, thy Mercy shew,
My Soul with Strength Divine endue,
Thy Image, Lord, restore,
In me thy Servant, and thy Son
Make all thy great Salvation known,
And bid me sin no more.
12. Some Pledge of Good bestow on me,
That all my Foes with Shame may see
The Lord is on my Part:
My Help, and Comfort in Distress,
Who gave me this sure Pledge of Peace,
Shall make me pure in Heart.

Psalm 91.⁵⁴

1. He that in Christ his Soul doth hide
(That Secret Place of GOD most high)
Shall safe and undisturb'd abide,
With Sin, the World, and Satan nigh,
Wrapt in a Covering from above,
And shadow'd by Almighty Love.
2. The Lord, (my faithful Heart replies,)
The Lord is my Defence and Tower,
On Him my stedfast Soul relies,
And still receives his Saving Power,
My GOD shall still His own defend,
And hide, and love me to the End.
3. Thy Faith in Him shall not be vain,
He shall from Satan's Snare release,
Save thee from Sin's infectious Stain,
And cleanse from All Unrighteousness,
That sorest Inbred Plague remove;
The Antidote is Perfect Love.
4. Thee nor th' Alarms of War can fright,
Or take thy Confidence away,
The Pestilence that walks by Night,
And sweeps whole Nations in a Day,
With all the Pomp of Mortal Pain
Surround thy fearless Soul in vain.
5. A thousand at thy Side shall lie,
And yield in groans their tainted Breath,

⁵⁴Appears also in MS Emory, 97–103; and MS Psalms, 225–27. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 1 (1798): 153–54; and *Poetical Works*, 8:175–77.

Ten thousand in thy Sight shall die,
While calm amidst the Darts of Death
Thy Soul the Waster's Rage defies,
Safe in its Life that never dies.

6. Thy sacred Hairs are numbred all,
Evil Thou canst not feel, nor fear;
Thine Eyes shall see the Wicked fall,
And antedate his Judgment here,
While safe Thou in the Lord dost dwell,
Beyond the Reach of Earth, and Hell.⁵⁵
7. Whose Refuge is the Lord most High,
Whose Trust is in his gracious Power,
Evil and Plague shall not come nigh,
And Sin shall never touch thee more;
While all the Heavenly Hosts attend
The Man, whom GOD hath call'd his Friend.
8. Charg'd by the Sovereign King of Kings
To guard, and keep his Royal Heir,
The⁵⁶ Angels wrap thee in their Wings,
And in their Hands securely bear,
Preserve thy Life, nor let thee meet
A Stone to wound thy Sacred Feet.
9. Unhurt Thou shalt on Adders tread,
On Lions by thy Faith o'rethrown,
Thy Foot shall crush the Serpent's Head,
Thy Faith shall cast the Dragon down,

⁵⁵Ori., "Earth."

⁵⁶Ori., "Thee"; an error.

Victorious thro' the Bleeding Lamb,
Th' Omnipotence of Jesus' Name.

10. Because He chose the Better Part,
 Resolv'd to give me all his Heart,
Rejoic'd my Healing Name to know,
 I will from all his Sins redeem,
In Him reveal my Love, in Him
Mine uttermost Salvation shew.
11. Mine Ear shall hearken to his Cry,
 Mine Arm shall set Him up on high
In Troubles comfort and defend,
 Honour the Vessel of my Grace,
And to a Life of Glory raise,
Begun on Earth, but ne'er to end.

Psalm 93.⁵⁷

1. Jehovah reigns on high
 In peerless⁵⁸ Majesty,
Boundless Power his Royal Robe,
 Purest Light his Garment is,
Rules his Word the Spacious Globe,
 Stablish'd it in floating Seas.
2. Antient of Days, thy Name
 And Essence is I AM,
Thou, O Lord, and Thou alone
 Gav'st whatever Is To be,

⁵⁷Appears also in MS Emory, 103–105; and MS Psalms, 229–30. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:177–78.

⁵⁸Ori., “~~Array'd in~~” changed to “In peerless” in shorthand in the margin and in longhand on facing p. 104 of the manuscript.

Stood thine Everlasting Throne
Stands to all Eternity.

3. The Floods with angry Noise
 Have lifted up their Voice,
Lifted up their Voice on high,
 Fiends and Men exclaim aloud,
Rage the Waves, and dash the Sky,
 Hell assails the Throne of GOD.
4. Their Fury cannot move
 The Lord who reigns above;
Him the mighty Waves obey,
 Sinking at his awful Will,
Ocean owns his sovereign Sway,
 Hell at his Command is still.
5. Thy Statutes, Lord, are sure,
 And as Thyself endure,
Thine Eternal House above
 Holy Souls alone can see,
Fitted here by Perfect Love
 There to reign enthron'd with Thee.

Psalm 97.⁵⁹

1. The Lord unrival'd reigns
 His Regal Power maintains:
Earth thine awful Monarch bless,
 Own with Joy his happy Sway,
Him let all thine Isles confess,
 All⁶⁰ exult their GOD t' obey.

⁵⁹Appears also in MS Emory, 105–109; and MS Psalms, 236–37. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:181–82.

⁶⁰Ori., “Joyful All.”

2. Darkness and Clouds surround
 The King with Glory crown'd,
Righteousness, and sovereign Grace
 To support his Empire join;
Burns a Fire before his Face,
 Minister of Wrath Divine.

3. The Sin-consuming Power
 Doth terribly devour!
By the Weapons of his War,
 Thunderstruck, his Foes expire,
Thro' the Earth his Lightnings glare,
 Set the trembling World on fire.

4. The Hills were melted down,
 Like Wax before the Sun;
Lord of the whole Earth He is,
 Hail the Present Deity!
Heaven declares His Righteousness,
 All the World his Glory see.

5. Confounded are all they
 That Other Lords obey,
Boasters of their Idols vain:
 Own, ye Kings, his Sovereign Power,⁶¹
Serve the Lord by whom ye reign,
 Him ye Gods of Earth adore.

6. Sion hath heard his Word,
 And gloried in her Lord,
Jesus, GOD of Truth and Love,
 Power supream to Thee is given,

⁶¹Ori., "Sway."

Far above all Gods, above
Every Name in Earth or Heaven.

7. Fly every Touch of Blame
All ye that love his Name;
He preserves your Souls below,
Keeps from Sin and Satan's Power,
Till his utmost Truth ye know,
Till his Saints Can sin no more.
8. The Light of Grace is sown
For every Simple One;
Reap the Fruits of Joy and Peace,
Righteous Souls, the Promise prove,
Thank Him for his Holiness,
Glory in his perfect Love.

Psalm 98.⁶²

1. Sing we to our Conquering Lord
A new triumphant Song,
Joyfully his Deeds record,
And with a thankful Tongue:
Wonders his Right-hand hath wrought,
(Still his Outstretch'd Arm we see)
He alone the Fight hath fought,
And got the Victory.
2. GOD, th' Almighty GOD hath made
His great Salvation known,
Openly to All display'd
His Glory in his Son:

⁶²Appears also in MS Emory, 109–111; and MS Psalms, 238–39. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 1 (1798): 155–56; and *Poetical Works*, 8:183–84.

Christ hath brought The⁶³ Life to light,
 Bad the Glorious Gospel shine,
Shew'd in all the Heathen's Sight
 His Righteousness Divine.

3. He to Israel's Chosen Race
 The Promise hath fulfil'd,
Mindful of his Word of Grace,
 His Saving Health reveal'd:
He to all the Sons of Men
 Hath his Truth and Mercy shew'd,
Earth's remotest Bounds have seen
 The Pardning Love of GOD.

4. Make a loud and chearful Noise
 To Him that reigns above,
Earth with all thy Sons rejoice
 In thy Redeemer's Love:
Raise your Songs of Triumph high,
 Bring Him every tuneful Strain,
Praise the Lord, who stoop'd to die
 To ransom wretched Man.

5. Him with Lute and Harp record,
 With Shawms and Trumpets praise,
Sing, rejoice before the Lord,
 And glory in his Grace:
Hymn his Grace, and Truth, and Power,
 Give Him thanks, rejoice, and sing,
Praise Him, praise Him evermore,
 And triumph with your King.

⁶³MS Emory miscopies as "Thee"; Wesley does not correct.

6. Ocean roar with all thy Waves
In Honour of his Name:
He who all Creation saves
Doth all their Homage claim,
Clap your Hands ye Floods, ye Hills,
Joyful all his Praise rehearse,
Praise Him, till his Glory fills
The Vocal Universe.
7. Lo! He comes, with Clouds He comes
In dreadful Pomp array'd,
All his glorious Power assumes
To judge the World He made:
Righteous shall his Sentence be,
Think of that Tremendous Bar,
Every Eye the Judge shall see,
And *Thou* shalt meet Him there!

Psalm 100.⁶⁴

1. Ye Sons of Men, lift up your Voice,
Ye Nations of the Earth rejoice,
In GOD rejoice with one accord
Bow all your Hearts before his Face,⁶⁵
Adore Him for Creating Grace,
And shout, and sing to Christ the Lord.
2. Know, that the Lord is GOD alone,
He made, and claims us for His own,
His Creatures, for Himself design'd,

⁶⁴Appears also in MS Emory, 113; and MS Psalms, 241. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:185.

⁶⁵Ori., "Throne."

We are the Sheep of Israel's Fold,
The Flock He hath redeem'd of old,
His People, now is all Mankind.

3. O enter then his Courts with Praise,
Press to the Channels of his Grace
With joyful Thanks your GOD proclaim:
Give Him the Glory of his Love,
And praise Him, like the Hosts above,
And bless his All-redeeming Name.
4. Praise Him, the faithful Lord and good;
His Mercy hath for Ages stood,
His Mercy stands forever sure,
His stedfast Truth shall never fail,
His Word, and Oath Unchangeable
Thro' all Eternity endure.

Psalm 102.⁶⁶

1. Hear, O Lord, my bitter Cry,
Regard my sad Complaint,
Do not Thou thy Help deny
When most thy Help I want;
Hide not Thou thy Face from me,
Thine Ear in tender Mercy bow,
Hearken, while I call on Thee,
Relieve, relieve me Now.
2. All my Days,⁶⁷ like Smoak expire
In Vanity and Sin,

⁶⁶Appears also in MS Emory, 113–23; and MS Psalms, 243–46. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:185–89.

⁶⁷Ori., “Foes.”

Sin as a Consuming Fire
I find shut up within:
Droops my Heart, as Grass cut down,
No more my Nature's Wants I heed,
Groaning underneath thy Frown,
My Tears are all my Bread.

3. Worn away with endless Pain
My Strength is lost and gone,
In the Desert I complain,
Forgotten and alone,
As the Boding Bird of Night
I sit, disdainful all Relief,
Far remov'd from Human Sight,
And brooding o're my Grief.
4. Still my Foes with Rage and Scorn
Pursue my Misery,
Madly hath their Malice sworn
To vent itself on me;
Me alas! distress, dismay'd,
O'rewhelm'd with Sins, and Grievs and Fears,
Ashes is my only Bread
And all my Drink is Tears.
5. Crush'd beneath thine Anger I
My alter'd State bemoan,
Whom thy Mercy rais'd so high,
Thy Justice hath cast down,
Fleets my Life's declining Hour,
And swifter than a Shadow flies,

Scarse so soon the shortliv'd Flower
Withers away, and dies.

6. But my GOD is still the same,
And shall forever be,
One Unchangeable I AM
Thro' all Eternity.
Stands thy Love upon Record,
Thy Truth immoveably⁶⁸ secure,
All thy faithful Mercies, Lord,
From Age to Age endure.
7. Thou shalt, to thy Promise just,
Arise thy Church to build,
Lift her up out of the Dust;
The Time is now fulfil'd,
Weeping o're her scatter'd Stones
Thy Servants by her Ruins stay,
Thy own Spirit groans their Groans
And bids Thee Come away!
8. Then the Gentile World shall praise
And bow to Jesus Name,
All the Kings of Earth his Grace
And Glory shall proclaim:
When the Lord his Church shall rear
He all his Mercy⁶⁹ shall display,
Glorious in his Saints appear,
And bring the Perfect Day.
9. Then He shall regard the Cries
Of his poor Des'late One,

⁶⁸MS Emory reads "immovable"; Wesley does not correct.

⁶⁹Ori., "Glory."

Seem no more to slight their Cries,
But answer Every Groan:
Him who comforts All that mourn
The Sacred Annals shall record
That the People yet unborn
Might praise and love the Lord.

10. From his⁷⁰ high and holy Place
The Saviour hath look'd down,
Seen from Heaven the earthborn Race
Who groan'd beneath his Frown;
He hath heard their mournful Cry,
And loos'd the hopeless Prisoner's Chain,
Whom his Justice doom'd to die,
His Love revives again.
11. Them his Love delights to spare
That they his Praise may shew,
Joyfully his Name declare,
Throughout his Church below;
When the Gentiles are brought in,
And All obey the Gospel-Word,
Slaves no more to Hell and Sin,
But Servants of the Lord.
12. I alas was hastning on
To see the Glorious Day,
But the Lord hath brought me down,
And weaken'd in the Way;

⁷⁰MS Emory and MS Psalms replace "his" with "the"; Wesley let the change stand.

Failing in the doubtful Strife
I part with my extorted Hope,
Ready to despair of Life,
And give the Promise up.

13. Spare me, O my GOD, I said,
Nor yet from Earth remove,
Young⁷¹ in Life, unsav'd unfreed
A Stranger to thy Love:
Take me not in Wrath away,
But let me know thy Saving Name,
Jesus now and yesterday,
And evermore the same.

14. Thou the Unbeginning Word
Hast Earth's⁷² Foundations laid,
Thee the Heavens declare their Lord
Whose Hands have all things made.
They again shall own Thee GOD,
And Nature's Works shall all expire,
Worlds created by thy Nod
Shall perish by thy Fire.

15. Folded as a Garment they
Shall soon be cast aside,
Heaven and Earth shall pass away,
But Thou shalt still abide;
Changing all things at thy Will,
Th' Omnipotent⁷³ Jehovah Thou,
GOD supream,⁷⁴ Unchangeable
Thro' One Eternal Now.

⁷¹In MS Psalms "Young" is struck out, and Wesley adds the alternative "Warm."

⁷²Ori., "Hast ~~The~~ Earth's."

⁷³"Th' Omnipotent" has "~~Remain'st the Great~~" written as an alternative on the facing p. 124 of the manuscript, although Wesley changed his mind with the strikeout of the alternative.

⁷⁴Ori., "~~Thou the Great~~" changed to "GOD supream" on the facing p. 124 of the manuscript.

16. Thou with All that keep thy Word
Shalt⁷⁵ evermore endure,
Stablish'd in their faithful Lord
Their Seed shall stand secure;
Stand, and walk with Thee in Light,
The Pillars that no more remove,
Pure, and spotless in thy Sight,
And perfected in Love.

Psalm 107.⁷⁶

1. O ye that know the Pardning Lord,
His Everlasting Love record,
Give thanks, and glory in his Grace,
Gather'd by Jesus from all Lands,
Redeem'd from Sin and Satan's Hands,
Your merciful Redeemer praise.
- E'er yet on Christ their Souls were stay'd,⁷⁷
O're the wide Wilderness they stray'd
The World of Sin they wandred round,
Parch'd up with Thirst, and pin'd with Want,
Weary, and comfortless, and faint
They no Abiding City found.
2. To GOD they in their Trouble cried,
And kindly He their Want supplied,
And sav'd them from their sore Distress,
Himself the Living Way He shew'd,
Led them from all their Sins to GOD,
And bad them dwell in perfect Peace.

⁷⁵Both MS Emory and MS Psalms change "Shalt" to "Shall"; Wesley let the change stand.

⁷⁶Appears also in MS Emory, 123–33; and MS Psalms, 259–63. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:194–99.

⁷⁷Ori., "east."

O that the World would therefore praise
The Lord, the GOD of boundless Grace,
Whose Love in all his Works is seen,
With joyful Lips confess his Power,
And ever feel, proclaim, adore
His Wonders tow'rd the Sons of Men!

3. By Him the Hungry Soul is fed,⁷⁸
He fills the Poor with Living Bread,
And breaks the mournful Prisoner's Chain,
Those that in Death and Darkness dwelt,
Gross Darkness, such as might be felt
The Confines of Infernal Pain.

Because the Rebels mock'd his Word,
And spurn'd the Goodness of their Lord,
Jesus, most merciful, Most High,
He gave them up their Guilt to feel,
Humbled them to the Gates of Hell,
As doom'd the Second Death to die.

4. To GOD they then in Trouble cried,
And kindly He their Want supplied
And sav'd them from their sore Distress,
He brought them from the Depth again,
Pardon'd their Sin, and burst their Chain,
And loos'd, and bad them go in Peace.

O that the World would therefore praise
The Lord, the GOD of boundless Grace,
Whose Love in all his Works is seen,

⁷⁸Ori., "feed."

With joyful Lips confess his Power,
And ever feel, proclaim, adore
His Wonders tow'rd the Sons of Men!

5. He smote the Gates that kept them in,
The brasen Gates of Actual Sin,
The Iron Bars in sunder broke;
From Satan's Dungeon brought them up,
Deliver'd by the Gospel-Hope,
And into glorious Freedom spoke.

But when to Folly they return'd
His Wrath against the Sinners burn'd
And plagued them with Judicial Pain,
Diseas'd they loath'd their pleasant Meat,
Their Soul just sunk into the Pit,
Their Dust return'd to Dust again.

6. To GOD they then in Trouble cried,
And kindly He their Want⁷⁹ supplied
And sav'd them from their sore Distress,
He sent his All-reviving Word,
Their Body to full Health restor'd,
Their Soul to perfect Holiness.

O that the World⁸⁰ would therefore praise
The Lord, the GOD of boundless Grace,
Whose Love in all his Works is seen,
With joyful Lips confess his Power,
And ever feel, proclaim, adore
His Wonders tow'rd the Sons of Men!

⁷⁹MS Psalms reads "wants."

⁸⁰Ori., "Lord."

7. His Praise their happy Lives employ,
His Praise in Songs of thankful Joy
Let all the Sons of Men proclaim:
His kindly Providential Care
The Forces of the Sea declare,
And shout amidst the Waves his Praise.⁸¹

Who plough with Ships the Watry Road,
These see the mighty Works of GOD,
His Wonders in th' unbounded Main,
He bids the Stormy Wind arise:
The Tempest whirls them to the Skies,
And sweeps them down to Hell again.

8. Their Joints and Soul dissolv'd they feel,
Drunken, but not with Wine, they reel,
Their Hopes expire, their Labours cease,
To GOD they then despairing cry,
Who sends them Succour from on high,
And saves them in their Last Distress.

Obedient to his Sovereign Will,
The Winds are hush'd, the Sea is still,
Their Fears are with the Storm suppress,
Conducted by th' Almighty Hand,
With clam'rous Joy they grasp the Land,
And in their long-sought Haven rest.

9. O that the World would therefore praise
The Lord, the GOD of boundless Grace,
Whose Love in all his Works is seen,

⁸¹In MS Psalms "Praise" is struck out, with Wesley providing the alternative "Name."

With joyful Lips confess his Power,
And ever feel, proclaim, adore
His Wonders tow'rd the Sons of Men.

O that his Saints with one accord
Would magnify their gracious Lord,
His Goodness, and his Power proclaim,
Let all th' Assembled People join,
The Elders chant in Hymns Divine
Their great Redeemer's glorious Name.

10. Dreadful in Power, as rich in Grace
He frowns, and changes Nature's Face,
Where Sinners load the guilty Land,
He looks their Springs and Rivers dry,
Their fertile Fields as Desarts lie
Accurst, and turn'd to barren Sand.

He smiles, and makes the Desart smile,
Blesses the dry unfruitful Soil,
With living Streams the Waste supplies,
The Waste is cloath'd with sudden Green,
And Herbs, and Flowers, and Fruits are seen
Throughout the rising Paradise.

11. Thither He bids the Poor repair,
The Hungry find their Portion there,
And build a City in his Name,
They sow their Fields, and Vinyards plant,
And blest of GOD with all they want,
His Providential Love proclaim.

He bids the Little Flock increase,
He fills them with His Righteousness,
His Mercy's unexhausted Store,
He never takes his Mercy back,
He would not They should Him forsake,
Or ever want, or wander more.

12. But if again by Sin brought low,
They feel the Weight of Penal Woe,
Minish'd,⁸² afflicted, and opprest;
He chastens Princes for their Pride,
And leaves His own in Desarts wide
To wander on, and want His Rest.

Yet when beneath his Wrath they stoop,
He lifts the humbled Sinners up,
Revives, and chears his abject Poor,
He dries the Tears of All that weep,
And gathers home his scatter'd Sheep,
And bids them to the End endure.

13. The Righteous shall observe and praise
His Judgments, and his Works of Grace
His Humbling, and Restoring Power,
While all who dar'd their GOD gainsay,
Shall wonder, fear, and melt away,
And charge his Providence no more.

But He that to Salvation wise
To Things Divine his Heart applies,
The Hidden Mystery shall prove,

⁸²I.e., "diminish'd."

That Love of Christ, which knows no End,
He with all Saints shall comprehend
That Utmost Height of Jesus' Love.

Psalm 117.⁸³

Praise the Lord, ye Ransom'd Nations,
GOD of Universal Grace,
Him with joyful Acclamations
All ye Sons of Adam praise;
Jesus mighty to deliver
Bids you all his Mercy prove,
Jesus' Truth endures forever;
Praise Him for his Faithful Love.⁸⁴

Psalm 119.

I.⁸⁵

1. Blessed are the Pure in Heart,
Those who never disobey,
Never from their Lord depart,
Never leave his Perfect Way:
From All Sin *Entirely* freed
Here they walk with GOD above,
Born again, and Saints indeed,
Fully perfected in Love.

⁸³Appears also in MS Emory, 133–35; and MS Psalms, 277. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 1 (1798): 257; and *Poetical Works*, 8:203.

⁸⁴Wesley wrote “Another &c.” in the margin under this hymn.

⁸⁵Appears also in MS Emory, 135–37; and MS Psalms, 282–83. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 1 (1798): 311–12; and *Poetical Works*, 8:208–209.

2. Blessed are the Creatures New,
Who the Law Divine fulfil,
GOD with all their Powers pursue,
Answer all his holy Will:
They in Thought Can sin no more,
They in all his righteous Ways
Walk beyond the Tempter's Power,
To the utmost sav'd by Grace.
3. Thou hast charg'd us, Lord, t' obey
All thy Words with all our Heart,
From the Rule we may not stray,
May not in a Thought depart.
O might I thro' Life be led
By the Unction from above,
In thy every Statute tread,
Keep the Law by perfect Love.
4. Then, and not before, shall I
Stand above the Reach of Shame,
Sin, and Satan's Charge defy,
Free from every Touch of Blame,
When I thy Commandments keep
When I have respect to All,
Then my Foot shall never slip,
Then from Thee I Cannot fall.
5. Soon as I have learnt thy Ways,
With a perfect Heart and pure

Thee I shall forever praise,
Faithful to the End endure:
Only keep me, Lord, till then,
Do not from my Weakness move
Till my Soul is born again,
Strong in all the Life of Love.

II.⁸⁶

1. How shall a weak sinful Youth
Find his Conscience purified?
Let him heed the Voice of Truth,
Let him in thy Word abide.
There⁸⁷ the Inward Guide shall meet,
Teach his Sprinkled Heart t' obey,
Back recall his starting⁸⁸ Feet,
Lead him in the perfect Way.
2. All my Heart hath sought thy Face,
Do not suffer me to rove,
From thy own appointed Ways
From the Precepts of thy Love.
I have stood in constant Awe,
Treasur'd up thy Word within,
Least I should transgress thy Law,
Grieve Thee by the smallest Sin.
3. Source of Happiness Thou art,
Me, ev'n me vouchsafe to bless,
Wisdom in thy Law impart,
Teach me, Lord, thy righteous Ways.

⁸⁶Appears also in MS Emory, 137–39; and MS Psalms, 283–84. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 1 (1798): 362–63; and *Poetical Works*, 8:209–10.

⁸⁷Ori., “~~Their~~.”

⁸⁸Ori., “~~wandering~~.”

With my Lips have I declar'd
All the Words that came from Thine,
Toil is here its own Reward,
Happiness and Duty join.

4. In the Records of thy Love
I have found a Mine of Joy,
All my Treasure is above,
While thy Words my Thoughts employ.
Still to search thy Word of Grace,
This my sweet Employ shall be,
Still to know thy pleasant Ways,
Still to love, and walk in Thee.

III.⁸⁹

1. Thy unworthy Servant, Lord,
With abundant Grace receive,
That I may fulfil thy Word,
Bid me by thy Mercy live:
Open Thou mine inward Eyes,
From the Book the Veil remove,
That I may discern the Prize,
The High Prize of Perfect Love.
2. Known on Earth to None but Thee,
Here a banish'd Man I roam,
Let me thy Commandments see,
Shew the Light that guides me home
All their deep Design reveal,
All their inward Power impart,

⁸⁹Appears also in MS Emory, 139–41; and MS Psalms, 284–85. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 1 (1798): 363–64; and *Poetical Works*, 8:211–12.

Grave⁹⁰ them with thy Spirit's Seal
On the Tables of my Heart.

3. Faints my Soul with strong Desire
All thy Counsels to fulfil;
Only This I still require;
Let me do thy perfect Will.
Wretched, and accurst are They
Bruis'd by thy Afflictive Rod
Who from thy Commandments stray,
Proudly sin against their GOD.
4. Far from me, O Lord, remove
Foul Reproach, and guilty Shame,
I to keep thy Law have strove,
I have suffer'd for thy Name.
Mighty Men, and Princes sat,
Threatning in the Scorners' Chair,
All their haughty Anger's Weight
Meekly I rejoic'd to bear.
5. Still I own'd Thee for my Lord,
Thee I fear'd, and Thee alone,
Musing in the Written Word
In the Power of GOD went on:
Strength, and Counsel, and Delight
By the Word I still receive,
By the Word I walk aright,
By the Word forever live.

⁹⁰Ori., "Stamp."

IV.⁹¹

1. To the Dust my Spirit cleaves,
 Quicken me, my Life, my Lord,
Thee my humbled Soul receives,
 Trembling hangs upon thy Word,
I have all my Sin declar'd,
 Once Thou didst my Pardon seal,
Shew me now my Prayer is heard,
 Teach me now thy perfect Will.

2. Teach me thy Commands to do,
 So shall I proclaim thy Praise,
Joyfully to Sinners shew
 All the Wonders of thy Grace,
Melts my Soul with Guilt dismay'd,
 Heavy-laden and opprest,
Send me, Lord, the Promis'd Aid,
 Give the weary Sinner Rest.

3. Every evil Word and Way
 Far from me, O GOD remove,
Teach my willing Heart t' obey
 All the Gracious Law of Love,
I have chose the Better Part,
 The true Way of Life Divine
Thou my only Portion art,
 All thy Pleasure shall be Mine.

4. Lord, I unto Thee have cleav'd,
 Put me not to endless Shame,

⁹¹Appears also in MS Emory, 143–45; and MS Psalms, 286–87. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 1 (1798): 444–45; and *Poetical Works*, 8:212–13.

Me who have thy Truths receiv'd,
Me who all thy Promise claim:
Set my Heart at liberty,
Swiftly then my Soul shall move,
Run the Way prescrib'd by Thee,
All the Way of Perfect Love.

V.⁹²

1. Teach me, Lord, the Perfect Way,
Me who on thy Love depend,
Then I in thy Laws shall stay,
I shall keep them to the End.
Wisdom from above impart,
Taught according to thy Will,
I shall then with all my Heart
All thy kind Commands fulfil.
2. Cause me in thy Paths to go,
All my Comfort and Delight
All my Happiness below
Is with Thee to walk aright:
Set my Heart on Things above,
Heavenward let it still aspire,
Far from every Creature-Love,
Far from every low Desire.
3. Turn away my roving⁹³ Eyes
From beholding Vanity,

⁹²Appears also in MS Emory, 145–47; and MS Psalms, 287–88. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 1 (1798): 445; and *Poetical Works*, 8:213–14.

⁹³Ori., “wandering.”

Let me in thine Image rise,
Find my Hidden Life in Thee.
O fulfil the Hallowing Word,
Perfected in Filial Fear
Make the Servant as his Lord
Holy, pure, and sinless here.

4. Turn away my dire Disgrace
Turn away the dreaded Ill,
True and righteous are thy Ways,
Full of Love unsearchable:
I have long'd thy Ways to know,
Quicken this dead Soul of mine,
Wholly sanctified below
Fill'd with all the Life Divine.

VI.⁹⁴

1. Shew me thy Salvation, Lord,
Visit me with Pardning Grace,
O be mindful of thy Word,
Let the Promise now take place;
That to Him who dares upbraid,
Boldly I may make reply,
I have GOD my Refuge made,
Still I on thy Word rely.
2. The good Word of Truth from me
Do not utterly remove,
I have long'd, Thou knowst, to see
See, and taste thy faithful Love.

⁹⁴Appears also in MS Emory, 147–49; and MS Psalms, 288–89. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 1 (1798): 446; and *Poetical Works*, 8:214–15.

I have long'd to do thy Will,
I, if Thou vouchsafe the Power,
All thy Pleasure shall fulfil,
Keep the Law, and sin no more.

3. Following after Righteousness
I the Blessing shall attain,
Slavish Fear, and Sin shall cease,
I shall soon be born again,
Walk in glorious Liberty,
Bold to Kings thy Truth proclaim,
Tell them They may reign like me,
More than Kings thro' Jesus Name.
4. Thee, O Lord, I still obey
Thee with vast Delight pursue,
Walking in thy Pleasant Way,
Glad thy dear Commands to do;
Lo! for This I lift my Hands,
With a solemn Oath approve,
All thy Merciful Commands,
All thy gracious Law of Love.
5. Still to search the Sacred Word
My delightful Task shall be
Waiting here to meet my Lord
Fully manifest in me;
Sweetly musing Day and Night
On the dear Redeemer's Grace,
Till I gain that Heavenly Height,
Till I see Thee Face to Face.

VII.⁹⁵

1. Thee, O Lord, the Good the Just,
True and faithful I receive,
Keep thy Word, in which I trust
Thou who gav'st me to Believe:
Hoping for thy Promis'd Aid
Comfort in my Grief I find;
This my fainting Mind hath stay'd,
Still it stays my fainting Mind.

2. Me the Proud have greatly scorn'd,
Yet I still unshaken stood,
Never from thy Statutes turn'd,
Never left the Narrow Road:
On thine antient Works I thought,
Look'd again the same to see:
Thou of old hast Wonders wrought,
Wonders Thou shalt work for me.

3. Fearless of the Scorners' Power,
Fearful for their Souls I was,
Saw Hell open to devour
All who break thy righteous Laws:
Lord, thy Laws my Songs have been
In my Pilgrimage below,
Kept by them from Woe and Sin
In a World of Sin and Woe.

4. Thee I have remembred, Lord,
Musing in the silent Night,

⁹⁵Appears also in MS Emory, 149–51; and MS Psalms, 289–90. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 1 (1798): 496; and *Poetical Works*, 8:216–17.

Lov'd thy Name, and kept thy Word;
Pure and permanent Delight
I did in thy Precepts prove:
Heaven on Earth Obedience is,
Perfect Liberty, and Love,
Perfect Power, and perfect Peace.

VIII.⁹⁶

1. Thou my Portion art, O Lord,
Long-resolv'd thro' Thee I am,
To fulfil thine every Word,
Give me but the Help I claim:
All my Heart hath sought thy Face,
Still thy Favour I implore,
Grant me now the Promis'd Grace,
Bid me go, and sin no more.
2. All my Sins I call'd to mind,
Own'd, and left them all for GOD,
Labour'd the right Way to find,
Thee with earnest Zeal pursued,
Turn'd my Feet without Delay,
Long'd thine utmost Will to prove,
Eager all thy Law t' obey,
Restless to retrieve thy Love.
3. Spoil'd and hated for thy sake
Thee I never would forego,
Would not from thy Law turn back;
O my Life, my Heaven below,

⁹⁶Appears also in MS Emory, 151–53; and MS Psalms, 290–91. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 1 (1798): 497; and *Poetical Works*, 8:217–18.

Thee I all day long will praise,
Thee I will at Midnight sing,
True and righteous are thy Ways;
Glory to my GOD and King!

4. Join'd to all that fear my Lord
Them my dearest Friends I own,
Them that keep thy holy Word,
Sav'd by Grace thro' Faith alone.
Earth is full of Love Divine,
Love Divine for All is free,
Teach *me* then the Law Benign,
Guide, and save, and perfect *me*.

IX.⁹⁷

1. Lord, Thou hast thy Word fulfil'd,
Good and gracious as Thou art,
On my Heart the Promise seal'd,
Wrote Forgiveness on my Heart.
Teach me then thy perfect Will,
I thine every Word receive,
All thy Law in me fulfil;
Lord, I dare, I dare believe.
2. Long I wandred from my GOD,
Till Affliction call'd me back,
Now I in thy Paths have trod,
Them I will no more forsake;
Good Thou art, and Good Thou dost,
Full of Truth and full of Grace,

⁹⁷Appears also in MS Emory, 153–57; and MS Psalms, 291–93. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 1 (1798): 497–98; and *Poetical Works*, 8:218–19.

Save me, Lord, to th' uttermost,
Teach me all thy righteous Ways.

3. Me the Proud with Lies pursued,
I observ'd thy Precepts still,
Waiting in the Ways of GOD
To perform thine utmost Will.
Gross and callous is their Heart,
Nothing can their Hardness move,
But my whole Delight Thou art,
Thee, and all thy Laws I love.
4. Good it is for me t' have known
The sad Lesson of Distress,
That I might my Teacher own,
That I might my Saviour bless:
Taught by thine afflictive Hand
Now I know thy Law t' obey,
Now I clearly understand
Suffering is the Perfect Way.
5. Truth and Grace unsearchable
In the Sacred Volume shine,
Who the Worth immense can tell
Of that Oracle Divine!
Pretious are thy Sayings, Lord;
What a Depth in each I see!
What a Treasure is thy Word!
More than all the World to me!

X.⁹⁸

1. Thou, O Lord, my Maker art;
Mould and fashion thy own Clay,
Give me a wise docile Heart,
Teach thy Creature to obey:
Then the Servants of my Lord
Me with holy Joy shall see,
Me, who hang upon thy Word,
Me who only trust on Thee.

2. Just and right are all thy Ways
By Affliction taught I know,
Faithful to thy Word of Grace
Thou hast laid my Spirit low.
Lord, I in thy Promise hope,
All thy Mercy I implore;
Let thy Mercy lift me up,
Lift me up to fall no more.

3. Visit me in tender Love,
For thy Law is my Delight,
Fain I all thy Life would prove,
Walk accepted in thy Sight:
Put my haughty Foes to shame,
Men of Hearts perverse are they,
But I ever fear thy Name,
Ever in thy Statutes stay.

4. Those that have thy Precepts known,
Those that fear and worship Thee,
Turn, and gather into One,
Join them to Thyself, and me.

⁹⁸Appears also in MS Emory, 157–59; and MS Psalms, 293–94. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 1 (1798): 549–50; and *Poetical Works*, 8:219–20.

Make my Heart like Theirs sincere,
That I may triumphant rise,
Bold before my Judge appear,
Claim my Mansion in the Skies.

XI.⁹⁹

1. Weary, faint thro' long Delay,
Waiting for thy Saving Love,
On thy Word my Soul I stay,
Trust thine utmost Grace to prove:
Fail mine Eyes with looking up,
Long thy Promises to see,
When, Thou Object of my Love,
Wilt Thou come, and comfort me?

2. Shrivell'd and dried up am I,
Yet thy Law I do not leave,
Lord, how long I ever cry,
Shall thy helpless Servant grieve?
When shall all my Grievs be past,
When shall all my Sins be o're?
Judge, and slay my Foes at last,
Make me more than Conqueror.

3. Sinners have thy Laws broke thro',
My unwary Soul t' insnare,
Yet thy Laws are good and true,
True their awful Sanctions are:
Me the Persecuting Foe
Is still ready to devour:

⁹⁹Appears also in MS Emory, 159–61; and MS Psalms, 294–95. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 1 (1798): 550; and *Poetical Works*, 8:220–21.

Help me, Lord, my Sins o'rethrow,
Save me from the Tempter's Power.

4. Here my Soul had almost fail'd,
Sunk into the burning Pit,
But I still thy Precepts held,
Would not thy Commands forget:
Give me now thy Life to feel,
Quicken this dead Soul of mine,
So I shall thy Law fulfil,¹⁰⁰
All thy Law¹⁰¹ in Love Divine.

XII.¹⁰²

1. Faithful, Everlasting Lord,
Standard of all Truth and Good
Thy invariable Word
From Eternity hath stood:
To Eternity it stands;
This fair Universal Frame
Stablish'd by Almighty Hands
Speaks it's¹⁰³ great Creator's Fame.
2. Such as Thou didst first ordain,
Heaven and Earth continue still,
Still thy Word doth All sustain,
All obey thy Sovereign Will.
Had I not with Joy abode
In the Word of Truth and Grace
I had sunk beneath my Load,
I had never seen thy Face.

¹⁰⁰In the margin of MS Psalms Wesley inserts "perform thy will" as a suggested alternative to "thy Law fulfil."

¹⁰¹In the margin of MS Psalms Wesley inserts "will" as a suggested alternative to "Law."

¹⁰²Appears also in MS Emory, 161–63; and MS Psalms, 295–96. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 1 (1798): 599–600; and *Poetical Works*, 8:222–23.

¹⁰³Ori., "her."

3. From the Precepts of thy Law
Never will I, Lord, depart,
They have kept my Soul in Awe,
They have comforted my Heart.
Save me, Lord, for I am thine,
I have all thy Precepts sought,
Long'd to keep the Law Divine,
Sinless both in Word and Thought.

4. Sinners have beset my Way,
Sought my Ruin to ensure,
But I in thy Precepts stay,
Here I stand, and walk secure.
All of Excellence beside
Here, I see, its Doom receives,
But the Word shall still abide,
But the Word forever lives.

XIII.¹⁰⁴

1. How do I thy Precepts love!
Musing of thy Word all day,
Thro' the Sacred Leaves I rove;
Here I could forever stay.
Wiser than mine Enemies
I thro' thy Commandments am,
Kept hereby in perfect Peace
All thy Promises I claim.

¹⁰⁴Appears also in MS Emory, 163–65; and MS Psalms, 296–97. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 1 (1798): 600–601; and *Poetical Works*, 8:223–24.

2. More than all my Teachers I
Thro' thy Testimonies know,
I to These my Heart apply,
Let all other Knowledge go:
Wiser than ungracious Age
I who in thy Statutes tread,
Guided by the Sacred Page;
Virtue is the Hoary Head.
3. I from every evil Way
Have refrain'd my wary Feet,
That I might thy Word obey,
Might to all thy Will submit:
I have not thy Paths forsook,
Thou Thyself hast been my Guide,
Kept me by the Sacred Book,
Made me in thy Word abide.
4. O what Manna in thy Word,
O what vast Delight I meet!
When I taste my gracious Lord,
Honey is not half so sweet:
Heavenly Wisdom here I gain,
Walking in thy Word with Thee
Every Evil Way disdain;
Thou art All in All to me.

XIV.¹⁰⁵

1. Lord, thy Word's Unerring Light,
As a Lamp my Path doth shew,

¹⁰⁵Appears also in MS Emory, 165–67; and MS Psalms, 297–98. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 1 (1798): 646; and *Poetical Works*, 8:224–25.

Guides my steady Feet aright;
Every One that Doth shall Know.
I have sworn to do thy Will;
Thro' thine all-sufficient Grace
I shall all my Vows fulfil,
Shall fulfil all Righteousness.

2. Troubled, and distrest I am,
O be mindful of thy Word,
Grant the Promis'd Help I claim,
Speak me now to Life restor'd:
Thanks for all thy former Grace
From a willing Heart receive,
Still instruct me in thy Ways,
Bid me to thy Glory live.
3. Lord, my Life is in my Hand
Ever sinking into Hell,
Yet I in thy Precepts stand,
In the Paths of Duty dwell.
Me the World hath sought t' insnare
Joining with my treacherous Heart,
Yet from Thee I did not err,
Would not from thy Statutes start.
4. I have thy Commandments took
For mine Heritage below,
From the Volume of the Book
All my Joys and Comforts flow;
In Obedience to thy Will,
I have long'd my Life to spend,

All thy Statutes to fulfil,
Serve and love Thee to the End.

XV.¹⁰⁶

1. Every evil Thought and vain
Lord, Thou knowst I disapprove,
Sin with all my Heart disdain,
Only thy pure Law I love.
Thou my Shield on every side,
Thou my sure Asylum art,
In thy Promise I confide,
Will not from thy Word depart.

2. Sinners, hence, be far away,
Ye that evil Paths pursue,
I will only GOD obey,
I will His Commandments do.
Hold my feeble Goings up,
Lord, thy Promise I receive,
I shall then obtain my Hope,
Free from Sin forever live.

3. O support me with thy Hand,
And I then shall walk secure,
Keep thy every kind Command,
Faithful to the End endure;
All who from thy Statutes stray
Thou in Wrath hast trodden down,
False deceitful Souls are They,
They and Wickedness are One.

¹⁰⁶Appears also in MS Emory, 167–69; and MS Psalms, 298–99. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 1 (1798): 646–47; and *Poetical Works*, 8:225–26.

4. Them Thou dost as Dross at last
From the Face of Earth remove,
Therefore will I hold Thee fast,
Thee, and thy Commandments love.
Thee with Reverential Fear
Just and Merciful I see,
Tremble at thy Judgments near,
Triumph in thy Grace to me.

XVI.¹⁰⁷

1. Lord, Thou knowst my Uprightness,
I to All have justly done,
Suffer not my Foes t' oppress
One that hurts and injures none.
Answer for thy Servant Thou,
Let not haughty Men devour,
Save mine Innocency Now,
Snatch me from th' Oppressor's Power.
2. Fail mine Eyes with looking up,
Thy Salvation here to see,
Still I for the Promise hope,
All the Promise is for me.
With thy meanest Servant, Lord,
Deal according to thy Grace,
O fulfil the faithful Word,
Teach me all thy righteous Ways.
- 3.¹⁰⁸ Only Thee I serve below,
Grant me Wisdom from above,

¹⁰⁷Appears also in MS Emory, 171–73; and MS Psalms, 299–300. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 2 (1799): 49–50; and *Poetical Works*, 8:226–27.

¹⁰⁸Ori., “4.”

That I may thy Statutes know,
Know Thee by obedient Love:
Lord, 'tis Time t' apply thy Hand;
Sinners cry "It Cannot be.
"GOD, who gave the Vain Command,
"Cannot keep it All in me."¹⁰⁹

4. Therefore will I love the¹⁰⁹ more,
All thy dear Commandments prize,
An inestimable Store,
Good they are, and right, and wise.
Practicable all thro' Thee:
I shall find the Perfect Power,
See them all fulfil'd in me,
Live renew'd, and sin no more.

XVII.¹¹⁰

1. Wonderful thy Statutes are,
Therefore doth my Soul regard,
Keep them with an awful Care,
Find them here my great Reward.
Soon as e'er thy Word takes place,
Light it doth and Wisdom give,
Then the Children learn thy Ways,
Then the Simple Hearts Believe.
2. Lord, I have with strong Desire
Panted to obey thy Will,
Give Thee All thy Laws require,
All thy gracious Words fulfil.

¹⁰⁹MS Psalms changes "the" to "Thee"; Wesley does not correct.

¹¹⁰Appears also in MS Emory, 173–75; and MS Psalms, 300–301. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 2 (1799): 50–52; and *Poetical Works*, 8:227–28.

I thy promis'd Mercy claim,
See me with Compassion see,
Join to Those who love thy Name,
Perfect all thy Love in me.

3. Help me in thy Steps to tread,
Let not Sin dominion have,
Till Thou make me free indeed,
Till Thou to the utmost save.
Save me from the World and Sin
So will I thy Precepts do,
When thy Law is wrote within,
When I am a Creature New.

4. Lord, I am, and will be, Thine,
Shew me thy inlightning Grace,
Cause on me thy Face to shine,
Teach me all thy Righteousness.
Teach the Men, o're whom I weep,
For whose Sins mine Eyes o' reflow:
O that All thy Law would keep,
O that All thy Love would know!

XVIII.¹¹¹

1. Sovereign Everlasting Lord,
Thou art Perfect Righteousness:
Pure is thine unerring Word,
Upright are thy high Decrees:
Righteous all thy Statutes are,
Thee The Merciful they prove,

¹¹¹Appears also in MS Emory, 175–77; and MS Psalms, 301–302. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 2 (1799): 53; and *Poetical Works*, 8:228–29.

Thee The Faithful they declare,
Full of Truth and full of Love.

2. Swallow'd up with fervent Zeal
My presumptuous Foes I see,
Who against my GOD rebel
Slight the Law prescrib'd by Thee.
Holy is thy Word and right,
Therefore doth my Heart embrace
Loves it with a pure Delight,
Freely joyfully obeys.
3. Small I am in my own Eyes,
Poor, and despicably low,
Yet I still thy Precepts prize,
Will not from thy Precepts go.
Truth and Righteousness Divine.
Essence of thy Precepts is
Truth that shall thro' Ages shine,
Everlasting Righteousness.
4. Pain, and Anguish, and Affright
Oft my troubled Soul assail,
Yet thy Law is my Delight,
Stays, when all my Comforts fail;
Never can thy Word remove;
Thou the Heavenly Wisdom give,
I shall then be sav'd by Love,
Free from Sin forever live.

XIX.¹¹²

1. Hear me, O my gracious Lord,
Help, with all my Heart I cried,
Fixt I am to keep thy Word;
Save me, or my Goings slide.
Save me, still I cried to Thee,
Save me from the Tempter's Will,
I shall then the Promise see,
I shall All the Law fulfil.

2. Thee before the Dawn of Day
Hath my eager Soul pursued,
Cried, and waited in the Way,
Hop'd for my redeeming GOD.
To behold thy lovely Face
Many a sleepless Night I mourn,
Musing on the Word of Grace,
Watching for my Lord's Return.

3. Hear me, Lord, in tender Love,
Good and gracious as Thou art,
All the Death of Sin remove,
Quicken this poor drooping Heart.
They that hunt my Soul draw nigh
Full of Mischievous Design,
Bold thy Threatnings to defy
Tramplers on the Law Divine.

4. But Thou nearer¹¹³ art, O Lord,
True thine every Precept is,

¹¹²Appears also in MS Emory, 177–79; and MS Psalms, 302–303. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 2 (1799): 102–103; and *Poetical Works*, 8:230–31.

¹¹³MS Psalms reads “nearest”; Wesley does not correct.

Sure is the Annexed Reward,
Sure the dreadful Penalties;
Damn'd are They that disbelieve
(Thou hast fixt the firm Decree)
Sav'd whoe'er the Truth receive,
Sav'd to all Eternity.

XX.¹¹⁴

1. See, and save me in Distress;
Lo! on Thee my Soul I stay,
Looking for thy kind Release
Longing all thy Law t' obey.
O my dear Redeeming Lord,
Plead my Cause with GOD above,
Mindful of thy gracious Word,
Quicken me by Faith and Love.
2. Strangers to thy Saving Grace,
They that cast thy Laws behind:
Sinners will not seek thy Face,
Thee, while all who seek may find.
But thy Grace for All is free,
Lord, thy Proffer I receive,
Shew thy Faithfulness on me,
Bid me by thy Mercy live.
3. Sin, the World, and Hell oppose
This weak helpless Soul of mine,
Safe I walk thro' all my Foes,
Do not from thy Paths decline.

¹¹⁴Appears also in MS Emory, 179–81; and MS Psalms, 303–304. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 2 (1799): 103–104; and *Poetical Works*, 8:231–32.

Sinners I with Pity saw,
Griev'd for their Iniquity,
Wretches that transgress'd thy Law
Fled from Happiness and Thee.

4. How do I thy Precepts love!
My Desires to Thee are known,
All thy Life I long to prove,
Save me by thy Grace alone.
Lives the Promise of thy Grace,
Stood from the Beginning sure,
Every Word of Righteousness
Shall from Age to Age endure.

XXI.¹¹⁵

1. Princes have with cruel Rage
Causelesly my Soul pursued,
Resting in the Sacred Page
I could only look to GOD.
Fill'd with reverential Awe
Still I in thy Word abide,
Fearing to transgress thy Law,
Nothing can I fear beside.
2. Joyful at thy Word, as One
That hath found a Pretious Store,
There I search for Bliss unknown
Every other Quest give o're.
Hating all deceitful Ways
I thy Law with Joy approve,

¹¹⁵Appears also in MS Emory, 181–83; and MS Psalms, 305–306. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 2 (1799): 153–54; and *Poetical Works*, 8:232–33.

Offer Thee continual Praise,
Bless Thee for thy faithful Love.

3. They that in thy Law delight,
Kept in perfect Peace below,
Stand unshaken, by thy Might,
Nothing shall their Steps o'rethrow.
I have languish'd for thy Grace,
Grace that makes Salvation known,
Kept me in thy righteous Ways,
Gladly thy Commandments done.
4. Every Word Enjoin'd by Thee
Joyfully my Soul approv'd,
With unfeign'd Sincerity
All thy Testimonies lov'd.
All my Ways are in thy Sight,
I on Thee alone depend;
Lord, direct my Goings right,
Lead, and save me to the End.

XXII.¹¹⁶

1. Lord, regard my earnest Cry,
Hear me from thy holy Place,
Give me the Enlighten'd Eye,
Guide me by thy promis'd Grace:
O accept my humble Prayer,
Bring the promis'd Succours in,
Save me from the Fowler's Snare,
Save me from the World and Sin.

¹¹⁶Appears also in MS Emory, 183–85; and MS Psalms, 306–307. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 2 (1799): 154; and *Poetical Works*, 8:233–34.

2. Me when Thou hast taught thy Way,
By the Uncion from above,
I thy Glory shall display,
Shew the Wonders of thy Love,
Joyfully thy Name declare,
Never from thy Praises cease;
Righteous all thy Judgments are,
True are all thy Promises.

3. Reach me out thy helping Hand;
I have chose the Better Part,
Lov'd thine every kind Command,
Long'd to keep them from my Heart.
I have thy Salvation sought,
Happy could I do thy Will,
Pure in Deed, and Word, and Thought,
Could I all thy Law fulfil.

4. Let me in thine Image live,
Fully by thy Word restore,¹¹⁷
Thee I then thine own shall give,
Love, and praise Thee evermore.
Fain I would thy Statutes keep,
Sinless as my Master be,
Jesus, seek thy wandring Sheep,
Make me all-compleat in Thee.

¹¹⁷Ori., "restor'd."

Psalm 142.¹¹⁸

1. I sought the Lord in Grief and Pain,
And cried for Help, and cried again,
 To Him my Trouble shew'd,
I pour'd out all my sad Complaint;
Weary of Sin, and sick, and faint
 My Spirit gasp'd for GOD.

2. Ev'n then my Path to Thee was known,
When dark I walk'd, opprest, alone,
 With Snares and Deaths beset;
I threw my mournful Eyes around,
But no kind Friend, or Helper found
 To stay my sinking Feet.

3. In late Despair of human Aid
I cried unto the Lord, and said
 O Saviour, pity me,
Thou, only Thou hast Power to save;
My Portion and Defence I have,
 My Life, my All in Thee.

4. O lift me up by Sin brought low,
Redeem me from my Stronger Foe,
 From all th' Oppressor's Power;
Stronger Thou seest my Sins than me,
But speak the Word that sets me free,
 And I shall sin no more.

¹¹⁸Appears also in MS Emory, 185–87; and MS Psalm, 345–46. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:257–58.

5. My Soul out of the Dungeon bring,
That I the Conquering Name may sing,
The Saving Grace proclaim,
That all thy Saints may praise thy Power,
Thine All-sufficient Grace adore,
Thine All-redeeming Name.

Psalm 143.¹¹⁹

1. O Lord, in pitying Love give ear,
My mournful Supplication hear,
For thy own Promise sake;
O'rewhelm'd with Sin and Misery,
Weary and faint I come to Thee,
And proffer'd Mercy take.
2. If Thou shouldst as my Judge appear,
I could not bear the Test severe;
Not One of all our Race
Can stand acquitted in thy Sight,
Or claim Acceptance as his Right,
Or dare demand thy Grace.
3. A Sinner self-condemn'd I am,
And groan beneath my Load of Shame,
My Soul-destroying Foe
Hath smote, and cast me to the Ground,
In Chains of Massy Darkness bound
As Those that howl below.
4. My Spirit faints by Grief opprest,
And droops my Heart, and breaks for Rest
Yet do I call to mind

¹¹⁹Appears also in MS Emory, 187–91; and MS Psalms, 347–49. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:258–60.

Thy Wonders wrought in antient Days,
I muse on all thy Works of Grace
And Pity to Mankind.

5. See, Lord, a dying Sinner see,
I still stretch out my Hands to Thee,
Unwash'd and unrenew'd,
As thirsts¹²⁰ a barren Land for Showers,
My weary Soul with all its Powers
Gasp for the living GOD.
6. Haste to my Help, thy Blood apply,
My Spirit fails, I faint, I die,
If still Thou hid'st thy Face,
I fall, and perish at thy Feet,
I sink into the burning Pit,
If Thou withhold thy Grace.
7. O GOD, in whom I trust, appear,
Give me thy pardning Voice to hear,
Thy Saving Health to see;
The glorious Gospel-Light display,
And lead into the perfect Way
A Soul that looks to Thee.
8. For Refuge, Lord, to Thee I fly,
On Thee alone for Help rely,
For Pardon, Peace, and Power:
From all my Foes, and Sins release,
And teach me thus¹²¹ my Lord to please
And bid me sin no more.

¹²⁰Ori. "thirst"; corrected in MS Psalms.

¹²¹Ori., "thou."

9. O reach me out thy Spirit's Hand,
Into that good and pleasant Land
Of Holy Quiet lead,
Quicken me for thy Mercy 'sake,
From Sin, and Satan's Dungeon take,
And make me free indeed.
10. In Mercy take these Sins away,
And all my Foes forever slay,
Who now my Soul oppress,
Receive me, Saviour, for thine own,
And let me serve the Lord alone,
The Lord my Righteousness.

Psalm 42.¹²²

1. As the Hart with Flying faint
For the cooling Stream doth pant,
So my Soul by Sin pursued
Pants for Thee the Living GOD.
2. See my Soul, in Pity see,
Thirsting, gasping after Thee;
When shall I with Faith draw near,
Righteous in thy Sight appear!
3. Tears have been my daily Bread,
Tears have wash'd my sleepless Bed,
While they ever cry aloud
Where is now thy Pardning GOD?

¹²²Appears also in MS Emory, 193–97; and MS Psalms 110–12. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:95–97.

4. Musing on the Former Days,
Stript of that Extatic Grace,
Pouring out my Soul, I moan,
All my Joys and Comforts gone.
5. Once I could in GOD rejoice,
Praise Him with a tuneful Voice,
Find Him in his House of Prayer,
First of Those that worship'd there.
6. Why art Thou, my Soul, opprest,
Why so troubled, and distrest?
Cast away the heavy Load,
Hope Thou against Hope in GOD.
7. I shall yet record his Praise,
I shall thank Him for his Grace,
When He makes his Face to shine
On this drooping Soul of mine.¹²³
8. Yet again, O GOD, my GOD,
Sinks my Soul beneath its Load,
Burthen'd, and by Sin cast down
Faints thy poor Afflicted One.
9. Fain I would on Thee rely,
To my GOD for Refuge fly,
Ever wandring to and fro,
Restless as an hunted Roe.
10. Deep to Deep with Horror calls,
While the roaring Torrent falls,
My Abyss of Misery
Calls for All the Grace in Thee.

¹²³Wesley inserts numbers that would reverse the order of lines 3 & 4 in MS Psalms.

11. But alas thy Threatnings sound,
All thy Waves, and Storms surround,
Over me the Billows roll,
Swallow up my sinking Soul.
12. Unto GOD, my Rock I say,
Why dost Thou so long delay,
Leave me, on in Grief to go,
Crush'd by the Oppressive Foe?
13. Pierc'd my Bones as with a Sword
With the dire opprobrious Word,
While they ever cry aloud
Where is now thy Pardning GOD?
14. Why art Thou, my Soul, opprest,
Why so troubled and distrest?
Cast away the heavy Load,
Hope Thou against Hope in GOD.
15. I shall yet record his Praise,
See again the Saviour's Face,
Ascertain'd by Love Divine,
Mine He is, forever mine!

Psalm 43.¹²⁴

1. GOD of infinite Compassion
Take my Cause into thy Hands,
Satan's whole unrighteous Nation
Earth and Hell my Soul withstands,
From the Evil World deliver,
From the cruel World within,

¹²⁴Appears also in MS Emory, 197–99; and MS Psalms 112–13. Published posthumously in *Arminian Magazine* 20 (1797): 613–14; and *Poetical Works*, 8:97–99.

From MYSELF, the Worst Deceiver,
From this Inbred Man of Sin.

2. Thou my only GOD and Saviour
Thou art my Support and Might;
Why hast Thou withdrawn thy Favour,
Cast the Mourner from thy Sight?
Wherefore go I on lamenting,
Crush'd by my tyrannick Foe,
Under his Oppression fainting,
Swallow'd up of Sin and Woe?
3. O my merciful Director,
Shew the Brightness of thy Face,
Let thy Love be my Protector,
Lead me by the Light of Grace.
Send the Unction of thy Spirit,
Guide into thy Perfect Will,
That I may thine Heaven inherit,
Meet Thee on thy holy Hill.
4. Earnest of my full Possession
Might I feel Thee in my Heart,
Fill'd with Joy beyond expression
I should never more depart;
I should in thy Courts adore Thee,
Till I join the Church above,
Sing, and praise, and fall before Thee,
Thee my GOD of Truth and Love.
5. Wherefore then, my restless Spirit,
Art Thou troubled and cast down?

Hope in GOD, thro' Jesus' Merit,
GOD thro' Jesus is Thine own;
I shall yet retrieve his Favour,
I shall sing his Praise aloud,
Jesus is my Loving Saviour,
Jesus is my Pardning GOD!

Psalm 85.¹²⁵

1. Remember, Lord, the antient Days
When Israel did thy Favour prove,
And pitying *our* unfaithful Race
Repeat the Wonders of thy Love.
Thou hast to Them propitious been,
And brought them back to Exile driven,
In Mercy blotted out their Sin;
Hast freely All their Sin¹²⁶ forgiven.
2. Thou hast thy People's Doom repeal'd,
Thine Anger with their Guilt remov'd,
And kindly their Backslidings heal'd,
And still the humbled Rebels lov'd.
Wherefore to Us in Grace¹²⁷ and Peace
O GOD of our Salvation turn,
Us, Lord, from all our Sins release,
And let thy Wrath no longer burn.
3. Wilt Thou Thine own forever chide,
No more thy¹²⁸ des'late Church forgive,
Wilt Thou no more be pacified,
Or turn, and bid thy People live?

¹²⁵Appears also in MS Emory, 199–203; and MS Psalms, 214–16. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:167–69.

¹²⁶MS Psalms reads “Sins.”

¹²⁷Ori., “Love.”

¹²⁸Ori., “our.”

O might we hear again thy Voice,
Again thy Loving-kindness see,
And freely justified rejoice
In Thee, the GOD of Mercies, Thee.

- 4.¹²⁹ The Tokens of thy Favour shew,
Now, Saviour, now the Grace impart,
And let us thy Salvation know,
Forgiveness written on our Heart.
My Soul pursues the Spirit's Prayer,
I listen for the Sacred Sign,
The Lord shall soon his Will declare,
And answer me in Peace Divine.
5. His Peace He to his Saints shall give,
And speak into their Hearts his Power,
But let¹³⁰ them to their Saviour cleave,
And sin against his Love no more.
Surely his Saving Health is near
(And humble Souls the Grace shall feel¹³¹)
That Glory may on Earth appear,
That Jesus in our Hearts may dwell.
6. Mercy and Truth, in Consert sweet
T' accomplish our Redemption join,
Justice and Peace together meet
Harmonious in the Plan Divine.
Sinners the Faithful GOD can clear,
His Truth and Grace their Souls release,
Justice inflexibly severe
Absolves them with a Kiss of Peace.

¹²⁹Ori., "6." Wesley also corrected the numbering for stanzas 5–8 from their original numbering of 7–10.

¹³⁰MS Psalms changes "let" to "bid"; Wesley let the change stand.

¹³¹Ori., "prove."

7. Truth shall spring up, (the Truth of Grace)
From earthly Souls thro' Christ forgiven,
While GOD reveals his smiling Face,
And Righteousness looks down from Heaven.
The Lord from all our Sins shall save;
The Souls his Love delights to bless
Shall thrive, and flourish fair, and have
Their Fruit to perfect Holiness.

8. Foremost of the Celestial Train
His Righteousness shall still proceed,
Release us from our Guilty Chain,
And on to glorious Freedom lead.
In all his Steps the Heavenly Guide
Shall lead us up to Things above,
And planted in our Heart abide,
And perfect us in Sinless Love.

Psalm 7.¹³²

1. Jesus, my Lord, on thy great Name
I still for Help depend,
From Sin, the World, and Hell redeem,
And save me to the End.

2. The Lion ready to devour,
Would tear my Soul and slay,
Ah! leave me not to Satan's Power,
But spoil him of his Prey.

¹³²Appears also in MS Emory, 205–207; and MS Psalms, 12–13. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:14–15.

3. Arise, O Lord, thine Arm make bare,
Confound the furious Pride
Of all my Foes; in Wrath declare
That Thou art on my Side.
4. So shall the Saints surround thy Throne
With joyful Songs of Praise;
For Israel sake thy Servant own,
And save me by thy Grace.
5. Lift Thyself up, awake for me,
My Cause in Mercy plead,
Lead captive my Captivity,
And make me free indeed.
6. Command Iniquity to cease,
And make an End of Sin,¹³³
Stablish the Just in Righteousness,
And bring thy Nature in.
7. Succour, and Strength in GOD I have,
Who never will depart,
But keep, and to the utmost save,
The Men of simple Heart.
8. His Righteousness I will proclaim,
His Goodness glorify,
And celebrate the Saviour's Name,
And praise the Lord most High.

¹³³MS Psalms changes to read "Make a full End of Sin"; Wesley let the change stand.

Psalm 10,
v. 1, 2, 12, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18.¹³⁴

1. Why standest Thou, O Lord,
 Far from Thine own remov'd,
And sufferest Those Thou hast abhor'd
 To vex whom Thou hast lov'd?
 Ah! wherefore dost Thou hide
 Thy Face from our Distress,
Nor check the Persecutor's Pride,
 And prosperous Wickedness.

2. Arise, O GOD,¹³⁵ arise,
 O GOD, lift up thine Hand,
No longer seem to slight our Cries,
 But all our Foes withstand.
 The Poor in his Distress
 Commits Himself to Thee,
Thou Helper of the Fatherless,
 Thou Friend of Misery.

3. Confound the Tyrant's Power,
 The Man of Sin o'rethrow,
Our Depth of Wickedness explore,
 Root out our Inbred Foe.
 When Sin is all destroy'd,
 Its Being and Remains,
We then shall say, the Lord is GOD,
 Our King forever reigns.

¹³⁴Appears also in MS Emory, 207–209; and MS Psalms, 18–19. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:20–21.

¹³⁵MS Psalms changes “GOD” to “Lord”; Wesley let the change stand.

4. Thou, Lord, hast heard the Prayer,
That sighs the Mourner's Want,
And Thou wilt still their Hearts prepare,
And hear their sad Complaint;
To judge the Fatherless,
And save the Humble Poor,
Till Satan Can no more oppress,
And Sin exists no more.

Psalm 12.¹³⁶

1. Help, O Lord, the Faithful fail,
Scarse a Man continues Just,
Shall the Gates of Hell prevail,
Shall the Church on Earth be lost?
2. Every Soul from Thee departs
Bold to cast thy Words behind,
Men of double Tongues and Hearts,
False as Hell are all mankind.
3. GOD shall judge the Faithless Race,
Bruise them with an Iron Rod,
All who walk in Pride abase,
Make the Rebels own their GOD.
4. Surely now, the Lord hath said,
I will in my¹³⁷ Might arise,
Bring my needy Servants Aid,
Answer all their plaintive Sighs.

¹³⁶Appears also in MS Emory, 209–11; and MS Psalms, 20–21. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:22–23.

¹³⁷MS Emory and MS Psalms mistakenly replace “my” with “thy”; Wesley corrects in MS Psalms.

5. I myself will save th' Opprest;
Plac'd beyond the Tyrant's Power
Satan shall no more molest,
Sin shall never reach him more.
6. True, and faithful is the Lord,
All that He hath spoke shall be,
Pure his every [Gracious]¹³⁸ Word
From the Dross of Falsehood free.
7. In the Earthy Furnace tried,
In the Soul of fallen Man,
Lo! as Silver purified,
All his Promises remain.
8. Thou, O Lord, shalt all fulfil
Earth and Hell a while may rage,
Thou art our Preserver still,
Christ is Ours from Age to Age.

Psalm 14, v. 7.¹³⁹

1. O that all the Mournful Nation
Might with me Taste and see
Jesus his Salvation!
2. O that All who *would* rely on
Jesus' Love Now might prove
Safety is in Sion!
3. Jesus from our Sins shall save us,
He shall soon Claim His own,
He who bought will have us.

¹³⁸The space for this word is left open in both MS Fish and MS Emory; the word "Gracious" is supplied in MS Psalms.

¹³⁹Appears also in MS Emory, 211–13 (not in MS Psalms). Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:275–76.

4. When He frees our Souls from Prison,
Love and Joy Shall employ
All the Gospel-Season.
5. As a wide-extended River
Israel's Peace Shall increase,
Flow, and flow forever.

Psalm 33.¹⁴⁰

1. Righteous Souls, rejoice in GOD,
Meet it is for You to praise
Him, who hath the Gift bestow'd,
Made you Vessels of his Grace:
Praise the Lord, ye Saints, and sing,
All your sacred Skill exert,
All the Powers of Musick bring:
Praise Him with a thankful Heart.
2. Sing the New the Gospel Song,
Make a loud and chearful Noise,
Praise doth all to Him belong,
In his faithful Word rejoice.
All his Works are good and right;
Only such can He approve,
Righteousness is GOD's Delight,
Earth is full of Jesus Love.

¹⁴⁰Appears also in MS Emory, 213–19; and MS Psalms 76–79. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:68–70. Note: starting with this psalm, the remainder of MS Emory is in Charles Wesley's hand. All changes that he makes are indicated.

3. By his mighty Fiat made
 Heaven confess'd the Sovereign Lord,
All its Hosts his¹⁴¹ Voice obey'd,
 Sprang from Nothing at his Word:
He commands the Sea to stand
 Drawn into an hanging Heap,
In the Hollow of his Hand
 Treasures up the boundless Deep.

4. Him let all the Nations fear,
 Him let all the World obey,
Earth's Inhabitants revere,
 Humbly own his awful Sway,
Spake the Lord, and it was done,
 He the Earth's Foundations laid,
By his Providence alone
 GOD sustains the World He made.

5. In his Providential Reign
 O what various Wisdom shines!
He confounds the Pride of Man,
 Blasts the Heathens vain Designs,
Brings their Counsels all to nought,
 Only His abideth sure,
What the Gracious Lord hath thought
 Shall from Age to Age endure.

6. Blest the People are that own
 GOD, the Lord of All, for Theirs,

¹⁴¹Wesley changes "his" to "its" in MS Emory.

Chosen by his Grace alone,
Made his Servants and his Heirs;
GOD, who from his holy Place,
Where He ever reigns supream,¹⁴²
All the Sons of Men surveys,
Smiles peculiarly on Them.

7. He from his Eternal Throne
Looks the whole Creation thro',
All Mankind to Him are known,
All is naked to his View:
GOD discerns the Hearts He made,
Nothing is by Him forgot,¹⁴³
All are in his Balance weigh'd,
Every Act, and Word, and Thought.
8. Kings by Him in Safety reign,
Not by their unnumbered Host,
Vain the vaunted Strength of Man,
Vain the mighty Giant's Boast:
Trusting in the warlike Horse,
None thro' Him Deliverance have,
Vain is all the Creature's Force,
GOD, and only GOD can save.
9. Lo! the Lord's All-seeing Eye
Watches over Them for Good
Humbly who on Him rely,
Trust Him both for Life and Food:

¹⁴²Wesley encloses this line in parentheses in MS Emory.

¹⁴³In MS Emory Wesley changes this line to read "GOD doth all their Motions note," but suggests the original wording (given above) as an alternative on the facing page. MS Psalms adopts the line "GOD doth all their Motions note," dropping any suggested alternative.

He from Death their Souls¹⁴⁴ retrieves,
He in Dearth sustains His own,
While to Him our Spirit cleaves,
Hangs for Help on Him alone.

10. He is our Defence and Shield;
By his Everlasting Word,
By his faithful Love upheld
Wait we to receive our Lord.
Him our Heart shall soon proclaim,
Joyfully with Love o'reflow,
We have trusted in his Name,
We shall all his Nature know.

11. Jesus, full of Truth and Grace,
Let us now thy Mercy prove,
Let the Gospel-Word take place,
Perfect us in Faith and Love.
Have we not in Thee believ'd?
Vainly can we trust in Thee?
Speak us to the utmost sav'd,
Free from Sin, forever free.

Psalm 18.¹⁴⁵

Part II, v. 7 &c.¹⁴⁶

5. When GOD did on my Part appear,
Astonish'd at his Frowning Look
The Earth was mov'd, and quak'd¹⁴⁷ for Fear,
The Hills to their Foundations shook,

¹⁴⁴In MS Emory Wesley substitutes "Soul" for "Souls." MS Psalms reflects this change.

¹⁴⁵Part I of this hymn was published in the 2nd edn of *CPH* (1741); see Psalms (1743), 68. MS Fish and MS Emory omit this part. The entire hymn appears in MS Psalms, 32–37; and was published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:30–35.

¹⁴⁶Appears also in MS Emory, 219–23.

¹⁴⁷In MS Emory Wesley first wrote "shook," but then struck it out and restored to the reading of MS Fish.

The Everlasting Mountains bow'd
In Presence of my Angry GOD.

6. A Smoak out of his Nostrils pour'd,
 And upward roll'd its gloomy Spire,
A Fire out of his Mouth devour'd,
 A Stream of Sin-consuming Fire,
His Lightnings flew with surest Aim,
His Foes were Fewel to the Flame.
7. The Heavens in his Descent He bow'd,
 And Darkness for his Carpet spread,
His Chariot was a Sable Cloud,
 The Winds his fervid Wings¹⁴⁸ He made,
By Cherubs drawn the King of Kings
Came flying on a Whirlwinds Wings.
8. Darkness He made his Secret Place,
 And threw the¹⁴⁹ wide Pavilion round,
Darkness and Clouds ecclips'd his Face;
 How inaccessibly profound
Implung'd in Waves of deepest Night
Th' Eternal Uncreated Light.
9. A Ray He darted from his Throne,
 And bad the scatter'd Clouds retire,
His Clouds dispers'd, his Terrors shone,
 And drop'd in Flakes of livid Fire,
The Waves congeal'd with Horror fell
In hasty Showers of rattling Hail.

¹⁴⁸Wesley wrote "Wings" in MS Emory, then struck it out and suggested the replacement "Wheels." MS Psalms adopts the suggested change.

¹⁴⁹In MS Emory Wesley substitutes "his" for "the." MS Psalms reflects this change.

10. The Lord from Heaven in Thunder spoke,
The Lord most terrible most High
Sent forth his mighty Voice, and shook
The Battlements of Earth and Sky;
His Wrath in Storms of Hail He shew'd,
As burning Coals his Judgments¹⁵⁰ glow'd.
11. He lanc'd¹⁵¹ the Weapons of his War
His Arrows of Vindictive Flame,
His Lightnings with pernicious Glare
And right inevitable Aim
Before the rolling Thunder flew,
And all my blasted Foes o'rethrew.
12. The Watry Stores discover'd were,
Broke open by his Chiding Breath,
It laid the World's Foundations bare,
And shew'd the mighty Springs beneath,
The Deep at thy Rebuke was seen,
The Center let thine Earthquake in.
13. He sent his Warrant from above,
And claim'd, and seiz'd my Soul for His,
He drew me by the Cords of Love,
Implung'd in Sin's profound Abyss,
Redeem'd me from the Tempter's Power,
Nor let my stronger Foes devour.
14. They caught me in my evil Day,
On every Side they kept me in,

¹⁵⁰In MS Emory Wesley substitutes "Vengeance" for "Judgments." MS Psalms reflects this change.

¹⁵¹I.e., "launch'd" or "hurl'd."

But GOD was my Defence and Stay,
He pluck'd¹⁵² me from the Straits of Sin,
Brought forth into a Wealthy Place,
And freely sav'd me by his Grace.

Part III, v. 27 &c.¹⁵³

15. Thou still shalt save the Poor Opprest,
And bring their proud Oppressors down,
The Lord will give his People Rest,
Will comfort his Afflicted One,
My GOD shall in my Darkness shine,
And fill my Lamp with Light Divine.
16. By Thee I have a Troop broke thro',
And scal'd the Wall, O GOD, by Thee;
Thy Way is right, thy Word is true,
And fully verified in me;
My Lord is faithful to redeem,
The Shield of All that trust in Him.
17. For who, except the Lord is GOD?
Who is a Rock but GOD alone?
My Soul He hath with Strength endued,
To perfect Love He leads me on,
My Feet thro' Him the Hinds outfly,
And spurn the Earth, and scale the Sky.
18. Tis GOD instructs my Hands to war,
My Arms have broke a Bow of Steel,

¹⁵²In MS Emory Wesley initially inserted the alternative word “caught”; but struck it out and restored “pluck'd” as in MS Fish.

¹⁵³Appears also in MS Emory, 223–25 (now using both sides of page).

My Soul is more than Conqueror,
And strong in Strength Invincible;
Thou hast a Shield on me bestow'd,
The Mercy of my Saviour-GOD.

19. Sustain'd by thine Almighty Hand
And greaten'd by thy gentle Love,
My Feet were taught on Thee to stand,
And¹⁵⁴ swiftly in thy Paths to move,
Confirm'd, upheld on every Side
My Feet could neither sink nor slide.
20. My Foes I challeng'd forth to fight,
I vex'd them with Offensive War,
Follow'd, o'retook, and stop'd their Flight,
Nor would from the Pursuit forbear,
Till crush'd, consum'd beneath my Power
They sunk, they fell to rise no more.
21. Thou, Lord, hast girded me with Might,¹⁵⁵
And arm'd my Soul for Conquests new,
When Other Hosts appear'd in Sight
Thine Arm did Other Hosts¹⁵⁶ subdue,
Compel'd the Aliens¹⁵⁷ to submit,
And bow'd their Necks beneath my Feet.
22. The Lord for me doth ever live;
Blessing ascribe to GOD most High,
Glory, and Thanks to Jesus give,
The Rock on which I still rely;

¹⁵⁴In MS Emory Wesley substitutes "Or" for "And." MS Psalms reflects this change.

¹⁵⁵In MS Emory Wesley initially substituted "for fight"; but struck it out and restored "with Might," as in MS Fish.

¹⁵⁶In MS Emory Wesley substitutes "still my Foes" for "Other Hosts." MS Psalms reflects this change.

¹⁵⁷In MS Emory Wesley substitutes "Rebels" for "Aliens." MS Psalms reflects this change.

Extol his Power, his Mercies raise,
The GOD of my Salvation praise.

23. Tis GOD, who vindicates my Right,
And all my Foes¹⁵⁸ persists t' o'rethrow,
Thou hast redeem'd me by thy Might
Superior to my¹⁵⁹ Inbred Foe,
Thy Love hath set my Spirit free,
And bad me live, O Lord, to Thee.
24. Wherefore I will exalt thy Name,
And teach the Heathen World thy Praise
In Songs of sacred Joy proclaim
Thy Riches of redeeming Grace,
Till all the Heathen World confess
And hymn¹⁶⁰ the Lord Our Righteousness.
25. Mighty to save his Love we sing,
The Love¹⁶¹ that doth our Souls convert,
The Christian is his Priest and King,
The David after his own Heart,
And all his Seed, his Church, adore
The Love that saves forevermore.

Psalm 19.¹⁶²

Part I.

1. Our Souls the Book of Nature draws
T' adore the First Eternal Cause,
The Heavens Articulately shine,
And speak their Architect Divine,

¹⁵⁸In MS Emory Wesley substitutes "Sins" for "Foes." MS Psalms reflects this change.

¹⁵⁹In MS Emory Wesley substitutes "mine" for "my." MS Psalms reflects this change.

¹⁶⁰In MS Emory Wesley substitutes "Jesus" for "And hymn." MS Psalms reflects this change.

¹⁶¹MS Psalms replaces "Love" with "Lord"; Wesley let the change stand.

¹⁶²Appears also in MS Emory, 226–29 (using both sides of page); and MS Psalms 38–42. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 3 (1800): 146–48; and *Poetical Works*, 8:35–39.

And all their Orbs proclaim aloud
The Wisdom and the Power of GOD.

2. See in yon glorious azure Height
The Sovereign Uncreated Light!
That vast¹⁶³ Expanse of liquid Air
Doth his Immensity declare,
And every Influence from above
His bounteous Universal Love.
3. The sure-succeeding Night and Day
His Providential Care display,
Who bad them to their Bounds retire,
And stand as Quire to answer¹⁶⁴ Quire
His Knowledge infinite to tell,
And shew the Great INVISIBLE.
4. Kindreds,¹⁶⁵ and Tongues, and Nations hear
His All-informing Messenger.
Stretching to Earth's remotest Bound,¹⁶⁶
The Heavens their Maker's Praise resound,
And sing¹⁶⁷ the Power by which they shine,
And gossellize the¹⁶⁸ Love Divine.
5. GOD in that¹⁶⁹ Spacious Firmament
Hath pitch'd the Solar Planet's Tent;
Forth from his Chamber in the East
The Sun in flaming Yellow drest,
Comes, as a Bridegroom blith and gay,
To chear the World, and bring the Day.

¹⁶³In MS Emory Wesley initially writes "While that"; but strikes it out and restores "That vast" as in MS Fish.

¹⁶⁴In MS Emory Wesley substitutes "that answers" for "to answer." MS Psalms reflects the change.

¹⁶⁵In MS Emory Wesley substitutes "Kindred" for "Kindreds."

¹⁶⁶Ori., "Bounds." Wesley corrects in MS Emory.

¹⁶⁷In MS Emory Wesley substitutes "speak" for "sing," but adds "sing" above as an alternative. MS Psalms adopts "speak."

¹⁶⁸In MS Emory Wesley substitutes "his" for "the." MS Psalms reflects the change.

¹⁶⁹In MS Emory Wesley substitutes "the" for "that." MS Psalms reflects the change.

6. With Giant-Strength He comes from far,
Exulting on his rapid Car,
And starting¹⁷⁰ from the Heavenly Goal,
Holds on his Course from Pole to Pole,
Earth's inmost Stores his Rays admit,
And all things feel the Genial Heat.

Part II.

7. The Book of Covenanted Grace
Its Heavenly Origine displays,
Strong Characters of Love Divine
Throughout the Sacred Volume shine,
Jehovah by his Word is shew'd
The Glorious Legislative GOD.
8. Jehovah's Law all-perfect is,
Nor can it e'er receive Increase,
Nor can it e'er diminish'd be,
From Error and Corruption free,
It turns the Soul which turns to It,
And makes the Man of GOD compleat.
9. The Testimony of the Lord
Deliver'd in his Written Word,
Is sure, inviolably sure,
And shall from Age to Age endure,
The Simple it with Grace supplies,
And makes them to Salvation wise.

¹⁷⁰In MS Emory Wesley substitutes "started" for "starting." MS Psalms reflects the change.

10. The Statutes of the Lord are right,
His Laws and Equity unite,
Reason Divine in All is shew'd,
Adjusted to his Creature's Good
They bring us Peace, and Power¹⁷¹ impart,
When written on th' Obedient Heart.
11. The Lord's Command is plain, and free
From Darkness and Impurity;
It purges and restores the Sight,
Guides by a clear unerring Light,
The Sinner in the Paths of Peace,
Convinc'd of Sin, and Righteousness.
12. The Fear of GOD restrains from Sin,
Is clean, and makes the Sinner clean,
The Strict Unalterable Law
Which keeps the Faithful Soul in Awe
Can never lose its Binding Power,
But lives, and reigns forevermore.
13. The Judgments of the Lord are true,
And all his Faithfulness they shew,
His perfect Equity decrees
To All Rewards or Penalties,
And soon the righteous Judge shall seal
Their endless Doom in Heaven or Hell.
14. How pretious all thy Sayings are,
No Treasure can with These compare,

¹⁷¹In MS Emory Wesley substitutes "Joy" for "Power." MS Psalms reflects the change.

Thy Sayings are the Souls Repast,
Sweeter than Honey to the Taste,
They drop like Manna from above,
Or flow in Streams of Joy and Love.

15. Thy Words are my Delight and Guide
And warn me lest I start aside;
Thrice happy are thy Servants, Lord,
Obedience is our great Reward,
We own, to whom the Grace is given
To do thy Will on Earth, is Heaven.
16. But who can all his Errors tell
Or count the Thoughts in which he fell,
Omniscient GOD, to Thee alone
My Sin's Infinity is known,
Do Thou my secret Faults efface
And shew forth all thy cleansing Grace.
- 17.¹⁷²

¹⁷²A number for stanza 17 appears in MS Fish and MS Emory, but no verse. MS Psalms adds stanzas 17–18 (see there).