Looseleaf drafts of ten items in MS Miscellaneous Hymns have survived in present collections of Charles Wesley’s manuscript poetry. For the convenience of readers, we have gathered them together in this collection. They are presented below in the order that they appear in MS Miscellaneous Hymns. While page breaks in the drafts are reproduced, readers should know that the pages in the drafts are typically unnumbered.

All but one of the drafts included in this file are part of the collection in the Methodist Archive and Research Centre in Manchester. Their specific location is noted below. Their transcription is provided with permission of the Librarian and Director, The John Rylands Library, The University of Manchester. The remaining draft is found in the Charles Wesley Manuscript Letters and Documents section of Special Collections, Bridwell Library, Southern Methodist University, Dallas, Texas; it too is transcribed with permission.

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1This document was produced by the Duke Center for Studies in the Wesleyan Tradition under the editorial direction of Randy L. Maddox, with the diligent assistance of Aileen F. Maddox. Last updated: June 19, 2012.
Table of Contents

Commemorative Hymn  [= MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 12–17]  1–3
On Entring a New Habitation  [= MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 171]  4
Job [14:4]  [= MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 220–21]  5
1 John 3:5  [= MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 221–22]  6
1779  (draft 1)  [= MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 235–38]  7–9
Written in August 1779  (draft 2)  [= MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 235–38]  10–12
“Father of all, the prayer attend”  [= MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 254–55]  13–14
“For One Seeking the Truth”  [= MS. Miscellaneous Hymns, 286–87]  16
Commemorative Hymn.

[Part I.]

[1.] Merciful GOD, what hast Thou done
What hast Thou borne for me,
For me, thy most rebellious Son
From earliest Infancy?
The Patience of thy richest Grace
Throughout my Life I prove
And measure back the endless maze
With wonder, grief, and Love.

2. Soon as my Power of Acting came
   I spake and acted Sin,
   But felt at once in fear and shame
   The Spirit’s Check within;
   I felt the Point of Anger’s Thorn
   With daily Guilt defil’d,
   By Passion and by Conscience torn,
   A Wretch while yet a Child.

3. Bolder I with my Fellows grew,
   Nor yet to Evil ran
   But envied those who dar’d break thro’
   And copy lawless man:
   From parents Eye far off remov’d
   I still was under thine,
   And found, for secret Sin reprov’d,
   The Government Divine.

4. Thou woudst not suffer me to rest,
   When deviating from right,
   But visitedst my infant breast
   With trouble, or Delight:
   Repuls’d, and griev’d, thy Spirit strove,
   And kept my soul in awe!
   Or drew me with the Cords of Love
   Without the Fiery Law.

2MARC, DDCW 6/66. The three parts are written almost entirely on one side of a foolscap sheet of paper (8.5 in. by 13.5 in.), so page breaks here are not indicative of the text. A longer, polished draft appears in MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 12–17. Published posthumously in Poetical Works, 8:390–94.

3Ori., “In years.”

4Ori., “When farthest from thy Sight.”
5. Without the law I liv’d a while,  
    Till the Commandment came  
And stirr’d me up, by virtuous Toil  
    To hide my vicious Shame;  
To stablish my own righteousness,  
    “Controuller of the skies,”  
And make with GOD my labour’d Peace,  
    And purchase Paradice.

6. Thine Eye beneath the Figtree saw  
    My self-concealing strife,  
And sent the Thunders of thy Law  
    To slay my righteous life!  
The sin-convincing Spirit blew  
    My leafy veil aside  
My virtuous Confidence or’ethrew  
    And blasted all my Pride.

7. O what a cruel war ensued  
    What grief, and shame, and pain!  
I only fought to fall subdued,  
    And rose to fall again  
A thousand Vows I fondly made  
    A thousand Vows I broke  
Master’d by sin, and captive led,  
    Yet’ not by GOD forsake.

8. Thy Mercy bad my struglings cease  
    And bursting then the snare,  
Sent forth out of the dark Abyss  
    The Prisoner of Despair:  
I thank’d my GOD, with Pardon blest  
    Thro’ Jesus Blood applied  
So instantaneously releas’d  
    So freely justified.

Part II.

[1.] Here let me pause, and fix mine eye  
    On that Mysterious Grace,  
Unfelt, unseen, it still was nigh,  
    Throughout my youthful days:

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5 A “†” at the end of line 4 marked the addition of lines 5–8, located at the top of the column 2 on the manuscript page.

6 Ori., “What heart distracting Pain!”

7 Ori., “Yet by.”
Glory to GOD alone I give,  
Instructed from above,  
Father, I now at last perceive  
The Wisdom of thy Love.

2. How has thy Love contriv’d to keep  
From Sin’s abhor’d extream,  
Till waken’d out of Nature’s Sleep,  
And Virtue’s golden Dream!  
How strangely didst Thou hedge me in,  
So prone to every Vice  
And damp my eager Love of sin,  
With sacred Cowardise!

3. Thy goodness plac’d my Parents good  
As guardian Angels near,  
Arm’d with thy flaming sword they stood,  
T’ inspire me with thy Fear  
Paternal or Fraternal Care  
I see was only Thine  
And

Part III.  

But how9 have I alas, repaid  
The Blessings from above,  
What grateful Retribution made  
For all thy Waste of Love!

O Spare me a little  
Forsake me not when my  
Strength faileth me10

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8Published posthumously in Unpublished Poetry, 3:437.

9Ori., “what.”

10These three phrases are written in a second column; apparently as starters for further verses.
On Entering a New Habitation

[1.] Father, Son, and Spirit, come,
    Manifest in grace and peace,
Consecrate thine earthly home,
    God of vital holiness,
Grace and peace to us impart,
Then reside in every heart.

2. Not in temples made with hands
    Doth the great Eternal dwell;
Yet who keep thy dear commands
    Shall thy constant presence feel,
Rais’d into a glorious shrine,
Fill’d with Majesty Divine.

3. Enter then thy mean abode,
    Father, Son and Spirit of grace,
Holy, holy, holy God,
    Fill the consecrated place,
Three in One and One in Three,
God in us for ever be.

\[\textsuperscript{11}\text{MARC, DDCW 3/6 (photocopy of an autograph said to be on loan to Wesley’s Chapel but current location unknown). A slightly different version appears in MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 171. Published posthumously in Unpublished Poetry, 3:219.}\]
“Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean?”
—Job [14:4].\(^\text{12}\)

[1.] Not one of all the sons of men,
   Not one of th’ angelic train
   The mighty wonder can perform,
   Or purify a sinful worm;
   But Him, whom God supreme we own,
   Such power belongs to Christ alone.

2. Thou canst a clean and holy thing
   Out of a filthy sinner bring,
   Make thro’ the virtue of thy Name
   Me the reverse of what I am,
   Created after God anew
   A spotless saint, a Christian true.

3. But betwixt hope and sad despair,\(^\text{13}\)
   Till Thou thy secret will declare,
   Till Thou thy hallowing blood apply,
   Self-loathing at thy feet I lie;
   And, if thy tender mercies fail,
   Foul as the fiends,\(^\text{14}\) I sink to hell.

4. Uncertain what my end shall be,
   My desperate Cause I leave to Thee,\(^\text{15}\)
   If justice triumphs over grace,
   For ever banished from thy face,
   If grace prevails, I rise forgiven,
   And pure in heart, return to heaven.


\(^{13}\)Ori., “Of other succour I despair.”

\(^{14}\)Ori., “Unclean’d, unsav’d.”

\(^{15}\)Wesley’s original version of the first two lines of this stanza were:
   My desperate Cause I leave to thee,
   Thy will be done concerning me.
I John 3:5, *He was manifest to take away our sins.*\(^\text{16}\)

[1.] Eternal Son of God most high,
Whose glory fills both earth and sky,
Return, th’ incarnate Deity,
And manifest thyself to me.

[2.] Who didst for all mankind atone,
Still make thy gracious purpose known,
And answer on this soul of mine
Thy sin-extirpating design.

[3.] My Saviour to the utmost here,
Appear, that sin may disappear:
It cannot in thy presence stay,
But flies, and vanishes away.

[4.] Come, and thy precious\(^\text{17}\) Self reveal,
Satan, with all his works t’ expel,
And more than conquering sin, remove,
Destroy it, all by perfect love.

[5.] Explain, great God, the mystery,
Emptied thyself, to empty me,
Made flesh, to finish inbred sin
And endless righteousness bring in.

[6.] To crown these infinite desires
Infinite Good my soul requires;
Come then, and fill this boundless void,
Fulness of Grace, of Love, of God!

\(^{16}\text{MARC, MA 1977/594/7, item #2. Appears with slight variants in MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 221–22. Published posthumously in Unpublished Poetry, 2:472–73.}\)

\(^{17}\text{Ori., “glorious.”}\)
1779.¹⁸

[1.] God of all grace and patience, hear
   The few that still thy rod revere
       And stoop beneath thy hand,
   Hear, and revoke the dreadful¹⁹ word,
   Nor let the desolating²⁰ sword
       Go thro’ our guilty land.

2. In haste their measure to fulfil,
   The multitude, mature in ill,
       Mock at Destruction nigh;
   Thy lingering plagues and judgments dare,
   The waste and grievousness of war,
       And all thy threats defy.

3. But chiefly we the Scourge require
   And raise thine indignation higher
       Than all the ungodly²¹ crowd,
   We who have truly call’d thee Lord,
   And heard the reconciling word,
       And felt the sprinkled blood.

4. What are their sins compar’d to Ours,
   Who tasted once the heavenly powers
       Begotten from above,
   But did not in thy grace remain?
   Thy grace we have receiv’d in vain,
       And spurned thy richest love.²²

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¹⁸MARC, MA 1977/594/11. A more polished draft follows immediately below. The most polished draft appears in MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 235–38. Here it is specified as written for the Fast Day declared in Britain for 30 July 1779, related to the ongoing war in North America. Published posthumously in Unpublished Poetry, 3:306–8.

¹⁹Ori., “righteous.”

²⁰Ori., “fierce invader’s.”

²¹Ori., “impious.”

²²Ori., “And left our former love.”
5. Our guides\textsuperscript{23} have left the narrow way
Regardless of their faith’s decay,
Willing the cross to shun:
Our guides\textsuperscript{24} have lost their single eye
And sought themselves to magnify
And not their Lord alone.

6. Raised from the people’s lowest lees,
They blush their Master to confess
By patient poverty,
No longer small in their own eyes;
But each above the rest would rise,
But each would greatest be.

7. Our wine with water mixt, our gold
Is dim, our charity grown cold;
The world which loves its own,
No more as heretics\textsuperscript{25} reject,
Or brand us, as an odious sect;
The world and we are One.

8. How can we ‘scape the curse extreme
Unless we all\textsuperscript{26} ourselves condemn
And to our Smiter turn?
Judgment must at thy house begin,\textsuperscript{27}
Unless our aggravated sin\textsuperscript{28}
With contrite hearts we mourn.\textsuperscript{29}

9. Saviour and Prince, enthron’d on high,
To Thee, our last resource,\textsuperscript{30} we cry
And sue to be forgiven,\textsuperscript{31}

\textsuperscript{23}Wesley underlines “Our guides” and suggests “Numbers” as an alternative.
\textsuperscript{24}Wesley underlines “Our guides” and suggests “Numbers” as an alternative.
\textsuperscript{25}Ori., “enemies.”
\textsuperscript{26}Ori., “first.”
\textsuperscript{27}Ori., “Before thy plagues with us begin.”
\textsuperscript{28}Ori., ‘Unless we all our fondest sin.”
\textsuperscript{29}Ori., “In dust and ashes mourn.”
\textsuperscript{30}Ori., “with trembling hope.”
\textsuperscript{31}Ori., “To be again forgiven.”
We join our weak desires to Theirs
Whose prevalent effectual prayers
Can shut and open heaven.

10. Since Thou hast left thyself a seed
   Who ceaseless for our Sodom plead
   With Abraham’s faith endued,
   Hear Thy own Spirit’s cry in Them
   And from a double death redeem
   The guilty multitude.

11. Our prayers presenting with thine own,
   Our Advocate before the throne,
   Obtain for us the grace,
   Bid a rebellious nation live,
   And to the righteous remnant give
   Our whole devoted race.

12. So will we praise and glorify
    The Lord of hosts, the Lord most high,
    Our Saviour-Prince above,
    Extol thy glorious majesty
    And give our ransom’d lives to Thee,
    Th’ almighty God of Love.

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32This was originally stanza 11, but Charles marked in the manuscript to reverse it with the stanza that now appears as stanza 11.

33Ori., “groan.”

34Ori., “from eternal death.”

35Ori., “Their.”

36Ori., “Supreme in power and majesty.”
Written in August 1779. 37

1. God of all grace and patience, hear
   The Few that still thy Rod revere
   And stoop beneath thy hand,
   Hear, and revoke the dreadful word,
   Nor let the desolating Sword
   Go through our sinful Land.

2. In haste their measure to fulfill, 38
   The multitude, mature in ill,
   Mock at Destruction nigh;
   Thy lingering plagues and judgments dare,
   The waste and grievousness of war,
   And all thy threats defy.

3. But chiefly we the Scourge require
   And raise thine indignation higher
   Than all th’ ungodly crowd,
   We who have truly call’d Thee Lord,
   And heard the reconciling word,
   And felt the sprinkled blood.

4. What are their sins compar’d to Ours,
   Who tasted once the heavenly powers
   Begotten from above,
   But did not in thy grace remain?
   Thy grace we have receiv’d in vain,
   And spurned thy richest love.

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37 MARC, MA 1977/583/31, side 1. See the earlier draft immediately above. The most polished draft appears in MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 235–38. Here it is specified as written for the Fast Day declared in Britain for 30 July 1779, related to the ongoing war in North America. Published posthumously in Unpublished Poetry, 3:306–8.

38 Ori., “In haste to fill their measure.”
5. Numbers have left the narrow way
   Regardless of their faith’s decay,
   Willing the cross to shun:
   Numbers have lost their single eye
   And sought themselves to magnify
   And not their Lord alone.

6. Raised from the people’s lowest lees,
   They blush their Master to confess
   By patient poverty,
   No longer small in their own eyes;
   But each above the rest would rise,
   But each would greatest be.

7. Our wine with water mixt, our gold
   Is dim, our charity grown cold;
   The world which loves its own,
   No more as hereticks reject,
   Or brand us, as an odious Sect;
   The World and we are One.

8. How can we ’scape the curse extreme
   Unless we all ourselves condemn
   And to our Smiter turn?
   Judgment must at thy house begin,
   Unless our aggravated sin
   With contrite hearts we mourn.

9. Saviour and Prince, enthron’d on high,
   To Thee, our last Resource, we cry
   And sue to be forgiven,
We join our weak desires to Theirs
Whose prevalent effectual prayers
Can shut and open heaven.

10. Since Thou hast left Thyself a Seed
Who ceaseless for our Sodom plead
    With Abraham’s faith endued,
Hear thy own Spirit’s cry in Them
    And from a double death redeem
    The guilty multitude.

11. Our prayers presenting with thine own,
    Our Advocate before the throne,
    Obtain for us the grace,
    Bid a rebellious nation live,
    And to the righteous Remnant give
    Our whole devoted Race.

12. So will we praise and magnify
    The Lord of hosts, the Lord most high,
    Our Saviour-Prince above,
    Extol thy glorious Majesty
    And give our ransom’d lives to Thee,
    Th’ almighty God of Love.
[Untitled]39

[1.] Father of all, the prayer attend
    Thro’ my Advocate and Friend
    Presented at thy throne!
The children Thou to me hast given
Adopt, and claim as heirs of heaven,
As members of thy Son.

2. In answer to my labouring heart,
    Now, ev’n now to each impart
    The seed of life40 within,
The grace which sure salvation brings,
And hide them underneath thy wings
From hell, the world, and sin.

3.42 Before the inbred poison spread,
    Bruise in them the serpent’s head,
    Thou Son of Man and God;
Preserve in childlike innocence,
And keep from every great offence
By sprinkling them with blood.

4. Inspired with43 penitential fear,
    Let them shrink from evil near,
    Nor from thy sight remove,
But worshipping a God unknown,
Sincerely seek, and follow on
To apprehend thy love.44


40Ori., “grace.”

41Ori., “Of.”

42In the left margin, opposite this stanza is written in another hand “Amen. J. H.” This is likely James Henderson.

43Ori., “Giver of.”

44The last three lines above are Charles’s replacement for this original:
    Till thou the gospel faith bestow
    And give their trembling souls to know
    Thy sweet constraining love.
He also suggested in the margin “pardon’d” as an alternative to “trembling”; before rewriting the whole.
5. Spirit of faith, to things divine
   Still their tender hearts incline,
       And stir them up to pray;
After an hidden God to feel,
Till Thou th’ incarnate Word reveal,
       The Truth, the Life, the Way.

6. Shew them his blood and righteousness,
   Blood that bought the sinners’ peace,
       Attests their sins forgiven,
For mercy and salvation cries,
Soul, body, spirit sanctifies
       And speaks them up to heaven.

7. Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
   Who thyself on man bestow’st,
       To these thine image give,
And take the Vessels of thy grace
In Glory bursting from thy Face
       Eternally to live.
[I.]

[1.] Father, and Friend of all mankind,
Who hast to every soul assign'd
     His destin’d work below,
On us, who serve thy blessed will,
While we our daily task fulfil,
     Thy promis’d grace bestow.

2. We hear thy Providential call,
Things honest in the sight of all
     Industrious to provide,
Go forth with the ascending ray
Our travel for our bread to pay,
     And still in Thee confide.47

3. Thy blessing makes our work succeed,
Thy bounty gives our daily bread,
     And nourish’d from above
We here our proper place maintain,
And pay our only debt to man
     In pure, fraternal love.

4. Assur’d Thou wilt direct our ways
Who Thee in all events confess,
     And in thy goodness trust,
With chearful hearts we labour on,
Till nature lays her burthen down,
     And dust returns to dust.

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46Ori., “word and Spirit’s.”

47Ori., “As Providence shall guide.”

48Ori., “restless strife.”
For One Seeking the Truth

[1.] Father of light, and God of grace,
Who woudst that all our ruin’d race
Should know the truth and live,
A fallen child of Adam, I
To Thee for saving knowledge cry,
Which Thou alone canst give.

2. All we, like sheep, have gone astray,
Nor can we find the living way,
Without celestial light:
Thy Spirit, Lord, vouchsafe to me,
That I the shining path may see,
And serve my God aright.

3. Which of a thousand different roads
Will lead me to those bright abodes,
Where my Creator dwells?
Father, I woud thy word receive;
The answer unambiguous give
From thy own oracles.

4. Thy Spirit doth thy word explain:
I ask, and cannot ask in vain,
That sure unerring Guide:
O might that Unction from above
Inspire with humble faith and love,
And in my heart reside!

5. Spirit of truth, thy mind He knows,
Thy mind benevolent He shows
To humble sinners given,
He searches the deep things of God,
And sprinkles that atoning blood
Which bought my place in heaven.

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50 Ori., “Lord, on me.”

51 Ori., “ways.”

52 Ori., “mif[nd].”