MS Luke[1]

Charles Wesley was sidelined in Bristol for much of 1760–61 with an extended illness. He spent his time writing a series of hymns while reading through the entire Bible. He published the results in 1762 as a two-volume set (see *Scripture Hymns*). Most of the verse collected in this set were reflective in tone. The short hymns often pick up a single theme evoked by the passage being read, with connections made to current struggles in the Methodist movement.

Within a year of issuing the published collection, Wesley decided to do a more extensive collection of this type of hymns on the four Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles. He began with a volume on the Gospel of John in December 1763; moved to Acts of the Apostles in November 1764; then to the Gospel of Matthew, which he finished in March 1766; and wrapped up the Gospels of Mark and Luke in a flurry between March and April of 1766. In each case, Wesley brought most of the hymns he had published in *Scripture Hymns* for the relevant book over into his larger manuscript volumes—often adapting the original into a longer hymn.[2] These inclusions and adaptations are noted below.

About ten years after finishing the five volumes, Charles began to prepare them for publication, working through them several times making revisions (see MS Acts, page 552). After Charles's death in March 1788 the volumes were drawn to his brother John's attention (perhaps by Charles's widow Sarah, in hopes of generating revenue). Later that year John wrote his friend Walter Churchey "I have now revised the five volumes of my brother's hymns on the four Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles. He had himself revised them no less than seven times …. Those of them that savour a little of mysticism I have rather corrected or expunged."[3] Then in late 1789 John began publishing selected hymns from the five volumes in the *Arminian Magazine*, with this introduction:

> My brother has left several manuscript volumes of short hymns, upon various passages of scripture—particularly on the four Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles. Many of these are no ways inferior to those that have been already published. A specimen of them I propose to publish in the ensuing magazines. The whole will probably see the light in some future period.[4]

These comments help explain some of the marks found in the five volumes. To begin, there is an ink cross-mark [+] placed next to the scripture verse reference of scattered hymns through each volume. This mark was surely made by John Wesley, since the hymns so marked for the first 87 pages of MS Matthew were all published in the *Arminian Magazine* between 1789–92. (The editor taking over after John Wesley's death dropped the series.) We reproduce the "+" whenever it appears in the manuscripts, and identify in footnotes the hymns published in the *Arminian Magazine*. The manuscripts also have a few instances of a vertical line drawn through a stanza in ink. While it is not certain, in light of John's comment to Churchey, this line was likely drawn by him rather than by Charles.

There are also pencil markings in the manuscripts, which must be by a later hand than the Wesley brothers. In particular, a capital 'O' is written beside several hymns that were not found in *Scripture Hymns*, and others have a vertical line (in pencil) drawn through stanzas or entire hymns. These markings

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[1]This 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: July 13, 2024.

[2]There are 69 hymns on Luke in *Scripture Hymns* (1762)—four of the hymns grouped with Luke on pp. 232–34 are from Matthew and John. Of these, only three (#326, #363, #373) are not included in some form in MS Luke.

[3]JW to Walter Churchey, Dec. 25, 1788, *Works*, 30:767.

[4]*Arminian Magazine* 12 (1789): 279.

may refer to George Osborn, who published several of the hymns in the five volumes with these marks in *Poetical Works*. Unfortunately, Osborne interspersed these manuscript hymns with verse published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), with no indication of their varying sources. He also frequently changed spellings and words in the hymns; again, with no annotation. And he did not include all hymns. Those hymns which Osborn omitted would finally appear (by themselves) in S T Kimbrough's *Unpublished Poetry*. This online collection is the first setting in which the five volumes of hymns on the Gospels and Acts of the Apostles appears in complete form, checked to assure accuracy to Wesley's original.

MS Luke is a quarto-sized (5.75 x 7.25 inches) bound manuscript volume, of 367 numbered pages. On these pages appear 774 poems. Of this number, 30 are reproduced from *Scripture Hymns* with little alteration, leaving a total of 744 poems that are either new or significant revisions/expansions of earlier material. At the top of page 1 is a note in Charles Wesley's shorthand: "Began April 8." At the bottom of page 366 is the note in shorthand: "Finished April 29, 1766."

MS Luke is now part of the collection in the Methodist Archive and Research Centre, accession number MA 1977/575 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3). The transcription below is provided with permission of the Librarian and Director, The John Rylands Library, The University of Manchester.

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"[Begun] April 8."[1]

S. Luke I.

**"They were both righteous before God,
walking in all the commandments and
ordinances of the Lord blameless."
—[Luke 1,] v. 6.**[2]

[1.] How happy that distinguish'd pair,
Whom God's own oracle
Doth righteous in his sight declare
And saints unblameable!
Before the Word incarnate made
The Father had reveal'd,
They with a perfect heart obey'd,
And all his law fulfil'd.

2. And shall not we, who Christ embrace
God in our flesh made known,
Impower'd by his sufficient grace
In all his statutes run;
Walk before God, and perfect be,
And turn no more aside,
From every spot and wrinkle free,
Compleatly sanctified?

3. Jesus, the Purchase of thy blood
Thou wilt on us confer,
The Spirit of the holy God,
Th' indwelling Comforter;
Thy good and acceptable will
We then shall throughly prove,
And all thy just commands fulfil,
Renew'd in blameless love.

[1]This note is in shorthand, in CW's hand.

[2]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:101.

"The whole multitude of the people were praying without, at the time of incense." —[Luke 1,] v. 10.[3]

[1.] When people and priest, United in prayer
Their faithful request Together prefer,[4]
With Jesus' oblation The heavens assail;
Their joint supplication Is sure to prevail.

2. His sacrifice pleads, His prevalent blood
Brings down on our heads The blessings of God:
Our Priest is before him; And join'd to our Lord,
In Christ we adore him, By angels ador'd.

3. Our incense of prayer Thou offer'st alone,
Thou, Saviour, dost bear Our souls to the throne;
On thine intercession We gladly depend
For grace and salvation, And life without end.

"There appeared unto him an angel of the Lord, standing on the right side of the altar of incense."—[Luke 1,] v. 11.[5]

The great Angel of the Lord
Attends invisible,
Ready to apply his word,
His ordinance to seal;
To the Majesty of God
Presents his people's sacrifice,
Mixt with the atoning blood,
And fragrant thro' the skies.

"When Zacharias saw him, he was troubled, and fear fell upon him."—[Luke 1,] v. 12.[6]

[3]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:102.

[4]Orig., "~~declare~~."

[5]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:102.

[6]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:102.

A vision true is prov'd by fear;
We start as at illusion near,
Unworthy of the grace,
Disturb'd by the celestial sight,
Till humble love and calm delight
The dread and trouble chase.

"Thy prayer is heard."—[Luke 1,] v. 13.[7]

[1.] While nature yielding to despair
Her blasted expectation mourns,
After a length of years, the prayer
In the most helpless case returns,
The powerful word at last comes down,
And lo, the barren bears a son!

2. Then let us patiently attend,
To Him the time and manner leave,
Till God the long-sought blessing send,
Till Christ his gracious fulness give,
And faith's maturest fruit we prove
In finish'd holiness and love.

"He shall be great in the sight of the Lord &c."—[Luke 1,] v. 15, 16.[8]

[1.] Great before God is great indeed!
Prophet miraculously born,
Jehovah's harbinger, decreed
Rebellious multitudes to turn,
Their hearts to soften and prepare,
That God may make his entrance there.

2. Greater and more than man is he,
Who dead to the desires of men

[7]Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:214, NT #323, altered.

[8]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:103.

Lives to declare the Deity,
And shews the Lamb for sinners slain,
Fill'd with the Spirit of his God,
And bold to seal the truth with blood.

3. Jesus, thy preaching servants raise
Who real greatness may pursue,
May before Thee themselves abase,
Thine all-atoning passion shew,
Thee before kings undaunted own,
And die to make their Saviour known.

"Whereby shall I know this? for I am an old man?"—[Luke 1,] v. 18.[9]

Could Zachary the just,
Who walk'd before the Lord,
Th' Omnipotent himself mistrust,
And stagger at his word?
Where is the faithful man,
Unless the Lord who gave
His faith, continually maintain,
And to the utmost save?

"I am Gabriel, that stand in the presence of God, and am sent to speak unto thee."
—[Luke 1,] v. 19.[10]

Ministers of Jesus' word
Should angels emulate,
Always present with their Lord,
While on his church they wait,
Only in his will delight
Who hath their high commission given,
Labour on, and in his sight
Injoy a constant heaven.

[9]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:103–104.

[10]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:104.

"Behold, thou shalt be dumb, because thou believest not my words, which shall be fulfilled in their season."—[Luke 1,] v. 20.[11]

[1.] Our holy God the smallest fault
Severely chastens in his own;
So base a misbelieving thought
In those who have his goodness known!
The sin he graciously forgives,
Nor yet remits the total pain,
But marks of his displeasure leaves,
Lest saints should doubt his love again.

2. Nine months for a mistrustful word,
Nine months of silence must atone,*
That starting from the sin abhor'd,
The sin which all contains in one,
We may our unbelief deny,
The words of truth with joy embrace,
On Christ, the Power of God, rely,
And calm expect his promis'd grace.

"Elisabeth conceived, and hid herself five months."—[Luke 1,] v. 24.[12]

Miracles of uncommon grace
On chosen fav'rites shown
Humility will first suppress,
Nor haste to make them known:
But when necessity compels,
And Jesus gives the word,
His witness all the truth reveals,
To magnify the Lord.

* Improperly speaking, not evangelically.

[11]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:104–105.

[12]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:75.

"In the sixth month the angel Gabriel was sent from God ... To a virgin."
—[Luke 1,] v. 26, 27.[13]

[1.] The solemn hour is come
For God made visible,
Fruit of a virgin's womb
A man with men to dwell,
The Saviour of the world t' appear,
And found his heavenly kingdom here.

2. The sinner's Sacrifice,
The Head of angels see
From Jesse's stem arise,
And grasp the Deity!
His sacred flesh the only shrine
That holds Immensity Divine.

3. Let all mankind abase
Their souls before the Lord,
And humbly prostrate praise
The great incarnate Word,
And welcome Jesus from above
With joy, and gratitude, and love.

"She was troubled at his saying."
—[Luke 1,] v. 29.[14]

The humble starts at danger near,
Troubled his own praise to hear,
As then expos'd to pride:
He dares not call his grace his own,
But cries, Let God be prais'd alone,
Let God be magnified!

"He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest &c."—[Luke 1,] v. 32, 33.[15]

[1.] Jesus, Son of the Most-high,
David's, God's authentic Heir,

[13]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:257; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:75–76.

[14]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:76.

[15]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:105.

Lord of all in earth and sky,
Who thy greatness can declare?
Great in holiness, and power,
Great in mercy, truth, and grace,
We thy Majesty adore,
Sing thine everlasting praise.

2. Earthly kingdoms soon decline,
Totter, fall, and pass away;
Permanent, O Christ, is thine,
Cannot moulder, or decay;
Every other power o'rethrown
Shall its destin'd period prove,
Thy dominion stands alone,
Fixt as thine eternal love.

3. King of saints, thy right assume,
Thy majestic right impart,
Let thy royal Spirit come,
Spread his power thro' every heart,
Thrones to all thy subjects give;
Then we grace and glory gain,
Partners of thy nature live,
Kings with Thee forever reign.

"The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee."—[Luke 1,] v. 35.[16]

[1.] In Jehovah's incarnation
Father, Son, and Spirit join!
Holy Ghost, thy inspiration
Sanctifies the Birth Divine;
Father, thy o'reshadowing power
Strange fertility imparts,
Forms whom all thy hosts adore,
Forms him still in faithful hearts.

[16]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:76.

2. Jesus who assumes our nature
Unto us his nature gives,
Our Omnipotent Creator
Still in all his people lives:
Virgin-hearts again conceiving
Compass the celestial Man,
Comprehend by true believing
Whom the heavens cannot contain.

"With God nothing shall be impossible."
—[Luke 1,] v. 37.[17]

[1.] What cannot the Almighty do
For saving sinful man?
Able Thou art and willing too
To form my heart again:
Thou shalt its old diseases cure,
Its bent to sin remove,
And make and keep it always pure,
And always fill'd with love.

2. Hanging by humble faith on Thee,
On Thee my Saviour stay'd,
I find in my infirmity
Thy perfect strength display'd;
Th' omnipotence of grace I feel
In utter weakness shown,
And nothing is impossible
To man with Jesus one.

"Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it unto me according to thy word."—[Luke 1,] v. 38.[18]

[1.] God of Israel, see
Thy servant in me,

[17]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:105–106.

[18]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:106.

Who humbly approve,
Tho' I cannot conceive, the design of thy love,
With obedience sincere
Thy will I revere,
And expect from thy word
The mystical life of my heavenly Lord.

2. The birth of thy Son
To sinners made known,
Manifested in man,
Manifested in me, shall the secret explain,
While made willing by Thee
To thy work I agree,
And intirely resign
My whole soul to be fill'd with the fulness Divine.

"When Elisabeth heard the salutation of Mary, the babe leaped in her womb: and Elisabeth was filled with the Holy Ghost."
—[Luke 1,] v. 41.

[I.][19]

Oft a seasonable word
From a messenger of thine
Spoken in thy Spirit, Lord,
Cloth'd with secret power divine,
Gracious light and life imparts,
Fills with God our faithful hearts.

["When Elisabeth heard the salutation of Mary, the babe leaped in her womb: and Elisabeth was filled with the Holy Ghost."
—Luke 1, v. 41.]

II.[20]

[1.] The Babe unseen his power displays,
And works upon a babe unseen,
To shew the mystery of grace,
When speaking by the tongue of men,
Jesus is pleas'd to minister
His life thro' the believing ear.

[19]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:106–107.

[20]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:107.

2. Jesus, who in his church below
Invisibly vouchsafes to dwell,
Doth daily thus his power bestow,
His energy in souls reveal:
The word they still by faith receive,
And quicken'd thro' his Spirit live.

"Blessed is the fruit of thy womb."
—[Luke 1,] v. 42.[21]

[1.] The Fruit of Mary's womb
Is blest, and that alone,
Whatever blessings come
From the eternal throne
Thro' Mary's Offspring we receive,
And happy by his life we live.

2. That holy Child bestow'd
On poor apostate man,
That everlasting God
Whom heaven cannot contain,
Source of our gracious joys He is,
And constitutes our Glorious Bliss.

"Whence is this to me, that the mother of my Lord should come to me?"—[Luke 1,] v. 43.[22]

[1.] Whence is it that my Lord
Himself should visit me,
Should stoop to such a wretch abhor'd,
And claim my misery?
He leaves his throne above
For his own mercy sake,
He comes constrain'd by pitying love,
And doth my nature take.

[21]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:107.

[22]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:107–108.

2. The mystery of thy grace
What angel can conceive?
Thou wou'dst to all our ransom'd race
Faith and salvation give:
Thou dost the grace reveal,
Thou dost the faith impart,
And thus Thou com'st again to dwell
Forever in my heart.

"As soon as the voice of thy salutation sounded in mine ears, the babe leaped in my womb for joy."—[Luke 1,] v. 44.[23]

[1.] God by his almighty word
The world's foundations laid,
Spake the universe restor'd,
The new creation made:
Christ on earth his wonders wrought,
And by the word he works again;
By the word his saints are brought
Unto a perfect man.

2. When the evangelic sound
A pardon'd sinner hears,
Paradice again is found,
And God to man appears:
Quicken'd by his heavenly voice,
We spring to life, and meet our Lord,
Triumph evermore, rejoice,
And praise th' Incarnate WORD.

"Blessed is she that believed, for there shall be a performance of those things which

[23]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:108.

"were told her from the Lord."
—[Luke 1,] v. 45.

[I.][24]

[1.] Thou tell'st me, O most gracious Lord,
"I will thy sins forgive,"
The welcome reconciling word
I thankfully receive;
Joyful in hope of happiness
Ev'n now I happy am,
For I shall soon obtain the peace
Of all that love thy name.

2. Jesus, I wait, till Thou display
In me thy mercy's power:
Take mine iniquities away,
And think of them no more,
Thou all thy promises fulfil,
This unbelief remove,
And pardon on my conscience seal,
And fill my soul with love.

["Blessed is she that believed, for there shall be a performance of those things which were told her from the Lord."
—Luke 1, v. 45.]

II.[25]

[1.] Thou tell'st me, "I thy King will be
[‘]Will to the utmost save,
[‘]Renew, and change, and perfect thee,
[‘]And ransom from the grave.[’]
The blessedness of faith I prove,
For thy own sake forgiven,
And in this hope of perfect love
Anticipate my heaven.

2. Within the promise now, I sing,
Exult, and shout for joy:

[24]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:109.

[25]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:109.

He comes! He comes! my God and King
Shall all my sins destroy!
Thou, Lord, shalt purify my heart,
Thro' thine all-cleansing blood,
As sure as Thou my Saviour art,
As sure as Thou art God.

"My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour." —[Luke 1,] v. 46, 47.[26]

An humble saint will never praise
Himself, or glory in his grace;
But lives to magnify
His Saviour by all heaven ador'd,
But dies rejoicing in the Lord,
Exalting the Most-high.

"For he hath regarded the low estate of his handmaid."—[Luke 1,] v. 48.[27]

[1.] His servants in their low estate
Thro' his regard are truly great,
For who in their own eyes
Little, and poor, and vile appear
Jesus delights to honour here,
And lifts them to the skies.

2. The more our Lord exalts, the more
We sink, and self-abas'd adore
Thy peerless Majesty,
All creature-excellence disclaim,
And strive o'rewhelm'd with holy shame
To lose ourselves in Thee.

[26]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:110.

[27]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:110.

"He that is mighty hath done to me great things, and holy is his name. And his mercy is on them that fear him from generation to generation."—[Luke 1,] v. 49, 50.

[I.][28]

[1.] Let all th' Incarnate God adore,
The mercy, holiness, and power
Of the great One in three!
The Father hath his power display'd,
Th' eternal Word a creature made,
And God begins to be.

2. The Son our mortal flesh assumes,
Our merciful High-priest becomes,
The Spirit of holiness
Immeasurable grace supplies,
His human nature sanctifies,
And fills the hallow'd place.

["He that is mighty hath done to me great things, and holy is his name. And his mercy is on them that fear him from generation to generation."—Luke 1, v. 49, 50.]

II.[29]

[1.] Jehovah doth himself conceal
In brightness inaccessible
Unsearchable, unknown!
Struck with his holiness we fear,
And quake, and tremble to draw near
The glories of his throne.

2. But mercy doth the dread remove,
Mercy reveals the God of love
To sinners reconcil'd:
Mercy and holiness agree,
And God and man made one we see
In that celestial Child.

[28]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:77.

[29]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:110–11.

3. Mercy doth every soul embrace,
That reverences the God of grace
Incarnated below,
Mercy for all far off, or nigh
Flows from its Fountain in the sky,
And shall forever flow.

"He hath shewed strength with his arm, he hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts."—[Luke 1,] v. 51.[30]

[1.] His arm th' Almighty Father bar'd,
When God in Christ himself declar'd
Our Saviour from above,
Deliverer of a sinful race
He shew'd the world in Jesus face
His utmost power of love.

2. The myst'ry of Jehovah's birth
Confounds us potsherds of the earth
Of sin and misery proud,
It scatters every lofty thought,
And man is humbled into nought
Before an emptied God.

3. The meek humility Divine
Shall heal this pride-sick soul of mine,
This plague incurable:
Now, Jesus, now thy power exert,
And with thy lowliness of heart
In mine forever dwell.

"He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree. He hath

[30]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:111.

"filled the hungry with good things, and the rich he hath sent empty away."
—[Luke 1,] v. 52, 53.[31]

[1.] Who did the rebel angels quel,
And hurl'd them down from heaven to hell,
Doth still the proud abase,
Doth cast the mighty from their thrones,
The humble, weak, and little ones
Exalting in their place.

2. The angels fell thro' pride o'rethrown,
Thro' his humility the Son
Bids fallen man arise,
Glad tidings to the poor reveals,
The hungry with his Spirit fills,
And all their wants supplies.

3. But souls unconscious of their wants,
Self-fill'd, self-sav'd, self-righteous saints
Whose good is all their own,
He sends unjustified away,
That emptied of themselves they may
Be sav'd by grace alone.

"He hath holpen his servant Israel[32] **in remembrance of his mercy, as he spake to our forefathers, to Abraham, and to his seed forever."—[Luke 1,] v. 54, 55.**[33]

[1.] The God of faithfulness and love,
His mercy and his truth to prove,
Hath call'd his word to mind,
Hath succour on the Mighty laid,
And sent in Christ his saving aid
To us, and all mankind.

[31]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:111–12.

[32]Orig., "~~Isaac~~."

[33]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:77. Orig., "v. 55, 56"; an error.

2. He hath his promises fulfil'd,
Jesus is in our flesh reveal'd
To every sinner given,
And all of Abraham's lot possest
May live emphatically blest
With pardon, grace, and heaven.

"Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for he hath visited and redeemed his people."
—[Luke 1,] v. 68.[34]

[1.] Blest be the Lord, forever blest
The God of Israel's favour'd race,
His name be known, his power confest,
His riches of redeeming grace,
Who left for sinful worms his throne,
And came to bless us in his Son.

2. God was in Christ on earth reveal'd,
He entred a mean house of clay,
With whom the heaven of heavens is fill'd
He stoop'd to bear our sins away,
Victim Divine, on all bestow'd,
He bought the nations with his blood.

3. Let all their great Redeemer praise,
Redeem'd from sin, the world, and hell!
The strength of thy victorious grace,
Jesus, throughout our souls we feel,
And wait thine utmost power to save
Our bodies ransom'd from the grave.

"He hath raised up an horn of salvation for us, in the house of his servant David."
—[Luke 1,] v. 69.[35]

[34]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:112–13.

[35]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:77.

Our souls and bodies to redeem
The Father rais'd our Saviour up,
In David's house, from David's stem,
Ordain'd a fallen world to prop,
To save, and on his people prove
His whole omnipotence of love.

"As he spake by the mouth of his holy prophets ... that we should be saved from our enemies &c."—[Luke 1,] v. 70, 71.[36]

Accomplishing his gracious word
By all his holy prophets spoke,
The Lord hath sent us Christ the Lord,
To bruise our foe, and burst his yoke,
From sin and death to set us free,
And slay our last great enemy.

"To perform the mercy promised to our fathers, and to remember his holy covenant, The oath which he sware to our Father Abraham, that he would grant unto us, that we being delivered from the hands &c." —[Luke 1,] v. 72–76.[37] +[38]

[1.] The mercy to our fathers show'd
To us in every age extends,
That covenant seal'd by Jesus blood
Its blisful virtue never ends,
A covenant of redeeming grace
Confirm'd in Christ with all our race.

2. Jehovah by himself hath sworn
To Abraham and his faithful seed,
(Empty the word shall not return)
That we from all our tyrants freed,

[36]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:78.

[37]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:113.

[38]This is the first case in MS Luke where a "+" is placed in the margin next to a hymn. These marks were surely made by John Wesley, when he read through the volume after CW's death, since similar marks in MS Matthew correlate with hymns that John soon began publishing in the *Arminian Magazine*. We will reproduce all such "+" signs in this volume, even though none from MS Luke were published in the *Arminian Magazine*.

From all our sins, thro' Jesus blest,
Shall dwell in everlasting rest.

3. We now the great salvation claim,
The filial love that casts out fear,
The righteousness in Jesus name,
The gospel-holiness sincere,
The image of our God restor'd,
The tempers of our spotless Lord.

4. Father, thy word, thy oath we plead
In our behalf to Abraham given,
And wait to do, when free indeed,
Thy will, as angels do in heaven,
Blameless to walk before thy face,
And serve thee all our sinless days.

"And thou child shalt be called the prophet of the Highest: for thou shalt &c."
—[Luke 1,] v. 76, 77.[39]

[1.] Prophet of Christ the Lord Most-high,
His great immediate harbinger,
The Baptist came to testify,
Jesus the Saviour to declare,
And make that heavenly Victim known,
Who should for all mankind atone.

2. With his our office is the same
Who preach the reconciling word,
Publish the all-redeeming Lamb,
As sure forerunners of our Lord
Commission'd to prepare his ways,
And sent before Messiah's face.

[39]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:114.

3. His heralds in his name we cry,
Sinners, the gospel-grace receive,
And God who sent his Son to die,
Doth by our word the Spirit give,
Who testifies salvation known,
And pardon felt thro' Christ alone.

"Through the tender mercy of our God, whereby the day-spring from on high hath visited us."—[Luke 1,] v. 78.[40]

[1.] Stupendous height of heavenly love,
Of pitying tenderness Divine!
It brought the Saviour from above,
It caus'd the Springing Day to shine,
The Sun of righteousness t' appear,
And gild our gloomy hemisphere.

2. God did in Christ himself reveal,
To chase our darkness by his light,
Our sin and ignorance dispel,
Direct our wandring feet aright,
And bring our souls with pardon blest
To realms of everlasting rest.

3. Come then, O Lord, the light impart,
The faith that bids our terrors cease,
Into thy love direct my heart,
Into thy way of perfect peace,
And chear my soul of death afraid,
And guide me thro' the dreadful shade.

4. Answer thy mercy's whole design,
My God incarnated for me,

[40]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:114–15; and *Representative Verse*, 146–47.

My spirit make thy radiant shrine,
My Light and full Salvation be,
And thro' the dreary vale unknown
Conduct me to thy dazling throne.

"The child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, and was in the desarts till the day of his shewing unto Israel."—[Luke 1,] v. 80.[41]

A preacher should himself conceal,
Sequester'd in the desart dwell,
Content for years to fast and pray,
Daily in grace and knowledge grow,
Till strong for God, the Master show
His messenger in open day:
Dead to the low desires of men
The anchorite should then be seen;
Yet daily still himself deny,
Simple and bold the truth declare,
The people for his Lord prepare,
And Jesus' servant live and die.

[41]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:78.

S. Luke II.

"There went out a decree from Cesar Augustus, that all the world should be inrolled."[1]—[Luke 2,] v. 1.[2]

Cesar his own dignity,
His own renown intends,
God o'rerules the proud decree
To serve sublimer ends:
Lo, He comes, the King foretold,
He comes, o're all mankind to reign,
God's eternal Son inroll'd
A new-born child of man!

"Joseph also went up, To be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child." —[Luke 2,] v. 4, 5.[3]

Every ordinance of man
With Jesus we revere,
Honouring who on earth sustain
The royal[4] character;
Jesus doth the pattern show,
Ador'd by the angelic race,
From before his birth below
The Lord of all obeys!

"She brought forth her first-born Son, and wrapped him in swadling-clothes, and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn."—[Luke 2,] v. 7.[5]

[1.] Whom the heavens cannot contain,
God, the great eternal God,
Born below, refus'd by men,
Makes with beasts his first abode:

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[1]Orig., "~~taxed~~."

[2]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:115.

[3]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:78.

[4]Orig., "~~sover[eign]~~."

[5]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:79. Stanzas 2 and 3 appeared in *Poetical Works*, 11:115–16.

While He needs his creature's aid,
They their needful aid deny,
Leave him in a manger laid,
Lord of all in earth and sky.

2. See, ye blushing sons of pride,
See your God a child become!
When he would on earth reside,
Earth can scarce afford him room:
Wrapt himself in swadling-bands
Who with darkness swathes the sea,
Who the universe commands,
Comprehends immensity!

3. Triumph we, the sons of grace,
That our God is born so poor,
Doth his majesty abase
Our salvation to secure:
Glorying in our Infant-King,
Him we in the manger own,
Him whom brightest Seraphs sing
High on his eternal throne.

"There were shepherds keeping watch over their flock by night, And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them."
—[Luke 2,] v. 8, 9.[6]

[1.] To simple souls alone
The Saviour is made known;
Shepherds who their station keep
See the glory from on high;

[6]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:116.

Those that negligently sleep
Still in sin and darkness lie.

2. The poor rejoice to hear
The heavenly messenger:
From the rich and wise conceal'd,
Jesus doth his light impart,
Shews the mystery reveal'd,
Shines in every humble heart.

"Fear not: for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people."—[Luke 2,] v. 10.[7]

An herald from the King of kings
Is sent, our guilty fears to chase,
Good tidings of great joy he brings,
Great joy to Adam's favour'd race:
Not one of all our ransom'd kind
But may the gospel-grace receive,
Born in himself his Saviour find,
And one[8] with his Creator[9] live.

"Unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." —[Luke 2,] v. 11.[10]

[1.] To us a Child of royal birth,
Heir of the promises, is given,
Th' Invisible appears on earth,
The Son of Man, the God of heaven!

2. A Saviour born, in love supreme,
He comes our fallen souls to raise,
He comes his people to redeem
With all his plenitude of grace.

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[7]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:116.

[8]Orig., "One ~~Spirit~~" changed to "And one."

[9]Orig., "~~Jehovah~~." CW then changed to "~~his Maker~~," and finally changed to "his Creator."

[10]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:117.

3. The Christ, by raptur'd seers foretold,
Fill'd with th' eternal Spirit's power,
Prophet, and Priest, and King behold,
And Lord of all the worlds adore.

4. The Lord of hosts, the God most high,
Who quits his throne on earth to live,
With joy we welcome from the sky,
With faith into our hearts receive.

"This shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find the babe wrapped in swadling clothes, lying in a manger."—[Luke 2,] v. 12.[11]

[1.] Is this, O Lord, the sign
That makes thy Greatness known,
The ornament of power Divine,
The glory of thy throne?
Ennobled by thy birth
My faith the manger sees,
And all the precious things on earth
Are vile, compar'd to this.

2. Tis here thy mind I know,
Thy hidden kingdom see;
Thou com'st from heaven to reign below
By deep humility,
The High and Lofty One
Thou dost our meanness bear:
And by humility alone
Thy royal state we share.

"And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host

[11]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:79–80.

"praising God."—[Luke 2,] v. 13.[12]

[1.] The angel-quires their voices raise
To hymn a new-born Infant's praise,
Own his Divine, Almighty power,
And harping with their harps adore.

2. And shall the ransom'd sons of men
God in his humbled state disdain,
The manger, as the cross, despise,
Or stumble at their Maker's cries?

3. Let Jews and Greeks as folly deem,
His infancy, his death blaspheme
(That two-fold rock of human pride,
A Saviour born and crucified!)

4. Who truly in our Lord believe,
With joy and triumph we receive
The saving grace in Christ bestow'd,
The Wisdom and the Power of God.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men."
—[Luke 2,] v. 14.[13]

[1.] Sing all in heaven at Jesus' birth
Glory to God, and peace on earth,
Jehovah's heart in Christ is seen
Pure mercy, and good will to men.

2. Praise Him extol'd above all height,
Who doth in worthless worms delight,
God reconcil'd, in Christ confess
Your present and eternal Peace.

[12]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:80.

[13]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:117–18. Stanza 1 = *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:214, NT #324, altered.

3. From Jesus manifest below
Rivers of pure salvation flow,
And deluge man's distinguish'd race
With everlasting streams of grace.

4. Sing every soul of Adam's line
The fav'rite attribute Divine,
Ascribing with the hosts above
All glory to the God of Love.

"Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which the Lord hath made known unto us."—[Luke 2,] v. 15.[14]

[1.] Come, let us with speed To Bethlehem go,
The house of that Bread Which God doth bestow
To all He hath given, And sent from above
The Banquet of heaven, The Son of his love.

2. By faith we shall see Him promis'd of old,
And know it is He Of whom we were told,
That heavenly Stranger Fall prostrate before,
And God in a manger With angels adore!

"When they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child."—[Luke 2,] v. 17.[15]

Happy who the angels word
Hesitate not to believe,
Who their mean Almighty Lord
God in swadling-clothes receive!
O thou heavenly Man Divine,
Grant me their simplicity,

[14]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:118.

[15]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:118.

Then before thy humble shrine
All my soul shall bow to Thee.

"And all they that heard it wondred at those things which were told them by the shepherds."—[Luke 2,] v. 18.[16]

Shepherds indigent and plain
Jesus' first Apostles hear,
Hear them who that wondrous Man
Simply to the world declare!
O might I my Lord admire,
God himself both hear and see,
Emulate th' Angelic choir,
Gaze to all eternity!

"Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart."—[Luke 2,] v. 19.[17]

[1.] O may I always bear in mind
The Saviour's pity for mankind
Which brought him from his throne,
Emptied of all his majesty,
A Man of griefs to comfort me,
And make my heart his own.

2. O may I in his love delight,
Muse on his love both day and night,
And think of nothing more,
To Him with pure affection cleave,
And only in his presence live
To wonder and adore!

"The shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God."—[Luke 2,] v. 20.[18]

[16]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:80–81.

[17]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:118.

[18]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:119.

[1.] The first effect of faith is praise,
A tribute to the God of grace
Which ransom'd worms are bound to give:
Thankful, O God, thy love we own,
The gift of thine incarnate Son
With joy unspeakable receive:

2. Thee let our actions glorify,
Our lives confess the Lord Most-high
For this alone to sinners given,
That we of Jesus' Spirit born
With songs of triumph may return,
And claim our purchas'd thrones in heav'n.

"When eight days were accomplished for the circumcising of the child, his name was called Jesus."—[Luke 2,] v. 21.[19]

[1.] Saviour, let the grace supplied
And merited by Thee
Circumcise my nature's pride,
And heart-impurity:
By thy Spirit's law within
Redeem me from my inbred stains,
Quite destroy the man of sin,
And purge his last remains.

2. To thy holy saving name
I for deliverance run;
Save from fear, and grief, and shame
A soul by sin undone:
Lord, on me, ev'n me exert
Thy right, and power, and sovereignty,
Speak thy name into my heart,
And Jesus prove to me.

[19]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:119.

"They brought him to Jerusalem, to present him to the Lord."—[Luke 2,] v. 22.[20]

[1.] Lord of all, with pure intent
From his tenderest infancy
In thy temple I present
Whom I first receiv'd from Thee:
Thro' thy wel-beloved Son,
Mine acknowledge for thine own.

2. Seal'd with the baptismal seal,
Purchas'd with th' atoning blood,
Jesus, in my infant dwell,
Make his heart the house of God;
Fill thy consecrated shrine,
Father, Son, and Spirit Divine.[21]

"The same man was just and devout, waiting for the Consolation of Israel: and the Holy Ghost was upon him."—[Luke 2,] v. 25.[22]

[1.] A righteous man who fears
The Saviour out of love,
Doth only live, till Christ appears
His servant to remove:
By Jesus' Spirit led
He on his Lord attends,
Till Israel's Comforter and Head
With all his hosts descends.

2. He first receives Him here,
God's co-eternal Son,
The Author and the Finisher,
And knows as he is known;

[20]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:119–20.

[21]Lines 5 and 6 were originally reversed in the manuscript, but CW notes in the margin to switch them as shown above.

[22]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:81.

Receives Him from the skies
In plenitude of grace,
By faith embraces him, and dies,
To see his Saviour's[23] Face.

"It was revealed unto him by the Holy Ghost, that he should not see death, before he had seen the Lord's Christ."—[Luke 2,] v. 26.[24]

[1.] Who God devoutly dreads,
And here expects his Son,
And in the Saviour's footsteps treads,
Led by the Spirit on;
The sure accomplish'd word
He must on earth receive,
And, when his eyes have seen the Lord,
In endless raptures[25] live.

2. Spirit of Jesus, tell
The joyful truth to me,
And in my longing soul reveal
That I my Lord shall see,
Shall see him full of grace
Whom all the saints admire,
And fold him in my faith's embrace,
And in his arms expire.

"He came by the Spirit into the temple." —[Luke 2,] v. 27.[26]

Drawn by the Spirit of grace
Who to the house repair
Where God vouchsafes his name to place,
Shall meet his Saviour there,
In that mysterious bread
Shall find the latent God,

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[23]Orig., "~~Glorious~~." CW changed to "~~open~~," then changed back to "~~glorious~~," and finally changed to "Saviour's."

[24]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:120.

[25]Orig., "~~glories~~."

[26]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:81.

And on his sacred body feed,
And drink his precious blood.

"Then took he Him up in his arms, and blessed God."—[Luke 2,] v. 28.[27]

[1.] When in his arms he held,
And to his bosom press'd,
He found Him in his heart reveal'd,
And God for Jesus bless'd;
The Power and Life of God
He felt with Jesus given;
And when his hoary head he bow'd,
He carried Christ to heaven.

2. O for an end like his!
My long-expected Lord,
Thou knowst I cannot die in peace,
Till Thou perform thy word:
O could I compass Thee,
My Saviour now embrace,
Now in thy love salvation see,
And glory in thy face!

"Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace &c."—[Luke 2,] v. 29–32.[28]

[1.] Father, since Thou permittest A weary soul's release,
And for thy presence fittest, I now depart in peace,
With joyful consolation I out of life depart,
For I have seen Salvation, Have felt Him in my heart.

2. Thine image and thy favor With Jesus is restor'd,
And shewing me my Saviour, Thou hast perform'd thy word,
Hast recompens'd my patience With Jesus Christ, design'd
Thy Blessing to the nations, Thy Gift to all mankind.

[27]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:82. Stanza 1 appeared in *Poetical Works*, 11:120.

[28]Published posthumously in *Representative Verse*, 215; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:82–83.

3. Jesus thine Heir Anointed The common Saviour is,
Light of the world appointed, And Israel's glorious bliss:
Illumin'd by his Spirit I find my way to Thee,
And die, O Lord, t' inherit The joys prepar'd for me.

"This Child is set for the fall and rising again of many."—[Luke 2,] v. 34.[29]

[1.] Jehovah's Fellow and his Son,
What numbers fall by Thee and rise!
Precious, elect, and corner Stone,
Built on thy strength we reach the skies,
Or by thy cross ourselves o'rethrow,
And sink into eternal woe.

2. Thine anger casts the sinner down,
That lifted up by pardning grace
He may his Prince and Saviour own,
Thy justice and thy mercy praise,
Rais'd from the dust to stand restor'd
In all the image of his Lord.

3. Jesus, thy killing quickning power
On a proud abject worm exert,
Confound, abase me from this hour,
Humble, and break this stubborn heart,
And then my Resurrection be,
And live my heavenly Life in me.

"This Child is set for a sign which shall be spoken against."—[Luke 2,] v. 34.[30]

[1.] A Sign admir'd by thy redeem'd,
Precious to every faithful heart,
But contradicted and blasphem'd
By worldly infidels Thou art,

[29]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:121.

[30]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:121–22.

Who dare thy Deity deny,
And all thy heavenly truths decry.

2. The manger mean, and bleeding cross,
Thy birth, and passion they gainsay,
Thy maxims pure, and gracious laws,
And will not own thy righteous sway,
But plead for that old hellish liar,
And hardned in their sins expire.

3. Yet every tongue at last shall own,
And God the awful Judge declare,
When seated on thy righteous[31] throne
Thou doom'st the wicked at thy bar,
Justly consign'd to their own place
Forever banish'd from thy face.

"Yea a sword shall pierce through thy own soul."—[Luke 2,] v. 35.[32]

[1.] When Jesus languish'd on the tree,
Full of sacred sympathy
She shar'd the mortal smart,
As dying with her dying Lord
She felt the sharp prophetic sword
That pierc'd her faithful heart.

2. Conform'd to an expiring God,
We who feel his sprinkled blood
The same distress abide;
And every soul that Jesus knows
Partakes his bitterest pangs and woes
Together crucified.

"This Child is set ... that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed."
—[Luke 2,] v. 35.[33]

[31]Orig., "~~thy glorious~~." CW then changed to "~~thine azure~~," and finally changed to "thy righteous."

[32]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:83.

[33]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:122.

[1.] Jesus, the Stumbling-block, and Sign,
By thy mysterious death divine
Thou dost our thoughts explain,
Thine honour'd, or rejected cross
The veil from every heart withdraws,
And shews what is in man.

2. The man that to himself adheres,
His life he to his God prefers;
But who themselves deny
They only their devotion prove,
While daily, to evince their love,
Upon thy cross they die.

"She spake of him to all them that looked for redemption in Jerusalem."—[Luke 2,] v. 38.[34]

Ye aged saints whose one concern
Is well to terminate your[35] race,
Of Simeon and of Anna learn
T' exalt your dear Redeemer's praise,
A precious Christ to all commend,
Who seek redemption in his blood,
And your last, happiest moments spend
In publishing the martyr'd[36] God.

"The child grew."—[Luke 2,] v. 40.[37]

Jesus the child by growing shews
That still He in his members grows,
His body here receives increase
In faith, and love, and holiness:
No instantaneous starts we find,
But more and more of Jesus' mind,
Till our full stature we attain,
And rise into a perfect man.

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[34]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:122.

[35]Orig., "~~close~~ your ~~glorious~~" changed to "terminate your."

[36]Orig., "~~dying~~."

[37]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:83–84.

"When they found him not, they turned back again to Jerusalem, seeking him."
—[Luke 2,] v. 45.[38]

Dismay'd I should not be,
Or think I seek in vain;
When Christ will not be found by me,
He bids me search again:
Not by the Romish Sect,
But real saints ador'd,
Amidst the church of his elect
I trust to find my Lord.

"They found him in the temple."
—[Luke 2,] v. 46.[39]

Jesus whom once I knew,
But lost out of my sight,
I come determin'd to pursue,
To seek by day and night,
I follow hard and fast,
To all his paths repair,
And look to meet my God at last
In his own house of prayer.

"They found him sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them, and asking them questions."—[Luke 2,] v. 46.[40]

What divine humility
Doth the great Prophet show!
Hearkning to thy creatures Thee
Th' eternal God we know:
Plac'd among the doctors Thou,
That all the doctors may submit,
To their heavenly Teacher bow,
And listen at thy feet.

[38]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:84.

[39]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:84.

[40]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:84.

"All that heard him were astonished at his understanding, and answers."
—[Luke 2,] v. 47.[41]

Who thy Deity confess
We must thy love adore,
Love that did so long suppress
Thy wisdom and thy power:
Wondring at our God conceal'd,
We rest in thy obscurity,
Till by sovereign grace compel'd
T' appear, and speak for Thee.

"Why hast thou thus dealt with us?"
—[Luke 2,] v. 48.[42]

Self-love cannot conceive
The gracious mystery,
That Thou shou'dst in affliction leave
The souls belov'd by Thee:
But left in grief and pain,
Thine absence we deplore,
And seeking on, we find again
And never lose thee more.

"Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"—[Luke 2,] v. 49.[43]

Jesus' faithful minister,
Who works the works of God,
Will not reason, or confer
With feeble flesh and blood:
Loos'd from all on earth he sees,
He still presents his sacrifice,
Only lives to serve and please
A Father in the skies.

[41]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:123.

[42]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:85.

[43]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:123.

"He was subject unto them."
—[Luke 2,] v. 51.[44]

Subject to thy parents Thee
The God supreme we praise:[45]
O might all our children be
Partakers of thy grace!
From their birth to sin inclin'd
Convert, and make them as Thou art,
Blest with thy obedient mind,
Thy meek and lowly heart.

"His mother kept all these sayings in her heart."—[Luke 2,] v. 51.[46]

What my gracious Saviour spoke
Is for my good design'd;
All recorded in his book
I still would bear in mind,
Every sacred word retain
Which yet I cannot rightly know
Till my Lord himself explain,
And all his counsel show.

"Jesus increased in wisdom and stature."
—[Luke 2,] v. 52.[47]

Wisdom with all its fulness dwells
In Jesus, for his church below:
Himself he more and more reveals,
While more and more like Him we grow,
Daily from faith to faith proceed,
Grace upon grace from Him receive
Till Christ with all his riches spread
Doth fully in his members live.[48]

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[44]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:123.

[45]Orig., "~~own~~."

[46]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:123–24.

[47]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:124.

[48]Orig., "~~dwell~~."

S. Luke III.

"He came preaching the baptism of repentance, for the remission of sins." —[Luke 3,] v. 3.[1]

[1.] Repentance must prepare the way,
Repentance must be preach'd to all,
We then the gospel-call obey,
And throughly conscious of our fall,
Our deep apostasy confess,
And mourn our want of pardning grace.

2. The first of duties is the[2] last,
But cannot for our sins atone,
Pardon for our transgressions past
We seek thro' Jesus death alone,
And when our contrite hearts believe,
Forgiveness we with Christ receive.

"The voice of one crying in the wilderness Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths strait."—[Luke 3,] v. 4.[3]

[1.] Repentance preach'd we never hear,
But in the lonely desert place,
There only we incline our ear,
When scaping to[4] the wilderness
We leave an hurrying world behind,
And time for cool reflection find.

2. A ready way repentance makes
For God to man, and man to God,
The sinner who his sin forsakes,
Shall feel applied th' atoning blood,
The broken heart shall take Him in
Who comes to save the lost from sin.

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[1]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:124.

[2]Orig., "~~our~~."

[3]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:85. Stanza 2 appeared in *Poetical Works*, 11:124.

[4]Orig., "~~from~~."

"Every valley shall be filled &c."
—[Luke 3,] v. 5.[5]

[1.] Giver of penitence, begin
Thy previous work of grace in me,
Convinc'd, confounded at my sin,
Deep sunk in false humility
My groveling, abject spirit raise;
Yet all my righteous pride abase.

2. To rectify my crooked will,
To smooth my nature's ruggedness,
Reform'd from every outward ill
O bid me now from sinning cease,
Thy way into my heart prepare,
And then display thy Glory there.

"And all flesh shall see the salvation of God."
—[Luke 3,] v. 6.[6]

[1.] Father, we trust thy Spirit of grace
Which works in man to will and do:
The time must come when all our race
At once shall thy Salvation view,
Behold Thee in thy Son reveal'd,
And live with all the Godhead fill'd.

2. That every soul may make thee room,
Do Thou the obstacles remove,
And let thy heavenly-kingdom come
In perfect, pure, millennial love;
We all shall then contemplate Thee,
And Jesus' face together[7] see.

"O generation of vipers, who hath

[5]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:85–86. Stanza 2 appeared in *Poetical Works*, 11:125.

[6]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:125.

[7]Orig., "~~forever~~."

"warned you to flee from the wrath to come."
—[Luke 3,] v. 7.[8]

[1.] Preachers should with all maintain
Their fearless character,
Tell th' apostate sons of men
What in themselves they are,
Sinners born, a viperous brood,
Of wrath divine insensible,
Burthen'd with the curse of God,
And rushing down to hell.

2. O what wondrous grace, that I
Should here my danger see,
From th' impending judgment fly
My God, my God, to Thee!
Thou hast warn'd, and not in vain,
My soul to seek its real Rest:
Rescue then from endless pain,
And hide me in thy breast.

"Bring forth therefore fruits worthy of repentance."—[Luke 3,] v. 8.[9]

Lord, if Thou my soul convert,
My life the change will show;
Actions evidence the heart,
The root from which they grow:
O might all my works express
An heart by true contrition rent,
O might all my words confess
The pardon'd penitent!

"Say not within yourselves, We have Abraham to our father."—[Luke 3,] v. 8.[10]

[8]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:125–26.

[9]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:126.

[10]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:86.

Our fathers piety,
Unless we live like them,
Will prove a vain, delusive plea,
Will serve but to condemn;
Unless their steps we trace,
We our own souls o'rethrow,
And sink, a vile degenerate race,
Into eternal woe.

"God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham."—[Luke 3,] v. 8.[11]

Repentance is a grace
Which flows from Christ alone,
We cannot change the sinful race,
Or mollify the stone:
But if our God ordain,
The rebel's reconcil'd,
Turn'd into flesh the hardned man,
The stone into a child.

**"Now also the axe is laid unto the root of the trees: every tree therefore &c."
—[Luke 3,] v. 9.**[12]

[1.] Sinner, who dost not bear
The penitential fruit,
The righteous Judge will not defer,
The axe is at the root:
His justice hath decreed
To cast thee into hell,
And every barren tree shall feed
That fire unquenchable.

2. The sentence past on all
Doth no exception make,

[11]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:86.

[12]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:86–87. Stanza 1 appeared in *Poetical Works*, 11:126.

But every graceless soul shall fall
Into the burning lake;
Who want that holiness
Our God they cannot see,
But perish, driven from his face,
To all eternity.

"The people asked him, saying, What shall we do then?"—[Luke 3,] v. 10.[13]

How can we escape the fire,
We who Jesus never knew?
Let us of Himself inquire,
Lord, what wou'dst Thou have us do?
Since we out of hell appear,
Still indulg'd with a reprieve,
Give the godly grief and fear,
Give us power to turn and live.

"He that hath two coats let him impart to him that hath none &c."—[Luke 3,] v. 11.[14]

Alms cannot atone, we know,
Cannot grace from God procure,
Yet at his command we show
Mercy to the helpless poor;
When our sins we truly leave,
We our neighbour's wants supply,
Till to us the Saviour give
Food and raiment from the sky.

"He said unto the soldiers, Do violence to no man &c."—[Luke 3,] v. 14.[15]

The Preacher doth not all condemn
Who justly wage defensive wars,

[13]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:126–27.

[14]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:87.

[15]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:127.

But shows, Salvation is for them,
If, compast with ten thousand snares,
They dare their calling's sins eschew,
From avarice and ambition fly,
To God, their king and country true,
And bold for Christ to live, or die.

"One mightier than I cometh, the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to unloose." —[Luke 3,] v. 16.[16]

[1.] If the chief of saints confess
In the presence of their Lord
All their own unworthiness,
Self-abas'd and self-abhor'd,
Fear his smiling eye to meet,
Blush, and tremble at his feet;

2. How shall I a sinner dare
To my God for mercy cry,
How present my soul in prayer,
If He did not draw me nigh,
Did not feel my misery,
Did not pray himself in me!

"He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire."—[Luke 3,] v. 16.[17]

[1.] Holy, hallowing Spirit, come,
Cleanse my life's impurity,
All my nature's filth consume,
Make an end of sin in me,
Spread the pure, baptismal flame,
Plunge me deep in Jesus name.

2. Jesus, Thou that Spirit art,
Thou the sinner dost baptize,

[16]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:127.

[17]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:127–28.

Purify by faith my heart,
Bid the fire of love arise,
Consecrate the human shrine,
Fill the earthly house Divine.

"Whose fan is in his hand, and he will throughly purge his floor, &c."
—[Luke 3,] v. 17.[18]

[1.] The heavenly Man, The God we adore
Is come with his fan, To winnow his floor:
The first separation He makes by his word;
The heirs of salvation Acknowledge their Lord.

2. His church is the floor, His saints are the wheat;
Till sinless and pure, For paradise meet,
He purges and sifts them, He chastens and tries,
And finally lifts them To thrones in the skies.

3. Then, then his full ire On sinners is come,
Unquenchable fire The chaff shall consume,
Jehovah shall sever, And send them to dwell
Forever and ever Tormented in hell.

"Herod added this above all, that he shut up John in prison."—[Luke 3,] v. 20.[19]

[1.] A sin there is which far exceeds
The tyrant's most atrocious deeds;
Ambition, pride, and lust
They cannot with his guilt compare
Who hates the Saviour's messenger,
And persecutes the just.

2. Shedding at length a martyr's blood,
He quenches the last spark of good,
And can no longer feel,

[18]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:128.

[19]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:128–29.

He makes his sin and misery full,
Murthers his own immortal soul,
And shuts it up—in hell.

"Now when all the people were baptized, it came to pass that Jesus also being baptized and praying, the heavens were opened." —[Luke 3,] v. 21.[20]

[1.] The King of saints, with glory crown'd,
Among a croud of sinners found,
Our Representative he makes
Himself, and our transgressions takes,
Baptiz'd, to purge us from all sin,
To wash our lives, and conscience clean.

2. He clave the sea by his command,
And Israel led to Canaan's land:
Now by his power He parts the air,
And heaven is open'd thro' his prayer,
That all his ransom'd ones may rise,
And[21] find a passage to the skies.

"The Holy Ghost descended in a bodily shape, like a dove, upon him."—[Luke 3,] v. 22.[22]

[1.] Third of the glorious One-in-three,
A Substance Personal we see,
The Holy Ghost from heaven comes down,
And rests on the eternal Son,
To magnify his sacred sign,
And prove the Trinity Divine.

2. Baptiz'd into his name, we own
The One in Three, and Three in One,
One God in Persons three adore,
Till time and death shall be no more,

[20]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:87–88.

[21]Orig., "~~A~~."

[22]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:129. Orig., "v. 21"; an error.

Triumphant then with all his host,
In Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

"Thou art my beloved Son, in thee I am well pleased."—[Luke 3,] v. 22.[23]

[1.] The Father's Delight Shall surely be ours,
Who taste in his right The heavenly powers,
Who sav'd by the merit Of Jesus's blood
Lay claim to the Spirit, And kingdom of God.

2. The grace of our Head His members receive
The Spirit is shed On all that believe,
With Jesus the favor Of God we regain,
And join'd to our Saviour Eternally reign.

"Jesus began to be about thirty years of age." —[Luke 3,] v. 23.

[I.][24]

[1.] Who came to make his Father known,
For thirty years Himself conceal'd,
Nor then his ministry begun
When first to public view reveal'd:
He teaches by his long retreat,
His silence bids our hearts be still,
His toil instructs us to submit,
And serve in man's his Father's will.

2. O what an endless treasure lies,
Jesus, in thy obscurity!
What springs of heavenly blessings rise
For those whose life is hid with Thee!
Who small in their own eyes and poor
Thy meek humility approve,
And rest in thy retreat secure,
And silence like their Saviour love!

[23]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:129.

[24]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:88. Stanza 1 appeared in *Poetical Works*, 11:129–30.

3. Self-love would imitate thy zeal,
And pride thy shining actions do,
But little ones delight to dwell
With Thee, retir'd from public view:
O might my lot be cast with these
By man neglected and unknown,
I only want my Lord to please,
To live and die for God alone.

**["Jesus began to be about thirty years of age."
—Luke 3, v. 23.]**

II.[25]

Jesus, my long-sequester'd God,
The lesson of thy life I hear;
It bids me shun the noisy croud,
And Thee in solitude revere:
Important far above our thought
Was thy conceal'd humility:
Silence for thirty years it taught;
Thy other truths were taught in three.

"Which was the Son of Adam, which was the Son of God."—[Luke 3,] v. 38.[26]

[1.] Hail, Filial Deity,
Our hearts bow down to Thee,
Numbred with the sinful race,
Partner of our flesh and blood,
Thee we magnify and praise,
Son of Adam, and of God.

2. Offspring of God and man,
Thou dost our cause maintain,
Power omnipotent, divine,
Mixt with soft infirmity,
Greatness and compassion join,
God and man, to ransom me!

[25]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:88–89. Appeared as stanza 2 in *Poetical Works*, 11:130.

[26]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:130.

S. Luke IV.

"Jesus being full of the Holy Ghost returned from Jordan, and was led by the Spirit into the wilderness."—[Luke 4,] v. 1.

[I.][1]

[1.] Tis now the woman's heavenly Seed
Begins to bruise the serpent's head,
T' avenge us of our foe:
But Jesus bleeding on the tree
Compleats his glorious victory,
And gives the mortal blow.

2. Full of the Holy Ghost He comes,
Provokes the fiend, nor yet presumes
Who in himself confides,
By the almighty Spirit led;
Who all that in his footsteps tread
To certain conquest guides.

["Jesus being full of the Holy Ghost returned from Jordan, and was led by the Spirit into the wilderness."—Luke 4, v. 1.]

II.[2]

[1.] O thou whom God vouchsafes t' inspire,
Born from above, baptiz'd with fire,
Fill'd with the joy of grace,
Stand to thy arms, nor rest secure;
The Spirit shall thy soul allure
Into the wilderness.

2. Prepare to meet thy hellish foe,
But trusting in thy Captain, go
To final victory:
Thy Captain first the fight maintain'd,
And by his own temptation gain'd
The conquering power for thee.

"He afterwards hungred."—[Luke 4,] v. 2.[3]

[1.] Severely tried by inward want,
Let not thy hungry spirit faint,

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[1]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:130–31.

[2]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:131.

[3]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:131–32.

Nor to the creature fly:
Man doth not live by bread alone;
If God pronounce the word, a stone
Shall all thy needs[4] supply.

2. His love can find a thousand ways
Thy soul in its extreme distress
To succour and relieve:
Wait on thy God, be hungry still,
And let him when and as He will
The lasting comfort give.

"The devil taking him up into an high mountain, shewed him all the kingdoms of the world in a moment of time."
—[Luke 4,] v. 5.[5]

[1.] Conqueror in one temptation, see,
To rob thee of thy victory,
The rallying fiend is nigh,
Again he spreads his fatal snares,
By wiles and onsets new prepares
Triumphing saints to try.

2. Who all thy springs of action knows,
The kingdoms of the earth he shows,
To charm thy dazled sight,
The glory of the world displays,
And by a momentary blaze
Would hide th' eternal Light.

"All this will I give thee &c."—[Luke 4,] v. 6.[6]

[1.] Insolent lie against the Lord!
Go thou blaspheming fiend abhor'd
With fellow-fiends to dwell!
All power is giv'n to Him alone,

[4]Orig., "~~wants~~."

[5]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:132.

[6]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:132.

Who cast thee flaming from a throne[7]
To the profoundest hell.

2. Jesus, the power and kingdom's thine:
Thy sovereign Providence Divine
We thankfully declare:
Thou castest down and liftest up;
And thro' thine only grace we hope
Thy heavenly throne to share.

"Him only shalt thou serve."—[Luke 4,] v. 8.[8]

[1.] The great, th' ambitious, and the proud
Still, like the world's usurping god,
Our adoration claim;
But who our heavenly King obey,
Worship divine to Christ we pay,
And bow to Jesus name.

2. Yet ah! how few his kingdom own,
Worship and serve the Lord alone
As angels do above!
That all may only Thee adore,
Jesus, on all bestow the power
Thee, only Thee to love.

"He set him on a pinnacle of the temple."
—[Luke 4,] v. 9.[9]

[1.] Ah, wretched souls, who lifted up
By Satan to the temple's top,
The highest, holiest place,
Look down with scorn on all below,
Your own superior virtue *show*,
Your own consummate grace!

[7]"~~Once as lightning down~~" is written in the margin, most likely as an alternative CW decided against using for "flaming from a throne."

[8]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:132–33.

[9]Published posthumously in *Representative Verse*, 215–16; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:89.

2. Whom God exalts, he humbles too:
But devilish pride hath blinded you
Who your perfection boast:
The fiend hath set you up on high,
And casts you down in sin to die,
To die forever lost.

3. While yet on ruin's verge ye stand,
Beneath Jehovah's mighty hand
Your towering selves abase;
Cast yourselves down at Jesus' word,
Own, ye vile worms, before the Lord
Your utter sinfulness.

4. Crawl on the earth, nor ever more
At Satan's instigation soar
Above the clouds to sit;
Humility your whole delight,
And your ambition's utmost height
To weep at Jesus feet.

"Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God."
—[Luke 4,] v. 12.[10]

[1.] While in their hands the angels bear,
Our Father's providential care
We thankfully commend,
Safe in his guardian love confide,
But dare not by presumptuous pride
His glorious eyes offend.

2. Dangers we will not rashly brave,
Because Thou ready art to save,
And hid'st our life above:

[10]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:133.

A thousand proofs we daily find
That Thou art tender of mankind,
Art Power, and Truth, and Love.

**"When the devil had ended all the temptation,
he departed from him for[11] a season."
—[Luke 4,] v. 13.**[12]

[1.] Us, when our Lord the victory gives,
The tempter for a season leaves,
Our fears asleep to lay:
But let us, if his wiles we know,
Prepare for the returning foe,
And always watch and pray.

2. After we have affliction seen,
Sore buffetted by fiends and men,
And countless trials past,
Objects of God's peculiar love
Our agonizing souls may prove
The fiercest fight at last.

3. Vouchsafe us, Lord, that humble fear
Of danger every moment near,
Ev'n when[13] the fiend withdraws,
And let us always bear in mind
The bloody sweat is still behind,
The garden, and the cross.

**"Jesus returned in the power of the Spirit
into Galilee."—[Luke 4,] v. 14.**[14]

Jesus more than Conqueror
Of his thrice-battled foe,
Fill'd with his own Spirit's power
Doth power on us bestow:
By his conquering[15] Spirit led
We daily put the fiend to flight,

[11]Orig., "from for" changed to "from him for."

[12]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:133–34.

[13]Orig., "~~with~~."

[14]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:134.

[15]Orig., "~~glorious~~."

Foil thro' our victorious Head,
And triumph in his might.

"There went out a fame of him &c."
—[Luke 4,] v. 14, 15.[16]

Tremble ye that preach the word,
Whose fame abroad is spread,
To the bosom of your Lord
Retire, and hide your head,
There your sin and weakness own,
Decrease, and into nothing fall,
Glad that Christ is prais'd alone,
Is glorified by all.

"The Spirit of the Lord is upon me &c."
—[Luke 4,] v. 18, 19.[17]

[1.] Prophet, Priest, and King, on me
Thy threefold office show,
By thine unction set me free,
And let the captive go,
Me a captive poor and blind,
Whom Satan from my Lord detains,
In a dungeon dark confin'd,
And bruis'd with iron chains.

2. Preach forgiveness to the poor,
And sin shall all depart,
By thy balm my[18] sickness cure,
Bind up my broken heart;
By thy salve of gospel-grace
Mine eyes anoint, my sight restore,
Hold me fast in thy embrace,[19]
And I shall sin no more.

[16]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:134.

[17]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:135.

[18]Orig., "~~by~~."

[19]Orig., "In thy mercy's arms embrace." At the bottom of the page, CW wrote what seems to be an alternative line "Hold me fast in thy embrace." Then he decided to strike out the original line "~~In thy mercy's arms embrace~~" and use the alternative line as shown above.

3. Preach the acceptable year
Of liberty from sin,
Breathe the promis'd Comforter,
The Pledge of heaven within:
When Thou dost thy Spirit give,
My year of Jubilee is come,
Then my birthright I retrieve,
And pass triumphant home.

"The eyes of all were fastened on him." —[Luke 4,] v. 20.[20]

Speak, Divine Interpreter,
Thine own prophetic word,
All my listening soul is ear,
And hangs upon its Lord,
Fixt mine eye of faith on Thee,
From whom it never shall remove,
Till thine open face I see,
And hear thy voice above.

"This day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears."—[Luke 4,] v. 21.[21]

Be it, Lord, in me fulfil'd
On this thrice happy day,
Speak my blood-bought pardon seal'd,
And take my sins away;
In the paths of righteousness
Teach by th' Anointing from above,
Save me Jesus thro' thy grace,
And rule me by thy love.

"All bear him witness, and wondred at the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth."—[Luke 4,] v. 22.[22]

[20]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:135–36.

[21]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:136.

[22]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:136. Orig., "v. 28"; an error.

Lord, thy wisdom we adore,
And goodness without end,
Wondring testify the power
That doth thy words attend:
Spoke into the faithful soul
Their own divinity they prove;
All thy gracious words are full
Of unction, life, and love.

"Is not this Joseph's son?"—[Luke 4,] v. 22.[23]

The world his abject poverty
His low estate disdain,
And nothing great in Jesus see
The humbled Son of man:
But we who Christ aright have known,
And seen with inward eyes,
Adore the poor mechanick's Son
Who made both earth and skies.

"Unto none of them was Elias sent, save unto a woman that was a widow."—[Luke 4,] v. 26.[24]

The poor I to the rich prefer,
If with thine eyes I see;
To[25] bear thy Spirit's character
The poor are chose by Thee:
The poor in every age and place
Thou dost, O God, approve
To mark with thy distinguish'd grace,[26]
T' inrich with faith and love.

"When they heard these things, they were filled with wrath."—[Luke 4,] v. 28.[27]

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[23]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:136.

[24]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:90.

[25]Orig., "~~They~~."

[26]Orig., "~~race~~."

[27]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:90.

We tell the proud indignant race
That heaven is due to none,
The source and principle of grace
Is hid in God alone:
The number of his chosen here
We must insist is small;
Yet still the God of love we clear,
Who offers life to all.

"They were astonished at his doctrine, for his word was with power."—[Luke 4,] v. 32.[28]

Learn from hence, who now with power
Minister the word of grace,
Men admire it for an hour,
Struck with truth, the preacher praise;
Numbers for a time believe,
Zealously the truth defend,
Few into their hearts receive,
Few are faithful to the end.

"I know thee who thou art; the holy one of God."—[Luke 4,] v. 34.[29]

Talkers of a grace unknown
Only imitate the fiend,
They proclaim the Holy One,
They the Son of God commend:
Devils still may Jesus praise:
We who hear and do his word,
Followers after holiness
We shall find it with our Lord.

"Jesus rebuked him, saying, Hold thy peace." —[Luke 4,] v. 35.[30]

[28]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:137.

[29]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:90.

[30]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:137.

From the impious and profane
Praise our Lord will not receive,
While they in their sins remain,
To the world and Satan live:
Devils in the shape of men,
Can ye God by words adore?
Hold your peace, ye fiends unclean,
Gnosticks, talk of Christ no more.

"What a word is this? for with authority and power he commandeth the unclean spirits, and they come out."—[Luke 4,] v. 36.[31]

Jesus prove thy word on me:
Sin in me doth still reside,
Anger and impurity,
Self, and unbelief, and pride:
Thy divine puissance show,
Thy authority exert,
Cast him out, this inbred foe,
Come Thyself, and fill my heart.

"The fame of him went out into every place." —[Luke 4,] v. 37.[32]

Satan once the body tore;
Still he rules the faithless soul:
But thy Spirit's stronger power
Doth the murtherer's rage controul:
Spread thy fame thro' every place,
Jesus now th' usurper bind,
Vindicate the ransom'd race,
Cast him out of all mankind.

"All they that had any sick with diverse

[31]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:137.

[32]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:137–38.

"diseases, brought them unto him; and he laid his hands on every one of them, and healed them."—[Luke 4,] v. 40.[33]

Our Saviour and Lord
Applies thro' his word
His medicinal grace,
His omnipotent hands on our spirits he lays:
He is always the same,
When his wonderful name
He in sinners reveals,
And whate'er our disease, if he touches, he heals.

"Devils also came out of many, crying out." —[Luke 4,] v. 41.[34]

The devils that reign
In the children of men,
From an infidel's heart,
Till a stronger arrive, they will never depart:
But when Jesus draws near,
In their palace they fear,
And horribly cry,
And expel'd by his word from their Conqueror fly.

"He rebuking them suffered them not to say that they knew he was the Christ." —[Luke 4,] v. 41.[35]

[1.] O Saviour, repeat
Thy prohibiting threat,
Nor suffer thy foe
By his instruments base to confess thee below:
No longer endure
His Apostles impure
To publish abroad
With their unhallow'd lips the Anointed of God.

[33]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:138.

[34]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:138.

[35]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:138–39.

2. By preaching thy word
They make it abhor'd,
Who by deeds thee deny,
The truth in unsanctified lips is a lie:
While with infamous praise
The abusers of grace
Thy gospel commend,
But the kingdom advance of their soul-killing friend.

3. O end the dark hour
By the word of thy power,
The ranters suppress,
The witnesses false of thy mercy and peace:
Let the faithful alone
Thy Divinity own,
Thine Unction receive,
And demonstrate the truth of the gospel they live.

"He departed and went into a desert place &c."—[Luke 4,] v. 42.[36]

[1.] He that doth his Pattern eye,
When his public work is done,
Let him from the people fly,
Seek the face of God alone,
To the wilderness repair,
Pour out all his soul in prayer.

2. Listning at the Master's feet
Fresh instructions he receives,
Till requir'd the flock to meet,
Loth the secret place he leaves,[37]
Torn as with reluctant pain
Forc'd into the world again.

[36]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:139.

[37]Orig., "~~Fresh instructions he receives~~" changed to "Loth the secret place he leaves."

"The people sought him, and came unto him, and stayed him, that he should not depart from them."—[Luke 4,] v. 42.[38]

Let me with like eagerness
Cast the worldly croud behind,
After Him impatient press,
Seek, till I the Saviour find,
Follow on, till Christ I know,
Hold, and never let him go.

"I must preach the kingdom of God to other cities also: for therefore am I sent."
—[Luke 4,] v. 43.[39]

[1.] Not to a single age or place
Thy doctrine is confin'd,
Thou preachest still the word of grace
The gospel to mankind;
Sent from thy Father's throne Thou art
With news of sin forgiven,
Of peace for every contrite heart,
Of joy, and present heaven.

2. Thy love constrains thee to proclaim
The kingdom come to all,
And all receive it thro' thy name
Who hear thy Spirit's call:
Thy Spirit in thy servant's word
The power divine imparts,
And then the kingdom is restor'd
In pure, believing hearts.

"He preached in the synagogues of Galilee."
—[Luke 4,] v. 44.[40]

[1.] Come, Saviour, by thy promise bound,
In every messenger,

[38]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:139–40.

[39]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:140.

[40]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:140–41.

And let our synagogues resound
With news of glory near,
Glory in grace on earth begun,
Which every soul may gain,
And humbled, at thy side sit down,
And in thy patience reign.

2. Thy peace into my troubled soul,
Thy mighty joy bring in,
Thy righteous nature, to controul
And finish all my sin;
The power of thy triumphant love
To me, dear Lord, extend,
And bring the kingdom from above
Which never more shall end.

S. Luke V.

"He entred into one of the ships &c."
—[Luke 5,] v. 3.[1]

[1.] That Apostolic ship,
That church where Christ abides,
Loos'd from the earth, while in the deep,
Above the deep it rides,
Of unity the school,
Of truth the sacred chair!
Jesus delights to sit, and rule,
And teach his people there.

2. He at the helm appears,
Directs by his command,
Cooperates with his ministers,
And bids them leave the land,
Themselves from sin secure,
From worldly things remove,
And keep their life and conscience pure,
And work for Him they love.

"Now when he had left speaking he said unto Simon, Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught."
—[Luke 5,] v. 4.[2]

1.[3] When our Incarnate God
No longer spake to men,
His church expanded all abroad
Thro' the wide world was seen;
Their net th' Apostles spread,
Where'er their Lord they brought,
And strangely took with rapid speed
Whole nations at a draught.

2. None hath a right to throw
The net of Jesus word,

[1]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:91. Stanza 1 appeared in *Poetical Works*, 11:141.

[2]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:91–92. Stanza 1 appeared in *Poetical Works*, 11:141.

[3]CW originally had stanzas 1 and 2 reversed, but numbered them in the margin to the order shown above.

Till Jesus bids the preacher go
Commission'd by his Lord:
But if his Spirit move,
Into the boundless sea
Into the world we launch, and prove
Our prosperous ministry.

"We have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing: nevertheless at thy word I will let down the net."—[Luke 5,] v. 5.[4]

[1.] Their successors in vain
We labour'd all the night,
Nor could a single sinner gain,
Or cast our net aright:
The mist was not dispel'd,
The thick, infernal gloom,
While blind we all the errors held
Of dark apostate Rome.

2. But our redeeming Lord
Hath chas'd the clouds away,
And manifested by his word
The full, immortal day:
By his own Spirit's light
We now the net let down,
And toil successful in the sight
Of yon eternal Sun.

"When they had done this, they inclosed a great multitude of fishes: and their net brake."—[Luke 5,] v. 6.[5]

If Thou the fishers guide,
Immortal souls we win,
Casting the net on the right side
We gather thousands in:

[4]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:142.

[5]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:92. The first half of the verse appeared in *Poetical Works*, 11:142.

And tho' the figure break,
The gospel-net is sure,
The word of God is never weak
But always must endure.

"When Peter saw it, he fell down at Jesus' knees, saying, Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord."—[Luke 5,] v. 8.[6]

[1.] I who so oft have seen
The tokens of thy power,
Vilest, and sinfullest of men,
O how shall I adore!
Struck by thy piercing eyes,
Unclean in lips and heart,
I fall; and all my nature cries
From me, O Lord, depart!

2. Before thy Holiness
Shall I presume t' appear,
When purest angels hide their face,
And tremble to draw near?
What fellowship with light
Can darkness e'er maintain,
Or how shall sinners in thy sight,
Or at thy feet remain?

3. When Thou appear'st below,
Thou show'st me what I am,
My darkness by thy light I know,
And suffer all my shame;
Abash'd I see and feel
The vast disparity,
The distance inconceivable
Betwixt my God and me!

[6]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:142–43.

4. Yet Thou my Saviour art,
Whose love transcends the sky,
And canst not find it in thy heart
To leave, and let me die;
While after Thee I mourn,
Thou wilt not let me faint,
But stay, a sinful man to turn
Into a sinless saint.

"He was astonished at the draught of fishes."
—[Luke 5,] v. 9.

[I.][7]

Wondring he must express
His pious, humble fear:
Miraculous is his success,
And shows that God is near:
But stranger far the draught,
And made him more aghast,
Fisher of men, when Peter caught
Three thousand at a cast.

["He was astonished at the draught of fishes."
—Luke 5, v. 9.]

II.[8]

A prosperous minister
Doth with amazement see,
And Christ the only Cause declare
Of his prosperity:
Yes, Lord, I gladly own
The miracle of grace,
If sinners I for God have won,
To Thee be all the praise.

"So was also James and John &c."
—[Luke 5,] v. 10.[9]

[7]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:92.

[8]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:143–44.

[9]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:92.

But more amaz'd I prove
How wondrous kind Thou art,
While by thy sweet alluring love
Thou dost my soul convert,
Out of the worldly deep
Dost draw by mercy's power,
And bring me in the sacred ship
To the celestial shore.

"Fear not; from henceforth thou shalt catch men."—[Luke 5,] v. 10.[10]

Fisher of men ordain'd,
I with my partners go,
The gospel-net at Christ's command
Into the world I throw:
And He forbids my fear
Whom earth and heaven adore,
And He attends his minister
Till time shall be no more.

"When they had brought their ships to land, they forsook all, and followed him." —[Luke 5,] v. 11.[11]

How shall I thank thy love
Which hath such wonders done?
I'l set my heart on things above,
And live for God alone:
I would be wholly thine
Who gav'st thyself for me,
My all with grateful joy resign,
And die, to follow Thee.

"A man full of leprosy, seeing Jesus,

[10]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:144.

[11]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:93.

"fell on his face, and besought him, saying,
Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean."
—[Luke 5,] v. 12.[12]

[1.] A leprous soul that feels[13]
The loathsomness of sin,
To Christ his case reveals,
And longs to be made clean,
His humble faith to Christ applies,
And little speaks, but much it sighs.

2. O'rewhelm'd beneath the load
Of his impurity,
A long-offended God
Asham'd he is to see,
Low in the dust he hides his face,
And conscious of his vileness, prays.

3. Mine universal sin,
Lord, I to Thee confess,
Corrupt without, within,
Full of a sore disease,
Of bruises, wounds, and putrid sores,
My spirit at thy feet adores.

4. Of grace I never will,
But of myself despair;
Able Thou art to heal,
Thou hear'st a sinner's prayer:
My faith is strong, my hope is sure,
A touch of thine can make me pure.

"He put forth[14] **his hand, and touched him,**
saying, I will; be thou clean. And immediately
the leprosy departed from him."
—[Luke 5,] v. 13.[15]

Thy Spirit's hand apply
My pardon'd sin to seal,

[12]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:144–45.

[13]Orig., "soul feels" changed to "soul that feels."

[14]Orig., "~~for~~."

[15]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:145.

My soul to purify;
Assure me now "I will,"
And all my guilt shall now depart,
And sin shall leave me pure in heart.

"There went a fame abroad of him: and great multitudes came together to hear, and to be healed by him of their infirmities."
—[Luke 5,] v. 15.[16]

[1.] Our Saviour and God
Thou art publish'd abroad,
We have heard of thy fame,
And allur'd by the sound of thy wonderful name,
With the croud we draw near,
Thy wisdom to hear,
And in pardon reveal'd
To perceive all our sins and infirmities heal'd.

2. The gospel of grace
Thy Spirit conveys,
To the rapturous sound
We attend, and it heals our incurable wound:
The languishing soul
By a word is made whole,
And inspir'd from above
Thro' the hearing of faith we recover thy love.

"He withdrew himself into the wilderness."
—[Luke 5,] v. 16.[17]

[1.] An happy instrument of grace
Withdraws into the wilderness,
With still-continued care
The good of precious souls he seeks,
In their behalf to God he speaks,
And pleads for them in prayer.

[16]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:145.

[17]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:145–46.

2. He muses frequently retir'd,
That more abundantly inspir'd
He may his mission prove,
The people serve with holier zeal,
And all his ministry fulfil
In praise of Jesus love.

"As he was teaching, the power of the Lord was present to heal them."—[Luke 5,] v. 17.[18]

[1.] Jesus replete with truth and grace,
To day as yesterday the same
Diffuses thro' our sinsick race
The virtues of his balmy name,
Where'er he comes, by teaching heals,
And pardon on the conscience seals.

2. The gospel is his saving power,
As every palsied soul shall prove,
When brought by faith, and laid before
The Son of man, the God of love
Helpless his pitying eye they meet,
And gasp for mercy at his feet.

"And behold, men brought in a bed a man which was taken with a palsy: and they sought means &c."—[Luke 5,] v. 18.[19]

[1.] Lo, in the arms of faith and prayer,
We that thy pardning grace have known,
A desperate Paralytic bear,
And fain would bring him to thy throne,
An impotent and prayerless soul
Who wants the will to be made whole.

[18]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:93.

[19]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:93–94.

2. All methods of approaching Thee,
Jesus, in his behalf we try:
Nothing seems hard to charity,
To us who on our Lord rely,
By faith determin'd to remove
Whate'er obstructs our zealous love.

"When they could not find by what way they might bring him in, because of the multitude, they went upon the housetop, and let him down through the tiling &c."
—[Luke 5,] v. 19.[20]

The multitude of worldly cares
And hindrances we now break thro',
Burst by the violence of our prayers
A passage to the Saviour's view,
Force thro' the formal croud our way,
And at thy feet the sinner lay.

"And when he saw their faith, he said unto him, Man thy sins are forgiven thee."
—[Luke 5,] v. 20.[21]

Thou seest our faith bestow'd by Thee;
We trust Thou wilt his guilt remove:
Made conscious of his misery,
Condemn'd, absolve him by thy love,
Tell him, his sins are all forgiven,
And bless him with a Taste of Heaven.[22]

"The Scribes and the Pharisees began to reason, saying, Who is this which speaketh blasphemies? who can forgive sins but God alone?"—[Luke 5,] v. 21.[23]

Let Scribes and Pharisees blaspheme,
And charge their blasphemies on Thee,

[20]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:94.

[21]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:94.

[22]Orig., "~~Bless with that earnest of *his* heaven~~" changed to "And bless him with a Taste of Heaven."

[23]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:94.

We know Thou canst on earth redeem,
Our souls from all iniquity,
The great prerogative Divine,
The power to cancel sin is Thine.

"But when Jesus perceived their thoughts, he answering said unto them, What reason ye in your hearts?"—[Luke 5,] v. 22.[24]

Thou seest the ground of every heart,
Thou its most secret plague canst heal;
Physician of mankind Thou art;
Bid the proud reasoners be still,
Pity the men thro' envy blind,
And cure the darkness of their mind.

"Whether is easier to say Thy sins be forgiven thee, or to say, Rise up and walk?" —[Luke 5,] v. 23.[25]

Our bodies tottering o're the grave
Thou daily dost to health restore;
With equal ease the sinner save,
The soul by thy forgiving power
Out of his sins command to rise,
And trace thy footsteps to the skies.

"But that ye may know that the Son of man hath power upon earth to forgive sins, he said ... Arise &c ."—[Luke 5,] v. 24.[26]

Whom now we to thy grace commend
On him thy pardning mercy show,
Heal by a word our dying friend,
That learned infidels may know
Thy power on earth, thy right Divine
To pardon sins,—as great as mine!

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[24]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:95.

[25]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:95.

[26]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:95.

"Immediately he rose up before them, and took up that whereon he lay, and departed to his own house, glorifying God."
—[Luke 5,] v. 25.[27]

[1.] I rise obedient to thy word,
Take up the bed on which I lay,
The tokens of my sin abhor'd,
The relicks I remove away,
Retreat, the worldly throng exclude,
And seek my God in solitude.

2. Saviour, for this alone I live,
To magnify thy healing love,
And while to Thee I glory give,
I hasten to my house above,
An house not made with human hands
Which in the heavenly country stands.

"They were all amazed, and they glorified God, and were filled with fear saying, We have seen strange things to day."
—[Luke 5,] v. 26.[28]

[1.] Let all the God of mercy praise,
Whose mercy doth to all extend:
His work reviving in our days,
His grace to sinners we commend,
While on ourselves and them we prove
The wonders wrought by Jesus love.

2. Daily we see the arm reveal'd,
The love of our Almighty Lord,
And crouds of palsied souls are heal'd,
Heal'd by a kind forgiving word,
They rise, they walk in truth and peace,
They follow after holiness.

[27]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:146.

[28]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:146–47.

3.[29] Thee, Jesus, Thee we glorify,
With wonder at thy feet adore,
With fear extol the Lord most-high,
Wisdom, and Truth, and Love, and Power,
By every ransom'd soul confest
God over all forever blest.

**"He left all, rose up, and followed him."
—[Luke 5,] v. 28.**[30]

[1.] Hadst Thou not cast a gracious look
On human misery,
The world I never had forsook,
Or rose to follow Thee;
But now converted by thine eye,
Mine evil I eschew,
My sin, and its occasions fly,
And all thy steps pursue.

2. My business, Lord, my only care
Poor souls for Thee to win;
For Thee the banquet I prepare,
And call my brethren in:
My guilty comrades I invite
With Thee to feast and live;
And well I know, thy whole delight
Is, sinners to receive.

"Levi made him a great feast in his own house."—[Luke 5,] v. 29.[31]

He eats with men of every sort,
Matthew's, and Simon's guest,
But never banquets at a court,
Or with a wicked priest.

"They that are whole need not a

[29]Orig., "~~2~~."

[30]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:147.

[31]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:147.

"physician: but they that are sick."
—[Luke 5,] v. 31.[32]

[1.] Conscious of this plague within
I a Physician want:
My whole head is sick of sin,
And my whole heart is faint;
Only wickedness I feel,
No goodness doth in me reside
All my nature is self-will,
And all my soul is pride.

2. While myself I faint to bear,
And life for lost give up,
Strangely rising from despair
I find a sudden hope:
Hope I of salvation have,
That if myself I cannot heal,
If myself I cannot save,
The great Physician will.

3. Humbly now, O Lord, I own
My sin and misery,
Make my sad condition known,
Expose my case to Thee,
Glory in my desperate case;
Without thy help I cannot live;
Therefore help me by thy grace,
And perfect soundness give.

"I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."—[Luke 5,] v. 32.[33]

[1.] Me! did Jesus come for me!
The God who reigns above,
Could He stoop to misery,
A Man of grief and love!

[32]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:148.

[33]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:148–49.

If Thou didst forsake the sky,
Sinners to save from endless woe,
Here the sinners chief am I,
Thy chief Concern below.

2. Call (and give me ears to hear)
My soul out of its fall,
Call to godly grief and fear,
To true repentance call,
Call me thine embrace to meet,
To know and feel my sins forgiven,
Call me then to love compleat,
And call me up to heaven.

"No man having drunk old wine straitway desireth new: for he saith, The old is better." —[Luke 5,] v. 39.[34]

[1.] We long to worldly pleasures cleave,
Nor will our evil habits leave,
Most gracious Lord, for Thee,
Preferring the delights of sin
Th' intoxicating joys unclean
To joys of piety.

2. But when Thou dost our souls convert,
Tasting how excellent Thou art,
How full of pardning grace
We let the world and creature go,
The sweetness of religion know,
And all its pleasant ways.

3. We every earthly love forsake,
When of thy Spirit we partake,
And drink thy purity;
We own reclining on thy breast,

[34]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:149.

The old, celestial wine is best,
The love[35] that flows from Thee.

S. Luke VI.

"The Pharisees said unto them, Why do ye that which is not lawful to do on the sabbath-days?"—[Luke 6,] v. 2.[1]

1.[2] In outward things alone
Who their religion prove,
And hate the good they have not known,
The law fulfil'd in love;
They only cloke their pride,
With humble words conceal,
Beneath a tender conscience hide
The envious rage of hell.

2. A false pretended zeal
For the Divine command,
Forbids our hearts its sense to feel,
Its end to understand:
Our pride and selfishness
Profane the day of rest:
But when from our own works we cease,
We keep the Christian feast.

"The Son of man is Lord also of the sabbath." —[Luke 6,] v. 5.[3]

Our gracious Lord gives back the day
He for his own did chuse,
His needful blessings to convey,
And serve his creatures' use:
And shall not we with pure delight
Our gratitude approve,
And every day our God requite
By humble praise and love?

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[35]Orig., "The ~~old~~ love" changed to "The love."

[1]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:95–96. Stanza 1 appeared, with slight alterations, in *Poetical Works*, 11:150.

[2]CW originally had stanzas 1 and 2 reversed, but numbered them in the margin to the order shown above.

[3]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:96.

"They were filled with madness, and communed one with another what they might do to Jesus."—[Luke 6,] v. 11.[4]

[1.] Follower of Christ, thy calling see!
Inrag'd at Him for doing good,
The world will never pardon thee,
But counsel take to shed thy blood,
With madness of Satanic zeal
The servant, as his Lord, to kill.

2. Whoe'er thou art, resolv'd to trace
That Friend and Patron of mankind,
Expect from an ungrateful race
Thy Saviour's recompense to find,
Yet bold go on, thy life lay down,
Endure the cross, and win the crown.

"He went out into a mountain to pray, and continued all night in the prayer of God." —[Luke 6,] v. 12.[5]

[1.] Jesus sojourning below,
Thy example I receive,
Only Thee I live to know,
Thee to imitate I live,
Thus for every work prepare,
Watchful and retir'd in prayer.

2. But that I may pray like Thee,
Thou the hindrances remove,
Help my soul's infirmity,
Breathe the Spirit of thy love
Into this weak heart of mine;
Then my prayer is all divine.

"Simon, whom he also named Peter." —[Luke 6,] v. 14.[6]

[4]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:96–97.

[5]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:150.

[6]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:97.

[1.] Entring into the ministry,
A man intirely chang'd should be
In nature and in name,
A stranger to the world below,
The world should now no longer know
Or reckon him the same.

2. Firm as a rock that cannot move,
His soul should neither wish nor love,
Should neither hope nor fear,
Insensible of joy and pain,
Superior to the goods of men,
And to the evils here.

"He came down with them ... and a great multitude came to hear him, and to be healed of their diseases."—[Luke 6,] v. 17.[7]

Still our dear redeeming Lord
Stoops, to bless us, from above,
Publishes th' inlightning word,
Ministers the saving love:
With the croud that still draw near,
With th' untutor'd sons of pain,
Ignorant, I come to hear,
Sick of sin my cure to gain.

"The whole multitude sought to touch him, for there went virtue out of him, and healed them all."—[Luke 6,] v. 19.[8]

[1.] Jesus full of holiness,
Holiness proceeds from Thee,
Virtue pure, and gospel-grace
Cures our soul's infirmity:
Thee who touch by faith and prayer,
Shall the balmy effluence feel,

[7]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:97.

[8]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:150–51. Verse 2 is a variation of *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:214–15, NT #325.

Throughly heal'd to all declare,
"LOVE is inexhaustible!"

2. Now I seek to touch my Lord,
Now as yesterday the same,
Hear thine evangelic word,
Trust the virtue of thy name:
Lord, in me thy grace reveal,
(Grace which every soul may prove,)
All my sicknesses to heal
Now infuse thy sovereign love.[9]

**"Unto him that smiteth thee on the one cheek,
offer also the other: and to him &c."
—[Luke 6,] v. 29, 30.**[10]

Saviour, the laws of selfish man
Thou dost not supersede,
But a more perfect way explain
Which few delight to tread:
May I among that holy few
Be with thy counsel blest,
And meekly bear, and simply do
What Thou accountest best.

**"As ye would that men should do to you,
do ye also to them likewise."
—[Luke 6,] v. 31.**[11]

Self-love which strikes us blind,
And makes us others wrong,
Inlightens, and informs our mind
What doth to each belong,
In every case supplies
A rule of equity;
And all mankind with friendly eyes,
And cordial love we see.

[9]CW wrote in the margin: "See p. 81. Blessed &c." He wanted the hymns from pp. 81–84 written on the scripture verses from Luke 6:20–28 to be inserted here.

[10]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:97–98. This hymn is out of order.

[11]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:154. This hymn is out of order.

"Blessed be ye poor: for yours is the kingdom of God."—[Luke 6,] v. 20.[12]

Happy poor who know your bliss,
Poor in goods and Spirit too!
Yours the gracious kingdom is,
Glory is prepar'd for you;
All by sacred want ye gain,
Kings in earth and heaven ye reign.

"Blessed are ye that hunger now: for ye shall be filled."—[Luke 6,] v. 21.[13]

Happy you content to pine,
Wanting now your daily bread,
Hungring after food divine,
God your empty souls shall feed,
All his heavenly love reveal,
With himself forever fill.

"Blessed are ye that weep now: for ye shall laugh."—[Luke 6,] v. 21.[14]

Happy you to sorrow born,
Deeper griev'd for want of grace:
God shall comfort all that mourn;
Calm your mournful lot embrace,
Sow in tears, a moment weep,
Sure eternal joy to reap.

"Blessed are ye when men shall hate you &c." —[Luke 6,] v. 22, 23.[15]

[1.] Happy you by men abhor'd,
From their fellowship expel'd,
Scorn'd, rejected as your Lord,
Mock'd and in derision held,

[12]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:151.

[13]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:151.

[14]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:151.

[15]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:151–52.

Jesus' portion who partake,
Sufferers for your Saviour's sake.

2. Sing, rejoice, and leap for joy,
Triumph in that happiest day,
When the world your lives destroy,
Like the ancient prophets slay!
Live, out of your bodies driven,
Find your vast reward in heaven.

"Wo unto you that are rich: for ye have received your consolation."—[Luke 6,] v. 24.[16]

Wo to you who riches prize,
Ye who now in wealth abound;
Ye have found your paradise,
All your paradise have found:
Curst on earth with what ye love,
Look for no reward above.

"Wo unto you that are full: for ye shall hunger."—[Luke 6,] v. 25.[17]

Wo to you who always full,
Fare like Dives every day:
Famish'd is the glutton's soul,
Satan's long-expected prey;
Pamper'd beasts, with devils dwell,
Keep an endless fast in hell.

"Wo unto you that laugh now: for ye shall mourn and weep."—[Luke 6,] v. 25.[18]

Wo to you who laugh and play,
Who in mirth and pleasures live,
Cast your jocund[19] souls away!
Ye shall soon lament and grieve,

[16]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:152.

[17]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:152.

[18]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:152.

[19]Orig., "jocond"; an archaic spelling.

Weep and wail with fiends below
Doom'd to everlasting woe.

"Wo unto you when all men shall speak well of you: for so did their fathers to the false prophets."—[Luke 6,] v. 26.[20]

[1.] Wo to you whom all commend:
Prudent to preserve your fame,
Fav'rites of the world your friend,
Foes to Jesus and his shame,
Souls for air and fire ye sell,
Air on earth, and fire in hell.

2. So the lying prophets liv'd,
Honour'd in the days of old,
They their praise from men receiv'd,
They their souls for nothing sold:
You with them your doom shall mourn,
Rais'd to everlasting scorn.

3. Wo to you, eternal wo,
Idoliz'd by flattering men!
Go, with the false prophets go
To the dark infernal den,
Howl in blasphemous despair,
Hiss'd by all the serpents there!

"I say unto you which hear, Love your enemies &c."—[Luke 6,] v. 27, 28.[21]

[1.] Master, if Thee I rightly hear,
My faith I by obedience show,
Aim at the perfect character,
And strive to love my deadly foe:
In word, and deed, and heart I love,
When strengthen'd with thy Spirit's might,

[20]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:152–53.

[21]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:153–54.

And thus the true perfection prove,
The length, and bredth, and depth, and height.

2. Fill'd with the power procur'd for me
To love whom Thou hast bought with blood,
I long his happiness to see,
I speak, and labour for his good:
This vengeance on my foe I take,
Heap coals of fire upon his head,
Embrace him, Saviour, for thy sake,
And die a victim in his stead.

3. His person, not his sin, I love,
His true, not fancied good I seek,
I wish him turn'd to things above,
And to him mild, not meanly, speak:
I pray thee, Lord, his soul to bless;
For his, as[22] for my own, I pray,
Prepare us both to see thy face,
And crown with glory in that day.

"Unto him that smiteth &c." p. 80[23]

[22]Orig., "~~and~~."

[23]CW repeated the beginning of the scripture reference from p. 80 because the two hymns written on the scripture references of Luke 6:29–30 and Luke 6:31 that are out of order would go here.

"If ye love them which love you, what thank have ye? for sinners also love those that love them."—[Luke 6,] v. 32.[24]

The Christian law alone
Is holy, good, and pure,
It makes our heart-corruptions known,
And ministers a cure,
Exalts the fallen man;
And rais'd ourselves above,
We then resemble God again
By universal love.

"If ye do good to them which do good to you, what thank have ye? for sinners also do even the same."—[Luke 6,] v. 33.[25]

Tremble whoe'er thou art,
Tho' generous, just, and kind,
Who findest nothing in thy heart
But what a Turk may find!
Who do your patrons good,
Your partisans approve,
Your flattering friends with favours load;
Yourselves, not them, ye love.

"Love your enemies ... and your reward shall be great, and ye shall be the children of the Highest: for he is kind unto the unthankful, and to the evil."—[Luke 6,] v. 35.[26] +

[1.] Father, thy boundless love we find,
Imbracing our whole ransom'd kind,
Thy love to all thy works extends,
Thy tender mercy never ends:

[24]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:154.

[25]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:154.

[26]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:155.

Thy kindness no distinction knows
Of bad or good, of friends or foes,
Thy love unmixt, thy grace is free
To evil and unthankful me.

2. O could I Thee my Pattern make,
Thy nature, mind, and Spirit partake,
And all the ransom'd souls that live
Alike into my heart receive,
By indiscriminating love
My second birth and sonship prove,
And thus insure th' immortal[27] prize,
And thus regain my paradise!

"Be ye therefore merciful as your Father also is merciful."—[Luke 6,] v. 36.[28] +

A vessel of meer mercy I
By mercy live, tho' doom'd to die,
I live, thine image to regain,
Thy bowels toward the sons of men;
To prove that I my Father know,
Thy brightest character to show,
While all my blood-bought brethren see
Our God is Love, and dwells in me.

"Forgive, and ye shall be forgiven."
—[Luke 6,] v. 37.[29] +

[1.] Forgive my foes? it cannot be:
My foes with cordial love embrace?
Fast bound in sin and misery,
Unsav'd, unchang'd by hallowing grace,
Throughout my fallen soul I feel
With man this is impossible.

[27]Orig., "~~the glorious~~" changed to "th' immortal."

[28]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:155.

[29]Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:215, NT #327, altered.

2. Great Searcher of the mazy heart,
A thought from Thee I would not hide:
I cannot draw th' invenom'd dart,
Or quench the hell of wrathful pride;
Jesus, till I thy Spirit receive,
Thou knowst; I never can forgive.

3. Come, Lord, and tame the tiger's force,
Arrest the whirlwind in my will,
Turn back the torrent's rapid course,
And bid the headlong sun stand still,
The rock dissolve, the mountain move,
And melt my hatred into love.

4. Root out the wrath Thou dost restrain;
And when I have my Saviour's mind,
I cannot render pain for pain,
I cannot speak a word unkind,
An angry thought I cannot know,
Or count mine injurer my foe.

"Give, and it shall be given unto you."
—[Luke 6,] v. 38.[30]

If Jesus' saying we receive,
Our charity to all runs o're:
Love cannot hesitate to give
What Truth is ready to restore.

"Every tree is known by its own fruit."
—[Luke 6,] v. 44.

[I.][31]

[1.] What is the proof of perfect love?
Assertions bold that "I am HE
"Whom God assures I cannot move,
"And sin is all destroy'd in me!"
No pompous words the tokens are:
Words are but leaves, and not the fruit:

[30]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:156.

[31]Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:216, NT #328.

The leaves may spread, and flourish fair,
While nature's pride is at the root.

2. Great words an evil tree may bear:
Partners of real holiness
By purity of life declare,
By deeds their perfect love confess:
True goodness grows on a good tree,
Meekness which no affront can move,
Patience, conceal'd humility,
And all the fruits of silent love.

**["Every tree is known by its own fruit."
—Luke 6, v. 44.]**

II.[32]

[1.] Howe'er the softning art of man
May subtle, learn'd distinctions make,
And sin in perfect saints explain
As nature's innocent mistake;
Howe'er we may the rule bring down,
And make it our experience suit,
That tree is good, and that alone,
Which cannot bring forth evil fruit.

2. Shall those who evil act or speak
Our vouchers for perfection be,
Allow'd by man thy law to break,
And call it an infirmity?
Ah, no: the trees of righteousness,
Thy planting, O Almighty Lord,
They never can thy law transgress,
Or sin in deed, or thought, or word.

3. Away then with your boastings vain!
Proofs more substantial we demand:
Ye cannot sin, if born again,
Ye can the fiery trial stand;

[32]Verse 1 = *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:216, NT #329. Verse 2 = *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:216, NT #330. Verse 3 = *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:217, NT #331, altered.

The proof in facts and tempers give,
Sorrow, disgrace, and pain indure,
Live without sin, like Jesus live,
And *tell us thus* your hearts are pure.

"Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?"—[Luke 6,] v. 46.[33]

[1.] What crouds acknowledge Thee their Lord,
Yet take thy name in vain,
Neglecting to observe thy word
They let their passions reign:
Thy daily cross they will not bear,
Or their own lusts deny,
But rul'd by other lords they are,
And joyfully comply.

2. One of the formal worldly throng
I heretofore have been,
And mock'd thee with my lips too long,
And gave my heart to sin:
But master'd now by sovereign grace
Thy sway I truly own,
And walk in all thy righteous ways,
And serve my God alone.

3. My heart, my life henceforth is thine:
I glory to fulfil
The kind commands of Love Divine,
And do thy utmost will;
The only work on earth I have
Is Thee my Lord to please,

[33]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:158–59.

My own, and neighbour's soul to save,
And then depart in peace.

"A good man out of the good treasure of his heart[34] bringeth forth that which is good &c."
—[Luke 6,] v. 45.[35]

[1.] Love is the source of every good,
Concupiscence of every sin,
The fountain by the stream is show'd,
By works the principle within:
Good actions a good heart bewray,
Which humble souls in vain would hide,
And passions vile themselves betray,
And outward speaks the inward pride.

2. The heart corrupt with all his care
An hypocrite cannot conceal,
The lip at last will make it bare,
Its secret rottenness reveal;
His wicked skill to lurk unknown
Cannot the voice of works suppress,
But forc'd he is by deeds to own
"Mine inward parts are wickedness.["]

"Whosoever cometh to me, and heareth my sayings, and doth them &c."
—[Luke 6,] v. 47, 48.[36]

[1.] Practice is the truth of grace,
Of faith th' authentic sign,
Built he is who Christ obeys
Upon the Rock Divine:
When the sandy buildings fail,
And earth is from its base remov'd,

[34]Orig., "~~might~~."

[35]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:158. This hymn is out of order.

[36]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:159–60.

Stands the man immoveable
Who serv'd the Lord he lov'd.

2. Lord, I come by faith to Thee,
With joy thy sayings hear;
Give me solid piety,
And strength to persevere:
Lest the floud my house o'rethrow,
The knowledge of myself impart,
Lay the sure foundation low
In a poor sinner's heart.

3. Founded on the Rock of peace
Who on thyself relies
Daily finds his faith increase,
And sees the building rise:
Thus my confidence I ground,
To all thy words obedient prove,
Grow in grace, and more abound
In faith that works by love.

4. Trouble's flood assaults in vain,
Temptation's vehement stream,
Still unshaken I remain,
The rapid torrent stem:
Stedfast now in faith and hope,
My soul both stream and flood defies,
Till Thou take the building up,
And fix me in the skies.

"He that heareth and doth not, is like a man that without a foundation built an house &c." —[Luke 6,] v. 49.[37]

Thou who forward art to hear,
But negligent to do,

[37]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:160.

Tremble, for the day draws near
Which shall thy folly shew:
Fair thou mayst a moment stand,
But when the storms of wrath assail,
Falls thy house upon the sand,
And tumbles into hell.

S. Luke VII.

"Now when he had ended all his sayings in the audience of the people, he entred into Capernaum."—[Luke 7,] v. 1.[1]

[1.] A pastor fraught with Jesus' grace
In Jesus' steps proceeds,
Teaches the way of righteousness,
And then performs the deeds;
From practising to teaching good
Betakes himself again,
By both instructs the multitude
Eternal life t' obtain.

2. My heavenly Lord, I would from Thee
The double grace receive,
With true, divine simplicity
The gospel preach, and live;
Inform the souls whose good I seek,
And[2] do the Christian part:
Words to the understanding speak,
But actions to the heart.

"A certain centurion's servant, who was dear unto him, was sick, and ready to die." —[Luke 7,] v. 2.[3]

The man who Christ hath truly known,
His faith by works of mercy proves,
Respects his servant as a son,
In him his heavenly Master loves;

[1]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:160–61.

[2]Orig., "~~But~~."

[3]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:161.

Conscious that God will equal make,
Or crown the slave with brighter stars,
He humbly now for Jesus' sake
His servant to himself prefers.

"When he heard of Jesus, he sent to him the elders of the Jews beseeching him &c." —[Luke 7,] v. 3.[4]

A token he for good receives
Who nothing hopes for his own sake,
Yet humbly confident believes
Christ will on him compassion take;
Who asks the faithful people's prayers,
By *living* saints to Christ applies,
Would pray himself, but scarsely dares
Approach, or lift to heaven his eyes.

"They besought him instantly saying That he was worthy ... for he hath built us a synagogue."—[Luke 7,] v. 4, 5.[5]

Man magnifies the deeds of men,
With God the creature's merit pleads,
But all our thoughts by Christ are seen,
Our action's spring and end he reads;[6]
Strangers to evangelic grace,
The pompous works by sinners done
As works of charity they praise;
But Christ commends our faith alone.

"Lord, trouble not thyself, for I am not worthy that thou shouldest enter under my roof."—[Luke 7,] v. 6.[7]

O could I to my Saviour pray
With simple faith and humble love,
Long from my soul Thou wou'dst not stay,
But come, and all my griefs remove:

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[4]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:161.

[5]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:161–62.

[6]Orig., "~~secs~~."

[7]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:98.

To sinners vile in their own sight
Thou more than grantest their request,
To dwell with such Thou tak'st delight,
Their heavenly, everlasting Guest.

"Wherefore neither thought I myself worthy to come unto thee: but say in a word, and my servant shall be healed."—[Luke 7,] v. 7.[8]

Because unworthy of thy grace,
In me thy powerful grace reveal:
This plague of heart which I confess
A motion of thy will can heal:
The Lord of all in earth and skies
Can by a word my soul restore:
O speak it now, and now I rise,
And follow Thee, and sin no more.

"For I also am a man set under authority, having soldiers under me, and I say &c." —[Luke 7,] v. 8.[9]

All things to thy command submit,
All things are possible with Thee:
Thine ancient miracle repeat,
Exert thine healing grace on me;
With me let thy good Spirit stay,
Command the evil to depart,
And bid me now my Lord obey
With all my soul, and strength, and heart.

"Jesus marvelled at him, and said, I have not found so great faith, no not in Israel." —[Luke 7,] v. 9.[10]

Jesus commends the good in man,
The gift he freely did bestow,

[8]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:162.

[9]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:98.

[10]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:98.

The pride of nature to restrain,
Himself he doth the Author show:
He doth an Heathen's faith admire,
His people's jealousy to raise,
That *we* the blessing may desire,
That *we* may spread the Giver's praise.

"They found the servant whole that had been sick."—[Luke 7,] v. 10.[11]

Jesus vouchsafes to recompense
The faith He doth himself impart,
Inspires the hope, and then the sense
Of pardon in a contrite heart:
Faith to be heal'd Thou know'st I have,
I wait thy pardning love to feel:
Come, Lord, and to the utmost save,
And perfectly thy servant heal.

"Behold, there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow."—[Luke 7,] v. 12.[12]

[1.] We here the sinner's hist'ry read,
Who dead in sin and doubly dead
Is carrying to the tomb:
Happy, before he reach the pit,
If Jesus the procession meet,
And to his rescue come.

2. Follow'd, and by the Church deplor'd
(That widow of her heavenly Lord)
Insensible he lies:
The mother sad with pious tears
Bewails her son, till Christ appears,
And bids the dead arise.

[11]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:162.

[12]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:162–63.

"When the Lord saw her, he had compassion on her, and said unto her, Weep not." —[Luke 7,] v. 13.[13]

[1.] Her loss she never can forget,
Till Life and death together meet,
The sinner and his God:
He comes, and lifts his mourner up,
He fills her heart with chearful hope,
And sheds his love abroad.

2. Pitying he hears the Widow's prayers,
For souls that claim her tenderest cares
Bereft of life and power:
And soon returning from the skies,
Jesus will banish all her sighs,
And bid her weep no more.

"He came and touched the bier (and they that bear him stood still) and he said, Young man, I say unto thee, Arise."—[Luke 7,] v. 14.[14]

[1.] He comes to raise the dead again,
He strikes him with disease or pain,
And touches thus the bier,
His hand upon the body lays,
Or power into his soul conveys
Thro' his attentive ear.

2. How great thy love, to stop and turn
A sinner by his passion borne
To that infernal grave!
Buried he there would always lie,
But that thy quickning power is nigh
His sinful soul to save.

[13]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:163.

[14]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:99.

"And he that was dead sat up, and began to speak: and he delivered him to his mother." —[Luke 7,] v. 15.[15]

[1.] Touch'd by thine efficacious grace,
Rais'd from his sins to speak thy praise,
And testify thy power,
Thou bidst him in thy Spirit live,
Dost to his joyful mother give,
Dost to thy church restore.

2. Happy the soul who lives again,
Redeem'd from sin, and death, and pain,
That glorious church to see,
(That mother of us all above)
Communion with the saints to prove
Thro' all eternity.

"There came a fear on all: and they glorified God, saying, That a great prophet is risen up among us; and That God hath visited his people."—[Luke 7,] v. 16.[16]

[1.] Jesus th' incarnate God we praise,
Proclaim his mighty works of grace
With wonder, joy, and fear:
God hath his people visited,
A Prophet great in word and deed
Doth in our land appear.

2. Dead, dead in sins and trespasses
Us to the life of righteousness
He hath in love restor'd,
And rendring back what we receive
We only think, and speak, and live
To magnify the Lord.

[15]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:163.

[16]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:99.

"This rumour of him went forth throughout all Judea, and throughout all the region round about."—[Luke 7,] v. 17.[17]

O that our dear Redeemer's fame,
And all the virtues of his name
    Throughout the earth were spread,
That every soul with us might know
Jesus the Life reveal'd below,
    The Raiser of the dead.

"John calling unto him two of his disciples, sent them unto Jesus &c."—[Luke 7,] v. 19.[18]

A guide of souls will not retain,
    Or suffer them on him t' attend,
But sends them to increase the train
    Of Him that did from heaven descend:
His Saviour's humble harbinger,
    No party will he call his own,
His only care that souls should hear,
    Believe, and hang on Christ alone.

"Art thou He that should come, or look we for another?"—[Luke 7,] v. 20.[19]

One only thing we ask to know,
    But one which every thing contains,
Art Thou the Man that dwelt below,
    That died to purge our sinful stains?
Assure my heart, if Thou art He,
    My King, my Prophet, and my Priest,
My God who gave himself for me—
    I'l trust thy love for all the rest.

[17]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:100.

[18]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:163–64.

[19]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:164.

"In that same hour he cured many of their infirmities &c."—[Luke 7,] v. 21.[20]

Jesus, we hear thine actions speak
That Thou art He, by God decreed
To cast out fiends, to heal the sick,
Restore the blind, and raise the dead:
Thy language plain we understand,
Perceive with joyful hearts and eyes
The works of an Almighty Hand,
And greet our Saviour from the skies.

"The blind see, the lame walk &c."
—[Luke 7,] v. 22.[21]

On us, O Christ, thy mission prove,
Thy full authority to heal,
The blindness of our hearts remove,
The lameness of our feeble will,
Open our faith's obedient ear,
Our filthy, leprous nature cure,
Call us out of the sepulchre,
And preach Perfection to the poor.

"All the people that heard him, and the publicans justified God, being baptized with the baptism of John."—[Luke 7,] v. 29.[22]

Simple men who nothing know,
Poor, but penitents sincere,
Simply their obedience show,
When the sinners Friend they hear,
Enter into his design,
Gladly sav'd by grace Divine.

"But the Pharisees &c."—[Luke 7,] v. 30.[23] +

[1.] But the men of learning proud,
Proud of their own righteousness,

[20]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:100.

[21]Published posthumously in *Representative Verse*, 217; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:100.

[22]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:164.

[23]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:164–65.

Scorn to follow with the croud,
Scorn their evil to confess,
Level'd in the dust to lie,
There for mercy mercy cry.

2. Never by the precept slain,
How can they the promise plead?
They the gospel-plan disdain,
No Divine Physician need,
Will not condescend to take
Life and heaven for Jesus sake.

"Ye say, Behold, a gluttonous man, and a winebibber."—[Luke 7,] v. 34.[24]

The holy God himself they blame,
Th' essential Righteousness,
And shall we fondly hope, or aim
A froward world to please?
No, Lord, we only wish to live
Thy life of purity,
And then thy treatment to receive,
And suffer it like Thee.

"Ye say, A friend of publicans and sinners." —[Luke 7,] v. 34.[25]

A Friend to us, but not our sins,
We bow to Jesus' sway,
Our Saviour and exalted Prince
Who takes our sins away:
A Friend of publicans, he gives
Us power to do his will,
And humbled penitents receives
Into his kingdom still.

[24]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:165.

[25]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:101.

"Wisdom is justified of all her children."
—[Luke 7,] v. 35.[26]

Wisdom by all her children here
Is own'd and justified,
Christians indeed for Christ appear,
As champions on his side;
They vindicate the sinner's Friend,
His discipline approve,
And free from sin their lives commend
The liberty of love.

"A woman which was a sinner, when she knew that Jesus sat at meat in the Pharisee's house, brought an alabaster box of ointment."
—[Luke 7,] v. 37.[27]

Secretly allur'd by grace,
Lo, to Christ the sinner flies,
Dares not look upon his face,
Dares not meet his purer[28] eyes;
Having found the God she seeks,
Fill'd with shame she scarce appears,
Only by her heart she speaks,
Pours it out in silent tears.

"And stood at his feet behind him, weeping &c."—[Luke 7,] v. 38.[29]

[1.] While He sits at meat, reclin'd,
Looking for that inward meat,
Penitent she stands behind,
Falls, to wash and kiss his feet,
Waters them with copious showers
From the fountains of her eyes,

[26]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:101.

[27]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:165.

[28]CW originally wrote another word, but the erasure is illegible.

[29]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:165–66.

Richer than the oils she pours,
More accepted sacrifice.

2. Thus may I with faith sincere,
Holy, self-abhorring shame,
Trembling to my Lord draw near,
Bring him all I have, and am;
All my sinfulness confess,
Never from his feet remove,
Quite o'rewhelm'd with pardning grace,
Swallow'd up in grief and love.

"This man, if he were a prophet, would have known, who, and what manner of woman this is that toucheth him: for she is a sinner."
—[Luke 7,] v. 39.[30]

God omniscient as Thou art,
Manifested here below,
Well thou knowst a sinner's heart
Better than myself I know:
Who, and what a wretch am I,
Only thou canst comprehend,
Thou, thro' whom I now draw nigh,
Know, and touch the sinner's Friend.

"Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee."
—[Luke 7,] v. 40.[31]

O how gentle is my Lord
Toward a Pharisee austere,
O how bounteous to reward
For his hospitable chear!
Kind instruction he bestows
On a sinner unforgiven;
Bid by Pharisees, he shows
Pharisees the way to heaven.

[30]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:101.

[31]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:166.

"There was a certain creditor, which had two debtors &c."—[Luke 7,] v. 41, 42.[32]

I the greatest debtor am,[33]
Infinite the debt I owed,
Till a bankrupt poor I came
To the sin-remitting God:
Trembling at his feet I lay,
Scarcely dar'd for mercy call:
Then, when I could nothing pay,
Frankly He forgave me all.

"Thou hast rightly judged."—[Luke 7,] v. 43.[34]

Jesus, Thou hast spoke the word,
Comfortable word for me:
Ought not I t' embrace my Lord,
Cleave with warmer love to Thee?
All my heart's desire Thou know'st:
Fain I would my zeal approve:
Let me, if forgiven most,
Most my gracious Saviour[35] love.

"He turned to the woman, and said unto Simon, Seest thou this woman?" —[Luke 7,] v. 44.[36]

[1.] Still He doth to sinners turn,
Doth with mild complacence view,
Objects of your virtuous[37] scorn
Sinners he prefers to you;
You who with self-righteous pride
Sinners haughtily entreat,
Judge whom God hath justified,
Spurn them at their Saviour's feet.

2. At his feet that harlot see,
Weeping, and adoring there!

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[32]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:166.

[33]Orig., "debtor ~~I~~ am" changed to "debtor am."

[34]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:101–102.

[35]Orig., "~~dear Redeemer~~" changed to "~~dearest~~ Saviour," It looks as if CW did not add a new word to replace "~~dearest~~," but someone in a hand other than CW replaced it with "gracious," which has been retained in the text above.

[36]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:166–67.

[37]Orig., "~~righteous~~."

Feet transfixt on Calvary,
Still she wipes them with her hair,
Kisses them a thousand times,
Weeps, and washing them again,
Loaths herself for pardon'd crimes,
Crimes that caus'd his mortal pain.[38]

"This woman, since I came in, hath not ceased to kiss my feet."—[Luke 7,] v. 45.[39]

Who before the Saviour lies,
Should the mourner's task repeat;
Penitents can never rise,
Never cease to kiss his feet:
Thus may I my faith approve,
Lower sinking still and lower,
Jesus in his members love,
Honour Jesus in the poor.

"My head with oil thou didst not anoint: but this woman hath anointed my feet with ointment."—[Luke 7,] v. 46.[40]

[1.] Jesus takes the sinner's part,
Her whom Pharisees condemn,
Searcher of his creature's heart
Turns the charge from her to them,
Bids their haughtiness give place,
Thrice commends whom they reprove,
Triumphs in his work of grace,
Praises her superior love.

2. Know, ye zealots proud and blind,
Ye who profligates despise,
Profligates, when Christ they find,
More than you, the Saviour prize:

[38]Orig., "~~pains~~."

[39]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:102.

[40]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:102.

Precious balm on Christ they pour,
Lavish what they most esteem,
Glad his costliest gifts restore,
Nothing count too dear for Him.

"Wherefore I say unto thee, Those many sins of hers are forgiven: therefore she loved much."—[Luke 7,] v. 47.[41]

[1.] Much she lov'd her loving God
Much forgiven by his grace,
Hence her large affections flow'd,
More increas'd by Jesus praise:
Thus, when he hath purg'd our stain,
Glad we feel the guilt remov'd,
Dearly love our Lord again,
Us because he first hath lov'd.

2. Did our love the pardon buy?[42]
Ours is but th' effect of his:
God doth freely justify,
Gives the reconciling kiss:
Then we fall, and kiss his feet,
Much we love when much forgiven,
Hear him every day repeat
"Sav'd by faith, go on to heaven!"

"He said unto her, Thy sins are forgiven." —[Luke 7,] v. 48.[43]

While our grief for sin we show,
Our respect for Christ express,
More confirm'd his love we know,
Deeper wrought his work of grace;
Jesus by his Spirit's power
Fuller confidence imparts,

[41]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:167.

[42]Orig., "~~by~~."

[43]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:167–68.

Gives us what he gave before,
Seals the pardon on our hearts.

"Who is this that forgiveth sins?"
—[Luke 7,] v. 49.[44]

[1.] Who is this that sin forgives?
A meer, mortal, sinful man,
Who his power from Rome receives,
Forms, and absolutions vain?
No: the power is God's alone;
God it is that justifies,
He who did for sins atone,
He the precious grace applies.

2. Who is this that sin forgives,
Now as yesterday the same?
Ask the sinner that believes,
Well he knows his Saviour's name:
Jesus bought the peace with blood,
Our infallible High-priest,
Jesus is our pardning God,
God supreme, forever blest!

"And he said to the woman, Thy faith hath saved thee, go in peace."—[Luke 7,] v. 50.[45]

[1.] Saving faith is not alone:
All who savingly believe
Make their true affection known,
To their dear Redeemer cleave;
Humbly at his feet they mourn,
All his benefits restore,
Never to the world return,
Walk in Christ, and sin no more.

[44]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:168.

[45]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:168–69.

2. Sav'd by faith from sin and fear,
Bright they in his image rise,
Meet before his face t' appear,
Sinners still in their own eyes:
Lord, on me the grace bestow,
Pardon on my heart impress;
Sav'd by faith I then shall go,
Go to God in perfect peace.

S. Luke VIII.

"He went throughout every city and village, preaching, and shewing the glad tidings of the kingdom of God."—[Luke 8,] v. 1.[1] +

[1.] Bishop of souls, where shall we see
A bishop that resembles Thee,
Who trav'ling hard from place to place
Proclaims the power of reigning grace,
And dares by copying them approve
Thy zeal, and vigilance, and love!

2. The evangelic Spirit give,
That they who now in honours live,
May humbly track their humble Lord,
May freely minister the word,
And simply poor advance thy cause,
And spread the kingdom of thy cross.

"Certain women which had been healed of evil spirits ... ministred unto him of their substance."—[Luke 8,] v. 2, 3.

[I.][2]

Poor for our sake, the Lord most high
Humbly accepts his creature's aid,
Doth on his Father's care rely,
And freely deals th' immortal bread;

[1]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:103.

[2]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:169.

His sustenance from those receives
Whose sins he did by grace remove,
And thus to saints occasion gives
Of witnessing their grateful love.

["Certain women which had been healed of evil spirits ... ministred unto him of their substance."—Luke 8, v. 2, 3.]

II.[3]

Jesus, thy trav'ling church below
In every age its Head attends,
Whoe'er thy healing virtue know,
And trample on th' ejected fiends,
Pardon'd, and thankful for their cure,
From Satan and the world set free,
By succouring thy members poor
They serve and minister to Thee.

["Certain women which had been healed of evil spirits ... ministred unto him of their substance."—Luke 8, v. 2, 3.]

III.[4]

In the first infant church we view
The happy pair whom God hath join'd,
The mixt inseparable Two,
Knowledge and charity combin'd:
And still where Christ and his appear,
They hand in hand together move,
And both at once we see and hear
The word of truth, and works of love.

"They on the rock are they, which when they hear receive the word with joy, and these have no root &c."—[Luke 8,] v. 13.[5]

The word they may with joy receive,
But only for a time believe,
And soon unfaithful prove,
In fierce temptation's hour they faint,

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[3]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:169.

[4]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:169.

[5]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:103.

Wither, and fade away, who want
The root of humble love.

"That which fell among thorns[6] are they which when they have heard, go forth, and are choked with cares &c."—[Luke 8,] v. 14.[7]

Worldlings the gospel hear in vain,
Go forth into the world again,
Their lusts to gratify,
With pleasure chok'd, or wealth, or care,
No fruit they to perfection bear,
But live in sin, and die.

"They bring forth fruit with patience."
—[Luke 8,] v. 15.[8]

[1.] The word, the seed of righteousness
Sown in our hearts we gladly feel,
With joy our proffer'd Lord embrace,
With rapt'rous joy unspeakable
Receive the news of sin forgiven,
And taste in love our present heaven.

2. Yet the incorruptible seed
Doth never in a moment rise,
But buried deep, as lost and dead,
Long in our earthy hearts it lies,
Water'd, before the fruit appears,
With showers of grace, and floods of tears.

3. Howe'er our hasty nature fret,
Or instantaneous growth require,
We must, we *must* with patience wait,
With humble languishing desire;
And when ten thousand storms are past,
Bring forth the perfect fruit—at last.

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[6]Orig., "~~thieves~~."

[7]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:103.

[8]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:104. The first three stanzas replicate *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:230, NT #332.

4. Patience we need the word to keep,[9]
Patience in persevering prayer,
Patience to urge our way, and weep,
And wait the proper time to bear,
The season due which God ordains,
The end of all our griefs and pains.

5. Patience in doing good we need,
Patience in meekly bearing ill,
Patience till the immortal seed
Victorious o're our sins we feel,
Patience to toil, and strive, and pray,
And fight, and suffer—to that day.

"No man when he hath lighted a candle, covereth it ... but setteth it on a candlestick, that they which enter in may see the light." —[Luke 8,] v. 16.[10]

The truth who with our hearts believe,
We must not there suppress,
But open testimony give,
And with our mouth confess:
Asham'd of Christ we dare not be,
But let his candle shine,
That all throughout our lives may see
The light of love divine.

"Take heed how ye hear."—[Luke 8,] v. 18.[11]

O how ought we to hear
The gospel of our Lord,
How 'scape the punishment severe,
And gain the full reward!

[9]Orig., "~~Patience in doing good we need~~" changed to "Patience we need the word to keep." CW seems to have thought about reversing the order of stanzas 4 and 5, but decided to keep them in the order shown above.

[10]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:170.

[11]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:105.

By this we stand or fall:
This awful word shall be
Savour of life or death to all,
Of heaven or hell—to me.

"Whosoever hath, to him shall be given."
—[Luke 8,] v. 18.[12]

Lord, if thy grace I have,
I plead thy word for more:
Whom thou hast sav'd, persist to save,
And all thy life restore:
If with a faithful heart
I simply follow Thee,
Whate'er thou hast, whate'er thou art,
Thou art, and hast for me.

"Whosoever hath not, from him shall be
taken even that which he seemeth to have."
—[Luke 8,] v. 18.[13]

Though God in Christ reveal
Our sins thro' faith remov'd,
We lose the talent we conceal,
The blessing unimprov'd;
Not labouring after more
Abundant righteousness,
Stript of our former peace and power
We forfeit[14] all our grace.

"He entred into a ship with his disciples &c."
—[Luke 8,] v. 22, 23.[15]

[1.] The present life our passage is,
The world we must cross o're,
As vessels tost on dangerous seas,
To that eternal shore:
Temptation is the stormy wind,
Corruption's stream we feel,

[12]Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:217–18, NT #333.

[13]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:170–71.

[14]Orig., "~~fall from~~" changed to "forfeit."

[15]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:105.

Which fills our feeble heart and mind,
Which sinks us into hell.

2. We sink as every moment down
Into the threatning deep,
And Jesus seems to leave his own,
And Providence to sleep:
Higher he lets the tempest rise,
He lets the floods o'reflow,
And darkness intercepts the skies,
And Tophet yawns below.

"They came to him, and awoke him, saying,
Master, Master, we perish."—[Luke 8,] v. 24.[16]

[1.] To whom but Jesus shall we run
For refuge in despair?
We make our lost condition known
And waken him by prayer:
Master, if Thou neglect to hear
Thy poor disciples cry,
If Thou thy needful help defer,
Now in our sins we die.

2. Our toiling strength exhausted is,
Our Hope Thou art alone;
Save, or we perish in th' abyss,
Eternally undone;
Our succour in extremity,
Our all-commanding Lord,
Now, now rebuke the winds and sea,
And speak the calm restor'd.

"He said unto them, Where is your faith?
And they being afraid wondred &c."
—[Luke 8,] v. 25.[17]

[16]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:171.

[17]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:172.

By Thee preserv'd in our distress,
In our temptation kept,
Thy watchful goodness we confess;
Our faith it was that slept;
With holy dread and wonder fill'd
We praise thy saving power,
Rejoice to find the tempest still'd,
And at thy feet adore.

"There met him a certain man which had devils long time, and wore no cloaths, neither abode in any house, but in the tombs."
—[Luke 8,] v. 27.[18]

[1.] The slave to nature's filthy sin
(Fit mansion for the Spirit unclean)
Bewrays his foulest shame,
Wanders a phrenetic possest,
A furious, diabolic beast,
And Legion is his name.

2. Stript of his Maker's character,
Of virtuous sense, and modest fear,
Far from himself he roams,
Far from the eye of man he flies,
Delights in rottenness and vice,
And dwells among the tombs.

"When he saw Jesus he cried out &c."
—[Luke 8,] v. 28.[19]

When Christ and Purity is near,
He starts appall'd with guilty fear,
As from his deadly foe,
All commerce with the Lord disclaims,
Aghast as if he saw the flames
The yawning gulph below.

[18]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:172.

[19]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:172.

"Oftentimes it had caught him, and he was kept bound."—[Luke 8,] v. 29.[20]

The slave to vile affections sold,
No laws can bind, no fetters hold;
By Satan's impulse driven
He haunts the ghastly wilderness,
Far from the pleasant paths of peace,
As far as hell from heaven.

"Jesus asked him, What is thy name? and he said, Legion: because many devils were entred into him."—[Luke 8,] v. 30.[21]

The soul possest by base desires
Satan with every lust inspires,
His kingdom to maintain,
Foul thoughts, a countless multitude,
Whole hosts of fiends and passions lewd
As in their palace reign.

"They besought him, that he would not command them to go out into the deep." —[Luke 8,] v. 31.[22]

Struck, but with no remorse within,
He dreads the wages of his sin,
He trembles to be thrust
By wrath into th' abyss of fire,
And rather wishes God a liar,
And the great Judge unjust.

"They besought him that he would suffer them to enter into the swine." —[Luke 8,] v. 32.[23]

If gratified in his request,
He, for the pleasures of a beast
Would all besides resign,

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[20]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:172–73.

[21]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:105.

[22]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:106.

[23]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:106.

Abandon'd to his carnal will,
With sordid husks his senses fill,
And wallow with the swine.

"The herd ran violently down a steep place, into[24] the lake, and were choked."
—[Luke 8,] v. 33.[25]

When given up to brutish lust,
Left by the holy God and just
To his own heart's desire,
He hurries for a moment on,
Rushes with his companions down,
And plunges in the fire.

"When Jesus was returned, the people gladly received him: for they were all waiting for him."—[Luke 8,] v. 40.[26]

[1.] Lord, we for thine absence mourn,
When out of our sight Thou art;
Comfort us by thy return,
Gladden every waiting heart:
Teach our hearts to wait aright,
Till the brightness of thy face
Change our darkness into light,
Change our nature into grace.

2. Man would all the reasons know
Why thou dost thy followers leave:
But *we* let thy Spirit blow,
As he lists his comforts give:
Thou, by whom the heart's prepar'd,
All my sloth and haste remove,
Then come back my full reward,
Then come in my perfect love.

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[24]Orig., "~~and~~."

[25]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:173.

[26]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:106.

"A woman having an issue of blood twelve years, which had spent all her living upon physicians, neither could be healed of any." —[Luke 8,] v. 43.[27]

[1.] How vain our strife to heal
The plague incurable!
Still the plague remains unstay'd,
Still the issue is undried;
Reason's philosophic aid
Heightens and inflames our pride.

2. Endeavouring to restrain,
The law augments our pain:
Virtue's firm resolve we boast,
Boast our liberty of will;
All our confidence is lost,
Cannot stop the raging ill.

3. Th' original disease
Our med'cines but increase:
Happy when at last we know
Human insufficiency,
When we truly humbled go,
Jesus, for relief, to Thee.

"She came behind him, and touched the hem of his garment, and immediately her issue of blood staunched."—[Luke 8,] v. 44.[28]

[1.] To Thee I now draw near
With faith, and shame, and fear,
Mercy at thy feet implore,
Feel my own unworthiness,
Faint without thy saving power,
Die without thy healing grace.

[27]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:173.

[28]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:173–74.

2. Source of my holiness
Thy Manhood I confess;
Thro' the means to Thee apply,
Wait thy Spirit to receive;
Let it heal and purify;
Jesus, in thy patient live.

"The multitude throng thee and press thee, and sayest thou, Who touched me?"
—[Luke 8,] v. 45.[29]

Numbers for custom' sake
The outward signs partake,
Still the name of Christ profess,
Sharers of the gospel-word,
After him they throng and press,
Press, but never touch the Lord.

"Jesus said, Somebody hath touched me: for I perceive that virtue is gone out of me."
—[Luke 8,] v. 46.[30]

No good in man can be,
But what proceeds from Thee:
Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Virtue now from Thee hath flow'd;
I my Spirit's cure confess,
Glorify the pardning God.

"And when the woman saw that she was not hid, she came trembling &c."
—[Luke 8,] v. 47.[31]

[1.] With lowly fear and shame
My Saviour I proclaim;
Prostrate at thy footstool own,
Own in love's simplicity,
Thou hast made thy mercy known,
Magnified thy power on me.

[29]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:107.

[30]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:107.

[31]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:174.

2. For pardon I believ'd,
And have the grace receiv'd:
Jesus, mighty to redeem
Bless'd me with a sudden cure:
Yes; I touch'd his garment's hem,
Touch'd, and felt my pardon sure.

3. The truth I now declare,
My testimony bear,
Jesus' grace to sinners tell;
All the benefit may find;
Present is his power to heal
Me, and them, and all mankind.

"Daughter, be of good comfort,[32] thy faith hath made thee whole, go in peace." —[Luke 8,] v. 48.[33]

[1.] When Christ himself reveals,
His peace my pardon seals,
Then his Spirit he bestows,
Then the power of faith I prove,
Comfort all my heart o'reflows,
Joy, and righteousness, and love.

2. Lord, if my sinsick soul
Thou hast indeed made whole,
Bid me go in humble peace,
Go to that celestial prize,
Go to perfect holiness,
Go to God in paradise.

"Thy daughter is dead, trouble not the Master."—[Luke 8,] v. 49.[34]

Looking for the grace of God,
And ready to receive,

[32]Orig., "~~clear~~."

[33]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:107. Stanza 2 appeared in *Poetical Works*, 11:174–75; and is an adaptation of *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:218, NT #334.

[34]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:175.

Tempted then by flesh and blood,
And urg'd to disbelieve,
Let us then our shield hold fast,
And wrestle on in faithful prayer,
Sure to gain his life at last,
And all his impress bear.

"Fear not, believe only, and she shall be made whole."—[Luke 8,] v. 50.[35]

[1.] Fed, and strengthen'd by the word
Our faith receives increase,
Stirs us up to seek the Lord,
To pray and never cease;
Prayer and faith the fight maintain,
By no discouragements repel'd,
Till the victory we gain,
To full redemption seal'd.

2. Wherefore should I doubt his power,
When Christ the word hath said?
Can he not to life[36] restore
A soul tho' doubly dead?
Is the thing impossible?
The thing impossible shall be,
Christ with all his love shall dwell,
With all his heaven in me.

"He suffered no man to go in, save Peter, and James, and John."—[Luke 8,] v. 51.[37]

Make thy heavenly wisdom mine,
By signs infallible
Teach me, Lord, the works Divine
To publish, or conceal;

[35]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:175.

[36]Orig., "not life" changed to "not to life."

[37]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:176. The first four lines are an adaptation of *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:218, NT #335.

When before the multitude
Thy gracious wonders to repeat,
When the[38] people to exclude,
And when the saints admit.

"She is not dead, but sleepeth."
—[Luke 8,] v. 52.[39]

Need the true believer dread
A temporary sleep?
Earth receives the body dead,
But cannot always keep;
Waken'd by the trumpet's sound
Body and soul shall soon arise,
Find their wings, and spurn the ground,
And meet Him in the skies.

"They laughed him to scorn."
—[Luke 8,] v. 53.[40]

Heathens mock our blessed hope
As fancy's idle dream,
Yet we shall be all caught up
To live and reign with Him:
Here our souls by faith restor'd
Retrieve the life of holiness,
There our eyes shall see the Lord,
And Glory in his face.

"He took her by the hand, and called, saying,
Maid, arise."—[Luke 8,] v. 54.[41]

Thou hast took us by the hand,
Who didst our nature take;
Son of God and man command
The dead in sin to wake:
Sinners from the bed, the bier,
The tomb, a word of thine can raise:

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[38]Orig., "~~thy~~."

[39]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:176.

[40]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:176.

[41]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:176–77.

O that all thy voice might hear,
And live the life of grace!

"Her spirit came again, and she arose straightway."—[Luke 8,] v. 55.[42]

Souls from Jesus separated
No spark of life retain,
Dead, emphatically dead,
Till Christ come back again:
Lord, Thou knowst for whom I mourn,
Whom dead to God I still deplore:
In thy quickning Spirit return,
And never leave him more.

"He commanded to give her meat." —[Luke 8,] v. 55.[43]

[1.] Lord, our life of faith and prayer
Will languish soon and die,
If Thou dost not still repair,
And with fresh grace supply:
That we still in Thee may live,
Be Thou thyself our daily Bread,
Every hour thy Spirit give,
And every moment feed.

2. Keep us to that solemn hour
When Thou the Judge shalt come;
Then thro' thine almighty power
We triumph o're the tomb,
In the twinkling of an eye
Caught up, on eagles wings we soar,
Swiftly to thy bosom fly,
And meet to part no more.

[42]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:177.

[43]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:177–78.

3.[44] Then we eat before thy throne
Th' immortalizing Food,
Glorious joy till then unknown
In the full Sight of God,
Drink the new, celestial wine,
Banquet with all the saints above,
Satisfied with Truth Divine,
And pure eternal Love.

"He charged them that they should tell no man what was done."—[Luke 8,] v. 56.[45]

Never may I take the praise
Or my own glory spread,
Made thine instrument to raise
A sinner from the dead,
Never call the work my own,
But prosper'd in my ministry,
Sink forgotten, and unknown,
And swallow'd up in Thee.

[44]Orig., "2"; an error.

[45]Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:218, NT #336, altered.

S. Luke IX.

"He sent them to preach the kingdom of God, and to heal the sick."—[Luke 9,] v. 2.[1]

Whoe'er the heavenly kingdom preach,
Which always will endure,
They still an healing doctrine teach,
And dying spirits cure;
Evince their mission from above
By this authentic sign,
Their gospel on believers prove
The saving power Divine.

"Take nothing for your journey, neither staves, nor scrip &c."—[Luke 9,] v. 3.[2]

An hidden kingdom in the skies
To sinners we declare;
In vain; unless we first arise,
And find our treasure there,
Indifferent to the things below
Unless the proof we give,
By all our life and converse show
That now in heaven we live.

"Now Herod heard of all that was done by him."—[Luke 9,] v. 7.[3]

What profits it the great and wise,
All that was done by Christ to know,
Unless they take his love's advice,
Their sins renounce, themselves forego,
Unless his Spirit He imparts,
And works his wonders in their hearts.

"He desired to see him."—[Luke 9,] v. 9.[4]

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[1]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:108.

[2]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:178.

[3]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:179.

[4]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:179.

What could the curious passion do?
He would not to his Saviour turn;
His Saviour's messenger he slew;
He saw, and laugh'd the Lord to scorn;
And thus a dire example set,
Still follow'd by the lawless great.

"The apostles, when they were returned, told him all that they had done. And he took them, and went privately into a desert place."
—[Luke 9,] v. 10.[5]

After our ministerial toil,
Retir'd with Christ we rest a while,
For farther toil prepare,
Our works before his flaming eyes,
Our words, and thoughts we scrutinize
With shame, and praise, and prayer.

"The people followed him, and he received them, and spake unto them of the kingdom of God, and healed them that had need of healing."—[Luke 9,] v. 11.[6]

[1.] Come all to Christ, who all receives,
Instruction to th' unlearnèd gives,
Supplies our every need,
Makes the distemper'd sinner whole,
And satisfies the hungry soul
With true immortal bread.

2. Happy the steward of his grace,
Preacher of joy and righteousness
The kingdom from above,
Who thro' the power of Jesus' word
Sees sinsick souls to health restor'd,
And perfected in love.

[5]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:108.

[6]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:179–80.

3. Happy who finds his whole employ,
To serve their faith, and feed their joy,
Till entring into rest
Up from this wilderness they rise,
Regain their country in the skies,
And God's eternal feast.

"He said unto them, Give ye them to eat: And they said, We have no more but five loaves, and two fishes."—[Luke 9,] v. 13.[7]

[1.] Pastors the sheep should feed,
When Jesus gives the word,
Whose grace provides with all they need
The followers of their Lord:
God will himself supply
The impotence of man,
And do, poor souls to satisfy,
Whate'er th' Almighty can.

2. Jesus doth not injoin
Impossibilities,
But shows our need of grace divine
The Lord our God to please;
The things within our power
Commands us to fulfil,
Employ his grace, and ask for more
To do his perfect will.

3. For what Thou didst bestow
Thy love we glorify,
But own, we can no farther go
Without a fresh supply:
We every word receive
Our Lord vouchsafes to say;

[7]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:180.

Command whate'er Thou wilt, but give
Thy servants power t' obey.

"Make them sit down &c."
—[Luke 9,] v. 14–16.[8]

[1.] A bishop primitively good
Deals to his flock their needful food,
And feasts them with the word sincere:
Loos'd from the world, he bids them sit
As listning at their Saviour's feet
The great, eternal Truth to hear:
He first partakes the heavenly bread,
And lifts his soul with manna fed
In humble praises to the skies:
By prayer he brings the blessing down
The evangelic feast to crown,
The bread of life which never dies.

2. He breaks to all the mystic bread,
The word to each, as each hath need,
By ministerial hands conveys:
Pastors subordinate he sends,
The people to their care commends
To stewards wise of gospel-grace.
The truth from Christ deliver'd down,
And made thro' his apostles known
Their genuine successors receive,
And if our Lord his love imparts,
We feed on Jesus in our hearts,
And fill'd with God forever live.

"There were taken up of the fragments twelve baskets."—[Luke 9,] v. 17.[9]

Dispenser of the joyful word
Who at the banquet of his Lord

[8]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:108–109.

[9]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:180–81.

The people and himself hath fed,
Will gather up with pious care,
And in his faithful memory bear
The fragments of that heavenly bread;
Will fear a single word to lose,
On every sacred saying muse,
And meditate and pray them o're,
Each precious truth resolve, digest,
And lengthen out the gospel-feast,
Replete, yet hungring still for more.

"He said unto them, But whom say ye that I am? Peter answering said, The Christ of God."—[Luke 9,] v. 20.[10] +

[1.] Thou art the Christ of God
On all mankind bestow'd:
Thee the co-eternal Son
By th' anointing Spirit seal'd,
Prophet, Priest, and King we own,
Man with all the Godhead fill'd.

2. The Spirit of our Head
Is on the members shed:
Ever streaming from above
He to us thy name imparts,
Brings the unction of thy love,
Forms, and dwells in Christian hearts.

3. Thy mystic body we
Our all receive from Thee,
Life, and truth, and grace for grace;
Thine anointed ones we rise,
Temples of thy holiness,
Fill'd with Him who fills the skies.

[10]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:181.

"The Son of man must suffer many things, and be rejected ... and be slain, and be raised the third day &c."—[Luke 9,] v. 22, 23.[11]

[1.] In that suffering Son of man
My true way to heaven I see:
All who rise with Thee to reign,
First partake the cross with Thee;
They that let thee die alone
Hope in vain to reach thy throne.

2. Yes, the sufferings of our Head
Are in us endur'd again,
All who in thy footsteps tread
Vilified, rejected, slain
Every day thy lot receive,
Die thy death, thy life to live.

3. Daily we ourselves deny,
Call'd to seek the things above,
Every passion crucify,
Worldly lust, and creature-love,
Follow by thy Spirit led,
Sink as free among the dead.

4. Then emerging from thy grave
That mysterious rise we know,
Know thy utmost power to save,
Life of God reveal'd below,
Token of the body's rise
All the life of paradise.

**"He said unto them all, If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me."
—[Luke 9,] v. 23.**[12]

[11]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:109–110.

[12]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:181–82.

[1.] Jesus spake the word to all,
All in every age and place:
Rich and poor, and great and small,
Every child of Adam's race,
Would ye his disciples be?
Follow Christ to Calvary.

2. Not a single soul excus'd,
Not a day excepted is:
Heaven is with the cross refus'd,
Glorious, everlasting bliss:
Who the Saviour's burthen shun,
Down to endless ruin run.

3. You who revel every day,
Every day in pleasures live,
Will not Jesus' word obey,
Will not Jesus' yoke receive;
With your own desires comply,
Dead in sin forever die.

"Whosoever will save his life, shall lose it."
—[Luke 9,] v. 24.[13]

Friend to his flesh alone
His flesh who cherishes,
And in a shadow vain walks on,
And seeks himself to please,
With nature's will complies;
His own worst enemy,
He hates his real life, and dies
To all eternity.

[13]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:110.

"But whosoever will lose his life for my sake, the same shall save it."—[Luke 9,] v. 24.[14]

Preserver of mankind,
The mystery explain,
Instruct my heart the way to find,
The truth of life to gain:
And when I rightly know
The sweetness of thy love,
I come, by losing it below,
To save my life above.

"Whosoever shall be ashamed of me, and of my words, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed &c."—[Luke 9,] v. 26.[15]

Who blush their Lord to own,
His truth and people here,
When Jesus sits upon the throne,
O where shall they appear!
They gain their just desert,
Soon as the Judge is come,
And from his frowning[16] face depart
To hell's eternal[17] gloom.

"There be some standing here which shall not taste of death, till they see the kingdom of God."—[Luke 9,] v. 27.[18]

[1.] O were it in my heart made known,
Before I lay this body down,
That I shall surely see
The power of thy victorious grace,
The joy, and peace, and righteousness,
The kingdom fixt in me!

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[14]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:182.

[15]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:182–83.

[16]Orig., "~~glorious~~."

[17]Orig., "~~internal~~."

[18]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:110.

2. How gladly then should I resign
My soul into the hands Divine,
To meet my Lord again,
To see the God of boundless[19] love,
And worship at thy throne above,
And triumph in thy train.

"He took Peter and John and James, and went up into a mountain to pray."
—[Luke 9,] v. 28.[20]

[1.] Thy kingdom, Lord, I fain would see:
O carry up my soul with Thee
Above my body raise,
From earth's tumultuous scenes remove,
Bear to the holy mount above,
And then unveil thy face.

2. Thou only by thy prayer and blood
Canst bring me to the smiling God,
Reveal my sins forgiven,
And bless me with that rapt'rous Sight
Which makes the saints' supreme delight
Which makes an heaven of heaven.

"As he prayed, the fashion of his countenance was altered, and his raiment was white and glistering."—[Luke 9,] v. 29.[21]

[1.] A faithful soul that ceaseless prays
The prayer of God, and sees his face
In Jesus Christ reveal'd,
Doth in his heavenly[22] image shine,
Transfigur'd by the Spirit Divine,
And with his signet seal'd.

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[19]Orig., "~~glorious~~."

[20]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:183.

[21]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:111.

[22]Orig., "~~glorious~~."

2. The glory which all thought transcends
Ev'n to his outward man extends,
The wisdom from above,
The image in his face is seen,
His simple, meek, and modest mien,
His innocence and love.

"Who appeared in glory, and spake of his decease."—[Luke 9,] v. 31.[23]

[1.] In momentary majesty
My Saviour on the mount I see,
As on his dazling throne,
But when the glorious God appears,
He still remains the Man of tears,
And speaks of death alone.

2. May this alone my thoughts employ
In triumph of extatic joy,
And temper the delight,
The moment that transports me hence
And bids eternity commence,
Be ever in my sight.

"When they were awake they saw his glory, and the two men that stood with him."
—[Luke 9,] v. 32.[24]

[1.] When shall the happy moment come,
Which calls our dust out of the tomb
To see thy glories shine,
Which doth our slumbring eyes unseal,
And all the mysteries reveal,
And all the truths Divine!

2. The world and all we valued here
Shall then an empty dream appear,
And vanish from our view,

[23]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:183.

[24]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:184.

While Thee triumphant on thy throne
We see surrounded with thine own,
Creating all things new.

3. The fulness of the Deity
Ev'n I shall then adore in Thee,
And on thy beauties gaze,
Injoy the pure, eternal light,
And fall transported at the sight
In extasy of praise.

"Peter said unto Jesus, Master, it is good for us to be here: and let us make three tabernacles ... not knowing what he said."
—[Luke 9,] v. 33.

[I.][25]

[1.] Blind to the Christian mystery,
We first a glimpse of glory see,
And zealous for thy cause
Expect with sanguine hope and vain
The rest before the toil to gain,
The crown before the cross.

2. But ah! we know not what we say,
Who for pure consolation pray,
And seek with fond desire
In pomp of ghostly gifts to shine,
And in our fleshly prisons join
The bright celestial quire.

["Peter said unto Jesus, Master, it is good for us to be here: and let us make three tabernacles ... not knowing what he said."
—Luke 9, v. 33.]

II.[26]

[1.] Who tastes[27] the truth, and Jesus sees
In all the scripture-mysteries
The law and prophets' End,
Delights to meditate and pray,
Would gladly on the mountain stay,
And never more descend.

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[25]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:184–85.

[26]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:111. Stanza 1 appeared in *Poetical Works*, 11:184.

[27]Orig., "tasts"; an archaic spelling.

2. But O, it cannot, cannot be,
That pleasant sweet tranquillity,
That permanence of rest:
A follower of the Lord MUST sink,
His Master's cup of passion drink,
And live, like Him, distrest:

3. Must with the Man of sorrows grieve,
The mountain for the people leave,
Go on to Calvary,
Expend his life in doing good,
Toil, till he sweats that sweat of blood,
And dies upon that tree!

"There came a cloud, and overshadowed them, and they feared as they entred into the cloud."—[Luke 9,] v. 34.[28]

[1.] The darkness doth to light succeed,
To rapt'rous joy the humble dread,
(Howe'er our flesh complain,
And still for consolations pine)
Permitted by the will Divine
The cloud returns again.

2. We enter then into the cloud,
When Christ suspends the light bestow'd,
Or sensibly withdraws,
That feeling all our comforts gone,
Our souls may cleave to Him alone,
And hang upon his cross.

"This is my beloved Son, hear him."
—[Luke 9,] v. 35.[29]

[1.] Him, only Him we long to hear
Creator of the list'ning ear,

[28]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:112.

[29]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:185–86.

Who comes in Moses' place,
Spirit, and life, and power imparts,
And speaks into our faithful hearts
The words of truth and grace.

2. He doth to us his mind declare,
By every gospel-messenger
His will to sinners show;
To heathens poor he speaks his peace,
He speaks by all his mysteries,
His life and death below.

3. He speaks by benefits bestow'd;
We hear the language of his rod,
Who kindly doth reprove:
In trouble's storm he chides our fear,
And gives our flutter'd hearts to hear
The whispering voice of love.

4. His Spirit's small and quiet voice
Makes all our broken bones rejoice,
Our souls to health restores;
And then the saint renew'd by grace
Abhors himself, and hides his face,
And silently adores.

"When the voice was past, Jesus was found alone."—[Luke 9,] v. 36.[30]

[1.] Jesus alone the room supplies
Of prophets, law, and sacrifice,
Containing all in one:
And let the shadows disappear,
Suffice for us that Christ is here,
That Christ is seen alone.

[30]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:186.

2. Thee, Lord, our law and rule we see,
Regard no other Guide but Thee
To that good land above;
Thine, not Elijah's Spirit, desire,
And call for no celestial fire
But that of purest love.

"When they were come down from the hill, much people met him."—[Luke 9,] v. 37.

[I.][31]

From the calm repose of prayer,
Mount of contemplation sweet,
To our labour we repair,
Haste the multitude to meet:
Sinners hungry for the word,
Sick of every soul-disease,
When in us they hear our Lord,
Heal'd by faith they go in peace.

["When they were come down from the hill, much people met him."—Luke 9, v. 37.]

II.[32]

See the fruit of faithful prayer!
When the sacred mount we leave,
Souls prevent the pastor's care,
Jesus eager to receive:
Sinners poor, before we seek,
Waiting for the word are found:
Then of Jesus' love we speak:
Thousands bless the joyful sound!

"Behold, a man of the company cried out saying, Master, I beseech thee, look upon my son,[33] **for he is mine only child."**
—[Luke 9,] v. 38.[34]

[1.] Jesus, attend my cry,
And cast a pitying eye;

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[31]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:186.

[32]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:186.

[33]Orig., "~~sons~~."

[34]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:187.

Meanest of the sinful croud
Me with kind compassion see:
Sorely vext I cry aloud,
Cry aloud for help to Thee.

2. Tormented I confess
My own most desperate case:
Nearer than an only child,
Lord, my only soul's opprest,
By the filthy fiend defiled,
By the pride of hell possest.

3. No help, or hope I have
But in thy power to save:
Master of the ransom'd soul,
Thou canst by a touch of thine
Change my heart, and make it whole,
Fill with purity divine.

"Lo, a spirit taketh him, and he suddenly crieth out, and it teareth him that he foameth again, and bruising him, hardly departeth from him."—[Luke 9,] v. 39.[35]

[1.] A youth possest by sin
Obeys the spirit unclean,
Horribly at times he roars,
For his own damnation calls;
Satan governs all his powers,
Bruises by a thousand falls.

2. Weaker for each he lies,
And more attach'd to vice:
Shorter every interval;
Fiercer lusts his bosom tear,

[35]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:187.

Shake him o're the mouth of hell,
Leave him sunk in sad despair.

"I besought thy disciples to cast him out, and they could not."—[Luke 9,] v. 40.[36]

Jesus, incline thine ear,
Thine own disciples hear;[37]
Help the wretch for whom we pray,
While our impotence we own,
Chase th' indwelling fiend away,
Heal his soul thyself alone.

"O faithless generation, how long shall I be with you, and suffer you? Bring thy son hither."—[Luke 9,] v. 41.[38]

Full of impurity
We bring the youth to Thee:
Shall our unbelief withstand?
Thou the Lord almighty art:
By the word of thy command
Drive the foe out of his heart.

**"As he was yet a coming &c."
—[Luke 9,] v. 42.**[39]

Him if the tempter shake,
And a last effort make,
Yet display thy saving power,
On the sinner dispossest,
To his joyful friends restore
To his heavenly Father's breast.

"While they were all amazed at the mighty power of God, ... Jesus said unto his disciples ... the Son of man shall be delivered into the hands of men."—[Luke 9,] v. 43, 44.[40]

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[36]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:188.

[37]Orig., "~~here~~."

[38]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:112.

[39]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:112.

[40]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:188.

Who marvel at his power, admire
The greater wonder of his grace,
For God, th' incarnate God t' expire[41]
Is more than all hell's host to chase:
From Satan's hands who rescued man
Into the hands of men betray'd,
Endur'd the cross, the shame, the pain,
And love's omnipotence display'd.

"They understood not this saying, ... and feared to ask him."—[Luke 9,] v. 45.[42]

Happy the man who ever bears
Thy cross upon his heart imprest,
A burthen nature shuns, nor dares
Th' experience of thy death request:
Yet, Lord, I ask thee to explain
The myst'ry of thy cross to me:
And lo, I share thy mortal pain,
Obedient unto death with[43] Thee.

"Then there arose a reasoning among them, which of them should be greatest."
—[Luke 9,] v. 46.[44]

Christ from his power diverts our mind,
On his humility to place:
We leave the cross, the power to find,
Ourselves above the rest to raise,[45]
Ambitiously affect the throne,
And love no greatness but our own.

"Jesus took a child, and set him by him."
—[Luke 9,] v. 47.[46]

[1.] The little child, the twice-born man
Thou, Lord, wilt to thyself receive,

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[41]Orig., "~~admire~~."

[42]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:113.

[43]Orig., "~~for~~."

[44]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:113.

[45]Orig., "~~place~~."

[46]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:188.

Who humbly doth his soul refrain,
No glory to the creature give,
None to himself assume, or claim
Among the saints an honour'd name.

2. O could I gain my calling's height
Reduc'd to second infancy,
Smallest of all in my own sight,
Caught to thy arms, and hid in Thee,
Hid from the world, unmark'd, unknown,
Till seen the partner of[47] thy throne.

"He that is least among you all, the same shall be great."—[Luke 9,] v. 48.[48]

[1.] How are you least in your own eyes
Who others from yourselves remove,
Rank in the highest class, and prize
Yourselves for your superior love,
Too holy with[49] the rest to join
Select in purity divine?

2. Begin, ye worms, yourselves to know,
Who would be truly good and great,
Your proud preeminence forego,
And take with shame the lowest seat;[50]
And then with open'd eyes ye see
No greatness but humility.

"We forbad him, because he followeth not with us."—[Luke 9,] v. 49.[51]

Where is the sect or party free
From nature's jealous bigottry?
Who blame the bitter zeal of *Rome*
Their brethren to destruction doom:

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[47]Orig., "~~triumphant on~~" changed to "the partner of."

[48]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:113.

[49]Orig., "~~for~~."

[50]Orig., "~~place~~."

[51]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:114.

Ev'n those who Christ in measure know,
The envious imperfection show,
And cooly praise, or loud condemn
The men that follow not with them.

"Forbid him not."—[Luke 9,] v. 50.

[I.][52]

We will not chide thy followers, Lord,
Distinct from us who preach thy word,
Who devils in thy name expel,
And pluck poor sinners out of hell;
We dare not enviously deny
Their inward call to prophesy,
While faith is to their hearers given,
With God himself sent down from heaven.

["Forbid him not."—Luke 9, v. 50.]

II.[53]

Possessors of the Saviour's mind,
Joyful where'er the truth we find,
The truth we cordially approve,
And all the friends of Jesus love;
His servants ev'n in Babel see,
And wish them full prosperity,
Who carrying on our Lord's design
Advance the work of grace divine.

"When the time was come that he should be received up, he stedfastly set his face to go to Jerusalem."—[Luke 9,] v. 51.[54] +

[1.] Wherefore should we droop or fear,
When the hour of death is near?
Death is but a ready way
Leading to the realms of day:

[52]Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:218–19, NT #337.

[53]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:114.

[54]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:189.

Wing'd in death our souls shall fly
To our city in the sky,
Find in Him that reigns above
All we wish and all we love.

2. Tell me, O my Life, my Hope,
When shall I be taken up?
If thy signs I understand,
Now the time is near at hand:
Set my stedfast face and heart,
Make me ready to depart,
Breathe thyself into my breast,
Bear me to eternal rest.

"They[55] did not receive him, because his face was as though[56] he would go to Jerusalem."
—[Luke 9,] v. 53.[57]

Heav'nward when we turn our face,
Us the world will not receive,
Tell us this is not our place,
No relief or shelter give:
Yet we no resentment feel,
Mindful of our Master's word;
Let them hate, refuse, repel,
Treat the servants as their[58] Lord.

"Lord, wilt thou that we command fire to come from heaven, and consume them."
—[Luke 9,] v. 54.[59] +

[1.] Vengeance doth to God belong:
Who the heart of Jesus have,
Kindness we return for wrong,
Only wish our foes to save:
If to Christ in Spirit join'd,
If in us his bowels move,

[55]Orig., "~~Did~~ They."

[56]Orig., "~~thought~~."

[57]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:114.

[58]Orig., "~~the~~."

[59]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:189–90.

Anger at the sin we find,
More than life the sinner love.

2. Let the furious sons of *Rome*
Show extirminating zeal,
Loathsom her'ticks to consume,
Call for fire from heav'n—or hell:
Lord, in their behalf we call,
Send thy Spirit from above,
Burn their sins, consume them all,
Burn their souls with fire—of love.

"Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of."—[Luke 9,] v. 55.[60] +

We who Jesus' Spirit know,
Meekly share his grief and pain,
Cannot bitter anger show,
Cannot of our foes complain,
Tho' they seek to shed our blood,
Patient we the wrong abide,
Followers of a martyr'd God,
Him who for his murtherers died.

"The Son of man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them."—[Luke 9,] v. 56.[61] +

Son of man, Thou didst not come
Sinners to destroy but save:
Save my soul, reverse its doom,
Save my body from the grave;
Hold my soul in life, I pray,
Till in holiness renew'd
First I see the perfect day,
Then the Blisful[62] Face of God.

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[60]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:115.

[61]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:115.

[62]Orig., "~~Glorious~~."

"Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head."—[Luke 9,] v. 58.[63]

[1.] Saviour, how few there are
Who thy condition share,
Few who cordially embrace,
Love, and prize thy poverty,
Want on earth a resting-place
Needy and resign'd like Thee!

2. I dare not ask thy pain
And sorrow to sustain:
But if Thou vouchsafe me power
Thee by want to glorify,
Blest with love I ask no more,
Poor I live, and patient die.

"He said unto another, Follow me: but he said, Lord, suffer me first to go and bury my father &c."—[Luke 9,] v. 59, 60.[64] +

One would fain his follower be
Whom Jesus doth refuse:
One declines the ministry;
And him He stoops to chuse;
Shews us thus, whoe'er pretend
The preachers at *their* bidding run,
Preachers to appoint and send
Belongs to Christ alone.

**"Let the dead bury their dead; but go thou, and preach the kingdom of God."
—[Luke 9,] v. 60.**[65]

Worldly things to worldly men
Thy servants, Lord, should leave:
Lo, I come, if Thou ordain,
And a poor worm receive,

[63]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:115.

[64]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:116.

[65]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:116.

Preach the power of grace divine,
Which may by every heart be known:
Fix thy kingdom now in mine,
And make me all thy own.

"No man having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God."—[Luke 9,] v. 62.[66]

[1.] O thou who hadst the world forsook,
And set thy hand to Jesus' plough,
If back thou cast a wishful look,
One earthly fond desire allow,
That one desire thy bane will be,
And ruin all his work in thee.

2. Who to the world restor'st thy heart,
Thou forfeitest the gracious power,
Unqualified for God thou art,
But ten times deader than before,
Fit with apostate spirits to dwell,
Fit for a burning throne in hell.

[66]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:190.

S. Luke X.

"The Lord appointed other seventy also, and sent them two and two before his face." —[Luke 10,] v. 1.[1]

[1.] Two and two, not one and one,
He sends his messengers,
Makes by them his coming known,
By them his way prepares:
What shall part whom God hath join'd,
Or break th' indissoluble cord?
Two are one in heart and mind,
When Jesus is the third.

2. Pleas'd He is, who cannot need
The help of feeble man,
Instruments to use and speed,
And ministers t' ordain;
Thus their need of concord shows,
And makes them each with each agree,
Union on his church bestows,
And founds the Hierarchy.

"The labourers are few: pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest &c."—[Luke 10,] v. 2.[2] +

Of careless pastors ye complain,
Scandalous priests who serve for gain,
Or quite neglect their flock to feed,
And send poor hirelings in their stead:
The faithful labourers are few;
But the defect we charge on you;
You by your sloth the sheep betray,
Who never once for labourers pray.

"Behold, I send you forth as lambs among wolves."—[Luke 10,] v. 3.[3]

[1.] Lamb without spot, who didst give up
Thyself to worrying wolves a prey,

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[1]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:116–17. Stanza 1 appeared in *Poetical Works*, 11:190.

[2]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:117.

[3]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:191.

Thou art thy suffering people's hope;
With us in our temptation stay,
Nor leave thy church to Satan's power,
Nor let the sheeplike wolves devour.

2. The persecutor's rage refrain
Who tears thy church with cruel scorn,
Baffle the furious wrath of man,
Or strangely to thy glory turn,
Into a lamb the wolf convert,
And bless with a new meeken'd heart.

"Into whatsoever house ye enter, first say, Peace be to this house."—[Luke 10,] v. 5.[4]

[1.] Peace to this house! the greatest good
Which sinners can from God receive!
The peace divine, on all bestow'd
Who in a proffer'd Christ believe,
The peace which seals your sins forgiven,
And brings you here a taste of heaven.

2. We cannot wish our neighbour more
Than present and eternal peace:
The riches these of Jesus poor,
With which the sons of men we bless,
And spread thro' earth the precious prize,
And turn it into paradise.

"Remain, eating and drinking such things as they give you: for the labourer is worthy of his hire."—[Luke 10,] v. 7.[5]

Who labours in the word from man
No recompense, but bread, receives;
Accepting his succesful pain
The great reward his Master gives,

[4]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:191.

[5]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:117.

No sensible or transient good,
But all which God on Christ bestow'd.

"Eat such things as are set before you."
—[Luke 10,] v. 8.[6]

[1.] A preacher should with freedom use
The food which poor or rich prepare,
Nothing reject, and nothing chuse,
The better, or the meaner fare
With equal thankfulness receive,
Nor live to eat, but eat to live.

2. Detatch'd from every earthly good
The servant should on earth appear,
Hard labouring for immortal food,
Content with Christ, his portion here,
Of that one needful Good possest,
And nothing want of all the rest.

"Say unto them, The kingdom of God is come
nigh unto you."—[Luke 10,] v. 9.[7]

[1.] Earth's conquerors seek with fire and sword
Their neighbour's realms to waste and seize;
The King of kings, the heavenly Lord
Sends forth his messengers of peace,
And would to all his kingdom give,
And kindly force us to receive.

2. Whene'er the joyful sound we hear,
Of God in Jesus pacified,
The kingdom and the King is near,
And comes with sinners to reside:
And if he now his love imparts,
We find him reigning in our hearts.

[6]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:117–18. Stanza 1 appeared in *Poetical Works*, 11:191–92.

[7]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:118.

"Notwithstanding be ye sure of this, that the kingdom of God is come nigh unto you."
—[Luke 10,] v. 11.[8]

[1.] Tremble, who slight the word ye hear,
Nor will repent, believe, obey;
Damnation from salvation fear:
The word shall judge you in that day,
When drag'd out of your graves ye rise,
To die the death that never dies.

2. Then, then ye shall with anguish own
Ye might have took[9] the proffer'd grace,
Ye might have God in Jesus known,
And liv'd the life of righteousness,
Ye might have felt your sins forgiven,
Ye once were at the gates of heaven.

"He that heareth you, heareth me."
—[Luke 10,] v. 16.[10]

[1.] The genuine Apostolic word
From every chosen instrument
We hear as from their heavenly Lord,
Honour the Sender in the sent,
Our ear, and willing heart incline,
And prove by faith the word Divine.

2. But who th' Ambassadors despise,
Their office, word, and person scorn,
Refuse a message from the skies,
From God and not from man they turn,
Divine authority disown,
Reject the Father and the Son.

"The seventy returned again with joy, saying, Lord, even the devils are made subject &c."
—[Luke 10,] v. 17.[11]

To Christ ascribing my success,
To Christ I may the glory give

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[8]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:192.

[9]Orig., "~~found~~."

[10]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:118–19.

[11]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:192.

In words, while secretly I please
Myself, and vain delight receive,
May praise myself in praising God,
Happy that I by men am known,
That I, not others, was employ'd,
That I perform'd the work alone.

"He said unto them, I beheld Satan, as lightning, fall from heaven."
—[Luke 10,] v. 18.[12]

The things which we th' occasion make
Of pride and self-complacency,
Shall cause our humbled hearts to quake,
When rightly taught, O Lord, by Thee:
What saint dares in himself delight,
Or boast the grace and talents given,
Or glory in perfection's height,
Who sees archangels fall from heaven!

"Behold, I give unto you power to tread on serpents and scorpions, and over all the power of the enemy."—[Luke 10,] v. 19.[13]

The power is not revok'd, or lost,
Which Christ did on his church bestow:
Satan is still with all his host
Trod down by those that Jesus know:
Yes Lord, the whole serpentine brood,
The scorpions swarming from that pit
Are by thy bloody cross subdued,
Are bruis'd beneath thy people's feet.

"And nothing shall by any means hurt you."
—[Luke 10,] v. 19.[14]

Saviour, we nothing have to fear,
Whate'er our flesh may here endure,

[12]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:192–93.

[13]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:193.

[14]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:193.

From sin, the world, and Satan near
Thy promise shall our souls secure:
No evil can afflict or grieve
A saint that on thy truth relies:
Safe in the toils of hell we live,
As in the bowers of paradise.

"Rejoice because your names are written in heaven."—[Luke 10,] v. 20.[15]

Saviour, I listen for thy voice
Which certifies my sins forgiven:
O speak, and bid my heart rejoice
To know my name inroll'd in heaven:
Thy heavenly name might I but prove,
Thy holiest name inscrib'd on me,
I'd triumph in thy perfect love,
I'd sing thro' all eternity.

"In this rejoice not that the devils are subject unto you; but rather rejoice &c."
—[Luke 10,] v. 20.[16]

[1.] No dazling gifts or talents
Require our exultation,
But let us praise Redeeming grace,
Which brings us sure salvation:
Jesus hath bought the pardon
For every true believer,
And wash'd in blood, And born of God,
Our souls shall live forever.

2. Judas might cast out devils,
And die a perjur'd traitor:
With faith sincere Who Jesus hear,
Our cause of joy is greater:

[15]Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:219, NT #338.

[16]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:193–94.

The rapt'rous name of Jesus
To ransom'd sinners given
Pure joy imparts, And tells our hearts
Our names are wrote in heaven.

"Jesus rejoiced in Spirit, and said, I thank thee, O Father."—[Luke 10,] v. 21.[17] +

[1.] Father, we in the joy rejoice
Of thine eternal Son,
Approve thy wise mysterious choice,
Thy depths of love unknown:
Thy love demands our highest praise,
And lo, we with our Lord
Adore the wonders of thy grace
By Christ himself ador'd.

2. Not by a blind capricious will
Thou dost thy gifts bestow,
But justly from the proud conceal
What all the humble know:
To babes Thou dost thy truths declare,
Explain thy whole design,
And stamp them with the character
The holy Name Divine.

3. For this we magnify thy name
Thro' our High-priest above,
Thine awful righteousness proclaim,
Thy free electing love:
Who perish, perish self-destroy'd,
While we our voices raise
In songs of grateful joy employ'd,
Forever sav'd by grace.

[17]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:194–95.

"All things are delivered to me of my Father, &c."—[Luke 10,] v. 22.[18] +

[1.] All power, authority, and grace
Deliver'd to our Head,
He uses for the chosen race,
His true, believing seed:
The fulness of the Godhead dwells
In God's incarnate Son,
And Christ to sinful men reveals,
And makes his Father known.

2. Jesus, Thou wou'dst of all mankind
The Friend and Saviour be,
Thou wou'dst that every soul should find
God reconcil'd in[19] Thee:
And when thy bleeding love Thou show'st,
And dost to me impart,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Resides within my heart.

"Blessed are the eyes which see the things that ye see."—[Luke 10,] v. 23.[20]

[1.] Happy we, the friends of Jesus,
Him with eyes of faith to see,
Him whose pains and sorrows ease us,
Him whose bonds have set us free:
Partner of the fallen nature
He redeems us from our fall,
Christ the Way and Mediator
Principle of life to all.

[18]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:119.

[19]Orig., "~~to~~."

[20]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:195.

2. Christ the God of our salvation
Still we see and still embrace,
Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Author, Finisher of grace,
Christ we find our sure protection,
Christ our utmost Saviour prove,
All our Goodness and perfection,
All our purity and love.

"Many prophets and kings have desired to see &c."—[Luke 10,] v. 24.[21]

Prophets, kings far off beheld Thee,
Jesus, God's eternal Son,
Shadows then and veils conceal'd Thee,
Till in mortal flesh made known:
We have now beheld thy glory,
Heard thy words of truth and grace;
Still we hear, and fall before thee,
Till we see thine open face.

"This do, and thou shalt live."
—[Luke 10,] v. 28.[22]

Do it Thyself in me,
I then shall do thy will,
Shall live thy life, inspir'd by Thee,
And all thy words fulfil,
Perfect in every good,
When Thou hast perfect made,
Thy law shall then on me be show'd
In purest love obey'd.

"A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, who stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead."
—[Luke 10,] v. 30.[23]

[21]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:196.

[22]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:119. The first half of the verse appeared in *Poetical Works*, 11:196.

[23]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:120–21.

[1.] How desperate is the state of man!
My misery will his case explain
Who among robbers[24] fell:
Pure from the hands of God I came;
Now in the cruel hands I am
Of sin, the world, and hell.

2. That city of the living God
Was built to be my soul's abode;
My soul from thence came down,
Down to this Jericho beneath,
This place accurst of sin and death,
And endless pains unknown.

3. Far from the new Jerusalem,
Deeper and deeper still I seem
Implung'd in guilt and woe,
Lower, and lower still I sink,
And trembling hang as on the brink
Of the dark gulph below.

4. The thieves have torn away my dress,
That robe of spotless righteousness
I did in Eden wear:
Spoil'd of my immortality,
Naked of God, my shame I see,
And Satan's image bear.

5. The thieves have rob'd, and stript, and bound,
And mangled me with many a wound,
And bruis'd in every part:
My putrid wounds stand open wide,
My head is faint, and sick of pride,
And all corrupt my heart.

[24]Orig., "~~beggars~~."

6. Too long insensible I lay,
The ruffians had secur'd their prey,
And left my spirit dead:
Or if one spark of life remains,
It makes me feel my mortal pains,
And feebly gasp for aid.

"And by chance there came down a certain priest that way; and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side."
—[Luke 10,] v. 31.[25]

[1.] The prophets, saints, and patriarchs old
Could man's most helpless case behold,
But not his fall repair;
They saw, but pass'd the sinner by,
They left as at the point to die
The wounded traveller.

2. The venerable priest may see
My wounds, but cannot succour me,
But cannot heal his own:
Not all the righteousness of man
Will mitigate my grief and pain,
Or for my sins atone.

"Likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side."—[Luke 10,] v. 32.[26]

[1.] The Levite stern approaches nigh,
Observes with unrelenting eye,
And shows my desperate case,
Commands, but brings me no relief,
But aggravates my sin and grief,
And all my wounds displays.

[25]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:121.

[26]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:121.

2. The Law commands, Do this and live,
But power and grace it cannot give,
It cannot justify,
It leaves the miserable man
To bleed, and languish, and complain,
Till in my sins I die.

"But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was; and when he saw him, he had compassion on him."
—[Luke 10,] v. 33.[27]

[1.] But Life I see in death appear!
The good Samaritan is near,
From heaven to earth he comes,
His country he for me forsakes,
Upon himself my nature takes,
And all my sins assumes.

2. Attach'd to earth he sees me lie,
He marks me with a pitying eye,
And all my wounds surveys:
Ev'n now his yearning bowels move,
His heart o'reflows with[28] softest love,
And heaven is in his face.

"He went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him."—[Luke 10,] v. 34.[29]

[1.] Stranger unknown, Thou art my God!
From me, while weltring in my blood,
Thou canst not farther go:
Pour in thy Spirit's wine and oil,
Revive me by a gracious smile,
Thy pardning mercy show.

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[27]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:122.

[28]Orig., "~~is full of~~" changed to "o'reflows with."

[29]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:122.

2. Bind up my wounds by opening thine,
Apply the balm of blood Divine
To save a sinner poor;
To life, and joy, and gospel-peace
(Sure pledge of perfect holiness)
My gasping soul restore.

3. The bitterness of death is past,
And lo, I on thy mercy cast,
Into thy church convey'd
Most surely feel my cure begun;
And still I trust thy love alone,
And hang upon thine aid.

"On the morrow when he departed, he took out two pence."—[Luke 10,] v. 35.[30]

[1.] Thy patient in thy hands I lie,
All helplesness, all weakness I,
But thy almighty skill
On sinners to the utmost shew'd,
Shall thro' the virtue of thy blood
My soul compleatly heal.

2. Thou didst, ascending up on high,
Pour down thy blessings from the sky,
And gifts on men bestow,
Gifts to supply thy people's wants,
Gifts for the perfecting the saints
In thy great inn[31] below.

3. Thou bidst the ministerial host
Dispense thy med'cines at thy cost;
And with thy sympathy
My wounds he carefully attends,
Talents, and gifts, and grace expends,
And life itself on me.

[30]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:123.

[31]Orig., "~~house~~."

4. Sure from his dear returning Lord
To gain the hundred-fold reward,
The steward of thy grace
Laborious in the strength divine,
Saves his own soul, in saving mine,
And dies to see thy face.

"Go, and do thou likewise."
—[Luke 10,] v. 37.[32]

[1.] In every child of misery,
Jesus, I would my neighbour see
With pity from above,
Indear'd by grace and nature's ties
Would see the sinner with thy eyes,
And in thy bowels love.[33]

2. Mercy constrains me to relieve
Who needs, and will my help receive
By more than blood allied,
Stranger, or *foe*, he claims my aid,
A soul whom my Creator made,
For whom my Saviour died.

"Martha received him into her house. And she had a sister called Mary, which also sat at Jesus feet, and heard his word."
—[Luke 10,] v. 38, 39.[34]

[1.] Martha's faith in active life
Was laudably employ'd,
Tending Christ with zealous strife,
She serv'd th' eternal God:
Mary waiting at his feet
The life contemplative exprest:
Let the happy sisters meet,
For join'd they both are best.

[32]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:196.

[33]A later hand has written in the margin: "Amen Jan. 18, 1822."

[34]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:123–24. Stanza 1 appeared in *Poetical Works*, 11:196–97. Stanza 3 is a slight adaptation of *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:219, NT #339.

2. One who Mary's lot injoys,
Excus'd from earthly care
Hearkens to his Saviour's voice
In calm repose of prayer,
Reading, musing on the word,
In silence gathering all his powers,
Holds communion with his Lord,
And God in truth adores.

3. O that I might humbly sit
With his beloved ones,
Happier at my Saviour's feet
Than monarchs on their thrones!
Who before his footstool bow,
Are sure his quickning voice to hear:
Jesus speak; I listen now,
And all my soul is ear!

"But Martha was cumbred about much serving, and came to him, and said, Lord, dost thou not care &c."—[Luke 10,] v. 40.

[I.][35]

Blest the house, and doubly blest,
Which Christ a church hath made:
Martha there with toils opprest
Calls Mary to her aid:
Wisely they their time divide
'Twixt secular and sacred care,
All their works are sanctified
By sacrifice and prayer.

["But Martha was cumbred about much serving, and came to him, and said, Lord, dost thou not care &c."—Luke 10, v. 40.]

II.[36]

Mary could not envy feel,
Or covet Martha's place,

[35]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:124.

[36]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:124–25.

Chuse the height of tumult's wheel
Before the depth of grace:
O might I but hear thy word
In silence and tranquillity,
Never would I leave my Lord,
Or turn my heart from Thee.

["But Martha was cumbred about much serving, and came to him, and said, Lord, dost thou not care &c."—Luke 10, v. 40.]

III.[37]

[1.] O my God, how can it be?
The work I undertake
In thy saints to wait on Thee
Their servant for thy sake,
Work for thy great praise design'd
Doth oft from Thee mine eye divert,
Dissipate my burthen'd mind,
And quite dry up my heart.

2. Help me, Lord, to recollect
My scatter'd thoughts in prayer,
Thee in all things to respect,
And all thy burthens bear:
I shall patiently endure,
In care unmov'd, in labour still,
When my works are wrought in pure
Obedience to thy will.

"Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things."
—[Luke 10,] v. 41.[38]

[1.] Hurrying on with eagerness
In works of charity,
Warm, impatient for success,
Thou must distracted be;

[37]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:197.

[38]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:125.

Day and night engag'd, employ'd,
(While others all thy thoughts engross)
Anxious how reproach t' avoid,
And how insure applause.

2. Calm and quiet is the zeal
Which the good Spirit inspires,
Yields submissive to his will,
And nothing else desires:
Active soul, to Jesus fly,
The grace of watchful prayer implore,
Only wish to satisfy
Thy God, and seek no more.

"One thing is needful."—[Luke 10,] v. 42.[39] +

[1.] Needful for the good of man
One only thing there is,
Here to live for God, and gain
The everlasting bliss:
Earth we soon shall leave behind,
Our life is as a shadow gone:
An eternal soul should mind
Eternity alone.

2. What is every thing beside
For which the world contend?
Baits of lust, or boasts of pride,
Which in a moment end:
After earthly happiness
I can no longer pant or rove,
Need no more, who all possess
In Jesus' heart-felt love.

[39]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:125–26. Stanza 2 is an adaptation of *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:219, NT #340.

"Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her."
—[Luke 10,] v. 42.[40]

[1.] Martha's chosen work is good,
But Mary's better still;
Mary rests, on earth employ'd
Like those on Zion's hill,
Antedates th' immortal joys,
Partaker with the heavenly powers,
Hears her dear Redeemer's voice,
And lost in love adores.

2. Rest, thou favour'd spirit, rest,
Who in his presence art,
Of the needful thing possest,
And Mary's better part:
Chuse who will that happy place,
He there shall unmolested sit;
Never can the Saviour chase
A sinner from his feet.

3. Here we would thro' life remain
From all distraction free,
Closest fellowship maintain
By faith and love with Thee,
In the Spirit of humble prayer,
Of praise and sacrifice abide,
Till Thou waft us thro' the air,
And seat us at thy side.

[40]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:126. The first two verses appeared in *Poetical Works*, 11:198.

S. Luke XI.

"Lord, teach us to pray."—[Luke 11,] v. 1.

[I.][1]

[1.] In pain and darkness groaning Thy ransom'd creature see,
An helpless soul bemoaning My own infirmity!
I cannot help implore; But at thy footstool stay,
Till Thou confer the power, And teach me how to pray.

2. The feeble first desire Proceeds from Thee alone:
Thou dost this wish inspire My impotence to own,
In mournful lamentation My misery to declare,
And beg thy kind compassion To fill my heart with prayer.

3. Purchas'd by thy own merit, Thy righteousness and death,
Thy supplicating Spirit Into my bosom breathe:
The Spirit of contrition O let him plead in me,
And cry for a Physician, And shew—that Thou art He!

["Lord, teach us to pray."—Luke 11, v. 1.]

II.[2]

[1.] Thou who art both God and man
Canst thy Father's will explain,
Thou the Truth, the Life, the Way
Know'st what man to God should say;
Thou, that we his mind may know,
Dost the Holy Ghost bestow.

2. Teach me, Jesus, how to pray,
Take the hindring thing away,
Into this weak heart inspire
Power, and hunger, and desire,
Then the pleading Spirit impart,
Fix my Teacher in my heart.

"Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name."—[Luke 11,] v. 2.[3]

Father of me, and all mankind,
And all the hosts above,

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[1]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:199.

[2]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:199–200. Stanza 2 = *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:219–20, NT #341.

[3]Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:220, NT #342.

Let every understanding mind
Unite to praise thy love,
To know thy nature and thy name,
One God in persons three,
And glorify the great I AM
Thro' all eternity.

"Thy kingdom come."—[Luke 11,] v. 2.[4]

[1.] Thy kingdom come with power and grace
To every heart of man,
Thy peace, and joy, and righteousness
In all our bosoms reign:
Thy righteousness our sin keep down,
Thy peace our passions bind,
And let us in thy joy unknown
The first dominion find.

2. The righteousness that never ends,
But finishes our sin,
The joy that human thought transcends
Into our souls bring in;
The kingdom of establish'd peace
Which can no more remove,
The perfect power of godliness,
Th' omnipotence of love.

3. Then let us hear the trumpet sound,
That latest of the seven:
Come, King of saints, with glory crown'd,
Th' eternal God of heaven;
Judge of thine Antichristian foe,
Appear on earth again,
And then thy thousand years below
Before thine ancients reign.

[4]Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:220–21, NT #343, altered.

"Thy will be done, as in heaven, so in earth."
—[Luke 11,] v. 2.[5]

Hasten that happiest gospel-day,
When all on earth forgiven
As fully shall thy will obey,
As angels do in heaven;
While not one disharmonious string
Is heard below, above,
But all in perfect concert[6] sing,
And praise the God we love.

"Give us day by day our daily bread."
—[Luke11,] v. 3.[7]

Give us this day our daily bread,
As manna from above,
And every happy moment feed
Our hungry souls with love;
Th' imperishable meat bestow
For which our spirits cry,
And nourish'd by thy grace below
Our souls shall never die.

"Forgive us our sins."—[Luke 11,] v. 4.[8]

Now, Father, now our sins forgive,
With present pardon bless,
And let our souls the kiss receive
Which seals our inward peace:
Accept us in thine own dear Son,
Who bore our sins away,
Who all our debts discharg'd alone,
And left us nought to pay.

"For we also forgive every one that is indebted to us."—[Luke 11,] v. 4.[9]

Grace unconditionally free,
Thy sweet forgiving grace

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[5]Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:221, NT #344.

[6]Orig., "~~consert~~."

[7]Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:221, NT #345.

[8]Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:221, NT #346.

[9]Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:222, NT #347, altered.

Instructs us, as embrac'd by Thee,
Our brother to embrace:
Since Thou our infinite offence
Dost pardon and forget,
His debt of scarce an hundred pence
We chearfully remit.

"Lead us not into temptation."
—[Luke 11,] v. 4.[10]

Ah, leave us not above our power
Above our patience tried,
But turn aside the dreaded hour,
And from temptation hide:
Or if we fall into the snare,
Let us our Lord behold,
Whose hand doth in the furnace bear,
And brings us forth as gold.

"But deliver us from evil."—[Luke 11,] v. 4.[11]

Deliver us from evil, Lord,
Thy church so dearly bought,
From every evil work and word,
And every evil thought:
Preserve us from the tempting fiend,
The world of wickedness,
Till all our wars and conflicts end
In everlasting peace.

"Which of you shall have a friend, and shall go unto him at midnight, and say unto him, Friend, lend me three loaves."
—[Luke 11,] v. 5.[12]

[1.] We in our celestial Friend
To a kind Father pray,
Need not urge our God to lend,
Who gives without delay;

[10]Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:222, NT #348, altered.

[11]Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:222, NT #349.

[12]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:202–203.

Presses us to ask for grace,
Sollicits beggars to receive
All at every time and place
Which Love Divine can give.

2. Bold we then to Thee apply,
In this accepted hour,
Father, hear thy children's cry
And all thy blessings pour:
Truth we want, our minds to feed,
Our hearts require thy love alone;
Fulness of immortal bread
Vouchsafe us in thy Son.

"For a friend of mine in his journey is come to me, and I have nothing to set before him." —[Luke 11,] v. 6.[13]

Trav'ling thro' the vale of woe,
A soul is lodg'd with me,
Nothing can it find below
But want and poverty,
In its journey to the skies
I cannot furnish it with bread:
Father, hear, in mercy rise,
My famish'd guest to feed.

"He from within shall answer and say, Trouble me not: the door is now shut, and my children are with me in bed; I cannot rise, and give thee."—[Luke 11,] v. 7.[14]

[1.] Pleas'd with importunity,
In heaven Thou hear'st my prayer;
Mercy's door I open see,
And all thy children there:
Thine abodes of endless rest
In succouring me Thou need'st not leave:

[13]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:127.

[14]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:127. Stanza 2 appeared in *Poetical Works*, 11:203.

Rise, and answer my request,
And now thy Spirit give.

2. Still I knock, and ask, and seek,
A pressing beggar I;
Speak, the word of comfort speak,
And grant me the supply;
Pity a poor traveller
With toil fatigued, with hunger faint:
Give, for Thou hast bread to spare,
O give me all I want.

"Though he will not rise and give him, because he is his friend, yet because of his importunity, he will rise and give him as many as he needeth."—[Luke 11,] v. 8.[15]

[1.] Perishing for want of food
A sinner claims thy care;
Every promise is made good
To persevering prayer:
Man may long with-hold his aid,[16]
Which want can scarce at last procure;
Never is thy help delay'd,
When souls are truly poor.

2. Man is cruel to his friends,
And sells his services,
Helps them but for sordid ends
His own content or ease;
God doth every soul relieve
From his exhaustless stores above,
Grace to all doth freely give,
For God is perfect Love.

[15]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:203–204.

[16]Orig., "~~grace~~."

"Ask, and it shall be given you: Seek &c."
—[Luke 11,] v. 9.[17]

Asking for thy righteousness,
I shall the gift receive,
Find the kingdom of thy grace,
And by thy Spirit live;
Entring thro' the open door,
The holy God I soon shall see,
Praise, when time shall be no more,
The glorious One in Three.

"For every one that asketh, receiveth &c."
—[Luke 11,] v. 10.[18]

Every one that asks shall have,
And he that seeks shall find
Christ omnipotent to save
Our whole apostate kind:
Christ the Door shall be thrown wide,
That all who knock may enter in,
Shelter'd in his bleeding side
Beyond the reach of sin.

"If a son shall ask bread of any of you that is a father, will he give him a stone &c."
—[Luke 11,] v. 11, 12.[19]

[1.] Thou who know'st a father's heart,
To thy own children good,
Less benign than Him thou art
Who fills the world with food:
Nature's love 'tis God bestows,
A drop of that unfathom'd sea;
Mercy all his works o'reflows,
And now extends to thee.

2. God bestows on every one
The true substantial good;
Sinners change his bread to stone,
To bane his wholesom food:

[17]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:128.

[18]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:128.

[19]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:128–29. Stanza 1 appeared in *Poetical Works*, 11:204.

His most precious gift of grace
Wherewith our souls are satisfied
Oft we turn to wantonness,
And damn ourselves by pride.

"How much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?" —[Luke 11,] v. 13.[20]

Father, thro' thy Son to me
Thy holy Spirit give;
Him (thy Son engag'd for Thee)
Who ask shall all receive:
Bound by Jesus' word Thou art,
To send Him from thy throne above;
Send him now, to fill my heart
With purity and love.

"If I by the finger of God cast out devils, no doubt the kingdom of God is come upon you." —[Luke 11,] v. 20.[21]

The reign of sin and Satan cease
By power Divine expel'd,
When Jesus' lips create my peace,
And speak my pardon seal'd:
I know thy kingdom is brought in,
Is surely fixt in me,
When fill'd with perfect hate of sin,
And love of purity.

"When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace." —[Luke 11,] v. 21.[22]

[1.] The world immerst in Satan lay,
The world by Satan was possest,
Till God assum'd our sinful clay,
T' expel the demon from our breast,

[20]Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:222–23, NT #350.

[21]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:129.

[22]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:129. Stanza 2 appeared in *Poetical Works*, 11:204–205.

Extend the vict'ry of his grace,
And vindicate the ransom'd race.

2. Long undisturb'd the tempter keeps
His house, and rules without controul;
The soul in his possession sleeps,
The careless, gay, unthinking soul
No trouble fears, no evil sees,
But rests secure in hellish peace.

"But when a stonger than he shall come upon him, and overcome him, he taketh from him all his armour wherein he trusted, and divideth his spoils."—[Luke 11,] v. 22.[23]

[1.] Pride is the armour of our foe,
In man's concupiscence he trusts,
And never will his house forego,
While strengthen'd by the sinner's lusts,
While guilt and unbelief remains,
The tyrant in his palace reigns.

2. O come Thou stronger than the fiend,
The giant arm'd this moment bind,
This moment his oppressions end,
Destroy in me the carnal mind,
The pride of life, the lusts unclean,
And root out all my love of sin.

3. By taking all my sins away
From Satan all his armour take,
Thy glory thro' thy house display;
And that the foe may ne'er come back,
Secure me for thy lawful prize,
And bear thy trophies to the skies.

[23]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:205.

"He that gathereth not with me, scattereth."
—[Luke 11,] v. 23.[24]

Indifference is a crime in all,
But most in Jesus' minister,
A man of God, whom God doth call
To serve his Master's interests here;
Sent to collect the flock and guide,
To feed, and strengthen them, and keep,
By negligence he scatters wide,
And leaves to wolves the wandring sheep.

"When the unclean spirit is gone out of a man &c."—[Luke 11,] v. 24.[25]

[1.] Let saints rejoice with fear;
Th' ejected fiend is near:
From thine inmost soul expel'd
Christ hath forc'd him to depart,
Hath in thee his love reveal'd,
Purified by faith thy heart.

2. Yet do not rest secure,
If now thy heart be pure:
Thine infernal enemy
Arm'd with sevenfold rage will come,
Seek his former place in thee,
Strive to gain his ancient home.

3. Driven by stronger grace
Out of his dwelling place,
All its avenues he knows,
Knows thy old besetting sin,
Watches, if thine eyelids close,
Unperceiv'd to enter in.

"When he cometh he findeth it swept and garnished. Then goeth he and taketh &c."
—[Luke 11,] v. 25, 26.[26]

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[24]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:130.

[25]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:130. Stanzas 2 and 3 appeared in *Poetical Works*, 11:205.

[26]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:206.

[1.] A saint quite off his guard
Is for the fiend prepar'd:
When in grace they cease to grow,
When they in their grace confide,
Souls are ready for the foe,
Garnish'd, and adorn'd by pride.

2. The house which seems so clean,
And swept from every sin,
Tempts the tempter to come back;
Satan and a troop from hell
Of the soul possession take,
In the saint forever dwell.

"Yea, rather blessed are they that hear the word of God, and keep it."—[Luke 11,] v. 28.[27]

[1.] Angels the virgin-mother bless,
All ages her renown declare:
But greater blessings we possess
Who in our hearts the Saviour bear:
She suckled the celestial Child;
Fed with the milk of his own word,
We know our Father reconcil'd,
And feast by faith on Christ the Lord.

2. We hear the word divine and do,
Strong in the grace which Christ bestows,
And drink the wine forever new,
The joy which from his Spirit flows,
Which angel-tongues can ne'er express,
The bliss to saints triumphant given,
While all our happy souls confess,
Obedient love is present heaven.

[27]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:131.

"The queen of the south shall rise up in judgment &c."—[Luke 11,] v. 31.[28]

Heathens shall in judgment rise
Careless Christians to condemn,
Who thine oracles despise,
Thee refuse in slighting them:
Saviour, give my soul to own
Thou dost in thy word appear;
Greater far than Solomon,
Wisdom' Self is speaking here!

"No man when he hath lighted a candle, putteth it in a secret place ... but on a candlestick &c."—[Luke 11,] v. 33.[29]

Truth divine must not be hid:
Truth doth all to Christ invite:
Who the scripture's use forbid
Wrong the children of the light.
O that all mankind[30] might hear,
Gospel-light with Jesus see!
Jesus, to the world appear,
Shew the way to heaven in Thee.

"When thine eye is single, thy whole body also is full of light."—[Luke 11,] v. 34.[31]

Thee, Lord, I would in all things see;
Mine eye be singly fixt on Thee
Whom still I aim to please,
So shall my soul be fill'd with love,
And life, and wisdom from above,
And perfect holiness.

"But if thine eye is evil, thy body also is full of darkness."—[Luke 11,] v. 34.[32]

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[28]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:206.

[29]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:131.

[30]Orig., "~~the world~~" changed to "mankind."

[31]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:132.

[32]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:132.

But if I aim at aught beside,
Thro' selfish vanity and pride,
Eclips'd and dark within
My soul will lose the heavenly light,
Fill'd and o'rewhelm'd with sudden night,
With folly, grief, and sin.

"Take heed therefore, that the light which is in thee be not darkness."—[Luke 11,] v. 35.[33]

[1.] But those who most the caution need,
Disdain to tremble or take heed,
Refuse themselves to prove;
They will not let their light be tried,
Or search, if that be perfect pride
Which they call—perfect love.

2. Then if their single eye is lost,
They their own high attainments boast,
Their purity and zeal,
In paths of wild delusion stray,
Mistaking for the heavenly ray[34]
The flashy gleams of hell.

"If then thy whole body *be* full of light, not having any part dark, the whole shall be *as* full of light, as when a lamp inlightens thee with its bright shining."—[Luke 11,] v. 36.[35]

[1.] Ah, Lord, direct mine aim aright,
Fill up my soul with purest light
With genuine sanctity,
Leave here no uninlighten'd part,
No sin or folly in my heart,
No pride or self in me.

2. Then shall the lamp diffuse its blaze,
Thro' the once dark infernal place,
Thro' my whole nature shine,

[33]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:132.

[34]Orig., "~~day~~."

[35]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:206–207.

While all my faculties restor'd
Reflect the candle of the Lord,
The heavenly[36] Light Divine.

"Now do ye Pharisees make clean the outside of the cup."—[Luke 11,] v. 39.[37]

[1.] From the close hypocrisy,
Lord, am I intirely free?
No; my selfishness and pride
Carefully from man I hide,
Act the pharisaic part,
Wear a veil upon my heart.

2. Yet I seldom blush or groan
That my heart to Thee is known,
That Thou see'st me as I am
Sink of filthiness and shame,
Seest me now without disguise,
Torture to thy purer eyes!

3. Thee that I at last may please,
Clothe me with thy righteousness:
Canst thou not an holy thing
Out of an unholy bring?
What thou dost require, impart,
Cleanse, by dwelling in my heart.

"Ye pass over judgment, and the love of God." —[Luke 11,] v. 42.[38]

What Pharisees can do
Is but the outward part:
Religion undefil'd and true
Is seated in the heart:
His kingdom from above,
His nature we partake,

[36]Orig., "~~glorious~~."

[37]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:207.

[38]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:133.

When God appeas'd in Christ we love,
And all men for his sake.

"Ye lade men with burthens grievous to be borne, and ye yourselves touch not &c." —[Luke 11,] v. 46.[39]

The Scribes a sinner load
With vain performances,
Nor keep themselves the law of God,
Nor God desire to please:
A man of faith and love
Doth with the sufferer share,
His misery from the wretch remove,
And all his burthens bear.

"Wo unto you lawyers: for ye have taken away the key of knowledge: ye entred not in yourselves &c."—[Luke 11,] v. 52.[40]

[1.] Wo to the men that cry
"We are the guides who show
"Your way to heaven: on us rely,
"And seek no more to know!"
Blind leaders of the blind
They seize the sacred key,
Nor suffer souls the Truth to find
Who fain would Jesus see.

2. The hateful light they shun,
They contradict the way,
(The way themselves have never known)
And force the flock to stray;
Their tyrannizing power
Thro' ignorance maintain,
And lengthen out the dreary hour
By which alone they reign.

[39]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:133.

[40]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:133–34.

"The Pharisees began to urge him vehemently, and to provoke him &c." —[Luke 11,] v. 53, 54.[41]

Thy wisdom and thy light,
Jesus, on us bestow,
And teach us how to speak aright
To each provoking foe:
From false insidious men
Thy messengers defend,
And guard whoe'er thy truths maintain,
And keep us to the end.

S. Luke XII.

"There is nothing covered, that shall not be revealed."—[Luke 12,] v. 2.[1]

Sinners to the shades may run,
Hide them from the sight of men,
But the Judge they cannot shun,
All their thoughts by him are seen;
Dark and light's to him the same;
He will all their hearts reveal,
Drag them out to open shame,
Chase the hypocrites to hell.

"Whatsoever ye have spoken in darkness shall be heard in the light &c." —[Luke 12,] v. 3.[2]

Nothing I in secret do,
Nothing I in secret say,
Walk in man and angels' view,
Blameless walk in open day,
Follow'd by his piercing eye
Who to faith alone appears,
Still I think—The Judge is nigh!
Still reflect—The Witness hears!

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[41]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:134.

[1]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:134.

[2]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:207–208.

"I say unto you my friends, Be not afraid of them that kill the body &c."—[Luke 12,] v. 4.[3]

[1.] What can harm the friends of God?
Us who on thy love depend,
Us the purchase of thy blood
Wilt thou not thro' life defend?
Yes; we dwell secure from ill,
Safe, tho' fire and sword be near:
Yet the world our bodies kill,
God, and none beside we fear.

2. Man may soul and body part,
Still they both are join'd to Thee,
Thou of both the Saviour art,
Christ our immortality:
Who thy nature here receive,
We the darts of death defy,
We who in thy death believe
One with God can never die.

"Fear him, which after he hath killed hath power to cast into hell."—[Luke 12,] v. 5.[4]

Nought we love which man can give,
Nought which man can take away,
When thy sayings we receive,
When we only Thee obey:
Then thy greatness we revere,
When the Judge of all we own,
Tremble while we sojourn here,
Fear, and love our God alone.

"Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings &c."—[Luke 12,] v. 6, 7.[5]

[1.] See the source[6] of human care!
Man will not on God rely,

[3]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:135.

[4]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:135.

[5]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:208.

[6]Orig., "~~scourge~~."

God who counts his every hair
Doth his every want supply,
Loves the works his hands have wrought;
None without his nod can fall,
Not a sparrow is forgot,
God preserves and cares for all.

2. Him we foolishly mistrust,
Him ungratefully forget,
Doubt if God be true and just,
Kind to give the promis'd meat:
But his word if sinners claim,
He cannot unfaithful prove,
He continues still the same
Wisdom, Power, and Truth, and Love.

3. Who his wisdom can surprize?
Who can overrule his power?
Providence with all its eyes
Guides us in the dangerous hour;
Every word of his is sure;
Mercy bears us in its hands;
Then we stand in Christ secure,
Long as our Supporter stands.

"Whosoever shall confess me before men, him shall the Son of man also confess before the angels of God."—[Luke 12,] v. 8.[7]

Thee in heart,[8] and word, and deed
Gladly, Lord, I would confess,
Walk as by thy Spirit led,
Following after righteousness:
Sure that Thou in whom I trust
Wilt acknowledge me for thine,

[7]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:135–36.

[8]Orig., "~~word~~."

Praise before thy heavenly host,
Share with me the throne Divine.

"He that denieth me before men, shall be denied before the angels of God."
—[Luke 12,] v. 9.[9]

Whither, when his Saviour leaves,
Must the desperate sinner go?
Him the murtherer receives
Fitted for eternal woe:
Whom the Lord of life denies,
Justly, finally forsakes,
Satan claims as lawful prize,
To his place of torment takes.

"The Holy Ghost shall teach you in the same hour what ye ought to say."
—[Luke 12,] v. 12.[10]

Holy Ghost, I trust in Thee
The needful grace t' impart,
Thou my mouth and wisdom be,
The Teacher of my heart:
Help me in the trying hour
To speak those given words of thine,
Fill'd with faith, and love, and power,
And eloquence divine.

"Who made me a judge, or a divider over you?"—[Luke 12,] v. 14.[11]

[1.] Jesus declines the umpire's place,
Whose word had made their difference end,
To teach the stewards of his grace
Above all earthly views t' ascend,
No secular concerns to know,
Or charge themselves with things below.

[9]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:136. The second half of the verse appeared in *Poetical Works*, 11:209.

[10]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:136.

[11]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:136–37. The first four lines of verse 1 are combined with the last two lines of verse 2 to form one verse in *Poetical Works*, 11:209.

2. Tis not for Jesus' messengers
Partitions of estates to make,
The burthen of external cares,
The needful charge let others take,
True ministers of Christ the Lord
Should only live to preach his word.

"He said unto them, Take heed and beware of covetousness &c."—[Luke 12,] v. 15. +

[I.][12]

[1.] Sinners, to you the source we show
From whence all human discord springs,
That origin of evil know,
That direful lust of earthly things,
And ask your Lord, in instant prayer,
The root out of your hearts to tear.

2. Your life on needful things depends,
Not on superfluous treasures vain:
A little serves for nature's ends;
And if a world of wealth ye gain,
Ye nothing gain with all your care
But food to eat, and cloathes to wear.

["He said unto them, Take heed and beware of covetousness &c."—Luke 12, v. 15.]

II.[13]

[1.] Misers, the name belongs to you
Who thrive by lawful means alone,
Nor rob your neighbour of his due,
But too tenacious of your own,
Indulge your appetite for gold,
Your sateless lust to have and hold.

2. What can your hoarded earth avail,
When justice doth your souls require?

[12]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:137. Stanza 2 appeared in *Poetical Works*, 11:209, with the alteration of "your" to "our," etc.

[13]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:137–38.

No riches will ye find in hell,
Tho' Satan pays his slaves their hire,
While naked out of life ye go,
To greet your shouting friends below.

"He thought within himself, What shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my fruits."—[Luke 12,] v. 17.[14]

[1.] By riches lawfully acquir'd
The miserable owner's vext,
Possest of all his heart desir'd,
Yet still incumbred and perplext,
Poor in abundance, he complains
Of wealth preserv'd by toil and cost,
And anxious to secure his gains
Regrets his peace forever lost.

2. Not such[15] the riches of his grace
Which God hath to his people given:
Riches which at our wish increase,
Inlarge, and fill the heart with heaven:
Distributing, we find them grow,
Preserv'd, and multiplied by use,
Which we (who their true value know,
And always love) can never lose.

"And he said, This will I do: I will pull down my barns, and build greater; and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods."
—[Luke 12,] v. 18.[16]

[1.] Full of designs for living here,
Till death, the worldly man we see,
Till summon'd at the bar t' appear
Unmindful of eternity:
In vain he passes all his days,
He lives a wretch for this alone,

[14]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:209–210.

[15]Orig., "~~so~~."

[16]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:210.

Earth to remove, and heap, and raise,
And leave it to his heirs unknown.

2. The perishable things below
He fondly reckons *all his goods*,
No happiness desires to know,
No treasure in those bright abodes;
Renounces the good things unseen,
The saints' ineffable delight,
The heavenly joys of righteous men,
The Good Supreme, the Saviour's Sight.

"Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry."—[Luke 12,] v. 19.[17]

[1.] "Much goods for many years laid up!"
Vain sinner, to the future blind,
Lean not on that deceitful hope,
Nor trust those many years behind:
Inslav'd to appetite and sense,
Voluptuous soul, of life secure,
When death and judgment call thee hence,
Who shall another hour insure?

2. How many rich in pleasures live,
In pride, and sloth, and sensual joy!
Their consolation they receive,
They look upon their wealth—and die!
No real bliss in life they know
By various gusts of passion driven,
And hopeless at their death they go
From earth, to be shut out from heaven.

"God said unto him, Thou fool, this night shall thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?"—[Luke 12,] v. 20.[18]

[17]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:138. Stanza 1 is an adaptation of *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:223, NT #351.

[18]Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:223, NT #352, altered.

Hear this thou happy wretched man,
Thou fool by fools reputed wise,
Inlarge th' accumulating plan,
Injoy the goods this earth supplies,
Indulge thy worldly heart's desire,
Regardless of the things unseen;
But God shall soon thy soul require,
And where are all thy treasures then?

"So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich towards God."
—[Luke 12,] v. 21.[19]

The miser doth his riches store,
Not for his own or others use,
Not for his God in Jesus' poor,
But for himself—to count—and lose:
Wealth for himself, his confidence,
His god he makes, his sole delight,
Till hurried in a moment hence,
He sinks in everlasting night.

"Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life what ye shall eat, neither for the body &c."—[Luke 12,] v. 22, 23.[20]

[1.] Anxious thought to avarice tends,
Anxious thought our Lord forbids,
To the birds and lilies sends:
He who all his creatures feeds,
If we dare in Him confide,
Will he not for man provide?

2. He who form'd our curious frame,
He in whom till now we live,
Is he not in love the same,
Ready all we want to give?
Thoughtless then for clothes and food,
Cast we all our care on God.

[19]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:211.

[20]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:138–39.

"Neither be ye of doubtful mind."
—[Luke 12,] v. 29.[21]

[1.] Labour is by God injoin'd,
God forbids our needless care,
Toil of the mistrustful mind
Hung, like meteors, in the air,
Held in infidel suspense
Doubting his good Providence.

2. But whoe'er thy word receive,
We a firm support have found,
Free and undistracted live,
Built on an eternal ground,
Truth Divine which cannot move,
Boundless power, and endless love.

"Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."
—[Luke 12,] v. 32.

[I.][22]

Only on our Father's love
For the kingdom we depend:
Whom He doth in Christ approve
God shall keep us to the end:
Kindly numbred with his own,
Wherefore should we doubt or fear?
He who hath the work begun,
Gives the grace to persevere.

["Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."
—Luke 12, v. 32.]

II.[23]

Is it not the Shepherd's voice?
Jesus, I thy word embrace,
Fearful I in hope rejoice,
I shall gain the crowning grace,
I the kingdom shall receive
By my heavenly Father given,
Triumph in thy smile, and live
High-inthron'd with God in heaven.

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[21]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:211.

[22]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:212.

[23]Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:223, NT #353, altered.

"Sell that ye have, and give alms &c."
—[Luke 12,] v. 33.[24]

[1.] Give us, Lord, the grace to give,
Then we shall relieve thy poor,
Then we shall from Thee receive
Gifts an hundred-fold and more,
Riches which can never fail,
Safe laid up for saints above,
Treasures incorruptible,
Endless stores of heavenly love.

2. Selling all our happiness,
All our hopes beneath the skies,
Strangely we procure thy grace
Without money, without price.
Gain, when grace removes us hence,
Solid[25] and immortal good,
All our rich inheritance,
All the purchase of thy blood.

"Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."—[Luke 12,] v. 34.[26]

[1.] What we love for its own sake,
Meerly for ourselves desire,
We of that our treasure make,
Happiness from that require,
Pleasure, wealth, or fame, or power,
Business, books, or sports, or ease,
Grasp'd for one amusing[27] hour—
Then our joys forever cease.

2. Thou, my God, and Thou alone
My unfailing treasure be:
Thou art all good things in one;
Let me find them all in Thee:

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[24]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:212–13.

[25]Orig., "~~Glorious~~."

[26]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:213.

[27]Orig., "~~amazing~~."

When my whole delight Thou art,
Then I find the treasure given,
Heaven resides within my heart,
Dwells my heart with Thee in heaven.

"Let your loyns be girded about, and your lights burning."—[Luke 12,] v. 35.[28]

[1.] Servants of Christ, arise,
To do your Master's will,
Soldiers, be bold to win the prize
On that celestial hill;
Ye travellers hold on,
Impatient to remove,
Gird up your loins, and swiftly run
The race that ends above:

2. Inkindled at the word
Your faith by works maintain,
Your burning lamps with oil be stor'd,
With love to God and man:
(That oil the Spirit supplies,
He sheds that love abroad)
Go forth to meet him in the skies
Your dear returning God.

"And ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their Lord &c."—[Luke 12, v. 36].[29]

In fixt attention wait
Till Christ the Bridegroom come,
His ready servants to translate
To their eternal home:
With eager joy receive
The soul-dismissing word,
And die into his arms, and live
Triumphant with your Lord.

[28]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:139.

[29]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:139.

"Blessed are those servants, whom the Lord when he cometh shall find watching &c." —[Luke 12,] v. 37.[30]

[1.] Jesus, the power impart
Thy coming to attend,
And mark the motions of my heart,
Till life and care shall end:
That last important hour
Be ever in my sight,
Till mounting from the watchman's tower
I greet my friends in light.

2. Till Thou appear again,
O may I live for Thee,
And watching unto death obtain
Thy saints' felicity,
Numbred among the blest
Thine open face survey,
And on thy glorious fulness feast
In that eternal day!

"And if he shall come in the second watch &c."—[Luke 12,] v. 38.[31]

That blessing to secure
That joy beyond the skies,
May I the vigilant toil endure,
And never close mine eyes,
Incessant ask the power
My soul on Thee to cast,
And watch and live thro' every hour
As each would prove the last.

"Be ye therefore ready also: for the Son of man cometh at an hour when ye think not." —[Luke 12,] v. 40.[32]

Ready that I may be,
I work the works of God,

[30]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:140. Stanza 1 appeared in *Poetical Works*, 11:213.

[31]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:140.

[32]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:140–41.

And keep my conscience clear and free
Thro' the atoning blood:
So shall I without fear
Meet the great day unknown,
And Shout to see the Judge appear,
And hail him on his throne.

"Lord, speakest thou this parable unto us, or even to all?"—[Luke 12,] v. 41.[33]

Each should the word receive
As to himself addrest;
For what my Lord to me doth give,
He gives it to the rest:
We all thro' life's short day
Our God should glorify;
We all are call'd to watch and pray,
For all are born to die.

"Who then is that faithful and wise steward,[34] **whom his Lord shall make ruler over his houshold, to give them their portion of meat in due season?"—[Luke 12,] v. 42.**[35]

[1.] Goods, and time, and gifts, and grace,
And life is not my own,
Nothing I from Christ possess
But for his use alone:
In his family employ'd,
A steward of his mysteries I
Daily with the word of God
His people's wants supply.

2. Master, Lord, on me confer
The tender zeal of love,
Then I shall my faithful care
Over thy church approve,

[33]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:214.

[34]Orig., "~~servant~~."

[35]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:214.

Gladly all my talents spend
With constant, wise fidelity,
Serve thy people to the end,
And live and die for Thee.

"Blessed is that servant, whom his Lord, when he cometh, shall find so doing." —[Luke 12,] v. 43.[36]

Living to dispense thy grace
A life of toil and care,
Never may I quit my place
Thro' slackness or despair;
Labouring with mine utmost power,
Thy servant at the gospel feast
Find me at my latest hour,
And give me then to rest.

"He will make him ruler over all that he hath."—[Luke 12,] v. 44.[37]

Great the steward's labour is,
But greater the reward,
Bliss, immeasurable bliss,
The riches of his Lord:
All he hath if Jesus give,
Who comprehends the vast delight,
He may God himself conceive,
And grasp the Infinite.

"If that servant say in his heart, My Lord delayeth his coming; and shall begin to beat &c."—[Luke 12,] v. 45.[38]

Those who think He tarries long
Their Master's charge forget,
Smite their brethren with the tongue,
Their fellow-servants beat,
Proud of temp'ral dignities
Their lusts and passions gratify,

[36]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:214–15.

[37]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:215.

[38]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:141. This hymn has a dark vertical line through it, which may be by CW.

Live in pleasures, sloth, and ease,
As never born to die.

"The Lord of that servant will come in a day when he looketh not for him &c."
—[Luke 12,] v. 46.[39]

Sudden, unexpected death
The wicked shall surprize,
Dying with the fiends beneath
A death that never dies:
O that I, till life is o're,
May every hour and moment fear,
Feel—The Judge is at the door,
And heaven or hell is here!

"That servant which knew his Lord's will and did not according to it, shall be beaten with many stripes."—[Luke 12,] v. 47.[40]

What will it profit me to know
That others know their sins forgiven,
And on to full perfection go,
And live on earth the life of heaven?
Unpardon'd if I still remain,
Nor serve my Lord with loving zeal,
My light will aggravate my pain,
And lead me to the darkest hell.

"But he that knew not, and did commit things worthy of stripes, shall be beaten with few stripes."—[Luke 12,] v. 48.[41]

Whose hope on ignorance is built,
Upon a broken reed he leans,
It never can exempt from guilt,
Or save him from his damning sins:
It cannot quench or cool his hell,
Or mitigate his sad despair,
Far hotter flames that others feel,
And dwell in fiercer torments there.

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[39]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:141.

[40]Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:224, NT #354.

[41]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:141.

"Unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required."—[Luke 12,] v. 48.[42]

[1.] Shall one in perfect love renew'd
No holier than th' imperfect live?
The second benefit of God
Doth he not then in vain receive?
But all that bear his image here,
His Spirit's promis'd fulness know,
Most like their Saviour they appear,
The ripest fruits of grace they show.

2. Who much receive should much restore,
The Lord that forms our souls again
Expects not from an infant's power
The service of a perfect man:
But who his depths of Godhead prove
Should his whole mind and life express,
In meekness of all-patient love,
In humble, perfect nothingness.

3. Tremble thou favour'd saint, on whom
Thy bounteous Lord hath much bestow'd;
Thy talents use, till Jesus come,
And lay out all thy soul for God:
He bids thee all his gifts improve:
But if thou waste the grace divine,
But if thou boast thy perfect love,
The doom of Lucifer is thine.

"I am come to send fire on the earth! And what do I desire? That it were already kindled."—[Luke 12,] v. 49.[43]

[1.] Thou camest from above
The fire of heavenly love
Over all the earth to spread:
Good and gracious as Thou art,

[42]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:142.

[43]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:215–16.

Now thy loving Spirit shed,
Now inflame my longing heart.

2. Answer thine own design,
And let one spark divine
From that sacred altar come
Kindled once on Calvary,
All my sins by love consume,
Hallow all my soul to Thee.

"I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straitned till it be accomplished!" —[Luke 12,] v. 50.[44]

[1.] Thee, Lord, thy love constrains
To save us thro' thy pains,
Straitned by desire Thou art
To appease the wrath of God,
Life by thy own death t' impart,
Man to wash in thy own blood.

2. Thy precious sacrifice
The general pardon buys:
Hence, my God, thou canst not rest,
Till Thou lay the ransom down:
Till with grace and glory blest
All thy saints obtain their crown.

"Suppose ye that I am come to give peace on earth? I tell you, Nay; but rather division." —[Luke 12,] v. 51.[45]

[1.] Peace with the world and peace with God
We never can at once maintain;
And Christ redeems us with his blood
From friendships and connexions vain,
He breaks us off from man, to join
Our souls to Him in love divine.

2. Spirit of unity, come down,
Thy people from the world to part,

[44]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:216.

[45]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:216.

That knit to God in Christ alone
With all our mind and all our heart,
Perfect in one thy church may know
Why the great God appear'd below.

"How is it, that ye do not discern this time?"
—[Luke 12,] v. 56.[46]

[1.] Thy work, O God, they will not see
Reviv'd in our degenerate days,
Or mark the crouds begot by Thee,
The signs of thy converting grace,
Refusing with their sin to part
That wilful blindness of the heart.

2. Sinners, your bosom-sins let go,
So shall ye all the truth perceive,
Your time of visitation know,
And savingly in Christ believe,
Increase the publicans forgiven,
And live on earth the life of heaven.

[46]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:217. Stanza 1 = *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:224, NT #355.

S. Luke XIII.

"Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."
—[Luke 13,] v. 3.[1]

[1.] O what a life is mine!
Backward I cast mine eye,
And trembling own the truth divine
"I must repent, or die!"
But Him who tells me so
Highly extol'd I see
The godly sorrow to bestow,
The godly love on me.

2. Saviour, and Prince appear
To break this stubborn heart,
And then to bid my guilty fear
And unbelief depart:
While at thy feet I grieve,
From all my sins release,
The sense of thy salvation give,
The kingdom of thy peace.

"Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."—[Luke 13,] v. 5.[2]

[1.] Meer mercy doth repeat
The warning to mankind,
But sinners wilfully forget
And cast his words behind:
Yet God appoints it so,
That all the truth should feel,
Repentance, or damnation know,
And mourn in earth, or hell.

2. Jesus, what shall I do,
The salutary pain,
The permanent contrition true
The blessed grief to gain:

[1]Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:224, NT #356.

[2]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:142–43.

I only live to mourn
My sins and follies past:
Display thy wounds, my heart to turn,
And let me breathe my last.

"A certain man had a figtree planted in his vineyard, and he came and sought fruit thereon, and found none."—[Luke 13,] v. 6.[3]

I the barren figtree am,
Planted here in sacred ground:
Oft to me my Planter came,
Fruit he sought, but none he found,
Void of vital piety
No good works were wrought by me.

"Then said he ... Cut it down &c."
—[Luke 13,] v. 7.[4]

God at last in anger said
(Leaving judgment to his Son)
Slay the soul already dead,
Cut the formal Christian down,
Let his gracious day be o're,
Let him clog the church no more.

"And he answering said unto him, Lord, let it alone this year also &c."—[Luke 13,] v. 8, 9.[5]

[1]. Mild my Advocate replied,
Grant him still a longer space,
Till I for his cure have tried
All the methods of my grace;
Let this barren soul alone,
I have made his curse my own.

2. Rescued by thy powerful prayer,
Thee I bless for my reprieve:

[3]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:143.

[4]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:143.

[5]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:143–44.

Since Thou dost in mercy spare,
Let me for my Saviour live;
Now th' effectual work begin,
Clear my life and heart from sin.

3. Jesus, dig about my root,
Shower thy blessings from above;
If at last I bring forth fruit,
Works of humble faith and love,
Thou shalt all the glory have,
Saving whom Thou diedst to save.

"Behold, there was a woman which had a spirit of infirmity eighteen years &c." —[Luke 13,] v. 11.[6]

A sinner long possest by sin,
By Satan's power together bow'd,
Is utter impotence within,
Nor can lift up his heart to God,
Carnal his unregenerate mind,
Perverse his will, to evil prone,
His soul is all to earth inclined:
And such alas, I find my own!

"But when Jesus saw her, he called her to him, and said unto her, Woman, thou art loosed from thine infirmity. And he laid his hands on her."—[Luke 13,] v. 12, 13.[7]

[1.] But surely Thou hast cast on me
The eye of thy preventing grace,
Hast seen my depth of misery,
And undertook my desperate case:
Ev'n now I hear thine inward word,
Obedient to thy sovereign will,

[6]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:218.

[7]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:218.

Which draws and brings me to my Lord,
And bids me wait thy hand to feel.

2. That hand beneficent, divine,
In mercy on thy creature laid,
Shall strengthen this weak soul of mine,
Correct the work itself hath made,
Accumulated blessings shower,
Impower out of my fall to rise,
Orig'nal righteousness restore,
And lead me safe to paradise.

"And immediately she was made straight, and glorified God."—[Luke 13,] v. 13.[8]

[1.] Nor time nor means my Lord can need
T' accomplish thy own work in me:
Speak, and my soul from sin is freed,
Is loos'd from its infirmity:
My heart and spirit rectify,
Remove my nature's bent to ill,
And while thou dost the rule apply,
Conform me to thy perfect will.

2. O that I now my heart could raise
Transfer'd from earth to things above,
And only live to spread thy praise,
To magnify thy healing love!
O that in every word and thought
And deed I might thy glory show,
Who hast on me such wonders wrought,
That all may thy salvation know!

"All his[9] **adversaries were ashamed: and all the people rejoiced for all the glorious things that were done by him."—[Luke 13,] v. 17.**[10]

[8]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:144. The last four lines of verse 1 and all of verse 2 appeared as part of a longer hymn in *Poetical Works*, 11:218–19.

[9]Orig., "her"; an error.

[10]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:219.

[1.] The foes of our Lord Who multitudes see
Made straight and restor'd By mercy, like me,
With wonders surrounded No credence they give,
And must be confounded, Who will not believe.

2. But we the base throng Our voices may raise,
And sing the new song To Jesus's praise:
With joy we adore Thee, Thy miracles own,
And give thee the glory Of all Thou hast done.

3. Bow'd down to the ground, But pris'ners of hope,
We heard the glad sound That lifted us up:
The news of thy passion It set our hearts free,
And call'd to salvation We found it in Thee.

4. The works of thy grace Exulting we sing,
Our tribute of praise And thankfulness bring:
Thou, Saviour, hast bought us, And sprinkled with blood,
Hast ransom'd, and brought us Accepted to God.

"The kingdom of God is like a grain of mustardseed &c."—[Luke 13,] v. 18[, 19].[11]

[1.] O how unlike the thoughts of man
The kingdom of thy grace below!
We look, that the minutest grain
Should swiftly to perfection grow,
With sudden full maturity
Shoot up at once into a tree.

2. But small at first thy kingdom, Lord,
Doth greatly in the end increase,
The gospel-seed, th' ingrafted word
By imperceptible degrees
Shall stately as the cedar rise,
Fair as the trees of paradise.[12]

[11]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:145.

[12]"Fair as the trees of paradise" has "One with thy kingdom in the skies!" written in the margin as an alternative.

"It is like leaven, which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened."—[Luke 13,] v. 21.[13]

[1.] By silent, slow, unnotic'd means
The heavenly principle proceeds,
And while its secret way it wins,
Its sanctifying virtue spreads
Thro' all we think, and speak, and do,
And makes our life and nature new.

2. Long in the heart of man conceal'd
And cover'd up the grace remains,
But more and more diffus'd, reveal'd,
O're every bosom-lust it reigns,
Till all our powers its influence prove,
And all our souls are peace and love.

"He went through the cities and villages teaching, and journeying toward Jerusalem." —[Luke 13,] v. 22.[14]

Jesus, Prince of pastors, fill
The shepherds sent by Thee
With thy own intrepid zeal,
And fervent charity:
Then we shall in every place
Thy people with thy word supply,
Live to feed their souls with grace,
And in their service die.

"Then said one unto him, Lord, are there few that be saved?"—[Luke 13,] v. 23.[15]

My heart's supreme desire,
Saviour, to Thee is known,
Not after other souls t' inquire,
But to secure my own:

[13]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:145.

[14]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:146.

[15]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:146.

What shall I do to gain
A lot among the blest,
Or how by labouring here attain
To heaven's eternal rest?

"He said unto them, Strive to enter in at the strait gate: for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in and shall not be able."
—[Luke 13,] v. 24.

[I.][16]

[1.] He that hath ears to hear
Will fully understand
Thine answer, Lord, express and clear,
Contain'd in thy command:
To that celestial port
In safety few arrive,
But multitudes who seek come short,
Because they never strive.

2. Their indolence would shun
The agonizing pain,
Widen the way to bliss unknown,
And make the hill a plain;
As always in their power
The joys of heaven they dream,
And nothing find at death's sad hour
But hell reserv'd for them.

["He said unto them, Strive to enter in at the strait gate: for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in and shall not be able."
—Luke 13, v. 24.]

II.[17]

Long did I seek in vain,
And could not enter in:
Now, Saviour, every nerve I strain,
But am not sav'd from sin;
I struggle to get free,
I strive, and pray, and groan;
Yet, when I find my life in Thee,
Shall live by grace alone.

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[16]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:219–20.

[17]Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:225, NT #357, altered.

"When once the Master of the house is risen up, and hath shut the door &c."
—[Luke 13,] v. 25.[18]

Now is the season to repent,
Now is the gracious day,
I may those endless woes prevent,
And cast my sins away:
Now, Saviour, now I cease from sin,
I knock at mercy's gate,
This moment seek to enter in:
The next may be too late.

"We have eaten and drunk in thy presence, and thou hast taught in our streets."
—[Luke 13,] v. 26.[19]

[1.] The Jews beheld the Lord Most high,
When God on earth appear'd,
His wonders saw with careless eye,
His slighted sayings heard:
They would not own that Christ was He,
The true, eternal God,
Held fast their incredulity,
And perish'd in their blood.

2. Professors still his name abuse,
His sacraments and word,
Subjection to his will refuse,
And falsely call him Lord:
But O, what profit wilt thou find,
Thou Christian infidel,
To sorer punishment consign'd,
And to an hotter hell!

"But he shall say, I tell you, I know not whence ye are: depart from me all ye workers of iniquity."—[Luke 13,] v. 27.[20]

[18]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:146.

[19]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:147. Verse 1 and the first four lines of verse 2 appear in *Poetical Works*, 11:220–21.

[20]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:147. The first four lines appear in *Poetical Works*, 11:221 (as a continuation of the hymn just above).

Who would not for their Master own,
Or his commands obey,
They justly are by Christ unknown
In that decisive day:
Who far from God in will and heart
Themselves on earth remov'd
To hell eternally depart
From Him they never lov'd.

"They shall come from the east ... and shall sit down in the kingdom of God."
—[Luke 13,] v. 29.[21]

Earth's remotest countries now
The law of Christ receive,
Heathens once, to Him we bow,
And in his name believe,
Hold, of Jesus' Spirit possest,
Communion sweet with Saints forgiven,
Banquet at the royal feast,
And eat the bread of heaven.

"There are last which shall be first, and there are first which shall be last."
—[Luke 13,] v. 30.[22]

[1.] Oft a soul that late begins
To run the Christian race,
Leaves the rest behind, and wins
The crown of righteousness,
Burning with intensest zeal,
Sunk in the lowest depths of love,
First he scales the heavenly hill,
And finds his seat above.

2. Set on slippery ground is he
Who claims the foremost place,
Conscious of his primacy
He loses all his grace,

[21]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:221.

[22]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:221–22.

Of himself who highly thinks
He tumbles from perfection's height;
Then the first is last, and sinks
Into eternal night.

"There came certain of the Pharisees, saying unto him, Get thee out, and depart hence, for Herod will kill thee."—[Luke 13,] v. 31.[23] +

[1.] Thee, Lord, we our example see,
Hard-threatned by the world, like Thee:
Satan employs his ministers
T' alarm us by a thousand fears,
Weaken our hands, dismay our heart,
And make us from the work depart.

2. But arm'd with thy undaunted zeal
We slight who can the body kill,
Their feeble menaces disdain,
Our path pursue, our post maintain,
In dangers, snares, and deaths live on,
Immortal till our work is done.

"I cast out devils and do cures to day, and to morrow, and the third day I shall be perfected." —[Luke 13,] v. 32.[24]

[1.] Jesus, if Thou thy Spirit give,
We all the serpent's wiles perceive,
Faithful and firm perform thy will,
Our ministry with joy fulfil,
Give up our all, and win the prize
When death compleats our sacrifice.

2. The office we from Thee receive
For this a few short days we live,
We only live the fiends to chase,
And minister thy healing grace,

[23]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:222.

[24]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:148. Stanza 1 appeared, with slight alterations, in *Poetical Works*, 11:222.

And then our willing souls resign,
By sufferings perfected, like thine.

"Nevertheless I must walk to day, and to morrow, and the day following." —[Luke 13,] v. 33.[25]

My hunted life belongs to Thee,
Subsisting still by thy decree:
And while Thou wilt its actions use,[26]
My hunted life I cannot lose,
Bound up with thy designs of love,
And safe with Thee conceal'd above.

"It cannot be that a prophet perish out of Jerusalem."—[Luke 13,] v. 33.[27]

Far from the house of God Most-high
The victim was not to be slain;
The Truth must there the place supply
Of all its types and figures vain,
Jerusalem her sin fill up,
(The bloody, proud Jerusalem,)
And Jesus on Moriah's top
All nations of the earth redeem.

"O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which killest the prophets, ... how often would I have gathered thee &c."—[Luke 13,] v. 34.[28] +

[1.] Would God decree his creature's pain,
Would Jesus pass one sinner by,
Of man's obduracy complain,
Or ask who *must* Why *will* ye die?
Could Love Divine their death intend,
And mock with offers insincere?
His messengers to sinners send,
But first resolve They should not hear?

[25]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:222.

[26]Orig., "~~love~~."

[27]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:223.

[28]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:223.

2. "How oft would I have gather'd you,
["]And ye would not be gather'd in!"
Sinners, believe the record true,
The Truth itself in Christ is seen,
In Pity's softest form appears,
And fain would bring you all to God:
He weeps! believe his artless tears!
He bleeds! believe his speaking blood!

"Behold, your house is left unto you desolate."
—[Luke 13,] v. 35.[29]

[1.] The sinner left by Truth Divine
Is dark and void of every good:
When Jesus doth no longer shine,
How frightful is the solitude!
O may I tremble at thy word,
The day of my salvation see,
Nor e'er provoke my gracious Lord
In justice to abandon me!

2. A thousand offers, I confess,
A thousand calls I have withstood,
But now I would be sav'd by grace,
Lover of souls, Thou knowst I wou'd:
Beneath thy mercy's wings receive
To which I now for refuge fly,
And let me in thy favor live
And let me in thine image[30] die.

[29]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:148.

[30]Orig., "~~for thy glory~~" changed to "in thine image."

S. Luke XIV.

"Behold, there was a certain man before him which had the dropsy."—[Luke 14,] v. 2.[1]

[1.] Jesus, Thou dost the sinner see,
Thy mercy meets my misery
Preventing my request;
Unask'd Thou dost thy blessings give,
Thine heart inclines thee to receive,
And succour the distrest.

2. Present before thy pitying eyes
To Thee my soul for help applies
In nature's sore disease:
This thirst of pleasure, wealth, and fame
Indulgence doth but more inflame,
And make my plague increase.

3. Swoln with concupiscence and pride,
I cannot heal, I cannot hide
The dropsy of my soul:
Unless Thou all thy love reveal,
The cause out of my heart t' expel,
I never shall be whole.

"He took him, and healed him, and let him go."—[Luke 14,] v. 4.[2]

[1.] Thy hand medicinal extend,
To make my sins and sufferings end,
Apply thy sovereign grace,
Dry up in me corruption's flood,
Cure all my lust of creature-good,
And all my[3] thirst of praise.

2. Faith to be heal'd ev'n now I feel,
I trust that balm infallible
Which thy own Spirit applies:

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[1]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:224.

[2]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:224.

[3]Orig., "~~thy~~."

Thy love omnipotent display,
And send me throughly heal'd away
From earth to paradise.

**"Which of you shall have an ass or an ox ...
And they could not answer him &c."
—[Luke 14,] v. [5,] 6.**[4]

What meekness, grace, and love divine
Thro' all his words and actions shine!
He teaches not insults his foes,
Nor publishes the hearts he knows;
He stops the mouth of baffled spight,
Nor brings their secret sins to light,
Nor drags them out for all to see,
But hides his silent victory.

"Sit not down[5] **in the highest room."
—[Luke 14,] v. 8.**[6]

Nature would shine above the rest,
Appropriate to itself the best;
But he who knows the truth of grace
Delights to take the lowest place:
The humble man remains unknown,
The saint prefers himself to none,
Least in his own, he waits behind,
Least in the eyes of all mankind.

"Sit down in the lowest room."—[Luke 14,] v. 10.[7]

How does he take the lowest place
Who glories in the heights of grace,
And free from self-mistrusting fear
Assumes the perfect character?
If void of true humility,
No place among the saints hath he;
And, if his pride he will not feel,
Shall have the lowest place in hell.

* See p. 367, O thou &c. [8]

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[4]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:225.

[5]Orig., "Sit down" changed to "Sit not down."

[6]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:149.

[7]Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:225, NT #358.

[8]CW is indicating for the hymn written on Luke 14:9 (on p. 367 below) to be inserted on this page in its proper order.

"Whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased."
—[Luke 14,] v. 11.[9]

Why have I, Lord, so often been
Baffled, debas'd by every sin?
With humble shame and grief
One sin I own the cause of all;
Pride always went before a fall,
The pride of unbelief.

"He that humbleth himself shall be exalted."
—[Luke 14,] v. 11.

[I.][10]

Give me, O Lord, my soul t' abase,
To sink o'rewhelm'd with pardning grace
Lower and lower yet;
And till I mount above the skies,
O may I never, never rise
From weeping at thy feet.

["He that humbleth himself shall be exalted."
—Luke 14, v. 11.]

II.[11]

[1.] Shall man exalt himself, or boast
His goodness, forfeited and lost
When his first parent fell?
A dark abyss of sin unknown
Is all he now can call his own,
And all his right is hell.

2. The good he doth thro' grace regain
He may by lowliness retain,
Or forfeit it by pride:
Full of the serpent's treacherous art,
He cannot trust his own weak heart,
Or in his gifts confide.

3. Yet bold his neighbour to explore,
He dares prefer himself before
The meaner sons of grace;

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[9]Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:225, NT #359, slightly altered.

[10]Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:225, NT #360, slightly altered.

[11]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:226.

No evil in himself can see,
And passing all in purity
He takes the highest place.

4. But taught of God *we* wait the end,
A moment patiently attend,
Our true estate to find;
Eternity will soon disclose
What none but the Omniscient knows,
The hearts of all mankind.

"When thou makest a feast, call the poor, and thou shalt be blessed &c."
—[Luke 14,] v. 13, 14.[12]

[1.] Who gladly to his home invites
The poor that keep their Saviour's word,
Relations all in one unites,
Friends, neighbours, brethren in the Lord,
Christ in his members entertains,
And heaven's eternal banquet gains.

2. Their debts to God who paid alone
Jesus their debts to man shall pay:
The future partners of his throne,
Christian, thy royal guests survey!
The princes of his people these,
Who sit in heavenly palaces.

3. To tend the great Jehovah's heirs,
Persist with joy thy goods to give,
Thy labours, services, and cares;
A ministerial Spirit live,
Till Jesus in the clouds come down,
And his glad host with glory crown.

[12]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:226–27.

"Blessed is he that shall eat bread in the kingdom of God."—[Luke 14,] v. 15.[13]

Happy he, whose wickedness
Is cover'd and forgiven!
In the kingdom of thy grace
He eats the bread of heaven:
In thy dazling[14] realms above
He soon shall live supremely blest,
Banquet on thy richest love,
The saints eternal feast.

"A certain man made a great supper, and bade many."—[Luke 14,] v. 16.[15] +

Happiness for Adam's race
Thou hast, O God, prepar'd:
All may gain thy pardning grace,
And heaven their full reward:
Bliss unspeakable, unknown,
Thou hast for every soul design'd,
Freely giv'n thine only Son,
A Feast for all mankind.

"He sent his servant at supper-time to say to them that were bidden, Come, for all things are now ready."—[Luke 14,] v. 17.[16] +

[1.] When the time was now fulfil'd,
Thou didst send forth our Lord;
In a Servant's form reveal'd
He preach'd the gospel-word,
Shew'd the heavenly kingdom nigh,
Invited sinners to the feast,
"Weary souls, on Me rely,
"And I will give you rest.

2. ["]I will give you drink, and feed
["]Your hungry souls with love,
["]To the feast eternal lead,
["]And be your Life above;

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[13]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:149–50.

[14]Orig., "~~glorious~~."

[15]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:227.

[16]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:150. Stanzas 1 and 2 appeared in *Poetical Works*, 11:227–28.

[“]I have there prepar’d your place
[“]Who to my yoke your spirits bow:
[“]Now receive my word, and grace
[“]And heaven is ready now.”

3. Daily sent in Jesus name
Thy gospel-servants go,
Tidings of great joy proclaim,
Of heaven begun below:
Christ is ready to receive
The souls he did by death redeem,
Waits his precious Self to give,
And grace and heaven in Him.

“They all with one consent began to make excuse.”—[Luke 14,] v. 18.[17] +

Men with one consent excuse
Themselves from happiness,
Still in various ways refuse
Their Saviour and his grace;
Some unpolish’d roughness show,
The messengers in haste repel,
Some with courteous smoothness go,
And decently—to hell.

“The first said, I have bought a piece of ground, and I must needs go and see it: I pray thee have me excused.”—[Luke 14,] v. 18.[18]

Nothing more the wealthy need,
Of outward good possest,
Slight the true, substantial bread,
The evangelic feast:
Lost in ease and idleness,
They live to eat, and drink, and play,

[17]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:228.

[18]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:151.

More and more of earth they seize,
And cast their souls away.

"Another said, I have bought five yoke of oxen, and I go to prove them: I pray thee have me excused."—[Luke 14,] v. 19.[19]

[1.] House to house, and field to field
The greedy worldling joins:
Shall he leave his ground untill'd,
To serve his God's designs?
Time for heaven he cannot spare,
Or on his dying soul attend:
Earth ingrosses all his care
Till life's short moment end.

2. All his treasure here he views,
And toils and hurries on,
Eagerly the world pursues,
By lawful things undone:
"Business must be minded now"
No leizure who for God can find
Sets his hand to Satan's plough,
And never looks behind.

"And another said, I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come."—[Luke 14,] v. 20.[20]

[1.] Men the choicest gift abuse,
And to a curse pervert,
Married who their God refuse,
Nor give to Christ their heart;
The supreme felicity
They in his proffer'd grace disclaim;
Such alas, shall never see
The marriage of the Lamb.

[19]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:228–29.

[20]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:151. Stanza 2 appeared in *Poetical Works*, 11:229.

2. Why should that an hindrance prove
Which God an help intends?
Sinner, gain in Jesus' love
The bliss that never ends:
Come, thou oft-invited guest,
Whom God himself vouchsafes to woo,
Hasten to the gospel-feast,
And bring thy consort too.

"Bring hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind."—[Luke 14,] v. 21.[21]

Needy, impotent to good,
Disabled, halt, and blind,
Hungring after heavenly food
Our souls may mercy find:
Sinners poor invited are
To what the rich and full despise,
Feasted here on Christ, they share
His banquet in the skies.

"Lord, it is done as thou hast commanded, and yet there is room."—[Luke 14,] v. 22.[22] +

[1.] Multitudes of souls distrest
At thy command are come,
Now partake the heavenly feast,
Yet, Lord, there still is room:
Room (tho' millions have obey'd
Thy call, and to thy arms are brought,)
Room for all thy hands have made,
For all thy blood hath bought.

2. Room in thy capacious breast
There is for all our kind,
Every soul may gain the rest
For every soul design'd,

[21]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:152.

[22]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:229.

Plunge in that unfathom'd Sea,
The depth and height of mercy prove,
Feast thro' all eternity
On *my* Redeemer's love.

"Go out into the high ways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled."—[Luke 14,] v. 23.[23]

[1.] To the hedges and high-ways
Ev'n now thy servant goes,
All the riches of thy grace
To wandring sinners shows,
Seeks the vagabonds that fly,
The most abandon'd slaves of sin,
Outcasts at the point to die,
And forces to come in.

2. Jesus bleeding on the tree,
Thy death their hearts compels,
Then they feel the joy in Thee
Which all delight excels,
Croud into thine house below,
Convinc'd thy flesh is meat indeed,
Thee their Life eternal know,
And on thy fulness feed.

"None of those men which were bidden shall taste of my supper."—[Luke 14,] v. 24.[24]

O what multitudes at last
Their own destroyers prove!
Call'd, they might, but will not taste
The sweets of Jesus love:
Those who scorn'd his proffer'd grace,
And would not to his supper come,

[23]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:230.

[24]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:230.

Christ shall from his presence chase
To hell's eternal gloom.

"If any man come to me, and hate not his father ... he cannot be my disciple."
—[Luke 14,] v. 26.[25]

[1.] Who follows Christ with heart sincere,
Sits loose to all relations here,
From every creature free:
The tenderest love which nature knows
Compar'd with what to Christ he owes
May pass for enmity.

2. Far above all competitors
Jesus the Saviour he prefers,
Jesus the Good supreme;
His bosom-friend if Christ demands
He renders back into his hands,
Or dies himself for Him.

"Whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple."
—[Luke 14,] v. 27.[26]

[1.] Millions the Christian name
Without the cross receive,
Servants of men and slaves of fame
In ease and pleasures live;
Following the world his foe
They throng the spacious road,
Nor will in Jesus footsteps go
By Calvary to God.

2. But better taught by grace
His doctrines I approve,
Chearful his daily cross embrace,
And all his sufferings love,
With joy I follow Him
Who once for sinners died,

[25]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:230–31.

[26]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:231.

And nothing know, desire, esteem
But Jesus crucified.

"Which of you intending to build a tower, sitteth not down first, and counteth the cost &c."—[Luke 14,] v. 28.[27]

[1.] Lord, I have counted first the cost,
My all must for thy love be lost:
I know, the sure Foundation stands,
Establish'd by Almighty hands;
And Thou who hast thy work begun,
From faith to faith shalt lead me on,
Till bold I to the summit press,
And rise compleat in holiness.

2. I reckon on thy Spirit's power
To build me up into a tower,
Thy gracious all-sufficiency
Shall bring forth the head-stone in me:
The more I sink in my own eyes,
The higher in my Lord's I rise,
Fall into nothing thro' thy love;
And thus I reach thy throne above.

**"What king going to war &c."
—[Luke 14,] v. 31, 32.**[28]

Shall I the Lord of hosts defy
As stronger than th' Almighty I?
Or now my impotence confess,
And humbly sue for terms of peace?
The terms He hath already given,
The peace is made 'twixt earth and heaven;
I yield: the war is at an end,
And God in Jesus is my Friend.

"If the salt have lost its savour, wherewith shall it be seasoned?"—[Luke 14,] v. 34.[29]

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[27]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:231–32. Stanza 1 = *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:226, NT #361.

[28]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:232.

[29]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:152.

[1.] Who lose the salt of grace
The humble, loving zeal,
Most dreadful is their case
Most irretrievable,
Insipid souls, and only fit
For Satan, and his hellish pit!

2. O may I ever be
The least in my own eyes
Retain my poverty,
And labour for the prize,
And always dread th' apostate's doom,
And watch, and pray, till Jesus come!

S. Luke XV.

"Then drew near unto him all the publicans and sinners for to hear him."
—[Luke 15,] v. 1.[1]

Why did God on earth appear?
That to a Physician kind
Sinsick sinners might all draw[2] near,
Might in Him salvation find,
That the blind his light might see,
Ignorant his truth receive,
Slaves, regain their liberty,
Dead, by faith in Jesus live.

"This Man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them."—[Luke 15,] v. 2.[3]

[1.] Yes; for Thou hast receiv'd
The sinner's chief in me:
Thro' mercy I believ'd,
And favor found with Thee,
A wandring sheep to Satan sold,
Thou hast brought back[4] into thy fold.

2. This heav'n-descended Man
God over all I own,

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[1]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:152.

[2]Orig., "might draw" changed to "might all draw."

[3]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:153. This is an expansion of *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:226, NT #362.

[4]Orig., "~~receiv'd~~" changed to "brought back."

Who doth my soul sustain
With living bread unknown;
Admitted on thy grace to feast
O take me to thy endless[5] rest.

"What man of you having an hundred sheep, if he lose one &c."—[Luke 15,] v. 4.[6]

Jesus the good Shepherd, good
With Divine humanity,
Miss'd the purchase of his blood,
Left the ninety-nine for me:
Hurrying down th' infernal way
Long his fugitive he sought,
Found at last his fainting stray,
Found, and to his bosom caught.

"And when he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders, rejoicing."—[Luke 15,] v. 5.[7]

Kindly for his own He cares,
Full of sympathizing[8] love
All my griefs and burthens bears,
Hides my life secure above:
Sure support his mercy gives,
Bears beyond the adverse power,
Never to myself he leaves,
Never lets me wander more.

"And when he cometh home, he calleth together his friends and neighbours, saying unto them, Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost."—[Luke 15,] v. 6.[9]

Jesus now gone up on high
Calls his family above,

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[5]Orig., "~~glorious~~."

[6]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:233.

[7]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:233.

[8]"Sympathizing" has "sympathetic" written in the margin as an alternative.

[9]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:153. In *Poetical Works*, 11:233, the first four lines of this verse appear in a longer poem combined with the first four lines of the following poem on Luke 15:7.

Bids his friends and neighbours cry
"Glory to the God of love!"
Triumph all the heavenly host,
Earth repeats the joyful sound
"Christ hath sav'd a sinner lost,
"Christ his wandring sheep hath found!"

"Likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth more than over ninety and nine just persons."—[Luke 15,] v. 7.[10]

Jesus' bliss the church inspires,
Who before his Face appear:
Angels strike their sounding lyres
For a soul repenting here:
Jesus' most stupendous grace
To a prodigal forgiven
Challenges their loftiest praise,[11]
Heightens all the joys of heaven.

"What woman having ten pieces of silver, if she lose one &c."—[Luke 15,] v. 8.[12]

[1.] Pure the soul at first was made,
Mark'd with God's authentic sign,
But the image is decay'd,
Wholly lost the stamp Divine:
Lost himself the sinner lies,
Sunk in sin and trampled down,
Till the Lord of earth and skies
Finds, and claims him for his own.

2. Then the sinner seeks thy grace,
By the candle of the word,
Sweeps the house, th' inlighten'd place,
Waiting to receive his Lord:

[10]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:153–54.

[11]"Praise" has "lays" written in the margin as an alternative.

[12]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:154.

Still he searches after Thee,
And, when Thou discover'd art,
Feels the joyful extasy,
Finds the image in his heart.

"Likewise I say unto you, There is joy in the presence of the angels of God, over one sinner that repenteth."—[Luke 15,] v. 10.[13]

Angels, saints, and men are glad
At a prodigal's return,
Envious Pharisees are sad,
With the powers of darkness mourn:
Scribes in every age the same
Thus their *true succession* prove,
By their murmurings proclaim
"God we neither fear nor love."

"Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me."—[Luke 15,] v. 12.[14]

The cause of human ruin see!
Man will his own disposer be,
And independant live,
His gracious stock at once demands,
Nor will from a kind Father's hands
His daily bread receive.

"And he divided unto them his living." —[Luke 15,] v. 12.[15]

The Father by his clamours prest
In anger grants the bold request
Of his presumptuous son:
And hurrying on by swift degrees
To gain the heights of wild excess,
He flies to be undone.

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[13]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:233–34.

[14]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:234.

[15]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:154.

"And not many days after, the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living."
—[Luke 15,] v. 13.[16]

[1.] Lord of himself, he takes his flight,
Far from his heavenly Father's sight,
While sense and passion guides,
Far as he can from God removes,
Thro' nature's paths licentious roves,
And with the world resides.

2. Ranging in vice without controul,
He spends the riches of his soul,
Religion's laws disdains,
He sells himself and God for nought,
Sins on, till not one serious thought
Or good desire remains.

"And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in want."—[Luke 15,] v. 14.[17]

[1.] The wanderer from his Father's face,
Who now has wasted all his grace,
On earth can nothing find
To satisfy his soul with food,
Or give the smallest taste of good
To his immortal mind.

2. Who happy without God would be
Finds only want and misery,
When God is quite remov'd;
How void the spirit, if God's depart!
And O, what famine in the heart
Where Jesus is not lov'd?

[16]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:234.

[17]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:155. Stanza 2 appeared in *Poetical Works*, 11:234.

"And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine."—[Luke 15,] v. 15.[18]

[1.] Yet more and more abandon'd still
He hires himself, at Satan's will
To serve the fiend's design:
And lo, the tempter's instrument
To theatres and gardens sent,
He feeds the devil's swine.

2. He spends his strength, the world to please,
In sin's most sordid services
Obeys his cruel lord,
A labourer in his vineyard lives,
Death all the wages he receives,
And hell his whole[19] reward.

"He would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat: and no man gave unto him."—[Luke 15,] v. 16.[20]

[1.] With envious impotent desire,
The creatures wallowing in the mire,
The human herd he sees,
But no delight in sin can taste,
Harast, and quite worn out at last
In Satan's drudgeries.

2. His wishes, were they all fulfil'd,
No real happiness could yield,
The filthy sinful kind
Could never satisfy his need;
On vanity themselves they feed,
On ashes, husks, and wind.

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[18]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:235.

[19]"Whole" has "sad" written in the margin as an alternative.

[20]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:235.

"And when he came to himself he said, How many hired servants of my Father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger!"—[Luke 15,] v. 17.[21]

[1.] The steps of man's conversion see!
Perceiving his own misery
He to himself returns,
Made conscious of his spirit's wants,
As perishing for hunger faints,
And after God he mourns.

2. When to his sober mind restor'd,
He envies those that serve the Lord
With every good supplied,
Who in his family possess
The true substantial happiness,
And nothing want beside.

**"I will arise, and will go to my father &c."
—[Luke 15,] v. 18.**[22]

Drawn by the secret power of grace
Sin to forsake and all its ways,
And not a moment lose,
He vows to try if prayer can move
The bowels of a Father's love,
At once resolves, and does.

**"And he arose, and came to his father &c."
—[Luke 15,] v. 20.**[23]

[1.] I will, I do arise,
And to my Father go,
My injur'd Father in the skies
To Thee my heart I show;
With late remorse confess
I have rebellious been,
My inward parts are wickedness,
And all my life is sin.

[21]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:155. Stanza 2 appeared in *Poetical Works*, 11:235–36.

[22]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:236.

[23]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:236. Orig., "v. 19"; an error.

[2.] A sinner in thy sight,
I have thy justice dar'd,
And forfeited my filial right,
And earn'd the fiend's reward:
Yet do not lose thine own;
Yet me, for Jesus sake,
(Unworthy to be call'd a son)
Thy meanest servant make.

"But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion on him, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him." —[Luke 15,] v. 20.[24]

[1.] With mercy's quickest eyes
His wretched son He sees,
The prodigal far off espies,
And pities his distress:
At sight of human woe
His yearning bowels move,
The Father swiftly runs to show
His warm, paternal love.

2. A late-returning child
His mercy's arms embrace,
His lips declare him reconcil'd,
His lips distilling grace:
The kiss dispels his fears,
With balmy words applied,
The self-condemning sinner chears,
And seals him justified.

3. Not one upbraiding word
The pardon'd sinner grieves:
In mercy rich, his heavenly Lord
Forgets when he forgives:
He hears his heart's desire,
Preventing his request,

[24]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:236–37.

And recent from the swine and mire
Receives him to his breast.

"And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned &c."—[Luke 15,] v. 21.[25]

[1.] Father, I still confess
The sins Thou hast forgiven,
Unworthy to behold thy face,
Or lift mine eyes to heaven:
Tho' Thou thy love reveal
Remitting all my debt,
That I have sinn'd I never will
I never can forget.

2. Thou knowst what I would say,
While at thy feet I fall,
And dost not give me time to pray
To be the least of all:
Thy mercy bids me rise,
From all that I have done
Discharg'd, and fill'd with sweet surprize,[26]
And call'd a pleasant son.

"Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him, and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet."—[Luke 15,] v. 22.[27]

[1.] Thou hast brought forth for me
That best orig'nal dress,
That robe of spotless purity
To hide my nakedness:
The robe thy children wear
By faith is truly mine,
The perfect, heavenly character,
The righteousness Divine.

[25]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:237–38.

[26]Orig., "~~call'd a pleas[ant son]~~" changed to "fill'd with sweet surprize."

[27]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:238–39.

2. The ring, the Spirit's seal
I from thy hands receive,
Earnest of bliss ineffable
Which only God can give:
The signet bears his name
Who left his throne above;
And lo, to Christ betroth'd I am
In mercy, truth, and love.

3. Shod with the gospel-peace
I safely now go on,
Ready with all thy messages
In all thy paths to run;
I urge my way with speed,
And strength invincible,
On serpents, and on scorpions tread,
On sin, and death, and hell.

"And bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it;
and let us eat, and be merry."
—[Luke 15,] v. 23.[28]

[1.] At the great feast of God
Delighted I sit down,
And eat the flesh, and drink the blood
Of thine eternal Son:
I more than taste and see
How full of grace Thou art:
I sup with Christ, and Christ with me,
And heaven o'reflows my heart.

2. Angels the banquet share,
Thy family above
More happy, more triumphant are
Thro' thy redeeming love:
My joy doth theirs increase,
Exalts their raptures higher,

[28]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:239.

O'rewhelms with mightier extasies
The whole transported quire.

"For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found."—[Luke 15,] v. 24.[29]

From every golden string
Sublimer praises sound,
The dead restor'd to life they sing,
The wandring sinner found;
Found, to be lost no more,
Alive, in life to stay,
And love, and wonder, and adore
Thro' one eternal day.

S. Luke XVI.

"There was a certain rich man which had a steward; and the same was accused unto him that he had wasted his goods." —[Luke 16,] v. 1.[1]

[1.] God is rich, and God alone:
The goods which we possess
Lent us by our Lord we own
As stewards of his grace:
Every talent we receive
Improv'd we should to Him restore,
Only for his service live,
And God in all adore.

2. Not imploying for his use,
Our Master's goods we waste,
Life and all its blessings lose,
And our own souls at last;
Thoughtless of that day unknown,
When each shall at the bar appear,
Answer for the evil done,
And good neglected here.

[29]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:239.

[1]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:240.

"Give an account of thy stewardship."
—[Luke 16,] v. 2.[2]

We shall stand before his face,
For all we now receive
(Every gift and every grace)
A strict account to give,
How we here our trust fulfil'd,
Our riches, time, and thoughts employ'd,
How we used the truth reveal'd,
And how the Christ of God.

"What shall I do? I cannot dig, to beg I am ashamed."—[Luke 16,] v. 3.[3]

Who Jesus and his grace hast lost,
What hast thou, soul, whereof to boast?
Sin, only sin remains to thee,
Proud want, and slothful poverty:
How justly impotent to good,
Who wou'dst not use the power bestow'd,
Thou canst not help thy desperate case,
Or strive, or ask, or hope for grace.

"I am resolved what to do, that when I am put out of the stewardship, they may receive me into their houses."—[Luke 16,] v. 4.[4]

But when on earth I cease to live,
Who shall my naked soul receive,
Nourish my soul which cannot die,
And all its endless wants supply?
Jesus, my sole resource Thou art,
Relieve my poverty of heart,
And let me my true riches see;
And find them all contain'd in Thee.

"The children of this world are in their

[2]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:240.

[3]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:155–56.

[4]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:156.

"generation wiser than the children of light."
—[Luke 16,] v. 8.[5]

[1.] The men who seek their portion here,
To their own worldly interest true,
Consistent with themselves appear,
With steady aim their end pursue,
Contrivance, care, and foresight show
T' insure the good they prize below.

2. Not half so wise the sons of light
The one thing needful to secure!
Toiling henceforth both day and night
To make our heavenly treasure sure,
O might we every means improve,
And Jesus every moment love!

3. Saviour, our want of even zeal,
Our past improvidence forgive,
That proving all thy perfect will
To Thee we may intirely live,
Accomplishing thy whole design,
Receiv'd into that house Divine.

"Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness; that when &c."
—[Luke 16,] v. 9.[6]

[1.] Whate'er Thou dost to us intrust,
With thy peculiar blessing blest
O make us diligent and just,
As stewards faithful in the least,
Indow'd with wisdom to possess
The mammon of unrighteousness.

2. Help us to make the poor our friends,
By that which paves the way to hell,
That when our loving labour ends,
And dying from this earth we fail,

[5]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:156. Stanzas 1 and 2 appeared in *Poetical Works*, 11:240–41.

[6]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:157. Stanza 2 is a slight adaptation of *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:226, NT #364.

Our friends may greet us in the skies
Born to a life that never dies.

"He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much."—[Luke 16,] v. 10.[7]

[1.] The meanest gifts, my substance here,
Lord, if I faithfully improve,
And to thy members minister,
Wilt thou not to the things above
My heart and purg'd affections raise,
And teach me to improve thy grace?

2. Wilt thou not bless me with the skill
To use my precious time aright,
To labour up the heavenly hill,
To mingle with the saints in light,
And happy[8] at thy side sit down,
Deck'd with an everlasting crown?

"He that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much."—[Luke 16,] v. 10.[9]

Whoe'er his Master's money wasts,
A prodigal of time becomes,
Swiftly to sure perdition hasts,
His grace, his life, his soul consumes,
And when the self-destroyer dies,[10]
Loses his portion on the skies.[11]

"If therefore ye have not been faithful in the unrighteous mammon, who will commit to your trust the true riches?"
—[Luke 16,] v. 11.[12]

[1.] Riches by fraudful crimes acquir'd,
Possest by powerful villainy,

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[7]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:157.

[8]Orig., "~~glorious~~."

[9]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:241.

[10]Orig., "~~Squanders his portion in the skies~~" changed to "And when the self-destroyer dies."

[11]Orig., "~~And self-destroy'd forever dies~~" changed next to "~~Squanders~~ his portion on the skies." CW finally changed to "Loses his portion on the skies," with "Loses" having "Forfeits" written as an alternative.

[12]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:158.

By worldlings[13] valued and admir'd,
They cannot the true riches be,
Cause of unnumbred ills below
They cannot happiness bestow.

2. Saviour, from these defend thine own
And with the real riches bless,
Riches unsearchable, unknown,
Riches of unexhausted grace,
And bless us with the wealth above,
Thy rich, inestimable[14] love.

"If ye have not been faithful in that which is another man's, who shall give you that which is your own?"—[Luke 16,] v. 12.[15]

[1.] Ye rich, your poverty confess,
And low at Jesus' footstool bow,
Stewards of all ye here possess,
Proprietors of nothing now,
His goods as he directs employ,
And share at last your Master's joy.

2. Foreign and false the riches here
Make themselves wings, and fly away:
Who bears the Christian character
Disdains to court their longer stay,
Restores the momentary loan,
And only heaven he calls his own.

3. For those eternal things design'd
Which Jesus did for him procure,
He sets on them his heart and mind,
The riches great, and true, and sure,

[13]Orig., "~~worldling~~."

[14]Orig., "The treasures of thy ~~glorious~~." CW next changed to "~~The treasures of thy heavenly~~," and finally changed to "Thy rich, inestimable."

[15]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:241–42.

The fund of pure unfading bliss,
Which Jesus made forever his.

"No man can serve two masters &c."
—[Luke 16,] v. 13.[16] +

[1.] Which wilt thou serve? the world or God?
Sinner, thou canst not both obey:
Each other contraries exclude:
If Mammon thine affections sway,
Thou must renounce the joys above,
Thou canst not God and money love.

2. Canst thou deliberate which to chuse?
This moment with thine idols part,
The world with all its goods refuse,
Thy faithful undivided heart
To Christ thy rightful Master give,
And happy as his angels live.

"The Pharisees who were covetous, heard all these things, and they derided him."
—[Luke 16,] v. 14.[17]

The eager for esteem and gold,
To avarice and ambition sold,
In every age deride the word
Of a poor self-denying Lord:
And should he now to earth return,
The rich would still their Saviour spurn,
His counsels slight, his yoke disdain,
And nail him to his cross again.

"Ye are they which justify yourselves before men, but God knoweth your hearts: for that which is highly &c."—[Luke 16,] v. 15.[18]

1.[19] Thou Pharisee who, blind and proud,
Dost righteous before men appear

[16]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:242.

[17]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:158.

[18]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:158–59.

[19]CW originally had stanzas 1 and 2 reversed, but numbered them in the margin to the order shown above.

What art thou in the sight of God?
A rotten, painted sepulchre!
Thine inward wickedness he sees,
And will to all mankind reveal,
Thy filthy rags[20] of righteousness,
Thy title not to heaven, but hell.

2. Ye pillars in your own esteem,
Vain is the praise which man bestows:
Just, to yourselves and men ye seem,
But all your hearts th' Omniscient knows:
Men, foolish men the state approve
Of saints intirely sanctified,
Admiring that as perfect love
Which God abhors as perfect pride.

**"The law and the prophets were until John;
since that time the kingdom of God is
preached, and every man presseth into it."
—[Luke 16,] v. 16.**[21]

The kingdom promis'd and foreshow'd[22]
By legal types and ancient seers,
The church, the hierarchy of God
Establish'd now on earth appears;
And sinners, sav'd for Jesus sake,
May all into the kingdom press,
Its glory, power, and joy partake,
And seize the crown of righteousness.

**"And it is easier for heaven and earth to pass,
than one tittle of the law to fail."
—[Luke 16,] v. 17.**[23]

When Jesus' kingdom is reveal'd,
The law's in every point fulfil'd,
Its shadows to the light give place,
Its figures to the truth of grace,

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[20]Orig., "~~rage~~."

[21]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:159.

[22]Orig., "~~foretold~~."

[23]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:159.

Th' event, when we on Christ rely,
Accomplishes the prophecy,
The promise in th' effect we prove,
And fear forever lost in love.

"There was a certain man which was clothed in purple and fine linnen, and fared sumptuously every day."—[Luke 16,] v. 19.[24]

[1.] Riches to love and clothing gay,
Themselves to pamper every day,
And to neglect the poor,
Consigns the men who will not know
Their God, to everlasting woe,
And makes damnation sure.

2. Ye rich who live yourselves to please,
Your pleasures and luxurious ease
Compare to Jesus' cross:
How doth your life with his agree,
Your pomp with his humility,
Your riot with his laws?

3. Daily do you yourselves deny,
Your lusts and passions mortify,
And strive and suffer on?
Set ye your hearts on things above,
God beyond all his creatures love,
And worship him alone?

4. Alas, ye scorn the Lord to fear,
To work out your salvation here,
Or all for Christ forego:
His needy members ye despise,
And shut against the light your eyes,
To lift them up—below!

[24]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:242–43.

"And there was a certain beggar, named Lazarus, which was laid at his gate, full of sores."—[Luke 16,] v. 20.[25]

Behold a fav'rite of the skies!
Before the glutton's gate he lies
In pining want and pain,
Cover'd with wounds and loathsom sores
Relief he silently implores,
But asks the crumbs in vain.

"Moreover the dogs came, and licked his sores."—[Luke 16,] v. 21.[26]

The dogs some small relief afford,
Kinder than their hard-hearted lord;
The wretch he passes by,
Sufficient that his beasts he feeds,
He slights his fellow-creature's needs,
And lets the beggar die.

"The beggar died, and was carried by angels into Abraham's bosom."—[Luke 16,] v. 22.[27]

Worn out with grief, and want, and pain
The beggar dies, and lives again
Beyond conception blest,
By flaming ministers convey'd
To realms of joy, he rests his head
On his Redeemer's breast.

"The rich man also died, and was buried. And in hell he lift up his eyes being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom."—[Luke 16,] v. 22, 23.[28]

[1.] Gripp'd[29] by th' arresting hand of death,
The glutton too resigns his breath,
Lodg'd in a stately tomb!

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[25]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:243.

[26]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:243–44.

[27]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:244.

[28]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:244–45.

[29]Orig., "Grip'd"; an error.

His carcase leaves its bliss behind,
His soul with tort'ring fiends confin'd
Receives its fearful doom.

2. Below, he lifts his haggard eyes,
Curst with a glimpse of paradise,
And sees the beggar there:
The loss of heavenly happiness
Doth all his raging pangs increase,
And deepens his despair.

3. Thou epicure not yet in hell,
Thy danger now submit to feel
While thy damnation stays:
Awake out of thy worldly dream,
Lift up thine eyes in prayer to Him
Who offers all his grace.

4. Thou need'st not feel th' infernal woe,
Or to that place of torment go,
That endless misery:
Repent, renounce thy wealth and ease,
Sell all for Jesus love, and seize
The heaven prepar'd for thee.

"Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus &c."—[Luke 16,] v. 24.[30]

[1.] In hell he pours a fruitless prayer,
No mercy for a suppliant there
Who would not hear the poor:
Unheard he must, unpitied cry,
The gnawing worm that cannot die,
The quenchless fire endure.

2. How righteous is the sinner's doom!
He who refus'd the poor a crumb,

[30]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:245.

Desires a drop in vain;
Who sold his God for pleasures base
Is justly driven from his face
To everlasting pain.

"Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things &c."
—[Luke 16,] v. 25.[31]

[1.] Why is he sentenc'd to that pain?
Did he by fraud his wealth obtain?
No; but the blessings given
On his rich neighbours he bestow'd,
Injoy'd himself instead of God,
And never thought on heaven.

2. He had the happiness he chose,
Sensual delight and soft repose,
Magnificence and fame:
And who from earth their joys receive,
Their joys they soon, like him, shall leave
For that eternal flame.

"But now he is comforted."
—[Luke 16,] v. 25.[32]

[1.] Happy the child of misery
Who doth on earth affliction see,
And Jesus cross embrace,
Who evil patiently receives,
In indigence and sorrow lives
The life of righteousness.

2. For momentary sufferings here
The Saviour shall his follower chear,
Before he hence remove,
With tastes of bliss unspeakable;

[31]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:245. Stanza 1 = *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:226–27, NT #365, altered.

[32]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:159–60.

And when he leaves the weeping vale,
With all the joys above.

"And thou art tormented."
—[Luke 16,] v. 25.[33]

[1.] How wretched is the man possest
Of all his wish, by blindness blest,
Who no affliction knows,
No sorrow feels, or cross sustains;
His pleasure promises his pains,
And everlasting woes.

2. He hath his consolation here:
And mem'ry terribly severe
Shall tell him so beneath,
While he who once would nothing bear,
Gnaws his own tongue in fierce despair,
And dies the second death.

"Between us and you there is a great gulph fixed."—[Luke 16,] v. 26.[34] +

[1.] Tho' now the good and evil meet,
Tho' here the goats and sheep, the wheat
And tares we mingled see,
Th' irremiable gulph betwixt
The sav'd and damn'd, will soon be fixt
For all eternity.

2. No hope shall the tormented know
Of 'scaping from the pit of woe,
And passing to the skies,
No fear shall with the blest remain
Of ever forfeiting again
Their heavenly paradise.

[33]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:160.

[34]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:246.

3. My God, to which shall I belong?
Rejoice with saints, or groan among
The curst despairing croud?
For Jesus' sake a sinner clear,
And give mine inmost soul to hear
The answer of his blood.

"Send him to my father's house: for I have five brethren; that he may testify unto them, lest they also come into this place of torment."
—[Luke 16,] v. 27, 28.[35]

[1.] Is there benevolence in hell?
Or can the damn'd compassion feel
At their associates doom?
No; but an Epicure below
May dread an huge increase of woe,
When his companions come.

2. How will he their reproaches bear,
Who spread his table for a snare,
Taught them to scorn the poor,
Made them in all his crimes partake,
And left them all his goods to make
Their swift damnation sure?

"They have Moses and the prophets."
—[Luke 16,] v. 29.[36]

[1.] We have them too; and Christ beside:
His word and Spirit is our Guide
In the celestial way:
His gospel and Apostles show
The means t' escape that hellish woe,
"Repent, believe, obey!"

2. The word Divine we rightly hear,
Who read with faith and humble fear,

[35]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:246.

[36]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:160. Stanza 1 appeared in *Poetical Works*, 11:247.

To it for counsel fly,
Who pray and live it o're and o're,
And Him that speaks in truth adore,
In spirit glorify.

"But if one went unto them from the dead, they will repent."—[Luke 16,] v. 30.[37]

[1.] In vain the self-deceiver stays
For wonders of resistless grace
His stubborn heart t' incline,
Proof for his faith affects to want:
A thousand proofs if mercy grant,
He asks a farther sign.

2. Faith for his proofs is wanting still,
He will remain, because he will,
Unsav'd and unforgiven,
Till hearkning to the sacred word
He leaves his sin, and serves his Lord,
His God come down from heaven.

"If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead."—[Luke 16,] v. 31.[38]

[1.] His oracles who disbelieve,
To miracles no credence give:
His oracles are fill'd
With wonders by Jehovah done
To make his truth and goodness known,
And speak his Arm reveal'd.

2. Jesus by his stupendous grace
Another Lazarus did raise,
Him from the dead he sent;

[37]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:247.

[38]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:247–48.

Himself on[39] the third day arose,
To save his most obdurate foes,
Yet would they not repent.

3. Him and his friend they sought to slay,
Nor saw the clear meridian ray
Which in their darkness shone,
Thro' passion blind, and proud despite
They shut their eyes against the light
Of that meridian Sun.

4. Taught by their incredulity,
The standing means vouchsaf'd by Thee
We thankfully embrace,
Thy scriptures search to find our Lord,
And listen to the joyful word
Of reconciling grace.

5. The sinner poor thy word believes,
As full sufficient proof receives
What Thou art pleas'd t' impart:
But love alone can change the will,
But only Gilead's balm can heal
The blindness of my heart.

[39]Orig., "Himself ~~from~~ on" changed to "Himself on."

S. Luke XVII.

"If thy brother trespass against thee seven times in a day, and seven time in a day turn again to thee, saying, I repent; thou shalt forgive him."—[Luke 17,] v. 4.[1]

[1.] Let mine injurious brother own
His oft-reiterated sin,
Receiv'd for Jesus' sake alone
As the offence had never been,
I to my confidence restore,
And love, and prize him as before.

2. Yes, if sufficient proof he give
That he doth really repent,
Again I to my arms receive,
Again I count him innocent,
With cordial amity embrace,
And set him in his former place.

3. But if his stubborn pride disdain
The frequent evil to confess,
Lord, shall I trust my foe again,
Or as my bosom-friend caress?
I must, I will with love receive,
And twice ten thousand times forgive.

4. Hardned in his impenitence
For him I now in secret mourn,
Remit unask'd the hundred pence,
And pray my God his heart to turn,
And treat him, when the change I see,
As kindly as Thou treatest me.

"Lord, increase our faith."—[Luke 17,] v. 5.[2]

[1.] Faith enables us to bear
The sharpest injuries:

[1]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:161. This is an expansion of *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:227, NT #366; adding stanza 2.

[2]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:249.

Faith alone gives birth to prayer,
And prayer doth faith increase:
Faith will every moment droop,
Unless we every moment cry
Guard it, Lord, confirm, fill up,
And take us to the sky.

2. Thus throughout our course below
For more and more we pray,
Fresh degrees of faith bestow,
Nor let thy grace decay,
Strengthen us to persevere,
And walk unblam'd with Thee in white,
Till our faith is perfect here,
And swallow'd up in sight.

"If ye had faith as a grain of mustard-seed, ye might say unto this sycamine tree, Be thou plucked up by the root, and be thou planted in the sea; and it should obey you."
—[Luke 17,] v. 6.[3]

[1.] Lord, the virtue of thy love
Omnipotent exert,
Sin t' extirpate, and remove
Its nature from my heart;
Cast it out, th' accursed tree,
The carnal mind abhorring God,
Sink it, Jesus, in the sea
Of thy all-cleansing blood.

2. Surely faith's minutest grain
Shall do the mighty deed,
Form my sinless soul again
From every evil freed;
Nature shall obey thy word,
From all concupiscence and pride

[3]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:161–62.

Sav'd, and perfectly restor'd,
And wholly sanctified.

"Which of you having a servant ploughing, or feeding cattle, will say to him as soon as he cometh from the field, go, and sit down to meat &c."—[Luke 17,] v. 7, 8.[4]

[1.] Whether thy little flock we feed,
Or follow, Lord, the gospel-plough,
Patience as well as faith we need,
And must not ask our wages now,
Howe'er our hasty[5] nature say
"Go triumph first, and then obey."

2. Weary, with thirst and hunger faint,
From labouring in thy field I come,
Thy sweet refreshing grace I want,
Unready for my heavenly home,
I long thy promises to prove,
And banquet on thy perfect love.

3. But O, a time I dare not set,
Or now demand to sup with Thee,
Still on my Lord I humbly wait,
If still Thou use my ministry;
In hunger, weariness, and thirst
'Tis fit I serve my Master first.

4. Then let me patiently attend,
The leisure of my heavenly Lord,
Till Thou in mercy condescend
To comfort by thy hallowing word,
And raise me weeping at thy feet,
At table with the King to sit.

[4]Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:227–28, NT #367, altered.

[5]Orig., "impatient," with "impatient" having "our hearty" written in the margin as an alternative. CW then changed to "~~impatient~~," and finally to "our hearty."

5. After I have endur'd a while,
    After I have thy pleasure done,
Thy love shall recompense my toil,
    Thy love my patient faith shall crown,
And then I enter into rest,
And then on *thy* perfection feast.

"Doth he thank that servant because he did the things that were commanded him? I trow not. So likewise ye &c."—[Luke 17,] v. 9, 10.[6]

[1.] "But if you needs must work *before*,
    "Salvation is of works, not grace:"
Not so; if Christ supplies the power
    For my imperfect services,
And gives me on himself t' attend
Labouring, and suffering to the end.

2. No thanks to me my Master owes
    For works which he himself hath wrought:
Grace only the reward bestows
    For every gracious word and thought:
And when I his commands have done,
The praise, I trow, is all his own.

3. I have but done my duty, Lord,
    When answering all thy welcome will,
I cannot speak one boasting word,
    But most unprofitable still,
The meanest of thy servants I,
The chief of sinners, live and die.

"There met him ten men that were lepers, which stood afar off. And they lifted up their voices, and said, Jesus, Master, have mercy on us."—[Luke 17,] v. 12, 13.[7]

[1.] Repentance doth with fear begin,
We feel the baseness of our sin,

[6]Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:228–29, NT #368.

[7]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:162–63. The first three stanzas appeared in *Poetical Works*, 11:251–52.

Not bold salvation to demand,
Or snatch the grace out of his hand,
Not worthy before God t' appear,
We come, yet tremble to draw near.

2. Foul lepers, by ourselves abhor'd,
Asham'd to meet an holy Lord,
Our nature's loathsomness we feel,
Our heart and life deserving hell,
And cry with lifted voice aloud,
Immeasurably far from God.

3. Saviour of men, to Thee we cry,
Whose blood was shed to bring us nigh:
Apply it, Lord, to purge our sin,
To make our filthy conscience clean;
Thy love infuse, thy mercy show,
And wash the lepers white as snow.

4. When Thou from sin hast set us free,
Our Master, and Instructor be,
Teach by thy salutiferous grace,
And guide us thro' our happy days,
Let mercy all our steps attend,
Till time in life eternal end.

**"And when he saw them, he said unto them,
Go, shew yourselves unto the priests &c."
—[Luke 17,] v. 14.**[8]

Jesus, Thou hast with pity seen,
And heal'd a croud of leprous men,
While to the priests ourselves we show'd,
Attending in the courts of God,
Thy pity bad our sins depart,
And pardon'd purified our heart.

[8]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:163.

"And one of them when he saw that he was healed, turned back, and with a loud voice glorified God."—[Luke 17,] v. 15.[9]

[1.] Numbers frequent thy house of prayer,
And wait thy loving-kindness there,
Lift up their voice, and sue for grace,
But, silent in the Giver's praise,
A thousand blessings they receive,
Yet never to thy glory live.

2. A grateful soul cannot defer
Redeeming mercy to declare,
He must his thankful love express,
His Saviour before men confess,
And, witnessing his sins forgiven,
Give glory to the God of heaven.

"He fell down at his feet, giving him thanks." —[Luke 17,] v. 16.[10]

Accompanied it needs must be
True love with deep humility,
A leper cleans'd, a sinner heal'd,
A soul who knows his pardon seal'd,
Prostrate, with all his ransom'd powers
At Jesus' feet thro' life adores.

"Were there not ten cleansed? but where are the nine?"—[Luke 17,] v. 17.[11]

Where are the nine? alas, my God,
We soon forgot thy cleansing blood:
But lo! I now at last return
My base ingratitude to mourn,

[9]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:252.

[10]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:252.

[11]Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:229, NT #369.

Thy pardning love to glorify,
Thy confessor to live and die.

"There are not found that returned to give glory to God, save this stranger." —[Luke 17,] v. 18.[12]

Jesus, by whom redeem'd I live,
To Thee I all the glory give,
And on the wings of angels borne
Shall soon triumphantly return,
To celebrate with saints above
The praise of thine eternal love.

"Arise, go thy way."—[Luke 17,] v. 19.[13]

The lower at his feet we stoop,
The higher Jesus lifts us up,
And strengthens with confirming grace
Thro' all his peaceful, pleasant ways
To walk unblameable in love,
And serve him as his saints above.

"Thy faith hath made thee whole." —[Luke 17,] v. 19.[14]

Jesus commends the faith in me
Which heals my sinful leprosy,
That I may praise the grace of God
Who faith and its effects bestow'd,
And doth ev'n now his peace impart,
And stamps his image on my heart.

"The kingdom of God cometh not with observation."—[Luke 17,] v. 20.[15]

Not with outward pomp and state
    Comes thy kingdom here below,
Those that would be rich or great
    Cannot its true nature know,

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[12]Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:229, NT #370, altered.

[13]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:253.

[14]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:253.

[15]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:163.

The dim eyes of flesh and blood
Never can its glory see:
But when I embrace my God,
Then I find thy throne in me.

"The kingdom of God is within you."
—[Luke 17,] v. 21.[16]

Love, the power of humble love
Constitutes thy kingdom here:
Never, never to remove
Let it, Lord, in me appear,
Let the pure, internal grace
Fill my new-created soul,
Peace, and joy, and righteousness,
While eternal ages roll.

"The days will come when ye shall desire to see one of the days of the Son of man, and ye shall not see it."—[Luke 17,] v. 22.[17]

[1.] The times of Jesus' grace
We should with care improve,
The joyous, evangelic days
Of our first rapt'rous love;
That when the light withdraws,
And troublous times succeed,
We boldly may take up our cross,
And suffer with our Head.

2. To Thee for help I cry,
While yet thy days I see;
When darkness and temptation's nigh,
My Lord, remember me:
Thro' death's tremendous night
By angel-hosts convey,
My fearless soul, to see the light
Of thine eternal day.

[16]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:163–64.

[17]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:164.

"They shall say to you, See here, or see there: go not after them, nor follow them. For as the lightning &c."—[Luke 17,] v. 23, 24.[18]

[1.] All parties furiously contend
With the great Babylon of Rome,
Dispute, and wrangle without end,
"To us for true religion come,"
Christ among them they bid us seek,
As every sect were Catholic.

2. But shall we their disciples be
Who would Immensity confine?
We need not wander far to see
The universal Lightning shine:
Look, sinner, look, where'er thou art,
For Christ's appearing—in thy heart.

"But first must he suffer many things, and be rejected of this generation."
—[Luke 17,] v. 25.[19]

The same necessity
Is on the members laid;
And hated by the world like Thee
We imitate our Head,
Pursue the narrow way,
Beneath thy burthens groan;
And thus prepar'd we see thy day,
While sharers of thy[20] throne.

"As it was in the days of Noah, so shall it be also in the days of the Son of man."
—[Luke 17,] v. 26.[21]

[1.] Thy judgments, Lord, in ages past
Are types and figures of the last,
And warn us to repent,
Yet millions make thy warnings vain,

[18]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:164.

[19]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:165.

[20]Orig., "~~And mount thy glorious~~" changed to "While sharers of thy."

[21]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:165.

Secure in sin they still remain,
And die impenitent.

2. The world we now, like Noah's, see,
Drunk with the same stupidity,
In present things employ'd,
For sensual joy and vain delight
The everlasting goods they slight,
And dare the wrath of God.

"They did eat, they drank ... till the day that Noah entred into the ark: and the flood came and destroyed them all."—[Luke 17,] v. 27.[22]

[1.] The world thine oracles despise,
The Christian world, with careless eyes
Thine ancient judgments see,
Nor will they shun their doom foretold,
Or know they read in those of old
Their own sad history.

2. As born their appetites to please,
Their own conveniency and ease
They only live t' insure,
Add house to house, and field to field,
Marry, and feast, and plant, and build,
To make their names endure.

"The same day that Lot went out of Sodom, it rained fire and brimstone from heaven, and destroyed them all."—[Luke 17,] v. 29.[23]

[1.] A moment more had Lot delay'd,
A moment more in Sodom stay'd,
The fire had stopt his flight,
Had swept away his tardy soul,

[22]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:165–66.

[23]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:166.

And sunk him in the sulphe'rous pool
With all the sons of night.

2. But warn'd out of the flames he fled,
That we with instantaneous speed
May from destruction run,
Like Lot, our all forego, despise,
Before the vengeance of the skies
In fiery storms come down.

"Even thus shall it be in the day when the Son of man is revealed."—[Luke 17,] v. 30.[24]

[1.] The threatning will be soon fulfil'd,
In flaming fire from heaven reveal'd
The Son of man shall come
Full vengeance on[25] his foes to take,
Who light of all his judgments make,
And mock at Sodom's doom.

2. Sinners shall be surpriz'd again,
The wrath of God pour down like rain,
And to a deluge swell,
Justice as in a moment's space
Shall swallow' up all the faithless race,
Shall sweep the world to hell.

"He which shall be upon the housetop, and his stuff in the house, let him not come down to take it away &c."—[Luke 17,] v. 31.[26]

Who Jesus' warning words receive,
The perishable goods we leave
Ev'n now in heart and mind,
Our souls to save, without delay
We fly, and cast the world away,
And never look behind.

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[24]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:166.

[25]Orig., "~~of~~."

[26]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:167.

"Remember Lot's wife."—[Luke 17,] v. 32.[27]

Ingrave her doom upon my heart,
That I may never wish to part,
(So apt[28] to tempt my loving God,
To stop, and linger on the road)
That I may never more draw back,
Saviour, into thy bosom take,
And make this dear-bought soul of mine
A monument of grace divine.

"Whosoever shall lose his life, shall preserve it."—[Luke 17,] v. 33.[29]

That happy loss I long to know,
To lose myself, a man of woe,
A man of lips and heart unclean,
A wretched man of inbred sin:
O could I gasp my parting breath,
And find myself redeem'd from death,
Impassive, innocent above,
Fill'd with the glorious God of love!

"In that night there shall be two men in one bed; the one shall be taken, and the other left."—[Luke 17,] v. 34.[30]

The Saviour knows and eyes his own
Who live and die for Him alone,
A difference in their favor makes,
Preserves, and from the evil takes;
In tribulation's darkest night
He keeps the children of the light,
Kindly forbids their faith to fail,
And guides them thro' the mortal vale.

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[27]Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:229–30, NT #371.

[28]Orig., "~~aft~~."

[29]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:167.

[30]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:167.

O may we watch, and pray, and strive,
Before the dreary hour arrive,
Before our gracious day be o're,
And man can work for God no more:
We yet may 'scape the coming snare,
We yet may for our Lord prepare,
Make our election sure, and prove
Pure vessels of his saving love.

"Two women shall be grinding &c."
—[Luke 17,] v. 36.[31]

Hard-labouring for the body here,
How few th' approaching judgment fear,
Expect the Judge, for mercy cry,
And to the arms of Jesus fly!
Yet some midst life's tumultuous cares
The Saviour in his bosom bears,
Till far above the storm they soar,
And reach with Him the heavenly shore.

"Two men shall be in the field; the one &c."
—[Luke 17,] v. 36.[32]

Shall I be left in sin to die,
Or all the vengeful storms outfly?
Perish as the rebellious race,
Or 'scape within thy arms embrace?
Saviour, the solemn secret tell:
Or if Thou still thyself conceal,
Yet keep, till all my fears are past,
And save me as by fire at last.

"Wheresoever the body is, there will[33] **the eagles be gathered together."**
—[Luke 17,] v. 37.[34]

Th' elect on wings of eagles borne
Shall soon with rapid joy return,
To Jesus gather'd in the skies
Behold their God with eagles eyes:

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[31]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:168.

[32]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:254.

[33]Orig., "~~shall~~."

[34]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:168.

The Sight shall make their heavenly feast;
The saints with his full presence blest
Shall live to sing, and love, and gaze
An age of everlasting days.

S. Luke XVIII.

"Men ought always to pray, and not to faint."
—[Luke 18,] v. 1.[1]

[1.] Surely, if we ought, we may
Every moment watch and pray:
Simply I receive thy word,
Merciful, almighty Lord:
Thou who gavest the command,
Nothing can thy will withstand;
And if I believe in Thee,
Nothing is too hard for me.

2. O that I my God might find
Always present to my mind,
O that I might Thee desire,
Thee in every wish require!
When my constant aim Thou art,
Master of my longing heart,
All my happiness and care;
Then I pray the ceaseless prayer.

"And shall not God avenge his own elect?"
—[Luke 18,] v. 7.[2]

[1.] A widow poor, forlorn, opprest,
Importunate her suit can gain;
And shall not we our joint request
By persevering prayer obtain?
A stranger to the Judge she was;
But we God's chosen people are,

[1]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:254–55. Stanza 1 = *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:230, NT #372.

[2]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:255–56. A later hand adds the note that this hymn appears in John Leifchild, *Original Hymns* (1842), 128. Leifchild would have known the hymn from its publication in the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine* 54 (1831): 144.

And wishing us to gain our cause
Himself doth all our burthens bear.

2. To an unrighteous Judge she came,
But to a righteous Father we,
Who bids us confidently claim
His grace for needy sinners free:
The widow's and the orphan's Friend
Kindly commands us to draw nigh:
And lo, our hearts to heaven ascend,
And boldly Abba Father cry!

3. She had no promise to succeed,
And but at times could find access;
Incourag'd we, and sure to speed
Both day and night our suit may press:
Her vehemence did the judge provoke;
But God our earnestness approves,
Watches our every sigh and look,
And most the boldest suitor[3] loves.

4. She had no friend or patron kind
T' inforce, and make her suit his own;
But we a powerful Spokesman find
Before us at the Father's throne;
Our Advocate forever lives
For us in heaven to intercede,
For us the Comforter receives,
And sends him in our hearts to plead.

"I tell you that he will avenge them speedily."
—[Luke 18,] v. 8.[4]

[1.] Lord, thy promise we believe,
And confidently pray,
Soon Thou wilt the answer give,
And take our sins away,

[3]Orig., "~~importunity he~~" changed to "most the boldest suitor."

[4]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:256–57.

Wilt thy precious[5] Self reveal,
Thine own almighty grace employ,
Satan from our hearts expel,
And all his works destroy.

2. Wrestling on in ceaseless prayer,
We will not let thee go;
Saviour, thy great arm make bare,
Avenge us of our foe:
Us who in thy name intreat,
Thy church Thou canst not long refuse:
Bruise him now, beneath our feet
The fiend forever bruise.

3. Day and night for this we cry,
And will not let thee rest:
Cast him out, O Lord most high,
And heal our inbred pest,
Deal th' exterminating blow,
Purge out[6] our nature's deepest stains,
Root and branch destroy our foe,
And slay his last remains.

4. Then our spotless spirits hide,
Till Thou to judgment come,
Claim the widow for thy bride,
And take thine exiles home,
Fully vindicate thine own
Admitted in thy deed to share,
Seated by thy righteous throne
To doom the Tempter there.

"He spake this parable unto certain, which trusted in themselves that they were righteous, and despised others."
—[Luke 18,] v. 9.[7]

[5]Orig., "~~glorious~~."

[6]Orig., "~~Heal~~" changed to "Purge out."

[7]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:168.

[1.] Professors good in their own eyes,
In their own vain opinion just,
Who dare the worst of men despise,
And in their own perfections trust,
They, dead in sin, themselves deceive,
And only have a name to live.

2. Themselves they never yet have known
Themselves who proudly justify,
On publicans with scorn look down,
"Stand by thyself" to sinners cry,
And glory in their sordid dress,
The clouts of their own righteousness.

**"Two men went up into the temple to pray,
the one a Pharisee, and the other a publican."
—[Luke 18,] v. 10.**[8]

[1.] When to the house of prayer we go,
Who can our secret motive tell?
Beneath the same religious[9] show
Our good or evil we conceal;
God only knows our inward parts,
The pride, or hunger of our hearts.

2. The proud he doth far off behold,
But hears the trembling sinner's prayer,
Pities a soul to Satan sold,
Who from the confines of despair
In Jesus' name for mercy cries;
And lives—because his Saviour dies!

**"God, I thank thee, that I am not as other
men are &c."—[Luke 18,] v. 11, 12.**

[I.][10]

[1.] He comes (pretender vain) to pray,
Yet nothing of the Lord desires:
He comes, his virtues to display,
Himself, instead of God, admires;

[8]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:257.

[9]Orig., "~~religion~~."

[10]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:258.

Or thanks him with his lips alone,
And thinks his goodness all his own.

2. His goodness in externals lies,
In negatives, and forms of good,
In freedom from disgraceful vice,
In alms by vanity bestow'd,
In fasts for sin to satisfy,
And the first seat above to buy.

3. His thanks abominably vain
The number of his sins increase,
And while he scorns the dregs of men,
His inward parts are wickedness;
And while he God his debtor makes,
All glory to himself he takes.

4. Presumption, confidence, and pride,
The prayer of Pharisees compose,
Of all who in themselves confide;
From nature their religion flows,
Nature improv'd by hellish art
To hide the demon in their heart.

["God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men are &c."—Luke 18, v. 11, 12.]

II.[11]

The modern Pharisee is bold
In boasting to surpass the old:
Triumphant in himself, he stands
Conspicuous with extended hands,
With hideous screams and outcries loud
Proclaims his goodness to the croud,
Glories in his own perfect grace,
And blasphemies presents for praise!
"Again I thank thee, and again,
"That I am not as other men,

[11]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:169.

"But holy as thyself, and pure,
"And must, O God, like thee indure:
"Thyself I now to witness call,
"That I am good, and cannot fall,
"Thee to exalt, repeat the word,
"And thus I glory—in the Lord!["] *[12]

"The publican standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes to heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner."—[Luke 18,] v. 13.[13]

[1.] A penitent indeed
Has nothing good to plead,
Guilt confesses with his eyes,
Dares not lift them up to heaven,
Not so much in words as sighs
Prays, and begs to be forgiven.

2. O'rewhelm'd with conscious fear
He trembles to draw near,
Far from the most holy place,
Far from God his distance keeps,
Feels his whole unworthiness,
Feels—but shame has seal'd his lips.

3. Labours his strugling soul
With indignation full,
With unutter'd grief opprest,
Grief too big for life to bear,
Self-condemn'd he smites his breast,
Smites his breast—and God is there!

*

[12]CW wrote an asterisk at the end of the hymn, but did not include the text for the footnote after the corresponding asterisk at the bottom of the page.

[13]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:169–70.

4. Loos'd by the power of grace,
Behold, at last he prays!
Pleads th' atoning sacrifice
For meer sin and misery,
Humbly in the Spirit cries
"God be merciful to me!"

"I tell you, This man went down to his house justified, and not the other: for every one that exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself, shall be exalted."
—[Luke 18,] v. 14.[14]

[1.] Jesus doth the truth declare;
The boaster bears his load,
Hastning from the house of prayer
Beneath the curse of God:
God the publican receives;
And conscious of the blood applied,
He with joy the temple leaves
A sinner justified.

2. God resists the proud and vain
Of their own righteousness,
Every self-exalting man
Almighty to abase:
All themselves who justify
He dooms his endless wrath to feel,
Bold invaders of the sky
He brings[15] them down to hell.

3. Sinners self-condemn'd he chears
With blessings from above,
Grace, abundant grace confers,
And sweet forgiving love,
Strangely condescends to stoop,
And dwell with every contrite one,

[14]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:170–71.

[15]"Brings" has "thrusts" written in the margin as an alternative.

Lifts the humbled mourner up,
And seats him on his throne.

"They brought unto him also infants, that he would touch them &c."
—[Luke 18,] v. 15–17.[16]

[1.] Lord, I would be brought to Thee,
Passive as an infant be,
Hallow'd by that touch of thine,
Lodg'd within the arms Divine:

2. Longing to be all thine own,
Let me hang on Thee alone,
Free from trouble and concern
All my manly thoughts unlearn;

3. All my worldly wisdom lose,
All my power to will or chuse;
Simply in thy Spirit live,
Every thing from God receive.

4. Let my elder brethren chide,
Push my foolishness aside,
Call'd I am in Thee to rest;
Press me closer to thy breast.

5. Me into thy kingdom take,
Me thy loyal subject make,
Hide my happy life above,
Safe in unreflecting love.

6. Principled with humble grace
Make me meet to see thy face,
Then thy spotless image own,
Then receive me to thy throne.

"All these things have I kept from my youth."
—[Luke 18,] v. 21.[17]

[16]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:259.

[17]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:171.

How blind the heart of man
Who thinks he all has done,
Yet never yet his work began,
Or lov'd the God unknown!
Commanded to sell all,
He will with nothing part,
But stops his ears against the call
"My son, give me thy heart."

"Yet lackest thou one thing."
—[Luke 18,] v. 22.[18]

One thing is lacking still,
But one which all implies,
To offer up thy heart, and will,
And life in sacrifice;
With gladness to restore
Whate'er thy God hath given,
And thro' his deputies the poor
Lay up thy wealth in heaven.

"When he heard this, he was very sorrowful,
for he was very rich."—[Luke 18,] v. 23.[19]

When God severely kind
A blessing hath remov'd,
We then our close attachment find
To what too well we lov'd:
Our sad reluctant pain,
Our lingring grief to part
Too sensibly alas, explain
The fondness of our heart.

"Jesus said, How hardly shall they that have
riches enter into the kingdom of God!"
—[Luke 18,] v. 24.[20]

Who cleave to earth and sin,
Believe what Christ doth say,

[18]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:171.

[19]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:171.

[20]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:172.

(He makes the terms of entring in,
He is the Door, the Way)
For you with wealth to part,
For you your all to sell,
The Searcher of the worldly heart
Declares Impossible.

"It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God."—[Luke 18,] v. 25.[21]

Who wealth possesses here,
And is by wealth possest,
Can never in his sight appear
By whom the poor are blest:
His riches he injoys,
On them for help relies,
And loses for terrestrial toys
A kingdom in the skies.

"And they that heard it said, Who then can be saved?"—[Luke 18,] v. 26.[22]

Few of the wealthy fear
The formidable word,
For few will condescend to hear
A mean, rejected Lord:
The poor his truth believe,
And with their idols part,
Convinc'd, till Jesus they receive,
They still are rich in heart.

"The things which are impossible with men, are possible with God."—[Luke 18,] v. 27.[23]

To save the rich from hell,
Above the world to raise,

[21]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:172.

[22]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:172.

[23]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:173.

There needs a double miracle
Of thine almighty grace:
But if to Thee he run,
Thy riches he receives,
And then he trusts thy love alone,
And poor in spirit lives.

"Lo, we have left all and followed thee."
—[Luke 18,] v. 28.[24]

It matters not how small
The sacrifice we make;
For Christ we then forsake our all,
When we our hopes forsake,
Our every vain desire,
Our every creature-love,
And nought on earth but Christ require,[25]
And nought but Christ above.

"There is no man that hath left house ... who shall not receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting."—[Luke 18,] v. 29.

[I.][26]

[1.] How rich in God's esteem
Is Jesus' minister,
Who has abandon'd all for Him,
And nothing covets here!
From hopes and fears set free
He labours for the sky,
In Apostolic poverty
Resolv'd to live and die.

2. For precious souls he cares,
Their willing servant is,
And glad attends the royal heirs
Of everlasting bliss;

[24]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:173.

[25]Orig., "~~desire~~."

[26]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:259–60. Orig., "v. 30"; an error.

Nothing he hath below,
And yet of all possest
Exults in perfect peace to go
And share that heavenly feast.

["There is no man that hath left house ... who shall not receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting."—Luke 18, v. 29.]

II.[27]

[1.] Lord, we our seal set to,
Before we hence remove,
And testify that Thou art true
To those[28] who trust thy love:
Besprinkled with thy blood,
In deepest poverty,
Detach'd from every outward good
We all things have in Thee.

2. In thy mysterious peace
Which rules the spotless mind,
We here an hundred-fold possess
For what we left behind:
Happy on earth we live
Who know our sins forgiven,
And die exulting to receive
Our full reward in heaven.

"A certain blind man sat by the way-side begging &c."—[Luke 18,] v. 35.[29]

[1.] How ignorant and blind
The sinner's heart and mind!
In the shades of death he dwells,
Poor and proud of misery;
When his unbelief he feels,
Then he half begins to see.

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[27]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:260.

[28]Orig., "~~trust~~."

[29]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:260–62.

2. Happy, if then he hear
Of the Physician near,
Jesus Son of the Most-high,
Met with in the beggar's way!
But he quickly passes by:
Prayer alone can make him stay.

3. Stop him by prayer alone
Addrest to David's Son;
Cry, thou wretched beggar cry,
Jesus, my Redeemer be,
Save, or in my sins I die,
Shew thy pardning love to me.

4. Check'd by the worldly throng
I will not hold my tongue,
More importunate I cry
With redoubled energy,
Save, or in my sins I die,
Shew thy pardning love to me.

5. Thou dost thy suppliant hear,
Thy call hath brought me near;
All my heart to Thee is known,
Lord, I would receive my sight:
Shine, thou uncreated Sun,
Turn my darkness into light.

6. This unbelief of heart
Command it to depart:
Pardon with thy Spirit give;
Speak, and all my sins are gone,
Speak, and I my Lord perceive,
Freely sav'd by faith alone.

7. Thou dost my pardon seal,
Thou dost Thyself reveal,
Thee my Saviour from above
Now thou giv'st me eyes to see,
Tongue to praise, and heart to love,
Feet to follow after Thee.

8. Happy thro' life if I
My God may glorify,
Make thy power and mercy known,
Worthily shew forth thy praise,
Force the heathen world to own
The great miracle of grace.

S. Luke XIX.

"Behold, there was a certain man named Zaccheus, which was the chief among the publicans, and he was rich."
—[Luke 19,] v. 2.[1]

A rich man sav'd! it cannot be,
Till sovereign Grace his heart incline:
But then th' impossibility
Is done by Christ, the Power Divine,
The chief of publicans believes,
The sinners chief his Lord receives.

"He sought to see Jesus, who he was, and could not for the press, because he was little of stature."—[Luke 19,] v. 3.[2]

Thou, Saviour, dost the wish impart
Which draws a sinner from the croud,
Assists his littleness of heart,
And lifts him up to see his God:
Thro' Thee he longs Thyself to know,
And then Thou dost the sight bestow.

[1]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:262.

[2]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:262–63.

"And he ran before, and climbed up into a sycomore-tree to see him: for he was to pass that way."—[Luke 19,] v. 4.[3]

[1.] Allur'd by his Redeemer's love,
Prevented by his secret grace,
He runs, with eagerness, above
All earthly things himself to raise,
Surmounts the judgment of mankind,
And leaves a scoffing world behind.

2. He waits in hope to see and know
The Lord in his appointed ways,
Where Christ is wont to pass, and show
Himself to those who seek his face,
Who all behold his love reveal'd,
And glory in their pardon seal'd.

"And when Jesus came to the place, he looked up and saw him."—[Luke 19,] v. 5.[4]

Before He saw him in the tree,
Jesus the curious gazer view'd,
Gave him that heart-sincerity,
That passion for a glimpse of God;
And while he after Christ aspires,
The Saviour crowns his own desires.

"He said unto him, Zaccheus, make haste, and come down, for to day I must abide at thy house."—[Luke 19,] v. 5.[5]

[1.] Sinner, come down at Jesus' call,
Sink into thy own nothingness,
Feel the full misery of thy fall,
Thy vile apostacy confess,

[3]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:263.

[4]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:263.

[5]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:263–64.

Jesus with lowly faith receive,
Who stoops with sinful men to live.

2. Humility prepares his way,
His saving power the humble feel:
Jesus, will lodge with thee to day,
Will every day with sinners dwell,
Nor visit as a transient Guest,
But be their everlasting Feast.

3. He for no invitation stays,
But freely of his own accord
Comes with the kingdom of his grace,
And favour shews as sovereign Lord;
His love, for every sinner free,
Precedes all good desire in thee.

"And he made haste, and came down, and received him joyfully."—[Luke 19,] v. 6.[6]

Who would not descend His Saviour to meet?
The publican's Friend I hasten to greet:
And from my embraces He never shall part,
When on his own graces He feasts in my heart.

"And when they saw it, they all murmured, saying, That he was gone to be guest with a man that is a sinner."—[Luke 19,] v. 7.[7]

The Pharisees see, And murmur in vain,
"Who comes unto me, With Me shall remain,"
The gracious Beginner Of faith will go on,
And raise a meer sinner To sit on his throne.

"Zaccheus stood, and said unto the Lord, Behold, half of my goods I give to the poor &c."—[Luke 19,] v. 8.[8]

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[6]Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:230, NT #374.

[7]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:264.

[8]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:264–65.

[1.] The change of my heart My life shall express,
While freely I part With all I possess;
My Master from heaven, To Thee I restore
The goods thou hast given, By feeding the poor.

2. I stand in thy sight My evils to own,
And render their right To all I have known,
Renounce with confusion My ill-gotten gain,
And full restitution I make unto man.

3. If God justifies, Let all men condemn:
Worse in my own eyes, And viler than them,
Possest of thy favor, A penitent poor,
My God and my Saviour, What can I have more?

"This day is Salvation come to this house."
—[Luke 19,] v. 9.[9]

[1.] The heart that believes Is Jesus's home,
When Him it receives Salvation is come:
And I thro' his passion From sin am set free,
And now my Salvation Inhabits in me.

2. Of Abraham's line, The Blessing I own
To me and to mine In Jesus made known:
His indwelling Spirit Believing we find,
And gladly inherit The Friend of mankind.

"For the Son of man is come to seek, and to save the lost thing."—[Luke 19,] v. 10.

[I.][10]

[1.] To save the lost thing, From heaven He came,
And pardon to bring Thro' faith in his name,
The great Mediator Has sav'd us by grace,
Assuming the nature Of all the lost race.

2. One body we were, Corrupt thro' the fall:
But Jesus did bear The burthen of all,

[9]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:265.

[10]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:173–74.

Our sorrows He suffer'd, For sin to atone,
Our life He recover'd, By losing his own.

["For the Son of man is come to seek, and to save the lost thing."—Luke 19, v. 10.]

II.[11]

[1.] Our whole apostate kind
May now salvation find:
Lost to every thought of good,
Lost as sheep that went astray,
Jesus brought us by his blood
Back into Himself the Way.

2. Us thro' rebellion lost
To save, his life it cost:
Lost thro' sins most sore disease,
Gasping out our latest breath,
Jesus brought us health and ease,
Rescued from that second death.

3. From sin and misery
Come then, and rescue me,
Come, my wandring soul to seek,
Come, my sinsick soul to heal,
All my guilty fetters break,
All thy saving grace reveal.

4. Still let thy grace abound
To me a sinner found:
Equal need I always have
To be sought and found by Thee:
Now,[12] and every moment save,
Save thro' all eternity.

"They thought that the kingdom of God should immediately appear."
—[Luke 19,] v. 11.[13]

[1.] Now, ev'n now the kingdom's near,
Peace, and joy, and righteousness,

[11]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:265–66.

[12]Orig., "~~Seek~~."

[13]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:174.

Soon it shall in us appear;
Reverent joy, victorious peace,
Real righteousness brought in
Roots out selfishness and pride,
Finishes the inbred sin,
Makes us like the Crucified.

2. Nature cannot comprehend
Jesus reigning on the cross,
That we may on Him depend,
Suffering, dying in his cause:
Nature would in pomp and state
High at his right-hand sit down,
Suddenly be rich and great,
Shun the cross, but snatch[14] the crown.

"We will not have this man to reign over us."
—[Luke 19,] v. 14.[15]

[1.] The world that bear the Christian name,
Thy authority disclaim,
Against thy laws rebel:
And who thy government refuse
The yoke of sin they madly chuse,
And serve the prince of hell.

2. Jesus, preserve thy grace in me
Willing to be rul'd by Thee,
By Thee my Lord alone:
My only rightful King Thou art;
Restore, and stablish in my heart
Thine everlasting throne.

"He commanded those servants to be called,
to whom he had given the money, that he

[14]Orig., "~~wear~~."

[15]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:174–75.

"might know how much every man had gained by trading."—[Luke 19,] v. 15.[16]

[1.] When we before our Judge appear,
The day shall all our lives reveal,
How we employ'd our substance here,
Our time, and intellect, and will,
What gain'd we by the heavenly trade,
How many souls we won for God,
What use of all his graces made,
What use of Jesus, and his blood.

2. But O, what answer at the throne
Will that unfaithful pastor give,
Who call'd his Master's goods his own,
And for his God refus'd to live,
Who dar'd his talents misemploy,
In sloth, and luxury, and pride,
Nor fear'd to stumble and destroy
The souls for whom his Saviour died.

"Lord, here is thy pound, which I have kept laid up in a napkin."—[Luke 19,] v. 20.[17]

[1.] Tremble thou careless minister,
Who standest all day long
Idle in Jesus' vineyard here,
Yet think'st thou dost no wrong,
Content in indolence to live,
As for thy pastime born,
Thou dost from Christ the pound receive,
And make him no return.

2. Not to improve them, is to lose
The talents of thy God,

[16]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:175.

[17]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:175–76. The first two stanzas appeared in *Poetical Works*, 11:266.

The gifts which for his church's use
He hath on Thee bestow'd:
Not to do good is to do ill;
Thy sacred ministry
Not to discharge, not to fulfil,
Is wickedness in thee.

3. Rest is in labourers a crime,
Before their work is done:
Thy power, authority, and time,
And life are not thy own:
Prepare a strict account to give,
When Jesus bows the sky;
And now his zealous servant live,
Or then—forever die.

"Lord, thy pound hath gained ten pounds."
—[Luke 19,] v. 16.[18]

Thy pound hath gain'd the pounds, not I,
Not I, who all but sin disclaim:
My Saviour did the grace supply,
I nothing can, I nothing am:
Thou wrought'st in me to will and do,
Thou shalt have all the glory too.

"Take from him the pound, and give it to him that hath ten pounds."—[Luke 19,] v. 24.[19]

[1.] The evangelic minister
Should above others have
A zeal for God, an active care
Immortal souls to save:
But if his duty he neglect,
His long-offended Lord
The slothful servant will reject,
And quite revoke the word.

[18]Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:230, NT #375. This hymn is out of order.

[19]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:176.

2. The word, the care, the labouring zeal
He *doth* to others give:
And laymen now of Jesus tell,
And urge us to believe;
Unlearn'd they rise and scale the sky,
While scribes who all things know
Live ignorant of Christ and die,
And find their place below.

"Unto every one which hath shall be given."
—[Luke 19,] v. 26.[20]

[1.] The more his faith by works he shows,
The more a true believer grows,
His toil and strength at once increase,
His fruits and life of righteousness,
And daily doth the saint improve
In zeal, humility, and love.

2. Using the grace his Saviour gives,
He more abundant grace receives,
Less, and still less in his own eyes,
Who every talent occupies,
The plenitude of grace shall gain,
And crown'd at last with Jesus reign.

"Those mine enemies, which would not that I should reign over them, bring hither, and slay them before me."—[Luke 19,] v. 27.[21]

[1.] Who will not to their Saviour go
For mercy, life, and heavenly peace,
Drag'd to the judgment-seat shall know
His power, and truth, and righteousness,
And bear their punishment beneath,
And die an ever-living death.

[20]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:177.

[21]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:177–78. Stanzas 3 and 4 appeared in *Poetical Works*, 11:267.

2. Depriv'd of every gracious gift,
Who would not yield that Christ should reign,
Their eyes they shall in torments lift,
And gnaw their tongues in hopeless pain,
Cast out, and banish'd from his sight
To horrors of eternal night.

3. But lo, the sentence to prevent,
While yet Thou mayst be found, I come,
Thy foes and mine to Thee present;
Jesus, to swift destruction doom,
My sins, and rebel lusts, not me,
Who groan beneath their tyranny.

4. These lords thy subject have opprest,
And never will thy laws obey:
Expel the tyrants from my breast,
Th' usurpers by thy Spirit slay,
Slay by the brightness of thy face,
And let thy glory fill the place.

"He went before them, ascending up to Jerusalem."—[Luke 19,] v. 28.[22]

[1.] Our great Example and our Head
Before us goes to mortal pain:
Shall we not in his footsteps tread,
His sufferings and his cross sustain,
Offer our souls in sacrifice,
And die where our Redeemer dies?

2. Expos'd to all temptations here,
From conquering we to conquer go,
By Jesus led disdain to fear,
When grapling with our latest foe;

[22]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:178.

We trample death beneath our feet;
And then our vict'ory is compleat.

"As he went, they spread their clothes in the way."—[Luke 19,] v. 36.[23]

[1.] The power of Christ is seen
Over the hearts of men!
Suddenly they all agreed
Worship Him with one accord,
In the way their garments spread,
Aid the triumph of their Lord.

2. But soon a countless race
Shall magnify his grace,
Pleasure spurn beneath their feet,
Riches, and the world's esteem,
Glad to Jesus' cross submit,
All renounce, and follow Him.

3. Myriads[24] hosanna cry,
And praise the Lord Most-high,
Myriads[25] shall pour out their blood,
Joyfully their lives lay down,
Die, to glorify their God,
Die, to win the martyr's crown.

"The whole multitude of the disciples began to rejoice and praise God with a loud voice for all the mighty works that they had seen &c." —[Luke 19,] v. 37, 38.[26]

[1.] Descending from the mountain
Still thy disciples meet Thee,
With songs of praise Extol thy grace,
With loud hosannas greet thee:
This, this we all acknowledge
Our time of visitation,

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[23]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:178–79.

[24]Orig., "~~Millions~~."

[25]Orig., "~~Millions~~."

[26]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:179–80. An abridged version appeared in *Poetical Works*, 11:267–68.

And see and own What Thou hast done
For us and our salvation.

2. Sent from thy Father's bosom,
Honour, and might, and blessing,
And glory we Ascribe to Thee,
And praises without ceasing:
Jehovah from Jehovah,
Thou art to sinners given;
Thy Spirit seals, Thy peace reveals
Our peace with God in heaven.

3. Come in thy gracious kingdom
We now by faith adore thee;
But wait to see Thy Majesty,
And all thy heavenly glory:
Thy last triumphant Coming
Shall from the grave deliver;
And then we rise Above the skies,
And praise our King forever.

"The Pharisees said, Master, rebuke thy disciples."—[Luke 19,] v. 39.[27]

The praise of Christ offends the ear
Of envious Pharisees,
Who hate to see his power appear,
And fight against his peace;
The kingdom of his grace within
They impiously deny,
And scorning Him that saves from sin
In unbelief they die.

"If these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out."
—[Luke 19,] v. 40.[28]

[27]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:180.

[28]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:268.

The word fulfil'd in this our day
Obdurate sinners find,
And joyful multitudes obey
The Saviour of mankind:
Because the rulers hold their peace,
The stones cry out and sing;
And still we shout, and still confess
The Coming of our King.

"He beheld the city, and wept over it."
—[Luke 19,] v. 41.[29] +

[1.] Weeps the Saviour o're his foe,
The vilest of mankind:
Need we arguments to show
His pity unconfined?
Arguments his heart to prove,
Copious from his eyes they fall;
Every tear demonstrates love,
And LOVE that died for all!

2. Still the streams of pity[30] run,
And never, never cease,
Still he mourns a soul undone
By its own wickedness:
One who would from Him depart
He doth with eyes of mercy see:
Grieves for me his melting heart,
His Spirit grieves for me!

3. Jesus, lengthen out my day,
That I thy grace may know,
Grace which takes the stone away,
And makes the waters flow:
Touch me with thy sacred grief,
Draw me to thy wounded side;

[29]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:268–69. Stanza 1 = *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:231, NT #376, altered.

[30]Orig., "~~mercy~~."

Then thy blood is my relief,
And speaks me justified.

"Thine enemies … shall lay thee even with the ground … and not leave in thee one stone upon another."—[Luke 19,] v. 43, 44.[31]

[1.] Who can the dreadful state explain,
The misery of a soul conceive,
Whom God abandons to his pain,
Whom Justice doth to Satan leave?
A sinner damn'd, of hope bereft,
To all his foes implacable,
Like a rebellious city left,
And plunder'd by the hosts of hell!

2. For God originally made
The city is by fiends possest,
As Babylon in ruins laid,
The serpent's home, the dragon's nest:
No token or remains of good,
Of hope, or penitent desire,
To show where once the city stood
Burnt up with everlasting fire.

"Because thou knewest not the time of thy visitation."—[Luke 19,] v. 44.[32] +

The most apostate spirit below
Amidst his torments shall confess,
His season he refus'd to know,[33]
When visited by saving grace:
This, sinner, makes the hell of hell,
Thou might'st have liv'd on earth forgiven,
Consign'd to flames unquenchable,
Thou might'st have gain'd the joys of heaven.

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[31]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:180–81.

[32]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:269.

[33]Orig., "~~go~~."

"Ye have made it a den of thieves."
—[Luke 19,] v. 46.[34]

Jesus' zeal can never bear
Simon's followers profane,
Miscreants who the house of prayer
Turn into a robber's den:
God abhors the priestly thieves,
Holy things who buy and sell:
And when He the hirelings leaves,
Satan pays his slaves in hell.

"He taught daily in the temple."
—[Luke 19,] v. 47.[35]

[1.] While to the temple we repair,
The house of truth as well as prayer,
God in the means injoin'd,
Instructor of the faithful race,
God in the ministers of grace,
And at his feast we find.

2. Daily he doth his people teach,
The gospel of salvation preach,
The news of sin forgiven,
While Jesus his own word applies,
Comes in his Spirit from the skies,
And bears our souls to heaven.

"The chief priests sought to destroy him ...
the people were very attentive to hear him."
—[Luke 19,] v. 47, 48.[36]

Still every faithful minister
Meets with the treatment of his Lord,
The priests detest, and scorn to[37] hear,
The people hang upon his word.

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[34]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:181.

[35]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:181.

[36]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:269.

[37]Orig., "~~the people~~" changed to "and scorn to."

S. Luke XX.

"As he taught the people in the temple, and preached the gospel, the chief priests and the scribes came upon him with the elders, saying, Tell us by what authority dost thou these things?"—[Luke 20,] v. 1, 2.[1]

[1.] Rulers, high-priests, and scribes employ
Their power and art in every age,
Jesus, thy gospel to destroy;
Against thy ministers they rage,
And question our authority,
To teach the truth receiv'd from Thee.

2. But arm us with thy wisdom, Lord,
Their craft and malice to defeat,
And vanquish'd by thy Spirit's sword
The world and tempter shall retreat,
Their Conqueror own with silent shame,
And bow to thine Almighty name.

"They be persuaded that John was a prophet."—[Luke 20,] v. 6.[2]

Thy people can a prophet know
Who lives a prophet's life below,
Who witnesses the truths of God,
And seals his mission with his blood:
But proof the learned cannot find,
Thro' envious prepossession blind;
Nor should a saint the praise receive
Which Pharisees are forc'd to give.

**"Jesus said unto them, Neither tell I you by what authority I do these things."
—[Luke 20,] v. 8.**[3]

His miracles had plainly told
Th' authority of Christ the Lord,

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[1]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:181–82.

[2]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:269–70.

[3]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:270.

But who would not the facts behold,
Would never have believ'd his word:
He justly then to them denies
The light which he on babes bestows,
Hides from the prudent and the wise,
And mysteries to the simple shows.

"He went into a far country for a long time."
—[Luke 20,] v. 9.[4]

[1.] Jesus to heaven is gone,
That distant land unknown,
Long he from his vineyard stays,
Doth not in his flesh appear;
Yet in his protecting grace
Every day we find him here.

2. Still the Invisible
With men vouchsafes to dwell;
Present in his house we prove,
Present at his mystic feast,
Present by the Spirit of love,
Present in the faithful breast.

3. Who on his word rely,
We live beneath his eye,
Think him always at the door,
Witness of our industry,
Labour on with all our power,
Thus expect his face to see.

4. The slothful worldly throng
Suppose he tarries long,
Life appears an age to them,
Till th' important moment's o're,
Then they wake out of their dream,
See the Judge, and sleep no more!

[4]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:182. A version containing only the first and last stanza appeared in *Poetical Works*, 11:270.

"Come, let us kill him, that the inheritance may be ours."—[Luke 20,] v. 14.[5]

Ambitious, covetous, and vain,
Priests who in ease and pleasure live,
They persecute their Lord again,
His members vex, his Spirit grieve;
Souls by their negligence they kill,
Jesus afresh they crucify,
And eat, and drink, and sport their fill,
And let the poor thro' hunger die.

"So they cast him out of the vineyard, and killed him."—[Luke 20,] v. 15.[6]

Who love his name, and keep his word,
And Jesus for our Pattern take,
The church, the vineyard of our Lord
We never, never will forsake:
Let wicked priests, if God permit,
Out of the pale with fury cast,
The servants as the Master treat,
And nail us to his cross at last.

"He shall come and destroy these husbandmen, and shall give the vineyard to others."—[Luke 20,] v. 16.[7]

[1.] Who his coming shall abide,
Stand his day, when Christ appears?
Not the violent sons of pride,
Not th' unfaithful ministers:
Those who made his precepts void
Cannot from his judgments flee,
Cast out of his sight, destroy'd,
Damn'd to all eternity.

[5]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:183.

[6]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:183.

[7]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:183–84.

2. Idle, mercenary, proud,
Robbers of the church and poor,
Would ye 'scape the wrath of God,
Wrath that always shall endure?
While ye hear your punishment,
To the righteous sentence bow,
Let your lives the doom prevent,
Let your lives forbid it now.

"The Stone which the builders rejected, the same is become the head of the corner."
—[Luke 20,] v. 17.[8]

[1.] Who builders should by office be,
Or pillars to support the dome,[9]
They will not own that Christ is He,
Or hear him, now the Prophet's come,
Or for their rightful King receive,
Or by his death consent[10] to live.

2. The Basis of his church below,
The Cement, Corner-stone, and Head,
They wilfully refuse to know,
On Jesus and his members tread,
Till all compleat the Temple rise,
And shine eternal in the skies.

"Whosoever shall fall on that Stone shall be broken; but on whomsoever it shall fall, it shall grind him to powder."
—[Luke 20,] v. 18.[11]

[1.] Who in his mean condition here
Refus'd the humbled Son of man,
Induc'd his righteous wrath severe
And perish'd without mercy slain:
Who scorn Him on his glorious throne,
More hardned than rebellious Jews,

[8]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:184.

[9]Orig., "~~doom~~."

[10]"Consent" has "submit" written in the margin as an alternative.

[11]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:270–71.

His judgments shall on them come down,
His vengeance shall forever bruise.

2. Who on thy mystic Body fall,
Thy church, O Lord, they cannot shock,
But broken fly, and scatter'd all
Like dashing glass against a Rock:
And who their fearful state can tell,
When Christ t' avenge his saints shall come,
His whole Almighty wrath reveal,
And fix their everlasting doom!

"They sought to lay hands on him, and they feared the people."—[Luke 20,] v. 19.[12]

Who sets not God before his eyes,
Who his eternal wrath defies,
What keeps him from the last excess,
The utmost heights of wickedness?
Only the abject fear of man,
And momentary ills restrain
A sinner, hanging by that hair
O're the deep gulph of dark despair.

"They sent forth spies, which should feign themselves just men."—[Luke 20,] v. 20.[13]

[1.] Beneath a mask of piety
Their worst designs the wicked hide:
Yet (for their hearts we cannot see,
Till actions cast the veil aside)
Love all things hopes, and all believes,
Rejecting and suspecting none:
And thus the hypocrite deceives,
And makes us trust in God alone.

[12]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:271.

[13]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:271–72.

2. The wisdom from above restrains,
And governs our credulity,
It guards the simple, and explains
How caution may with love agree:
With candor then we all receive,
Yet safe beyond th' impostor's power
We none implicitly believe,
We trust appearances no more.

"Is it lawful to give tribute unto Cesar or no?"
—[Luke 20,] v. 22.[14]

The wicked, Lord, and they alone
Will question Cesar's right,
Who thy authority disown
May thy Vicegerent slight:
Who reverence God, their king obey
With constant loyalty,
And while his due to Him we pay,
We serve and worship Thee.

"Whose image and superscription hath it?"
—[Luke 20,] v. 24.[15]

[1.] Thy name, O Christ, I bear,
Thy ruin'd character:
Hardly legible thy name,
Yet I still belong to Thee;
Marr'd by sin thine image claim,
Challenge thy own property.

2. The value I receive
Which Thou art pleas'd to give:
Stamp me with thy mind restor'd,
Real righteousness divine,
Render'd to my rightful Lord
Keep me then forever thine.

[14]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:272.

[15]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:184.

"They could not take hold of his words."
—[Luke 20,] v. 26.[16]

In Thee, O Lord, is all my trust,
When men by speeches fair
Urge me to speak, and seeming just
Would in my words insnare:
To turn the tempter's tools aside,
Thou wilt my wisdom be,
Thou wilt direct my tongue, and guide
My heart resign'd to Thee.

"The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit thou on my right-hand, Till I make thine enemies thy footstool."—[Luke 20,] v. 42, 43.[17]

[1.] The Lord unto my Lord hath said,
The Father to his risen Son,
Sit Thou with all my power array'd,
The Partner of my heavenly throne;
At my right-hand exalted sit,
Till all who thy command withstood
Are subjected beneath thy feet,
Cast down, and vanquish'd by thy blood.

2. Jesus, eternally the same,
Inthron'd in glorious rest above,
We call on thine almighty name,
We trust in thine all-conquering love:
Thy church's foes Thou know'st are thine,
The foes of our salvation see,
Take to thyself thy strength divine,
And fight against them all in me.

3. Thou hast o'recome the world and sin,
The work of ancient days repeat,

[16]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:272.

[17]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:272–73.

For us; for us the battle win,
And make thy victory compleat:
Whoe'er oppose thy righteous reign
We long to see them all subdued,
And every rebel soul of man
Prostrate before their dying God.

4. Avenge us, Saviour, of our foe,
Whose malice doth thy saints accuse,
The seat of Antichrist o'rethrow,
Under our feet the tempter bruise;
Him, and his works at once destroy,
The fulness of thy Spirit give,
And crown us with triumphant joy,
And to thy heavenly throne receive.

"David therefore calleth him Lord, how is he then his Son?"—[Luke 20,] v. 44.[18]

[1.] In Jesus Christ we see
The depths of deity,
Compound strange of God and man,
Creature and Creator join'd!
Who the myste'ry can explain
Fathom the eternal Mind?

2. Lowliness meets in Him
With majesty supreme,
Poor, dependant, and unknown,
Scorn'd on earth, by heaven ador'd,
David's uncreated Son,
David's Son, and sovereign Lord.

3. Wisdom and Power Divine
Unfold his love's design,
Bid us stedfastly believe
God became the Son of man,

[18]Published posthumously in *Representative Verse*, 217; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:185.

That we may his life retrieve,
Sons of God with Jesus reign.

4. Lord, we with joy confess
The myste'ry of thy grace:
God and man because Thou art,
God and man shall still agree;
God and man no more shall part,
One in all thy saints, and me.

"Beware of the scribes, which desire to walk in long robes &c."—[Luke 20,] v. 46, 47.[19]

[1.] Alas, for us, who need beware
Of men that[20] sit in Moses' chair,
And should to heaven the people guide!
Men with the pomp of office clad,
In robes pontifical array'd,
But stain'd with avarice and pride:
They love to be prefer'd, ador'd,
Affect the state and stile of *lord*,
And shine magnificently great:
They for precedency contend,
And on ambition's scale ascend
Hard-labouring for the highest seat.

2. The church they call their proper care,
The temple of the Lord they are,
Abusers of their legal power:
Greedy the church's goods to seize,
Their wealth they without end increase,
And the poor Widow's house devour.
O what a change they soon shall know,
When torn away by death, they go

[19]Published posthumously in *Representative Verse*, 306; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:186. An abridged version appeared in *Poetical Works*, 11: 273–74.

[20]Orig., "~~who~~."

Reluctant from their splendid feasts,
Condemn'd in hottest flames to dwell,
And find the spacious courts of hell
Pav'd with the skulls of Christian Priests!*

* A saying of Chrysostom.[21]

S. Luke XXI.

"He looked up, and saw the rich men casting their gifts into the treasury."
—[Luke 21,] v. 1.

[I.][1]

He still with fixt attention sees
The hand and heart of rich and poor:
Mark'd by no other eyes than his,
We all should his own gifts restore,
Renounce the empty praise of man,
Of vanity the vain reward,
And freely give whate'er we can,
As chearful givers to the Lord.

["He looked up, and saw the rich men casting their gifts into the treasury."
—Luke 21, v. 1.]

II.[2]

Thou dost not Lord, the rich condemn,
Who much of their abundance give,
That we th' intent may never blame,
When good the action we perceive:
The end of every offerer here,
The principle to God is known,
And till Thou make their hearts appear,
We leave their hearts to Thee alone.

"He saw also a certain poor widow, casting in thither two mites."—Luke 21, v. 2.[3]

[1.] Thousands when the wealthy give
From their superfluity,
Christ their offering doth receive;
Doth with more complacence see

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[21]At the bottom of the page, CW wrote and then struckout: "~~A saying of S. Chrysostom's de Sacerdotio~~." This strikeout referred to St. John Chrysostom's (c. 347–407) written treatise on the priesthood.

[1]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:274.

[2]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:274.

[3]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:187.

One contented to be poor,
Fed with manna from above,
One who offers all his store,
Only lives by faith and love.

2. To the actions of the great
God a mourner's heart prefers,
One who in a des'late state
Feeds as on the widow's tears,
For the heavenly Bridegroom sighs,
Life and all by Christ bestow'd
Rendring back in sacrifice,
Thinks he nothing gives to God.

"This widow hath cast in more than they all." —[Luke 21,] v. 3.[4]

Rich in faith and poverty,
Rich in thy Redeemer's love,
Small thy gifts can never be,
Gifts which God delights t' approve;
Charity augments the least,
All exalts and multiplies,
Offer'd thro' the great High-priest,
Mixt with Jesus' sacrifice.

"But she of her poverty hath cast in all the living that she had."—Luke 21, v. 4.[5]

God his mighty power displays,
God his love to sinners shows:
Free, and disengag'd by grace
Then the poor his all bestows;
Let his whole provision fail,
He his confidence approves,
Feasts a Friend invisible,
One whom more than life he loves.

[4]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:275.

[5]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:187.

"As for those things which ye behold, the days will come in the which there shall not be left one stone upon another."
—[Luke 21,] v. 6.[6] +

[1.] The pile magnificent may please
The curious eye of mortals vain,
But nothing great a Christian sees
In all the boasted works of men,
To nobler sights his soul aspires,
And Christ, and only Christ admires.

2. Objects which fleshly minds amuse
With careless eye he passes o're,
Or palaces and temples views
As sinking—to be seen no more,
So soon the shadows disappear,
So soon th' eternal world is here!

3. When time, and all its works are past,
When earth and heaven are thrown aside,
The things invisible shall last,[7]
The saints shall on their Base abide
(All who the will Divine have done)
As stedfast as Jehovah's throne.

"Take heed that ye be not deceived &c."—[Luke 21,] v. 8.[8]

[1.] Did his own Apostles need
A commandment to take heed,
And shall we, the dregs of men,
Count the Saviour's caution vain?
If his warning we despise,
Obstinately close our eyes,
Jesus for his foe we leave,
Tempt the tempter to deceive.

[6]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:275.

[7]Orig., "invisible last" changed to "invisible shall last."

[8]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:275–76.

2. Then the prophets false we hear
Publishing "The time is near,"
Showing when the Judge will come
The ungodly to consume,
Fixing the tremendous day
When he all his foes shall slay,
Pointing out the hour unknown,
Hid from all but God alone.

"Great earthquakes shall be in diverse places, and famine, and pestilences, and fearful sights, and great signs shall there be from heaven."—[Luke 21,] v. 11.[9]

[1.] Happy the man who uses right
Public calamities,
Whose faith in every fearful sight
His Lord approaching sees:
Famine, and pestilence, and war
Are tokens of that day,
Earthquakes, and prodigies prepare
The great Redeemer's way.

2. Good out of all these ills he brings,
And serves his own design,
While ushering in the King of kings
The heavenly armies join;
Dissolv'd the universal frame,
That Jesus may appear,
And nature's dying groans proclaim
Her New-creator here!

"Settle it therefore in your hearts, not to meditate before what ye shall answer." —[Luke 21,] v. 14.[10]

Jesus, fix it in my heart
That human help is vain;

[9]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:276.

[10]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:187–88.

If my Advocate Thou art,
Thou wilt my cause maintain:
Casting then my care away,
I on thine only grace rely;
Thou shalt teach me in that day,
And by my mouth reply.

"I will give you a mouth and wisdom which all your adversaries shall not be able to gainsay."—[Luke 21,] v. 15.[11]

Other wisdom I disclaim
Than that Thou dost bestow;
Eloquent enough I am,
If I my Saviour know:
None can stand against my word,
To Thee when I my all resign,
Join'd to an Almighty Lord,
And arm'd with Love Divine.

"Ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake."—[Luke 21,] v. 17.[12]

The dear portion of my Lord
With humble joy I take,
Let me live despis'd, abhor'd
Of all men for thy sake:
Only Thou my heart renew,
And me begotten from above
Let the world to death pursue,
Because my God I love.

"There shall not an hair of your head perish." —[Luke 21,] v. 18.[13]

Fearful, fluttering heart, be still,
And free from anxious care!

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[11]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:188.

[12]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:188.

[13]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:277.

Till my kind Defender will,
I cannot lose an hair:
If for Christ my all I leave,
I but a moment's loss sustain,
Here an hundred fold receive,
And life eternal gain.

"In your patience possess[14] ye your souls."
—[Luke 21,] v. 19.

[I.][15]

That we may in patient hope
Our quiet souls possess,
Lord, to Thee we give them up,
And to thy guardian grace:
Them we then shall keep secure,
When every moment kept by Thee,
Faithful until death endure,
And die thy face to see.

["In your patience possess ye your souls."
—Luke 21, v. 19.]

II.[16]

[1.] While the world and sin oppress us,
Strengthen'd by th' infernal fiend,
We who keep the word of Jesus,
Suffer on, and wait the end;
Safe in manifold temptations
If his proffer'd grace we use;
But the souls that lose their patience,
They themselves forever lose.

2. Fix in us that quiet Spirit
Which in Thee our Head abode,
Crucified, we then shall bear it,
Bear, and bless the sacred load:
Arm us with thy self-denial,
With thy hope of joys above;

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[14]Orig., "your possess" changed to "your patience possess."

[15]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:277.

[16]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:277–78.

Bring us thro' the fiery trial,
Perfected in meekest love.

3.[17] Masters of our every passion
Who thy daily burthen bear,
Out of tenfold[18] tribulation
Lo, we come thy throne to share,
Hold our souls in full subjection,
Till we into nothing fall;
Then we find our true perfection,
Feel, that Christ is all in all.

"Let them which are in Judea flee to the mountains."—[Luke 21,] v. 21.[19]

We who our Saviour's word receive,
The city of destruction leave,
Anticipate the coming woe,
Withdraw our hearts from all below;
From sin we take our hasty flight,
Contending for the mountain's height,
The world forsake for Jesus' love,
And find our life conceal'd above.

"Then shall they see the Son of man coming in a cloud with power and great glory." —[Luke 21,] v. 27.[20]

[1.] Meet and right it is, that Thou,
Jesus, shou'dst the heavens bow,
Once an humble Son of man,
Our salvation to obtain,
Shou'dst display thy greatness here,
Glorious like Thyself appear!

2. Sovereign Lord, for this we wait:
Come in thy sublime estate,
Hasten the expected hour,
Come with all thy pomp and power,

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[17]Orig., "2"; an error.

[18]Orig., "~~sevenfold~~."

[19]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:188.

[20]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:189. The first three stanzas appeared in *Poetical Works*, 11:278.

Come the Father's only Son,
Shining on thine azure throne.

3. Come thine exiles to remove
Us who thy appearing love:
Prays the Spirit in the bride,
Come, and take us to thy side,
Take to our celestial home,
King of saints, triumphant come.

4. Let thy well-known sign appear,
Let us soon behold thee here,
Wonder at thy crimson scars,
Shout with all the morning stars,
Fall before thy majesty,
Face to face forever see!

"Look up, and lift up your heads, for your redemption draweth nigh."
—[Luke 21,] v. 28.[21]

[1.] May we not now look up,
And lift our hearts to Thee
In sure and comfortable hope
Thy kingdom soon to see?
Wilt Thou not quickly, Lord,
In our behalf appear,
Accomplish thy redeeming word,
And save thy people *here*?

2. Our utmost Saviour Thou,
Our all-victorious Prince,
Redeem us from our troubles now,
Redeem us from our sins:
Thou hearst in our complaints
Thy Spirit's earnest groan:[22]

[21]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:189–90.

[22]Orig., "~~groans~~."

O come and make us sinless saints,
And perfect us in one.

3. That perfect[23] liberty
We humbly wait to know,
With God's establish'd sons to see
Thy throne set up below;
To see thy spotless bride
Fair as the church above,
And share with all the sanctified
Thy most consummate love.

4. Then, then these eyes shall view
Our full Redemption come,
To change our mortal bodies too,
And ransom from the tomb,
Gaze on the Man Divine,
Partake thy majesty,
Bright as thy glorious body shine,
Forever one with Thee.

"Behold the fig-tree and all the trees; When they now shoot forth, ye see and know of yourselves, that summer is now at hand &c." —[Luke 21,] v. 29–31.[24]

[1.] The trees their swelling buds disclose,
The vernal flowers appear,
And nature's resurrection shows
Our constant summer near:
The melancholy season's past,
No more we droop and mourn,
But weathering out the wintry blast
Salute the spring's return.

[23]Orig., "~~glorious~~."

[24]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:279.

2. The signs of our Redeemer nigh
    We see and understand,
With chearful hope look up, and cry
    His kingdom is at hand:
The joys which from believing flow
    Are happiness in bloom,
And soon by tender love we know,
    The life of heaven shall come.

3. In that perpetual summer we
    Retain the flowers of grace,
Nor fear the winter's wastes to see,
    Or autumn's sad decays:
Summer and spring eternal meet,
    And mix their fruits and flowers,
And Jesus makes our bliss compleat,
    And all He is, is ours.

"This generation shall not pass away, till all be fulfilled. Heaven and earth shall pass away; but my words shall not pass away."
—[Luke 21,] v. 32, 33.[25]

Every word of God is sure,
    All his threatned woes are near,
All his promises endure,
    When the world's no more appear;
When both heaven and earth are fled,
    Stand whoe'er his will have done,
Rise with joy[26] upon their head,
    Share his everlasting throne.

"Take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting and drunkenness, and cares of this life, and so that

[25]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:191.

[26]"Joy" has "crowns" written in the margin as an alternative.

"day come upon you unawares."
—[Luke 21,] v. 34.[27]

[1.] O may we to ourselves take heed,
A life of soft indulgence dread
Disguis'd by nature's art,
That regular, allow'd excess,
Which lulls the soul in sensual ease,
And stupefies the heart.

2. O may we shun that subtler snare,
Th' intanglement of lawful care
Which busy worldlings feel,
Which banishes the thought of death,
And choaks their miserable breath,
And sinks them into hell.

3. Regardless of the things unseen,
They live to the desires of men,
Till the great day surprize,
And charg'd with all their sins they go
To taste the bitterer death below,
The death that never dies.

"As a snare shall it come on all them that dwell on the face of the whole earth."
—[Luke 21,] v. 35.[28]

[1.] The men of wealth and character,
The men of earth who settle here,
And count the world their home,
Intangled in the toils of hell,
Shall all the weight of vengeance feel,
And all the wrath to come.

2. But we who God in Jesus know,
Superior to the things below,
To every creature love,

[27]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:279–80.

[28]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:280.

Beyond the fowler's net we fly,
On eagle's wings divide the sky,
And dwell with Christ above.

"Watch ye therefore and pray always, that ye may be accounted worthy to escape all these things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of man."—[Luke 21,] v. 36.[29]

[1.] Saviour, we would thy counsel take;
Awake, and keep our souls awake
By thy own Spirit's power,
So shall we always watch and pray,
And think of that vindictive day,
And death's tremendous hour.

2. On us a sober mind bestow,
To watch throughout our course below
Against the enemy,
An heart that every moment prays,
Still hungring after righteousness,
And still desiring Thee.

3. To us impute thy own desert,
To us the deepest sense impart
Of our own worthlesness,
And hide, for mercy's sake alone,
Till all the vengeful storms are gone,
The vessels of thy grace.

4. So shall we in the judgment stand,
Boldly appear at thy right-hand,
The glory of our Lord
The never-fading crown receive,
Forever in thy presence live,
And share thy own reward.

[29]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:191–92.

"In the day-time he was teaching in the temple, and at night he went out and abode in the mount, And all the people came early in the morning to him in the temple for to hear him."—[Luke 21,] v. 37, 38.[30]

[1.] The servant of the Lord,
Who Jesus' charge receives,
A faithful steward of the word,
A wrestling Jacob lives:
God and the multitude
His sacred labours share,
His day is spent in active good,
His night in fervent prayer.

2. Before the rising morn
He comes his flock to feed,
His flock with hungry hearts return,
And seek their daily bread:
Their love[31] and earnestness
The pastor's zeal improve,
The pastor's zeal doth more increase
Their earnestness[32] and love.

[30]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:280–81.

[31]Orig., "~~life~~."

[32]Orig., "~~eagerness~~."

S. Luke XXII.

**"Now the feast of unleavened bread was nigh,
which is called the passover."
—[Luke 22,] v. 1.**[1]

[1.] My Passover, O Christ, Thou art:
On Thee that I may duely feed,
Prepare, and purify my heart,
My every thought, and word, and deed,
Expel the old, infectious sin,
And make mine inmost nature clean.

2. Thou art with all thy fulness nigh,
To souls that hunger after Thee:
My soul persist to sanctify,
Dispose for full felicity,
And purge out all th' accursed leaven,
And be my endless feast in heaven.

**"The chief priests and scribes sought how
they might kill him."—[Luke 22,] v. 2.**[2]

While full of the malicious fiend,
Counsel they take against their Friend,
His thoughts to them are thoughts of peace,
Their hatred he with pity sees,
And bows his head, that they may find
His death the life of all mankind.

**"For they feared the people."
—[Luke 22,] v. 2.**[3]

Fear for a moment may with-hold,
And curb the man to evil sold,
But if a stronger passion rise,
He every consequence defies,
And nature all restraint disdains,
And sin and Satan take the reins.

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[1]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:192.

[2]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:192.

[3]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:281.

"They were glad, and covenanted to give him money."—[Luke 22,] v. 5.[4]

[1.] Tremendous doom, when God the just
Leaves to themselves the slaves of sin!
When nothing now obstructs their lust,
With joy they let the tempter in,
And lo, the long-sought means they find
To perpetrate the ill design'd.

2. The blackest crimes I should have done,
Hadst Thou not hedg'd about my way,
With-held my soul by ways unknown,
Stood by me in the evil day,
Oppos'd the violence of my will,
And mortified my lust to kill.

3. Forever be thy grace ador'd,
Which would not give me up to die
Like the old murtherer of my Lord;
Thy saving name I magnify,
And humbled into nothing own
The difference made by grace alone.

"He sought opportunity to betray him unto them."—[Luke 22,] v. 6.[5]

[1.] A priest corrupt whom avarice blinds,
For no mature occasion stays,
But goes, and seeks it out, and finds,
Truth, justice, innocence betrays,
No conscience, no remorse he feels,
And to his foes the Saviour sells.

2. Saviour, shut up my feeble heart
Against the direful lust of gold,

[4]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:192–93.

[5]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:281–82.

Which always takes the Murtherer's part,
Which Thee ten thousand times has sold,
Millions of hoary traitors made,
And peopled hell with Satan's aid.

**"Then came the day of unleavened bread
when the passover must be killed."
—[Luke 22,] v. 7.**[6]

Holy, sanctifying Lamb,
Thee my Passover I see,
Victim pure I Thee proclaim,
Offer'd up to God for me,
Thee the true, unleaven'd Bread,
The one, sinless Man I own,
From the iron furnace freed,
Ransom'd by thy blood alone.

"Where is the guest-chamber, where[7] **I shall
eat the passover with my disciples?"
—[Luke 22,] v. 11.**[8]

[1.] Who the true disciples are,
Counted worthy to be blest,
Christ their Passover to share,
Eat with Him the mystic feast?
Those that have their sins eschew'd,
Pant for happiness above,
Seek redemption in his blood,
Long their loving Lord to love.

2. Israelites indeed they stand,
Free and disengag'd in heart,
Staves they carry in their hand,
Ever ready to depart:
Such his faithful followers be,
Eat the Christian sacrifice,

[6]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:282.

[7]Orig., "~~what~~."

[8]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:282.

Share his immortality,
Feast with Jesus in the skies.

"With desire have I desired to eat this passover with you, before I suffer."
—[Luke 22,] v. 15.[9]

[1.] Not for the legal feast
His longing He exprest,
Jesus languish'd to bestow
Blessings on his church beneath,
First his passion's type to show,
Then to bless us by his death.

2. With infinite desire
He doth his cross require,
There to purge the general stain,
There proclaim our sins forgiven,
There our paradise regain,
There insure our thrones in heaven.

3. He long'd the rite t' ordain
Which God unites with man,
Sacramental mystery,
Emblem of his dying love,
Where the slaughter'd Lamb we see,
Share him with the church above.

4. *His* passover precedes,
And then the Victim bleeds,
Then the great Salvation's wrought
Life in Jesus' death we find,
From the house of bondage brought
Leave the world and sin behind.

"I will not any more eat[10] **thereof, until it be fulfilled in the kingdom of God."**
—[Luke 22,] v. 16.[11]

[9]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:283.

[10]Orig., "~~drink~~."

[11]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:283–84.

[1.] The fellowship below
Prepares for that above,
Where Christ his face shall show,
And feed us with his love,
His glory shall be soon reveal'd,
And then the myste'ry is fulfil'd.

2. Imperfectly we have
Communion with our Lord,
Till ransom'd from the grave
We gain his full reward,
In Jesus' blisful Presence given,
That Eucharistic feast of heaven!

"This do in remembrance of Me."
—[Luke 22,] v. 19.[12]

How shall we do the thing injoin'd,
Or how remember Thee aright,
Born in the dregs of time, and blind
To God, without thy Spirit's light?
Upon all flesh thy Spirit shower,
Thy death we then shall truly show,
And, when Thou com'st in glorious power,
Banquet with our great King below.

"This cup is the new testament in my blood which is shed for you."—[Luke 22,] v. 20.[13]

When the sacramental cup
We faithfully receive,
Glad partakers of our hope,
By Jesus' death we live:
Feel the covenant-blood applied,
And testify, from sin set free,

[12]Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:231, NT #377.

[13]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:284.

Saviour of the world, he died
A sacrifice for me.

"Behold, the hand of him that betrayeth me is with me on the table."—[Luke 22,] v. 21.[14]

[1.] Commemorating our dying Lord
When to his table we draw near,
We lift the traitor's hands abhor'd,
If stain'd with sin our hands appear:
Refusing from our sin to part,
We come with Judas in our[15] heart.

2. Who will not let their idols go,
Who commerce with the world maintain,
(The world, his sworn inveterate foe)
Delivering up their Lord again
At his own feast they Christ abjure,
And make their own damnation sure.

"They began to inquire among themselves, which of them it was that should do this thing."—[Luke 22,] v. 23.[16]

Who knows the evils that remain,
The trials still behind?
Thou, Lord; who canst my will restrain
To every sin inclin'd:
I cannot answer for my heart
So full of treachery;
Or fear (if Thou my Keeper art)
To fly, and fall from Thee.

"There was also a strife among them, which of them should be accounted the greatest." —[Luke 22,] v. 24.[17]

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[14]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:193.

[15]Orig., "~~a divided~~" changed to "Judas in our."

[16]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:284.

[17]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:285. This hymn has a vertical line through it, which may be by CW.

[1.] The pride of haughtiest kings is seen
In ambitious fishermen
Who the first place assume;
The plague of every human heart
It never will from one depart,
Till Jesus' Spirit come.

2. Jesus, Thou only canst abase
Proudest sinners by thy grace;
My Saviour from above
Appear, that I the least of all
May sink, and into nothing fall
Before thy dying love.

"They that exercise authority are called benefactors."—[Luke 22,] v. 25.[18]

With truth we benefactors call
Princes and kings, who born for all
Delight the worthy to reward,
But punish with the last regret,
As awful ministers of fate
Intrusted with Jehovah's sword:
Who their authority maintain,
That justice and the laws may reign,
That man may to his God submit;
Who glory in their people's good,
To pride and passion's power subdued,
And cast their crowns at Jesus' feet.

"He that is greatest among you let him be as he that doth serve."—[Luke 22,] v. 26.[19]

[1.] In the church whoe'er aspire
To the first distinguish'd place,

[18]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:285.

[19]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:285–86.

They superior toils desire
Deeper draughts of patient grace,
Ask to suffer in his cause,
Ask to die on Jesus' cross.

2. Wholly sacrific'd to God,
Wholly to his people given,
Day and night for souls employ'd,
Servants to the[20] heirs of heaven,
Active as the spirits above,
All humility and love.

"I am among you as he that serveth."
—[Luke 22,] v. 27.[21]

[1.] Lord of souls He truly was
Who himself their servant made,
Bore their sorrows on the cross,
Bow'd beneath their load his head,
Them to serve his life resign'd,
Died the Ransom of mankind.

2. And shall I his lot refuse,
Greater than my Master be?
Master, I thy portion chuse,
Partner in thy ministry
Stoop alike to great and small,
Live, and die the least of all.

"Ye are they which have continued with me in my temptations."—[Luke 22,] v. 28.[22]

Jesus vouchsafes his own to praise,
Their steady faithfulness t' approve,
He glories in his work of grace,
He triumphs in his guardian love:

[20]Orig., "~~their~~."

[21]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:286.

[22]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:193–94.

With Him our Keeper we abide:
Rewarding what Himself hath given,
Our souls with his temptations tried
He crowns with his own joy in heaven.

"I appoint unto you a kingdom, as my Father hath appointed unto me."—[Luke 22,] v. 29.[23]

A true disciple of the Lord,
Who can his dignity explain,
Intitled to the same reward
Which Jesus did himself obtain!
The Son who by his Father sits,
The glorified, triumphant Son
His servant at that day admits
To reign a partner of his[24] throne.

"That ye may eat and drink at my table in my kingdom, and sit on thrones."
—[Luke 22,] v. 30.[25]

[1.] Shall I my Lord and God adore
In that supreme felicity,
That state of joy, delight, and power,
And glorious fellowship with Thee?
For this I all things here forego,
Pleasures, and wealth, and honours vain,
And suffering on thy cross below,
Shall in thy heavenly kingdom reign.

2. The saints shall at thy table sit,
Drink the pure chrystal streams above,
The tree of life immortal eat,
And banquet on thy richest love:
The treasures of eternity
Shall make our ravish'd souls run o're,

[23]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:286.

[24]Orig., "~~share his everlasting~~" changed to "reign a partner of his."

[25]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:287.

And when thy open face we see,
The heaven of heavens can give no more.

"Simon, Simon, behold, Satan has desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat." —[Luke 22,] v. 31.[26]

[1.] Still our adversary's nigh
In every place and hour,
Eager still to tempt, and try,
And sift us, and devour:
But before he can o'rethrow,
Or once endeavour to deceive,
The malicious fiend, we know,
Must ask our Saviour's leave.

2. Left by Thee in danger's day
We no support should find,
By the tempter borne away,
As chaff before the wind:
But if Thou attend our call,
And give the wheat's solidity,
Not one sacred grain shall fall,
Not one be lost from Thee.[27]

"But I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not;[28] **and when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren."—[Luke 22,] v. 32.**[29]

[1.] Jesus mine Advocate hath been,
And by the fiery darts assail'd
Of Satan, and the world, and sin,
My faith hath never wholly fail'd:
Jesus, on whom I still depend,
Who ever lives for me to pray,

[26]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:194. Stanza 1 appeared in *Poetical Works*, 11:287.

[27]Under stanza 2, CW in error began writing stanza 2 again and then struck out the repeated line: "~~Left by Thee in danger's day~~."

[28]Orig., "faith not" changed to "faith fail not."

[29]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:287–88. Stanza 1 = *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:231, NT #378, altered.

Shall keep me patient to the end,
Shall make me faithful to that day.

2. The tempted church for help relies
On his almighty prayer alone,
Who lives, his one great sacrifice
To plead before his Father's throne:
A voice assaults the ears of God,
"That trembling, sinking soul sustain,
"Attentive to this speaking blood,
"Which cannot stream, or cry in vain.["]

3. Sav'd by that blood from death and hell,
My own infirmity I know,
And bowels of compassion feel
For every tempted soul below,
With tenderest love their burthen bear,
(If Christ thro' me his grace supply)
And joining in my Saviour's prayer,
Servant of all I live and die.

"Lord, I am ready to go with thee both into prison, and to death."—[Luke 22,] v. 33.[30]

[1.] Till Jesus casts the veil aside,
And man to man explains,
What depths of self-presuming pride
The sinner's heart contains!
He boasts his strength of faith and zeal,
While to himself unknown,
And will not, but by falling, feel
He cannot stand alone.

2. Peter self-confident, sincere,
Before his faith was prov'd,

[30]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:288–89.

Was sure he lov'd his Master dear,
More than his life he lov'd:
But when the tempting foe assail'd,
At a weak woman's word
He sunk: the love of life prevail'd,
And he abjur'd his Lord.

"I tell thee, Peter, the cock shall not crow this day, before that thou shalt thrice deny that thou knowest me."—[Luke 22,] v. 34.[31]

Who did his servant's fall foretell,
Forbids us to confide
In fervours we this moment feel,
In strength of faith untried:
Wherefore to Him we leave the heart
He only can defend,
And trust he will his grace impart
Till war with life shall end.

"When I sent you without purse and scrip and shoes, lacked ye anything? And they said, Nothing."—[Luke 22,] v. 35.[32]

[1.] Thou dost for thy disciples care
Open thine ears to hear our[33] prayer,
Thine eyes our wants to see:
Thou canst not, Lord, thyself deny;
Thou always wilt the wants supply
Of conscious poverty.

2. Calling thy mercies past to mind,
Increasing confidence we find,
And stronger comforts prove:
Jesus, Thou art a friend indeed,
Who never fail'st in time of need,
A God of truth and love.

[31]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:289.

[32]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:289–90.

[33]Orig., "~~their~~."

3. We trust thy providential power
To keep us every future hour:
Thy dear, peculiar race
We cannot lack a real good,
On whom Thou hast Thyself bestow'd,
With all thy heaven of grace.

"They said, Lord, behold, here are two swords: And he said unto them, It is enough."
—[Luke 22,] v. 38.[34]

[1.] Enough for Him, who only means
Himself by yielding to defend,
To purge, by suffering for, our sins,
By perfect patience to contend,
And conquer a rebellious race
By meekly dying in our place.

2. Enough, the pattern mild to show,
And good for evil to repay,
Enough to make his murtherers know
They could not force his life away,
Which freely he for all lays down,
To buy for all th' immortal crown.

"He went to the mount of Olives, and his disciples also followed him."
—[Luke 22,] v. 39.[35]

Let us with our Lord retreat,
To the holy mount repair,
Hallow'd by his bloody sweat,
By his agony and prayer,
View what there for us was done,
To the Lamb our spirit join,
Echoing back his deepest groan,
Sharing in the pangs Divine!

[34]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:194–95. Stanza 1 appeared in *Poetical Works*, 11:290.

[35]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:195.

"Pray, that ye enter not into temptation."
—[Luke 22,] v. 40.[36]

Warn'd of God to watch and pray,
Ere[37] the trying hour arrive,
Let us antedate the day,
Against sin and Satan strive,
Urge our vehement request,
Wrestle, till the power come down,
Power to bear the fiery test,
Power to win the martyr's crown.

"He was withdrawn from them, and kneeled down, and prayed."—[Luke 22,] v. 41.[38]

[1.] Following Christ, when danger's near,
Leaving friends, we pray apart,
Tell him all our grief and fear,
Pour out all our troubled heart,
Bow our soul's and body's knee
To the Lord of earth and skies,
Prostrate in humility,
Mixt with Jesus' sacrifice.

2. Every knee shall bow before
God's tremendous righteousness:
Jesus on his knees adore!
God supreme, as Man he prays!
Angels tremble at the sight,
Cast their crowns before his throne:
We our prayer to his unite,
God respects them both as one.

"Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me: nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done."—[Luke 22,] v. 42.[39]

[1.] Father, if thou willing be,
Succour and deliverance send,

[36]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:290.

[37]Orig., "E'er"; but clearly used in sense of "before."

[38]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:290–91.

[39]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:291.

Take this bitter cup from me,
Bid this sore temptation end:
In his name and words I pray,
Whom Thou never canst deny;
Take this bitter cup away,
Seal my peace, and let me die.

2. But if Thou appoint me still
Dark and tempted to remain,
Father, I accept thy will,
All the grief and all the pain:
Wretched I submit to live,
Till my latest death is past,
Only then my soul receive,
Sav'd for Jesus sake at last.

"And there appeared an angel unto him from heaven strengthning him."—[Luke 22,] v. 43.[40]

Who the host celestial made,
Who their strength to angels gives,
God himself support and aid
Thro' his creatures hands receives!
And shall I with scorn refuse
My inferior's ministry,
If my Lord the meanest use,
Send a worm to strengthen me?

"And being in an agony, he prayed more earnestly."—[Luke 22,] v. 44.[41]

Thankful I accept the grace
Sent in mercy from the sky,
With redoubled earnestness
To my Comforter apply:
Tempted, above measure prest,
With redoubled grief and pain,

[40]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:291.

[41]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:195.

Never will I let him rest,
Till my Lord appears again.

"And his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground."
—[Luke 22,] v. 44.[42] +

[1.] Sentenc'd the first Adam was
To a common sweat below:
Jesus, to retrieve our loss,
Sorer toil must undergo:
While he all our sins sustains,
See a sweat unseen before!
Forc'd by torture from his veins,
Blood transpires at every pore!

2. See the salutary stream
Flowing from the sinner's Friend!
Big with virtue to redeem,
Large the drops on man descend;
Drops which falling to the ground
Purge the universal stain:
There the precious ransom's found,
There my peace is seal'd again!

"Why sleep ye? rise and pray, lest ye enter into temptation."—[Luke 22,] v. 46.[43]

We to the temptation yield,
Sleeping, when we ought to pray,
Then we basely quit our shield,
Then by sloth we fall away:
Saviour, lest my foes surprize,
Supplicating grace impart,
Bid me, Lord, awake, arise,
Speak thy power into my heart.

"Judas, betrayest thou the Son of man with a kiss?"—[Luke 22,] v. 48.[44]

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[42]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:195–96. Stanza 2 appeared in *Poetical Works*, 11:292.

[43]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:196.

[44]Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:231–32, NT #379, altered.

I too have done the same,
Professing to be thine,
Exposing to contempt the name,
And work, and cause Divine:
Yet for my treacherous kiss
Thou dost not, Lord, reprove,
But pardon'st all I did amiss
With a kind kiss of love.

"They said unto him, Lord, shall we smite with the sword?"—[Luke 22,] v. 49.[45]

Not govern'd by his word,
But furious, headlong zeal,
We seemingly consult the Lord,
And ask to know his will;
By passion borne away,
Before his will is known,
We rush, impatient of delay,
And madly act our own.

**"One of them smote the servant of the high priest, and cut off his right ear."
—[Luke 22,] v. 50.**[46]

A sinner's blindfold will
Without the light of grace
Cannot the mind of Christ fulfil,
Or work his righteousness:
Whom fiery zeal inflames,
Push'd on by nature's power,
To serve his God the more he aims,
He vexes him the more.

**"Jesus answered and said, Suffer ye thus far. And he touched his ear, and healed him."
—[Luke 22,] v. 51.**

[I.][47]

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[45]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:196. This hymn has a vertical line through it, which may be by JW.

[46]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:197. This hymn has a vertical line through it, which may be by JW.

[47]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:292.

Who Jesus' Spirit knows,
Whatever wrongs he feel,
Can never Magistrates oppose,
Or force with force repel:
If Magistrates abuse
Their just authority,
He counts it great, his life to lose,
And keep his conscience free.

["Jesus answered and said, Suffer ye thus far.
And he touched his ear, and healed him."
—Luke 22, v. 51.]

II.[48]

The single miracle
He did unask'd, unsought,
A persecuting foe to heal,
The Friend of sinners wrought:
Not from himself t' avert
The death He came to prove,
But mercy mild inclin'd his heart,
But pure, unbounded love.

"I was daily with you in the temple."
—[Luke 22,] v. 53.[49]

In pure obedience to thy will
Who to thy house repair,
We find Thee in the temple still,
And hear Thee teaching there.

"Then took they him, and led[50] **him, and**
brought him into[51] **the high priest's house."**
—[Luke 22,] v. 54.[52]

[1.] Jesus a captive made
To set the captives free,
Haste to a sinner's aid,
Exert the power in me,
Which cannot be by men confin'd,
The power which ransoms all mankind.

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[48]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:292.

[49]Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:232, NT #380. This hymn has a vertical line through it, which may be by CW.

[50]Orig., "lead"; an error.

[51]Orig., "~~in~~."

[52]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:293.

2. The slave of hell and sin,
Lord, I to Thee complain:
O make me free within
From pride, and passion's chain,
My spirit by thy bonds release,
And bid me go in perfect peace.[53]

"Peter said, Man, I know not what thou sayest."—[Luke 22,] v. 60.[54]

[1.] In Peter's threefold fall we see,
A threefold proof of Adam's fall,
That spirit of infirmity
By which his sin hath bound us all,
That frailty of the heart, unknown,
Or manifest to God alone.

2. He lets the pastor fall, t' explain
Our depths of infidelity,
To show the sheep what is in man,
Left to myself what is in me;
And while my weakness I confess,
To arm my soul with all his grace.

"And the Lord turned, and looked upon Peter &c."—[Luke 22,] v. 61.[55]

[1.] The cock had crow'd, and Peter hears,
Nor calls his Master's word to mind,
Till Jesus mournfully appears,
T' upbraid his treachery unkind,
Repentance by a look t' impart,
And break his hard, ungrateful heart.

2. A look like that what heart can bear!
O that it now were cast on mine!

[53]After this hymn, CW in error began writing again the scripture verse to the hymn on Luke 22:53 from the previous page and then struck out the repeated line: "'~~I was daily with you in the temple.' —[Luke 22,] v. 53~~."

[54]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:197.

[55]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:197–98.

To snatch from Judas's despair,
To pierce me with remorse divine,
To make mine eyes with tears o'reflow,
And fill my heart with Peter's woe!

3. On me those eyes of mercy turn,
And suffer me a while to live
My base unfaithfulness to mourn,
The sins I never can forgive,
The sins I must till death bemoan,
Tho' Thou hast made them all thy own.

"The men that held Jesus mocked him, and smote him."—[Luke 22,] v. 63.[56]

[1.] The sport of his own creatures made,
He suffers it, our pride to cure,
That strengthned by his Spirit's aid
Contempt with patience to endure,
We never may of wrong complain,
But meekly in his footsteps tread,
Loaded with scorn, opprest with pain,
Conform'd in all things to our Head.

2. The lion might have torn his foes
By the sole motion of his will,
But Meekness no resistance knows,
But Love can only pity feel:
He doth his church with grace supply,
That I baptiz'd into his name,
Arm'd with his mind, may live and die
A follower of the patient[57] Lamb.

"When they had blindfolded, they struck him on the face, saying, Prophesy, who it is that smote thee?"—[Luke 22,] v. 64.

[I.][58]

[56]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:293–94.

[57]Orig., "~~bleeding~~."

[58]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:198.

For our abuse of sight t' atone,
Jesus submits to lose his own,
His bandag'd eyes have open'd ours,
And blest our soul with visual powers;
And lo, I now my Saviour see,
Whose blindness bought the grace for me,
Points out the bright celestial prize,
And shows my way to paradise.

["When they had blindfolded, they struck him on the face, saying, Prophesy, who it is that smote thee?"—Luke 22, v. 64.]

II.[59]

The soldiers struck their God unknown,
But Christians bold in wickedness
Insult him whom in creeds they own,
And outrage, while their lips confess;
They buffet all that Christ adore,
They smite his members with their tongue,
As Jesus still the bandage wore,
And only guess'd who did the wrong.

"And many other things blasphemously spake they against him."—[Luke 22,] v. 65.[60]

[1.] Jesus, Son of God and man,
Thy Person from the skies
Turns the wrongs Thou dost sustain
Into a sacrifice:
Thus Thou dost the pattern show
Of patient meek humility,
Fountain of all grace below,
For all thy church and me.

2. Very God I Thee confess,
In thy oblation join,
Imitate the lowliness,
And patient love Divine

[59]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:198.

[60]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:294.

Virtue from the Fountain-head
And grace for grace I still receive,
Crucified with Thee and dead,
With Thee forever live.

"The elders of the people, and the chief priests, and the scribes came together &c."
—[Luke 22,] v. 66.[61]

Learning and authority
By grace unsanctified,
Fight against thy church and Thee
With sacerdotal pride:
Mighty men, and wise, and great
In every age their powers employ
Thee with rancour to intreat,
And in thy saints destroy.

"Art thou the Christ? tell us."
—[Luke 22,] v. 67.[62]

Ask the ancient prophecies,
And their reply receive;
Every scripture testifies
To those who would believe;
Ask his every miracle:
His Deity in all is show'd:
All his words and tempers tell
This *is* the Christ of God.

"Hereafter shall the Son of man sit on the right hand of the power of God."
—[Luke 22,] v. 69.[63]

A sheep before the shearers brought,
A lamb whom cruel wolves devour,
Patient of wrong He threatens not,
Declaring his own glorious power,
Witness to that great truth he gives
Which costs the Confessor his blood,

[61]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:199.

[62]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:294.

[63]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:295.

By which his church forever lives,
One Spirit with th' eternal God.

"Then said they all, Art thou then the Son of God? And he said unto them, Ye say that I am."—[Luke 22,] v. 70.[64]

The truth which all his martyrs made,
And join'd them to his host on high,
Their Captain and almighty Head
He first in death should testify:
He dies, in proof that God was born,
Jehovah's Son, Jehovah's Heir,
That Christ shall in the clouds return,
And all mankind adore him there.

"And they said, What need have we of any farther witness? for we ourselves have heard of his own mouth."—[Luke 22,] v. 71.[65]

[1.] His foes with joy malicious hear
The words which from his mouth proceed,
Which holy transport minister
To all who know him God indeed:
When Jesus speaks them to my heart,
"I am the Son of God Most-high,"
The words eternal life impart,
And bear my soul beyond the sky.

2. His foes the pretious[66] truth abuse,
That God was manifest for them,
His record with his grace refuse,
And Christ to frequent death condemn:
Who boast their sacred character,
They doom their Saviour every day,
And hating all his members here,
The Prince of life persist to slay.

[64]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:199.

[65]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:295.

[66]Orig., "~~glorious~~."

S. Luke XXIII.

"They began to accuse him, saying, We found this fellow perverting the nation &c."
—[Luke 23,] v. 2.[1]

[1.] If charg'd the holy Jesus be
With faction, treason, blasphemy,
Can innocence secure?
Or shall his followers complain,
Who all the calumnies of men
In life and death endure?[2]

2. Saviour, to Thee in sufferings join'd,
We cordial consolation find,
(If Thou thy grace supply)
Thy heaviest load with joy receive,
The offscouring of all things live,
Till on thy cross we die.

"Art thou the king of the Jews? and he answered him and said, Thou sayst it."
—[Luke 23,] v. 3.[3]

[1.] Tho' men thy yoke disdain,
Thy rights Thou wilt maintain:
King of disobedient Jews,
King of inward Jews Thou art:
Those thine iron rod shall bruise,
These thou hidest in thy heart.

2. All must confess thy power,
And perish, or adore:
O might I thy goodness feel,
Object of thy mercy prove,
Jesus, change my rebel will,
Prince of peace, and God of love.

3. I long to feel thy sway,
And all thy laws obey:
King of righteousness, appear,
Reign o're all thy saints alone,

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[1]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:295–96.

[2]Orig., "~~secure~~."

[3]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:296.

Stablish thy dominion here,
Fix in me thy heavenly throne.

"Pilate said, I find no fault in this man." —[Luke 23,] v. 4.[4]

Harmless in act, and word, and thought,
The judge declares Him free from blame,
Without a blemish, or a spot,
A sinless saint, a perfect Lamb;
And such is a fit sacrifice,
And such for sinful man He dies!

"They were the more fierce, saying, He stirreth up the people, teaching throughout all Jewry."—[Luke 23,] v. 5.[5]

Rejoice, ye followers of your Lord,
Who preach the pure, pacific word,
Disturbers of the public peace,
Troublers of sleeping consciences,
As enemies to church and state,
Whom all men persecute and hate,
To you your Master's cup is given,
And great is your reward in heaven.

"He sent him to Herod."—[Luke 23,] v. 7.[6]

Led to a court (our heavenly Lord
Went never of his own accord)
But led in bonds He is;
To show, that truth is seldom free
From insults and captivity
In royal palaces.

"When Herod saw Jesus he was exceeding glad &c."—[Luke 23,] v. 8.[7]

The great ones of the earth delight
In each new entertaining sight,
Diversion all their aim:

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[4]Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:232, NT #381.

[5]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:297.

[6]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:297.

[7]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:297.

And still religion is the sport
Of wicked princes and their court
Who bear the Christian name.

"Then he questioned with him in many words; but He answered him nothing."
—[Luke 23,] v. 9.[8]

Christ doth not hear, or answer those
Who questions curiously propose:
Let us his cause defend
(When such its enemies we see)
With silent, meek humility,
And suffering to the end.

"The chief priests and scribes stood, and vehemently accused him."—[Luke 23,] v. 10.[9]

Teachers and priests corrupt assail
The truth, with rage implacable
Against the saints combine:
Their vehemence, which all bounds exceeds,
Their malice, which no answer needs,
Defeats its own design.

"Herod with his men of war set him at nought &c."—[Luke 23,] v. 11.[10]

Herod and his men of war
The Saviour still despise,
Mock whoe'er his followers are,
Whoe'er his service prize:
What have camps and courts to do
With Christ, the humble Prince of peace?
Only to deride anew
In all his witnesses.

"The same day Pilate and Herod were made friends."—[Luke 23,] v. 12.

[I.][11]

Worldly men whom interest parts,
By that made friends again,

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[8]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:297.

[9]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:199.

[10]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:199–200.

[11]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:298.

Join their wicked hands and hearts
With Satan and his train:
Widest opposites unite,
Kings, soldiers, priests in this agree,
All against the life[12] to fight
Of genuin piety.

["The same day Pilate and Herod were made friends."—Luke 23, v. 12.]

II.[13]

Jesus, thro' thy death alone
Both Jews and Gentiles join'd
Cordially consent to own
The Saviour of mankind:
Who thy loving Spirit receive,
One body reconcil'd to God,
Each to each they closely cleave,
Cemented by thy blood.

[14]**"I will therefore chastise him, and release him."—[Luke 23,] v. 16.**[15]

If guilty, why to be set free?
Or why chastis'd, if innocent?
The heart hath no stability,
By two contending passions rent:
The abject slave of worldly fear
Who basely courts the smiles of men,
Condemning whom he fain would clear,
The judge condemns himself in vain.

"Who for a certain sedition made in the city, and for murder was cast into prison." —[Luke 23,] v. 19.[16]

[1.] How blind the judgment of the croud!
A thief, a stirrer up of strife,
They chuse before the Son of God,
The Author of eternal life,

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[12]Orig., "~~truth~~."

[13]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:200.

[14]At the beginning of this hymn, CW in error began writing the scripture verse to the hymn on Luke 23:19 but struck out the line in order to keep the hymns in order: "~~Who for a certain sedition made in the city~~."

[15]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:298.

[16]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:200.

They to the Prince of peace prefer
A vile, seditious murtherer.

2. The sovereign God would stoop so low,
To raise the abject sons of men,
That we his power divine might know,
Might all his great salvation gain;
He bore the foul indignity,
To purchase grace and heaven for me.

"Pilate willing to release Jesus, spake again to them."—[Luke 23,] v. 20.[17]

His life to save with vain desire
The judge doth impotently strive;
Our louder sins his death require,
They will not suffer him to live
Who came for all mankind t' atone,
And makes our punishment his own.

"But they cried, saying, Crucify him, crucify him."—[Luke 23,] v. 21.[18]

To David's Son and sovereign Lord
Hosanna *was* the people's cry,
Their King they yesterday ador'd,
To day they sentence him to die:
So many blessings He bestow'd
So many wonders wrought in vain!
Such the benignity of God,
And such th' ingratitude of man!

"They were instant with loud voices, requiring that he might be crucified: and the voices of them, and of the chief priests prevailed." —[Luke 23,] v. 23.[19]

Reason, and truth, and justice fail,
While earth and hell their powers employ;

[17]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:200.

[18]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:298.

[19]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:201.

Satan and the chief priests prevail,
And Innocence himself destroy,
So loud our sins for vengeance cry,
To save the world, its God must die.

"He released unto them him that for sedition and murder was cast into prison."
—[Luke 23,] v. 25.[20]

[1.] Myself as in a glass
I in Barabbas see,
And, Lord, thou tak'st the sinner's place,
A Criminal for me:
Me by thy mortal smart
Thou dost from death release:
Thy blood is sprinkled on my heart,
And bids me go in peace.

2. Father, behold thy Son,
And me, ev'n me in Him
Who doth for all my sins atone,
And by his death redeem;
As fasten'd to the tree,
As cover'd with his blood,
His purchase and his member see
Forever one with God.

"He delivered Jesus to their will."
—[Luke 23,] v. 25.[21]

Abandon'd to the will of man,
Jesus, Thou dost for me obtain
A power my spirit to resign
Intirely to the will Divine.

"On him they laid the cross that he[22] **might bear it after Jesus."—[Luke 23,] v. 26.**[23]

The men that suffer in thy cause
To faint beneath their heaviest cross,

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[20]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:298–99.

[21]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:201. This hymn has a vertical line through it, likely by JW.

[22]Orig., "~~they~~."

[23]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:299.

Jesus, Thou dost not leave,
But all thy confessors defend,
Give them thy patience to the end,
And then thy glory give.

"There followed him a great company of people, and of women, which also bewailed and lamented him."—[Luke 23,] v. 27.[24]

[1.] Happy his faithful worshippers,
The women with lamenting tears,
And sympathizing cries
Who follow that incarnate God,
That Isaac loaded[25] with the wood
Of his own sacrifice!

2. They see their meek expiring Lord,
His[26] kindest, last, instructive word
Into their hearts receive;
They stand to catch his parting breath,
And hear the Saviour gasp in death
Father, the world forgive!

"Jesus turning unto them said, Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me: but weep for yourselves."—[Luke 23,] v. 28.

[I.][27]

[1.] Silent before the king He stood,
But speaks to the mean multitude
In words of chearing grace,
Their mournful gratitude receives,
To them his last instructions gives,
While dying in their place.

2. Their deep calamity He sees,
Anticipates their sore distress
By pitying love foreshown,

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[24]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:299.

[25]"Loaded" has "laden" written in the margin as an alternative.

[26]Orig., "~~Their~~."

[27]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:300.

For them more than himself he cares,
Their distant griefs and burthens bears,
Regardless of his own.

["Jesus turning unto them said, Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me: but weep for yourselves."—Luke 23, v. 28.]

II.[28]

[1.] Our tears for Thee will nought avail,
Unless we, Lord, our sins bewail,
The cause of all thy pain,
Unless our rocky hearts be rent,
In vain Thou bear'st our punishment,
And shedst thy blood in vain.

2. But O, thy blood the sorrow buys,
Thy blood the contrite grace supplies,
And melts my heart of stone:
Struck by thy death with anguish deep,
Prostrate before thy cross I weep,
And now myself bemoan.

3. Long as thy mangled form appears,
I lie dissolv'd in gracious tears
Of love's soft sympathy:
And here I would thro' life remain,
And of those cruel sins complain
Which nail'd Thee to that tree!

"Then shall they begin to say to the mountains, Fall on us &c."
—[Luke 23,] v. 30.[29]

[1.] When mercy's day is o're,
And time exists no more,
Nothing but the wrath of God
Doth for guilty souls remain;
Sinners then shall bear their load,
Load of everlasting pain.

[28]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:300.

[29]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:301.

2. In vain they would decline
The vengeful wrath divine,
Would to rocks for shelter call,
Of the righteous Judge afraid,
Bid th' o'rewhelming mountains fall
On their hell-devoted head.

3. But now thro' faith we may
To Christ escape away,
In the Mount of holiness,
In the Rock of Israel hide,
There our quiet souls possess,
Rest secure in Jesus side.

4. Jesus, our souls receive,
Who diedst that we may live,
Live, till sav'd from sin and fear
We our spotless lives lay down,
Rise to see our Judge appear,
Hail Thee on thy great white throne.

"If they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry?"—[Luke 23,] v. 31.[30]

If Jesus, the Immortal Tree,
Full of all truth and grace,
So rig'rously entreated be
For man's accursed race;
What have the wicked world to dread?
Barren alas, and dry,
Cut from the stock, and doubly dead
They must forever die.

"There were also two other malefactors led with him to be put to death."
—[Luke 23,] v. 32.[31]

[1.] O my God, what hast Thou done?
Into what company

[30]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:201.

[31]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:201–202.

Brought thy wel-beloved Son
Who always lives with Thee!
Heir of all in earth and sky,
With thine eternal Spirit one,
Is he not the Lord Most-high,
And Partner of thy throne?

2. Comfort hence, ye saints, receive
Opprest with shame and pain,
Link'd to human fiends who grieve
Beneath the[32] tyrant's chain,
Hammer'd to the gauling o're,[33]
Or buried in the mines beneath,
Christ between the thieves adore,
And die your Saviour's death.

"They crucified him, and the malefactors."
—[Luke 23,] v. 33.[34]

[1.] He dies—a death of pain and shame,
To the vile death of slaves submits,
And thus the humble patient Lamb
His own great sacrifice compleats!
The universal sin He bears,
Conquers the world, and death, and hell,
And balm in his own blood prepares
The wounds of all mankind to heal.

2. Saviour of men, Physician good,
The medicine to my soul apply,
Apply thine efficacious blood
To purge, and save, and sanctify:
The true, substantial holiness
O might I in thy nature prove!

[32]Orig., "~~thy~~."

[33]I.e., the "galling oar."

[34]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:202. Stanza 1 appeared in *Poetical Works*, 11:301–302.

Thy Spirit breathe, thy name impress,
And fill my heart with humble love.

"Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."—[Luke 23,] v. 34.[35] +

When Jesus for his murtherers prays,
Can God reject the dying prayer?
Thou must forgive our ransom'd race;
Thou dost our world of ruffians spare:
The pardon bought by blood Divine
Hath surely pass'd the seals of heaven:
Father, Thou art in Jesus mine,
And all the world's with me forgiven.

"They parted his raiment." —[Luke 23,] v. 34.[36]

Thy garments made by hands of men
Thou dost to thy destroyers leave,
But richest ornaments unseen
We in thy Spirit's gifts receive,
Cloth'd with divine humility,
Meekness, and love, and every grace;
And when by faith we put on Thee,
Our souls are fill'd with righteousness.

"He saved others; let him save himself, if he be the Christ, the chosen of God." —[Luke 23,] v. 35.[37]

Life of the world, I worship Thee,
My Saviour dying on the tree,
Thee the Messiah true adore,
Who dost on all thy Unction pour;
The Chosen One of God confest,
The Head including all the rest,

[35]Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:232, NT #382.

[36]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:202.

[37]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:203.

Who know the virtue of thy blood,
And thro' thy wounds return to God.

"If Thou be the king of the Jews, save thyself."—[Luke 23,] v. 37.[38]

[1.] King of the inward Jews Thou art,
And reign'st in every faithful heart,
But dearly didst thy kingdom buy;
Vouchsafing on a cross to die:
The death establishes thy throne,
And makes our ransom'd souls thine own,
And sav'd, and gainers by thy loss,
We only glory in thy cross.

2. Blasphemous Jews may still deride,
And stumble at the Crucified,
Gentiles as foolishness condemn
A God[39] made flesh to die for them;
Saviour, the mystery of thy grace
Shall be the matter of my praise,
That grace which fills the hosts above
With joy, astonishment,[40] and love.

"This is the King of the Jews!" —[Luke 23,] v. 38.[41]

Glory doth to Thee belong,
Tho' on that shameful tree,
Just it is that every tongue
Should give the power to Thee:
Lord, we own the kingdom thine,
The kingdom of a dying God,
Won by agonies Divine,
And bought with all thy blood!

[38]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:302.

[39]Orig., "~~man~~."

[40]Orig., "~~and extasy~~" changed to "astonishment."

[41]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:203.

"One of the malefactors, which were hanged, railed on him."—[Luke 23,] v. 39.[42]

[1.] Can sufferings without grace avail
The adamantine heart to move?
A sinner on the verge of hell,
A wretched stranger to thy love
Will louder for his torments cry,
And curse th' avenging God, and die.

2. The sufferer without faith or hope
Anticipates his doom below,
Drinks upon earth the dreadful cup
Of dire, unmixt, infernal woe,
And pain unhallow'd, Lord, by Thee,
Expires in endless blasphemy.

"Lord, remember me, when thou comest into thy kingdom."—[Luke 23,] v. 42.[43]

[1.] Who doth thro' Jesus grace repent
With patience to the cross submits,
Humbly accepts his punishment,
Himself condemns, and God acquits,
Zealous his genuin faith t' express,
And Christ in life and death confess.

2. His God he on the cross can see,
For his eternal kingdom prays,
In mercy, Lord, remember me,
Give me above the meanest place,
But give me with thy saints a part,
And bear me on thy dying heart.

"To day shalt thou be with me in paradise."—[Luke 23,] v. 43. +

[I.][44]

[42]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:203.

[43]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:303.

[44]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:303.

[1.] A monument of mercy's power,
Rescued by Jesus on the tree,
Sav'd at the last tremendous hour
One soul, and only one we see,
With brokenness of heart sincere
That all may hope, that all may fear.

2. He but to be remembred wants,
The time and all things else he leaves:
More than he asks the Saviour grants,
A kingdom promises and gives,
"I will my majesty display,
"And thou shalt reign with me to day!"

["To day shalt thou be with me in paradise."
—Luke 23, v. 43.] +

II.[45]

Saviour in death, the grace by one
Obtain'd, we all who ask shall have,
Thou by thy precious death alone
Woudst the whole world of sinners save;
Return'd triumphant from the dead,
My Lord, and King, remember me,
And give me, when I bow my head,
To find my paradise in Thee.

"There was darkness over all the earth."
—[Luke 23,] v. 44.[46]

But thicker darkness overspread
Their hearts who nail'd Him to the tree,
And could not thro' that dreadful shade
Perceive the dying Deity:
Admonish'd by that sacred night
Let us to Christ the glory give,
Whose death hath merited the light
By which we now in Him believe.

[45]Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:233, NT #384, altered.

[46]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:304.

"And the sun was darkened, and the vail of the temple was rent in the midst."
—[Luke 23,] v. 45.[47]

Eclips'd the Sun of righteousness,
His light and life extinguish'd are,
To make the reign of darkness cease,
The vail of shadowy types to tear:
The living way to joys above
Discover'd by his death we find;
It shows our hearts the truth of love,
It opens heaven to all mankind.

"Jesus cried with a loud voice."
—[Luke 23,] v. 46.[48]

The righteous real Abel cries
With all the strength of mortal pains,
His blood resounding thro' the skies
Grace for his murtherers obtains,
His blood with powerful energy
(While Jesus' soul and body part)
Speaks in the ears of God for me,
And writes my pardon on my heart.

"Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit."
—[Luke 23,] v. 46.[49]

O might my course, like Jesus', end,
O might his blessed death be mine!
I long my spirit to commend
Into those gracious hands Divine:
Father, my gasping Spirit receive
By faith united to thy Son,
And let me with my Saviour live
In life and death forever one!

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[47]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:304.

[48]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:304.

[49]Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:234, NT #388.

"Now when the centurion saw what was done, he glorified God, saying, Certainly this was a righteous man."—[Luke 23,] v. 47.[50]

The earliest fruits of bleeding Love
Not in a scribe or Jew appear,
But Jesus' death hath power to move
An heathen's heart with pious fear:
A soldier owns his righteousness
Whom priests and elders crucify,
And teaches us our God to bless,
Who man became for man to die.

"And all the people that came together to that sight, beholding the things which were done smote their breasts."—[Luke 23,] v. 48.[51]

On the thoughtless multitude
The second grace is shown,
Those that clamour'd for the blood
Of God's eternal Son;
Those that call'd with fury blind
"Away with him, not fit to live,"
Soon his answer'd prayer they find
Who cried in death Forgive.

"And all his acquaintance and the women that followed him, stood afar off beholding these things."—[Luke 23,] v. 49.[52]

Jesus, whom thy grace constrains
To own and follow Thee,
Them thy mercy still detains
Their bleeding God to see:

[50]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:305.

[51]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:305.

[52]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:205.

Fixt I would like them abide,
Nor ever from thy cross remove,
With my Saviour crucified,
A sacrifice to love.

"There was a man named Joseph, a counseller, and he was a good man, and a just, the same had not consented &c."
—[Luke 23,] v. 50–52.[53]

[1.] The righteous man awhile conceal'd
May for his full commission stay,
But soon, or late, with courage fill'd
Appears for Christ in open day,
His body mystical receives,
And honour to his members gives.

2. His secret ones to God are known,
Whom God doth for a season hide,
But surely they their Lord shall own,
And suffer with the Crucified,
Renounce their honourable name,
And Christ in life and death proclaim.

3. They do not with the world conspire,
Or to his daily death agree,
But wait with faith's intense desire
His reigning power of grace to see,
And till his heavenly kingdom come,
They rest themselves in Jesus' tomb.

"This man went unto Pilate, and begged the body of Jesus."—[Luke 23,] v. 52.[54]

But I for Jesus' Spirit pray,
Which Thou, O God, alone canst give:
Send him to take my sins away,
Send him within my heart to live,

[53]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:205.

[54]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:305.

And join me to that Sacrifice
Which crowns of life for sinners buys.

"He laid it in a sepulchre."—[Luke 23,] v. 53.[55]

[1.] With Jesus crucified and dead
Who the baptismal myste'ry know,
A life hid from the world we lead,
Nothing of the old Adam show,[56]
Conceal'd, and buried in his grave,
Till Jesus to the utmost save.

2. As long forgot and out of mind,
In hope to live with Christ restor'd,
We wait the quickning power to find,
The glorious Spirit of our Lord,
Who perfects all the saints in one,
And draws the members to his throne.

[55]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:206.

[56]Orig., "~~know~~."

S. Luke XXIV.

"They found the stone rolled away from the sepulchre."—[Luke 24,] v. 2.[1]

God when we desire to please
With active faith sincere,
Vanish all the hindrances,
And mountains disappear:
When we seek our Best-belov'd,
Impossibilities are done,
Then we find the bar[2] remov'd,
And roll'd away the stone.

"As they were much perplexed, behold, two men stood by them in shining garments." —[Luke 24,] v. 4.[3]

[1.] Absent from the sepulchre
When we seek our Lord in vain,
In perplexity and fear
Will he let us long remain,
Leave us comfortless to mourn,
Never to our souls return?

2. If he for a time withdraws,
Our fidelity to prove,
While we sorrow for his loss,
While we languish for his love,
Jesus will himself appear
Our eternal Comforter.

"He is not here, but is risen: remember how he spake unto you &c."—[Luke 24,] v. 5–7.[4]

[1.] His disciples sincere,
We have nothing to fear,
Tho' our Master was slain,
He died for our sins, and he liveth again!
He is risen indeed,
Our life-giving Head,

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[1]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:206.

[2]Orig., "~~Every bar~~ we find" changed to "Then we find the bar."

[3]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:206–207.

[4]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:306.

We remember his word,
And arise in the power of our heavenly Lord.

2. His promises kind
He brings to our mind,
His Spirit imparts,
And the meaning explains to our sensible hearts:
With joy we approve
The design of his love,
The necessity see
Of his passion on earth, and his death on the tree.

3. The justice of God
Demanded his blood
For our sins to atone;
And exalted him then to a share of his throne;
That the God of all grace
His members might raise,
From the sepulchre freed,
And eternally join'd to our glorified Head.

"It was Mary Magdalen ... and other women which told these things unto the Apostles." —[Luke 24,] v. 10.[5]

More courageous than the men,
When Christ his breath resign'd,
Women first the grace obtain
Their living Lord to find,
Women first the news proclaim,
Know his resurrection's power,
Teach th' Apostles of the Lamb
Who lives to die no more.

"Then arose Peter, and ran unto the sepulchre &c."—[Luke 24,] v. 12.[6]

Joyful tidings of their Lord
His messengers proclaim,

[5]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:207.

[6]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:207.

Jesus Christ to life restor'd,
And pardon thro' his name!
O, might I like Peter hear,
The witnesses report receive,
Empty find thy[7] sepulchre,
And wonder and believe.

"They talked together of all these things which had happened."—[Luke 24,] v. 14.[8]

Weaken'd when our faith we find,
Faint our hope thro' long delay,
Let us call his death to mind,
Talk of Jesus by the way:
Thus our faith and hope revive,
Thus his Spirit its power exerts,
Jesus shows himself alive,
Love rekindles in our hearts.

"While they communed together, Jesus himself drew near, and went with them." —[Luke 24,] v. 15.[9]

Jesus' charity adore!
Rais'd again, the Shepherd good
Manifests his mercy's power,
Seeks his sheep dispers'd abroad:
Lord, to us thyself unite,
Us in all our ways attend,
Always near, and still in sight,
Till our earthly journey end.

"But their eyes were holden, that they should not know him."—[Luke 24,] v. 16.[10]

[1.] Who can Jesus' mind explain,
His mysterious counsels tell,

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[7]Orig., "~~Find thine empty~~" changed to "Empty find thy."

[8]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:306–307.

[9]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:307.

[10]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:207–208. Stanza 2 is an adaptation of *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:234, NT #389.

When he doth with us remain
Hidden, imperceptible!
Oft by Him upheld we go,
Walk with him in all his ways,
Yet our Lord we do not know,
Do not clearly see his face.

2. Lord, mine eyes are holden too,
Holden, till unseal'd by Thee:
Thee, whom once in part I knew,
Now I neither know nor see:
Or if manifest Thou art,
Soon Thou vanishest away:
Come, and purify my heart;
Then Thou wilt forever stay.

"What manner of communications are these that ye have ... as ye walk and are sad?" —[Luke 24,] v. 17.[11]

Griev'd for having lost our Lord,
Him we by our sorrow please:
Till he doth his light afford,
Jesus pities our distress;
Drawn by our infirmity
He will soon himself reveal,
Give us eyes his love to see,
With his church forever dwell.

"He said unto them, What things?" —[Luke 24,] v. 19.[12]

Tho' his glorified estate
Swallows up the Man of woe,
Can our Lord so soon forget
All his suffering days below?
No; his changeless love withstands,
Love retains the bleeding scars,

[11]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:208.

[12]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:208.

Still he bears us on his hands,
Graven on his heart he bears!

"Jesus was a Prophet mighty in deed and word, before God and all the people."
—[Luke 24,] v. 19.[13]

Deeds and words a bishop praise,
Words of truth and deeds of love;
Every messenger of grace
Shows his mission from above,
Still by Christ he preaches peace,
Proves his ministerial call,
By a life of holiness;
Teaching, doing good to all.

"We trusted that it had been He which should have redeemed Israel."—[Luke 24,] v. 21.[14]

And still we trust in Thee
Th' eternal Son of God,
Thou wilt from all iniquity
Redeem us by thy blood:
The men of heart sincere
Thy blood shall sanctify,
Restore to thy full image here,
And speak us to the sky.

"O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken!"
—[Luke 24,] v. 25.[15]

How foolish is my heart,
How tardy to believe
That Thou so kind a Saviour art,
So ready to forgive,
When all thy prophets say
Thou shou'dst for sinners die,
And rising point us out the way,
And lift us to the sky!

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[13]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:209.

[14]Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:235, NT #390, altered.

[15]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:308.

"Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into his glory?"
—[Luke 24,] v. 26.[16]

[1.] Nature attempts and hopes in vain
Th' inevitable cross to shun,
That sacred path of grief and pain
Which led the Saviour to his throne,
To find a wider gate she tries,
An easier[17] way to paradise.

2. Thro' sufferings our exalted Head
His height of glorious bliss attain'd,
Thro' sufferings all his members led,
His martyrs all, the summit gain'd;
Trusting in his and not their own
They echoed back his final groan.

3. Jesus, my trust is in thy name,
For pardon, holiness, and heaven;
All merit I, but thine, disclaim;
Thy cross, thy crown are freely given:
And Thou, whose blood hath purg'd my guilt,
Shalt save me when and as Thou wilt.

"He expounded unto them in all the scriptures the things concerning himself."
—[Luke 24,] v. 27.[18]

[1.] The scriptures all with Christ are fill'd,
With Jesus, and his will to save,
His birth and death are there reveal'd,
His rise and triumph o're the grave,
His kingdom come in gracious power,
His reign when time shall be no more.

2. Jesus, divine Interpreter,
To me thine oracles unseal,
Then shall I find and taste Thee there,
Thy truth, and power, and mercy feel,
And nothing know, and nothing see
In all the book of God, but Thee.

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[16]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:308.

[17]"Easier" has "broader" written in the margin as an alternative.

[18]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:308–309.

3. To me that Spirit of wisdom give
Who doth in all thy members breathe,
Thy sinless life I then shall live,
And daily die thy blessed death,
Fixt in my heart thy kingdom own,
And rise to thine eternal throne.

"He made as though he would have gone further."—[Luke 24,] v. 28.[19]

Will my Lord be so unkind,
Leave an halting soul behind,
My Companion in the way
Leave me at the close of day?
Farther tho' Thou seem to go,
Yet thy secret mind I know,
And Thou never wilt depart:
Have I not explain'd thy heart?

"They constrained him, saying, Abide with us, for it is towards evening."—[Luke 24,] v. 29.[20]

Thee let thy own love constrain
With thy followers to remain,
Now the shades of night are near,
Do not, Saviour, disappear:
With us still vouchsafe t' abide,
Thro' the dreary valley guide,
On Thyself our spirits stay,
Bear us to eternal day.

"He took bread, and blessed it, and brake, and gave it to them. And their eyes were[21] **opened, and they knew him; and he vanished out of their sight."—[Luke 24,] v. 30, 31.**[22]

[1.] If Jesus bless, and break the bread,
And give it hungry souls to feed,
To sudden sight restor'd

[19]Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:235, NT #391.

[20]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:309–310.

[21]Orig., "~~we~~."

[22]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:209–210.

With faith's inlighten'd eyes they see
The fulness of the Deity,
And recognize their Lord.

2. Millions of mournful souls have seen
Him fairer than the sons of men
Present at his own feast,
Injoy'd on earth the blisful sight,
And lean'd with rapturous delight
On his beloved breast.

3. Yet who their Saviour truly knew,
They could not always keep in view
The beauties of his face:
From saints he sensibly withdraws,
And makes them gainers by the loss
Of that extatic grace.

4. With stronger love for Him they sigh,
Till Christ returning in the sky
Their glorious Head they see,
And then he hides his face no more,
And then they gaze, admire, adore
Thro' all eternity.

"Did not our hearts burn within us, while &c."—[Luke 24,] v. 32.[23]

[1.] Thou didst forsake thy throne above,
To bring on earth the fire of love,
By telling who Thou art:
Jesus, thy word is as a fire,
And spreads the flame of strong desire
Thro' every faithful heart.

2. While in this wilderness we stray,
Talk with us, Saviour, by the way,
The things concerning Thee

[23]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:310. Stanza 3 incorporates parts of *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:235, NT #392.

In thine own oracles reveal,
And warm our frozen hearts, and fill
With fervent charity.

3. Now in thy Spirit of burning come,
And all our sins as dross consume,
With purity divine
With love Seraphical inspire,
And kindle here an heavenly fire
Which shall forever shine.

"The Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared unto Peter."—[Luke 24,] v. 34.[24]

[1.] To thy poor unfaithful creature,
Jesus show thyself alive,
Thou who didst appear to Peter,
Now to me repentance give;
Me who have by sin denied Thee,
Author of thy mortal smart,
Oft afresh have crucified thee,
Turn, and look, and break my heart.

2. While with tears of true contrition
I my grievous falls deplore,
Pity my forlorn condition,
Lift me up to sin no more;
By thy glorious resurrection
Thou my twice-dead spirit raise,
Quicken'd with divine affection,
Fill'd with all the life of grace.

"He was known of them in breaking of bread."—[Luke 24,] v. 35.[25]

[1.] Captain, God of our salvation
Bought so dear on Calvary,
While we call to mind thy passion,
Thou for good remember me:

[24]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:310–11.

[25]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:311.

In the bread for sinners broken
Thou mine unbelief remove,
Give my trembling heart a token
Of thy free redeeming love.

2. That my fears may all be over,
May with sin forever cease,
To a drooping soul discover
Thou art still my Life my Peace;
Take away this inward blindness,
That I may my Saviour know,
Conscious of thy loving-kindness
Hold, and never let thee go.

"As they thus spake, Jesus himself stood in the midst of them, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you."—[Luke 24,] v. 36.[26]

[1.] While we of his mysteries
Discourse with humble fear,
In the midst of us He is,
And Jesus will appear,
Will remove our sad distress,
By mercy's comfortable voice,
Speak the words of life and peace,
And bid our hearts rejoice.

2. Lord, Thou dost thy followers seek,
Where'er dispers'd they stray,
Chear the faint, confirm the weak,
And by thy presence stay;
Thee the Shepherd good and kind
Before our eyes of faith we see,
Peace the seal of pardon find,
And heavenly joy in Thee.

[26]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:312.

"They were terrified and affrighted."
—[Luke 24,] v. 37.[27]

[1.] Left to itself, the soul of man
Cannot discern the things of God,
Mistakes for meer illusions vain
Uncommon benefits bestow'd:
The tempter's visits blind and lull,
With bold security inspire,
Flatter the visionary soul,
But never suffer him t' inquire.

2. When God vouchsafes the soul to bless,
Or sends some heavenly messenger,
Himself doth on the mind impress
A jealous awe, an humble fear
Lest rashly we should all receive
As surely coming from above,
And every specious spirit believe,
Before we try, compare, and prove.

"He said unto them, Why are ye troubled?"
—[Luke 24,] v. 38.[28]

The visits of unusual grace
We should with diffidence receive,
But not with infidel distress
Which will not on full proof believe:
Yet, till the Lord fresh grace bestow,
To guard the former and explain,
His gifts we neither use nor know,
But turn his blessings into bane.

"Behold my hands and my feet, that it is I myself: handle me and see."
—[Luke 24,] v. 39.[29]

[1.] Open mine eyes of faith to see
Thy hands and feet transfixt and torn,
So shall I know that Thou art He
Who hast my sins and sorrows borne,

[27]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:210.

[28]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:210.

[29]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:312.

The Man that on the mountain bled,
And rose my Surety from the dead.

2. O could I now behold my Lord,
Discern and touch the Crucified,
Adore the true immortal Word,
And thrust my hand into thy side,
And feel that Thou my Saviour art,
Whose blood is sprinkled on my heart!

"He shewed them his hands and his feet."
—[Luke 24,] v. 40.[30]

[1.] The marks of thy expiring love
In glory, Lord, Thou dost retain,
The wounds which bought thy crown above,
That thro' the path of sacred pain
The members on thy cross may rise,
And bear thy burthen to the skies.

2. Thy wounds Thou dost to sinners show,
That we may love those pangs behind,
After our patient Pattern go,
Sure refuge in temptation find,
Succour in perilous distress,
And fountains of eternal grace.

3. Close not thy wounds against my soul,
But let them always open be;
They bleed the balm that makes me whole,
(Balm of all sin and misery)
Declare that God and I are one,
And make my passage to his throne.

"They yet believed not for joy."
—[Luke 24,] v. 41.[31]

[1.] Sometimes the faith, at once bestow'd,
Unfolds itself by slow degrees,
And thus the heavenly gift of God
More clearly the receiver sees;

[30]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:211.

[31]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:313.

Convinc'd his grace is not his own,
Glory he gives to God alone.

2. Fear, joy, astonishment oppose
The truth of Christ to life restor'd,
But these and every mountain flows
Before the presence of the Lord,
When Jesus his own Spirit imparts
T' attest his rising in our hearts.

"Then opened he their understanding, that they might understand the scriptures."
—[Luke 24,] v. 45.[32]

[1.] None that is not taught by Thee
Can thine oracles declare,
Thou hast, Lord, the sacred key,
Thou, thine own Interpreter,
Dost by inspiration give
The true sense by God design'd,
Teach us rightly to conceive
All thy gracious Father's mind.

2. Open then our minds and hearts
Thy own word to understand,
Write it in our inward parts
Every promise and command,
All thine acceptable will
Let us by thy Spirit prove,
Thro' his energy fulfil
The whole counsel of thy love.

"Thus it behoved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day."
—[Luke 24,] v. 46.[33] +

[1.] What but mercy could impose
The strange necessity?
Jesus, Lover of thy foes,
Thy death hath set us free;
Thou hast suffer'd in our stead;
Thy rising, and return to heaven

[32]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:313.

[33]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:314.

Proves, the general debt is paid,
And all mankind forgiven.

2. Christ to suffer it behov'd
By the decree of God,
Guilt could only be remov'd
Thro' his atoning blood:
Justice must be satisfied,
Or mercy never could take place:
Christ embrac'd the terms, and died,
And ransom'd all our race.

3. Thus to save us it became
The Majesty Divine;
Thus to magnify his name
All his perfections join:
Truth and love his throne maintain,
And righteousness and grace agree,
Mixt in the redeeming plan
With perfect harmony.

"Repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations."
—[Luke 24,] v. 47.

[I.][34]

Preach repentance in his name,
Preach forgiveness in his blood,
Then ye may his presence claim,
Then ye speak the word of God:
Empty all beside and vain,
Not the word of God, but man.

["Repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations."
—Luke 24, v. 47.]

II.[35]

Jesus, succeed our ministry,
And prove the virtues of thy name,
Thee, Giver of repentance, Thee
Giver of pardon we proclaim:
Thyself of unbelief convince
Whome'er we to repentance call,

[34]Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:235, NT #393, altered.

[35]Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:236, NT #394.

And then, to cancel all their sins,
Assure them Thou hast died for All.

"Beginning at Jerusalem."—[Luke 24,] v. 47.[36]

Sinners a pardon I proclaim
Offer'd to all in Jesus name:
But know, the wickedest and worst
Shall have the gracious offer *first*.

**"Ye are witnesses of these things."
—[Luke 24,] v. 48.**[37]

[1.] Witnesses of Jesus death
And resurrection we,
Dead to sin, believe and breathe
His Spirit of purity;
Quickned by our living Head
We rise, and seek the things above,
Walk as Jesus walk'd, and lead
The life of holy love.

2. Witness of thy death am I,
Who daily die with Thee,
I thy rising testify
Who feel thy life in me;
Penitent, I dare proclaim
Thou dost the contrite grace impart,
Preach forgiveness in thy name
Who find it in my heart.

"Behold, I send the promise of my Father upon you: but tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endowed with power from on high."—[Luke 24,] v. 49.[38]

[1.] Before the Comforter's descent,
We cannot savingly repent,
Or truly, Lord, in Thee believe;
But till thy word is ratified,

[36]Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:236, NT #395.

[37]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:315.

[38]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:211–12.

We in the outward church abide,
And look The Promise to receive:
The Promise of thy Father's Grace,
Saviour, it must on us take place,
On us who seek, secure to find,
Who gasp to meet Him from above,
The Spirit of power, and faith, and love,
The Promise made to all mankind.

2. Thou didst to thine Apostles give,
And still their successors receive
That ministerial Comforter;
He all thy messengers ordains,
And when in them his kingdom reigns,
Thy genuine[39] gospel they declare:
He every faithful heart inspires,
Thy members fills with pure desires,
With life and real holiness,
With love omnipotent, divine,
With all that spotless mind of thine,
That plenitude of heavenly grace.

"He lift up his hands, and blessed them."
—[Luke 24,] v. 50.[40]

[1.] He lifts the hands stretch'd out so late,
And nail'd to the accursed tree,
Which bore his sacred body's weight
With all our sin and misery;
The hands from which our blessings flow,
Which every creature's wants supply;
Fountains of grace to all below,
They hold, and bear us to the sky.

2. Those hands on which my hopes depend
My present and eternal peace,

[39]Orig., "~~glorious~~."

[40]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:316.

Lift up, and over me extend,
To guard, and sanctify, and bless:
Bless me from thy celestial throne,
With more than heart can e'er conceive,
And seal, and take me for thine own,
Thy purchase, in thy joy to live.

"While he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven."
—[Luke 24,] v. 51.[41]

Parted in the act of blessing,
Never shall thy blessings stop,
Still for us Thou pray'st unceasing,
Still thy hands are lifted up:
First the Comforter is given,
Proof of thy continued prayer;
Then Thou prayst us up to heaven,
Blessest us forever there.

"They worshipped him, and returned to Jerusalem, with great joy: And were continually in the temple, praising and blessing God."—[Luke 24,] v. 52, 53.[42]

[1.] We worship our exalted Lord,
By all the heavenly hosts ador'd,
Jesus, our sacrifice receive,
And King of saints forever live.

2. Thou dost from thy disciples part,
To make us one with Thee in heart,
Thou art, O God, gone up on high,
To draw us after to the sky.

[41]Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:236, NT #396, altered.

[42]Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:316–17.

3. Our Captain and triumphant Head
Hath took possession in our stead,
Hath open'd and prepar'd our way
To mansions of eternal day.

4. Till Thou return to fetch thy bride,
We at Jerusalem abide,
And life's important hour employ
In hymns of praise and solemn joy:

5. On Thee we in thy temple wait
(The house of God, the heavenly gate)
In all the means thy grace injoin'd
The presence of thy Spirit find;

6. With that acclaiming quire above
We glorify the God of love,
Extol the wonders of thy grace,
And only live to pray and praise.

[At the bottom of p. 366 in Wesley's shorthand is written: "Finished April 29, 1766."]

"Begin with shame to take the lowest room."
—[Luke] XIV, [v.] 9.[43] p. 210[44]

[1.] O thou who at the gospel-feast
Seatest thyself above the rest,
Superior honours bold t' assume,
And challenging the highest room;
Before his justice cast thee down,
Instructed by the Master's frown,
Vain boaster of thy perfect grace,
Go, take with shame the lowest place.

2. Less than the least who Jesus know,
Or in his steps desire to go,
Less than the penitents sincere
The abject slaves of legal fear,
Low at their feet, the harlots see
And publicans prefer'd to Thee,
And loath thyself in thy own eyes,
Till Christ exalt thee to the skies.

[43]Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:149.

[44]CW wanted this hymn on Luke 14:9 to be inserted on p. 210.