

MS Miscellaneous Verse 1786¹

MS Miscellaneous Verse 1786 is an unbound set of sheets folded in half to form pages 6.5 x 7.5 inches in size. At the top of the first sheet Wesley has inscribed the heading: “Miscellaneous. Oct. 20, 1786.” The pages are numbered and should total forty, but pages 13–14 and 29–32 are missing. Twenty-one manuscript items are found on the pages that remain. They are largely personal in nature, but include three hymns of supplication for the Church of England, reflecting Wesley’s Anglican commitments. None of the hymns were published during Wesley’s life.

The main body of MS Miscellaneous Verse 1786 is part of the collection in the Methodist Archive and Research Centre, accession number MA 1977/594/17 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 5). Pages 15–16 were separated at some point, and accessed into MARC as MA 1977/594/15. Pages 33–34 were similarly separated, and accessed at MARC as DDCW 7/121b. Pages 25–28 also survive, this time as part of the Hornby Autograph Letter Collection (B. 21-46) in Liverpool City Library. Notably, in the last case there is an accompanying sheet demonstrating that the extract was presented as a memento to someone by Eliza Tooth. The transcription below is provided with permission of Liverpool City Library and the Librarian and Director, The John Rylands Library, The University of Manchester.

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: September 3, 2018.

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**Miscellaneous,
Oct. 20, 1786.**

[Hymn I.]²

- [1.] Happy our highly favour'd Race
 Who saw the Man of woe,
And brought to Him their last distress,
 When God appear'd below!
Plagued by whate'er infirmity,
 Howe'er diseas'd and pain'd,
Jesus, they all, by touching Thee,
 A perfect Cure obtain'd.
2. O had I lived, and languish'd then
 Under this sore Disease,
Thou woudst not have despis'd my pain,
 Or scorn'd my soul to ease;
Thou woudst not, sunk beneath my load
 Have pass'd thy creature by,
Or left me in my sins and blood
 To droop, despair, and die.

²Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:221–22.

3. But art Thou not a Saviour still
The same as heretofore?
And is it not thy constant will
To succour, and restore?
Thy Spirit, Lord, is always nigh
Incurables to heal,
And could I but believe, ev'n I
The balmy grace should feel.
4. If Thou my unbelief remove,
The virtuous energy,
The emanation of thy love
Shall now proceed from Thee;
The desperate evil of my heart,
The plague which I confess,
While Thee I touch, shall all depart,
And sin for ever cease.

Hymn II.³

- [1.] Faith to be healed I surely have
(And faith can all things do)
Thou art Omnipotent to save,
And Thou art willing too;

³Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:222–23.

The God who in thy feeble days
Of flesh didst show thy power,
The sick to cure, the dying raise,
And bid the grave restore.

2. In these thy Spirits days as near
I trust my Lord to find,
The Help of Suppliants sincere,
The Friend of human-kind:
Thou canst root out this inbred Ill;
And then the strife is o're,
And sin I never more shall feel,
Shall never find it more.
3. The thing I ask Thou wilt bestow,
(The promise is for me)
Tis quite impossible, I know,
And yet the thing shall be:
Thy faithfulness is on my side,
Thy truth which cannot move;
For perfect Soundness I confide
In thy almighty Love.

4. For this continually I wait,
After my God to rise,
Restor'd to my unsinning state
And love's sweet paradise:
Thy word hath made the grace my own,
And when the grace is given,
Thy will by me on earth is done
As by thy saints in heaven.

**The Prayer
Of a Daughter for her Father.**

[I.]⁴

- [1.] Father, accept my fervent prayer,
While to thy throne of grace I bear
 A much-respected Sire;
Life, endless life for Him I claim,
And what I ask in Jesus Name
 With all my soul require.
2. O for my dear Redeemer's sake
Let Him the precious faith partake
 Which Thou to me hast given,
The mountain-obstacles remove
And bless him with a taste of love,
 The antepast of heaven.
3. Thou knowst the burthen of my heart:
Shall I be blest with Mary's part
 The meanest handmaid I,
And shall the man who gave me birth
Affect the world, and cleave to earth,
 And unconverted die?

⁴Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:297–98.

4. Forbid it, gracious God, forbid!
And let th' Incorruptible Seed
 This moment stir within;
And never suffer him to rest,
Till of thy pardning love possess
 He lives redeem'd from sin.
5. Still will I wrestle on with Thee,
With violent importunity
 My instant suit repeat,
Till Thou in mercy cast him down,
And own him for a pleasant Son
 When weeping at thy feet.
6. Fain woud I weep my life away,
My life for his a ransom pay;
 But mine cannot suffice:
More than a thousand worlds it cost
To save a single sinner lost,
 And bid his soul arise.
7. O might the blood that flow'd for him,
For me, for all, our souls redeem,
 And speak us up to Thee,

As vessels of peculiar grace
To bless thy name and sing thy praise,
Thro' all eternity.

II.⁵

- [1.] Instruct me, Lord, with tenderest zeal
Another's weaknesses to feel,
 With wisdom from above
A Father, for his good, to please,
By duty's kindest services
 By all the toils of love.
2. My will I woud to his resign,
In things not contrary to thine,
 And run without delay,
And fly, preventing his desires,
To do whate'er his heart requires,
 And Thee in Him obey.
3. I woud not in a Parent see
Frailties, or faults, which Thou in me
 Dost every day forgive,

⁵Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:298–99.

But walk (if Thou the grace bestow)
And by my fair example show
How real Christians live.

4. If Thou my loving labour speed,
I prosper in the pious deed;
Commission'd by my Lord
A soul redeem'd from death and sin
A precious Soul for Thee I win
And win without the word.

For One in a decline (Mrs. Bulgin).⁶

- [1.] Lord, in whom I fain woud trust,
Nearest them who need Thee most,
See, thy helpless Creature see,
Touch'd with my infirmity.
2. While I sensibly decline,
Unassur'd that Thou art mine
Tired with life, of death afraid,
Let me feel thy present aid:
3. Calm with meek submission mourn
For the Comforter's return,

⁶An earlier draft is present in MARC: MS Sarah Bulgin. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:299–300. Sarah and William Bulgin were active Methodists in Bristol. William was a printer, who served as a trustee of the New Room chapel. Sarah died on 14 March 1787. John Wesley preached her funeral sermon (see *Works*, 24:8) and published an extract from an account of her Christian experience and “happy death” in the *Arminian Magazine* 10 (1787): 301–3, 351–54, 410–12. At some point prior to her death, while she was in a state of decline, Charles Wesley composed this hymn requesting God's support.

For the Reconciling Kiss
Seal of my eternal bliss.

4. When his Coming from above
Re-assures me of thy love,
Stamps thine image on my heart;
Ready am I to depart.
5. Or, if so my Lord ordain,
Still I in the flesh remain,
Neither life nor death request,
Sure whate'er Thou wilt is best.
6. Till thy welcome will is done,
Hang I on my Lord alone,
Happy Thine in life to be,
Happier still to die in Thee.

For Patty Toms.⁷

- [1.] Jesus, help the Woman's Seed,
Bruiser of the Serpent's head,
Help a Soul below'd by Thee,
Hated by thine Enemy.
2. Thou hast broke his deadly blow,
Soul and body to o' rethrow,
Baffled his malicious will
Sinking both at once to kill.

⁷Two looseleaf copies of this hymn are in MARC. That at accession number MA 1977/583/32, item #12, is identical to the text here. The copy at accession number MA 1977/583/24 is in a secondary hand, so it is not transcribed separately, though variants are noted below. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:300–301. Patty Toms was a friend of the Wesleys in Bristol. Charles Wesley notes her being in a state of decline in a letter dated 15 August 1785.

3. Straitning the old Felon's chain,
Thou his violence didst restrain,⁸
Stop the murder-loving Fiend,
Bid his fierce temptation end.⁹
4. Send the Angels now to chear
One who cost her Lord so dear,
One, the Property of God,
Bought with all her Saviour's blood.
5. Come Thyself, her soul to raise,
Minister of balmy grace,
Grace (if Thou Thyself reveal)
Shall both soul and body heal.
6. Come, and bring her pardon back,
Whom Thou never wilt forsake,
Never to the Tempter leave,
Her into thy arms receive.
7. Make her thy peculiar care,
'Scaped out of the fowler's snare,
Let him not, approaching nigh,
Touch the apple of thine eye.

⁸MA 1977/583/24: "Thou didst suddenly restrain."

⁹MA 1977/583/24: "Make his dire temptation end."

8. With Thyself her life conceal,
Till Thou dost thy wrath reveal,
Power omnipotent assume,
In the clouds to judgment come.
9. Righteous Judge, Thou wilt, we know,
Soon avenge us of our foe,
Bruise him underneath our feet,
Chase to hell, and seal the pit.
10. Then we shall triumphant stand
With the Sheep on thy right-hand,
Give the victory to Thee,
Sing¹⁰ thro' all eternity.

**A Prayer
for the Revd. Mr. La-Trobe,
Given over by the Physicians.¹¹**

- [1.] Lord of life, thy people hear
For our dying Minister,
If he is not yet at rest,
Is not numbred with the Blest;

¹⁰MA 1977/583/24: "Shout."

¹¹Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:302. Benjamin La Trobe (1728–86) became a Moravian under the influence of John Cennick. He served as minister of the Moravian congregation at Fetter Lane in London for many years. He and Charles Wesley became friends and confidants, as evident in Wesley's report to Trobe on the 1786 Methodist Conference in a letter dated 30 July 1786 (MARC, DDWes 4/43). La Trobe died on 29 November 1786. His friendship with Charles Wesley endured these changes in location and the tensions between their various movements.

2. If his soul is on the wing,
Listning, as the Angels sing,
Mounting to the realms of light
Stop the Prophet in his flight:
3. Still his ready soul detain,
Bring him back to earth again,
Here to find his works prepar'd,
Gain a more than full reward.
4. If Thou mayst intreated be,
Hast not fixt the firm decree,
Let the prayer of faith prevail,
Turn for life the hovering scale.
5. Wait we now, resign'd and still,
Till Thou dost declare thy will:
Lord, not ours be done, but thine,
Execute thy own design:
6. But when Him Thou dost remove
Follow'd by his works of love,
Let the children Thou hast given,
All pursue their Guide to heaven.

In Temptation.¹³

- [1.] Jesus, in every time and place
 On Thee for help I call,
Preserve me by thy promis'd grace,
 Or into sin I fall;
2. By day and night my Keeper be,
 My strength and righteousness,
And every moment water me
 And every moment bless.
3. From all iniquity avert
 My feeble, tempted soul,
And keep the issues of my heart,
 And all my foes controul;
4. Erase the deep, original stain
 Thro' love's almighty power,
And I shall never sin again,
 Shall never grieve Thee more.

¹²Pages 13–14 are missing from the manuscript.

¹³MARC, MA 1977/594/15, #1; removed from set, but restored here. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:127–28.

For a Sluggard.¹⁴

- [1.] “A little more delicious sleep,”
The self-indulgent Sluggard cries,
“Mine eyes I cannot open keep,
I cannot find the heart to rise.”
2. He folds his arms to rest again,
Talents, and life he thus employs,
And sinking into endless pain,
Body, estate, and soul destroys.
3. His slumbers loth to discompose
He rests secure, insensible
(As if to God he nothing owes)
Sleeps out his time, and wakes in hell!
4. But here Thou mayst awake, and call,
Sleeper, upon the pardning God,
Who died, and offers life to all,
Who pitying sees thee in thy blood.
5. Now, Saviour, now thy latest cries
Repeat; thy quickning word, Forgive,
And bid the slumbring soul arise,
And bid the twice-bad sinner live;
6. Live to employ thy gifts aright,
His precious moments to improve,
Blameless to walk before thy sight,
And pay Thee back thy dying love.

¹⁴MARC, MA 1977/594/15, #2; removed from set, but restored here. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:314.

[Untitled.]¹⁵

- [1.] Keep me, Lord, by day and night,
 Every moment keep, and save,
That I may with calm delight
 Sink into a long-sought grave,
May for sin no longer grieve,
May at last myself forgive.

2. In that land of endless rest
 All things grievous are forgot,
Conscience doth no more molest,
 Cruel, self-upbraiding thought,
Pangs which here my bosom tear,
Pangs of madness and despair.

3. Only one faint glimmering ray
 Here my drooping spirit cheers,
Christ, the Power of God, a day
 Is to Thee a thousand years:
Show me now thy wounded side,
Plunge me in the cleansing tide.

4. Hoping against hope I wait
 The stupendous change to prove;
Raised to my unsinning state,
 In the image of thy love,
Thro' the fountain of thy blood
Pure I then return to God.

¹⁵Appears also in MS Preparation for Death, 42–43. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:370.

[Untitled.]¹⁶

- [1.] Prone to ill, averse from good,
Plagued by passions unsubdued,
My continual want of grace
Need I, Lord, to Thee confess?
2. Grace if Thou forbear to give,¹⁷
Me if Thou one moment leave,
Well Thou knowst I surely shall
Into sin that moment fall.
3. This alas, I always feel,¹⁸
Till Thou dost the plague expel,
Stay the foes Thou dost controul,
Change the bias of my soul;
4. Make me thro' thy wondrous¹⁹ Name
The reverse of what I am,
Copy true²⁰ of what Thou art,
Lowly, meek, and pure in heart.
5. Mould me to thy will resign'd,
One with Thee in heart and mind,
Hide my life with God above,
Swallow up my soul in love.
6. Then, to terminate my race,
Give me the last, crowning grace,
Wide display the heavenly scene,
Take the heir of glory in!

¹⁶A loose-leaf copy of this hymn, likely its earliest form, is held in Isaac Foot Collection, Davidson Library, University of California, Santa Barbara. It contains several variants noted here. The first five stanzas of this more polished form appear also in *MS Hymns for Love*, 81–82. This complete polished form published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:194–95.

¹⁷Copy at UCSB reads: “Grace which I do not receive.”

¹⁸Copy at UCSB reads: “This I every moment feel.”

¹⁹Copy at UCSB reads “powerful” instead of “wonderful.”

²⁰Copy at UCSB reads “fair” instead of “true.”

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**Written
in July, 1786.**

[I.]²¹

- [1.] Jesus, we thy promise claim,
 We who touching this agree,
Grace to challenge in thy Name,
 Peace, and perfect liberty,
Life for One Insensible,
Life for One Thou lov'st so well.
2. By the smooth Seducer's skill,
 By the cunning of the Foe,
Drawn to follow her own will,
 Urged in nature's paths to go,
Her we mourn, a Captive blind,
Casting all thy words behind.
3. Pains which might a father aid,
 Pains which first to Him she owes,
Corban call'd, with-held, delay'd,
 Lo, on Others she bestows,
Comfort to his age denies,
Till he gives her up—and dies!
4. Deaf to his expiring prayers,
 Unconcern'd his grief she sees,

²¹Appears also as MS Helen Durbin, 1–3. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:243–44. Sally Wesley Jr. notes: “For Miss H. D. [Helen Durbin] when she refused to return to her Father and was said to be attached to Mr. Horton.” For more details on this situation, see the introduction in MS Helen Durbin.

Thus repays a Father's cares,
Thus relieves his last distress,
Fixt to please herself alone,
Thus she hastes to be undone!

[5.]²² Who can stay her violence? who
Can arrest her as she flies?
Lord, we know not what to do,
But to Thee we lift our eyes:
Love, almighty Love Thou art;
Turn her disobedient heart.

[6.] Now with thorns hedge up her way,
From her fatal purpose hide,
Stop the unsuspecting Stray,
By thine eye the Wanderer guide,
Without pain (if that can be)
Bring her gently back to Thee.

[7.] From her eyes the Scales remove,
From her stubborn heart this Stone,
Taught by wisdom from above
That she may thy counsel own,
See the depths of hell laid bare
Scape the fiend's [or Horton's]²³ snare!

²²Wesley misnumbers stanzas 5–7 as 4–6.

²³Wesley draws a long dash, rather than specifying the name of Miss Durbin's tempter.

8. Jesus, spoil him of his prey,
Her thy lawful Captive claim,
That with all thy Church we may
Magnify thy Saving Name;
Purchase dear of blood divine
Seal her now for ever thine.
9. To a father's fond embrace
Both his Fugitives restore,
Wipe the sorrow from his face,
That he may thy hand adore;
That he may thy goodness prove,
Give him back his former love.
10. Quench not the last spark of hope
In thine aged Servant's heart,
But whene'er Thou call'st him up,
Bid him, Lord, in peace depart;
Bid his children *live* forgiven
Live, and follow him to heaven.

II.²⁴

- [1.] Besieging still thy gracious throne
For our deluded Friend,
We pray, and plead, and wrestle on
Till Thou deliverance send:

²⁴Appears also in MS Helen Durbin, 3–4. A separate looseleaf draft is present in MARC, DDCW 3/3 (variants noted in MS Helen Durbin). Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:245.

2. Beguil'd like poor, unwary Eve,
By the old serpent's art,
No more permit him to deceive
Or blind her simple heart.
3. Dissolve the charm which long hath held
A Soul that woud do right,
Disperse the cloud which hath conceal'd
Her Duty from her sight.
4. Duty and inclination, Lord,
Must struggle in her breast,
Till Thou pronounce the powerful word
Which turns her to her Rest.
5. O woudst Thou now thine arm display
On which our hopes depend,
The strong Delusion chase away,
The hour of darkness end!
6. Her sins of ignorance forgive,
That, when thy mind is known,
She may to Thee intirely live,
And serve thy will alone.

III.²⁵

- [1.] O might the prayer of faith prevail
T' effect the thing impossible!

²⁵Appears also in MS Helen Durbin, 5–6. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:240.

O might thy grace her heart incline
To give up her own will to Thine!

2. Who can against thy counsel stand?
Lay on her soul thy mighty hand,
Bend by resistless love, or break
The iron sinew in her neck.
3. Then let her, conscious of her fall,
Out of the deep for mercy call,
From every fond attachment free,
And yield her heart intire to Thee.
4. But when she wakes in dread surprize
And sees her state with open eyes,
And faints beneath the torturing pain,
Do Thou her fainting soul sustain.
5. Do Thou restrain the baffled Foe,
Nor let him deal a parting blow,
Or drive her, 'scaping from his snare,
To death, distraction, or despair.
6. Her danger *past* O may she see
With thanks, and deep humility,
And meek in all thy footsteps move
Or'ewhelm'd with shame, and lost in love.

IV.²⁶

- [1.] Israel's God and Strength, arise
To scatter all thy foes,
Human, hellish enemies
Who Thee and Thine oppose!
Blast the world's malicious aim,
Who watch to see us halt, or fall,
For the sin of One to blame
And pour reproach on all.
2. Shall the haters of the Lord
Thy hallow'd Name prophane?
No: the honor of thy word
And Church Thou wilt maintain;
God of truth and jealousy,
Thou wilt thy righteous Cause defend:
Sure of this, we trust in Thee
And calm expect the end.
3. Pity to the Tempted show
Who wanders far from home:
Save her from the threaten'd woe,
Nor let the scandal come:
Lest from Thee she farther stray,
And fall the Tempter's easy prize,
Hide her from the evil day
Secure in paradise.

²⁶Appears also in MS Helen Durbin, 6–7. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:241

4. But Thou canst redeem her here
From sin and Satan's wiles,
Ignorant, yet still sincere,
And struggling in the toils:
Speak, and she shall now be freed,
From passion's fascinating power
Saints shall wonder at the deed,
And all thy hosts adore!

V.²⁷

- [1.] Lord, we will not let thee go,
Till thine Arm, reveal'd below,
Captive leads captivity,
Sets the ransom'd prisoner free.
2. Tho' she takes the Tempter's part,
Well Thou knowst, her simple heart
Doth no evil thing intend,
Woud not wilfully offend.
3. By thy Spirit's power convince
One who ignorantly sins,
Darkness who mistakes for light,
Fondly thinks that wrong is right.
4. Willing made her God t' obey
Bring her back into thy way:

²⁷Appears also in MS Helen Durbin, 7–8. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:242–43.

Thine the pleasant way of peace,
Duty, love, and happiness.

5. Now avenge her of her foe,
Now release, and let her go,
Free indeed, renew'd, restor'd,
All devoted to the Lord.
6. Let her, as thy laws require,
Wait on her respected Sire,
Cherish him with pious care,
Gladly all his burthens bear:
7. Staff of his declining age
Sent, his sufferings to assuage,
Aid to minister, and ease,
God, by pleasing Him, to please.
8. Make her Duty her delight,
Acceptable in thy sight,
That she may thy glory see
Find her full reward in Thee.

Phil. 4:6–7²⁹

*Be careful for nothing; but in everything by
by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving,
let your requests be made known unto God. And
the peace of God, which passeth all understanding,
shall keep your hearts and minds thro' Christ
Jesus.*

- [1.] Father, we thro' thy favourite Son
Approach thy mercy-seat,
Our suits in everything make known
Howe'er minute or great:
The least are not below thy care;
And if we still believe,
Above what we can ask in prayer,
Thou ready art to give.³⁰
2. Thy mercies which for ever last
Our prostrate souls adore,
And humbly thankful for the past
We boldly ask for more:
[incomplete]

²⁸Pages 29–32 are missing from the manuscript.

²⁹MARC, DDCW 7/121b; removed from set, but restored here. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:432–33.

³⁰A loose-leaf copy of this first stanza, in CW's hand, was presented by Eliza T. Tooth as a gift to Rev. John Waterhouse (1789–1842), and remains privately held in the family.

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³¹MARC, DDCW 7/121b; removed from set, but restored here.

**The People's Salutation
of their Minister escaped shipwreck.³²**

- [1.] Welcom from the Rocks and Waves!
Welcom from the Winds and Seas!
Jesus, who his Servant saves,
Bids us meet again in peace;
Bids us still in Him confide,
Held in his almighty hand
Till we every storm outride,
Reach with shouts the heavenly land.
2. Who his truth and mercy know,
Passing thro' the watry deep,
Us the flouds cannot or'eflow,
Safe with Jesus in the ship:
Passing thro' the harmless flame
We the fiery Test endure,
Triumph in our Saviour's name,
Make the Prize thro' sufferings sure.
3. Jesus, dear redeeming Lord,
On thy Promise we depend,
True and faithful to thy word,
Thou shalt save us to the end,
Raise our bodies from the tomb,
Raise our souls with glory crown'd—
Worthy Judge eternal, come,
Come, and bid the Trumpet sound!

³²Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:303.

For the Church of England.

[I.]³³

- [1.] Head of thy Church conflicting here
 With all the Powers of earth and hell,
Still on our Israel's side appear,
 And with thy faithful people dwell;
The gather'd Sheep of England's fold
 From hungry, grievous Wolves defend,
The little Flock, redeem'd of old
 Redeem, and love them to the end.

2. All we like Sheep have gone astray,
 By sin, the world, and Satan led,
Turn'd every one to his own way,
 And downward rush'd with desperate speed:
But now we are return'd to Thee
 Our Bishop great, our Shepherd good,
One in thy Spirit's unity
 Wash'd, and protected by thy blood.

3. One with our Saviour, we defy
 The Tempter's utmost strength and art,
To touch the apple of thine Eye,
 The members and the Head to part:
Thou never wilt thy people leave
 Who for thy last Appearing stay,

³³Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:283–84. Two loose-leaf copies of this hymn also survive in Wesley's hand. One (without variants) is in MARC: MA 1977/594/9. The other (with one variant, noted) is held by Duke University, Rubenstein Rare Book and Manuscript Library, Frank Baker Collection of Wesleyana, Box WF 2. This set of hymns on the Church of England was likely written in the context of debates over separation from the Church of England at the Methodist Conference held in July 1786. See Wesley's report on this conference in his letter to Benjamin La Trobe, dated 30 July 1786 (DDWes 4/43).

To Thee and to each other cleave
And long to meet Thee in that day.

4. Part of thy Church o're earth dispread,
Now in this favour'd Island found,
We trust Thee to preserve and feed,³⁴
Till Thou return with glory crown'd:
Jesus, who hast prepar'd our place,
Come quickly back, and fetch thy Bride,
To gaze transported on thy Face,
To reign triumphant at thy Side.³⁵

II.³⁶

- [1.] Let God omnipotent³⁷ arise,
His Cause and People to maintain,
Who lift to Him their hearts and eyes
(Convinced that human Help is vain)
His faithfulness and mercy own,
And hang on his great Arm alone.
2. His³⁸ Arm stretch'd out we oft have seen,
When fiends and men against us rose;
It stopt³⁹ the furiousness⁴⁰ of men,
It baffled our infernal Foes;
And still Thou dost thy Church defend,
Our present Saviour to the end.

³⁴The copy at Duke, possibly an earlier draft, ends this line with “keep”; which is then struck out and replaced by “lead.”

³⁵The copy at Duke is titled “A Prayer for the Church of England” and adds at the end “Amen.”

³⁶Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:282–83. Two looseleaf copies of this hymn are present in MARC: accession number MA 1977/594/9, and DDCW 5/109; Another copy is held by Duke University, Rubenstein Rare Book and Manuscript Library, Frank Baker Collection of Wesleyana, Box WF 2. Variants for all three are noted below.

³⁷DDCW 5/109 reads: “Let GOD, the Omnipotent ...”

³⁸DDCW 5/109 substitutes “That” for “His.”

³⁹DDCW 5/109 and Duke substitute “quell'd” for “stopt.”

⁴⁰DDCW 5/109, MA 1977/594/9, and Duke read: “fiercest wrath.”

3. No enemies to Sion's peace
 Shall tear her children from the pale;
The banded Powers of wickedness,
 The gates of hell cannot⁴¹ prevail:
Built on the Rock she stands secure,
And shall from age to age endure.

4. If Two or Three in thy great⁴² Name
 For England's Church the Promise plead,
For Her thy constant Presence⁴³ claim;
 Our gracious, true, almighty Head,
Wilt Thou not make the Promise good,
To the dear Purchase of thy blood?

5. Bought by a thousand pangs Divine
 Thou dost thy favourite Church approve:
The Martyrs mixt their blood with Thine
 And paid Thee back thy dying love;
And in a flaming Chariot driven
They bid us follow Them to heaven.

6. Them, Lord, we in thy strength pursue,
 Assur'd that Thou art on our side,
That Thou wilt bring thy People thro',
 Our never-failing God⁴⁴ and Guide;
And⁴⁵ to our friends triumphant join
And seal our souls for ever Thine.

⁴¹Ori., "~~shall not~~" changed to "cannot."

⁴²Duke substitutes "Jesus" for "thy great."

⁴³DDCW 5/109 substitutes "Promise" for "Presence"; Duke has "Promise," which is then struck out and replaced with "Presence."

⁴⁴DDCW 5/109 originally read "Friend," which was struck out and replaced by "GOD."

⁴⁵DDCW 5/109 substitutes "Wilt" for "And."

III.⁴⁶

- [1.] Founder of thy Church, and Lord
Of all in earth and heaven,
Plead we thy unchanging word
To thy Apostles given;
We thy constant Promise claim,
Thy continual aid implore
Lo! with you I always am,
Till time shall be no more.
2. Still with us of England's Pale
Thy Presence we confess,
Never, never can it fail
Thy truth and faithfulness:
Heaven and earth⁴⁷ may pass away,
Firm thy word remains and sure,
Longer than the night and day,
And sun and moon endure.
3. Our Particular Church contain'd
We in the General see,
Challenging with faith unfeign'd
Her Perpetuity:
In thy mercy's arms embrace
And bless her Children from above
With the permanence of grace
Th' Eternity of Love.

⁴⁶A looseleaf copy of this hymn (with only one variant, as noted) is also present in MARC: MA 1977/594/9. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:305.

⁴⁷MA 1977/594/9 reads: "Earth and heaven."

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