

MS Psalms¹

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

MS Psalms, presented below, incorporates all but one of the hymns in these two earlier sources, adding a hymn on Psalm 46 that Wesley published elsewhere in 1750, while offering thirty-three more original renditions of psalms in metrical verse.⁴ In total, MS Psalms contains 113 items of verse by Wesley, covering 109 of the psalms.⁵

MS Psalms is not in Charles Wesley's hand. The verse by Wesley in the volume was transcribed by John Perronet, youngest son of Wesley's close friend Vincent Perronet, vicar of Shoreham.⁶ In addition to published sources, Perronet's transcript drew upon Wesley's original MS Fish. For most of the items unique to MS Psalms, no original copy in Wesley's hand survives. Based on comparison to MS Fish, Perronet was a generally reliable transcriber. As with MS Emory, Charles Wesley proofed this transcript, inserting occasional corrections (usually to restore original wording).⁷ But close comparison reveals that Wesley let stand minor variations in style between his typical practice and that of Perronet.⁸ Our presentation of the manuscript retains Wesley's style on these minor variations whenever we have an original source to compare. Lacking such a source, we reproduce the text as it exists in Perronet's hand from MS Psalms.

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

³See *CPH* (1743) – CW Psalms in the section of this website devoted to Charles Wesley's published verse. Two of these had appeared earlier—one in *HSP* (1740), 62–63; the other in *HSP* (1742), 174–75.

⁴The one hymn in MS Fish that is not included is on “Psalm 14, v. 7” (pp. 223–25). The hymn on Psalm 46 was published in *Earthquake Hymns* (1750), 1:9–12.

⁵Wesley offers two versions each of Psalm 6, Psalm 18, Psalm 21, and Psalm 35. He also includes one hymn on Psalm 97 by his father Samuel Wesley Sr., which John had placed in *CPH* (1741).

⁶See the discussion of Perronet's role with the closely connected MS Emory in the introduction to MS Fish.

⁷We footnote only substantive changes. When Wesley is simply restoring the original wording, we ignore Perronet's mistake and present the wording as Wesley intended.

⁸Their practice of capitalization varies slightly (e.g., Perronet was more likely to capitalize verbs), as do some instances of spelling (e.g., Wesley's “awful” becomes “awfull”). There are also minor variances in typical patterns of punctuation.

MS Psalms is a vellum-bound volume, with “Psalms / New Version” inscribed on the spine. The volume contains about 219 sheets (or 438 pages, 4.5 x 7.0 inches in size). While pages are numbered, it is in a very inconsistent manner.⁹ As a result, while we reproduce all page breaks in the transcript below, we have not tried to replicate the original page numbering but simply number consecutively. The Table of Contents will enable readers to locate items referred to in earlier publications or scholarship by the psalm number. It also provides a handy survey of which Wesley paraphrases of psalms appear first in this collection, by placing them in **red font**. The sources of the other items are provided in a central column, with published Wesley sources in **blue font**.

The Table of Contents also provides a guide to additions to the manuscript that took place after Charles Wesley’s death. The 113 items of Wesley’s verse (plus the one hymn by his father) are all in Perronet’s hand and were likely in place around 1749.¹⁰ Gaps were left in the manuscript for verse on psalms that Wesley had not yet taken up; but for some reason Wesley laid the project aside, unfinished. While he would write later short reflective hymns occasioned by individual verses in Psalms—see those published in *Scripture Hymns* (1763)—there is little evidence of further paraphrasing of entire psalms. Thus, these blank pages almost certainly remained unfilled at Wesley’s demise. But they were not empty when Charles’s wife Sarah sold the volume to Robert Lomas in March 1798.¹¹ As a note at the front of the volume explains, John Pawson filled the gaps with texts for 38 of the 41 psalms that Wesley had not treated. Pawson drew 34 of these texts from Isaac Watts’s *Psalms of David* (1719). The other four are abridgements of Tate and Brady that John Wesley had published in *CPH* (1741). Pawson most likely made these insertions in the mid-1790s.¹² While we note each of the items that Pawson added in the Table of Contents, to give a sense of the complete manuscript, we do not reproduce the texts (skipping the pages on which they occur) in the transcription below, because there is no evidence that Charles Wesley intended their addition.

MS Psalms is now part of the collection in the Methodist Archive and Research Centre, accession number MA 1977/553 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 1). The transcription below is provided with permission of the Librarian and Director, The John Rylands Library, The University of Manchester.

⁹Initially only the recto side is numbered and utilized; starting with p. 32, both sides are numbered and filled with text; then, p. 43 is followed by restarting numbering at p. 35; this is followed by variations between numbering both sides and numbering only one side. Moreover, 13 pages at the front and 54 at the end are left blank and unnumbered.

¹⁰See the reference to his “new version of the psalms,” likely referring to MS Psalms, in Letter to Sarah Gwynne Jr., January 3, 1749 (MARC, DDCW 5/12). There is also a 1747 letter of his brother John transcribed at the end of MS Psalms in Charles Wesley’s hand, suggesting a similar time frame.

¹¹A transcript of the receipt of this sale (from the Green Cash Book, p. 78) can be found at the front of the current volume. The volume had drawn recent attention because someone (likely Sarah Wesley) had arranged for a few of the psalms to be published in late 1797 in the *Arminian Magazine*; see pp. 10, 66, 112, and 128 below. Lomas was later Book Steward for the Methodist Church and apparently arranged for the volume to go to the archives.

¹²While Pawson (1737–1806) became a Methodist in the early 1760s, he served in northern England and Scotland until 1787. But he was located in London in the mid-1790s, serving a term as President of Conference, among other duties.

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Psalm I.¹

1. Blest is the Man, and none but He,
 Who walks not with ungodly Men,
Nor stands their evil Deeds to see,
 Nor Sits the Innocent t' arraign,
The Persecutor's guilt to share,
Oppressive in the Scorner's Chair.
2. Obedience is his pure Delight,
 To do the Pleasure of his Lord:
His Exercise by Day and Night
 To search the² Soul-converting Word,
The Law of Liberty to prove,
The perfect Law of Life and Love.
3. Fast by the Streams of Paradise
 He, as a pleasant Plant, shall grow:
The Tree of Righteousness shall rise,
 And all his Blooming Honours shew,
Spread out his Boughs, and flourish fair,
And Fruit unto Perfection bear.
4. His verdant Leaf shall never fade,
 His Works of Faith shall never cease,
His happy Toil shall all succeed,
 Whom GOD Himself delights to bless:
But no Success th' Ungodly find,
Scatter'd like Chaff before the Wind.
5. No Portion and no Place have They
 With those whom GOD vouchsafes t' approve,

¹Published in *CPH* (1743), 1–2.

²*CPH* (1743) reads “his.”

Cast in the dreadful Judgment-Day,
Who trample on their Saviour's Love,
Who here their Bleeding Lord deny,
Shall perish, and for ever die.

Psalm II.³

1. Why do the Jews and Gentiles join
To execute a vain Design,
Idly their utmost Powers engage,
And Storm with unavailing Rage?
2. Earth's haughty Kings their Lord oppose,
The Rulers list themselves his Foes,
To fight against their GOD agree,
And slay th' Incarnate Deity.
3. As Sworn their Maker to dethrone,
And Jesus his Anointed Son,
To rise from all Subjection freed,
And reign Almighty in his stead.
4. The Lord that calmly sits above
Enthron'd in Everlasting Love,
Shall all their feeble Threats deride,
And laugh to Scorn their furious Pride.
5. Then shall He in his Wrath address,
And vex his baffled Enemies,
Yet have I⁴ glorified my Son,
And plac'd him on his Father's Throne.
6. Conqueror of Sin, and Death, and Hell
He reigns a Prince Invincible,

³Published in *CPH* (1743), 2–3.

⁴*CPH* (1743) reads “I have” for “have I.”

All Power is now to Jesus given,
Triumphant on the Hill of Heaven.

7. I publish the Divine Decree,
That all shall live who trust in me:
Look unto me, ye Ransom'd Race,
Believe, and ye are sav'd by Grace.
8. I heard my gracious Father say,
Thou art my Son, on this glad day
Thou art declar'd my Son, with Pow'r,
Rais'd from the Dead to die no more.
9. Ask, and the Gentile World receive,
All, all I to thy Prayer will give,
So dearly bought with Blood Divine,
Lo! every Soul of Man is Thine.
10. Whoe'er withstand a Pardning GOD
Shall groan beneath thine Iron Rod,
Whoe'er their Advocate repel,
The Anger of their Judge shall feel.
11. Wherefore to Him ye Kings submit,
Be wise to fall, and kiss his Feet,
With awfull Joy revere his Sway;
Ye Rulers of the Earth obey.
12. Worship the Co-eternal Son,
Lest you in Anger he disown,
His Light with-hold, his Grace deny,
And leave you in your Sins to die.
13. Thrice happy all who trust in Him,
All good, Almighty to redeem;
They only shall his Mercy prove,
Lov'd with an everlasting Love.

Psalm III.⁵

1. See, O Lord, my Foes Increase,
Mark the Troublers of my Peace,
Fiercely 'gainst my Soul they rise,
“Heaven,^[3] they say, ^[4]its Help denies,
“Help he seeks from GOD in vain,
“GOD hath given Him up to Man.”
2. But Thou art a Shield for me,
Succour still I find in Thee,
Now thou liftest up my Head,
Now I glory in thine aid,
Confident in thy Defence,
Strong in thine Omnipotence.
3. To the Lord I cried; the Cry
Brought my Helper from the Sky;
By my kind Protector kept,
Safe I laid me down, and Slept,
Slept within his Arms, and rose;
Blest Him for the calm Repose.
4. Kept by Him, I cannot fear
Sin, the World, or Satan near;
All their Hosts my Soul defies:
Lord, in my Behalf arise,
Save me, for in Faith I call,
Save me, O my GOD, from all.
5. Thou hast sav'd me heretofore,
Thou hast quell'd the adverse Power,
Pluck'd me from the Jaws of Death,
Broke the roaring Lion's Teeth,

⁵Published in *CPH* (1743), 3–4.

Still from all my Foes defend,
Save me, save me to the End.

6. Thine it is, O Lord, to save;
Strength in Thee thy People have,
Safe from Sin in Thee they rest,
With the Gospel-blessing blest,
Wait to see the perfect Grace,
Heaven on Earth in Jesu's Face.

Psalm IV.⁶

1. GOD of my Righteousness,
Thy humble Suppliant hear,
Thou hast reliev'd me in Distress,
And Thou art always near.
Again thy Mercy shew,
The peaceful Answer send,
Assuage my Grief, relieve my Woe,
And bid⁷ my Troubles end.
2. How long, ye Sons of Men,
Will ye blaspheme aloud,
My Honour wrong, my Glory stain,
And vilify my GOD?
How long will ye delight
In Vanity and Vice,
Madly against the Righteous fight,
And follow after Lies!
3. Know, for Himself the Lord
Hath surely set apart
The Man that trembles at his Word,
The Man of upright Heart:

⁶Published in *CPH* (1743), 5–6.

⁷*CPH* (1743) reads “all.”

And when to Him I pray,
He promises to hear,
And help me in my Evil Day,
And answer all my Prayer.

4. Ye Sinners, stand in awe,
And from your Sins depart,
Out of the evil World withdraw,
And commune with your Heart:
In thinking of his Love
Be Day and Night employ'd:
Be still; nor in his Presence move,
But wait upon your GOD.
5. Offer your Prayer and Praise,
Which He will not despise,
Thro' Jesus Christ, your Righteousness,
Accepted Sacrifice.
Offer your Heart's Desires;
But trust in Him alone,
Who gives whatever He requires,
And freely saves His own.
6. The World with fruitless Pain
Seek Happiness below,
What Man (they ask, but all in vain)
The long-sought Good will shew?
The Brightness of thy Face
Give *Us*, O Lord, to see,
Glory on Earth begun in Grace,
Happiness all⁸ in Thee.
7. Thou hast on me bestow'd
Most gracious⁹ as Thou art,

⁸*CPH* (1743) reads "All happiness." Perronet wrote "And Happiness." Wesley then changed to "~~And~~ Happiness all."

⁹*CPH* (1743) reads "All-gracious." Perronet copied correctly; Wesley then changed to "Most gracious."

The Taste Divine, the Sovereign Good,
And fix'd it in my Heart:
Above all earthly Bliss
The Sense of Sin Forgiven,
The hidden Joy, the mystic Peace,
The Antepast of Heaven.

8. Of Gospel-Peace possest,
Secure in thy Defence,
Now, Lord, within thine Arms I rest,
And who shall pluck me hence?¹⁰
Nor Sin, nor Earth, nor Hell
Shall evermore remove,
When all-renew'd in Thee I dwell,
And perfected in Love.

Psalm V.¹¹

1. O Lord, incline thy gracious Ear,
My plaintive Sorrows weigh,
To Thee for Succour I draw near,
To Thee I humbly pray.
Still will I call with lifted Eyes,
“Come, O my GOD, and King,”
Till Thou regard my ceaseless Cries,
And full Deliverance bring.
2. On Thee, O GOD of Purity,
I wait for hallowing Grace;
None without Holiness shall see
The Glories of thy Face:
In Souls unholy and unclean
Thou never canst delight;

¹⁰*CPH* (1743) reads “thence.”

¹¹Published in *CPH* (1743), 7–8.

Nor shall they, while unsav'd from Sin,
Appear before thy Sight.

3. Thou hatest all that Evil do,
Or speak Iniquity,
The Hearts unkind, and Hearts untrue
Are both abhor'd by Thee.
The greatest and minutest Fault
Shall find its fearful Doom,
Sinners in Deed, or Word, or Thought
Thou surely shall consume.
4. But as for me, with humble Fear
I will approach thy Gate,
Though most unworthy to draw near,
Or in thy Courts to wait:
I trust in thine¹² unbounded Grace
To all so freely given,
And worship t'ward thy holy Place,
And lift my Soul to Heaven.
5. Lead me in all thy righteous Ways,
Nor suffer me to slide,
Point out the Path before my Face;
My GOD, be Thou my Guide.
The cruel Power, the guileful Art
Of all my Foes suppress,
Whose Throat an open Grave, whose Heart
Is desperate Wickedness.
6. Thou, Lord, shall drive them from thy Face,
And finally consume,
Thy Wrath on the rebellious Race
Shall to the utmost come.

¹²*CPH* (1743) reads "thy."

But all who put their trust in Thee,
Thy Mercy shall proclaim,
And sing with chearful Melody,
Their dear Redeemer's Name.

7. Protected by thy guardian Grace
They shall extol thy Power,
Rejoice, give thanks, and shout thy Praise,
And triumph evermore.
They never shall to Evil yield
Defended from above,
And kept, and cover'd with the Shield
Of thine Almighty Love.

Psalm VI.¹³

1. Lord, in thy Wrath no more chastize,
Nor let thy whole Displeasure rise
Against a Child of Man:
Have mercy, Lord, for I am weak,
And heal my Soul diseas'd and Sick,
And full of Sin and Pain.
2. Body and Soul thy Judgments feel,
Thy heavy Wrath afflicts me still:
O when shall it be o'er!
Turn Thee, O Lord, and save my Soul,
And for thy Mercy Sake make whole,
And bid me sin no more.
3. Here, only here thy Love must save;
I cannot thank Thee in the Grave,
Or tell thy pardning Grace:

¹³Published in *CPH* (1743), 8–9.

Who dies unpurg'd, forever dies,
The Sinner as he falls, he lies,
Shut up in his own Place.

4. Weary of my unanswer'd Groans;
Yet still with never-ceasing Moans
I languish for Relief;
With Tears I wash my Couch and Bed;
My Strength is spent, my Beauty fled,
My Life worn out with Grief.
5. But shall I to my Foes give place?
Or in the Name of Jesus, chase
My Troublers all away?
In Jesu's Name, I say, depart
Devils and Sins; nor vex my Heart:
For GOD hath heard me pray.
6. The Lord hath heard my Groans and Tears;
The Lord shall still accept my Prayers,
And all my Foes o'erthrow,
Shall conquer, and destroy them too,
And make ev'n me a Creature new,
A sinless Saint below.

Another
[Psalm VI].¹⁴

1. In thine utmost Indignation
Do not, Lord, Thine own chastise;
In thine infinite Compassion
Hear my feeble dying Cries:
Heal me, for my Bones are vexed,¹⁵
O forgive, forgive my Sin,
Sick I am, and sore perplexed,
All a troubled Sea within.

¹⁴Published posthumously in *Arminian Magazine* 20 (1797): 570–71; and *Poetical Works*, 8:12–14.

¹⁵Perronet copied “vexed” to be pronounced as a two syllable word and at the end of line 7 “perplexed” as a three syllable word. Although stilted, this likely represents Wesley’s intent to preserve the 8-beat rhythm for odd-numbered lines in this hymn.

2. Lord, how long shall thy Displeasure
 Lengthen out my Punishment?
O correct me but in Measure:
 Let thy yearning Heart relent:
Sinner's Friend, and kind Receiver,
 Cast my Sins behind thy Back:
Turn me now, my Soul Deliver,
 Save me for thy Mercy sake.

3. O reverse the Mortal Sentence,
 Let me live to sing thy Grace:
After Death is no Repentance,
 Dead I cannot speak thy Praise:
Spent I am with endless Groaning,
 Wash with Tears my sleepless Bed,
Weary of my fruitless Moaning;
 Send my gasping Spirit Aid.

4. Shorn of all my Strength I languish;
 See, I faint beneath my Load,
Faint thro' deep Distress and Anguish,
 Faint—into the Arms of GOD!
GOD to me in great Compassion
 Doth a gracious Token give,
I shall see his whole Salvation,
 I shall all his Love retrieve.

5. Leave me, then, to Jesus leave me,
 Ye that gloried in my Fall:
Jesus Arms shall still receive me,
 He hath heard my mournful Call,
He hath answer'd my Petition,
 Shew'd Himself the Sinner's Friend,
Sav'd me in my lost Condition;
 He shall save me to the End.

6. By a World of Foes surrounded,
By the Hellish Sons of Night,
I shall see them all confounded,
Put to everlasting Flight.
He who hath my Sins forgiven,
All my Sins to Death shall doom,
Hence, as by a Whirlwind driven—
Come, my Utmost Saviour, come!

Psalm VII.¹⁶

1. Jesus, my Lord, on thy great Name
I still for Help depend,
From Sin, the World, and Hell redeem,
And save me to the End.
2. The Lion ready to devour,
Would tear my Soul and slay,
Ah! leave me not to Satan's Power,
But spoil him of his Prey.
3. Arise, O Lord, thine Arm make bare,
Confound the furious Pride
Of all my Foes; in Wrath declare
That Thou art on my Side.
4. So shall the Saints surround thy Throne
With joyful Songs of Praise;
For Israel sake thy Servant own,
And save me by thy Grace.
5. Lift Thyself up, awake for me,
My Cause in Mercy plead,
Lead captive my Captivity,
And make me free indeed.

¹⁶Appears also in MS Emory, 205–207; and MS Fish, 215–17. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:14–15.

6. Command Iniquity to cease,
Make a full¹⁷ End of Sin,
Stablish the Just in Righteousness,
And bring thy Nature in.
7. Succour, and Strength in GOD I have,
Who never will depart,
But keep, and to the utmost save,
The Men of simple Heart.
8. His Righteousness I will proclaim,
His Goodness glorify,
And celebrate the Saviour's Name,
And praise the Lord most High.

Psalm VIII.¹⁸

1. Sovereign, Everlasting Lord,
How excellent thy Name!
Held in Being by thy Word,
Thee all thy Works proclaim:
Thro' this Earth thy Glories shine,
Thro' those dazling Worlds above,
All confess the Source Divine,
Th' Almighty GOD of Love.
2. Thou, the GOD of Power and Grace,
Whom highest Heavens adore,
Callest Babes to sing thy Praise,
And manifest thy Power:
Lo! they in thy Strength go on,
Lo! on all thy Foes they tread,
Cast the dire Accuser down,
And bruise the Serpent's Head.

¹⁷MS Fish and MS Emory read "And make an" for "Make a full"; Wesley let the MS Psalms transcription stand.

¹⁸Published in *CPH* (1743), 66–67.

3. Yet when I survey the Skies
And Planets as they roll,
Wonder dims my aching Eyes,
And swallows up my Soul;
Moon and Stars so wide display,
Chaunt their Maker's Praise so loud,
Pour a Flood of milder¹⁹ Day,
And draw me up to GOD!

4. What is Man, that Thou, O Lord,
Hast such Respect to Him!
Comes from Heaven th' Incarnate WORD,
His Creature to redeem:
Wherefore would'st thou stoop so low?
Who the Myst'ry shall explain?
GOD is flesh, and lives below,
And dies for wretched Man.

5. Jesus, his Redeemer dies,
The Sinner to restore,
Falls, that Man again may rise,
And stand as heretofore;
Foremost of created Things,
Head of all thy Works he stood,
Nearest the great King of Kings,
And *little less than GOD!**

6. Him with glorious Majesty
Thy Grace vouchsaft to crown,
Transcript of the One in Three,
He in thine Image shone:
All thy Works for him were made,
All did to his Sway submit,

*So it is in the Hebrew.

¹⁹*CPH* (1743) reads "insufferable." Perronet copied correctly, and Wesley then changed to "a Flood of milder."

Fishes, Birds, and Beasts obey'd,
And bow'd beneath his Feet.

7. Sovereign, everlasting Lord,
How excellent thy Name,
Held, in Being by thy Word
Thee all thy Works proclaim:
Thro' this Earth thy Glories shine,
Thro' those dazzling Worlds above,
All confess the Source Divine,
Th' Almighty GOD of Love.

Psalm IX.²⁰

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

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

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

²⁰Appears also in MS Emory, 1–7; and MS Fish, 1–7 (though pages 1–5 are missing). Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:17–20.

Thou hast in holy Souls destroy'd
The World of Evil, and it's God,
For ever and for ever slain;
The foul Orig'nal Stain effac'd,
Its Being, and it's Name eras'd,
Nor let one Seed of Sin remain.

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

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

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

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

5. Sing to the Lord unceasing Praise,
Who dwells among the faithful Race,
His glorious Works to all declare:
He at his People's Cry shall come,
Their Foes to swift Destruction doom,
And answer all their humble Prayer.

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

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

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

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

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

Psalm X.²¹

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

2. Arise, O Lord,²² arise,
 O GOD, lift up thine Hand,
No longer seem to slight our Cries,
 But all our Foes withstand.
 The Poor in his Distress
 Commits Himself to Thee,
Thou Helper of the Fatherless,
 Thou Friend of Misery.

3. Confound the Tyrant's Power,
 The Man of Sin o'rethrow,
Our Depth of Wickedness explore,
 Root out our Inbred Foe.
 When Sin is all destroy'd,
 Its Being and Remains,

²¹Appears also in MS Emory, 207–209; and MS Fish, 219–21. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:20–21.

²²MS Fish and MS Emory read “GOD” for “Lord”; Wesley let the MS Psalms transcription stand.

We then shall say, the Lord is GOD,
Our King forever reigns.

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

Psalm XI.²³

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

²³Appears also in MS Emory, 7–9; and MS Fish, 7–9. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:21–22.

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

Psalm XII.²⁴

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

²⁴Appears also in MS Emory, 209–11; and MS Fish, 221–23. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:22–23.

5. I myself will save th' Opprest;
Plac'd beyond the Tyrant's Power
Satan shall no more molest,
Sin shall never reach him more.
6. True, and faithful is the Lord,
All that He hath spoke shall be,
Pure his every Gracious²⁵ Word
From the Dross of Falsehood free.
7. In the Earthy Furnace tried,
In the Soul of fallen Man,
Lo! as Silver purified,
All his Promises remain.
8. Thou, O Lord, shalt all fulfil
Earth and Hell a while may rage,
Thou art our Preserver still,
Christ is Ours from Age to Age.

Psalm XIII.²⁶

1. How long wilt Thou forget me, Lord,
Wilt Thou forever hide thy Face?
Leave me unchang'd and unrestor'd,
An Alien from thy Life of Grace!
2. How long shall I enquire within,
And seek Thee in my Heart in vain
Vex'd with the dire Remains of Sin,
Gall'd with the Tyrant's Iron Chain!
3. How long shall Satan's Rage prevail?
(I ask thee with a faulting Tongue)
See at thy Feet my Spirit fail,
And hear me feebly groan, How long!

²⁵MS Fish and MS Emory leave an open space where the word "Gracious" appears here in MS Psalms.

²⁶Appears also in MS Thirty, 40–41. Published in *CPH* (1743), 9–10.

4. Hear me, O Lord, my GOD, and weigh
My Sorrows in the Scale of Love,
Lighten mine Eyes, restore the Day,
The Darkness from my Soul remove.
5. Open my Faith's enlighten'd Eyes,
O Snatch me from the Gulph beneath,
Save, or my gasping Spirit dies,
Dies with an everlasting Death.
6. Ah! suffer not my Foe to boast
His Vict'ry o'er a Child of Thine,
Nor let the proud Philistine's Host
In Satan's hellish Triumph join.
7. Will they not cast my shame²⁷ on Thee,
Will they not dare my GOD to blame?
My GOD forbid the Blasphemy,
Be jealous for thy glorious Name.
8. Thou wilt, Thou wilt! my Hope returns,
A sudden Sp'rit of Faith I feel,
My Heart in fervent Wishes burns,
And GOD shall there for ever dwell.
9. My Trust is in thy gracious Power,
I glory in Salvation near,
Rejoice in Hope of that glad Hour
When perfect Love shall cast out Fear.
10. I sing the Goodness of the Lord,
The Goodness I experience now,
And still I hang upon thy Word,
My Saviour to the utmost Thou.

²⁷*CPH* (1743) and MS Thirty read "charge my fall" for "cast my shame."

11. Thy Love I ever shall proclaim
A Mon' ment of thy Mercy I,
And praise the mighty Jesu's Name,
Jesus the Lord, the Lord most High!

Psalm XIV.²⁸

1. The Fool hath in his Heart denied
That Being whom his Deeds defied:
Corrupt is the whole Human Race,
Not One his Maker-GOD obeys,
Plung'd in the Depth of Adam's Fall,
Death, Wrath, and Curse o'whelm them all.
2. Jehovah from his Throne survey'd
The Creatures whom his Hands had made,
Nor could his All-discerning Eye
One less corrupted Soul espy,
Willing his Sovereign Lord to own,
Or humbly seek a GOD Unknown.
3. They all have left the Heavenly Way,
And gone in Actual Sin astray,
Wholly corrupt and born in Sin,
Atheists, and Beasts and Fiends within,
Not One, till from above renew'd,
Or does, or wills the smallest Good.
4. Their Brethren turn'd by Grace Divine
They hate and spitefully malign:
Their Throat is as an open Grave,
Their Tongues are practis'd to deceive,
Their Lips with Adder's Poison swell,
Their Tongues are set on fire of Hell.

²⁸Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:25–26.

5. Their Mouth is full of bitterest Lies,
Slanders, and Oaths, and Perjuries;
Swift are their Feet to shed the Blood
Of all the faithful Sons of GOD:
They own *Apollyon* for their King
And Death is in their Scorpion Sting.
6. Their Ways to swift Destruction tend;
And sure Damnation is their End;
Their Life is Sin and Misery,
Their Hearts are all a troubled Sea,
Nor can they rest a Moment here,
For GOD they neither love nor fear.
7. Poor desperate Souls! they will not know
That Tophet yawns for them below,
Who exercise their hellish Power
To hurt, my People and devour,
But e'er to mention GOD disdain,
Unless to take my Name in vain.
8. Poor guilty Souls! they fear, they fly,
And fall with no Pursuer nigh,
Who mock'd the Council of the Poor,
And vow'd his Ruin to ensure,
Revil'd the Lord's Afflicted One,
The Man that hop'd in GOD alone.
9. But O, thou humbled Soul, look up,
A glad Partaker of thy Hope!
The Lord hath thy Beseigers shook,
And all their Bones to pieces broke,
Thy Foes are put to endless Shame,
And Jesus is thy Saviour's Name!

10. O that to All by Sin opprest
The Lord would give his perfect Rest,
[unfinished]

Psalm XVI.²⁹

1. O Lord, thy faithful Servant save,
Faith in thy Name Thou knowst I have,
My Soul hath call'd Thee Mine:
My Good cannot to Thee extend,
My Good did first from Thee descend,
And All I have is Thine.

2. I feel thy yearning Bowels move,
Thy People for thy sake I love,
In Them alone delight,
Thy³⁰ Saints who *here* thine Image bear,
Who *here* thy sinless Nature share,
And walk with Thee in White.

3. But Those that serve the Prince of Hell
His wretched Slaves I still repel,
Nor in their Offerings join;
My Soul their Fellowship disclaims,
My Lips shall never name their Names,
Or call their Pleasures Mine.

4. The Lord Himself my Portion is,
Thou reachest out my Cup of Bliss,
And wilt no more remove,
My fair Inheritance Thou art;
The Needful Thing, the Better Part
I find in perfect Love.

5. The Lord I will forever bless,
The Councillour, and Prince of Peace,
He teaches me his Will;

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

³⁰MS Psalms and MS Emory use “Thy,” while Wesley writes “The” in MS Fish. Wesley lets the MS Psalms and MS Emory transcriptions stand.

He doth with nightly Pains chastise,
And makes me to Salvation wise
By every Scourge I feel.

6. Him have I set before my Face,
The Pardning GOD of boundless Grace,
Of everlasting Love;
By Faith I always see Him stand;
And with Him, plac'd on my Right Hand
I never shall remove.
7. Wherefore my Heart doth now rejoice,
I wait to hear thy quickning Voice,
My Flesh exults in Hope,
Thou wilt not leave me in the Grave,
Sure Confidence in Thee I have,
That Thou shalt raise me up.
8. As sure as GOD brought back our Head,
Our great good Shepherd from the Dead,
I shall right early rise;
My Soul shall no Corruption see,
My Soul, O Lord, shall live³¹ with Thee,
And mount above the Skies.
9. Thou wilt the Path of Life display,
And lead me in Thyself the Way,
Till all the Grace is given:
Fulness of Joy with Thee there is,
Thy Presence makes the Perfect Bliss,
And where Thou art is Heaven.

³¹Perronet copied "rise" correctly from MS Fish, and Wesley then changed to "live."

Psalm XVII.³²

1. Righteous Lord, attend my Cry,
Hearken to my earnest Prayer,
Now absolve me, or I die,
Now mine Innocence declare,
From th' Accuser's Charge release,
Clear me by thy Righteousness.
2. Jesu, take the Sinner's Part,
Plead my Cause, in Pity plead;
Thou hast prov'd my trembling Heart,
Hast from Condemnation freed,
Visited my Nature's Night,
Chear'd me by the Gospel-Light.
3. Lord, Thou knowst my Simpleness,
Guile Thou shalt not find in me,
Fully purpos'd thro' thy Grace
Sin t' eschew, and cleave to Thee,
Satan's Works and Ways to shun,
Guided by thy Word alone.
4. Still support me in thy Ways,
And my Foot shall never fall;
Thou hast heard my Calls for Grace,
Thou wilt hear me when I call;
Bow thine Ear, in Mercy bow,
Hear me, Lord, and hear me now.
5. Send me Succour from above,
Thou whose Arm is bar'd to save,
Those who trust thy wondrous Love,
Who in Thee Affiance have;

³²Appears also in MS Emory, 13–17; and MS Fish, 13–17. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:28–30.

Saviour Thou from all their Foes
All who Thee and Thine oppose.

6. Keep me who in Thee confide
 As the Apple of thine Eye,
Shade me with thy Wings, and hide
 While my deadly Foes are nigh,
Ever greedy to devour;
Save me from th' Oppressor's Power.
7. Lo! they still my Steps surround,
 Watch my helpless Soul to slay,
Thou their cruel Pride confound,
 Spoil the Lion of his Prey,
Thou for Satan's Downfall rise,
Cast th' Accuser from the Skies.
8. Save me from the Wicked, Lord,
 Weapons of thy Wrath severe,
Thine avenging Scourge, and Sword;
 Men who have their Portion here,
With all worldly Good endow'd,
Poor, and destitute of GOD.
9. But my whole Desire Thou art,
 Happy when I see thy Face,
When renew'd and pure in Heart,
 Partner of the Perfect Grace,
Bright I in thine Image shine,
Satisfied with Love Divine.

Psalm XVIII.³³

Part I.

1. Thee will I love, O Lord my Power:
My Rock and Fortress is the Lord,
My GOD, my Saviour and my Tower,
My Horn and Strength, my Shield and Sword;
Secure I trust in his Defence,
I stand in his Omnipotence.
2. Still will I invoke his Name,
And spend my Life in Prayer and Praise,
His Goodness own, his Promise claim,
And look for all his saving Grace,
Till all his saving Grace I see,
From Sin and Hell for ever free.
3. He sav'd me in Temptation's Hour,
Horribly caught and compass round,
Expos'd to Satan's raging Power,
In Floods of Sin and Sorrow drown'd,
Condemn'd the second Death to feel,
Arrested by the Pains of Hell.
4. To GOD, my GOD, with plaintive Cry
I call'd, in Agony of Fear,
My humble wailing pierc'd the Sky,
My Groaning reach'd his gracious Ear,
He heard me from his glorious Throne,
And sent the timely Rescue Down.

Part II.

5. When GOD did on my Part appear,
Astonish'd at his Frowning Look

³³Part II and following appears also in MS Emory, 219–25; and MS Fish, 231–41. Part I was published in *CPH* (1743), 68. The whole was published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:30–35.

The Earth was mov'd, and quak'd for Fear,
The Hills to their Foundations shook,
The Everlasting Mountains bow'd
In Presence of my Angry GOD.

6. A Smoak out of his Nostrils pour'd,
And upward roll'd its gloomy Spire,
A Fire out of his Mouth devour'd,
A Stream of Sin-consuming Fire,
His Lightnings flew with surest Aim,
His Foes were Fewel to the Flame.
7. The Heavens in his Descent He bow'd,
And Darkness for his Carpet spread,
His Chariot was a Sable Cloud,
The Winds his fervid Wheels³⁴ He made,
By Cherubs drawn the King of Kings
Came flying on a Whirlwinds Wings.
8. Darkness He made his Secret Place,
And threw his³⁵ wide Pavilion round,
Darkness and Clouds eclips'd his Face;
How inaccessibly profound
Implung'd in Waves of deepest Night
Th' Eternal Uncreated Light.
9. A Ray He darted from his Throne,
And bad the scatter'd Clouds retire,
His Clouds dispers'd, his Terrors shone,
And drop'd in Flakes of livid Fire,
The Waves congeal'd with Horror fell
In hasty Showers of rattling Hail.

³⁴Wesley wrote "Wings" in MS Fish, but in MS Emory he struck it out and suggested the replacement "Wheels." MS Psalms adopted the suggested change.

³⁵Wesley wrote "the" in MS Fish, and wrote "his" in MS Emory. MS Psalms adopted the substitution from MS Emory.

10. The Lord from Heaven in Thunder spoke,
The Lord most terrible most High
Sent forth his mighty Voice, and shook
The Battlements of Earth and Sky;
His Wrath in Storms of Hail He shew'd,
As burning Coals his Vengeance³⁶ glow'd.
11. He lanc'd³⁷ the Weapons of his War
His Arrows of Vindictive Flame,
His Lightnings with pernicious Glare
And right inevitable Aim
Before the rolling Thunder flew,
And all my blasted Foes o'rethrew.
12. The Watry Stores discover'd were,
Broke open by his Chiding Breath,
It laid the World's Foundations bare,
And shew'd the mighty Springs beneath,
The Deep at thy Rebuke was seen,
The Center let thine Earthquake in.
13. He sent his Warrant from above,
And claim'd, and seiz'd my Soul for His,
He drew me by the Cords of Love,
Implung'd in Sin's profound Abyss,
Redeem'd me from the Tempter's Power,
Nor let my stronger Foes devour.
14. They caught me in my evil Day,
On every Side they kept me in,
But GOD was my Defence and Stay,
He pluck'd me from the Straits of Sin,

³⁶ Wesley wrote "Judgments" in MS Fish, and wrote "Vengeance" in MS Emory. MS Psalms adopted the substitution from MS Emory.

³⁷I.e., "launch'd" or "hurl'd."

Brought forth into a Wealthy Place,
And freely sav'd me by his Grace.

Part III.

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

19. Sustain'd by thine Almighty Hand
And greaten'd by thy gentle Love,
My Feet were taught on Thee to stand,
Or³⁸ swiftly in thy Paths to move,
Confirm'd, upheld on every Side
My Feet could neither sink nor slide.
20. My Foes I challeng'd forth to fight,
I vex'd them with Offensive War,
Follow'd, o'retook, and stop'd their Flight,
Nor would from the Pursuit forbear,
Till crush'd, consum'd beneath my Power
They sunk, they fell to rise no more.
21. Thou, Lord, hast girded me with Might,
And arm'd my Soul for Conquests new,
When Other Hosts appear'd in Sight
Thine Arm did still my Foes³⁹ subdue,
Compel'd the Rebels⁴⁰ to submit,
And bow'd their Necks beneath my Feet.
22. The Lord for me doth ever live;
Blessing ascribe to GOD most High,
Glory, and Thanks to Jesus give,
The Rock on which I still rely;
Extol his Power, his Mercies raise,
The GOD of my Salvation praise.
23. Tis GOD, who vindicates my Right,
And all my Sins⁴¹ persists t' o'rethrow,

³⁸Wesley wrote "And" in MS Fish, and wrote "Or" in MS Emory. MS Psalms adopted the substitution from MS Emory.

³⁹Wesley wrote "Other Hosts" in MS Fish, and wrote "still my Foes" in MS Emory. MS Psalms adopted the substitution from MS Emory.

⁴⁰Wesley wrote "Aliens" in MS Fish, and wrote "Rebels" in MS Emory. MS Psalms adopted the substitution from MS Emory.

⁴¹Wesley wrote "Foes" in MS Fish, and wrote "Sins" in MS Emory. MS Psalms adopted the substitution from MS Emory.

Thou hast redeem'd me by thy Might
Superior to mine⁴² Inbred Foe,
Thy Love hath set my Spirit free,
And bad me live, O Lord, to Thee.

24. Wherefore I will exalt thy Name,
And teach the Heathen World thy Praise
In Songs of sacred Joy proclaim
Thy Riches of redeeming Grace,
Till all the Heathen World confess
Jesus⁴³ the Lord Our Righteousness.
25. Mighty to save his Love we sing,
The Lord⁴⁴ that doth our Souls convert,
The Christian is his Priest and King,
The David after his own Heart,
And all his Seed, his Church, adore
The Love that saves forevermore.

⁴²Wesley wrote “my” in MS Fish, and wrote “mine” in MS Emory. MS Psalms adopted the substitution from MS Emory.

⁴³Wesley wrote “And hymn” in MS Fish, and wrote “Jesus” in MS Emory. MS Psalms adopted the substitution from MS Emory.

⁴⁴Wesley wrote “Love” in MS Fish and MS Emory, and let the transcription of “Lord” stand in MS Psalms.

Psalm XIX.⁴⁵

Part I.

1. Our Souls the Book of Nature draws
T' adore the First Eternal Cause,
The Heavens Articulate shine,
And speak their Architect Divine,
And all their Orbs proclaim aloud
The Wisdom and the Power of GOD.

2. See in yon glorious azure Height
The Sovereign Uncreated Light!
That vast Expanse of liquid Air
Doth his Immensity declare,
And every Influence from above
His bounteous Universal Love.

3. The sure-succeeding Night and Day
His Providential Care display,
Who bad them to their Bounds retire,
And stand as Quire that answers⁴⁶ Quire
His Knowledge infinite to tell,
And shew the Great INVISIBLE.

4. Kindreds, and Tongues, and Nations hear
His All-informing Messenger.
Stretching to Earth's remotest Bound,
The Heavens their Maker's Praise resound,
And speak⁴⁷ the Power by which they shine,
And gospellize his⁴⁸ Love Divine.

⁴⁵Appears also in MS Emory, 226–29; and MS Fish 241–49. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 3 (1800): 146–48; and *Poetical Works*, 8:35–39.

⁴⁶Wesley wrote “to answer” in MS Fish, and wrote “that answers” in MS Emory. MS Psalms adopted the substitution from MS Emory.

⁴⁷Wesley wrote “sing” in MS Fish. Wesley wrote “speak” in MS Emory, but added “sing” above as an alternative. MS Psalms adopted “speak.”

⁴⁸Wesley wrote “the” in MS Fish, and wrote “his” in MS Emory. MS Psalms adopted the substitution from MS Emory.

5. GOD in the⁴⁹ Spacious Firmament
Hath pitch'd the Solar Planet's Tent;
Forth from his Chamber in the East
The Sun in flaming Yellow drest,
Comes, as a Bridegroom blith and gay,
To chear the World, and bring the Day.
6. With Giant-Strength He comes from far,
Exulting on his rapid Car,
And started⁵⁰ from the Heavenly Goal,
Holds on his Course from Pole to Pole,
Earth's inmost Stores his Rays admit,
And all things feel the Genial Heat.

Part II.

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

⁴⁹Wesley wrote "that" in MS Fish, and wrote "the" in MS Emory. MS Psalms adopted the substitution from MS Emory.

⁵⁰Wesley wrote "starting" in MS Fish, and wrote "started" in MS Emory. MS Psalms adopted the substitution from MS Emory.

And shall from Age to Age endure,
The Simple it with Grace supplies,
And makes them to Salvation wise.

10. The Statutes of the Lord are right,
His Laws and Equity unite,
Reason Divine in All is shew'd,
Adjusted to his Creature's Good
They bring us Peace, and Joy⁵¹ impart,
When written on th' Obedient Heart.
11. The Lord's Command is plain, and free
From Darkness and Impurity;
It purges and restores the Sight,
Guides by a clear unerring Light,
The Sinner in the Paths of Peace,
Convinc'd of Sin, and Righteousness.
12. The Fear of GOD restrains from Sin,
Is clean, and makes the Sinner clean,
The Strict Unalterable Law
Which keeps the Faithful Soul in Aw
Can never lose its Binding Power,
But lives, and reigns forevermore.
13. The Judgments of the Lord are true,
And all his Faithfulness they shew,
His perfect Equity decrees
To All Rewards or Penalties,
And soon the righteous Judge shall seal
Their endless Doom in Heaven or Hell.

⁵¹Wesley wrote "Power" in MS Fish, and wrote "Joy" in MS Emory. MS Psalms adopted the substitution from MS Emory.

14. How pretious all thy Sayings are,
No Treasure can with These compare,
Thy Sayings are the Souls Repast,
Sweeter than Honey to the Taste,
They drop like Manna from above,
Or flow in Streams of Joy and Love.
15. Thy Words are my Delight and Guide
And warn me least I start aside;
Thrice happy are thy Servants, Lord,
Obedience is our great Reward,
We own, to whom the Grace is given
To do thy Will on Earth, is Heaven.
16. But who can all his Errors tell
Or count the Thoughts in which he fell,
Omniscient GOD, to Thee alone
My Sin's Infinity is known,
Do Thou my secret Faults efface
And shew forth all thy cleansing Grace.
- 17.⁵² 'Till then⁵³ from wilfull Sin restrain,
Nor let it o'er thy Servant reign,
Withold me by thy Mercy's Power
And keep, 'till I can Sin no more,
From all the inbred Taint set free
Restor'd to Paradice and Thee.
18. O might my every Thought arise
Well-pleasing in thy Glorious Eyes,
My every word advance thy Praise

⁵²Stanzas 17–18 appear only in MS Psalms. In MS Fish and MS Emory, a number for stanza 17 appears, but no verse.

⁵³Perronet wrote "Thou," but Wesley struck it out and changed to "then."

The Strength of thy Redeeming Grace,
And all I have and all I am
Extoll the Powers of Jesus Name!

Psalm XX.⁵⁴

1. Faithful Soul, thy Lord be near
Throughout thine Evil Day,
Thee the GOD of Jacob cheer,
The Name of Jesus stay,
Arm thee with preserving Grace,
Be thy Safeguard and Defence,
Hear thee from his Holy Place,
And send Deliverance thence.

2. GOD be mindful of thy Prayers,
Accept thy Sacrifice,
Treasure up thy gracious Tears,
And answer all thy Sighs;
Grant thee all thy Heart's Desire,
All thy good Designs improve,
Higher raise thy Joys and higher,
And perfect thee in Love.

3. We will glory in thy Name,
O GOD, thy Conquest⁵⁵ sing,
Thee triumphantly proclaim
Our Saviour and our King;
Now I know, the Lord from high
Succours his Anointed One;

⁵⁴Appears also in MS Emory, 17–19; and MS Fish, 17–21. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 3 (1800): 241–42; and *Poetical Works*, 8:39–40.

⁵⁵MS Fish and MS Emory read “Conquests” for “Conquest”; Wesley let the MS Psalms transcription stand.

Still his Arm shall Strength supply,
And send Salvation down.

4. Some in Chariots put their trust,
In Horses some confide,
We of GOD will make our boast,
And in his Word abide:
Him we ever bear in mind,
All his faithful Mercies claim,
Life, and Strength, and Succour find
In Jesus conquering Name.
5. All our Foes by thy Righthand
Are suddenly brought down,
We are lifted up, and stand,
And stand by Faith alone;
Still on Thee we cast our Care,
On thine only Love depend,
King of Saints, regard our Prayer,
And save us to the End.

Psalm XXI.⁵⁶

1. The Soul shall be glad In Jesus restor'd,
Anointed, and made A King with his Lord,
His high Exaltation With transport receive,
And in thy Salvation Triumphantly live.
2. His hearty Request Thou, Lord, hast bestow'd,
With Holiness blest, That Image of GOD,
The Rapturing Fire, The Heavenly Birth
Hath lifted him higher Than Kings of the Earth.

⁵⁶Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 2 (1799): 259–60; and *Poetical Works*, 8:40–41.

3. His Head Thou hast crown'd With Gold from above,
(No Dross can be found In perfected Love)
The Gold it is pure, Unmingled with Sin,
The Kingdom is sure Of Heaven within.
4. Long Life he desir'd To spend in thy Praise,
And Thou hast inspired His Soul with thy Grace
Hast bid the Believer Thy Spirit receive
And gave him for ever And ever to live.
5. This, this is his Boast, And triumph, that GOD
To save what was lost Should shed his own Blood;
Thy Honour and Glory On Him Thou hast laid,
And made him before Thee Eternally glad.
6. Eternally blest, And joyfull, in Thee
Admitted to rest, Thy Presence to see,
He trusts in his Saviour: Who then shall remove
His Soul from thy Favour, His Heart from thy Love?
7. Thou reignest Supreme In Goodness and Power,
Thy Mercies redeem, Thy Judgments devour,
Thy Fire shall consume them Who madly offend
Thy Justice shall doom them To woes without end.
8. Thy weighty Right Hand Shall find out thy Foes,
Who Mercy withstand And Jesus oppose,
Who dare thy Displeasure Thy Judgments shall feel,
And fill up their Measure Of Torments in Hell.
9. The Vengeance decreed Yet farther shall go,
And root out the Seed Of Sinners below,
Because they Offended Maliciously proud,
And vainly intended Their Rage against GOD.

10. Thou therefore, O Lord, Shall put them to flight,
The Nation abhor'd Drive out of thy Sight,
The shafts of thy Quiver Shall aim at their Face,
Transfix them for ever When in their own place.
11. Take to Thee thy Power, O Jesus, and reign,
So shall we adore Thy Goodness to Man,
Thy Mighty Compassion Thy Conquering Love,
Till in thy Salvation, We triumph above.

**[Psalm XXI,]
Verse 13.⁵⁷**

1. Help us, Lord, shew forth thy Power,
Now arise, Bow the Skies,
Bring the welcom Hour.
2. Power supreme to Thee is given,
Every Knee Bows to Thee
Hell, and Earth, and Heaven.
3. Fiends, and Men, and Sins oppress us;
Us redeem Thro' thy Name,
O Almighty Jesus.
4. Thine eternal Power and Glory
Now display, That we may
Joyfully adore Thee.
5. Sav'd from Sin and Condemnation
We shall sing Thee our King,
Thee our strong Salvation.
6. Thee Almighty to deliver
We shall praise, Sav'd by Grace
Sanctified for ever.

⁵⁷Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:441.

Psalm XXII.⁵⁸

1. My GOD, my GOD, I cry to Thee,
Ah, why hast Thou forsaken me,
Who still lament and groan!
Far from my passionate Complaint
Why hast Thou suffer'd me to faint,
And seem'st for ever gone!
2. To Thee by Day and Night I cry,
Incessant pray, but no Reply
To sooth my endless Care;
O Thou that answer'st not a Word,
O Thou by Israel's Tribes ador'd,
Regard my dying Prayer.
3. Our Fathers trusted in thy Aid,
To Thee in all their Troubles pray'd,
And Thou didst hear their Cry,
Our Fathers were not put to Shame,
But oft as they invok'd thy Name
They found Deliverance nigh.
4. But I a slighted Worm, in vain,
For Help unto my GOD complain,
The Help I cannot find:
Cut off alas from all Relief,
A wretched Man of hopeless Grief,
The Outcast of Mankind.
5. All those that see me bruis'd and torn,
Rejoice and laugh my Soul to scorn,
And aggravate my Load,

⁵⁸Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 2 (1799): 362–64; and *Poetical Works*, 8:42–46.

They glory in their cruel Deed,
Shoot out the Lip, and shake the Head,
And mock my Trust in GOD.

6. He trusted in the Lord, they cry,
That He would save him from on high;
Let Him his own receive,
If GOD in Him doth take delight,
He now may claim his Lawfull Right,
And bid his Fav'rite live.
7. But Thou art He, O GOD, thro' whom
I issued from my Mother's Womb,
And hanging on the Breast
By Thee I still was kept from Harms,
And in thy everlasting Arms
Have always found my Rest.
8. O do not at a distance stand,
For sore Distress is hard at Hand,
An Host of Foes surround,
As Basan's Bulls they gape and roar,
As Lyons ready to devour,
And none to help is found.
9. My Blood pour'd out like Water is,
Sharp Pangs my Soul and Body seize,
Disjointing all my Bones:
My Heart like Wax before the Fire,
Dissolves; my Life doth all expire
In Agonizing Groans.

10. Thy Wrath doth on my Soul abide,
My Strength is as a Potsherd dried,
And blasted by thy Breath,
My Tongue cleaves to my Gums; Thy Frown
Hath broke my Heart, and brought me down
Into the Dust of Death.
11. Encompast by the Dogs of Hell,
The Rage of Fiends and Men I feel;
They pierc'd my Hands and Feet:
My starting Bones may all be told,
With Joy my sufferings they behold,
And all my Pangs repeat.
12. My Cloaths they equally divide,
My Vesture's Heir by Lot decide:
But Thou, O Lord, be nigh,
Make haste t' appear my Strength, my Lord,
My Soul deliver from the Sword,
Revive me when I die.
13. Redeem my Life from Satan's Power,
Nor let the Lion's Mouth devour,
The Unicorns destroy:
Thou hast from all their Fury freed,
And rais'd thy Shepherd from the Dead,
And fill'd with endless Joy.
14. Thy Name I therefore will reveal,
Thy Goodness to my Brethren tell,
To all th' assembled Crowd
Declare the pretious Gospel-Grace;

Who fear the Lord, exalt his Praise,
And love the pard'ning GOD.

15. Their GOD let Israel glorify,
Who gave his Son for all to die,
Who rais'd Him up again,
He hath not scorn'd the Mourner's Care,
But seen his Grief, and heard his Prayer,
And heal'd him of his Pain.
16. Thy Glory, Lord, I will display,
My Vows before thy People pay,
My Thanks and Praises give;
The Poor shall sing and feast like me,
And ye who fear him now, shall see
The Face of GOD, and live.
17. Your Heart shall find an Heaven below,
Eternal Life in Jesus know;
The World shall feel his Power,
They all shall to their Saviour turn,
And Tribes and Nations yet unborn
Their bleeding Lord adore.
18. Supream by his Eternal Birth,
Prince of the Potentates on Earth
The Lord his Sway maintains;
Glory, and Power are His alone,
High on his Everlasting Throne,
The King Messiah reigns.
19. The Great shall to his Sway submit,
Monarchs shall taste his heavenly Meat,
And at his Footstool fall,

Him every Knee shall bow before,
And every Soul of Man adore
The GOD that died for all.

20. A Seed shall first their Lord confess,
Elect thro' perfect Holiness,
His own peculiar Seed;
His Will shall all by Them be done,
Redeem'd, and sav'd by Grace alone,
And Saints, and free indeed.
21. The spotless Church on Earth shall rise,
Declare to all the Ransom-price
For every Soul laid down:
And every Soul shall then Believe,
To Christ their whole Salvation give,
And live to GOD alone.

Psalm XXIII.⁵⁹

1. Jesus the Good Shepherd is,
Jesus died the Sheep to save:
He is mine, and I am His,
All I want in Him I have,
Life, and Health, and Rest, and Food,
All the Plenitude of GOD.
2. Jesus loves, and guards his own,
Me in verdant Pastures feeds,
Makes me quietly lie down,
By the Streams of Comfort leads:

⁵⁹Appears also in MS Emory, 21–23; and MS Fish, 21–23. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 3 (1800): 242–43; and *Poetical Works*, 8:46–47.

Following Him, where'er He goes,
Silent Joy my Heart o'reflows.

3. He in Sickness makes me whole,
 Guides into the Paths of Peace,
He revives my fainting Soul,
 Stablishes in Righteousness;
Who for me vouchsaf'd to die,
Loves me still—I know not why.
4. Unappall'd by guilty Fear
 Thro' the Mortal Vale I go;
My Eternal Life is near,
 Thee my Life in Death I know,
Bless thy chastning chearing Rod,
Die into the Arms of GOD.
5. Till that welcome Hour I see,
 Thou before my Foes dost feed,
Bidst me sit, and feast with Thee,
 Pourest thy Oil upon my Head,
Giv'st me all I ask, and more,
Mak'st my Cup of Joy run o're.
6. Love Divine shall still embrace,
 Love shall keep me to the End,
Surely all my happy Days
 I shall in thy Temple spend,
Till I to thy House remove,
Thy Eternal House above.

Psalm XXIV.⁶⁰

[Part I.]

1. The Earth and all her Fulness owns
Jehovah for her Sovereign Lord;
The countless Myriads of her Sons
Rose into Being at his Word.
2. His Word did out of Nothing call
The World, and founded all that Is,
Launch'd on the Floods this solid Ball,
And fix'd it in the floating Seas.
3. But who shall quit this low abode,
Who shall ascend the heavenly Place,
And stand upon the Mount of GOD,
And see his Maker Face to Face?
4. The Man whose Hands and Heart are clean,
That blessed Portion shall receive,
Who here by Grace is sav'd from Sin,
Hereafter shall in Glory live.
5. He shall obtain the Starry Crown,
And number'd with the Saints above,
The GOD of his Salvation own,
The GOD of his Salvation love.
6. This is the chosen Royal Race
That seek their Saviour-GOD to see,
To see in Holiness thy Face,
O Jesus, and be join'd to Thee.
7. Thou the true wrestling Jacob art,
Whose Prayers and Tears, and Blood inclin'd

⁶⁰Published in *CPH* (1743), 68–70.

Thy Father's Majesty t' impart
His Name, his Love to all Mankind.

Part II.⁶¹

8. Our Lord is risen from the Dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high,
The Powers of Hell are captive led,
Drag'd to the Portals of the Sky.
9. There his Triumphal Chariot waits,
And Angels chaunt the Solemn Lay,
Lift up your Heads, ye heavenly Gates,
Ye everlasting Doors give way.
10. Loose all your Bars of massy Light,
And wide unfold th' ethereal Scene;
He claims these Mansions as his Right,
Receive the King of Glory in.
11. Who is this King of Glory, who?
The Lord that all his Foes o'rcame,
The World, Sin, Death, and Hell o'rethrew;
And Jesus is the Conqueror's Name.
12. Lo! his Triumphal Chariot waits,
And Angels chaunt the Solemn Lay,
Lift up your Heads, ye heavenly Gates,
Ye everlasting Doors give way.
13. Who is this King of Glory, who?
The Lord of Glorious Power possest,
The King of Saints, and Angels too,
GOD over all, for ever blest.

⁶¹*CPH* (1743) shows the entire hymn in only one part. Perronet copied correctly, but Wesley added "Part II" in between stanzas 7 and 8.

Psalm XXV.⁶²

1. To Thee, O Lord, my Soul I raise,
I trust in Thee for Pardning Grace,
 Ah put me not to shame,
Ah do not let my Sins prevail,
Let none who wait thy Mercy fail,
 But all who hate thy Name.
2. Thy Ways to me, O Jesu, shew,
And teach me in thy Paths to go,
 Direct my willing Heart,
O GOD of my Salvation, lead
A Soul that in thy Steps would tread,
 Nor evermore depart.
3. All the Day long I wait on Thee,
In tender Love remember me,
 And save me by thy Grace;
Forgive, forget my Follies past,
Behind thy Back in Mercy cast,
 And all my Sins efface.
4. The righteous Lord is kind and good,
Sinners who faint beneath their Load
 He therefore will relieve,
Instruct, and grant them Power t' obey,
Whom first He brings into his Way,
 And freely doth forgive.
5. The Meek He will in Mercy guide,
Nor let the Lame be turn'd aside,
 Who now their Burthen feel;

⁶²Appears also in MS Emory, 23–29; and MS Fish, 23–29. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 3 (1800): 527–29; and *Poetical Works*, 8:49–51.

Mercy, and Truth are all his Ways,
To them that keep his pardning Grace,
And love to do his Will.

6. Thy Will, O GOD, I fain would do,
To me thy pardning Mercy shew,
For which I ever wait;
Forgive me for thy glorious Name,
Because I a meer Sinner am,
Because my Sin is great.
7. What Man is He that fears the Lord?
Divinely taught his utmost Word
He all his Will shall prove,
His Soul shall dwell in perfect Peace,
His Seed shall the New Earth possess,
The Paradice of Love.
8. The Secret of the Lord is known
To humble trembling Souls alone,
Pierc'd thro' with filial Fear,
He will to Them his Cove'nant shew,
Ordain'd his Sinless Life to know,
And bear his Image here.
9. Mine Eyes to GOD I ever lift,
I humbly wait the Heavenly Gift
Which shall my Guilt remove,
From all the Toils of Hell set free,
Redeem from All Iniquity,
And perfect me in Love.

10. Turn to me, Lord, in Mercy turn,
While with redoubled Grief I mourn,
My troubled Heart relieve;
Look on my Pain with pitying Eye,
My Load remove, my Guilt pass by,
And all my Sins forgive..
11. Regard my cruel countless Foes,
While Fiends, and Men, and Sins oppose,
My constant Saviour prove,
O let me not be put to shame,
Who trust in thine Almighty Name
And hang upon thy Love.
12. Preserve my waiting Soul in Peace,
Thine Image of true Holiness
To me, to All restore,
An End of Sin let Israel see,
From all his Troubles sav'd by Thee
Let Israel sin no more.

Psalm XXVI.⁶³

1. Give sentence, Lord, with me,
For I have injur'd none,
But walk'd in my⁶⁴ Integrity,
And Good for Evil done.
Thou knowst mine Innocence,
And Labour to maintain
A Conscience void of all Offence
Tow'rds Every Soul of Man.

⁶³Appears also in MS Emory, 29–33; and MS Fish, 29–33. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 2 (1799): 606–607; and *Poetical Works*, 8:51–53.

⁶⁴MS Fish reads “mine” for “my”; Wesley let the MS Psalms transcription stand.

2. Yet not in This I trust,
 But in the Living GOD,
Who died, and rose to make me Just,
 By sprinkling me with Blood.
 Herein do I confide,
 Herein I rest secure,
My feeble Steps shall never slide,
 But stand in Jesus sure.

3. Examine me, O Lord,
 Try out my Heart and Reins,
Prove, and discover by thy Word,
 Whate'er of Sin remains:
 I see thy Pardning Love,
 And in the Truth abide,
Till all the Truth in Thee I prove
 Forever sanctified.

4. For this I have forsook
 The false dissembling Race,
From all their vain Engagements broke,
 And hated all their Ways:
 I wash my Hands and Heart
 In Innocence Divine;
My Righteousness, O Lord, Thou art,
 For all my Sins were Thine.

5. Cleans'd by thy Sacred Blood
 I to thine Altar go,
In Songs to spread thy Name abroad;
 And all thy Wonders shew:

Lord, I have lov'd the Place
Where Thou record'st thy Name,
And by the Channels of thy Grace
Forever found I am.

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

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

Psalm XXVII.⁶⁵

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

⁶⁵Appears also in MS Emory, 33–39; and MS Fish, 33–39. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 3 (1800): 335–37; and *Poetical Works*, 8:53–55.

To swallow up my Soul they came,
But arm'd with Faith in Jesus Name
 I more than conquer'd them in Fight;
They stumbled on my Rock, and fell;
And should their Host⁶⁶ again assail,
 I scorn to fear their baffled Might.

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

Still in his hallow'd Courts to dwell,
To see the Great Invisible,
 And ever on his Beauties gaze,
The Channels of his Grace attend,
Till Grace mature⁶⁷ in Glory end,
 And I in Heaven behold his Face.

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

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

⁶⁶MS Fish reads "Hosts" for "Host"; Wesley let the MS Psalms transcription stand.

⁶⁷MS Fish reads "Till perfect Grace." Perronet copied correctly, and Wesley then changed to "Till perfect Grace mature."

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

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

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

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

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

To see on Earth his Glorious Face,
His Face in Holiness to see.

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

Psalm XXVIII.⁶⁸

1. To Thee, my Lord, my Rock I cry,
 Ah! do not Thou reject my Prayer,
My Prayer if Thou reject, I die
 Like Those that perish in Despair,
The Unbeliever's Doom I meet,
And sink into the Burning Pit.
2. The Voice of my Complaint attend,
 While earnest I implore thy Grace,
While at thy Feet my Soul I bend,
 And worship tow'rd thy Holy Place,
Lift up my Heart, and humbly claim
Thy Pardning Love in Jesus' Name.
3. With Sinners sweep me not away,
 False Workers of Iniquity,
Whose Souls Thou shalt forever slay,
 Because thy Works they *will* not see,
Or Mercy at thy Hands receive,
Or timely come to Thee, and live.
4. Blest be the Lord for He hath heard
 The Voice of my continued Prayer;
I thought He would at last regard,
 A Soul that cast on Him his Care;
On Him I with my Heart believ'd,
And I am help'd, and I am sav'd.
5. Wherefore my Heart with Joy is fill'd,
 And dances to the Saviour's Name,

⁶⁸Appears also in MS Emory, 39–41; and MS Fish, 39–41. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 3 (1800): 385–86; and *Poetical Works*, 8:56–57.

He is my more than sevenfold Shield,
In Songs my⁶⁹ Helper I proclaim,
The Strength of All that trust in Him,
All-good Almighty to redeem.

6. Thou Strength of thine Anointed Ones,
Thine own persist to save and bless,
Cherish, and raise us up, thy Sons,
To perfect Power, and perfect Peace
Exalt us All on Earth to prove
Thine Height of Everlasting Love.

⁶⁹MS Fish reads "mine" for "my"; Wesley let the MS Psalms transcription stand.

Psalm XXIX.⁷⁰

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

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

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

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

3. Jehovah's Voice the Cedars rends,
And all the Pride of Lebanon bends,
 And strips and tears the scatter'd Trees;

⁷⁰Appears also in MS Emory, 41–45; and MS Fish, 43–45. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:57–58.

The Hinds affrighted calve,⁷¹ and die,
While mixt with Flames the Thunders fly
And rock the howling Wilderness.

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

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

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

⁷¹MS Fish reads “calves” for “calve”; Wesley let the MS Psalms transcription stand.

Psalm XXX.⁷²

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

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

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

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

⁷²Appears also in MS Emory, 45–49; and MS Fish, 47–51. Published posthumously in *Arminian Magazine* 20 (1797): 571–72; and *Poetical Works*, 8:58–60.

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

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

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

7. Thee the Dead cannot declare,
True and faithful to thy Word,
Hear me now, in Mercy spare,
Now thy ready Help afford.
Surely Thou hast heard, and turn'd
Into Joy my Heaviness,
Comforted a Soul that mourn'd,
Cloath'd me with the Robes of Praise.

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

Psalm XXXI.⁷³

1. In Thee, O Lord, I trust,
And in thy saving Name,
Faithful, and to thy Promise just,
O rid me of my Shame:
O never, never leave
A Sinner to his Sin,
Who would thy gracious Word receive,
And longs to be made clean.
2. In condescending Love
Incline thine Ear to me,
Send down the Answer from above,
And haste to set me free:
Be Thou my Rock, my Tower,
To which I still may fly,
Redeem me, Saviour, by thy Power,
Redeem me, or I die.
3. Thee, Lord, I humbly claim,
My Rock, my Fortress Thou,

⁷³Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 2 (1799): 465–67; and *Poetical Works*, 8:61–65.

Act for the Honour of thy Name,
And save, O save me now;
Jesu, my Spirit stay,
And bring me to thy Breast,
And guide me in Thyself the Way
To mine Eternal Rest.

4. Draw me out of the Snare
My Foes have laid for me;
Thou art my Strength I cast my Care,
My Burthen, all on Thee:
Into thy Hands, O GOD,
My Spirit I commend,
And Thou who bought'st me with thy Blood
Shalt love me to the End.

5. Who vainly trust in Lies
Their Ways I have abhor'd,
My Faith for sure Relief applies⁷⁴
To⁷⁵ my Redeeming Lord:
On this alone I trust,
The Rock that cannot move
My Joy, my Glory, and my Boast
Are in thy Pardning Love.

6. For Thou my Soul hast known
When plung'd in Griefs and Fears;
Thy Pity mark'd my every Groan,
And noted all my Tears;
Thou hast not shut me up
With my Old Enemy,

⁷⁴Perronet wrote "assuredly relies," but Wesley struck it out and changed to "for sure Relief applies."

⁷⁵Perronet wrote "On," but Wesley struck it out and changed to "To."

But brought me forth, enlarg'd my Hope,
And bid me walk in Thee.

7. Have mercy then once more
And save me in Distress,
I groan beneath the fatal Power
Of inbred Wickedness,
Mine Eye with Sorrow fails,
My Flesh and Strength decay,
My Soul, while Sin again prevails,
Dissolves, and dies away.
8. Despised and hated I,
And shun'd by Friends and Foes;
With trembling Haste my Neighbours fly
From my infectious Woes:
By All despis'd; forgot,
As long deceas'd I am,
A Vessel marr'd, a Thing of Nought,
A Worm without a Name.
9. The many-headed Beast
I heard exclaim aloud,
With furious Rage that could not rest
They all my Ruin vow'd;
By Force my Soul they tried
By Cunning to devour,
I saw their Snares on every Side,
And trembled at their Power.
10. But trusting in the Word,
The Word of Grace alone,
Thou art, I said, my GOD and Lord,

I claim Thee for my Own:
Thou know'st th' appointed Hour,
My Times I leave to Thee,
Redeem me from th' Oppressor's Power,
From all my Sins set free.

11. Upon thy Servant make
 Thy blisful Face to Shine,
And save for thine own Mercy's sake
 This helpless Soul of mine;
 Ah! do not let me fall
 O're whelm'd with endless Shame,
For still in my Distress I call
 O Jesus, on thy Name.

12. How vast the Mercy's Store
 Thou hast for them prepar'd
Who Thee with filial Fear adore,
 And wait their full Reward!
 Before they hence remove
 Who trust in Thee alone,
Enjoy a Paradice of Love
 An Heaven on Earth begun.

13. Them in thy secret Place
 Thou shalt securely hide,
Far from the Persecuting Race,
 The furious Sons of Pride;
 Thy Presence shall defend,
 And their Pavilion be,
Till all the Storm and Conflict end,
 Their Life is hid in Thee.

14. Blest be the Saviour GOD
 Whose gracious Power I prove,
His Goodness He to me hath shew'd,
 His Miracles of Love:
 Shut up in Self and Pride,
 Satan's strong-holds, I was,
My Prison-Doors He open'd wide,
 And sav'd me by his Grace.

15. For in my Haste, I said,
 I am forgotten quite,
Cut off from all Relief and Aid,
 And cast out of thy Sight:
 Yet did thy Pity Spare
 A Wretch condemn'd to die,
Heard all my agonizing Prayer,
 And answer'd all my Cry.

16. O all ye Saints of His,
 Love your Redeeming Lord,
He keeps the Souls in Perfect Peace
 Whose trust is in his Word;
 Th' Avenger of all those
 Whose Sins provoke his Ire
He fills the Measure of their Woes
 In Everlasting Fire.

17. But ye that hope in Him,
 Be strong, be of good Chear,
Your Souls He fully shall redeem,
 And make you perfect here,

His constant Mind impart,
His Image from above,
And stablish each Believing Heart
In Everlasting Love.

Psalm XXXII.⁷⁶

1. Blest is the Man, supremely Blest,
 Whose Wickedness is all forgiven,
 Who finds in Jesu's Wounds his Rest,
 And sees the smiling Face of Heaven.
 The Guilt and Power of Sin is gone
 From Him that doth in Christ believe,
 Cover'd it lies, and still kept down,
 And buried in his Saviour's Grave.

2. Blest is the Man, to whom the⁷⁷ Lord
 No more imputes Iniquity,
 Whose Spirit is by Grace restor'd,
 From all the Guile of Satan free;
 Free from Design, or Selfish Aim,
 Holy,⁷⁸ and pure, and undefil'd,
 A Simple Follower of the Lamb,
 And harmless as a New-born Child.

3. But while thro' Pride I held my Tongue,
 Nor own'd my helpless Unbelief,
 My Bones were wasted all day long,
 My Strength consum'd with pining Grief.
 Crush'd by thine Anger's heavy Hand,
 Burnt up as a dry barren Ground,
 I ever of my Sin complain'd,
 But no Relief, or Mercy found.

4. Resolv'd at last, to GOD (I cried)
 My Sins I will at large confess,
 My Shame I will no longer hide,
 My Depth of desp'rate Wickedness:

⁷⁶Published in *CPH* (1743), 70–72.

⁷⁷*CPH* (1743) reads “his.” Perronet wrote “the”; Wesley let the MS Psalms transcription stand.

⁷⁸*CPH* (1743) reads “Harmless.” Perronet copied correctly, and Wesley then changed to “Holy.”

All will I own unto my Lord
Without Reserve or cloaking Art;
I said; and felt the pard'ning Word:
Thy Mercy spoke it to my Heart.

5. For this shall every Child of GOD
Thy Power and faithfull Love declare,
And claim the Grace on All bestow'd,
Who make to Thee their timely Prayer.
But when the Floods of Judgment rise,
And sweep their guilty Souls away,
Remains for Sin no Sacrifice;
For ended is their gracious Day.
6. Thou art my Hiding-place; in Thee
I rest, secure from Sin and Hell,
Safe in the Love that ransom'd me,
And shelter'd in thy Wounds I dwell.
Still shall thy Grace to me abound,
The countless Wonders of thy Grace
I still shall tell to all around,
And sing my great Deliverer's Praise.
7. I will instruct thy Child like Heart,
(My Teacher saith for ever nigh)
Nor let Thee from my Paths depart,
But guide Thee with my gracious Eye.
Only my gracious Look obey,
And yield my perfect Will to prove,
Nor cast my easy Yoke away,
Or stop thine Ears against my Love.

8. Whoe'er like Horse and Mule withstand,
 And follow their own Stiffneck'd Will,
I bruise beneath my weighty Hand,
 And force them all my Plagues to feel.
But he that dares in me confide,
 Shall only know my pardning Grace,
My Mercys Arms on every Side
 Shall every faithfull Soul embrace.

9. Ye faithfull Souls, rejoice in Him,
 Whose Arms are still your sure Defence,
Your Lord is mighty to redeem:
 Believe; and who shall pluck you thence?
Ye Men of Upright Hearts be glad,
 For Jesus is your GOD and Friend,
He keeps whoe'er on Him are stay'd,
 And He shall keep them to the End.

Psalm XXXIII.⁷⁹

1. Righteous Souls, rejoice in GOD,
 Meet it is for You to praise
Him, who hath the Gift bestow'd,
 Made you Vessels of his Grace:
Praise the Lord, ye Saints, and sing,
 All your sacred Skill exert,
All the Powers of Musick bring:
 Praise Him with a thankful Heart.

2. Sing the New the Gospel Song,
 Make a loud and chearful Noise,

⁷⁹Appears also in MS Emory, 213–19; and MS Fish, 225–31. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:68–70.

Praise doth all to Him belong,
In his faithful Word rejoice.
All his Works are good and right;
Only such can He approve,
Righteousness is GOD's Delight,
Earth is full of Jesus Love.

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

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

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

6. Blest the People are that own
 GOD, the Lord of All, for Theirs,
 Chosen by his Grace alone,
 Made his Servants and his Heirs;
 GOD, who from his holy Place,
 Where He ever reigns supream
 All the Sons of Men surveys,
 Smiles peculiarly on Them.

7. He from his Eternal Throne
 Looks the whole Creation thro',
 All Mankind to Him are known,
 All is naked to his View:
 GOD discerns the Hearts He made,
 God doth all their Motions note,⁸⁰
 All are in his Balance weigh'd,
 Every Act, and Word, and Thought.

8. Kings by Him in Safety reign,
 Not by their unnumbered Host,
 Vain the vaunted Strength of Man,
 Vain the mighty Giant's Boast:
 Trusting in the warlike Horse,
 None thro' Him Deliverance have,
 Vain is all the Creature's Force,
 GOD, and only GOD can save.

9. Lo! the Lord's All-seeing Eye
 Watches over Them for Good
 Humbly who on Him rely,
 Trust Him both for Life and Food:
 He from Death their Soul⁸¹ retrieves,
 He in Dearth sustains His own,

⁸⁰In MS Fish Wesley wrote this line as "Nothing is by Him forgot." In MS Psalms and MS Emory Wesley wrote this line as "GOD doth all their Motions note"; but in MS Emory Wesley wrote the MS Fish wording as an alternative on the facing page.

⁸¹MS Psalms and MS Emory use "Soul," while Wesley writes "Souls" in MS Fish. Wesley lets the MS Psalms and MS Emory transcriptions stand.

While to Him our Spirit cleaves,
Hangs for Help on Him alone.

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

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

Psalm XXXIV.⁸²

1. The Lord whose saving Love I feel
Shall be my endless Song,
His Mercies in my Heart shall dwell,
His Praises on my Tongue.
My Soul of Him shall make her Boast,
The poor shall hear and see
My Triumph, and in Jesus trust,
And bless their GOD like me.

2. Ye humble Followers of my Lord,
With me exalt his Praise,
Join all Mankind with sweet accord
To glorify his Grace.
I sought Him, and He kindly heard
The Sinner in Distress,
And ransom'd me from all I fear'd,
And bad me go in Peace.

3. To Jesus mighty to redeem
Others like me have fled,
Nor blush'd at having hop'd in Him,
But found his present aid.
The Poor to my Redeemer cried,
Nor ask'd his Help in vain,
By Jesus freely justified,
And sav'd from all his Pain.

4. The Men that humbly fear their Lord
Angelic Hosts attend,
And Ministerial Spirits guard
And keep them to the End.

⁸²Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:71–74.

O taste, ye Christless Souls, and see
The Lord how good and kind!
Good in Himself, and good to me,
To you, to all Mankind!

5. Blest is the Man, Supremely blest,
Who dares in GOD confide,
His every Grief is charm'd to rest,
His every want supplied.
Ye Saints and Servants of the Lord,
With lowly filial Fear,
Adore Him by all Heaven ador'd,
And feel Him ever near.
6. Near to relieve them at their Need,
Their utmost Wish to grant,
The meek He doth with Mercy feed,
But lets the Violent want.
Poor ravenous Souls, they cannot gain
The Husks for which they pine,
While every Good the Just obtain
In perfect Love Divine.
7. Ye Men of Childlike Hearts draw near,
And ye my GOD shall know;
Divinely taught, I teach his Fear,
His pure Religion shew.
Thou that desir'st the Life of Grace
To All in Jesus given,
And fain woud'st see a Length of Days
Th' Eternal Days of Heaven;

8. Thine undissembling Lips refrain
From every idle Word,
Evil eschew, do Good, and gain
The Tempers of thy Lord.
Seek th' unutterable Peace,
The Perfect Love ensue,
Then all thy Sins and Sorrows cease,
And Thou art form'd anew.

9. The Lord regards with watchfull Eyes
His poor afflicted Saints,
His Ear is open to their Cries,
And bows to their Complaints.
The Lord abhors the faithless Race,
Who daringly rebel,
Against them sets his Angry Face,
And frowns them into Hell.

10. But when the Poor his Help implore,
The Lord in Mercy hears,
And saves them by his gracious Power
From all their Grievs and Fears.
From those who groan their Sins to feel
He never can depart,
His Power is present still to heal
The Sore and broken Heart.

11. The Righteous Man on every Side
Is troubled and distrest,
His Faith is in the Furnace tried,
And bears the Fiery Test.
The Lord on whom He casts his Care
Redeems his Soul from Thrall,

Preserves his Life, his every Hair,
And counts, and keeps them all.

12. But Sinners shall consume away,
And sink beneath their load,
Their Troubles shall the Wicked slay,
Who hate the Sons of GOD.
They perish; while from Sin and Hell
He doth His own redeem,
And not a Soul shall ever fail,
That dares rely on Him.

Psalm XXXV.⁸³

1. O Lord, maintain my righteous Plea,
Strive Thou with Them that strive with me,
 Against my Persecutors fight,
Snatch up the Shield against my Foes,
Bring forth the Spear, their Course oppose,
 And stop the Fury of their Might.

Say to my Soul "On me rely,
[^l"Thy Saviour and Salvation nigh,
 [^l"In every trying hour I am:"
Turn back my Foes who seek to slay
This helpless Soul, with sore Dismay
 And Anguish fill, and horrid Shame.
2. Their Rage defeat, their Malice blind,
Make them like Dust before the Wind,
 Down their dark Slippery Way pursue,
By Thine avenging Angel chase,
Scatter the persecuting Race
 Who long their Hands in Blood t' imbrue.

Sworn to destroy my Soul they are,
My thoughtless Innocence t' insnare,
 Their causeless Rage a Pit hath made:
A Sudden Blast confound them all,
While into their own Pit they fall,
 Caught by the Snare themselves had laid.
3. And Thou, my Soul, thy Saviour praise,
Thou shalt with Thanks adore his Grace,
 And all my Bones with Joy shall cry,
Lord, who in Power is like to Thee,
Whose tender Love hath rescued me?
 Thou only art the Lord most High.

⁸³Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:74–77.

Helper of the afflicted Poor,
Thou dost his hunted Life Secure,
 And save him from his stronger Foe,
Defraud the Lions of their Prey,
And bear the Ransom'd Soul away,
 And bid him all thy Goodness know.

4. False Witnesses rose up to blast
Mine Innocence, and vilely cast
 Their foulest slanders on my Head,
With Lies and Perjuries pursued,
Evil they render'd me for Good,
 And Sorrowful to Death they made.

Yet did I bear their heaviest Load,
When they were visited by GOD,
 And mov'd with more than Filial Care
Fasted as for my Friend, and mourn'd;
But to myself my Prayer return'd,
 It could not rest with Satan there.

5. But They in my Adversity
With bitterest Scoffs insulted me,
 Mixt with the lewd blaspheming Crowd,
As Evil they cast out my Name,
Loaded me with Reproach and Shame,
 And gnash'd their Teeth and rag'd aloud.

How long, O righteous Lord, how long
Wilt Thou behold my cruel Wrong,
 And not mine Innocence defend?
O save me from so great a Death,
And pluck me from the Lion's Teeth,
 And bid my Grievs and Troubles end.

6. So will I magnify thy Grace,
And in the great Assembly praise,
And ever of thy goodness speak;
Only defeat the Alien Host,
Nor let them of their Vict'ry boast,
Who causelesly my Ruin seek.

Their Communing is not for Peace,
The Harmless they contrive t' oppress
By deep Deceit or daring Lies:
On me like Hell they gap'd, and said
"Fie on Thee, Hypocrite bewray'd,
We saw, we saw it with our Eyes!"

7. Searcher of Hearts, Thine Eye hath seen
The Outrage of these Perjur'd Men:
Ah, do not from my Soul depart;
O GOD, no longer Silence keep,
No longer let thy Vengeance sleep,
But rise mine Innocence t' assert.

Stand up my Quarrel to maintain;
Avenge my Cause adjudged again
According to thy Righteousness;
My GOD, declare that Thou art mine,
Nor let the World and Satan join,
To triumph in their dire Success.

8. Ah! suffer not their Hearts to say
"See there! we have our wish; the Prey
"Is lodg'd within our Teeth Secure:
"We have our full Malicious Hope,
"Him we at last have swallow'd up,
"And made his endless Ruin sure."^[2]

But O! at once confound them all,
Who fain wou'd glory in my Fall,
 And now rejoice in my Distress,
Cover with shame, and fill with Pain,
And pay them their Rebukes again
 Who boast their prosp'rous Wickedness.

9. But let my faithfull Friends rejoice;
In Shouts of Praise lift up their Voice,
 Who love to see me walk aright,
Yea, let them bless the Lord for me,
Who in my Soul's Prosperity
 Vouchsafes Himself to take Delight.

Saviour, of Thee my thankfull Tongue
Shall speak and glory all Day long,
 Thy Righteousness and Mercy praise,
'Till with my Elder-Friends above
I triumph in thy Heavenly Love,
 And see my Saviour Face to Face!

Another
[Psalm XXXV].⁸⁴

1. Help, O help, Thou Serpent-bruise!
Me thy Foe Strives t' o'rethrow;
Cast down the Accuser.
2. Jesu, if I have found favour
In thy Sight, Plead my Right,
Shew Thyself my Saviour.
3. Fight with Those that strive t' annoy me,
Earth and Hell Both assail,
Seeking to destroy me.
4. With thy Shield my Weakness cover,
Guard mine Head By thine Aid
'Till the Storm is over.
5. Stop the Rage of Persecution,
With thy Spear, Lord, appear,
To my Sins Confusion.
6. All the Power of Pride and Passion
O controul, Tell my Soul
I am thy Salvation.
7. Then my Soul shall bow before Thee,
Spread thy Praise, Sing thy Grace,
And with Thanks adore Thee.
8. All my Bones, my Strength, shall bless Thee,
All I am Shall proclaim,
And with Joy confess Thee.
9. Who shall with my Lord compare!
Who like Thee Can set free
From the Fowler's Snare?

⁸⁴Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:77–78.

10. Thou the Needy dost deliver,
Thou the Poor dost secure
From the Grand Deceiver.
11. Satan vexes them no longer,
Thou the Prey Bear'st away;
Thou art still the Stronger.
12. Sav'd they rest from their Distresses,
Sin gives place To thy Grace,
Sin for ever ceases.

Psalm XXXVI.⁸⁵

1. My Heart to every Vice inclin'd,
The Sinner's closest Sin bewrays,
The Fear of GOD he casts behind,
He hides himself among the Trees,
Self-Soothing in his lost Estate
Sleeps on Secure, and wakes too late.
2. His Words are all Deceit and Lies,
He hatches Mischief on his Bed;
No longer to Salvation Wise:
In every Thought and Word and Deed
He cleaves to Sin and Sin alone;
Evil and He, I find, are One.
3. But Thou, O Lord, art full of Grace,
Above the Clouds thy Mercies rise,
Stedfast thy Truth and Faithfulness,
Thy Word of Promise never dies,
Nor Earth can shake, nor Hell remove
The Base of thine Eternal Love.
4. Unsearchable thy Judgments are,
A boundless bottomless Abyss:
But lo! thy providential Care
O'er all thy Works extended is;
In Thee the Creatures live and move,
And are: all Glory to thy Love!
5. Thy Love sustains the World it made,
Thy Love preserves both Man and Beast,
Beneath thy Wings Almighty Shade

⁸⁵Published in *CPH* (1743), 72–73.

The Sons of Men securely rest;
And those who haunt the hallow'd Place
Shall banquet on thy richest Grace.

6. Their Souls shall drink the crystal Stream,
Which ever issues from thy Throne;
Fountain of Joy and Bliss supream,
Eternal Life and Thou art One,
To Us, to All so freely given,
The Light of Life, the Heaven of Heaven!
7. Stay then with those that know thy Peace,
The Simple Men of Heart Sincere,
From all their Foes and Sins release,
From Pride and Lust redeem them here,
Thine utmost saving Grace extend,
And love, O love them to the End.
8. The Prayer is Seal'd: We now foresee
The Downfal of our inbred Foes:
Jesus hath got the Victory,
His own Right-Hand our Sins o'erthrows,
Destroys their Being with their Power;
They die, they fall to rise no more.

Psalm XXXVII.⁸⁶

1. Fret not thyself in vain
At Evil Men's success,
Nor envy them the fatal Gain
Of prosperous, Wickedness;
For all their Pomp shall pass,
Their Glory, Wealth, and Power,
Cut down, and wither'd as the Grass,
And fleeting as the Flower.

2. Trust in the Lord, and still
Thy Faith by Works approve,
So shall He stablish Thee, and fill
With Blessings from above:
Delight thee in thy GOD,
And GOD Himself shall give,
Shed in thy Heart his Love abroad,
And there forever live.

3. Commit unto the Lord
Thyself and all thy Ways,
Trust Him to keep his faithful Word,
And bring the thing to pass;
He shall in all Men's sight
Thy Righteousness display,
Thine Innocence as clear as Light,
And glaring as the Day.

4. Thou in the Lord be still,
With patient Hope attend,
And wait the Council of his Will,
And calmly mark the End.

⁸⁶Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 4 (1801): 321–24; and *Poetical Works*, 8:80–85.

Ah, let not go thy Peace,
Nor at the Sinner grieve,
Who vainly boasting his Success
Doth for a Moment live.

5. Cast thy Concern away,
Thy rising Grief controul,
Least Anger into Sin betray,
And poison all thy Soul:
Cut off by Wrath Divine
The Wicked soon shall cease,
But who on GOD their Souls recline
They shall the Land possess.
6. Pass a few Days or Years,
The Sinners Boast is o're,
His Pomp no more on Earth appears,
His Place is found no more;
But still the meek shall live
With every Blessing blest,
Fulness of Gospel-Peace receive,
And Everlasting rest.
7. The Wicked plots the Death
Of the detested Just,
And gnashes on Him with his Teeth
Who puts in GOD his trust:
But GOD shall Him deride;
He sees his Evil Day
Approach, to end the Tyrants Pride,
And sweep from Earth away.

8. Sinners have drawn the Sword,
And ready bent their Bow
To slay the Servants of the Lord,
The Needy to o'rethrow:
But GOD his Power shall shew,
And take his Servants part,
Their Bow shall break, their Sword go thro'
Their own malicious Heart.
9. The Little of the Just
'Tis better to possess,
Than all the Wealth of those that trust
In their own Wickedness:
Their Strength shall be broke down,
Their Insolence and Power;
But still the Lord upholds His own,
And keeps them evermore.
10. He knows their happy Days,
Their Lot shall still abide;
In Time of Dearth the righteous Race
Shall all be satisfied;
Kept in the evil Time,
While all the Wicked fail,
Haters of GOD, they bear their Crime,
And vanish into Hell.
11. The Wicked Borrower owes,
But never pays again,
Mercy the Righteous Lender shews
And gives his Gifts to Men,
Whom GOD hath curs'd shall cease
Uprooted by his Hand,

But whom He condescends to bless
They shall possess the Land.

12. In Paths of Righteousness
He leads his Servant right,
His Servant's steady Walk He sees
With favour and Delight:
Tho' into Trouble cast
He shall not fall away,
The Lord supports and holds him fast,
And shall for ever stay.
13. I never yet have seen
The Righteous or their Seed
Wandering among the Sons of Men,
And destitute of Bread.
Freely he gives, and lends:
And what to GOD is given
In Blessings on his Seed descends
Who lays up Wealth in Heaven.
14. Evil do Thou eschew,
Do good with all thy Power,
And perfect Holiness pursue,
And dwell for evermore:
Lover of Holiness
The Lord preserves His own,
When all the Sinners Offspring cease
Forever lost and gone.
15. Saints shall possess the Land,
And dwell forever there,
Confess the Faith by which they stand,

The Righteousness declare:
The Law is writ within
The pure and perfect Heart,
The Saint indeed shall never Sin,
Or from his GOD depart.

16. The Wicked Eyes the Good,
And watches to devour,
GOD, will not leave his Saint, pursu'd
By persecuting Power;
Tho' Men arrest, arraign,
And judge him in their Day,
The Lord shall soon his Cause maintain,
His Innocence display.
17. Thou in the Saviour hope,
And in his Statutes live,
So shall He keep, and lift thee up,
The Promise to receive.
When the Ungodly fall,
Thou shalt their Ruin see,
And glorify the Judge of All
Who then appears for Thee.
18. I have the Wicked Seen,
In all his Pomp and Power,
Fair as the Lawrel-tree, and Green,
And flourishing his Hour:
I pass'd, and look'd again;
The Mighty Man was not:
I sought his Place, and sought in vain;
His Place was clean forgot.

19. Observe the Saint of GOD
 Who walks in Uprightness,
The Man in perfect Love renew'd,
 His End is glorious Peace.
 While wicked Souls at last
 Together all descend
Into a Flaming Tophet cast;
 Damnation is their End.
20. But GOD rewards His own,
 With Heavenly Happiness;
And saves them till their Course is run,
 And keeps in their Distress:
 From all their Foes the Just
 A present Saviour have,
And, for in Him they put their Trust,
 He shall for ever save.

Psalm XXXVIII.⁸⁷

1. In Vengeance, Lord, rebuke me not,
No longer let thy Wrath wax hot
The Sinner to chastise:
Thine Arrows in my Soul stick fast,
My Soul, as now to breathe her last,
Beneath thy Judgments lies.
2. Crush'd by thy heavy Hand I groan,
My Health is at thy Chiding gone,
My Bones are fill'd with Pain;
Plagued both in Soul and Flesh I grieve,
Restless thro' Sin, I only live
To suffer and complain.
3. My Sins have swept me far from GOD,
My Sins insufferable Load
I groan, I faint to bear;
My desp'rate Soul his Grace implores,
As Bruises, Wounds, and putrid Sores
My Sins and Follies are.
4. Mourning I go beneath thy Frown,
Troubled, and all day long bow'd down,
With Guilt and Misery,
Fill'd with a loathsom sore Disease,
No Health alas! no Holiness,
No Virtue is in me.
5. In all the Feebleness of Sin,
Broken, and bruis'd, and sore within,
For Help I ever sigh,

⁸⁷Appears also in MS Emory, 49–55; and MS Fish, 51–57. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:86–88.

My restless Spirit in deep Complaints
Its Total Fall aloud laments,
And cries a bitter Cry.

6. But all my Wants to Thee are known,
Thou hearest, Lord, my every Groan,
Thou seest my desp'rate Case;
My panting Heart hath lost its Might,
My weeping Eyes have lost their Light,
Nor view thy Blisful Face.
7. My Friends can yield me no Relief,
But fly from my contagious Grief;
While hunting for their Prey
My cruel Foes are always nigh,
And Sin, the World, and Satan try
My helpless Soul to slay.
8. But still regardless of the Wrong,
Deaf to their Threats, I held my Tongue,
And bore my Misery,
No hasty sharp Reply I made,
Thou, Lord, on whom my Soul is stay'd
Shalt answer soon for me.
9. O that I now might hear thy Voice,
Speak, Lord, nor let my Foes rejoice,
And glory in my Fall,
Defeat their dire malicious Joy,
Their Hopes, and vain Designs destroy,
Confound, confound them all.
10. For O! I always falling am,
My Helplessness, and Sin, and Shame
I every Moment see,

I see, and all my Sins confess,
I grieve at my own Wickedness,
And mourn for Help to Thee.

11. Mighty, and numberless my Foes,
Passions, and Lusts my Hopes oppose,
By Fiends⁸⁸ and Men withstood,
I suffer all their Rage can do,
Because my Saviour I pursue,
And dare contend for GOD.
12. Ah! leave me not, my GOD and Lord,
Defer not to fulfil thy Word,
Nor from my Soul remove,
Make haste thy Goodness to reveal,
And let me my Salvation feel
In All-forgiving Love.

Psalm XXXIX.⁸⁹

1. While my Foes are in my sight
Watching me with Evil Eye,
I have vow'd to walk aright,
Nevermore with Sin comply
Faithfull to the Saviour's Grace
Circumspect in all my Ways.
2. I will to my Words take heed,
Bridle my unwary Tongue:
Thus with over-cautious Dread
Silent I continued long,

⁸⁸MS Psalms reads "My Friends" for "By Fiends." Wesley then changed to "By Fiends" to agree with that in MS Fish and MS Emory.

⁸⁹Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 3 (1800): 48; and *Poetical Works*, 8:88–90.

Satan his advantage gain'd,
Fearful I from Good refrain'd.

3. But my straitned Spirit mourn'd,
 Struggling into fervent prayer,
But my Heart within me burn'd,
 And I cou'd no more forbear,
While I mus'd th' enkindled Fire
Burst in Flames of strong Desire.
4. Lord (at last I spoke, and said)
 Shew me my own weakness shew,
On how frail⁹⁰ and small a Thread
 Hangs my fleeting Life below,
Make me wise to know my End,
Let me to myself attend.
5. Thou hast numbred out my Days,
 All my Age is but a Span,
Shorter than a Moments space,
 Is the longest Life of Man,
At his best Estate with Thee
Man is all but Vanity.
6. Stranger to Repose and Peace
 Still he wanders on in vain,
Grasps at Shadowy Happiness
 Racks himself with Real Pain,
Heaps up Wealth with endless Care,
Leaves it for his Unknown Heir.
7. Griev'd at Human Vanity
 What do I expect below?
Lord, my Hope is all in Thee,

⁹⁰Perronet wrote "weak," but Wesley struck it out and changed to "frail."

Thee alone I want to know,
Wait to taste how good Thou art,
Long to find Thee in my Heart.

8. Thou from all my Sins redeem,
Save me by thy pardning Grace,
Do not let my Foes blaspheme,
Silence the Reviling Race,
On Themselves their Scoffs return,
Laugh their idle Rage to Scorn.
9. Dumb I for a while became,
Sunk beneath my guilty Load,
Open'd not my Mouth for Shame,
Shame at having griev'd my GOD,
Groan'd th' unutterable Prayer,
Smote my Breast—and GOD was there!
10. Take, O take thy Plague away,
Thy consuming Hand remove,
Mortals hasten to decay
When Thou dost for Sin reprove,
Shew, when visited like me,
All are Sin and Vanity.
11. Hear O Lord, my mournful Prayer,
O regard my earnest Cry,
Do not still thy Help defer,
Send me Succour from on high,
Hear my clam'rous Griefs, and Fears,
Answer all my *silent* Tears.
12. Stranger in the Vale of Woe
I my wretched State confess,

A poor Sojourner below,
This alas is not my Place,
Thee my Father's GOD I own,
Going where they all are gone.

13. Only spare my feeble Soul
Till thy Image I retrieve,
Till thy Love hath made me whole;
Let me then no longer live,
Let me my last Stage pass o're,
Die t' appear on Earth no more.

Psalm XL.¹

1. Patient I waited for the Lord,
 Who heard and answer'd to my Cry,
Out of the Pit of Sin abhor'd
 He brought, and set me up on high,
Out of the Mire and Clay He took,
And fix'd my Feet upon a Rock.
2. The Lord hath made my Goings Strong,
 And stablish'd me with Gospel-Grace,
Put in my Mouth the joyful Song,
 The New unceasing Song of Praise,
Many the Deed Divine shall see,
And fear, and trust in GOD like me.
3. Blest is the Man that dares confide
 In my Redeeming GOD alone,
O Lord, thy Works are multiplied,
 The wond'rous Works which Thou hast done,
Thy Thoughts of Grace to us Surmount
The Power of Numbers to recount.
4. I cannot all thy Love declare,
 No nor the smallest Part express;
Worthless my noblest Offerings are,
 Unfit the Holy GOD to please:
But Thou dost unto me impart
An hearing Ear and loving Heart.
5. No shadowy Form dost Thou require,
 No Legal Sacrifice approve,
Thou seekst the contrite Heart's Desire,

¹Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 4 (1801): 507–508; and *Poetical Works*, 8:91–93.

The Offering of Obedient Love,
And lo! I come to do thy Will,
And all thy Law in Love fulfill.

6. Thy welcome Will concerning me
 I in the sacred Volume read,
'Tis there my Rule of Life I see,
 And in thy Ways delight to tread,
While by thy Love's divinest Art
Thy Law is written on my Heart.
7. Thine Everlasting Righteousness
 Thou know'st I to thy Church have shew'd,
Nor hid within my Heart the Grace
 And Goodness of my pardning GOD,
Nor shun'd in Open Thanks t' approve
The Truth of thy Redeeming Love.
8. The great Salvation Thou hast wrought
 I have with Joy to all declar'd:
Ah dearest Lord, forsake me not,
 But let thy tender Mercies guard,
Thy faithful Love my Soul defend,
And save and keep me to the End.
9. For O! my Soul is sore beset,
 By countless Foes incompast round,
By countless Sins—beneath their weight
 I sink o'rewhelm'd, opprest, and bound,
The Load immense I faint to bear,
And fails my Heart thro' sad Despair.
10. Help me, Thou GOD of Love and Might,
 Me to redeem make haste away,

Put all my cruel Sins to flight,
Slay all who seek my Soul to slay,
Cover with Shame my Haters Face,
And all the Alien Armies chase.

11. Defeat the Men with Satan join'd
T' insure my Shame and Misery,
Here only let the Mockers find,
The dire Reproach they cast on me,
Exploded, desolate, forlorn,
And wretched, till to Thee they turn.
12. But let the Men that seek thy Name
Rejoice in Thee their Lord and GOD,
The Wonders of thy Love proclaim,
And publish all thy Works abroad,
Sav'd by thy dear redeeming Grace,
And always happy in thy Praise.
13. I too, the poorest Sinner I
With them shall thy compassion prove,
On Thee my Saviour I rely,
And wait thy Succours from above,
Come O my GOD, no more delay,
O come, and bring the Perfect Day.

Psalm XLI.²

1. Blest is the Man whose kind Relief
Doth to the Poor extend,
The Lord shall bear his every Grief
And bid his Troubles end.
Thou shalt preserve him here, and bless

²Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:93–95.

Before Thou hence convey,
Nor let his cruel Haters seize
And swallow up their Prey.

2. When Sick and languishing he lies,
Thy Pity shall Sustain,
In all his Sorrows Sympathize,
And sweeten all his Pain:
Thy Love shall smooth his easy Bed,
And lull his Cares to rest,
And bid him lean his fainting Head
On thy beloved Breast.
3. I said, when chasten'd by thy Rod,
Have Mercy on my Soul,
My Soul hath Sin'd against my GOD,
Forgive, and make it whole.
My cruel Foe with foulest lies
Still heightens my Distress,
When will he die (in Rage he cries)
And his Memorial cease?
4. And if he comes with shews of Love,
As to condole my Pain,
His Words are not of Things above,
But Idle all and Vain.
Iniquity his Heart conceives,
He hatches deepest Fraud,
The Object of his hatred leaves,
And spreads the Lies abroad.

5. 'Gainst me my mortal Foes conspire,
And whisper first their Lies,
But strengthen'd in their Sin to higher
And bolder Mischiefs rise.
Afflicted by a sore Disease
He cannot 'scape our Power,
Cast down (with Joy they say) He is,
And He shall rise no more.

6. Now let his guilty Doom proceed,
Let him no more appear,
No never lift his hated Head
Again to plague us here.
Yea, ev'n my Bosom, friend who still
Was at my Table found,
Hath spurn'd me with his lifted Heel,
And Wider torn my Wound.

7. But raise me up, my gracious GOD,
That I my wish may see,
Their Evil by my Good subdued,
Their Souls brought home to Thee.
Hereby Thou favour'st me, I know,
Because, thy Grace again
Hath rais'd me up, nor let my Foe
His Victory maintain.

8. Thou keepest me from Hour to Hour,
And sett'st before thy Face,
To sing the greatness of thy Power,
And triumph in thy Praise.
Glory to Israel's GOD and Lord

His Name exalted be
By Angels and by Saints ador'd
To all Eternity.

Psalm XLII.³

1. As the Hart with Flying faint
For the cooling Stream doth pant,
So my Soul by Sin pursued
Pants for Thee the Living GOD.
2. See my Soul, in Pity see,
Thirsting, gasping after Thee;
When shall I with Faith draw near,
Righteous in thy Sight appear!
3. Tears have been my daily Bread,
Tears have wash'd my sleepless Bed,
While they ever cry aloud
Where is now thy Pardning GOD?
4. Musing on the Former Days,
Stript of that Extatic Grace,
Pouring out my Soul, I moan,
All my Joys and Comforts gone.
5. Once I could in GOD rejoice,
Praise Him with a tuneful Voice,
Find Him in his House of Prayer,
First of Those that worship'd there.
6. Why art Thou, my Soul, opprest,
Why so troubled, and distrest?
Cast away the heavy Load,
Hope Thou against Hope in GOD.
7. I shall yet record his Praise,
I shall thank Him for his Grace,

³Appears also in MS Emory, 193–97; and MS Fish, 203–207. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:95–97.

On this drooping Soul of mine
When He makes his Face to shine.⁴

8. Yet again, O GOD, my GOD,
Sinks my Soul beneath its Load,
Burthen'd, and by Sin cast down
Faints thy poor Afflicted One.
9. Fain I would on Thee rely,
To my GOD for Refuge fly,
Ever wandring to and fro,
Restless as an hunted Roe.
10. Deep to Deep with Horror calls,
While the roaring Torrent falls,
My Abyss of Misery
Calls for All the Grace in Thee.
11. But alas thy Threatnings sound,
All thy Waves, and Storms surround,
Over me the Billows roll,
Swallow up my sinking Soul.
12. Unto GOD, my Rock I say,
Why dost Thou so long delay,
Leave me, on in Grief to go,
Crush'd by the Oppressive Foe?
13. Pierc'd my Bones as with a Sword
With the dire opprobrious Word,
While they ever cry aloud
Where is now thy Pardning GOD?
14. Why art Thou, my Soul, opprest,
Why so troubled and distrest?
Cast away the heavy Load,
Hope Thou against Hope in GOD.

⁴In MS Fish Wesley wrote lines 3 and 4 in reverse order. Perronet copied correctly, but Wesley inserts numbers in the margin that reverse the order of lines 3 and 4 as shown above.

15. I shall yet record his Praise,
See again the Saviour's Face,
Ascertain'd by Love Divine,
Mine He is, forever mine!

Psalm XLIII.⁵

1. GOD of infinite Compassion
Take my Cause into thy Hands,
Satan's whole unrighteous Nation
Earth and Hell my Soul withstands,
From the Evil World deliver,
From the cruel World within,
From MYSELF, the Worst Deceiver,
From this Inbred Man of Sin.
2. Thou my only GOD and Saviour
Thou art my Support and Might;
Why hast Thou withdrawn thy Favour,
Cast the Mourner from thy Sight?
Wherefore go I on lamenting,
Crush'd by my tyrannick Foe,
Under his Oppression fainting,
Swallow'd up of Sin and Woe?
3. O my merciful Director,
Shew the Brightness of thy Face,
Let thy Love be my Protector,
Lead me by the Light of Grace.
Send the Unction of thy Spirit,
Guide into thy Perfect Will,
That I may thine Heaven inherit,
Meet Thee on thy holy Hill.

⁵Appears also in MS Emory, 197–99; and MS Fish, 207–211. Published posthumously in *Arminian Magazine* 20 (1797): 613–14; and *Poetical Works*, 8:97–99.

4. Earnest of my full Possession
Might I feel Thee in my Heart,
Fill'd with Joy beyond expression
I should never more depart;
I should in thy Courts adore Thee,
Till I join the Church above,
Sing, and praise, and fall before Thee,
Thee my GOD of Truth and Love.

5. Wherefore then, my restless Spirit,
Art Thou troubled and cast down?
Hope in GOD, thro' Jesus' Merit,
GOD thro' Jesus is Thine own;
I shall yet retrieve his Favour,
I shall sing his Praise aloud,
Jesus is my Loving Saviour,
Jesus is my Pardning GOD!

Psalm XLIV.⁶

[Part I.]

1. O GOD, we of thy Fame have heard,
Our Fathers in our Ears have told
How oft Thou hast for Them appear'd,
And Wonders wrought in Times of Old.
Thou didst with thine Almighty Hand
The Seven devoted Nations chase
Cast out the Heathen from their Land
And plant thine Israel in their Place.
2. For not by their own Arm or Sword
The Land they in Possession gain'd,
Thy Arm and thy Right-Hand O Lord,
For them the Victory obtain'd.
Thy Countenance benignly shone
And help'd and sav'd the Chosen Seed,
Thou didst thy fav'rite People own
And conquering on to Conquer lead.
3. O GOD, Thou art my GOD and King,
Thou dost the Same for ever reign,
Salvation to thy Jacob bring
Deliverances for us ordain:
Thro' Thee we have our Foes o'rethrown
And still we shall the Victory get
O'recome them thro' thy Name alone
And tread them down beneath our Feet.
4. For not in my own Sword or Bow
Will I for Help or Safety trust,
Thou only Thou hast quell'd the Foe,
And trod his Honour in the Dust.

⁶Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:99–102.

Thy Name demands the gratefull Song,
O GOD, we glory in thy Grace,
In Thee we triumph all day long
And dwell forever on thy Praise.

Part II.

5. But Thou alas! hast put to shame
And left us at our greatest Need,
Thou dost no more declare thy Name,
Thou dost no more our Armies lead.
Thou mak'st us basely turn our back
And flee before our Foes away;
Swift to pursue our Foes o'rtake,
And fiercely seize their trembling Prey.

6. Thou hast abhor'd thine Heritage,
And given us up as Sheep design'd
For Slaughter, to the Heathens Rage,
The Scorn and Outcasts of Mankind:
Scatter'd thro' all the Nations round
Thy People Thou hast sold for nought,
It doth not to thy Praise redound
The Mis'ry on thine Israel brought.

7. Thou mak'st us a Reproach and Scorn
To Friends and Foes, farr off and near,
(The World rejoice, The Faithfull mourn;)
A Proverb of Derision here:
The Heathen shake their Heads and cry
With stedfast Hate and cool Disdain
Cast down and in the Dust they lie;
And never shall they rise again.

8. Confusion o're my Soul is spread,
 Apparent in my blushing Face,
I ever bear the Burning Red,
 The consious Colour of Disgrace:
With Shame the dire Reproach I hear,
 The Scoffer that blasphemes aloud
That Executes thy Judgments here
 GOD's Enemy, and the Scourge of GOD.

Part III.

9. Yet not for all this Blasphemy
 Have we, O Lord, thy Paths forsook
Or in our Heart turn'd back from Thee
 Or faithlesly thy Cov'nant broke.
Tho' Thou hast sorely smote us down,
 And cast into the Dragon's Teeth,
And cover'd with thine Angers Frown
 That Shadow of Eternal Death.
10. Had we of GOD, forgetfull been,
 Or worship to an Idol paid,
Who tries the Hearts and Reins had seen
 And all our Secret Sin display'd.
But O Thou knowst, we suffer wrong,
 For thy dear sake, and loss and Pain,
Expos'd and outrag'd all day long,
 As Sheep appointed to be slain.
11. Awake, O Lord, for us arise,
 No longer Sleep no longer stay,
Ah! do not still Thine own dispise
 Forever cast us not away.

Ah wherefore dost Thou hide thy Face,
Regardless of our Misery,
And sufferest Fiends, and Men t' oppress
The helpless Souls belov'd by Thee?

12. Our Soul is to the Dust bow'd down,
Our Belly to the Earth doth cleave,
Hear thine afflicted⁷ People groan,
And for thy Mercy sake relieve:
Arise, thy great Salvation shew,
Our Foes confound, our Shame remove,
That all the World with us may know
Thine Utmost Power of saving Love.

⁷Ori., "afflictive"; an apparent mistake, as context implies that the people are the *recipients* of the affliction.

Psalm XLV.⁸

1. My Heart is full of Christ, and longs
Its glorious Matter to declare!
Of Him I make my loftiest Songs,
I cannot from his Praise forbear;
My ready Tongue makes hast to Sing
The Beauties of my Heavenly King.
2. Fairer than all the Earth-born Race,
Perfect in Comeliness Thou art,
Replenish'd are thy Lips with Grace,
And full of Love thy tender Heart;
GOD ever blest, we bow the Knee,
And own all Fulness dwells in Thee.
3. Gird on thy Thigh the Spirits Sword,
And take to Thee thy Power Divine,
Stir up thy Strength, Almighty Lord,
All Power and Majesty are Thine,
Assert thy Worship and Renown,
O all-redeeming GOD come down.
4. Come, and maintain thy righteous Cause,
And let thy glorious Toil Succeed,
Dispread the Victory of thy Cross,
Ride on and prosper in thy Deed,
Thro' Earth triumphantly ride on,
And reign in all our Hearts alone.
5. Still let the Word of Truth prevail,
The Gospel of thy General Grace,
Of Mercy mild that ne'er shall fail,
Of everlasting Righteousness,

⁸Appears also in MS Thirty, 44–49. Published in *CPH* (1743), 73–77.

Into the Faithful Soul brought in,
To root out all the Seeds of Sin.

6. Terrible Things thine own Right-hand
 Shall teach thy Greatness to perform:
Who in the Vengfull Day can stand
 Unshaken by thine Anger's Storm
While riding on the Whirlwind's Wings,
They meet the Thundring King of Kings!
7. Sharp are the Arrows of thy Love,
 And pierce the most Obdurate Heart:
Their Point thine Enemies shall prove,
 And strangely fill'd with pleasing smart
Fall down before thy Cross subdued,
And feel thine Arrows dip'd in Blood.
8. O GOD of Love, thy Sway we own,
 Thy dying Love doth all Controul;
Justice and Grace support thy Throne,
 Set up in every faithful Soul;
Stedfast it Stands in them, and sure,
When pure as Thou their GOD art pure.
9. Lover Thou art of Purity,
 And hatest every Spot of Sin,
Nothing profane can dwell with Thee,
 Nothing unholy or unclean:
And therefore doth thy Father own
His glorious Likeness in his Son.
10. Therefore he hath his Spirit shed,
 Spirit of Joy, and Power, and Grace
Immeasurably on thy Head;
 First-born of all the chosen Race,

From Thee the Sacred Unction springs
That makes thy Fellows Priests and Kings.

11. Sweet is the Odour of thy Name,
 Thro' all the Means a Fragrance comes;
Thy Garments hide the Sinners Shame,
 Thy Garments shed Divine Perfumes,
That thro' the Ivory-Palace flow,
The Church, in which Thou reign'st below.
12. Thy heavenly Charms the Virgins move,
 And bow them to thy pleasing Sway;
They triumph in thy Princely Love,
 Thy Will with all their Hearts Obey,
Revere thine⁹ honourable Word,
The glorious Hand maids of the Lord.
13. High above all at thy Right-hand
 Adorn'd with each Diviner Grace,
Thy fav'rite Queen exults to stand,
 Thy Church her heavenly Charms displays,
Cloath'd with the Sun, for Glory meet,
She sees the Moon beneath her Feet.
14. Daughter of Heaven, tho' born on Earth,
 Incline thy willing Heart and Ear,
Forget thy first ignoble Birth,
 Thy People, and thy kinsfolk here,
So shall the King delight to see
His Beauties copied out on Thee.
15. He only is thy GOD and Lord,
 Worship Divine to him be given,
By all the Host of Heaven ador'd
 By every Creature under Heaven:

⁹*CPH* (1743) reads "their." Perronet copied correctly, and Wesley then changed to "thine."

And all the Gentile World shall know,
And freely to his Service flow.

16. The Rich shall lay their Riches down,
 And poor become for Jesu's sake,
Kings at his Feet shall cast their Crown
 And humble Suit for Mercy make,
(Mercy alike on all bestow'd)
And languish to be great in GOD.
17. Are not his Servants Kings? and rule
 They not o're Hell, and Earth, and Sin?
His Daughter is divinely full
 Of Christ, and glorious all within;
All-glorious inwardly She reigns,
And not one Spot of Sin remains.
18. Cloath'd with Humility and Love,
 With every dazzling Virtue bright,
With Faith which GOD vouchsafes t' approve
 Precious in her great Fathers Sight,
The Royal Maid with Joy shall come,
Triumphant to her Heavenly Home.
19. Brought by his Sweet attracting Grace
 She first shall in his sight appear,
In Holiness behold his Face,
 Made perfect with her Fellows here,
Spotless, and pure, a Virgin Train,
They all shall in his Palace reign.
20. In lieu of Seers and Patriarchs old,
 Of whom She once did make her Boast,
The Virgin Mother shall behold
 Her numerous Sons, a princely Host,

Install'd o're all the Earth abroad,
Anointed Kings, and Priests to GOD.

21. Thee Jesus, King of Kings, and Lord
Of Lords, I glory to proclaim,
From age to age thy Praise record,
That all the World may learn thy Name:
And all shall soon thy Grace adore,
When Time and Sin shall be no more.

Psalm XLVI.¹⁰

1. GOD, the Omnipresent GOD,
Our Strength and Refuge stands,
Ready to Support our Load,
And bear us in his Hands:
Readiest when we need Him most,
When to Him distrest we cry,
All who in his Mercies¹¹ trust
Shall find Deliverance nigh.
2. Kept by Him, we scorn to fear,
In Dangers blackest Day
Starting at Destruction near
Though Nature faint away,
Though the stormy Ocean roar,
Though the madding Billows rise,
Rage and foam, and lash the Shore,
And mingle Earth and Skies.
3. Let Earth's inmost Centre quake
And shatter'd Nature mourn,

¹⁰Published in *Earthquake Hymns* (1750), 1:9–12.

¹¹*Earthquake Hymns* (1750) reads “on his mercy” for “in his Mercies.”

Let the unweildy Mountains Shake,
And fall by Storms uptorn,
Fall with all their trembling load
Far into the Ocean hurl'd,
Lo! we stand secure in GOD,
Amidst a ruin'd World.

4. From the Throne of GOD there Springs
A pure and chrystal Stream,
Life and Peace and Joy it brings
To his Jerusalem.
Rivers of refreshing Grace,
Thro' the Sacred City flow,
Watering all the Hallow'd Place
Where GOD abides¹² below.
5. GOD most Merciful most High
Doth in his Sion dwell,
Kept by Him their Towers defy
The Strength of Earth and Hell;
Built on her o'reshadowing Rock
Who shall her Foundations move
Who her great Defender shock,
The Almighty GOD of Love!
6. All that on this Rock are stay'd
The World assaults in vain,
Ever present with his aid,
He shall His own sustain;
Guardian of the chosen Race
Jesus doth his Church defend,
Save them by his timely Grace,
And save them to the End.

¹²Wesley wrote "resides" in the margin as an alternative to "abides." *Earthquake Hymns* (1750) adopted the alternative from MS Psalms.

7. Furiously the Heathen rag'd
 Against his Church below,
 Kingdoms all their Powers¹³ engag'd
 Jerusalem t' o'rethrow,
 Earth from her Foundation's¹⁴ stir'd
 Yawn'd to swallow up her Prey
 Jesus spoke, she own'd his Word,
 And quak'd, and fled away.

8. For his People in Distress
 The GOD of Jacob stands,
 Keeps us till our Troubles cease
 In his Almighty Hands:
 He for us his Power hath shewn,
 He doth still our Refuge prove,
 Loves the Lord of Hosts his own,
 And shall for ever Love.

9. Come, behold th' Almighty Lord
 In Robes of Vengance clad,
 By the Desolating Sword
 What Havock hath he made!
 He hath sent his Armies forth,
 States and Kingdoms to o'rethrow,
 March'd in Anger thro' the Earth,
 And ravag'd all below.

10. Lo! again in tender Love
 He bids their Discords cease,
 Calms their Spirit from above
 And melts them into Peace,
 Breaks the Bow, and burns the Car,
 Instruments of Fatal Ill,

¹³*Earthquake Hymns* (1750) reads "power" for "Powers."

¹⁴*Earthquake Hymns* (1750) reads "foundation" for "Foundation's."

Quels the horrid Din of War
And bids the World be still.

11. Sons of Men, be still, and know
That I am GOD alone,
I my saving Power will shew,
And make my Goodness known,
All shall with my Will comply,
Fear the Name to Sinners given,
Bow before the Lord most high
The Lord of Earth and Heaven.

12. For his Israel¹⁵ in Distress
The GOD of Jacob stands,
Bears us Till our Troubles cease
In his Almighty Hands:
He for Us his Power hath shewn,
He doth still our Refuge prove,
Loves the Lord of Hosts his own
And shall forever Love.

¹⁵*Earthquake Hymns* (1750) reads “people” for “Israel.”

Psalm XLVII.¹⁶

1. Clap your Hands ye People all,
Praise the GOD on whom ye call,
Lift your¹⁷ Voice, and shout his Praise
Triumph in his Sovereign Grace.
2. Glorious is the Lord most High,
Terrible in Majesty,
He his Sovereign Sway maintains,
King o'er all the Earth He reigns.
3. He the People shall Subdue,
Make us Kings and Conqu'rors too,
Force the Nations to Submit,
Bruise our Sins beneath our Feet.
4. He shall bless his ransom'd Ones,
Number us with Israel's Sons;
GOD our Heritage shall prove,
Give us all a Lot of Love.
5. Jesus is gone up on high,
Takes his Seat above the Sky,
Shout the Angel-Quires aloud,
Ecchoing to the Trump of GOD.
6. Sons of Earth the Triumph join,
Praise Him with the Host Divine,
Emulate the Heavenly Powers,
Their Victorious Lord is Ours.
7. Shout the GOD enthron'd above,
Trumpet forth his conqu'ring Love,

¹⁶Published in *CPH* (1743), 77–78.

¹⁷*CPH* (1743) reads “Lift your.” MS Psalms reads “Lift ~~up~~ your.”

Praises to our Jesus sing,
Praises to our glorious King.

8. Power is all to Jesus given,
Power o'er Hell, and Earth, and Heaven!
Power He now to us imparts:
Praise Him with believing Hearts.
9. Heathens he compels t' obey,
Saints He rules with mildest Sway,
Pure and Holy Hearts alone
Chuses for his quiet Throne.
10. Peace to them and Power He brings,
Makes his Subjects Priests and Kings,
Guards, while in his Worship join'd,
Bids them cast the World behind.
11. On Himself He takes their Care,
Saves them not by Sword or Spear,
Safely to his House they go,
Fearless of th' invading Foe.
12. GOD keeps off the hostile Bands,
GOD protects their happy Lands,
Stands as Keeper of their Fields,
Stands as twice ten thousand Shields.
13. Wonderful in saving Power
Him let all our Hearts adore,
Earth and Heaven repeat the Cry,
Glory be to GOD most High!

Psalm XLVIII.¹⁸

1. Great is our Redeeming Lord
 In Power, and Truth, and Grace,
Him by highest Heaven ador'd
 His Church on Earth should Praise:
In the City of our GOD,
 In his Holy Mount below
Publish, spread his Praise abroad,
 And all his Greatness shew.

2. Built by his Almighty Hands
 The Towers of Salem rise,
Fair, and firm the City stands,
 Adjoining¹⁹ to the Skies;
Joy to all the Earth She brings,
 Stor'd with Blessings from above,
Kept by the great King of Kings,
 Her Guardian GOD of Love.

3. Monarchs with their Armies met
 Jerusalem t' assail
Sworn to o'erthrow the sacred Seat
 Where GOD vouchsafes to dwell:
Lo! their Boast is turn'd to Shame,
 Struck with sore Amaze and Dread,
Marching towards her Walls they came:
 They came: they saw: they fled.

4. Horror seiz'd thy Sion's Foes,
 And pain'd their guilty Heart,

¹⁸Published posthumously in *Arminian Magazine* 20 (1797): 614–16; and *Poetical Works*, 8:111–14.

¹⁹Perronet wrote “Adjoining;” and Wesley wrote “Contiguous” in the margin as an alternative.

As a travailing²⁰ Woman's Throe's
They felt the killing Smart:
Scatter'd by thy Storming Ire,
Dash'd as Ships against the Shore,
Tyrants with their Hopes expire,
And sink to rise no more.

5. We the Works of Antient Days
Have seen repeated now,
GOD doth still his Sion raise,
And force her Foes to bow;
Still She in her Saviour trusts,
Glories in his Constant Care;
There He dwells, the Lord of Hosts,
He reigns for ever there.
6. For thy Loving-kindness, Lord,
We in thy Temple stay,
Here thy faithfull Love record,
Thy saving Power display,
With thy Name thy Praise is known,
Glorious thy Perfections shine,
Earth's remotest Bounds shall own
Thy Works are all Divine.
7. All thy mighty Works are wrought
In perfect Equity;
Sion by thy Judgments taught
Shall give the Praise to Thee:
Thee let all thy Saints adore,
Ransom'd by thy timely aid,

²⁰Ori., "travelling."

Every Tongue confess thy Power,
And every Heart be glad.

8. Sons of GOD triumphant rise,
The City Walls surround;
Lo! her Bulwarks touch the Skies,
How high, yet how profound!
Note the Number of her Towers,
All her Palaces declare,
Guarded by Angelic Powers
And GOD in Person there!
9. See the Gospel-Church secure,
And founded on a Rock,
All her Promises are Sure,
Her Bulwarks who can Shock?
Count her every pretious Shrine,
Tell to after-ages tell
Fortified by Power Divine
The Church can never fail.
10. Sion's GOD is all our own
Who on his Love rely,
We his Pardning Love have known,
And live in Christ and die.
To the New Jerusalem
He our faithful guide shall be,
Him we claim, and rest in Him
Thro' all Eternity.

Psalm LI.²¹

1. GOD of unfathomable Love,
Whose Bowels of Compassion move
Towards Adam's helpless Race,
See at thy Feet, a Sinner See,
In tender Mercy look on me,
And all my Sins efface.
2. O let thy Love to me o'erflow,
Thy Multitude of Mercies shew,
Abundantly forgive;
Remove th' insufferable Load,
Blot out my Sins with sacred Blood,
And bid the Sinner live.
3. Take all the Power of Sin away,
Nor let in me it's Being stay,
Mine inmost Soul convert,
Wash me from all my Filth of Sin,
Come, Lord, and make me throughly clean,
Create me pure in Heart.
4. For O my Sins I now confess,
Bewail my desperate Wickedness,
And sue to be forgiven,
I have abus'd thy patient Grace,
I have provok'd Thee to thy Face,
And dar'd the Wrath of Heaven.
5. Thee, only Thee have I defied:
Tho' all thy Wrath on me abide,
And my Damnation Seal,

²¹Appears also in MS Thirty, 136–41. Published in *CPH* (1743), 11–14.

Tho' into outer Darkness thrust,
I'll own the Punishment is just,
And clear my GOD in Hell.

6. Cast in the Mould of Sin I am,
Corrupt throughout my ruin'd Frame,
My Essence all Unclean,
My total Fall from GOD I mourn,
In Sin I was conceiv'd and born,
Whate'er I am is Sin.
7. But thou requirest all our Hearts,
Truth rooted in the inward parts,
Unspotted purity:
And by thy Grace I humbly trust
To learn the Wisdom of the Just,
In secret taught by Thee.
8. Surely Thou wilt the Grace impart,
Sprinkle the Blood upon my Heart,
Which did for Sinners flow,
The Blood that purges every Sin,
The Blood shall quickly wash²² me clean,
And make me White as Snow.
9. Thou wilt my mournfull Spirit chear,
And grant me once again to hear,
Thy Sweet forgiving Voice,
That all my Bones and inmost Soul,
Broken by Thee, by Thee made whole,
May in thy Strength rejoice.
10. From my Misdeeds avert thy Face,
The Strength of Sin by pard'ning Grace,
Of all my Sin remove,

²²*CPH* (1743) and MS Thirty read "Blood that soon shall wash"; Wesley let the MS Psalms transcription stand.

Forgive, O Lord, but change me too,
But perfectly my Soul renew
By Sanctifying Love.

11. My Wretchedness to Thee convert,
Give me an humble contrite Heart,
My fallen Soul restore,
Let me the Life Divine attain,
The Image of my GOD regain,
And never lose it more.
12. Have Patience, till by Thee renew'd
I live the Sinless Life of GOD;
Here let thy Spirit stay:
Tho' I have griev'd the gentle Dove,
Ah! do not quite withdraw thy Love,
Or take thy Grace away.
13. The Comfort of thy Help restore,
Assist me now as heretofore,
O lift Thou up my Head,
The Spirit of thy Power impart,
Stablish and keep my faithfull Heart,
And make me free indeed.
14. Then shall I teach the World thy Ways,
Thy Mercy mild and pard'ning Grace,
For every Sinner free,
Till Sinners to thy Grace submit,
And fall at their Redeemer's Feet,
And Weep, and love like me.
15. O might I weep, and love Thee now;
GOD of my Health, my Saviour Thou,
Thou only canst release

My Soul from all Iniquity;
O speak the Word, and set me free,
And bid me go in Peace.

16. So shall I sing the Saviour's Name,
Thy Gift of Righteousness proclaim,
Thine all-redeeming Grace:
Open my Lips, Almighty Lord,
That I thy Mercy may record,
And glory in thy Praise.
17. No Creature-Good dost Thou desire,
No costly Sacrifice require;
Thy Pleasure is to give:
Thou only seekest me, not mine,
Thou wouldst that I should take of Thine,
Should all thy Grace receive.
18. A wounded Spirit, by Sin distrest,
A broken Heart that pants for Rest,
This is the Sacrifice
Well-pleasing in the Sight of GOD;
A Sinner crush'd beneath his Load
Thou never wilt despise.
19. Then hear a contrite Sinner's Prayer,
And every ruin'd Soul repair,
Remember Sion's Woe,
Shew forth thy Sanctifying²³ Grace,
And for Thyself vouchsafe to raise
A Glorious Church below.
20. When Thou hast seal'd thy People's Peace,
Their Sacrifice of Righteousness,

²³CPH (1743) and MS Thirty have "Justifying" instead of "Sanctifying"; Wesley let the MS Psalms transcription stand.

Their Gifts Thou wilt approve,
 Their every Thought, and Word, and Deed,
 That from a living Faith proceed,
 And all are wrought in Love.

21. Laid on the Altar of thy Son,
 Pleasing to Thee thro' Christ alone
 The dear peculiar Race
 Their gratefull Sacrifice shall bring,
 And hymn their Father, and their King
 In Endless Songs of Praise.

Psalm LII.²⁴

1. Why O Thou Man of lawless Might,
 Who dar'st against thy Maker fight,
 Why dost thou boast thy hellish Power,
 Let loose for One oppressive Hour?
2. The Goodness of the Lord remains,
 And still it holds thy Rage in Chains;
 The Goodness of the Lord shall last,
 When Thou and all thy Vaunts are past.
3. Mischief thy Heart doth now devise,
 Thy Tongue deals out the sharpest Lies,
 What Innocence so firm to stand
 That Razor in the Devil's Hand?
4. Thou lovest Ill and hatest Good,
 And lying is thy daily Food;
 With Lies and Perjuries to bite
 Is all thy Business and Delight.

²⁴Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:118–20.

5. But GOD shall vindicate my Wrong,
And Silence thy Blaspheming Tongue,
Blast all thy dire malicious Joy,
And Thee eternally destroy.
6. The Lord shall pluck thy Soul away,
Nor suffer Thee on Earth to stay,
Send to the God thou serv' dst so well
And drive thee to thy Friends in Hell!
7. The Righteous shall his Ruin see,
And tremble at the just Decree,
The Liar's dreadfull Downfall mourn,
But laugh his vain Designs to Scorn.
8. Lo! this was He, the Man (they cry)
Who would not on our GOD rely,
But trusted in his Wealth and Power,
And dar'd the Innocent devour.
9. Who would not here from Slanders cease,
Self-harden'd in his Wickedness:
His Lies and Perjuries are o're,
He falls alas—to rise no more.
10. But I (all Love, and Thanks, and Praise,
And Glory be to Jesu's Grace,)
As a Green Olive Tree I grow,
And flourish in his Church below.
11. I in the Pardning GOD confide
The GOD that for his Creatures died,
I on my dear Redeemer's Breast
Forever and forever rest.
12. Saviour, I thankfully adore,
And bless and praise Thee evermore:

Thou only Lord, the Work hast done,
Hast ransom'd me by Grace alone.

13. Thy Mercy still will I proclaim,
And trust, and triumph in thy Name;
For O! tis all the Saints Delight
Till perfect Faith is lost in Sight.

Psalm LIV.²⁵

1. Save me, Lord, by thy great Name
Avenge me by thy Might;
Hated for thy sake I am,
O vindicate my Right;
Let my Prayers thy Help engage,
Give ear to my continued Cry,
Save me from th' Oppressor's Rage,
O save me, or I die.
2. Strangers to my GOD have rose,
And seek my Soul to slay;
GOD Himself they dare oppose,
And cast his Yoke away:
But with me my Helper stays,
The Lord doth still my Soul defend,
He upholds me by his Grace,
And loves me to the End.
3. Evil He shall soon reward
To all mine Enemies:
Cut them off, O righteous Lord,
Let Sin forever cease,
Satan and his Works destroy,
But O! his hapless, Servants spare
That I may with thankful Joy
Thy faithful Love declare.
4. I shall then mine All to Thee
A Free-will-offering give,
Praise the Lord, so good to me

²⁵Appears also in MS Emory, 91–93; and MS Fish, 93–95. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:120–21.

Who in his Name believe;
He hath from all Trouble freed,
Mine Eyes have seen his perfect Power,
All my inbred Foes are dead,
And Sin remains²⁶ no more.

²⁶MS Fish and MS Emory read “subsists” for “remains”; Wesley let the MS Psalms transcription stand.

Psalm LV.²⁷

1. Ah! Lord, regard the Pains I feel,
No more from me thy self conceal,
No more thy Help defer,
Regard (or utterly I faint)
My bitter Cry, my sad Complaint,
My Agonizing Prayer.
2. The Foe comes on insulting loud,
Strengthen'd by all th' Ungodly Crowd,
Mine Innocence to slay,
They come with full Malitious Power,
And wrathfull Hatred to devour
Their unresisting Prey.
3. My Heart is pain'd within my Breast,
I sink by Fear of Death opprest,
And tremble at my Doom,
O're whelm'd with Dread and sore Affright,
And Horror deep as Egypt's Night,
Or Hell's tremendous Gloom.
4. O that I from the World could fly,
And scape this lowring Tempest nigh!
O that the Heavenly Dove
Would lend his Wings my Flight to aid,
And to some unfrequented Shade
My Flutt'ring Soul remove!
5. How gladly would I haste away,
And in the distant Desart stay,
Enjoy my long-sought Rest,

²⁷Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:121–25.

Indulge my calmly pensive Grief,
And find at last my full Relief
In Jesu's loving Breast.

6. But O! I still with Sinners dwell,
Whose Tongues are set on Fire of Hell;
Thou, Lord, their Tongues divide,
Their Malice blast, their Fury tame,
Destroy their Hopes, and put to Shame
The Sons of Strife and Pride.
7. Their Violence I have felt and Seen:
A City of Oppressive Men,
The World, in Satan lies;
Restless they walk their Sinfull Round,
Mischief in all their Streets is found,
And Miserable Vice.
8. Their cruel Guile, and cursed Art,
And Slanders foul have broke my Heart,
And still my Bosom tear;
Forc'd to survive my murther'd Fame,
The Intolerable load of Shame
My Nature groans to bear.
9. Less had I felt the deadly Blow,
Inflicted by an Open Foe,
Who first avow'd his Hate;
I might have hop'd his Rage to shun,
Or Sunk, without a murmuring Groan,
Beneath my Milder Fate.
10. But He that dealt the treacherous Wound,
And smote mine Honour to the Ground,

And triumph'd in my Smart,
Was once my Bosom-Friend and Guide:
And Thou hast goar'd thy Partner's Side,
And stab'd me to the Heart!

11. But Oh! what Penal Woes shall seize
The desperate Slaves of Wickedness!
Who here with Satan dwell,
They shall with Satan dwell beneath,
Arrested by the Pains of Death,
And tumbled into Hell.
12. Till then I to the Lord will pray,
The Lord shall soon his Arm display,
And save me from my Fear,
At Morn, and Eve, and Noon my Cry
And instant Prayer shall pierce the Sky,
And force my GOD to hear.
13. He hath preserv'd me by his Might,
And rescued in th' unequal Fight,
And made my Conflicts cease;
GOD and his Saints were on my Side,
And still the Blood of Sprinkling cried
Restore that Sinners Peace!
14. He still th' United Prayer shall hear,
Again in my behalf appear,
For GOD is still the same:
My Foes he shall in Wrath cast down,
Who will not turn, or fear his Frown,
Or tremble at his Name.

15. Against his peaceable Ally
He rose, and broke the Cov'nant-Tie,
And shew'd his treacherous Art;
Smoother than Oil I found his Words,
Yet sharper far than naked Swords,
For War was in his Heart.
16. O Thou who like Reproach dost bear,
Cast on the Lord with me, thy Care,
And He shall still Sustain;
He never will forsake the Just,
Or let them fall, by Him who trust
To be brought up again.
17. But GOD shall cast into the Pit
The Men of Violence and Deceit,
And end their shorten'd Days;
While still to Thee by Faith I live,
To Thee, O GOD, the Glory give,
And ever Sing thy Praise.

Psalm LVI.²⁸

1. Have Mercy, Lord, for Man hath none;
From Day to Day he still goes on
To Swallow up his Prey:
My Foes continual Battles wage,
And strive with unrelenting Rage
My helpless Soul to slay.
2. Dreadfull in Number, and in Power,
I see them ready to devour;
But when to Thee I cry,
Returns my Faith, retires my Fear,
I feel, I feel the Saviour near,
The Lord, the Lord most high.
3. Thro' Thee I will thy Word proclaim,
And bless the mighty Jesu's Name,
In whom I still confide:
Jesus is Good, and Strong, and True;
I will not fear what Man can do,
When GOD is on my Side.
4. They daily wrest the Words I speak,
In all their Thoughts my Ruin seek,
And close in Ambush lie;
They mark my Steps, where'er I turn,
As not to rest their Rage had sworn,
Till by their Hands I die.
5. But Thou, O Lord, shalt Vengeance take,
And cast into the burning Lake
The Vessels of thine Ire,
Who Thee, and all thy People hate,

²⁸Published in *CPH* (1743), 78–80.

Shall feel thy righteous Anger's Weight
In Everlasting Fire.

6. I now beneath their Fury groan,
But Thou hast all my Sufferings known,
The hasty Flights I took;
Thou treasur'st up my counted Tears,
And all my Sighs, and Griefs, and Fears
Are noted in thy Book.
7. Whenever to²⁹ the Lord I cry,
My Foes, I know, shall fear and fly,
For GOD is on my Side;
Thro' Thee will I thy Word proclaim,
And bless the mighty Jesu's Name,
And still in Him confide.
8. In GOD I trust, the Good, the True;
I will not fear what Flesh can do,
For Jesus takes my Part:
I bless Thee, Saviour, for thy Grace,
Offer my Sacrifice of Praise,
And pay Thee all my Heart.
9. For Thou hast sav'd my Soul from Death,
From Sin, the World, and Hell beneath;
Thou hast my Sins forgiven,
That I the glorious Light might³⁰ see,
Walk before GOD, and perfect be,
And live the Life of Heaven.

²⁹*CPH* (1743) reads "on." MS Psalms changes to "~~on~~ to," and Wesley let the MS Psalms transcription stand.

³⁰*CPH* (1743) reads "may" for "might"; Wesley let the MS Psalms transcription stand.

Psalm LVII.³¹

1. Be mercifull, O GOD, to me,
 To me who in Thy Love confide;
To thy protecting Love I flee,
 Beneath thy Wings my Soul I hide,
Till Satan's Tyranny is o'er,
And cruel Sin Subsists no more.
2. To GOD I will³² in Trouble cry,
 Who freely undertakes my Cause,
My GOD most mercifull, most high,
 Shall save me from the Lions Jaws;
Destroy him, ready to devour,
With all his Works, and all his Power.
3. The Lord out of his holy Place
 His Mercy and his Truth shall send:
Jesus is full of Truth and Grace,
 Jesus shall still my Soul defend;
While in the Toils of Hell I lie,
And from the Den of Lions cry.
4. Among the Sons of Men I dwell,
 Fierce as the wildest Beasts of Prey,
Inflam'd with Rage like Fiends in Hell,
 My Soul they seek to tear and slay:
As Spears their Teeth, as Darts their Words,
Their double Tongues are two-edg'd Swords.
5. Be Thou exalted, Lord, above
 The highest Names in Earth and Heaven
Let Angels sing thy glorious Love,
 And bless the Name to Sinners giv'n

³¹Published in *CPH* (1743), 80–81.

³²*CPH* (1743) reads “will I.” Perronet copied correctly, and Wesley then changed to “I will I.”

All Earth and Heaven their King proclaim,
Bow every Knee to Jesu's Name.

6. To Thee let all my Foes submit,
 Who hunt and bow my Spirit down;
Themselves shall fall into their Pit,
 Who seek my Death ensure their Own,
Satan and Sin their Doom shall have,
And sink into th' infernal Grave.
7. My Heart is fix'd, O GOD, my Heart
 Is fix'd to triumph in thy Grace
(Awake my Lute, and bear thy Part)
 My Glory is to sing thy Praise,
Till of thy Nature I partake,
And bright in all thine Image wake.
8. Thee will I praise among Thine own;
 Thee will I to the World extol,
And make thy Truth and Goodness known;
 Thy Goodness Lord, is over all,
Thy Truth and Grace the Heavens transcend,
Thy faithfull Mercies never end.
9. Be Thou exalted, Lord, above
 The highest Names in Earth or Heaven,
Let Angels sing thy Glorious Love,
 And bless the Name to Sinners given,
All Earth and Heaven their King proclaim;
Bow every Knee to Jesu's Name.

Psalm LVIII.³³

1. Say, ye assembled Sons of Men,
Is it your Labour and Delight
Virtue and Justice to maintain,
And vindicate the injur'd Right?
Or love your cruel Hearts t' oppress,
Your Hands to work Unrighteousness?
2. Far from the Truth and Living Way,
Conceiv'd in Sin, nurst up in Lies,
The Wicked haste to go astray,
And still to bolder Mischiefs rise;
Their Tongues like Serpents Stings they dart,
And vent the Poison of their Heart.
3. No Mercies can their Rage disarm,
Deaf Adders to the Charmer's Cry,
Not all his Gracious Words can charm
His softest Calls WHY WILL YE DIE!
They stop their Ears, and haste away—
The slander'd *Innocent* to Slay.
4. But Thou, O GOD, confound their Power;
And save the Hunted Soul from Death,
Baffle when ready to devour,
And break the ramping Lions Teeth,
And just when they their Arrows shoot,
Thou, then destroy them Branch and Root.
5. As Waters let them pass Away,
And never never more return,
Waste as the Snail with swift Decay,

³³Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:128–30.

As Embrio's out of Season born;
O' rewhelm, before they see the Light,
Their Councils in Eternal Night.

6. The Lord shall suddenly reveal
His fierce Vindictive Wrath from Heaven,
Sweep all their guilty Souls to Hell
As Chaff before the Whirlwind driven;
His Wrath the Wicked shall destroy,
His Mercy fill the Saints with Joy.
7. Whoe'er beholds th' Event shall say
Holy and Righteous is the Lord,
Who oft forestalls the Judgment Day,
And doth ev'n here his Saints reward,
And casts the proud Oppressors down,
And reigns o're all the Earth alone.

Psalm LIX.³⁴

1. Lord, I on thy Help depend:
Save me from my cruel Foes,
Thou mine³⁵ Innocence defend,
Thou the Rage of Men oppose,
Men who hate both me and GOD,
Men who thirst for guiltless Blood.

2. Sworn on me to wreak their Hate,
Me to ruin and devour,
For my Soul they lie in Wait,
Men of Dignity and Power:
Earth and Hell Thou seest combine
Thee to persecute in Thine.

3. Not for Crimes which I have done
Do they now themselves prepare,
To and fro, with Satan run,
Vex me with infernal War:
O my GOD, their Fury see,
Now awake, appear for me!

4. Lord of Hosts, thine Arm reveal,
GOD of Israel, shew thy Might,
Make the harden'd Rebels feel,
Come, and with thy Haters fight;
Blindly who thy Love despise
Open by thy Plagues their Eyes.

5. Lurking in their Dens all day,
Summon'd by the Evening Hour,
See them ranging for their Prey,
Seeking whom they may devour,

³⁴Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:130–32.

³⁵Perronet wrote “in me,” but Wesley struck it out and changed to “mine.”

Yelling with infernal Yell,
Howling like the Dogs of Hell.

6. Foul their Mouth, and fill'd with Lies,
Swords are in their Lips unclean;
Who regards their Perjuries?
Surely Thou, O Lord, hast seen:
Thou on them Thy Hand shall turn,
Laugh their idle Rage to Scorn.
7. Lord for this I wait on Thee,
Thee my Strong Defence and Shield:
Thou shalt give mine Eyes to see
All my Hearts desire fulfil'd,
Thou to me thy Grace shalt Shew,
Thou shalt all my Foes o'rethrow.
8. Slay them not, O GOD of Grace,
Gracious Thou when most severe,
Only make the Faithless Race
Mon'ments of thy Judgments *here*,
Scatter by thy Vengeful Power,
Bring them down to rise no more.
9. Stop their Lying Mouths, and turn
On themselves the guilty shame,
Let them own themselves *foresworn*
Baffled in their Hellish Aim,
Taken in their Pride, and bow'd
Down beneath the Wrath of GOD.
10. All their Wickedness consume,
Humbled by thine Angers Blow,
Let them 'scape the Wrath to come,

Jacob's GOD with Horror know,
GOD who there his Throne maintains,
GOD who o're the Heathen reigns.

11. Or if still they will not yield,
 Let the Wretches wander on,
 Seeking Meat, but never fill'd,
 Murm'ring that their Prey is gone,
 Howling till their want of Food
 Drives the Prodigals to GOD.
12. But I will thy Power confess,
 Early I thy Love will sing,
 Thou, my Refuge in Distress,
 Didst to me Deliverance bring,
 Thee I praise with³⁶ Those above,
 GOD of Power and GOD of Love.
13. Still in grateful Songs of Praise
 Will I my whole Life employ,
 Tell the Wonders of thy Grace,
 Cry aloud and shout for Joy,
 Still to all Mankind proclaim
 Jesus is my Saviours Name.

Psalm LX.³⁷

1. Thou hast chastis'd Thine own, O GOD,
 Cast off, and scatter'd us abroad,
 O turn Thee to thy Church again,
 Nor let us seek thy Face in vain.
2. Thou hast our guilty Nation shook,
 In Wrath its strongest Pillars broke;

³⁶Perronet wrote "who," but Wesley struck it out and changed to "with."

³⁷Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 4 (1801): 415–16; and *Poetical Works*, 8:132–34.

Our Land doth by thy Judgments reel:³⁸
Return, and all our Breaches heal.

3. To Us Thou grievous Things hast shewn,
And made us drink the Potion down,
The bitter Draught of deadly Wine,
The dreadful Cup of Wrath Divine.
4. Yet hath thy tender Mercy spread
A Banner o're thy People's Head
That all who humbly Thee revere
May triumph in Redemption near.
5. The glorious Gospel-truth receive,
And ransom'd by thy Mercy live:
Lord, to thy Standard—Cross I flee,
Stretch out thine Arm—and ransom me.
6. GOD in his Holiness hath sworn
That all who to their Saviour turn
His all victorious Grace shall prove,
And more than conquer in his Love.
7. Wherefore I will with Joy obey
His Call, and fly upon the Prey,
The Pardon take, the Spoile divide
And trample down all Self and Pride.
8. In Praises with his People join,
For all his chosen Tribes are mine:
The World shall to my Faith submit,
And Satan fall beneath my Feet.
9. But who shall his Strong-holds o'rethrow,
And lay the lofty Fortress low?

³⁸I.e., “reel.”

Will not our GOD again assert,
Our Cause, and take his Peoples Part?

10. With Pity, Lord, thine Outcasts see,
And lead us forth to Victory,
Help us in our Distress, for vain
Is all the Help of feeble Man.
11. Surely our GOD his Arm shall shew,
And we thro' Him shall all things do,
In Jesu's Strength our Foes tread down,
And win the Fight, and wear the Crown.

Psalm LXI.³⁹

1. Lord, attend my earnest Prayer
While in the Vale below,
Hear me crying from afar
O'rewhelm'd with Grief and Woe:
Let my Heart no longer droop
Beneath this Weight of Misery;
Rock of Israel, take me up,
And set my Soul on Thee.
2. Thou hast oft my Shelter been,
My strong defensive Tower,
Sav'd me from the World and Sin,
And all th' Accuser's Power,
Still I in thine House abide,
And never never hence remove,
Still determin'd to confide
In thy Redeeming Love.

³⁹Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 4 (1801): 463–64; and *Poetical Works*, 8:134–35.

3. Thou, O GOD, my Vows hast heard,
And giv'n me my Request,
Earnest of the Joys prepar'd
For all that know thy Rest:
Thou, O Lord, the Portion art
Of those that humbly fear thy Name:
Thou hast visited my Heart,
And Thine in Christ I am.
4. One of Jesu's Kings I reign,
Wash'd in his whitening Blood,
Righteous before GOD remain,
And live the life of GOD
Ready is thy Truth and Grace,
Still to preserve, and perfect me;
Thou shalt lengthen out my Days
To all Eternity.
5. Joyful in this blessed Hope
O glorify thy Name,
'Till thy Mercy take me up
Thy Mercy I proclaim,
Throughout every happy day
On this delightful Task attend,
All I owe⁴⁰ in Love repay,
And love Thee to the End.

⁴⁰Ori., "own"; almost certainly a copying error.

Psalm LXII.⁴¹

1. In true and patient Hope
My Soul on GOD attends,
And calmly confident looks up
Till He Salvation sends.
My Rock and Saviour He
Shall answer to my Call,
And, for to Him for Help I flee
I shall not greatly fall.
2. How long, ye violent Men
Mischief will ye devise
Ye all shall suddenly be slain
And perish with your Lies;
Who shake your bloody Hand
'Gainst Injur'd Innocence,
Lo, as a Bowing Wall ye stand,
And as a Tottering Fence.
3. Wretches, 'tis all their Joy
And Study to disgrace
With Lies and Slanders to destroy
Whom GOD delights to raise:
His Ruin to insure
They practise all their Art
Blessings are in their Mouth impure,
And Curses in their Heart.
4. But still in patient Hope
My Soul on GOD attend,
And calmly confident look up
'Till He Salvation send;

⁴¹Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 1 (1798): 50–51; and *Poetical Works*, 8:135–38.

[I shall his Goodness see,
While on his Name I call;]⁴²
He now defends and strengthens me,
And I shall never fall.

5. Jesus is my Defence
Almighty to redeem,
My Rock is His Omnipotence,
My Glory is in Him:
Into his Name I fly
My Refuge and my Tower
And ever on his Love rely,
And find his Saving Power.
6. Trust in the Lord alone
Who helps us from above
Ye People all surround his Throne,
And hang upon his Love:
Pour out your Hearts in Prayer,
And still on Him depend,
And He that doth your Burthen bear
Shall keep you to the End.
7. But never can ye place
Your Confidence in Man,
A faithless and fallacious Race,
And altogether vain;
Deceitful are they all
Of high and low Degree
Both the Great Vulgar and the Small
Are Lies and Vanity.
8. Ye Powerful to oppress
Boast not your lawless Might,

⁴²These two lines are missing in MS Psalms (likely skipped inadvertently), but appear in the *Methodist Magazine* and *Poetical Works*. They may be the creation of the editor.

Your wanton Violence to disseize
The Needy of his Right:
If GOD increase your Store
Do not in Riches trust,
Nor let your groveling Souls adore
Or lick the Golden Dust.

9. The Lord hath oft declar'd,
And I his Voice have known
'Tis His to punish or reward,
All Power is His alone:
In perfect Righteousness
Thou dost condemn, approve
Thou art the GOD of boundless Grace,
And everlasting Love.

Psalm LXIII.⁴³

1. O GOD, Thou art in Jesus mine:
For Thee I sigh, for Thee I pine
And pant thy Power to prove
My longing Soul implores thy Grace,
In a dry barren Wilderness
Unwated by thy Love.
2. Thee, Thee my restless Heart requires
And all I Am with Pain desires
Thy Glorious Power to see
To see Thee, as I once beheld,
My Pardning GOD in Christ reveal'd,
My GOD who died for me.
3. Thy Love doth all Delights exceed,
Thy pretious Love is Life indeed;

⁴³Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 1 (1798): 52; and *Poetical Works*, 8:138–39.

My Lips shall sing thy Praise:
My Hands I lift in Jesu's Name,
My Life and Strength, and All I AM
Shall glorify thy Grace.

4. Thee, Lord, my latest Breath shall bless
My joyful Lips shall never cease
 To glory in thy Love;
My Soul shall feast on Heavenly Meat
With rapt'rous Joy thy Praise repeat,
 Nor envy Those above.
5. On Thee I muse with vast Delight
Thro' all the happy sleepless Night
 I lean as on thy Breast
Beneath the shadow of thy Wing
Jesus my Peace, my Joy, I sing
 My Everlasting Rest.
6. My Soul pursues and hangs on Thee,
Thy Hand⁴⁴ upholds and strengthens me;
 And me Thou still shalt save
From All who seek my Soul to slay;
My Foes shall fall to Beasts a Prey,
 Or sink into the Grave.
7. Who deal in Lies and Perjury
Forever stopt their Mouth shall be;
 But who their GOD revere
With Jesus Kings shall lift their Voice,⁴⁵
With Jesu's Confessors rejoice⁴⁶
 And reign Triumphant here.

⁴⁴Perronet wrote "Hands," but Wesley struck it out and changed to "Hand."

⁴⁵Perronet wrote "Voices," but Wesley struck it out and changed to "Voice."

⁴⁶Perronet wrote "rejoices," but Wesley struck it out and changed to "rejoice."

Psalm LXIV.⁴⁷

1. Lord, thy humble Suppliant hear,
Save me, save me from my Fear,
From the Malice of my Foe
Keep me all my Days below.
2. O preserve my Life above,
Far beyond their Reach remove,
From their Force and Treachery
Jesu, hide my Life in Thee.
3. Wicked Men who Thee oppose
They declare themselves my Foes,
All the Sons of Belial rage
War against thy Servant wage.
4. Lo, they whet their Tongues like Swords,
Shoot as Darts their bitter Words,
Secretly the Just defame
Stab with Lies his Honest Name:
5. Still to bolder Mischiefs rise,
Gaul him with Authentic Lies,
Him with Perjuries assail,
All the Fiery Darts of Hell.
6. Bent on Evil every One
Urges his Associates on,
Commune how their Snares to lay,
How devour the thoughtless Prey.
7. They the Innocent beset,
Catch the Righteous in their Net,
Hardned by⁴⁸ Impunity
Who, they say, the Deed shall see?

⁴⁷Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:139–41.

⁴⁸Charles suggests the alternative “Daring through” (in shorthand) in the margin.

8. Evil eager they pursue
Glad the purpos'd Evil do,
Mischiefs in their Hearts conceal,
Hearts as Deep and Black as Hell.
9. But the righteous Lord at last
Shall at them an Arrow cast,
Wound them with a Sudden Wound,
All their Craftiness confound;
10. Make their Tongues themselves bewray,
Force them their own Lies t' unsay,
Their own Vileness to declare,
Their own Perjuries foreswear.
11. Who the Convict Liars see
Shall with just Abhorrence flee,
Shudder at their Touch unclean,
Start from their detested Sin.
12. All who of their Downfall hear
Struck with Reverential Fear
Shall an awful Lesson learn,
Shall the Work of GOD discern;
13. Still with lowly Thanks declare
Righteous all His Judgments are:
But the Saints shall make their boast
Of his Love, and praise Him most.
14. All the Men whose Hearts are right
Shall in Jesu's Praise delight,
Glad in Him their Faith confess
Shout the Lord their Righteousness!

Psalm LXV.⁴⁹

1. Praise O GOD, attends on Thee
Which Tongue cannot express,
Sion's Sons thy Majesty
Extol, and never cease;
They to Thee their Vows shall pay,
Render what Thou dost impart,
Humbly on thine Altar lay
A thankfull loving Heart.
2. All thy Church of Creatures New
Thy Glory shall declare,
O Thou faithful GOD and true,
Thou GOD that hearest Prayer:
Thee the Nations yet unborn
True and faithfull shall proclaim,
Every Soul to Thee shall turn
And bless the Saviours Name.
3. O how great my Trespasses!
I faint beneath their Power:
But where Sin doth most increase
Thy Grace increases more;
But we may acceptance find,
Who the Gospel-Call obey,
All the Sins of all Mankind
Thy Blood shall purge away.
4. Blest supremely blest is He,
The Vessel of thy Grace,
Drawn, and call'd, and chose by Thee
To see thy Lovely Face;

⁴⁹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:141–44 (with Osborn rearranging and blending stanzas 11–13).

Ever in thy Courts to dwell:
Who that happy Portion prove
Heaven begun on Earth we feel,
The Heaven of Jesu's Love.

5. Thou in Truth and Righteousness
Shalt make thy Godhead known,
Vindicate the ransom'd Race,
And send thy Spirit down,
Thou thy dreadful Power shalt shew,
Seal the Inbred Tyrant's Doom,
Root and Branch destroy thy Foe,
And all our Sins consume.
6. GOD of our Salvation Thee
Our Hearts shall then proclaim,
All who plough the Widespread Sea
Shall love the slaughter'd Lamb,
Trust in thine atoning Blood;
All the Ends of Earth shall call
Thee their Saviour and their GOD,
Their GOD that died for all.
7. Girded with Almighty Power
He sets the Mountains fast,
Chides the Billows when they roar,
And calms the furious Blast,
He the Lawless Crowd controuls,
Tames their Wild tumultuous Will
Quels the Rage of Stormy Souls,
And bids the Sea be still.
8. Mortals shall revere thy Voice
In Earth's remotest Bounds,

Trembling, while thy Thunder's Noise
From Pole to Pole resounds;
Mortalls shall thy Tokens see,
Thou who bidst the Planets shine,
Morn and Eve proceed from Thee,
And praise their source Divine.

9. Full of Providential Love
Thou dost thy Sons sustain,
Send thy Blessings from above
In Earth-inriching Rain,
From thy River in the Skies
Streams thro' airy Channels flow,
Bid the springing Corn arise,
And cheer⁵⁰ the World below.
10. Kindly do the Showers distill
Taught by the Art of GOD;
All the settled Furrows fill,
And soften every Clod;
Thou the acceptable Year
Dost with smiling Plenty crown,
Clouds the treasur'd Fatness bear,
And drop in Blessings down.
11. Springs the Water'd Wilderness
Into a fruitfull Field,
Earth her hundred fold increase
Doth at thy bidding yield;
In her freshest Mantle clad,
[]⁵¹
All the little Hills are glad
And shout on every Side.

⁵⁰Ori., "clear"; almost certainly a miscopying by Perronet.

⁵¹Here and in stanza 12 a blank line is left to indicate unfinished text.

12. Here with Flocks the Pastures green
[]
There⁵² so thick the Crops are seen
That Earth can hold no more;
Hills and Vales with Praises ring
Joy ascends to Heaven above
Laugh the Harvesters and Sing
The bounteous GOD of Love.
13. Type of the Creation Now
The Earth as Eden blooms
Till the Soul-impregning Dew
The Gift of Jesus comes;
[unfinished]

⁵²Ori., "Their"; likely a copying error.

Psalm LXVI.⁵³

1. O all ye Lands rejoice in GOD
The GOD of Truth and Grace,
Publish his glorious Name abroad
And magnify his Praise.
Say unto GOD How terrible
In all thy Works art Thou,
Thy Foes thro' thy great Power shall fail,
And at thy Footstool bow.

2. Thee all the Earth shall soon adore
Thine Attributes proclaim,
In Hymns of Praise extol thy Power
And triumph in thy Name.
Come see with Joy, ye favour'd Race,
What Wonders He hath done,
His Works of Judgment and of Grace
Throughout the World be known.

3. The parting Sea at his Command
An open Way supplied,
The People walk'd as on dry land
Exulting in their Guide.
Forever by his Power He reigns,
His Eyes the Nations see;
In vain the Rebels bite their Chains,
And struggle to get free.

4. Sing to the Lord, ye People sing,
With Us our GOD proclaim
Let all the Wide Creation ring
With Praises to his Name.

⁵³Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:144–47.

He keeps our Souls, and from his Ways
He will not let us move,
But feeds us with the Life of Grace,
And builds us up in Love.

5. Thou hast, O GOD, thy Servants tried
To raise our Graces higher
As Silver seven times purified
In the Refiner's Fire.
Thou didst into the Wilderness
Our tempted Spirits lead,
And sufferdst Tyrants to distress,
And on thy People tread.
6. We long intangled in their Net
By thy Permission lay,
They trampled us, beneath their Feet,
And gloried o're their Prey.
Thro' Water and thro' Fire we past,
Thro' Sorrow and Disgrace:
But Thou hast brought us out at last
Into a Wealthy Place.
7. Wherefore with lowly Thanks I will
Repair unto thy House,
And all my Promises fulfil,
And pay Thee all my Vows.
(The Vows I made in my Distress)
Whate'er I have or Am
I offer to advance thy Praise,
And glorify thy Name.
8. All ye that fear the Lord draw near
While joyfully I tell

The Goodness He hath shew'd me here
The Grace Unspeakable.
Hear me declare the Deed abroad
He for my Soul hath done,
O that the Mercies of my GOD
To all the World were known!

9. To Him I cried Mighty to save
In my Distressing Hour,
And to the Name of Jesus gave
The Glory of his Power.
If Evil in my Heart I choose,
And wilfully offend,
The Lord will then my Suit refuse,
And no Deliverance send.
10. But He indeed hath heard my Prayer
And answer'd to my Cry,
And pluck'd my Feet out of the Snare,
And set me up on high.
The Love that answer'd my Request
Forever be ador'd,
Forever, and forever blest
My dear Redeeming Lord!

Psalm LXVII.⁵⁴

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

⁵⁴Appears also in MS Emory, 55–57; and MS Fish, 57–59. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:147–48.

Make thy great Salvation known
To Us, and All Mankind.

2. Let the People praise Thee, Lord,
Thee the GOD of Truth and Grace,
Thee the Everlasting Word,
Let all the People praise.
O give thanks, rejoice, and sing
Every Creature under Heaven!
Let them triumph in their King,
And shout their Sins forgiven.
3. Thou shalt judge the Nations right,
Thy Equal Sway maintain,
Rule them by thy Mercy's Might,
And bless them by thy Reign.
Let the People praise Thee, Lord,
Thee the GOD of Truth and Grace,
Thee the Everlasting Word
Let all the People⁵⁵ praise.
4. Then to Perfect Holiness
The Earth her Fruit shall have,
GOD, our GOD his Saints shall bless,
And to the utmost save:
GOD shall perfect us in One;
Then the World their Lord shall see,
Thee the Nations all shall own,
And give their Hearts to Thee.

⁵⁵MS Fish and MS Emory read "Nations" for "People"; Wesley let the MS Psalms transcription stand.

Psalm LXVIII.⁵⁶

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

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

2. But let the Saints with grateful Joy
Their happy Days for Him employ,
 And triumph in his Saving Grace,
Vie with the Elder Sons of Light,
And walk exulting in his Sight,
 And hymn his Everlasting Praise.

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

3. A Father of the Fatherless;
The Widow in her sad Distress
 Is sure to find a Friend in Him:

⁵⁶Appears also in MS Emory, 59–71; and MS Fish, 59–71. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 5 (1802): 328–32; and *Poetical Works*, 8:148–54.

He every helpless Soul befriends,
To all his Servants condescends,
In Goodness as in Power Supream.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Divinely struck with sudden Dread
Kings with their alien Armies fled,
And to weak Women left their⁵⁷ Spoil;
The feeblest Souls that Jesus know,
Shall still the World and Sin o'rethrow
And all the Powers of Darkness foil.

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

When GOD made bare his Arm in Fight,
And scatter'd Kings in Israel's Right,
His Love's Omnipotence to shew,

⁵⁷MS Psalms and MS Emory use "their," while Wesley writes "the" in MS Fish. Wesley lets the MS Psalms and MS Emory transcriptions stand.

His People did his Name express,
Just in the Lord their Righteousness
And whiter than the Mountain-Snow.

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

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

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

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

10. Thou hast receiv'd the Promis'd Grace,
For All of Adam's helpless Race,

The glorious Gift unspeakable,
That All thine Image might retrieve,
That Man again in GOD might live,
That GOD again in Man might dwell.

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

11. Our⁵⁸ GOD alone hath Power to save,
Salvation in His Name we have,
Salvation from Sin, Death, and Hell:
But Them that dare in Sin proceed
He pours his Judgments on their Head,
And lets them all his Anger feel.

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

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

Thou shalt for thy own Glory's sake,
The Kings of Earth thy Subjects make,

⁵⁸Perronet wrote "One," but Wesley struck it out and changed to "Our."

While humbly Each his Present brings,
Casts at thy Feet his menial Crown,
And lays his borrow'd Greatness down
And gladly serves the King of Kings.

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

His Mercy shall to All appear,
Barbarick Kings shall soon draw near,
And spread their Hands and Hearts abroad,
Ev'n Cham's devoted Progeny
That glorious Gospel-Day shall see,
And grasp with Joy the Pardning GOD.

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

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

15. Jesus let all Mankind adore,
Give Him the Glory of his Power,

His Power display'd in Pardning Love,
His Excellence of Saving Grace
Is only known to Israel's Race,
A Myste'ry to the Hosts above.

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

Psalm LXIX.⁵⁹

1. Save me, O GOD: my Griefs abound,
Temptation's Waves inclose me round,
And Seas of Trouble roll;
Sunk in the deepest Mire of Sin
Floods of Iniquity pour in,
And deluge all my Soul.
2. Spent with my own Complaints and Cries,
With Pain I lift my weary Eyes,
Which fail with looking up,
Cleaves to the Roof my speechless Tongue
Or hardly asks My GOD how long
Dost Thou defer my Hope?
3. My Foes are strong and numberless,
Who wrongfully my Soul oppress;
Thou, Lord, their Malice see:
Thee have I wrong'd, and Thee alone,
My Follies, which with Shame I own,
My Sins are known to Thee.

⁵⁹Appears also in MS Emory, 71–79; and MS Fish, 73–79. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:154–58.

4. But let not them that seek thy Face
Be Sharers in my foul Disgrace,
For Israel's sake I pray,
Thou Lord of Hosts, Thou GOD of Love,
My Fears and dire Reproach remove,
Nor let me fall away.
5. For Israel's sake the Sinner spare
(I ask in Agony of Prayer)
O never let it be
That Those who wait to know thy Name,
Should stumble at my guilty Shame;
Or stand abash'd for me.
6. Me, Lord, Thou didst begin to turn,
Surely I⁶⁰ thy Reproach have born,
Thy People's Portion chose,
Stranger to my own Flesh I was,
Despis'd and hated for thy Cause
By my own Houshold-Foes.
7. Thy Love did once my Heart inspire,
I rose inflam'd with sacred Fire
To build the House of GOD,
I triumph'd in my Master's Shame,
And jealous for thy Glorious Name
Thy faithful Witness stood.
8. Humbled in all thy Paths I stay'd,
Fasted, and mourn'd, and wept, and pray'd,
And long'd my Lord to find,
The Theme of each opprobrious Tongue,
The Ruler's Scorn, the Drunkard's Song,
The Outcast of Mankind.

⁶⁰MS Psalms and MS Emory use "Surely I," while Wesley writes "I surely" in MS Fish. Wesley lets the MS Psalms and MS Emory transcriptions stand.

9. But O! my Suit to Thee is known,
Thou wilt thine humble Suppliant own,
And graciously receive,
Save, in the Riches of thy Grace,
Accept me thro' thy Righteousness,
And freely now forgive.
10. The Truth of thy Salvation shew,
Nor let the Flood my Soul o'reflow,
Nor let the Pit devour:
O snatch me from this Hell within,
From all the Mire of Inbred Sin,
From all the Tempter's Power.
11. Lord, for thy Mercy sake draw near,
In all thy tender Love appear,
Make haste to my Relief,
No longer hide from me thy Face,
But hear, and save me by thy Grace
From all my Sin and Grief.
12. Now to my helpless Soul draw nigh,
Redeem me at the Point to die,
From Sin and Hell redeem:
My Guilt and Shame to Thee are known,
But O! my Foes are all thy own,
Discharge thy Wrath on Them.
13. Long have I groan'd my Sin to feel,
And sinking into my own Hell,
For Succour look'd in vain,
No pitying Comforter was near,
No tender Friend my Grief to chear,
Or mitigate my Pain.

14. Conform'd to an Expiring GOD,
I bear my Portion of His Load,
 And taste his bitter Cup;
Saviour, at last display thy Face,
Enrich the Needy by thy Grace,
 And lift the Mourner up.
15. So shall I magnify thy Name,
My Saviour-GOD in Songs proclaim
 Which Thou wilt daign t' approve,
Better than Bulls or Goats to Thee
The thankful Heart's Sincerity,
 The Sacrifice of Love.
16. The Humble shall behold his Grace
Your Heart shall live who seek his Face
 Rejoice in stedfast Hope,
He never hath the Poor abhor'd,
The Mournful Prisoners of the Lord
 He hears, and lifts them up.
17. Let Heaven and Earth his Goodness sing,
The Sea, and every Moving Thing
 That breathes⁶¹ below, above,
For GOD his Sion shall repair,
And save, and fix his People there
 Possessors of his Love.
18. Their faithful Seed shall still increase,
Heirs of his pretious Promises,
 Who lovingly adore,
And bow their Hearts to Jesus Name,
Their Station in his House shall claim
 And never leave it more.

⁶¹Ori., "breaths."

Psalm LXX.⁶²

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

Psalm LXXI.⁶³

1. In Thee, O Lord, I put my trust,
Ah never leave me to my Shame,
Thou Ever-merciful and Just
Redeem me by thy Saving Name,

⁶²Appears also in MS Emory 79–81; and MS Fish, 81. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 2 (1799): 416; and *Poetical Works*, 8:158.

⁶³Appears also in MS Emory, 81–87; and MS Fish, 83–89. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:159–61.

Thy gracious Ear in Pity bow,
Accept my Prayer, and save me now.

2. Be Thou my strong Defence, and Tower,
 To which my Soul may always fly,
Thou hast sent forth thy Word of Power,
 Thy Grace hath brought Salvation nigh,
Thou art the Rock which cannot move,
My Rock of Everlasting Love.
3. Rescue me, O my GOD, from Those
 Who cruelly my Life pursue,
Lord, I believe against my Foes,
 I trust to find Thee good and true,
Guide of my helpless Infancy,
Thou knowst my Hope is still in Thee.
4. The Life thy tender Love bestow'd
 Thy tender Love hath still sustain'd,
Thou from my⁶⁴ Womb hast been my GOD,
 The Breath which by thy Grace I gain'd,
I render back in Songs of Praise,
I live to glorify thy Grace.
5. A Monster to the World I am;
 But Thou my mighty Refuge art,
Thy Glory be my constant Theme,
 Thy Praises fill my Mouth and Heart,
O that I thus my Life might spend,
And praise, and love Thee to the End.
6. Cast me not off in feeble Age,
 When Strength and human Succours fail,
My Foes their utmost Powers engage,
 The banded Powers of Earth and Hell

⁶⁴MS Psalms and MS Emory use “my,” while Wesley writes “the” in MS Fish. Wesley lets the MS Psalms and MS Emory transcriptions stand.

Conspire to seize their helpless Prey,
And tear my trembling Soul away.

7. Ah! do not at a distance stand,
Haste to my Help in Power Divine,
Destroy by thine avenging Hand
My cruel Enemies and Thine,
Pronounce our Adversary's Doom,
Now, Lord, the Man of Sin consume.
8. I wait to prove thine utmost Grace,
To love and praise Thee evermore,
My Mouth shall show thy Righteousness,
The Riches of thy Saving Power:
But who thy Saving Power can tell?
Its Riches are unsearchable.
9. Yet will I in thy Strength go forth,
And spread thy Righteousness Divine:
Trample on all the Creature's Worth,
Merit, and Good are only Thine:
Impute it, and our Sin's Forgiven,
Implant, and Man is fit⁶⁵ for Heaven.
10. Me from my Youth Thou, Lord, hast taught,
And still I have thy Wonders shewn,
Feeble, and old forsake me not,
Till I thy Saving Power make known,
To this, and distant Times record
My glorious All-redeeming Lord.
11. Thy Righteousness is far above
The Human or Angelic Ken:⁶⁶
Who can express thy mighty Love,
Thy Wonders tow'rd the Sons of Men!

⁶⁵MS Fish and MS Emory read "meet" for "fit"; Wesley let the MS Psalms transcription stand.

⁶⁶I.e., "Kin."

What Earthly Power or Heavenly dare
With Thee the GOD of Gods compare!

12. Thee; Saviour of Mankind I bless,
 And thank Thee for my Troubles past,
Out of the Depth of sore Distress
 Thy Love shall bring me up at last,
Quicken, increase my Faith, and guide,
And comfort me on every Side.
13. Wherefore I will thy Goodness sing,
 Thy Faithfulness with Joy record,
My Harp, and every tuneful String
 Shall sound the Mercies of my Lord,
The Holy One of Israel praise,
The Pardning GOD of Truth and Grace.
14. My Lips shall glory in the Song,
 My Soul in thy Redeeming Love,
Thy Righteousness shall all day long
 The Matter of my Triumph prove,
For all the Tempter's Rage is o're
And Sin and Sorrow is⁶⁷ no more.

⁶⁷In MS Fish Wesley wrote "and Sorrow is" in the margin as an alternative for the original wording "hath Place in me." MS Psalms follows MS Emory in adopting this alternative, which Wesley lets stand.

Psalm LXXX.¹

1. Shepherd of Souls, the Great, the Good,
Who ledest Israel like a Sheep,
Present to guard, and give them Food,
And kindly in thy Bosom keep.
2. Hear thy afflicted People's Prayer,
Arise out of thy holy Place,
Stir up thy Strength, thine Arm make bare,
And vindicate thy chosen Race.
3. Haste to our Help, Thou GOD of Love,
Supreme Almighty King of Kings,
Descend all-glorious from above,
Come flying on the Cherubs Wings.
4. Turn us again, O Lord, and shew
The Brightness of thy lovely Face,
So shall we all be Saints below,
And sav'd, and perfected in Grace.
5. O Lord of Hosts, O GOD of Grace,
How long shall thy fierce Anger burn
Against thine own peculiar Race,
Who ever pray Thee to return!
6. Thou givst us plenteous Draughts of Tears,
With Tears thou dost thy People feed,
We sorrow till thy Face Appears,
Affliction is our daily Bread.
7. A Strife we are to all around,
By vile intestine Vipers torn,
Our bitter Houshold Foes abound,
And laugh our Fallen Church to scorn.

¹Earlier forms of this hymn appear in MS Clarke, 80–84; MS Cheshunt, 72–75; and *CPH* (1743), 14–17. MS Clarke is the initial manuscript version, with multiple corrections in the text. MS Cheshunt is a dependant copy of the final form of MS Clarke by a scribe. The published version in *CPH* (1743) introduces some changes to the prior manuscript versions. The text here in MS Psalms is a copy of *CPH* (1743). A handy comparison of the various versions can be found in *Representative Verse*, 161–65.

8. Turn us again, O GOD, and shew
The Brightness of thy lovely Face,
So shall we all be Saints below,
And sav'd and perfected in Grace.
9. Surely, O Lord, we once were Thine,
(Thou hast for us thy Wonders wrought)
A generous and right noble Vine,
When newly out of Egypt brought.
10. Thou didst the Heathen Stock expel,
And chase them from their quiet home,
Druids, and all the Brood of Hell,
And Monks of Antichristian Rome.
11. Planted by thine Almighty Hand,
Water'd with Blood, the Vine took Root,
And Spread throughout the happy Land,
And fill'd the Earth with golden Fruit.
12. The Hills were cover'd with her Shade,
Her branchy Arms extending wide,
Their fair luxuriant Honours spread,
And flourish'd as the Cedar's Pride.
13. Her Boughs She stretch'd from Sea to Sea,
And reach'd to frozen Scotia's Shore,
(They once rever'd the Hierarchy,
And bless'd the Mitre's sacred Power.)
14. Why then hast Thou abhor'd Thine own,
And cast thy pleasant Plant away,
Broke down her Hedge, her Fence o'erthrown,
And left her to the Beasts of Prey?

15. All that go by pluck off her Grapes,
Our Sion of her Children spoil,
And Error in ten thousand Shapes
Would every gracious Soul beguile.
16. The Boar out of the German Wood
Tears up her Roots with balefull Power;
The Lion roaring for his Food,
And all the Forest Beasts devour.
17. Deists, and Sectaries agree
And *Calvin* and *Socinus* join
To spoil the Apostolic Tree,
And Root and Branch destroy the Vine.
18. Turn Thee again, O Lord, our GOD,
Look down with Pity from above,
O lay aside thy vengeful Rod,
And visit us in pardning Love.
19. The Vineyard which thine own Right-hand
Hath planted in these Nations, see;
The Branch that rose at thy Command,
And yeilded gracious Fruit to Thee.
20. 'Tis now cut down, and burnt with Fire,
Arm of the Lord, awake, awake,
Visit thy Foes in righteous Ire,
Vengeance on all thy Haters take.
21. Look on them with thy flaming Eyes,
The Sin consuming Virtue dart;
And bid our fallen Church arise,
And make us after thy own Heart.

22. To us our Nursing-Fathers raise,
Thy Grace be on the Great bestow'd,
And let the King shew forth thy Praise,
And rise to build the House of GOD.
23. Thou hast ordain'd the Powers that be:
Strengthen thy Delegate below;
He bears the Rule deriv'd from Thee,
O let him all thine Image shew.
24. Support him with thy guardian Hand,
Thy Royal Grace be seen in him,
King of a reconverted Land,
In Goodness as in Power Supreme.
25. So will we not from Thee go back,
If Thou our ruin'd Church restore,
No never more will we forsake
No never will we grieve Thee more.
26. Revive, O GOD of Power, revive,
Thy work in our degenerate Days,
O let us by thy Mercy live,
And all our lives shall speak thy Praise.
27. Turn us again, O Lord, and shew
The Brightness of thy lovely Face,
So shall we all be Saints below,
And sav'd, and perfected in Grace.

Psalm LXXXIV.²

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

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

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

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

3. O Lord of Hosts, incline thine Ear,
Thou mighty GOD of Jacob hear,
Accept me in thy fav'rite Son;
O look on thy Messiah's Face,

²Appears also in MS Emory, 87–89; and MS Fish, 89–93. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 1 (1798): 103–104 (as 8 six-line stanzas); and *Poetical Works*, 8:165–67.

And grant me for His sake the Grace
To live and die to Thee alone.

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

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

O Lord of Hosts, how blest is He
Who stedfastly believes on Thee!
He all thy Promises shall gain;
The Soul that on thy Love is cast,
Thy perfect Love on Earth shall taste,
And soon with Thee in Glory reign.

Psalm LXXXV.³

1. Remember, Lord, the antient Days
 When Israel did thy Favour prove,
And pitying *our* unfaithful Race
 Repeat the Wonders of thy Love.
Thou hast to Them propitious been,
 And brought them back to Exile driven,
In Mercy blotted out their Sin;
 Hast freely All their Sins⁴ forgiven.

2. Thou hast thy People's Doom repeal'd,
 Thine Anger with their Guilt remov'd,
And kindly their Backslidings heal'd,
 And still the humbled Rebels lov'd.
Wherefore to Us in Grace and Peace
 O GOD of our Salvation turn,
Us, Lord, from all our Sins release,
 And let thy Wrath no longer burn.

3. Wilt Thou Thine own forever chide,
 No more thy des'late Church forgive,
Wilt Thou no more be pacified,
 Or turn, and bid thy People live?
O might we hear again thy Voice,
 Again thy Loving-kindness see,
And freely justified rejoice
 In Thee, the GOD of Mercies, Thee.

4. The Tokens of thy Favour shew,
 Now, Saviour, now the Grace impart,
And let us thy Salvation know,
 Forgiveness written on our Heart.

³Appears also in MS Emory, 199–203; and MS Fish, 211–15. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:167–69.

⁴MS Fish and MS Emory read “Sin” for “Sins”; Wesley let the MS Psalms transcription stand.

My Soul pursues the Spirit's Prayer,
I listen for the Sacred Sign,
The Lord shall soon his Will declare,
And answer me in Peace Divine.

5. His Peace He to his Saints shall give,
And speak into their Hearts his Power,
But bid⁵ them to their Saviour cleave,
And sin against his Love no more.
Surely his Saving Health is near
(And humble Souls the Grace shall feel)
That Glory may on Earth appear,
That Jesus in our Hearts may dwell.
6. Mercy and Truth, in Consert sweet
T' accomplish our Redemption join,
Justice and Peace together meet
Harmonious in the Plan Divine.
Sinners the Faithful GOD can clear,
His Truth and Grace their Souls release,
Justice inflexibly severe
Absolves them with a Kiss of Peace.
7. Truth shall spring up, (the Truth of Grace)
From earthly Souls thro' Christ forgiven,
While GOD reveals his smiling Face,
And Righteousness looks down from Heaven.
The Lord from all our Sins shall save;
The Souls his Love delights to bless
Shall thrive, and flourish fair, and have
Their Fruit to perfect Holiness.
8. Foremost of the Celestial Train
His Righteousness shall still proceed,

⁵MS Fish and MS Emory read "let" for "bid"; Wesley let the MS Psalms transcription stand.

Release us from our Guilty Chain,
And on to glorious Freedom lead.
In all his Steps the Heavenly Guide
Shall lead us up to Things above,
And planted in our Heart abide,
And perfect us in Sinless Love.

Psalm LXXXVI.⁶

1. Bow down, O Lord, thy gracious Ear,
Thy poor and needy Servant hear;
My Soul is all Thine own:
Preserve me, O my GOD, and save,
Faith in thy mighty⁷ Power I have,
I trust in Thee alone.
2. The Reconciling Word apply,
For Mercy, Lord, I daily cry,
And raise my Soul to Heaven,
Shew me the Brightness of thy Face,
Gladden my Heart by pardning Grace
And speak my Sins forgiven.
3. Thou still art ready to forgive,
Who sue to Thee for Life shall live,
Who seek thy Grace shall find;
Thy Grace doth more than Sin abound,
With Thee is plenteous Pardon found
For me and all Mankind.
4. Now, Saviour, now accept my Prayer,
While sore opprest with guilty Care
In this my evil Day

⁶Appears also in MS Emory, 93–97; and MS Fish, 95–99. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:169–71.

⁷Wesley suggests “pardning” in the margin as an alternative.

I call for Help on Thee alone;
Thou wilt regard my humble Moan,
And hear me when I pray.

5. Among the Gods there's none like Thee,
The Glories of the Deity
Thro' all Creation shine;
Who then to vie with Thee shall dare,
Thy Works are all beyond compare,
And speak thy Hand Divine.
6. The Nations Thou hast made shall all
Approach with humble Fear, and fall
Prostrate before thy Face,
Thee every Tongue shall soon proclaim
And glorify the Saviour's Name
Saviour of all their Race.
7. For Thou in Power, and Love art great
Inthron'd in Everlasting State;
The Works which Thou hast done,
What Angel-Tongue can fully tell?
Thy every Act is Miracle,
And Thou art GOD alone.
8. Teach me, O Lord, thy perfect Way,
My simple Heart shall then obey,
With filial Fear adore,
Then all my Heart thy Name shall bless,
And praise, and sing, and never cease,
And love Thee evermore.
9. For O! thy Love to me is great,
Thou hast redeem'd me from the Pit
Of Hellish Misery,

From all who sought my Soul t' oppress,
Human, and Devilish Enemies
Thy Love hath set me free.

10. Thou, Lord, a GOD of Mercy art,
Meer Mercy fills thy tender Heart,
And meek long-suffering Grace;
Plenteous in Truth, and pardning Love,
Thy Bowels of Compassion move
To all the Fallen Race.
11. Turn then to me, thy Mercy shew,
My Soul with Strength Divine endue,
Thy Image, Lord, restore,
In me thy Servant, and thy Son
Make all thy great Salvation known,
And bid me sin no more.
12. Some Pledge of Good bestow on me,
That all my Foes with Shame may see
The Lord is on my Part:
My Help, and Comfort in Distress,
Who gave me this sure Pledge of Peace,
Shall make me pure in Heart.

Psalm XC.⁸

1. Thou, Lord, our Dwelling-place hast been,
Thy faithful People rest within
 Thine everlasting Arms secure,
Them Thou hast kept in Ages past,
And still their Guardian Rock stands fast,
 Thy Mercies like thy Self endure.

E'er at thy Word the Mountains rose,
Or Nature felt her earliest Throes,
 Or all things out of nothing came,
Thou wast from all Eternity,
Thou art the GOD, and Still shalt be
 To all Eternity the Same.

2. Thy Word dispenses Life and Death:
The Creature, rendring up his Breath
 Obeys thy Summons to return:
Again, Thou say'st, Ye Sons of Men
Rise! and behold they rise Again
 Into the World of Spirits born.

For thou hast Immortality,
Thou Everliving GOD, to Thee
 A Thousand Years are as a Day
Less than a Watch of our Short Night,
And Time as nothing in thy Sight
 With all its Ages fleets away.

3. Born down th' Irremiable⁹ Tide,
Mortals by thy Appointment glide
 From Earth to the Eternal shore,
Their Life a Bubble on the Stream,
A short uneasy waking Dream;
 The Bubble breaks, the Dream is o're.

⁸Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:171–74.

⁹I.e., “Irremeable.”

Man is a Creature of a Day:
The Grass is Green, the Flower is gay,
 When in our Morn of Life we rise,
But soon arrives the Evening Hour,
Withers away the Human Flower,
 Mown down as Grass the Mortal dies.

4. Beneath thine Anger, Lord, we droop,
We languish by thy Wrath parch'd up,
 A fallen Sinsick, wretched Race,
For Thou our secret Sins hast known
Thine Eye hath never pass'd by One,
 All, all are set before thy Face.

Shortned our Days by Wrath Divine,
Our Breath we hasten to resign,
 And own the Mortal Sentence just:
Our Years are spent, the Fable ends,
The Tale is told, the Spirit ascends
 To GOD, the Dust returns to Dust.

5. Our Age is Threescore Years and ten,
Beyond is Sorrow all and Pain,
 And meer laborious Misery;
Our longest Life so soon is past,
The Vapour vanishes so fast,
 So Swift from Earth the Shadows flee.

But who regards the Wrath Divine,
Or knows that dreadful Hand of Thine,
 In all its just vindictive Weight!
Worse than the worst that Sinners fear
Thy Wrath Eternally severe,
 Consigns them to their Hellish State.

6. Instructed by thy Heavenly Grace
To count the Fewness of our Days,

O might we all our Hearts apply
T' attain the Wisdom from above;
And learn, before we hence remove,
Our One great Business is to die.

How long shall thy fierce Anger burn?
Now to reverse our Doom return,
Thy Mercy to thy Servants shew,
Fill us with Love, and Peace, and Joy,
And let us all our Days employ
In publishing thy Praise below.

7. Comfort, and make thy Sufferers glad,
For Days and Years distrest and sad,
And bruis'd by thy afflictive Rod,
O let us now thy Goodness see,
For Days and Years rejoice in Thee,
The GOD, of Love, the Pardning GOD.

Let Mercy bring Salvation near,
Let all thy Works of Grace appear
To those that would thy Will obey,
To all their Seed, who yield t' embrace
The Gift Divine, in Jesu's Face,
Thy Glorious Majesty display.

8. O put us on our Beautious Dress,
Adorn us with thine Holiness,
Thine Image to our Souls restore,
In us let all thy Nature Shine
Fill us with Righteousness Divine
And Sin shall never enter more.

[unfinished]

Psalm XCI.¹⁰

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

¹⁰Appears also in MS Emory, 97–103; and MS Fish, 101–105. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 1 (1798): 153–54; and *Poetical Works*, 8:175–77.

Thy Soul the Waster's Rage defies,
Safe in its Life that never dies.

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

I will from all his Sins redeem,
In Him reveal my Love, in Him
Mine uttermost Salvation shew.

11. Mine Ear shall hearken to his Cry,
Mine Arm shall set Him up on high
In Troubles comfort and defend,
Honour the Vessel of my Grace,
And to a Life of Glory raise,
Begun on Earth, but ne'er to end.

Psalm XCIII.¹¹

1. Jehovah reigns on high
 In peerless Majesty,
Boundless Power his Royal Robe,
 Purest Light his Garment is,
Rules his Word the Spacious Globe,
 Stablish'd it in floating Seas.

2. Antient of Days, thy Name
 And Essence is I AM,
Thou, O Lord, and Thou alone
 Gav'st whatever Is To be,
Stood thine Everlasting Throne
 Stands to all Eternity.

3. The Floods with angry Noise
 Have lifted up their Voice,
Lifted up their Voice on high,
 Fiends and Men exclaim aloud,
Rage the Waves, and dash the Sky,
 Hell assails the Throne of GOD.

4. Their Fury cannot move
 The Lord who reigns above;
Him the mighty Waves obey,
 Sinking at his awful Will,
Ocean owns his sovereign Sway,
 Hell at his Command is still.

5. Thy Statutes, Lord, are sure,
 And as Thyself endure,
Thine Eternal House above

¹¹Appears also in MS Emory, 103–105; and MS Fish, 105–107. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:177–78.

Holy Souls alone can see,
Fitted here by Perfect Love
There to reign enthron'd with Thee.

Psalm XCIV.¹²

1. Almighty GOD, to whom alone
Avenging Power belongs,
Hear thy afflicted People groan,
And vindicate their Wrongs.
To vindicate th' opprest is Thine,
To do the injur'd Right,
The great Prerogative Divine,
Is Evil to requite.
2. Shew Thyself now, arise, O Lord,
Judge of the Earth appear,
Render the Proud their due Reward,
And Stop their Triumphs here.
How long shall evil Men proceed,
In Acts of Violence boast?
Their Lies, and wicked Slanders spread,
And trample on the Just?
3. The Ruin of thy Church they seek
With unrelenting Rage,
Thy People they in pieces break,
And spoil thine Heritage.
Regardless or of Age or Sex
The Widow they oppress,
With Cruelty the Stranger vex,
And slay the Fatherless.
4. Harden'd by long Impunity
All Pity they discard,
The Lord, they Say shall never See
Nor Jacob's GOD regard.

¹²A manuscript precursor appears in MS Thirty, 228–31. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8: 178–81.

Yet understand, ye Brutish Souls,
Who dare your GOD despise,
When O ye Mad presumtuous Fools,
Oh when will ye be wise?

5. Who planted the attentive Ear,
And form'd the Seeing¹³ Eye
Shall He forget to see and hear,
Shall GOD your Sins pass by?
He breaks the Heathens with his Rod,
Shall He not punish you?
Or knows not the Omniscient GOD,
What all his Creatures do?
6. He only hath the Nations taught,
He knows what is in Man,
The Lord discerns their every Thought,
And sees that all are vain.
Happy the Man whom Thou, O Lord,
In Mercy dost chastise,
And makes him by thy written Word
Unto Salvation wise.
7. Wise to Believe in Time of Need,
And quietly attend
Till GOD on their Oppressor's Head
Doth all his Judgments send.
For never will the Lord forsake
His own Inheritance,
Or cast them off, who humbly make
His Mercy their Defence.
8. The Lord again shall take our Part,
And clear our Righteousness,

¹³Ori., "Seing."

While all the Men of upright Heart
His just Award shall bless.
But who of all the God's below
Will rise to do *me* Right,
Or interpose, to break the Blow
Of wicked lawless Might?

9. Had not the Lord in Danger's Hour
Supplied his ready Aid,
My Soul beneath the Murderer's Power
Had sunk among the Dead.
But when I said my Foot hath slipt
Thy Mercy held me up,
Thy Power unto Salvation kept,
And gave me back my Hope.
10. Thou didst my drooping Spirit cheer
By desp'rate Grievs opprest,
Kindly in my behalf appear,
And take me into Rest:
A Rest to cruel Men unknown,
Who would thy Flock devour,
And proudly sit upon the Throne
Of Persecuting Power.
11. No Fellowship have they with Thee
The Sons of lawless Might,
Who stablish Wrong by a Decree
And pass it into Right—
Against the Souls of Righteous Men
They rise with fierce Intent,
With Mockery of Law arraign
And doom the Innocent.

12. But Jesus is my GOD, the Lord
My Rock and Refuge is,
He shall their Wickedness reward,
And all our Foes oppress.
Their Sins on their own Head shall fall
Who *will* not be forgiven,
The Lord our GOD shall slay them all,
And save us up to Heaven.

Psalm XCVII.¹⁴

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

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

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

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

5. Confounded are all they
 That Other Lords obey,
Boasters of their Idols vain:
 Own, ye Kings, his Sovereign Power,

¹⁴Appears also in MS Emory, 105–109; and MS Fish, 107–111. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:181–82.

Serve the Lord by whom ye reign,
Him ye Gods of Earth adore.

6. Sion hath heard his Word,
 And gloried in her Lord,
Jesus, GOD of Truth and Love,
 Power supream to Thee is given,
Far above all Gods, above
 Every Name in Earth or Heaven.

7. Fly every Touch of Blame
 All ye that love his Name;
He preserves your Souls below,
 Keeps from Sin and Satan's Power,
Till his utmost Truth ye know,
 Till his Saints Can sin no more.

8. The Light of Grace is sown
 For every Simple One;
Reap the Fruits of Joy and Peace,
 Righteous Souls, the Promise prove,
Thank Him for his Holiness,
 Glory in his perfect Love.

Psalm XCVIII.¹⁵

1. Sing we to our Conquering Lord
A new triumphant Song,
Joyfully his Deeds record,
And with a thankful Tongue:
Wonders his Right-hand hath wrought,
(Still his Outstretch'd Arm we see)
He alone the Fight hath fought,
And got the Victory.

2. GOD, th' Almighty GOD hath made
His great Salvation known,
Openly to All display'd
His Glory in his Son:
Christ hath brought The Life to light,
Bad the Glorious Gospel shine,
Shew'd in all the Heathen's Sight
His Righteousness Divine.

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

4. Make a loud and chearful Noise
To Him that reigns above,
Earth with all thy Sons rejoice
In the¹⁶ Redeemer's Love:

¹⁵Appears also in MS Emory, 109–111; and MS Fish, 111–15. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 1 (1798): 155–56; and *Poetical Works*, 8:183–84.

¹⁶MS Fish and MS Emory read “thy” for “the”; Wesley let the MS Psalms transcription stand.

Raise your Songs of Triumph high,
Bring Him every tuneful Strain,
Praise the Lord, who stoop'd to die
To ransom wretched Man.

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

6. Ocean roar with all thy Waves
In Honour of his Name:
He who all Creation saves
Doth all their Homage claim,
Clap your Hands ye Floods, ye Hills,
Joyful all his Praise rehearse,
Praise Him, till his Glory fills
The Vocal Universe.

7. Lo! He comes, with Clouds He comes
In dreadful Pomp array'd,
All his glorious Power assumes
To judge the World He made:
Righteous shall his Sentence be,
Think of that Tremendous Bar,
Every Eye the Judge shall see,
And *Thou* shalt meet Him there!

Psalm C.¹⁷

1. Ye Sons of Men, lift up your Voice,
Ye Nations of the Earth rejoice,
 In GOD rejoice with one accord
Bow all your Hearts before his Face,
Adore Him for Creating Grace,
 And shout, and sing to Christ the Lord.

2. Know, that the Lord is GOD alone,
He made, and claims us for His own,
 His Creatures, for Himself design'd,
We are the Sheep of Israel's Fold,
The Flock He hath redeem'd of old,
 His People, now is all Mankind.

3. O enter then his Courts with Praise,
Press to the Channels of his Grace
 With joyful Thanks your GOD proclaim:
Give Him the Glory of his Love,
And praise Him, like the Hosts above,
 And bless his All-redeeming Name.

4. Praise Him, the faithful Lord and good;
His Mercy hath for Ages stood,
 His Mercy stands forever sure,
His stedfast Truth shall never fail,
His Word, and Oath Unchangeable
 Thro' all Eternity endure.

¹⁷Appears also in MS Emory, 113; and MS Fish, 115–17. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:185.

Psalm CII.¹⁸

1. Hear, O Lord, my bitter Cry,
 Regard my sad Complaint,
Do not Thou thy Help deny
 When most thy Help I want;
Hide not Thou thy Face from me,
Thine Ear in tender Mercy bow,
Hearken, while I call on Thee,
 Relieve, relieve me Now.

2. All my Days, like Smoak expire
 In Vanity and Sin,
Sin as a Consuming Fire
 I find shut up within:
Droops my Heart, as Grass cut down,
No more my Nature's Wants I heed,
Groaning underneath thy Frown,
 My Tears are all my Bread.

3. Worn away with endless Pain
 My Strength is lost and gone,
In the Desart I complain,
 Forgotten and alone,
As the Boding Bird of Night
I sit, disdain'g all Relief,
Far remov'd from Human Sight,
 And brooding o're my Grief.

4. Still my Foes with Rage and Scorn
 Pursue my Misery,
Madly hath their Malice sworn
 To vent itself on me;
Me alas! distrest, dismay'd,
O'rewhelm'd with Sins, and Grievs and Fears,
Ashes is my only Bread
 And all my Drink is Tears.

¹⁸Appears also in MS Emory, 113–23; and MS Fish, 117–27. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:185–89.

5. Crush'd beneath thine Anger I
My alter'd State bemoan,
Whom thy Mercy rais'd so high,
Thy Justice hath cast down,
Fleets my Life's declining Hour,
And swifter than a Shadow flies,
Scarse so soon the shortliv'd Flower
Withers away, and dies.
6. But my GOD is still the same,
And shall forever be,
One Unchangeable I AM
Thro' all Eternity.
Stands thy Love upon Record,
Thy Truth immoveably secure,
All thy faithful Mercies, Lord,
From Age to Age endure.
7. Thou shalt, to thy Promise just,
Arise thy Church to build,
Lift her up out of the Dust;
The Time is now fulfil'd,
Weeping o're her scatter'd Stones
Thy Servants by her Ruins stay,
Thy own Spirit groans their Groans
And bids Thee Come away!
8. Then the Gentile World shall praise
And bow to Jesus Name,
All the Kings of Earth his Grace
And Glory shall proclaim:
When the Lord his Church shall rear
He all his Mercy shall display,
Glorious in his Saints appear,
And bring the Perfect Day.

9. Then He shall regard the Cries
Of his poor Des'late One,
Seem no more to slight their Cries,
But answer Every Groan:
Him who comforts All that mourn
The Sacred Annals shall record
That the People yet unborn
Might praise and love the Lord.
10. From the¹⁹ high and holy Place
The Saviour hath look'd down,
Seen from Heaven the earthborn Race
Who groan'd beneath his Frown;
He hath heard their mournful Cry,
And loos'd the hopeless Prisoner's Chain,
Whom his Justice doom'd to die,
His Love revives again.
11. Them his Love delights to spare
That they his Praise may shew,
Joyfully his Name declare,
Throughout his Church below;
When the Gentiles are brought in,
And All obey the Gospel-Word,
Slaves no more to Hell and Sin,
But Servants of the Lord.
12. I alas was hastning on
To see the Glorious Day,
But the Lord hath brought me down,
And weaken'd in the Way;
Failing in the doubtful Strife
I part with my extorted Hope,
Ready to despair of Life,
And give the Promise up.
13. Spare me, O my GOD, I said,
Nor yet from Earth remove,

¹⁹MS Psalms and MS Emory use "the," while Wesley writes "his" in MS Fish. Wesley lets the MS Psalms and MS Emory transcriptions stand.

Warm²⁰ in Life, unsav'd unfreed
A Stranger to thy Love:
Take me not in Wrath away,
But let me know thy Saving Name,
Jesus now and yesterday,
And evermore the same.

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

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

16. Thou with All that keep thy Word
Shall²¹ evermore endure,
Stablish'd in their faithful Lord
Their Seed shall stand secure;
Stand, and walk with Thee in Light,
The Pillars that no more remove,
Pure, and spotless in thy Sight,
And perfected in Love.

²⁰Perronet wrote "Young," but Wesley struck it out and changed to "Warm."

²¹MS Psalms and MS Emory use "Shall," while Wesley writes "Shalt" in MS Fish. Wesley lets the MS Psalms and MS Emory transcriptions stand.

Psalm CVII.²²

1. O ye that know the Pardning Lord,
His Everlasting Love record,
Give thanks, and glory in his Grace,
Gather'd by Jesus from all Lands,
Redeem'd from Sin and Satan's Hands,
Your merciful Redeemer praise.

E'er yet on Christ their Souls were stay'd,
O're the wide Wilderness they stray'd
The World of Sin they wandred round,
Parch'd up with Thirst, and pin'd with Want,
Weary, and comfortless, and faint
They no Abiding City found.
2. To GOD they in their Trouble cried,
And kindly He their Want supplied,
And sav'd them from their sore Distress,
Himself the Living Way He shew'd,
Led them from all their Sins to GOD,
And bad them dwell in perfect Peace.

O that the World would therefore praise
The Lord, the GOD of boundless Grace,
Whose Love in all his Works is seen,
With joyful Lips confess his Power,
And ever feel, proclaim, adore
His Wonders tow'rd the Sons of Men!
3. By Him the Hungry Soul is fed,
He fills the Poor with Living Bread,
And breaks the mournful Prisoner's Chain,
Those that in Death and Darkness dwelt,
Gross Darkness, such as might be felt
The Confines of Infernal Pain.

²²Appears also in MS Emory, 123–33; and MS Fish, 127–39. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:194–99.

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

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

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

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

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

6. To GOD they then in Trouble cried,
And kindly He their Wants²³ supplied

²³MS Fish reads "Wants" for "Want"; Wesley let the MS Psalms transcription stand.

And sav'd them from their sore Distress,
He sent his All-reviving Word,
Their Body to full Health restor'd,
Their Soul to perfect Holiness.

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

7. His Praise their happy Lives employ,
His Praise in Songs of thankful Joy
Let all the Sons of Men proclaim:
His kindly Providential Care
The Forces of the Sea declare,
And shout amidst the Waves his Name.²⁴

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

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

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

²⁴Perronet wrote "Praise," but Wesley struck it out and changed to "Name."

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

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

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

He smiles, and makes the Desert smile,
Blesses thy²⁵ dry unfruitful Soil,
With living Streams the Waste supplies,
The Waste is cloath'd with sudden Green,
And Herbs, and Flowers, and Fruits are seen
Throughout the rising Paradise.

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

He bids the Little Flock increase,
He fills them with His Righteousness,
His Mercy's unexhausted Store,

²⁵MS Fish and MS Emory read "the" for "thy"; Wesley let the MS Psalms transcription stand.

He never takes his Mercy back,
He would not They should Him forsake,
Or ever want, or wander more.

12. But if again by Sin brought low,
They feel the Weight of Penal Woe,
Minish'd,²⁶ afflicted, and opprest;
He chastens Princes for their Pride,
And leaves His own in Desarts wide
To wander on, and want His Rest.

Yet when beneath his Wrath they stoop,
He lifts the humble²⁷ Sinners up,
Revives, and chears his abject Poor,
He dries the Tears of All that weep,
And gathers home his scatter'd Sheep,
And bids them to the End endure.

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

But He that to Salvation wise
To Things Divine his Heart applies,
The Hidden Mystery shall prove,
That Love of Christ, which knows no End,
He with all Saints shall comprehend
That Utmost Height of Jesus' Love.

Psalm CVIII.²⁸

²⁶I.e., "diminish'd."

²⁷MS Fish and MS Emory read "humbled" for "humble"; Wesley let the MS Psalms transcription stand.

²⁸Perronet gives a heading here, as if he is going to add another hymn, but gives no text.

Psalm CXIII.²⁹

1. Ye Saints and Servants of the Lord,
The triumphs of his Name record,
His sacred Name for ever bless;
Where'er the circling Sun displays
His rising Beams or setting Rays,
Due Praise to his great Name address.
2. GOD thro' the World extends his Sway,
The Regions of Eternal Day
But Shadows of his Glory are:
With Him, whose Majesty excells,
Who made the Heaven in which He dwells,
Let no created Power compare.
3. Tho' 'tis beneath his State to view
In highest Heavens what Angels do,
Yet He to Earth vouchsafes his Care:
He takes the Needy from his Cell,
Advancing him in Courts to dwell,
Companion of the greatest there.
4. To Father Son and Holy Ghost,
The GOD, whom Heaven's triumphant Host
And suffering Saints on Earth adore,
Be Glory, as in Ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last
When Earth and Heaven shall be no more.

Psalm CXIV.³⁰

1. When Israel out of Egypt came,
And left the proud Oppressor's Land,
Conducted by the Great I AM,
Hold³¹ in the Hollow of his Hand;

²⁹Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:449–50.

³⁰Published in *CPH* (1743), 109.

³¹*CPH* (1743) reads "Safe."

The Lord in Israel reign'd alone,
And Judah was his fav'rite Throne.

2. The Sea beheld his Power, and fled,
Disparted by the wond'rous Rod,
Jordan ran backward to his Head,
And Sinai felt th' incumbent GOD,
The Mountains skip'd like frighted Rams,
The Hills leap'd after them as Lambs.
3. What ail'd Thee, O thou trembling Sea,
What Horror turn'd the River back?
Was Nature's GOD displeas'd at Thee?
And why should Hills and Mountains shake?
Ye Mountains huge, who skip'd like Rams,
Ye Hills who leap'd as frighted Lambs!
4. Earth tremble on, with all thy Sons,
In Presence of thy awful Lord,
Whose Power inverted Nature owns,
Her only Law his Sovereign Word:
He shakes the Center with his Nod,
And Heaven bows down to Jacob's GOD.
5. Creation varied by his Hand
Th' Omnipotent Jehovah knows:
The Sea is turn'd to solid Land,
The Rock into a Fountain flows,
And all things, as they change, proclaim
Their Lord eternally the same.

Psalm CXVI.³²

1. The Lord who sav'd me by his Grace,
Who ransom'd the Opprest,
My dear Redeeming Lord I praise,
And in his Love I rest.
Since He a pitying Ear did give,
And heard me when I pray'd,
I'll call upon Him while I live,
And never doubt his Aid.

2. Pale Death with all his ghastly³³ Train
My Soul incompass'd round,
Sorrow, and Sin, and Doubt, and Pain
On every Side I found.
The Torments of the Damn'd I felt
The Pangs and Agonies,
The Gnawings of Despairing Guilt,
The Worm that never dies.

3. To Thee, the Sinners Friend I pray'd,
And did for Succour flee,
O save, in my Distress I said,
The Soul that trusts in Thee.
Righteous the Lord, and rich in Grace,
And ready to forgive,
The Simple He delights to raise,
And by his Love I live.

4. Then, O my Soul be never more
With anxious Thoughts distrest,
Return, for all the Storm is o're,
To thine Eternal Rest.
On me the Riches of his Grace
My Saviour hath bestow'd,

³²Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:200–203.

³³Ori., “ghasty.”

And lo! I see his smiling Face
And bless my GOD, my GOD.

5. Mine Eyes no longer drown'd in Tears,
My Feet from Falling free,
Redeem'd from Death and guilty Fears,
Jesus, I live to Thee.
I walk exulting in thy Sight,
An hidden Life above
I live with all the Sons of Light,
A Life of Faith and Love.
6. Thee, Lord, I with my Heart believ'd,
And did my Faith confess,
Tempted and buffeted and griev'd,
And forc'd from Man to cease.
Renouncing all their flattering Aid
As Lies and Vanity,
Swift from the Arm of Flesh I fled,
And found my Help in Thee.
7. What shall I render to my GOD,
For all his Mercies Store?
I'll take the Gifts He hath bestow'd,
And humbly ask for more.
The Sacred Cup of Saving Grace
I will with Thanks receive,
And all his Promises imbrace,
And to his Glory live.
8. My Vows I will to his great Name
Before his People pay,
And All I have and all I am
Upon his Altar lay.
Him will I with his Saints confess
The Souls He holds so dear,

He died Himself to buy their Peace,
And lives to save them here.

9. Thy lawful Servant, Lord, I owe,
To Thee whate'er is mine,
Born in thy Family below
And by Redemption Thine.
Thy Hands created me, thy Hands
From Sin have set me free,
The Mercy that hath loos'd my Bands
Hath bound me fast to Thee.
10. The GOD of all-redeeming Grace
My GOD I will proclaim,
Offer the Sacrifice of Praise,
And call upon his Name;
Render my Vows unto the Lord,
My Gratitude approve,
And in his People's Ears record
The Wonders of his Love.
11. Him will I praise the Lord of all,
'Midst Sion's Festal Throng,
And in his Courts th' assembly call
To join the sacred Song.
Praise Him ye Saints, the GOD of Love
Who hath my Sins forgiven,
Till gather'd to the Church above
We sing the Songs of Heaven.

Psalm CXVII.³⁴

1. Ye Nations, who the Globe divide,
Ye numerous Nations Scatter'd wide,
To GOD your gratefull Voices raise:

³⁴This psalm is by Samuel Wesley Sr., published in *The Pious Communicant Rightly Prepared* (London: Charles Harper, 1700), 259–60. Charles is taking from *CPH* (1743), 111.

To all his boundless Mercies shown,
His Truth to endless Ages known
Require our endless love and Praise.

2. To Him who reigns enthron'd on high,
To his dear Son who deign'd to die,
Our Guilt and Errors to remove;
To that blest Spirit who Grace imparts,
Who rules in all believing Hearts
Be ceaseless Glory, Praise, and Love.

Another
[Psalm CXVII].³⁵

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

³⁵Appears also in MS Emory, 133–35; and MS Fish, 139. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 1 (1798): 257; and *Poetical Works*, 8:203.

Psalm CXVIII.³⁶

1. All Glory to our gracious Lord;
His Love be by his Church ador'd,
His Love eternally the same:
His Love let Aaron's Sons confess,
His free, and everlasting Grace
Let all that fear the Lord proclaim.

In Trouble on the Lord I cried,
And felt the pard'ning Word applied;
He answer'd me in Peace and Power,
He pluck'd my Soul out of the Net,
In a large Place of Safety set,
And bad me go, and sin no more.

2. The Lord, I now can say, is mine,
And confident in Strength Divine
Nor Men, nor Fiends, nor Flesh I fear,
Jesus the Saviour takes my Part,
And keeps the Issues of my Heart,
My Helper is forever near.

Wherefore I soon my Wish shall see
On all who hate and strive with me,
My full Redemption now draws nigh,
Mine Enemies shall all be Slain,
And not one Spot of Sin remain;
Its Relicks shall forever die.

3. Better it is in GOD to trust,
In GOD the Good, the Strong, the Just,
Than a false, Sinfull Child of Man;
Better in Jesus to confide
Than every other Prince beside,
Who offer all their Helps in Vain.

His all-sufficient Help I found
By Hostile Nations compass'd round,

³⁶Published in *CPH* (1743), 81–85.

And Him my Saviour I proclaim:
Hell, Earth, and Sin subdued I see;
I soon shall more than Conqueror be,
And all destroy thro' Jesus Name.

4. They kept me in on every Side,
Satan, the World, and Lust and Pride,
On every Side they kept me in:
Yet thro' the Name on which I call,
I surely shall destroy them all;
My³⁷ Lord shall make an End of Sin.

Begirt with Hosts of Enemies
Vexations as thick-swarming Bees,
Quench'd as a Blaze of Thorns I see
Their Fury's Momentary Flame;
I all destroy thro' Jesus Name,
And live from Sin forever free.

5. O Sin, my cruel Bosom-Foe
Oft hast thou sought my Soul t' o'erthrow,
And sorely thrust at me in vain:
In my Defence the Saviour stood,
Cover'd with his Victorious Blood,
And arm'd my Sprinkled Heart again.

Righteous I am in Him, and Strong,
He is become my joyfull Song,
My Saviour and Salvation too:
I triumph thro' his mighty Grace,
And pure in Heart shall see his Face,
And rise in Christ a Creature New.

6. The Voice of Joy, and Love, and Praise,
And Thanks for his Redeeming Grace
Among the Justified is found:

³⁷CPH (1743) reads "The."

With Songs that rival Those above,
With Shouts proclaiming Jesu's Love,
Both Day and Night their Tents resound.

The Lord's Right-hand hath Wonders wrought,
Above the Reach of Human Thought,
The Lord's Right-hand exalted is:
We see it still stretch'd out to save,
The Power of GOD in Christ we have,
And Jesus is the Prince of Peace.

7. I shall not die in Sin but live,
To Christ my Lord the Glory give,
His Miracles of Grace declare,
When He the Work of Faith hath done,
When I have put his Image on,
And Fruit unto perfection bear.

The Lord hath Sorely chasten'd me,
And bruise'd for mine Iniquity,
Yet Mercy would not give me up;
Caught from the Jaws of Second Death,
Pluck'd out of the Devourers Teeth
He bids me now rejoice in Hope.

8. Open the Gates of Righteousness,
Receive me into Christ my Peace,
That I his Praises may record;
He is the Truth the Life the Way,
The Portal of Eternal Day,
The Gate of Heaven is Christ my Lord.

Thro' Him the Just shall enter in,
Sav'd to the uttermost from Sin,
Already sav'd from all its Power,

The Lord my Righteousness I praise,
And calmly wait the perfect Grace,
When born of GOD I sin no more.

9. Jesus is lifted up on high,
Whom Man refus'd and doom'd to die,
He is become the Corner-Stone:
Head of his Church he lives and reigns,
His Kingdom over all maintains
High on his Everlasting Throne.

The Lord th' amazing Work hath wrought,
Hath from the Dead our Shepherd brought,
Reviv'd on the Third Glorious Day:
This is the Day our GOD hath made,
The Day for Sinners to be glad,
In Him who bears their Sins away.

10. Thee, Lord, with joyful Lips we praise,
Now, send us now thy saving Grace,
Make this the acceptable Hour:
Our Hearts would now receive Thee in;
Enter, and make an End of Sin,
And bless us with the perfect Power.

Bless us that we may call Thee blest,
Sent down from Heaven to give us Rest;
Thy gracious Father to proclaim,
His Sinless Nature to Impart,
In every new Believing Heart
To Manifest his Glorious Name.

11. GOD is the Lord that shews us Light,
Then let us render Him his Right,
The Offering of a thankful mind,
Present our living Sacrifice,
And to his Cross in closest³⁸ Ties

³⁸Ori., "closet"; a transcription error.

With Cords of Love our Spirit bind.

Thou art my GOD, and Thee I praise,
Thou art my GOD, I sing thy Grace,
And call Mankind t' extoll thy Name:
All Glory to our gracious Lord,
His Name be praised, his Grace³⁹ ador'd,
Thro' all Eternity the same.

Psalm CXIX.

[I.]⁴⁰

1. Blessed are the Pure in Heart,
Those who never disobey,
Never from their Lord depart,
Never leave his Perfect Way:
From All Sin Entirely freed
Here they walk with GOD above,
Born again, and Saints indeed,
Fully perfected in Love.
2. Blessed are the Creatures New,
Who the Law Divine fulfil,
GOD with all their Powers pursue,
Answer all his holy Will:
They in Thought Can sin no more,
They in all his righteous Ways
Walk beyond the Tempter's Power,
To the utmost sav'd by Grace.
3. Thou hast charg'd us, Lord, t' obey
All thy Words with all our Heart,
From the Rule we may not stray,
May not in a Thought depart.
O might I thro' Life be led
By the Unction from above,

³⁹*CPH* (1743) reads "love."

⁴⁰Appears also in MS Emory, 135–37; and MS Fish, 139–43. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 1 (1798): 311–12; and *Poetical Works*, 8:208–209.

In thy every Statute tread,
Keep the Law by perfect Love.

4. Then, and not before, shall I
Stand above the Reach of Shame,
Sin, and Satan's Charge defy,
Free from every Touch of Blame,
When I thy Commandments keep
When I have respect to All,
Then my Foot shall never slip,
Then from Thee I Cannot fall.
5. Soon as I have learnt thy Ways,
With a perfect Heart and pure
Thee I shall forever praise,
Faithful to the End endure:
Only keep me, Lord, till then,
Do not from my Weakness move
Till my Soul is born again,
Strong in all the Life of Love.

II.⁴¹

1. How shall a weak sinful Youth
Find his Conscience purified?
Let him heed the Voice of Truth,
Let him in thy Word abide.
There the Inward Guide shall meet,
Teach his Sprinkled Heart t' obey,
Back recall his starting Feet,
Lead him in the perfect Way.
2. All my Heart hath sought thy Face,
Do not suffer me to rove,
From thy own appointed Ways
From the Precepts of thy Love.

⁴¹Appears also in MS Emory, 137–39; and MS Fish, 143–45. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 1 (1798): 362–63; and *Poetical Works*, 8:209–10.

I have stood in constant Awe,
Treasur'd up thy Word within,
Least I should transgress thy Law,
Grieve Thee by the smallest Sin.

3. Source of Happiness Thou art,
Me, ev'n me vouchsafe to bless,
Wisdom in thy Law impart,
Teach me, Lord, thy righteous Ways.
With my Lips have I declar'd
All the Words that came from Thine,
Toil is here its own Reward,
Happiness and Duty join.
4. In the Records of thy Love
I have found a Mine of Joy,
All my Treasure is above,
While thy Words my Thoughts employ.
Still to search thy Word of Grace,
This my sweet Employ shall be,
Still to know thy pleasant Ways,
Still to love, and walk in Thee.

III.⁴²

1. Thy unworthy Servant, Lord,
With abundant Grace receive,
That I may fulfil thy Word,
Bid me by thy Mercy live:
Open Thou mine inward Eyes,
From the Book the Veil remove,
That I may discern the Prize,
The High Prize of Perfect Love.

⁴²Appears also in MS Emory, 139–41; and MS Fish, 145–47. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 1 (1798): 363–64; and *Poetical Works*, 8:211–12.

2. Known on Earth to None but Thee,
Here a banish'd Man I roam,
Let me thy Commandments see,
Shew the Light that guides me home
All their deep Design reveal,
All their inward Power impart,
Grave them with thy Spirit's Seal
On the Tables of my Heart.
3. Faints my Soul with strong Desire
All thy Counsels to fulfil;
Only This I still require;
Let me do thy perfect Will.
Wretched, and accurst are They
Bruis'd by thy Afflictive Rod
Who from thy Commandments stray,
Proudly sin against their GOD.
4. Far from me, O Lord, remove
Foul Reproach, and guilty Shame,
I to keep thy Law have strove,
I have suffer'd for thy Name.
Mighty Men, and Princes sat,
Threatning in the Scorners' Chair,
All their haughty Anger's Weight
Meekly I rejoic'd to bear.
5. Still I own'd Thee for my Lord,
Thee I fear'd, and Thee alone,
Musing in the Written Word
In the Power of GOD went on:
Strength, and Counsel, and Delight
By the Word I still receive,
By the Word I walk aright,
By the Word forever live.

IV.⁴³

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

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

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

4. Lord, I unto Thee have cleav'd,
 Put me not to endless Shame,
Me who have thy Truths receiv'd,
 Me who all thy Promise claim:

⁴³Appears also in MS Emory, 143–45; and MS Fish, 149–51. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 1 (1798): 444–45; and *Poetical Works*, 8:212–13.

Set my Heart at liberty,
Swiftly then my Soul shall move,
Run the Way prescrib'd by Thee,
All the Way of Perfect Love.

V.⁴⁴

1. Teach me, Lord, the Perfect Way,
Me who on thy Love depend,
Then I in thy Laws shall stay,
I shall keep them to the End.
Wisdom from above impart,
Taught according to thy Will,
I shall then with all my Heart
All thy kind Commands fulfil.

2. Cause me in thy Paths to go,
All my Comfort and Delight
All my Happiness below
Is with Thee to walk aright:
Set my Heart on Things above,
Heavenward let it still aspire,
Far from every Creature-Love,
Far from every low Desire.

3. Turn away my roving Eyes
From beholding Vanity,
Let me in thine Image rise,
Find my Hidden Life in Thee.
O fulfil the Hallowing Word,
Perfected in Filial Fear
Make the Servant as his Lord
Holy, pure, and sinless here.

⁴⁴Appears also in MS Emory, 145–47; and MS Fish, 151–53. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 1 (1798): 445; and *Poetical Works*, 8:213–14.

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

VI.⁴⁵

1. Shew me thy Salvation, Lord,
Visit me with Pardning Grace,
O be mindful of thy Word,
Let the Promise now take place;
That to Him who dares upbraid,
Boldly I may make reply,
I have GOD my Refuge made,
Still I on thy Word rely.
2. The good Word of Truth from me
Do not utterly remove,
I have long'd, Thou knowst, to see
See, and taste thy faithful Love.
I have long'd to do thy Will,
I, if Thou vouchsafe the Power,
All thy Pleasure shall fulfil,
Keep the Law, and sin no more.
3. Following after Righteousness
I the Blessing shall attain,
Slavish Fear, and Sin shall cease,
I shall soon be born again,

⁴⁵Appears also in MS Emory, 147–49; and MS Fish, 153–55. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 1 (1798): 446; and *Poetical Works*, 8:214–15.

Walk in glorious Liberty,
Bold to Kings thy Truth proclaim,
Tell them They may reign like me,
More than Kings thro' Jesus Name.

4. Thee, O Lord, I still obey
Thee with vast Delight pursue,
Walking in thy Pleasant Way,
Glad thy dear Commands to do;
Lo! for This I lift my Hands,
With a solemn Oath approve,
All thy Merciful Commands,
All thy gracious Law of Love.

5. Still to search the Sacred Word
My delightful Task shall be
Waiting here to meet my Lord
Fully manifest in me;
Sweetly musing Day and Night
On the dear Redeemer's Grace,
Till I gain that Heavenly Height,
Till I see Thee Face to Face.

VII.⁴⁶

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

⁴⁶Appears also in MS Emory, 149–51; and MS Fish, 157–59. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 1 (1798): 496; and *Poetical Works*, 8:216–17.

2. Me the Proud have greatly scorn'd,
Yet I still unshaken stood,
Never from thy Statutes turn'd,
Never left the Narrow Road:
On thine antient Works I thought,
Look'd again the same to see:
Thou of old hast Wonders wrought,
Wonders Thou shalt work for me.
3. Fearless of the Scorer's Power,
Fearful for their Souls I was,
Saw Hell open to devour
All who break thy righteous Laws:
Lord, thy Laws my Songs have been
In my Pilgrimage below,
Kept by them from Woe and Sin
In a World of Sin and Woe.
4. Thee I have remembred, Lord,
Musing in the silent Night,
Lov'd thy Name, and kept thy Word;
Pure and permanent Delight
I did in thy Precepts prove:
Heaven on Earth Obedience is,
Perfect Liberty, and Love,
Perfect Power, and perfect Peace.

VIII.⁴⁷

1. Thou my Portion art, O Lord,
Long-resolv'd thro' Thee I am,
To fulfil thine every Word,
Give me but the Help I claim:
All my Heart hath sought thy Face,
Still thy Favour I implore,

⁴⁷Appears also in MS Emory, 151–53; and MS Fish, 159–61. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 1 (1798): 497; and *Poetical Works*, 8:217–18.

Grant me now the Promis'd Grace,
Bid me go, and sin no more.

2. All my Sins I call'd to mind,
Own'd, and left them all for GOD,
Labour'd the right Way to find,
Thee with earnest Zeal pursued,
Turn'd my Feet without Delay,
Long'd thine utmost Will to prove,
Eager all thy Law t' obey,
Restless to retrieve thy Love.
3. Spoil'd and hated for thy sake
Thee I never would forego,
Would not from thy Law turn back;
O my Life, my Heaven below,
Thee I all day long will praise,
Thee I will at Midnight sing,
True and righteous are thy Ways;
Glory to my GOD and King!
4. Join'd to all that fear my Lord
Them my dearest Friends I own,
Them that keep thy holy Word,
Sav'd by Grace thro' Faith alone.
Earth is full of Love Divine,
Love Divine for All is free,
Teach *me* then the Law Benign,
Guide, and save, and perfect *me*.

IX.⁴⁸

1. Lord, Thou hast thy Word fulfil'd,
Good and gracious as Thou art,
On my Heart the Promise seal'd,
Wrote Forgiveness on my Heart.

⁴⁸Appears also in MS Emory, 153–57; and MS Fish, 161–63. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 1 (1798): 497–98; and *Poetical Works*, 8:218–19.

Teach me then thy perfect Will,
I thine every Word receive,
All thy Law in me fulfil;
Lord, I dare, I dare believe.

2. Long I wandred from my GOD,
Till Affliction call'd me back,
Now I in thy Paths have trod,
Them I will no more forsake;
Good Thou art, and Good Thou dost,
Full of Truth and full of Grace,
Save me, Lord, to th' uttermost,
Teach me all thy righteous Ways.
3. Me the Proud with Lies pursued,
I observ'd thy Precepts still,
Waiting in the Ways of GOD
To perform thine utmost Will.
Gross and callous is their Heart,
Nothing can their Hardness move,
But my whole Delight Thou art,
Thee, and all thy Laws I love.
4. Good it is for me t' have known
The sad Lesson of Distress,
That I might my Teacher own,
That I might my Saviour bless:
Taught by thine afflictive Hand
Now I know thy Law t' obey,
Now I clearly understand
Suffering is the Perfect Way.
5. Truth and Grace unsearchable
In the Sacred Volume shine,
Who the Worth immense can tell
Of that Oracle Divine!

Pretious are thy Sayings, Lord;
What a Depth in each I see!
What a Treasure is thy Word!
More than all the World to me!

X.⁴⁹

1. Thou, O Lord, my Maker art;
Mould and fashion thy own Clay,
Give me a wise docile Heart,
Teach thy Creature to obey:
Then the Servants of my Lord
Me with holy Joy shall see,
Me, who hang upon thy Word,
Me who only trust on Thee.
2. Just and right are all thy Ways
By Affliction taught I know,
Faithful to thy Word of Grace
Thou hast laid my Spirit low.
Lord, I in thy Promise hope,
All thy Mercy I implore;
Let thy Mercy lift me up,
Lift me up to fall no more.
3. Visit me in tender Love,
For thy Law is my Delight,
Fain I all thy Life would prove,
Walk accepted in thy Sight:
Put my haughty Foes to shame,
Men of Hearts perverse are they,
But I ever fear thy Name,
Ever in thy Statutes stay.
4. Those that have thy Precepts known,
Those that fear and worship Thee,

⁴⁹Appears also in MS Emory, 157–59; and MS Fish, 165–67. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 1 (1798): 549–50; and *Poetical Works*, 8:219–20.

Turn, and gather into One,
Join them to Thyself, and me.
Make my Heart like Theirs sincere,
That I may triumphant rise,
Bold before my Judge appear,
Claim my Mansion in the Skies.

XI.⁵⁰

1. Weary, faint thro' long Delay,
Waiting for thy Saving Love,
On thy Word my Soul I stay,
Trust thine utmost Grace to prove:
Fail mine Eyes with looking up,
Long thy Promises to see,
When, Thou Object of my Love,
Wilt Thou come, and comfort me?
2. Shrivell'd and dried up am I,
Yet thy Law I do not leave,
Lord, how long I ever cry,
Shall thy helpless Servant grieve?
When shall all my Grievs be past,
When shall all my Sins be o're?
Judge, and slay my Foes at last,
Make me more than Conqueror.
3. Sinners have thy Laws broke thro',
My unwary Soul t' insnare,
Yet thy Laws are good and true,
True their awful Sanctions are:
Me the Persecuting Foe
Is still ready to devour:
Help me, Lord, my Sins o'rethrow,
Save me from the Tempter's Power.

⁵⁰Appears also in MS Emory, 159–61; and MS Fish, 167–69. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 1 (1798): 550; and *Poetical Works*, 8:220–21.

4. Here my Soul had almost fail'd,
Sunk into the burning Pit,
But I still thy Precepts held,
Would not thy Commands forget:
Give me now thy Life to feel,
Quicken this dead Soul of mine,
So I shall thy Law fulfil,⁵¹
All thy Law⁵² in Love Divine.

XII.⁵³

1. Faithful, Everlasting Lord,
Standard of all Truth and Good
Thy invariable Word
From Eternity hath stood:
To Eternity it stands;
This fair Universal Frame
Stablish'd by Almighty Hands
Speaks it's great Creator's Fame.
2. Such as Thou didst first ordain,
Heaven and Earth continue still,
Still thy Word doth All sustain,
All obey thy Sovereign Will.
Had I not with Joy abode
In the Word of Truth and Grace
I had sunk beneath my Load,
I had never seen thy Face.
3. From the Precepts of thy Law
Never will I, Lord, depart,
They have kept my Soul in Awe,
They have comforted my Heart.
Save me, Lord, for I am thine,
I have all thy Precepts sought,

⁵¹In the margin Wesley inserts "perform thy will" as a suggested alternative to "thy Law fulfil."

⁵²In the margin Wesley inserts "will" as a suggested alternative to "Law."

⁵³Appears also in MS Emory, 161–63; and MS Fish, 169–71. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 1 (1798): 599–600; and *Poetical Works*, 8:222–23.

Long'd to keep the Law Divine,
Sinless both in Word and Thought.

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

XIII.⁵⁴

1. How do I thy Precepts love!
Musing of thy Word all day,
Thro' the Sacred Leaves I rove;
Here I could forever stay.
Wiser than mine Enemies
I thro' thy Commandments am,
Kept hereby in perfect Peace
All thy Promises I claim.
2. More than all my Teachers I
Thro' thy Testimonies know,
I to These my Heart apply,
Let all other Knowledge go:
Wiser than ungracious Age
I who in thy Statutes tread,
Guided by the Sacred Page;
Virtue is the Hoary Head.
3. I from every evil Way
Have refrain'd my wary Feet,
That I might thy Word obey,
Might to all thy Will submit:

⁵⁴Appears also in MS Emory, 163–65; and MS Fish, 171–73. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 1 (1798): 600–601; and *Poetical Works*, 8:223–24.

I have not thy Paths forsook,
Thou Thyself hast been my Guide,
Kept me by the Sacred Book,
Made me in thy Word abide.

4. O what Manna in thy Word,
O what⁵⁵ vast Delight I meet!
When I taste my gracious Lord,
Honey is not half so sweet:
Heavenly Wisdom here I gain,
Walking in thy Word with Thee
Every Evil Way disdain;
Thou art All in All to me.

XIV.⁵⁶

1. Lord, thy Word's Unerring Light,
As a Lamp my Path doth shew,
Guides my steady Feet aright;
Every One that Doth shall Know.
I have sworn to do thy Will;
Thro' thine all-sufficient Grace
I shall all my Vows fulfil,
Shall fulfil all Righteousness.
2. Troubled, and distrest I am,
O be mindful of thy Word,
Grant the Promis'd Help I claim,
Speak me now to Life restor'd:
Thanks for all thy former Grace
From a willing Heart receive,
Still instruct me in thy Ways,
Bid me to thy Glory live.

⁵⁵Ori., omits "what"; an uncorrected error.

⁵⁶Appears also in MS Emory, 165–67; and MS Fish, 173–77. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 1 (1798): 646; and *Poetical Works*, 8:224–25.

3. Lord, my Life is in my Hand
Ever sinking into Hell,
Yet I in thy Precepts stand,
In the Paths of Duty dwell.
Me the World hath sought t' insnare
Joining with my treacherous Heart,
Yet from Thee I did not err,
Would not from thy Statutes start.
4. I have thy Commandments took
For mine Heritage below,
From the Volume of the Book
All my Joys and Comforts flow;
In Obedience to thy Will,
I have long'd my Life to spend,
All thy Statutes to fulfil,
Serve and love Thee to the End.

XV.⁵⁷

1. Every evil Thought and vain
Lord, Thou knowst I disapprove,
Sin with all my Heart disdain,
Only thy pure Law I love.
Thou my Shield on every side,
Thou my sure Asylum art,
In thy Promise I confide,
Will not from thy Word depart.
2. Sinners, hence, be far away,
Ye that evil Paths pursue,
I will only GOD obey,
I will His Commandments do.
Hold my feeble Goings up,
Lord, thy Promise I receive,

⁵⁷Appears also in MS Emory, 167–69; and MS Fish, 177–79. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 1 (1798): 646–47; and *Poetical Works*, 8:225–26.

I shall then obtain my Hope,
Free from Sin forever live.

3. O support me with thy Hand,
And I then shall walk secure,
Keep thy every kind Command,
Faithful to the End endure;
All who from thy Statutes stray
Thou in Wrath hast trodden down,
False deceitful Souls are They,
They and Wickedness are One.
4. Them Thou dost as Dross at last
From the Face of Earth remove,
Therefore will I hold Thee fast,
Thee, and thy Commandments love.
Thee with Reverential Fear
Just and Merciful I see,
Tremble at thy Judgments near,
Triumph in thy Grace to me.

XVI.⁵⁸

1. Lord, Thou knowst my Uprightness,
I to All have justly done,
Suffer not my Foes t' oppress
One that hurts and injures none.
Answer for thy Servant Thou,
Let not haughty Men devour,
Save mine Innocency Now,
Snatch me from th' Oppressor's Power.
2. Fail mine Eyes with looking up,
Thy Salvation here to see,
Still I for the Promise hope,
All the Promise is for me.

⁵⁸Appears also in MS Emory, 171–73; and MS Fish, 179–81. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 2 (1799): 49–50; and *Poetical Works*, 8:226–27.

With thy meanest Servant, Lord,
Deal according to thy Grace,
O fulfil the faithful Word,
Teach me all thy righteous Ways.

3. Only Thee I serve below,
Grant me Wisdom from above,
That I may thy Statutes know,
Know Thee by obedient Love:
Lord, 'tis Time t' apply thy Hand;
Sinners cry "It Cannot be.
"GOD, who gave the Vain Command,
"Cannot keep it All in me."⁵⁹
4. Therefore will I love Thee⁵⁹ more,
All thy dear Commandments prize,
An inestimable Store,
Good they are, and right, and wise.
Practicable all thro' Thee:
I shall find the Perfect Power,
See them all fulfil'd in me,
Live renew'd, and sin no more.

XVII.⁶⁰

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

⁵⁹MS Fish and MS Emory read "the" for "Thee"; Wesley let the MS Psalms transcription stand.

⁶⁰Appears also in MS Emory, 173–75; and MS Fish, 181–83. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 2 (1799): 50–52; and *Poetical Works*, 8:227–28.

Give Thee All thy Laws require,
All thy gracious Words fulfil.
I thy promis'd Mercy claim,
See me with Compassion see,
Join to Those who love thy Name,
Perfect all thy Love in me.

3. Help me in thy Steps to tread,
Let not Sin dominion have,
Till Thou make me free indeed,
Till Thou to the utmost save.
Save me from the World and Sin
So will I thy Precepts do,
When thy Law is wrote within,
When I am a Creature New.
4. Lord, I am, and will be, Thine,
Shew me thy inlightning Grace,
Cause on me thy Face to shine,
Teach me all thy Righteousness.
Teach the Men, o're whom I weep,
For whose Sins mine Eyes o'reflow:
O that All thy Law would keep,
O that All thy Love would know!

XVIII.⁶¹

1. Sovereign Everlasting Lord,
Thou art Perfect Righteousness:
Pure is thine unerring Word,
Upright are thy high Decrees:
Righteous all thy Statutes are,
Thee The Merciful they prove,
Thee The Faithful they declare,
Full of Truth and full of Love.

⁶¹Appears also in MS Emory, 175–77; and MS Fish, 183–85. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 2 (1799): 53; and *Poetical Works*, 8:228–29.

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

XIX.⁶²

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

⁶²Appears also in MS Emory, 177–79; and MS Fish, 187–89. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 2 (1799): 102–103; and *Poetical Works*, 8:230–31.

I shall then the Promise see,
I shall All the Law fulfil.

2. Thee before the Dawn of Day
Hath my eager Soul pursued,
Cried, and waited in the Way,
Hop'd for my redeeming GOD.
To behold thy lovely Face
Many a sleepless Night I mourn,
Musing on the Word of Grace,
Watching for my Lord's Return.
3. Hear me, Lord, in tender Love,
Good and gracious as Thou art,
All the Death of Sin remove,
Quicken this poor drooping Heart.
They that hunt my Soul draw nigh
Full of Mischievous Design,
Bold thy Threatnings to defy
Tramplers on the Law Divine.
4. But Thou nearest⁶³ art, O Lord,
True thine every Precept is,
Sure is the Annexed Reward,
Sure the dreadful Penalties;
Damn'd are They that disbelieve
(Thou hast fixt the firm Decree)
Sav'd whoe'er the Truth receive,
Sav'd to all Eternity.

XX.⁶⁴

1. See, and save me in Distress;
Lo! on Thee my Soul I stay,

⁶³MS Fish and MS Emory read "nearer" for "nearest"; Wesley let the MS Psalms transcription stand.

⁶⁴Appears also in MS Emory, 179–81; and MS Fish, 189–91. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 2 (1799): 103–104; and *Poetical Works*, 8:231–32.

Looking for thy kind Release
Longing all thy Law t' obey.
O my dear Redeeming Lord,
Plead my Cause with GOD above,
Mindful of thy gracious Word,
Quicken me by Faith and Love.

2. Strangers to thy Saving Grace,
They that cast thy Laws behind:
Sinners will not seek thy Face,
Thee, while all who seek may find.
But thy Grace for All is free,
Lord, thy Proffer I receive,
Shew thy Faithfulness on me,
Bid me by thy Mercy live.
3. Sin, the World, and Hell oppose
This weak helpless Soul of mine,
Safe I walk thro' all my Foes,
Do not from thy Paths decline.
Sinners I with Pity saw,
Griev'd for their Iniquity,
Wretches that transgress'd thy Law
Fled from Happiness and Thee.
4. How do I thy Precepts love!
My Desires to Thee are known,
All thy Life I long to prove,
Save me by thy Grace alone.
Lives the Promise of thy Grace,
Stood from the Beginning sure,
Every Word of Righteousness
Shall from Age to Age endure.

XXI.⁶⁵

1. Princes have with cruel Rage
Causelesly my Soul pursued,
Resting in the Sacred Page
I could only look to GOD.
Fill'd with reverential Awe
Still I in thy Word abide,
Fearing to transgress thy Law,
Nothing can I fear beside.
2. Joyful at thy Word, as One
That hath found a Pretious Store,
There I search for Bliss unknown
Every other Quest give o're.
Hating all deceitful Ways
I thy Law with Joy approve,
Offer Thee continual Praise,
Bless Thee for thy faithful Love.
3. They that in thy Law delight,
Kept in perfect Peace below,
Stand unshaken, by thy Might,
Nothing shall their Steps o'rethrow.
I have languish'd for thy Grace,
Grace that makes Salvation known,
Kept me in thy righteous Ways,
Gladly thy Commandments done.
4. Every Word Enjoin'd by Thee
Joyfully my Soul approv'd,
With unfeign'd Sincerity
All thy Testimonies lov'd.
All my Ways are in thy Sight,
I on Thee alone depend;

⁶⁵Appears also in MS Emory, 181–83; and MS Fish, 191–93. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 2 (1799): 153–54; and *Poetical Works*, 8:232–33.

Lord, direct my Goings right,
Lead, and save me to the End.

XXII.⁶⁶

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

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

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

4. Let me in thine Image live,
Fully by thy Word restore,
Thee I then thine own shall give,
Love, and praise Thee evermore.

⁶⁶Appears also in MS Emory, 183–85; and MS Fish, 193–95. Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 2 (1799): 154; and *Poetical Works*, 8:233–34.

Fain I would thy Statutes keep,
Sinless as my Master be,
Jesus, seek thy wandring Sheep,
Make me all-compleat in Thee.

Psalm CXX.⁶⁷

1. To GOD in Trouble I applied,
And He redress'd my Wrong;
Save me from Lying Lips I cried,
And a deceitful Tongue.
2. Thou Man of double Tongue and Heart,
Expect thy fearful Hire;
The mighty GOD his Wrath shall dart,
And set thy Soul on Fire.
3. But Woe is me! constrain'd to dwell
With Human Savages!
Their Tongues are set on Fire of Hell,
They hate the Thoughts of Peace.
4. They dare the Anger of the Skies,
Evil return for Good,
And when I speak of Peace, they rise,
And vow to drink my Blood.

Psalm CXXI.⁶⁸

1. To the Hills I lift mine Eyes
The Everlasting Hills,
Streaming thence in fresh Supplies,
My Soul the Spirit feels:
Will he not his Help afford?
Help, while yet I ask, is given:
GOD comes down: The GOD and Lord,
That made both Earth and Heaven.
2. Faithful Soul, pray always; pray,
And still in GOD confide;

⁶⁷Published in *CPH* (1743), 85–86.

⁶⁸Published in *CPH* (1743), 86–87.

He thy feeble Steps shall stay,
Nor suffer Thee to slide:
Lean on the Redeemer's Breast,
He thy quiet Spirit keeps,
Rest in Him, securely rest;
Thy Watchman never sleeps.

3. Neither Sin, nor Earth, nor Hell
Thy Keeper can surprize,
Careless Slumber cannot steal
On his All seeing Eyes:
He is Israel's sure Defence;
Israel all his Care shall prove
Kept by watchful Providence,
And ever-waking Love.
4. See the Lord thy Keeper stand
Omnipotently near:
Lo! he holds thee by thy Hand,
And banishes thy Fear;
Shadows with his Wings thy Head,
Guards from all impending Harms;
Round thee and beneath are spread
The Everlasting Arms.
5. Thee in Evil's scorching Day,
The Sun shall never smite;
Thee the Moon's malignest Ray
Shall never blast by Night:
Safe from known or secret Foes,
Free from Sin and Satan's Thrall,
GOD, when Flesh, Earth, Hell, oppose,
Shall keep thee safe from all.
6. Christ shall bless thy going out,
Shall bless thy coming in,

Kindly compass thee about,
'Till Thou art sav'd from Sin,
Like thy spotless Master Thou,
Fill'd with Wisdom, Love, and Power,
Holy, pure, and perfect now,
Henceforth, and evermore.

Psalm CXXII.⁶⁹

1. O how overjoyed was I,
When the Solemn Hour drew nigh!
Summon'd to the House of Prayer,
Flew my Soul to worship there.

Come my chearful Brethren said,
Let us go with holy Speed;
Let us haste with one Accord
To the Temple of our Lord.

2. Running at his kind Command,
There our ready Feet shall stand,
Still within the sacred Gate
Will we for his Mercy Wait;

Love the Channels of his Grace,
Reverence the hallow'd Place:
Where our Lord records his Name,
Stay we in Jerusalem.

3. GOD hath built his Church below,
Labour'd all his Art to Shew;
Each with each the Parts agree,
Fram'd in perfect Symmetry.

There the chosen Tribes go up,
Testify their Gospel-Hope,
Praise, and bless th' Incarnate Word,
Shout the Name of Christ their Lord.

⁶⁹Published in *CPH* (1743), 87–88.

4. There are Aaron's Mitred Sons,
There the Apostolic Thrones;
Moses Legislative Chair,
GOD's great Hierarchy is there.

Pray, my Friends, and never cease,
Wrestle on for Sion's Peace:
Make her Still your pious Care,
On your Heart for ever bear.

5. Hail the venerable Name,
Lovely dear Jerusalem!
Thee who bless shall blessed be,
Prosper for their Love to Thee.

Dwell within thy Ramparts Peace,
Plenty deck thy Palaces,
Jesus send thee from above
All the Treasures of his Love.

6. For my Friends and Brethren's sake,
Thee my dearest Charge I make,
England's des'late Church be mine,
Sion, all my Soul be thine.

O Thou Temple of my GOD,
For thy Sake I spend my Blood,
Longing here thy Rise to see,
Glad to live, and die for Thee.

Psalm CXXIII.⁷⁰

1. O Thou that on thine Heavenly Throne
Dost undisturb'd forever reign,
To Thee a Worm of Earth I groan,
To Thee I lift my Eyes in Pain,
And weary of my Burthen pray
Thy Love to take this Curse away.
2. As Servants whom their Lord chastise,
Beneath the Scourge impatient Stand,
So on the Lord we turn our Eyes,
And wait till Mercy stops his Hand;
Till all his grievous Plagues remove,
And angry Justice yields to Love.
3. Have Mercy, Lord, the World restrain;
The Wicked is a Scourge of Thine:
Crush'd by the Pride of carnal Man,
Dire Instrument of Wrath Divine,
Our Soul in helpless Mis'ry lies,
And only Thou canst bid us rise.
4. Contemn'd and hated for thy Cause,
Thy only favour we implore;
Strengthen us to endure the Cross,
Till all their Tyranny is o'er,
Till Christ with our reward comes down
And ev'ry Sufferer takes his Crown.

Psalm CXXIV.⁷¹

1. Had not the Lord for Israel stood,
When Men and Fiends against us rose,
Stretch'd out his Hand, and stem'd the Flood,
And stopt the Fury of our Foes,

⁷⁰Published in *CPH* (1743), 88–89.

⁷¹Published in *CPH* (1743), 89–90.

Our Foes had swallow'd up their Prey,
And torn our Shield and Souls away.

2. Had not the Lord, we now may cry,
 Appear'd his People to sustain,
The threatenng Floods that dash'd the Sky,
 Had whirl'd us down to Hell again;
O'erwhelm'd us in the Gulph beneath,
And plung'd our Souls in endless Death.
3. But GOD hath quell'd their angry Pride,
 And kept us in our evil Hour,
His Name be blest and glorify'd
 He hath not left us to their Pow'r;
His Word restrain'd their lawless Will,
And bad the raging Sea be Still.
4. He pluck'd the Prey out of their Teeth,
 Our Souls have Scap'd the Fowlers Snare,
Broke thro' the Toils of Sin and Death;
 And lo! our Helper we declare,
The Lord of Heav'n and Earth proclaim,
And bless th' Almighty Jesus Name.

Psalm CXXV.⁷²

1. Who in the Lord confide,
And feel his Sprinkled Blood,
In Storms and Hurricanes abide
Firm as the Mount of GOD:
Stedfast, and fixt, and Sure
His Sion cannot move,
His faithfull People Stand secure
In Jesu's Guardian Love;
2. As round Jerusalem
The Hilly Bulwarks rise,
So GOD protects and covers Them
From all their Enemies:
On every Side he stands,
And for his Israel cares,
And Safe in his Almighty Hands
Their Souls forever bears.
3. For lo! the Reign of Hell
And Hellish Men is o'er,
They can persuade, they can compel
The Just to sin no more:
To Devils Men or Sin,
They need no more give Place,
Nor ever touch the thing unclean,
When cleans'd by pard'ning Grace.
4. But let them still abide
In Thee all-gracious Lord,
Till ev'ry Soul is Sanctified,
And perfectly restor'd.

⁷²Published in *CPH* (1743), 90–91.

The Men of Heart sincere
Continue to defend,
And do them Good, and save them here,
And love them to the End.

5. Who to their Sins draw back,
And love again to Stray,
The narrow Path of Life forsake,
And throng the Spacious Way,
Back to their Vomit turn,
And fall from Pard'ning Grace;
The Lord to punish Them hath sworn,
And drive them from his Face.

6. But Peace, and Pow'r and Love
Shall Israel's Portion be,
They all his Promises shall prove,
And all his Goodness see,
Holy and pure in Heart
Obtain the perfect Pow'r:
They can no more from GOD depart,
When they can sin no more.

Psalm CXXVI.⁷³

1. When our redeeming Lord
 Pronounc'd the pardning Word,
Turn'd our Soul's Captivity,
 O what Sweet Surprize we found!
Wonder ask'd, "and can it be!"
 Scarce believ'd the welcom Sound.

2. And is it not a Dream?
 And are we sav'd thro' Him?
Yes, our bounding Heart replied,
 Yes, broke out our joyful Tongue,
Freely we are Justified;
 This the new the Gospel-Song!

3. The Heathen too could see
 Our glorious Liberty:
All our Foes were forc'd to own,
 GOD for them hath Wonder's wrought,
Wonders He for us hath done,
 From the House of Bondage brought.

4. To us our gracious GOD
 His Pard'ning Love hath shew'd,
Now our joyful Souls are free
 From the Guilt and Pow'r of Sin
Greater things we soon shall see,
 We shall soon be pure within.

5. Turn us again, O Lord,
 Pronounce the second Word,
Loose our Hearts, and let us go
 Down the Spirit's fullest Flood,

⁷³Published in *CPH* (1743), 91–92.

Freely to the Fountain flow,
All be swallow'd up in GOD.

6. Who for thy Coming wait,
And wail their lost Estate,
Poor, and Sad, and empty Still,
Who for full Redemption weep,
They shall thy Appearing feel,
Sow in Tears, in joy to reap.
7. Who Seed immortal bears,
And wets his Path with Tears,
Doubtless he shall soon return,
Bring his Sheaves with vast increase,
Fully of thy⁷⁴ Spirit born,
Perfected in Holiness.

⁷⁴*CPH* (1743) reads "the."

Psalm CXXVII.⁷⁵

1. Except the House Jehovah raise,
Fruitless is all the Builders Care,
Except Jehovah guard the Place,
In vain the Watch are station'd there,
Nothing without his Hand is done,
To make and keep are GOD's alone.
2. In vain your Labour ye repeat
From earliest Dawn to latest Night,
The Bread of Care and Sorrow eat;
'Tis GOD, who grants the true Delight,
And gives his People Food and Rest,
And makes them in his Blessing blest.
3. His Blessing makes the Mother bear,
The Issue of the Womb is His;
The Gift of GOD your Children are,
He bids your little Ones increase:
Receive them as your Faith's reward,
Their Heavenly Father is the Lord.
4. As Arrows in the Giant's Hand,
Fly the bold Youths to your Defence,
Or in the Gate your Champions stand,
And drive the furious Battle thence,
Happy the Man who gladly owns,
His Guardians were his pious Sons.
5. Happy the Man who always sees
The Source from whence his Blessings flow,
His Life, his Safety, and his Peace,

⁷⁵Published in *CPH* (1743), 92–93.

His every Comfort here below,
Who takes them as by Heav'n bestow'd,
And looks thro' all his Gifts to GOD.

Psalm CXXVIII.⁷⁶

1. Blest is the Man that fears the Lord,
And walkes in all his Ways,
An earnest of his great Reward
On Earth his Master pays.
2. Thou shalt not Spend thy Strength in vain
For perishable Food,
Thy Father shall his own Sustain,
And fill thy Soul with Good.
3. Happy in Him thy Soul shall be,
And on his Fulness feed,
Jesus, who came from Heaven for Thee
Shall be thy living Bread.
4. Thy Wife shall as the fruitful Vine
Her blooming Offspring Shew,
Thy Children shall be GOD's, not Thine,
His pleasant Plants below.
5. Around thy plenteous Table Spread
Like Olive-Branches fair,
Heav'n-ward they in thy Steps shall tread,
And meet their Parents there.
6. Thus shall the Man be blest who owns
His Maker for his Lord:
Or doubly blest with better Sons
Begotten by the Word.
7. The Children of thy Faith and Prayer,
Thy Joyful Eyes shall see,

⁷⁶Published in *CPH* (1743), 93–94.

Shall see the prosperous Church, and Share
In her Prosperity.

8. Sion again shalt⁷⁷ lift her Head,
And flourish all thy Days,
Thy Soul shall see the Faithfull seed
And bless the rising Race.
9. Fill'd with abiding Peace Divine
With Israel's Blessing blest,
Thou then the Church above shalt⁷⁸ join
And gain the Heav'nly Rest.

⁷⁷*CPH* (1743) reads "shall."

⁷⁸*CPH* (1743) reads "shall."

Psalm CXXIX.⁷⁹

1. Many a Time, may Israel say,
My Foes have furiously assail'd,
And vex'd me from my natal Day,
But never, never yet prevail'd,
Nor could the Gates of Hell o'erthrow
The Church on Jesus built below.
2. The Ploughers plough'd upon my Back
Till all my Body was one Wound,
Nor could they the Foundation shake;
A Seed, a Remnant still was found,
Preserv'd by their Almighty Lord,
Kept by his everlasting Word.
3. The Lord the righteous Lord and true,
Turn'd out⁸⁰ Captivity again,
The Cords of Wickedness broke thro',
And burst the dire Oppressors Chain:
And Still who Sion hate shall fly,
And Stumble, and forever die.
4. As Grass on the House-top decays,
Nor ever fills the Mowers Breast,
But withers in a Moment's space,
And perishes unrep'd unblest;
So shall the Foes of Sion fade,
And vanish as a fleeting Shade.

Psalm CXXX.⁸¹

1. Out of the Depth of *Self-Despair*
To Thee, O Lord, I cry;
My misery mark, attend my Prayer,
And bring Salvation nigh.

⁷⁹Published in *CPH* (1743), 94–95.

⁸⁰*CPH* (1743) reads “our.” This is likely a transcription error, but Wesley did not correct it.

⁸¹Published in *CPH* (1743), 20; appeared first in *HSP* (1740), 62–63.

2. Death's Sentence in my self I feel,
 Beneath thy Wrath I faint;
O let thine Ear consider well
 The Voice of my Complaint.
3. If Thou art rig'rously severe,
 Who may the Test abide?
Where shall the Man of Sin appear,
 Or how be justified?
4. But O Forgiveness is with Thee,
 That Sinners may adore,
With filial Fear thy Goodness see,
 And never grieve Thee more.
5. I look to see his lovely Face,
 I wait to meet my Lord,
My longing Soul expects his Grace,
 And rests upon his Word.
6. My Soul, while still to him it flies,
 Prevents the Morning Ray;
O that his Mercy's Beams wou'd rise,
 And bring the Gospel-Day!
7. Ye faithful Souls, confide in GOD,
 Mercy with Him remains,
Plenteous Redemption in his Blood
 To wash out all your Stains.
8. His Israel Himself shall clear,⁸²
 From all their Sins redeem:
The Lord our Righteousness is near,
 And we are just in Him.

⁸²The line as given agrees with both *CPH* (1743) and *HSP* (1740) and is how it was initially transcribed by Perronet. However, the word "he" is then above the line, to be inserted between "Israel" and "Himself." The added word appears to be in Perronet's hand, rather than a correction by Wesley.

Psalm CXXXI.⁸³

1. Lord, if Thou the Grace impart,
Poor in Spirit, meek in Heart,
I shall as my Master be
Rooted in Humillity.
2. From the Time that Thee I know,
Nothing shall I seek below,
Aim at nothing Great or High,
Lowly both my Heart and Eye.
3. Simple, teachable, and mild,
Aw'd into a little Child,
Quiet now without my Food,
Wean'd from ev'ry Creature-Good.
4. Hangs my new-born Soul on Thee,
Kept from all Idolatry,
Nothing wants beneath, above,
Happy, Happy in thy Love.
5. O that all may⁸⁴ seek and find,
Ev'ry Good in Jesus join'd,
Him let Israel still adore,
Trust Him, praise Him evermore!

Psalm CXXXII.⁸⁵

1. Remember, Lord, the pious Zeal,
Of ev'ry Soul that cleaves to Thee,
The Troubles for thy sake they feel,
Their eager Hopes thy House to see;
Their Vows to cry, and never rest,
Till Thou art in thy Church ador'd,

⁸³Published in *CPH* (1743), 95.

⁸⁴*CPH* (1743) reads "might."

⁸⁵Published in *CPH* (1743), 96–97.

And dwell in ev'ry faithful Breast,
And count them worthy of their Lord.

2. We too the joyfull Sound have heard,
That GOD is coming to his Place
Here in the Wilderness prepar'd;
Our Lord his ruin'd Church shall raise:
For this our willing Soul shall go,
And lowly at his Footstool lie,
Where'er his Tent is pitch'd below,
And for a Glorious Temple cry.
3. Arise, O Lord, into thy Rest,
Thou and thy Ark of perfect Power,
GOD over all forever blest,
Thee⁸⁶ Jesus let our Hearts adore.
Thy Priests be Cloath'd with Righteousness,
Thy Praise their happy Lives employ,
The Saints in Thee their all possess,
And shout the Sons of GOD for Joy.
4. O for thy Love, Thy Jesu's sake,
Us thine Anointed Ones receive,
In the Belov'd accepted make,
And bid us to thy Glory live.
The Lord hath Sworn in Righteousness
And Seal'd the Cov'nant with his Son,
I will thy faithful Seed increase,
And Stablish them on David's Throne.
5. If in my Word thy Children stay,
And in their Saviour's Footsteps tread,
The glorious Gospel-Truth obey;
The Truth shall make them free indeed.
Renew'd and Sanctified by Grace,
The Pillars shall no more remove,
An Holy, Chosen, perfect Race,
Enthron'd in everlasting Love.

⁸⁶Ori., "Thy"; a copying error, *CPH* (1743) reads "Thee."

6. For Lo! the Lord a Seed hath chose,
His Grace and Glory to display,
His own peculiar People Those
Whoe'er the Gospel-Call obey.
Sion, He saith, my Rest shall be,
The Faithful shall my Presence feel;
I long for all who long for Me,
And will in them forever dwell.
7. I will increase their gracious Store,
My Sion every Moment feed,
And satisfy the hungry Poor,
And fill their Souls with living Bread:
With Garments of Salvation deck
Her Priests, and Cloath with Robes of Praise,
Her Saints their Joy aloud shall speak,
And Shout my all-sufficient Grace.
8. There shall the Horn of David bud,
There I have set the Lamp Divine,
The Wisdom, and the Power of GOD,
In mine Anointed Son shall shine.
Messias on my Throne shall sit
Supream till all his Foes are slain,
Till Death expires beneath his Feet,
The Sinner's Advocate shall reign.

Psalm CXXXIII.⁸⁷

1. Behold how good a Thing
It is to dwell in Peace,
How pleasing to our King
This Fruit of Righteousness.
When Brethren all in One agree;
Who knows the Joys of Unity!

⁸⁷Published in *CPH* (1743), 97–99; appeared first in *HSP* (1742), 174–75.

2. When all are Sweetly join'd
 True followers of the Lamb,
 The Same in Heart and Mind,
 And think and speak the Same,
And all in Love together dwell;
The Comfort is unspeakable.
3. Where Unity takes place,
 The Joys of Heaven we prove:
 This is the Gospel-Grace,
 The Unction from above,
The Spirit on all Believers shed,
Descending swift from Christ our Head.
4. Where Unity is found
 The Sweet anointing Grace
 Extends to all around,
 And consecrates the Place;
To every waiting Soul it comes,
And fills it with Divine Perfumes.
5. Jesus, our great High-Priest,
 For us the Gift receiv'd,
 For us and all the rest,
 Who have in Him believ'd;
Forth from our Head the Blessing goes,
And all his Seamless Coat o'erflows.
6. On all his Chosen Ones
 The precious Oil comes down:
 It runs, and as it runs,
 It ever will run on,
Even to his Skirts—the Meanest Name
That longs to love the Bleeding Lamb.
7. From Aaron's Beard it rolls
 (Those nearest to his Face)

To humble, trembling Souls
Who feebly sue for Grace;
I know the Grace for all is free,
For lo! it reaches now to me.

8. Grace every Morning new,
And every Night we feel,
The Soft, refreshing Dew,
That falls from Hermon's Hill;
On Sion it doth sweetly fall;
The Grace of One descends on All.
9. Ev'n now our Lord doth pour
The Blessing from above,
A kindly, gracious Shower
Of Heart-reviving Love,
The former and the latter Rain,
The Love of GOD, and Love of Man.
10. In Him when Brethren join,
And follow after Peace,
The Fellowship Divine
He promises to bless,
His chiefest Graces to bestow,
Where two or three are met below.
11. The Riches of his Grace
In Fellowship are given
To Sion's fav'rite⁸⁸ Race,
The Citizens of Heaven;
He fills them with his choicest Store,
He gives them Life for evermore.

Psalm CXXXIV.⁸⁹

1. Ye Servants of GOD, Whose diligent Care

⁸⁸*CPH* (1743) reads "chosen."

⁸⁹Published in *CPH* (1743), 99.

Is ever employ'd In Watching and Prayer,
With Praises unceasing Your Jesus proclaim,
Rejoicing and blessing His excellent Name.

2. 'Tis Jesus commands, Come all to his House,
And lift up your Hands, And pay him your Vows;
And while you⁹⁰ are giving Your Maker his Due,
The Lord out of Heaven Shall Sanctify you.

⁹⁰*CPH* (1743) reads "ye."

Psalm CXXXVII.⁹¹

1. Fast by the Babylonish Tide,
 (The Tide our Sorrows made o'erflow)
We dropt our weary Limbs, and cried
 In deep Distress at Sion's Woe,
Her we bewail'd in speechless Groans,
In bondage with her Captive Sons.
2. Our Harps no longer vocal now,
 We cast aside untun'd, unstrung,
Forgot them pendant on the Bough;
 Let meaner Sorrows find a Tongue.
Silent we sat, and Scorn'd Relief,
In all the Majesty of Grief.
3. In vain our haughty Lords requir'd
 A Song of Sion's Sacred Strain,
"Sing us a Song your GOD inspir'd"
 How shall our Souls exult in Pain,
How shall the mournfull Exiles Sing,
While Bond-Slaves to a foreign King?
4. Jerusalem dear hallow'd Name,
 Thee if I ever less desire,
If less distrest for Thee I am,
 Let my Right-hand forget it's Lyre,
All its Harmonious Strains forgoe,
When heedless of a Mother's Woe.
5. O ENGLAND's des'late Church, if Thee,
 Tho' des'late I remember not,
Let me, so lost to Piety,
 Be lost myself, and clean forgot;

⁹¹Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 101–103; and MS Clarke, 116–18. Published in *CPH* (1743), 21–22.

Cleave to the Roof my speechless Tongue,
When Sion is not all my Song.

6. Let Life it Self with Language fail,
For Thee when I forbear to mourn:
Nay, but I will for ever wail,
'Till GOD thy Captive State shall turn;
Let this my every Breath employ,
To grieve for Thee be all my Joy.
7. O for the Weeping Prophets strains
The Depth of Sympathetic Woe!
I live to gather thy Remains,
For Thee my Tears and Blood shall flow,
My Heart amidst thy Ruins lies,
And only in thy Rise I rise.
8. Remember, Lord, the cruel Pride
Of Edom in our Evil Day,
Down with it to the Ground, they cried,
Let none the tottering Ruin Stay,
Let none the sinking Church restore,
But let it fall to rise no more.
9. Surely our GOD shall Vengeance take
On those that gloried in our Fall,
He a full End of Sin shall make,
Of all that held our Souls in Thrall:
O Babylon, thy Day shall come,
Prepare to meet thy final Doom.
10. Happy the Man that sees in Thee
The Mystic Babylon *within*,

And fill'd with holy Cruelty,
Disdains to Spare the smallest Sin,
But sternly takes thy Little ones,
And dashes all against the Stones.

11. Thou in thy turn shalt be brought low
Thy kingdom shall not always last,
The Lord shall all thy Power o'erthrow,
And lay the Mighty Waster, waste.
Destroy thy Being with thy Power,
And Pride and Self shall be no more.

Psalm CXXXVIII.⁹²

1. All Thanks and all Praise
To Thee will I give,
O Lord, by whose Grace
Accepted I live:
My Heart shall adore Thee,
My Mouth shall shew forth
Thine Honour and Glory
To Gods of the Earth.
2. Thy Mercy, and Love,
And Truth I proclaim,
With Angels above
I hallow thy Name,
And turning me toward
The Holiest Place
Thee, Father, ador'd
In Jesus I praise.

⁹²Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 1 (1798): 206–207; and *Poetical Works*, 8:255–56.

3. For Thou hast reveal'd
Thy Nature Unknown
Thy Promise fulfill'd
In Jesus thy Son,
Exalted the Saviour
And Friend of Mankind,
That all in his Favour
Thy Mercy may find.
4. When burthen'd I cried
For Pardon to Thee,
Thy Mercy replied,
And bad me go free,
Thy Spirit that Hour
Came down from above,
And cloath'd me with Power,
And fill'd me with Love.
5. The Kings of the Earth
Thee, Jesu, shall praise
And trust in thy Worth,
And honour thy Grace,
Shall gladly adore Thee,
Whose Sayings they hear,
And sing to thy Glory,
And walk in thy Fear.
6. For Jesus the Lord,
Though lofty and high,
By Angels ador'd,
Looks down from the Sky,
Who hates the Unholy,
And scatters the Proud,

He lifts up the Lowly,
And brings them to GOD.

7. Although in Distress
I labour and strive,
Thy Comfort and Peace
My Soul shall revive
Thine Arm shall relieve me,
From all that oppose
Thy Power it shall save me,
And baffle my Foes.

8. Thy mighty Right-hand
Their Fury shall tame,
And cause me to stand
Thro' Faith in thy Name,
It still shall deliver
Whom now it secures;
Thy Mercy for ever
And ever endures.

9. The Lord shall make good
His Kindness to me,
Till wholly renew'd
His Glory I see:
My End and Beginning
Shall fully restore,
And save me from Sinning
Till Sin is no more.

Psalm CXL.⁹³

1. Save me, Lord, from all my Foes:
Men of lawless Might are They,
Sworn my helpless Soul t' oppose,
Turn out of the Narrow Way:
Serpent-like their Tongues they dart,
Speak the Poison of their Heart.
2. Keep me from the Hands of Men,
Make me thy continual Care,
Render all their Councils vain,
Shew me every secret Snare
Spread to catch my Soul, and set
Firm upon the Rock my Feet.
3. Oft I to the Lord have said,
Thee my Saviour-GOD I own,
Hear, and hasten to my Aid,
Make thy mighty Mercies known,
Strength of my Salvation, come,
Seal the Adversary's Doom.
4. In the dreadful Day of Fight
Thou hast skreen'd me heretofore;
Still protect me with thy Might,
Save me from the Tempter's Power,
All thy Strength for me employ,
Satan, and his Works destroy.
5. Sure I am, Divinely sure,
Help I have not ask'd in vain
GOD shall vindicate the Poor
GOD shall soon my Cause maintain,

⁹³Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 1 (1798): 207–208; and *Poetical Works*, 8:256–57.

On the Lord I dare rely,
Poor, and weak, and helpless I!

6. Yes, the Justified shall give
 Thanks and Praises to thy Name,
Still before Thee walk and live,
 All thy Faithfulness proclaim,
Till they gain the Mountain's Height,
Numbred with thy Saints in Light.

Psalm CXLII.⁹⁴

1. I sought the Lord in Grief and Pain,
And cried for Help, and cried again,
 To Him my Trouble shew'd,
I pour'd out all my sad Complaint;
Weary of Sin, and sick, and faint
 My Spirit gasp'd for GOD.
2. Ev'n then my Path to Thee was known,
When dark I walk'd, opprest, alone,
 With Snares and Deaths beset;
I threw my mournful Eyes around,
But no kind Friend, or Helper found
 To stay my sinking Feet.
3. In late Despair of human Aid
I cried unto the Lord, and said
 O Saviour, pity me,
Thou, only Thou hast Power to save;
My Portion and Defence I have,
 My Life, my All in Thee.
4. O lift me up by Sin brought low,
Redeem me from my Stronger Foe,
 From all th' Oppressor's Power;
Stronger Thou seest my Sins than me,
But speak the Word that sets me free,
 And I shall sin no more.
5. My Soul out of the Dungeon bring,
That I the Conquering Name may sing,
 The Saving Grace proclaim,

⁹⁴Appears also in MS Emory, 185–87; and MS Fish, 197–99. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:257–58.

That all thy Saints may praise thy Power,
Thine All-sufficient Grace adore,
Thine All-redeeming Name.

Psalm CXLIII.⁹⁵

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

⁹⁵Appears also in MS Emory, 187–91; and MS Fish, 199–203. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:258–60.

Unwash'd and unrenew'd,
As thirsts⁹⁶ a barren Land for Showers,
My weary Soul with all its Powers
Gasps for the living GOD.

6. Haste to my Help, thy Blood apply,
My Spirit fails, I faint, I die,
If still Thou hid'st thy Face,
I fall, and perish at thy Feet,
I sink into the burning Pit,
If Thou withhold thy Grace.
7. O GOD, in whom I trust, appear,
Give me thy pardning Voice to hear,
Thy Saving Health to see;
The glorious Gospel-Light display,
And lead into the perfect Way
A Soul that looks to Thee.
8. For Refuge, Lord, to Thee I fly,
On Thee alone for Help rely,
For Pardon, Peace, and Power:
From all my Foes, and Sins release,
And teach me thus my Lord to please
And bid me sin no more.
9. O reach me out thy Spirit's Hand,
Into that good and pleasant Land
Of Holy Quiet lead,
Quicken me for thy Mercy 'sake,
From Sin, and Satan's Dungeon take,
And make me free indeed.
10. In Mercy take these Sins away,
And all my Foes forever slay,

⁹⁶MS Fish and MS Emory read "thirst" for "thirsts"; Wesley let the MS Psalms transcription stand.

Who now my Soul oppress,
Receive me, Saviour, for thine own,
And let me serve the Lord alone,
The Lord my Righteousness.

Psalm CXLVI.⁹⁷

1. My Soul inspir'd with sacred Love
The Lord thy GOD delight to praise,
His Gifts I will for Him improve,
To Him devote my happy Days,
To Him my Thanks and Praises give,
And only for his Glory live.
2. Long as my GOD shall lend me breath,⁹⁸
My every Pulse shall beat for Him,
And when my Voice is lost in Death,
My Spirit shall resume the Theme,
The glorious Theme with Vigour new
Thro' all Eternity pursue.
3. Trust in the Lord, ye Saints of His,
(All human Confidence is vain,
[Cease ye from man, for ever] cease
[No help is found in faithless] Man,
The great Ones of the Earth look thro'
They cannot help themselves, or You.
4. Soon as the Breath of Man expires,
Again He to his Earth shall turn;
Where then are all his vain Desires,
His Love and Hate, Esteem and Scorn,
All, all at that last Gasp are o're,
He falls to rise on Earth no more.
5. He then is blest, and only He
Whose Hope is in the Lord his GOD,

⁹⁷Published posthumously in *Methodist Magazine* 1 (1798): 257–59; and *Poetical Works*, 8:260–62. Some areas left blank in the MS have been supplied with text in these published settings, and these additions are shown here by use of [square brackets]. The source of this additional text is unclear.

⁹⁸Ori., Long as [] I breathe.”

Who can to Him for Succour flee
That spread the Earth and Heaven abroad,
That still the Universe sustains,
And Lord of his Creation reigns.

6. True to his Everlasting Word
He loves the Injur'd to redress
Poor helpless Souls the bounteous Lord
Relieves and fills with Plenteousness,
He sets the mournful Prisoners free,
He bids the Blind their Saviour see.
7. Jehovah lifts the fallen up,
Jehovah loves the righteous Race;
The Strangers and the Widows Hope,
The Father of the Fatherless,
Sinners He views with angry Frown,
And turns their Councils upside down.
8. The Lord thy GOD, O Sion, reigns,
Supreme in Mercy as in Power,
The Endless Theme of Heavenly Strains,
When Time and Death shall be no more,
And all Eternity shall prove
Too short to utter All his Love.

Psalm CL.⁹⁹

1. Praise the Lord, who reigns above,
And keeps his Court below,
Praise the holy GOD of Love,
And all his Greatness shew;
Praise Him for his noble Deeds,
Praise Him for his matchless Power:
Him, from whom all Good proceeds
Let Earth and Heaven adore.
2. Publish, spread to all around
The great Jehovah's Name,
Let the Trumpet's martial Sound
The Lord of Hosts proclaim:
Praise Him in the sacred Dance,
Harmony's full Concert raise,
Let the Virgin-Choir advance,
And move but to his Praise.
3. Celebrate th' Eternal GOD,
With Harp and Psaltery,
Timbrels soft, and Cymbels loud,
In his high Praise agree:
Praise Him every Tunefull String
All the Reach of Heavenly Art,
All the Powers of Musick bring,—
The Musick of the Heart.
4. Him, in whom they move and live
Let every Creature Sing,
Glory to their Maker give,
And Homage to their King:

⁹⁹Published in *CPH* (1743), 122.

Hallow'd be his Name beneath,
As in Heaven, on Earth ador'd:
Praise the Lord in every Breath;
Let all things praise the LORD!