

## MS Richmond<sup>1</sup>

MS Richmond was given that name by Frank Baker because it was part of the collection at Richmond College, Surrey, at the time he prepared *Representative Verse*. It is a bound volume of 83 sheets (or 166 pages, 3.75 x 6.25 inches in size), containing 101 items of manuscript verse. The first two sheets are unnumbered and contain a list of contents covering items through page 131 (incorporated into our complete Table of Contents below). Twenty-four of the items were published by Wesley (shown in blue font in the TOC), meaning that three-quarters of the collection remained in manuscript at his death. It appears that Wesley began this collection around the time of his marriage in 1749, transcribing in some earlier pieces, and adding compositions through the mid-1750s.

MS Richmond was a “working” notebook for Wesley. A number of poems were left incomplete, with blank spaces for lines, parts of stanzas, or whole stanzas. In a few cases the poems show signs of later revision, and many are scored through by a vertical line running the length of the page and endorsed in shorthand “Tr[anscribed].”<sup>2</sup> Most such poems appear in other manuscript collections in more polished form. But MS Richmond contains the first appearance of over 70 items not published during Wesley’s life, many of which have not survived in any other manuscript setting.

MS Richmond is part of the collection in the Methodist Archive and Research Centre, accession number MA 1977/551 (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.

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<sup>1</sup>This 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 2, 2022.

<sup>2</sup>We have not annotated specific occasions of such scoring out, as it does not appear to reflect a negative judgment on CW’s part about the verse.

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**On the Birth-day  
of a Friend, Oct. 12.<sup>3</sup>**

- [1.] Hail the bright Auspicious Morn  
When my Bosom-Friend was born  
(For my Bosom-Friend design'd,  
Friend to me and all Mankind)  
Born to spread her Maker's Praise,  
Born to minister his Grace,  
Born to bless *me* by her Birth,  
Born to make an Heaven on Earth.
2. Who to me the Blessing gave,  
Let my GOD the Glory have;  
Let Him in her Soul fulfil  
All his Sanctifying Will,  
Train Her up in all his Ways,  
After his own Likeness raise,  
Late remove the Spotless Bride,  
Plac'd forever at his Side.
3. O might I Her Portion share,  
Find my lovely Partner there,  
(Partner in the Vale below  
Of my every Joy and Woe.)  
Both our Names in Heaven be found,  
Both our Souls with Glory crown'd

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<sup>3</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:254–55. A note in the hand of Sarah Wesley Jr. on the fly-leaf opposite p.1 says: “This was written on the Birth Day of my dear Mother.”

Meet on that Eternal Throne,  
Married to the Lamb *alone*.

4. Father, hear the Faithful Prayer,  
Us for the Glad Day prepare,  
(Day of everlasting Bliss,  
Only happier than this)  
Make the Benefit Entire,  
Let us both at once expire,  
Both, our head together bow  
Meet in thy Embraces Now!<sup>4</sup>

**Another**  
**[On the Birth-day**  
**of a Friend, Oct. 12].<sup>5</sup>**

- [1.] Come away to the Skies!  
My Beloved, arise,  
And rejoice on The Day Thou wast born!  
On the Festival Day  
Come exulting away,  
To thy Heavenly Country return.
2. We have laid up our Love,  
And Treasure above,  
Tho' our Bodies continue below;  
The Redeem'd of the Lord  
We remember his Word,  
And with singing to Sion we go.
3. With Singing we praise  
The Original Grace  
By our Heavenly Father bestow'd

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<sup>4</sup>The last six lines of this stanza appear at the head of letter CW sent to his wife Sarah on Oct. 12, 1749. These lines were apparently the seed of the larger hymn.

<sup>5</sup>Published in *Family Hymns* (1767), 174–76. This is again for the birthday of his wife Sarah.

Our Being receive  
From his Bounty, and live  
To the Honour and Glory of GOD.

4. For thy Glory we Are,  
Created to share  
Both the Nature and Kingdom Divine,  
Created again,  
That our Souls may remain  
In Time and Eternity Thine.
5. With Joy we approve  
The Design of thy Love,  
Which hath join'd us in Jesus's Name,  
So united in Heart,  
That we never can part  
Till we meet at the Feast of the Lamb.
6. There, there at his Seat  
We shall suddenly meet,  
And be parted in Body no more,  
We shall sing to our Lyres,  
With the Heavenly Quires,  
And our Saviour in Glory adore.
7. Hallelujah we sing  
To our Father and King,  
And his rapturous Glory repeat,  
To the Lamb that was slain  
Hallelujah again  
Sing all Heaven, and fall at his Feet.

8. In Assurance of Hope  
We to Jesus look up,  
Till his Banner unfurl'd in the Air  
From our Grave we both see,  
And cry out IT IS HE!  
And fly up to acknowledge Him there.

**A Wedding-Song.<sup>6</sup>**

- [1.] Come, Thou everlasting Lord,  
By our trembling Hearts ador'd,  
Come, Thou heaven-descended Guest,  
Bidden to our Marriage-Feast,  
Sweetly in the midst appear,  
Present with thy Followers here,  
Grant us the peculiar Grace,  
Shew us all thy Glorious Face.
2. Now the Veil of Sin withdraw,  
Fill our Souls with sacred Awe,  
Awe that dares not speak, or move,  
Deepest Awe of humble Love!  
Love, that doth its Lord descry,  
Ever intimately nigh,  
Hears whom it exults to see,  
Feels the present Deity.
3. Let on us thy Spirit rest,  
Enter each devoted Breast,

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<sup>6</sup>Appears also in CW to Ebenezer Blackwell, Apr. 8, 1749; and in MS Journal, Apr. 8, 1749.  
Published in *Family Hymns* (1767), 172–73. This is the hymn CW prepared to be sung at his wedding to Sarah Gwynne Jr.



Still with thy Disciples sit,  
Still thy Works of Grace repeat,  
Now the former Wonder shew,  
Manifest thy Power below,  
Earthly Souls exalt refine,<sup>7</sup>  
Turn the Water into Wine.

4. Stop the hurrying Spirit's Haste,  
Change the Soul's ignoble Taste,  
Nature into Grace improve,  
Earthly into Heavenly Love:  
Raise our Hearts to Things on high,  
To our Bridegroom in the Sky,  
Heaven our Hope, and highest Aim,  
Mystic Marriage of the Lamb.
  
5. O might Each obtain a share  
Of the pure Injoyments there,  
Now in rapturous Surprize  
Drink the Wine of Paradiſe,  
Cry amidst the rich Repast  
Thou hast given the Best at last,  
Wine that cheers the Hosts above,  
The Best Wine of Perfect Love.

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<sup>7</sup>Ori., "Nature into Earthly Souls exalt refine."

**Another  
[A Wedding-Song].<sup>8</sup>**

- [1.] O Thou, who didst an Help ordain,  
To bless the pure primeval Man,  
    And crown the Joys of Paradise,  
See at thy Feet a Simple Pair,  
Bound in the Closest Bond to bear  
    Each other's Burthen to the Skies.  
Met in the mighty Jesus Name,  
We come, great GOD, the Grace to claim  
    For all design'd by thy Decree,  
For us, whose prostrate Souls adore  
Thy Wisdom, Truth, and Love, and Power  
    And gasp to find their All in Thee.
- [2.] Throughout our Lives to vindicate  
The reverend, pure, and high Estate  
    For this our Hearts and Hands we join,  
Resolv'd , if Thou thy Blessing give,  
Its sacred Honour to retrieve,  
    And prove its Dignity Divine:  
So worthy of Thyself t' ordain,  
So suited to the State of Man,  
    So *like* the Fellowship above,  
Type of that awful Mystery,  
That Union of thy Church with Thee,  
    The glorious League of Nuptial Love.
- [3.] But who sufficient is to *shew*  
Thy Marriage with thy Church below,

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<sup>8</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:255–56.

So dearly Each to Each allied?  
Who shall the spotless Pattern give,  
And represent the Second Eve,  
That issued from her Husband's Side?  
Jesu, to Thee we humbly pray,  
Thou only canst the Grace convey,  
The mystic Power of Love unknown,  
Pure heavenly Love that flows from Thee,  
From all the Dross of Nature free,  
And perfects both our Souls in One.

**Occasioned  
By an Irish Judge's Sentencing  
me to Transportation.<sup>9</sup>**

1. Join all ye Friends of Jesus join  
Your full exulting hearts with mine,  
With mine your joyful Voices raise,  
Attun'd to our Redeemer's Praise,  
Who crowns us still with Victory,  
And now delights to honour me.
  
2. Me He hath counted for His Name  
Worthy to suffer Wrong and Shame,  
Condemn'd for Publishing my Lord,  
Proscrib'd for Ministring his Word,  
Untried unheard to Exile driven,  
'Gainst all the Laws of Earth and Heaven.
  
3. Vainly in Our Protection join  
The Laws both human and Divine,  
While Those, who fill the Judge's Chair,  
T' abuse their dread Commission dare,  
Our helpless Innocency sell,  
To glut the Priestly Rage of Hell.
  
4. But GOD in our Defence shall stand,  
And skreen us with his own Right-hand,  
The Lord, whom on our side we have,  
Shall from unrighteous Judges save,  
His injur'd Messengers confess,  
And give his Suffering People Peace.

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<sup>9</sup>Appears also in MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 4–5. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:396–97.

5. Wherefore of Him his People boasts,  
The Prince of Peace, the Lord of Hosts,  
Our Strength, and Confidence, and Power,  
Our Light in Satan's darkest Hour,  
Our Glory in Reproach and Shame,  
Our Guide and Saviour in the Flame.
6. Bound every Heart whom Christ inspires  
And praise Him, praise Him in the Fires,  
Him walking in the Furnace scan,  
Whose Form is as the Son of Man,  
And triumph, like the Faithful Three,  
And shout our Guardian Deity.
7. Blessing, and Thanks to GOD most high,  
And Love, and Might, and Majesty,  
Ascribe Salvation to the Lamb,  
The Spirit of Power and Grace proclaim,  
The great Three-One let all things praise  
In Glorious Everlasting Lays.

**Epinicion.**<sup>10</sup>

1. Praise to the Wonder-working GOD  
Proclaim his glorious Praise abroad,  
Let Earth his Arm unshortned sing,  
Let Earth rejoice, the Lord is King!  
Or'e all his furious Foes He reigns,  
And holds the Powers of Hell in Chains.

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<sup>10</sup>Appears also in MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 2–3. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:117–18. An epinicion is an ode celebrating a victory, a song of triumph. It apparently refers here to CW's release in Ireland.

2. Evil before his<sup>11</sup> Presence flies  
Dispers'd by Jesus' flaming Eyes,  
His flaming Eyes pierce<sup>12</sup> thro' the Snare,  
And lay the Depths of Satan bare,  
And blast his well-concerted Plan,  
And make his surest Triumph vain.
3. Where is the Fury of our Foe  
With all his Wisdom from below?  
Thou, Lord, hast cross'd his dire Design  
T' orethrow the Gracious Work Divine,  
To sift thy<sup>13</sup> Messengers like Wheat,  
And whelm us in the Burning Pit.
4. Howl the defrauded Fiends beneath,  
And clank their Chains, and gnash their Teeth,  
To see us clean escap'd away  
(Their Captives sure, their lawful Prey)  
While Judah's Lion tears the Toils,  
And Jesus glories in his Spoils.
5. Shout to the mighty Jesus Name,  
Thro' which we now our Foes orecame,  
His Name hath cast th' Accuser down,  
His Name the Fight hath more than won,  
His Name shall still our Souls defend,  
His Name shall save us to the End.

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<sup>11</sup>Ori., "at Jesus" changed to "before his."

<sup>12</sup>Ori., "took."

<sup>13</sup>Ori., "his."

6. Safe in his Name's celestial Tower  
We tread on all the Adverse Power,  
We spurn them now beneath our Feet,  
And soon at GOD'S Right hand shall sit,  
Arraign them at the righteous Bar,  
And shout their just Damnation there!

**Desiring Death, 1744.**<sup>14</sup>

- [1.] O GOD of unlimited Power,  
Whose Rod with Amazement I hear,  
Stand by me throughout the Dark Hour,  
And save from the Evil I fear:  
O do not allow me to stay,  
Till basely my Lord I deny,  
But suddenly summon away,  
And give me in Jesus to die.
2. To die is unspeakable Gain,  
To all in his Spirit who live:  
O grant me thy Love to obtain,  
And then to thy Mercy receive:  
Thy Mercy alone I require,  
I long to recover thy Peace,  
And then to the Country retire,  
Where Sorrow forever shall cease.
3. Attend to my earnest Request,  
My eager importunate Prayer,  
I never, I never can rest,  
Till Mercy hath wafted me there:  
A Man of Affliction and Strife,  
A Prophet of Evil, I pray,  
In Mercy bereave me of Life,  
And take from the Sorrowful Day.
4. Ah! why shoud I longer remain,  
To see my sad Country orethrown,

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<sup>14</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:352–53. This and the following hymn may have been written in the context of a “conspiracy” CW was facing in London in 1744; cf. CW, Manuscript Journal, Oct. 12, 1744.



To feel the Perfection of Pain,  
And eccho to Sion's Last Groan?  
My Jesus, in Pity remove,  
Or hide the Distress from my Eyes,  
And pardon, and perfect in Love,  
And gather me up to the Skies.

**Another**  
**[Desiring Death, 1744].<sup>15</sup>**

- [1.] Why woud my cruel Friends suppress  
A desp'rate Madman's Breath,  
Restrain my Passion's wild Excess,  
My fond Desires of Death?  
Why woud they curb the raging Flood,  
It's lawless Violence bind,  
Forbid the Circling of my Blood,  
Or reason down the Wind?
2. Go bid the shipwreck'd Man forbear  
To grasp the long-sought Shore,  
The Exile charge to lose his Care,  
And sigh for Home no more  
Go bid the Wretch on yonder Wheel  
His Sense of Pain suspend,  
Or let him all his Torture feel,  
And not desire its<sup>16</sup> End.
3. In vain alas! I strive to check  
Th' Involuntary Groan,

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<sup>15</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:353–54.

<sup>16</sup>“Its” has “the” written above it as an alternative.

Yet still persist my Help to seek  
In Death, and Death alone.  
Amaz'd I ask, unhallow'd I,  
And pine for my Release,  
And start from my own Wish to die,  
Who could not die in Peace.

4. The happy Souls who Jesus know  
May lawfully request  
A sudden Call from Things below  
To their Redeemer's Breast:  
Whose Peace is made, whose Heart is pure,  
May ask the Crowning Grace,  
Of endless Happiness secure,  
And die to see thy Face.

5. [unfinished]

**In temptation.**<sup>17</sup>

- [1.] Sing we to our GOD above  
Sav'd by his unwearied Love,  
Kept throughout the Fiery Hour  
Let us shew forth all his Power.
2. Join with me the Heavenly Quires,  
Praise Him, praise Him in the Fires,  
There He walks with you and me,  
See Him, in the Furnace see!
3. Lo! th' Incarnate GOD appears!  
Know Him by the Form He wears,  
Wears for us, and not in vain,  
Son of GOD, and Son of Man!
4. Tempted Souls, your Lord descry  
Still in your Temptation nigh;  
Sin is nigh, but Christ is nigher,  
Bids us walk unburnt in Fire.
5. Jesus doth with us remain;  
Satan, heat thy Forge again  
Seven times hotter than before;  
Jesus stays, till all is or'e.
6. He doth by his Presence arm,  
Sin and Satan cannot harm,  
Flames their burning Power forget  
Quench'd by Jesus bleeding Feet.

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<sup>17</sup>Appears also in MS Shent, 86a–86b; as well as in a longer version in MS Clarke, 69–70; and MS Cheshunt, 62–64. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:246–47.

7. Jesus holds us by the Hand,  
Cover'd by His Power we stand,  
Stand, and walk, and run, and fly,  
Sin, the World, and Hell defy.
8. [unfinished]

**For a Friend.**<sup>18</sup>

- [1.] In Body remov'd from a Friend,  
But nearer in Heart than before,  
My infinite Wishes I send,  
My Prayers to the Heavenly Shore:  
Our Souls are in Jesus's Hand,  
And let us in Jesus abide,  
Till both are admitted to Land,  
And seated aloft by his side.
2. O GOD! what a Strength of Desire  
Hath He on his Servant bestow'd,  
That Both may together aspire,  
And mount to the Vision of GOD!  
How strangely for Her do I care,  
Conjoin'd in a Manner unknown!  
One Spirit already we are,  
In Time and Eternity One.
3. With exquisite Pleasure and Pain,  
With mystical Sympathy mov'd  
Her Burthen I gladly sustain,  
(My Sister in Jesus below'd,  
The Joy and Desire of my Eyes)  
I tremble opprest by *her* Fears,  
I eccho her Sighs with my Sighs;  
And all my Afflictions are Hers.

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<sup>18</sup>Appears also in MS Friendship I, 26–27; and MS Friendship II, 28–29. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:256–57. CW's daughter Sarah Jr. adds an identification to the title: "His Wife."

4. So mingled her Soul is with Mine,  
With mine so united her Heart,  
So link'd in Affection Divine,  
No Creature is able to part:  
Still closer in Death we shall cleave,  
Recover our Native Abode,  
Our Fulness of Rapture receive,  
And bath in an Ocean of GOD.
5. Thou GOD, in whose Love we agree,  
Admit us into thy Embrace,  
Thy Glory we languish to see,  
To die for a Sight of thy Face:  
Why, Lord, doth thy Chariot delay?  
Make ready, and take the Bride home,  
Come quickly, and bear us away,  
Our Friend thro' Eternity, come.

**Another**  
**[For a Friend].<sup>19</sup>**

- [1.] Peace, sorrowful Heart, or apply  
To Christ for the Certain Relief!  
He marks with a Merciful Eye  
The CAUSE of thy Trouble and Grief:  
The Soul, for whose Burthen I groan,  
He tenderly pities, and loves,  
And counts her Afflictions his own,  
And feels, till her Cross He removes.

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<sup>19</sup>Appears also in MS Friendship I, 42; and MS Friendship II, 41. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:258.

2. If now in Lamenting for GOD  
Her Innocent Life She employ,  
Thy Mercy shall scatter the Cloud,  
And turn all her Anguish to Joy,  
She soon shall observe thy Return  
Forgetting her Sorrows and Fears  
For Joy that a Saviour is born,  
For Joy that a Saviour is Hers.
  
3. O Lover of Sinners distrest,  
If near the Afflicted Thou art,  
Command the rough Ocean to rest,  
And whisper a Calm to her Heart;  
The Mercy Thou waitest to shew  
O might She this Moment obtain,  
Her Pardon assuredly know,  
Her Eden eternally gain.

**Penitential.**<sup>20</sup>

Father, take thy Plague away,  
And give me back my Peace,  
In the dark and cloudy Day  
I shew Thee my Distress

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<sup>20</sup>These are the first four lines of a four stanza hymn published in *HSP* (1749), 2:46–47.

**Penitential.**<sup>21</sup>

- [1.]       If thy Justice, Lord, demands  
              That I should suffer Pain,  
              Let me fall into the Hands  
              Of GOD, and not of Man:  
              Cruel all his Mercies are,  
But Pity in thy Strokes we feel;  
              Pity moveth Thee to spare,  
              And love thy Children still.
2.         Thou a self-condemning Soul  
              In Measure dost chastize,  
              Mercy will not let thy whole  
              Displeasure to arise:  
              Though Thou visit with the Rod  
My Sins, and angrily reprove,  
              Wilt Thou cast me off, my GOD,  
              And quite withdraw thy Love?
3.         Father, to thy just Decree  
              I quietly submit;  
              Lay thy Chastning Hand on me,  
              While weeping at thy Feet;  
              Strike—but O! remember still  
Him, who thy Justice satisfied;  
              Then the helpless Sinner kill  
              For whom thy Son hath died.

---

<sup>21</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:148.



**In Reproach.**<sup>22</sup>

1. O Thou, who didst my Burthen bear  
Still let me cast on Thee my Care,  
And tell Thee all my Grief:  
My Soul is vex'd with Fiends and Sin,  
With Wars without, and Fears within,  
And cannot find Relief.
2. My Brother comes with Armed Bands  
(My Brother with the hairy Hands)  
Against this helpless Soul:  
I fear, his cruel Hate I fear;  
Ah! rescue me from Esau near,  
And all his Rage controul.
3. To Thee my feeble Heart I tell,  
My Littleness of Faith bewail,  
I dread the Ruffian's Force  
Least he the trembling Children slay,  
Or turn the Lame out of the Way,  
Or stop the Gospel's Course.
4. I woud not, Lord, my Doom decline,  
Were all the threatned Evil mine,  
The death-inflicting Shame:  
I long to rest my weary Head,  
And lose among the Quiet Dead  
My wretched worthless Name.

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<sup>22</sup>Appears also in MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 76. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:121–22.

5. But if they triumph in my Fall,  
Will they not cast reproach on All  
    The People of my GOD?  
Will they not GOD Himself blaspheme,  
Who died his People to redeem,  
    Who spilt for me his Blood?
6. O GOD, stir up thy Jealousy,  
Nor let thy Truth be blam'd for me  
    The Fools and Drunkard's Scorn;  
Thou GOD of all the Earth, arise,  
Scatter their Evil with thine Eyes,  
    Or to thy Glory turn.
7. Look to thy Cause, I ask no more,  
But suddenly my Soul restore,  
    And let me hence retire,  
Secure the Honour of thy Name,  
And let me sink beneath my Shame,  
    And let me now expire.

**On a Journey.**<sup>23</sup>

1. Jesus, be mercifully nigh  
In Danger's Trying Hour,  
And let our Feebleness rely  
On thine Almighty Power.
2. Before us o're the Desart go,  
And guard on every Side,  
And give our faithful Souls to know  
Their Everlasting Guide.
3. Our Tutelary Rock, extend  
Thy cool refreshing Shade,  
From every threatning Ill defend,  
And skreen thy People's Head.
4. Give us in our dejected State  
Thy present Help to find,  
Nor let the weary Body's Weight  
Press down th' immortal Mind.
5. Thee may we every Moment see  
Pursuing, and pursued,  
And drink the Streams that flow from Thee,  
And feel our Strength renew'd.

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<sup>23</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:267–68.

**Penitential.**<sup>24</sup>

- [1.] Wretched Sinner that I am,  
    What doth all my Strife avail?  
Sin, my dire Reproach, and Shame,  
    Character indelible  
Can my utmost Powers erase,  
Can my Tears, or Blood deface?
2. Lo! the Beastly Mark is seen  
    Lo! the Inbred Sin is found,  
Written with an Iron Pen,  
    With a pointed Diamond,  
Deep engrav'd by hellish Art  
On the Marble of my Heart
3. Forty long and mournful years<sup>25</sup>  
    Have I strove to purge the Stain:  
Still it mocks my ceaseless Tears,  
    Baffles all my Efforts vain:  
Lord, at last to Thee I fly,  
Help, or I forever die.
4. Faith I surely have in Thee,  
    Sins Thou canst forgive *below*,  
Red as Scarlet though they be,  
    Thou canst wash them white as Snow,  
Canst blot out the thickest Cloud,  
Justify me by thy Blood.
5. Flows a Fountain from thy Side,  
    For Impurity and Sin,

---

<sup>24</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:149.

<sup>25</sup>The hymn probably dates from the late 1740s; Charles was born on 18 December 1707.

Plunge me in the Purple Tide,  
Purge me, and I shall be clean,  
Wash'd from all my guilty Stains  
Sav'd from Sin, and Sins Remains.

**Another  
[Penitential].<sup>26</sup>**

- [1.] Dreadful—sin-chastising GOD,  
Must I always bear thy Rod?  
Wilt Thou still persist to chide,  
Never lay thy Wrath aside?  
O for Mercy' sake release;  
When Thou<sup>27</sup> hast restor'd my Peace  
Bear my wretched Soul away,  
Take me from the Evil Day.
2. End these dire Effects of Sin  
Wars without and Fears within,  
Publick, and intestine Strife  
All the Bitterness of Life:  
Wherefore shoud I longer live,  
Live, to suffer, and to grieve,  
Bear my wretched Soul away,  
Take me from the Evil Day.
3. All my Happiness is fled,  
All my Hopes of Joy are dead,  
Only Sin remains in me,  
Desperate Sin and Misery:  
Lord, Thou knowst the Pains I feel,  
Guilt, that knawing Worm of Hell,  
[Bear my wretched Soul away,  
Take me from the Evil Day.]<sup>28</sup>

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<sup>26</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:150.

<sup>27</sup>Ori., "When for Thou."

<sup>28</sup>The last two lines are not in the original manuscript, hence the use of brackets. The two lines which conclude stanzas 1 and 2 were no doubt intended to complete stanza 3.

[blank]

**Sacrament-Hymn.**<sup>29</sup>

- [1.] Author of everlasting Bliss,  
    To All who thy Commands obey,  
By Faith impower us to *DO THIS*,  
    Here let us for thy Coming stay,  
Kept by thy sure unerring Word,  
Girt with thy Spirit's two-edg'd Sword.
2. Thou knowst our feeble wavring Heart,  
    So often weary of thy Ways,  
So faint, and ready to depart  
    And leave the Channels of thy Grace,  
So prone to fleshly Liberty,  
So sick of waiting long for Thee.
3. Thou knowst the Number of our Foes,  
    Their cunning Craftiness and Power,  
Who Thee, and thy Commands oppose;  
    Watchful thy People to devour,  
They still our every Path beset,  
And hunt our Souls with Satan's Net.
4. Servants of Sin, by Nature led,  
    Freedom they promise us, and Peace,  
Friends to the World, and free indeed  
    From real inward Righteousness,  
[unfinished]

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<sup>29</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:180.

[blank]



**On the Loss of a Friend.**<sup>30</sup>

1. Why shoud a Living Child of Man  
    Beneath the Scourge repine  
Or dare with impious Grief arraign  
    The Righteousness Divine?  
Why shoud I murmur at my Load  
    And farther still rebel  
So lightly chasten'd by my GOD,  
    And not thrust down to Hell?
  
2. What are the sorest Plagues I bear  
    To those the Damn'd sustain?  
What is my Temporal Despair  
    To their Eternal Pain?  
My Sins demand their dreadful Hire,  
    My Sins for Vengence call  
And short of that Infernal Fire  
    Tis Grace and Mercy all.
  
3. What tho' my Soul with Grief is fill'd,  
    My Heart or'ewhelm'd with Dread  
What tho' my tender Joys are kill'd  
    And every Blessing fled;  
What tho' my darling Isaac I  
    Am forc'd to offer up,  
And live when all my Comforts die,  
    And drink the Bitterest Cup;
  
4. Shall I resent my slighted Love,  
    Or mourn my murther'd Fame,  
Worthy the Hate of All above,  
    And everlasting Shame!

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<sup>30</sup>A version lacking stanzas 5–6 (but adding another) was published in *HSP* (1749), 2:52–53. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:360–62.

The Loss of one weak faithless Friend,  
Still, still shall I bemoan,  
When GOD, whose Favours never end  
May yet be all my own?<sup>31</sup>

5. GOD of my life and refuge, hear  
A Child of<sup>32</sup> misery,  
And bless me with an heart sincere  
To languish after thee,  
Thou only Thou my Thoughts engross,  
And claim my whole Distress,  
Till Jesus recompence my Loss  
With everlasting Peace.
6. Confirm the gracious Wish I feel,  
For Thee alone to mourn,  
Till Thou the ransom'd Sinner seal,  
And bid my Soul return  
Till Thou my Heavenly Hope appear,  
Thy glorious Face display  
And banish every Sigh and Tear  
At that Triumphant Day.

**For a Widow  
Unassured of her Husband's  
Happiness.<sup>33</sup>**

1. Ah! woe is me, my Friend is gone  
Silent to a World unknown,  
Without a Token given:  
He did not witness for his Lord,  
Or bid me in one parting Word  
Come after him to Heaven.
2. O Depth of exquisite Distress!  
Is He entred into Peace,  
So suddenly remov'd?

---

<sup>31</sup>After stanza 4 in the manuscript are a line and a half of tiny shorthand that has been struck out, rendering it unreadable.

<sup>32</sup>Ori., “~~Soul in~~” changed to “Child of.”

<sup>33</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:357–59.

Who shall the Fatal Secret tell,  
The Welfare of a Soul reveal  
Whom as my own I lov'd?

3. My other Self, to Eden borne,  
Never, never to return  
I could with Thanks resign:  
But O! to doubt his Welcom there!  
Was ever heart-distracting Care,  
Was ever Grief like Mine!
4. Here is the Patience of the Saints!  
But my feeble Spirit faints  
Beneath so huge a Load:  
Some pitying Angel ease my Care,  
And tell me, if ye did not bear  
His Happy Soul to GOD?
5. Or rather (if thy GOD allow)  
O my Kinder Angel Thou,  
Forsake th' eternal Shore,  
Appear to thy poor anxious Mate,  
Assure me of thy blest Estate,  
And bid me weep no more.
6. Alas! I know not what I say—  
Lord, to Thee alone I pray,  
To Thee alone apply:  
If Best it is for me to know,  
The Doom of my Companion shew;  
Did he thy Servant die?

7. Bring all the Proofs into my Mind:  
    Shew me why thy Goodness join'd  
        That gentle Soul to me,  
But that we soon might meet above,  
And sing the Marriage-Song of Love  
    Thro' all Eternity!
8. Why didst Thou in the worst of Times  
    Save him from those horrid Crimes,  
        Which stain the Lawless Great?  
His Soul disdain'd to sit with Them,  
Who from the Scorner's Chair condemn  
    The Virtue which they hate.
9. Why didst Thou keep him all his days  
    By a Miracle of Grace  
        From Open Enmity?  
He never dar'd oppose thy Cause,  
Against Thee, Lord, who never was,  
    O was he not *for* Thee?
10. Why didst Thou form him of a Mind  
    Just, and generous, and kind  
        To succour the Distrest?  
He chas'd the needy Orphan's Fears,  
And Pity at the Widow's Tears  
    Resided in his Breast.
11. Did He not love the Poor and Good,  
    All who for *their* Saviour stood,  
        (To Him alas unknown!)

And had he not their mournful Prayers?  
And can the Son of all those Tears  
Be finally undone?

12. For Him Thou didst the Spirit impart,  
Pleading in thy People's Heart  
With Groans unspeakable:  
Their fervent Prayer hath pierc'd the Sky,  
And Thou hast said, who canst not lie,  
It must, it must prevail.

13. I see the Opening Door of Hope!  
My Companion *is* caught up;  
For O! thy Word was past:  
I *have* Believ'd, Thou knowst, I have,  
And pray'd Thee oft in Faith to save  
His pretious Soul at last.

14. Thou heardst in me thy Spirit's Groans  
Heardst him in thy Secret Ones,  
The Life we ask'd is given:  
He never sinn'd the Sin to Death;  
And sure as Thou the Prayer didst breathe,  
He *is* with Thee<sup>34</sup> in Heaven!

**To be sung by her Friends.**<sup>35</sup>

[1.] Thou Helper of All in Distress,  
Our Cry for a Widow attend,  
And send us an Answer of Peace,  
And Her to the Comforter send:

---

<sup>34</sup>Ori., "~~My Friend is now~~" changed to "He *is* with Thee."

<sup>35</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:359–60. The possessive pronoun "her" in the title refers to the widow of the previous poem.

On Jesus's Bosom reclin'd  
Thy Fulness of Grace let her see,  
And now, and eternally find  
Her Heavenly Treasure in Thee.

2. Thou knowst the full Burthen she bears  
For Him Thou hast kindly remov'd,  
The Doubt and Distraction that tears  
The Soul of thy Dearly-belov'd,  
[incomplete]

3. O Father of Mercies, incline  
Thine Ear to our humble Request,  
And fill with Assurance Divine  
Her tender affectionate Breast,  
The Fiery Temptation remove,  
Almighty to save as Thou art,  
And send her a Sign from above,  
And whisper a Word to her Heart.

[4.] For this do we earnestly groan,  
With tenderest Sympathy grieve,  
For this we beleaguer thy Throne,  
Till Thou her Affliction relieve,  
Accept our Importunate Prayer,  
(With Thine if our Wishes agree)  
The Bliss of her Consort declare,  
And tell her—His Soul is with Thee!

[Untitled.]<sup>36</sup>

- [1.] Ah! whither, or to whom  
Should the Afflicted fly?  
Beyond the Storm, beyond the Tomb,  
To Jesus in the Sky!  
Above these Tents of Clay,  
Above these Clouds of Care,  
To Mansions of eternal Day,  
To our Redeemer there!
2. Safe on that happy Shore  
From Sorrow, Sin, and Strife!  
The Bitterness of Death is or'e,  
The Bitterness of Life:  
The Grief with all to part  
(While Grace and Nature strove)  
The Achings of a broken Heart,  
The Pangs of Dying Love.
3. Tis there my Soul shall rest  
From all its Misery,  
Reclining on his loving Breast  
Who bore the Cross for me,  
Fainted beneath my Load,  
With sinless Passions torn,  
And groan'd in Death *My GOD, my GOD,*  
That I might cease to mourn.
4. Come then, my Only Hope,  
My only Constant Friend,  
And dry these briny Rivulets up  
And bid these<sup>37</sup> Conflicts end,

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<sup>36</sup>Appears also in MS Six, 20–22. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:362–63.

<sup>37</sup>Ori., “my.”

Pour in thy Mercy's Balm  
The Pangs of *Loss* to ease,  
The Rage of stormy Passion calm,  
And give me back my Peace.

5. O for one Cordial Drop  
Of pure celestial Love,  
To sweeten Life's afflictive Cup,  
Till Thou from Earth remove,  
Till Thou my GOD receive  
Thy wandring<sup>38</sup> Exile home,  
Where Pain and Loss can never grieve,  
And Sin can never come.

6. Thou once a Man of woe,  
Indulge my sad request,  
Cut short my suffering days below  
And give the Weary rest;  
For this, this only good  
I ever, ever cry,  
Ah! let me feel thy sprinkled Blood,  
Ah! let me love, and die.

---

<sup>38</sup>Ori., "weary."



**Thanksgiving.**<sup>39</sup>

- [1.] Join all, who feel th' Atoning Blood,  
And know their Sins forgiven,  
To magnify the Saviour-GOD,  
Who turns our Hell to Heaven.
2. Worthy the Lamb<sup>40</sup> that died for Man  
All Honour to receive,  
Whate'er we Are, or Have, or Can  
To Thee, O Christ, we give.
3. Triumphant with the Saints above  
We now our Voices raise,  
T' extol the Heighth of pardning Love  
The Depth of Jesus' Grace.
4. His Grace shall quickly lift us up,  
Our utmost Heaven to share;  
Rejoice, rejoice in glorious Hope,  
We all shall meet Him there!

**The Communion of Saints.**<sup>41</sup>

- [1.] Jesus, we come to do thy Will,  
Our Faithfulness t' approve,  
With all our joyful Hearts fulfil  
The new Command of Love.
2. By this we know our Passage here  
From Death to Life Divine,  
Because we hold the Brethren dear,  
Our Brethren, Lord, and Thine.

---

<sup>39</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:248–49.

<sup>40</sup>Ori., “the Man Lamb.”

<sup>41</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:196–97.

3. By this the Followers of our Lord  
We to the World are known,  
Because we keep thy parting Word,  
And dearly love Thine own.
4. This is the Proof, the Badge, the Seal,  
Our fervent Charity,  
Lover of Souls, hereby we feel  
We still belong to Thee.
5. This is the Bond of Perfectness  
Th' Anointing from above,  
And all the Law of Life and Peace  
We find fulfil'd in Love.

**“Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.”—[Luke 23:34].<sup>42</sup>**

1. Father, forgive the Sinful Race  
Who in my Blood their hands imbrue  
O let my Blood their Sins efface;  
Alas! they know not what they do.
2. Hear the meek Lamb for Sinners plead,  
For Those who nail'd Him to the Tree;  
He suffers in his Murtherers stead,  
He prays for all Mankind, and me.
3. Our Sins have nail'd Him to the Wood,  
Our Sins the Prince of Life have slain,

---

<sup>42</sup>Appears also in MS Shent, 47a; and MS Thirty, 159. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 12:95.

Have spilt his Heart's last Drop of Blood  
Nor can He bleed and pray in vain.

4. We *are* from all our Sins releas'd,  
We trust in that expiring Groan,  
In Him the Father is well-pleas'd,  
He always hears his fav'rite Son.
5. "Forgive them" gasps his parting Breath,  
And all the World is now forgiven,  
GOD heard Him interceed beneath,  
And seal'd the dying Prayer in Heaven.
6. Forgive them, still the Saviour cries,  
Sprinkling the Nations with his Blood,  
The Blood of Sprinkling fills the Skies,  
And speaks Believers up to GOD.

**"Woman, behold thy Son,—behold thy Mother."**  
—[John 19:26–27].<sup>43</sup>

- [1.] While hanging on the shameful Cross,  
His scatter'd Flock the Saviour sees,  
Their Wants his dying Thoughts engross,  
He marks, and pities their Distress:
2. In all their Griefs, and Sorrows shares,  
Nor ev'n in Death forgets his own,  
But kindly for his Orphans cares,  
Woman, He saith, behold thy Son.
3. To Us the New Command He gives;  
O may we all Obedient prove,

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<sup>43</sup>Appears also in MS Shent, 47a–47b; and MS Thirty, 188–89. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 12: 95–96.

And take the Legacy He leaves,  
His richest Legacy of Love.

4. Us Each to Other He commends,  
And bids us in one Spirit join,  
Unites, and makes us more than Friends,  
Or Kinsmen, in a Bond Divine.
5. Then let us Each to Other give  
The Honour to a Parent due,  
And All with tenderest Love receive,  
A Love which Nature never knew.
6. Give, Jesu, give th' Uniting Grace  
The Bond of Charity Divine,  
And let us all Mankind embrace,  
And love<sup>44</sup> them with a Love like Thine.

**“To day shalt Thou be with me in Paradise.”**  
—[Luke 23:43].<sup>45</sup>

- [1.] O joyful Sound of Pardning Grace!  
All hail Thou bleeding Deity!  
Who would not wish that Felon's Place,  
Who would not gladly die with Thee?
2. Thy Voice the dying Sinner chears,  
And saves him at his latest Hour,  
To dissipate our guilty Fears,  
And shew forth all thy saving Power.
3. O who can of thy Grace despair,  
That sees the Thief on yonder Tree?

---

<sup>44</sup>Ori., “live,” a mistake.

<sup>45</sup>Appears also in MS Shent, 47b–48a; and MS Thirty, 189–90. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 12: 96–97.

If He could find Forgiveness there,  
Surely Forgiveness is for me.

4. Remember me, O Lord my GOD,  
Thou art into thy Kingdom come,  
Sprinkle my Conscience with thy Blood,  
And take my gasping Spirit home.
5. Death, everlasting Death, I own  
The just Reward of my Offence,  
But Thou hast nought of Evil done,  
Thou art all—Love—all Innocence.
6. For thy own sake pronounce the Word,  
Tell me in Answer to my Cries,  
To day Thou shalt be with thy Lord,  
And find in me thy Paradise.

**“I thirst.”—[John 19:28].<sup>46</sup>**

- [1.] Expiring in the Sinners’ stead,  
*I thirst* the Friend of Sinners cries,  
And feebly lifts his languid Head  
And breaths his Wishes to the Skies.
2. Not for the Vinegar they gave,  
For Life, or Liberty, or Ease,  
He thirsted all the World to save,  
He only thirsted after This.
3. He thirsted for this Soul of mine,  
That I might his Salvation see,  
That I might in his Image shine;  
Dear, wounded Lamb, He long’d for me!

---

<sup>46</sup>Appears also in MS Shent, 48a–48b; and MS Thirty, 190–91. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:276–77. Stanzas 1–5, 7 appeared in *Poetical Works*, 12:94.

4. Willing that All his Death should know,  
And feel the Virtue of his Blood,  
He thirsted to redeem his Foe,  
And reconcile a World to GOD.
5. And shall not We the same require,  
And languish to be sav'd from Sin?  
Yes, Lord, tis all our Heart's Desire;  
O wash, and make us pure within.
6. We thirst to drink thy healing Blood  
To wash us in the cleansing Tide,  
We only long for Thee our GOD,  
Our Jesus, and Thee Crucified.
7. Be satisfied: We thirst for Thee  
We add our strong Desires to Thine,  
See then, thy Soul's hard Travail see,  
And die, to make us all Divine.

**“My GOD, my GOD, why hast Thou forsaken me!”—[Matt. 27:46].<sup>47</sup>**

- [1.] Hear Earth and Heaven, with wonder hear,  
That deepest Note of Grief Unknown!  
What means the strange mysterious Prayer?  
Can GOD desert his only Son?
2. Who heard Him speaking from the Skies,  
“I always am well pleas'd in Thee”  
My GOD, my GOD, the Fav'rite cries,  
O why hast Thou forsaken me!

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<sup>47</sup>Appears also in MS Shent, 48b–49a; and MS Thirty, 191–93. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 12:97–98.

3. Hast Thou forgot, Thou Man of Grief,  
For whom Thou dost the Death sustain?  
Thy sore Distress is our Relief,  
Thy Loss is our Eternal Gain.
4. Hast Thou forgot the Kind Design  
Which made Thee lay aside thy Crown,  
That strange Excess of Love Divine,  
Which brought th' Incarnate Godhead down.
5. For whom dost Thou endure that Cross?  
For whom dost Thou consent to bleed?  
Hast Thou not undertook our Cause?  
Dost Thou not suffer in our stead?
6. Tis not for Sin which Thou hast done  
Thy Angry Father hides his Face,  
But on thy Innocence is shewn  
The Vengeance due to Adam's Race.
7. Man, guilty Man, by GOD abhor'd,  
Deserves his utmost Wrath to know,  
Driv'n from the Presence of the Lord  
To Regions of Eternal Woe.
8. But Thou our Sins and Curse hast took,  
That we may blest and holy be,  
Thou by thy Father wast forsook,  
That He might ne'er abandon me.<sup>48</sup>
9. Deserted at thy greatest Need,  
Thou knowst to pity what I feel;  
My GOD, my GOD, thy Face is hid,  
I wander on in Darkness still.

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<sup>48</sup>Stanzas 6 and 8 conjoined provide a variant of *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:233 (NT, #386).

10. Gross Darkness, such as may be felt,  
Egyptian Night my Soul or'espreads,  
My Heart within like Wax doth melt,  
And on thy Cross my Nature bleeds.
11. I taste thy bitter Cup, and share  
Thine Agonies and Grief unknown,  
Till Thou th' Accomplishment declare,  
And tell my Inmost Soul Tis done!

**"It is Finished."**—[John 19:30].<sup>49</sup>

1. Tis Finish'd! the Messiah dies,  
Cut off for Sins, but not *his own*!  
Accomplish'd is the Sacrifice,  
The great Redeeming Work<sup>50</sup> is done.
2. Tis finish'd! All the Debt is paid,  
Justice Divine is satisfied,  
The grand and full Atonement's made,  
GOD for a guilty World hath died.
3. The Veil is rent, in Christ alone  
The Living Way to Heaven is seen,  
The Middle-wall is broken down,  
And all Mankind may enter in.
4. The Types and Figures are fulfil'd,  
Exacted is the Legal Pain;  
The precious Promises are seal'd  
The spotless Lamb of GOD is slain.
5. Finish'd the First Transgression is,  
And purg'd the Guilt of Actual Sin,

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<sup>49</sup>Appears also in MS Shent, 49b–50a; and MS Thirty, 193–95. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:277–79. It also appeared in *Poetical Works*, 12:99–100, lacking stanzas 5 and 7. This longer hymn incorporates stanzas 1, 5, 7, and 10 as a variant of *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:234 (NT, #387).

<sup>50</sup>Ori., "Word."



And Everlasting Righteousness  
Is now to all the World brought in.

6. The Reign of Sin and Death is o're,  
And All may live from Sin set free,  
Satan hath lost his Mortal Power,  
Tis swallow'd up in Victory.
7. Tis finish'd! All my Guilt and Pain,  
I want no Sacrifice beside,  
For me, for me, the Lamb is slain;  
Tis finish'd! I am Justified!
8. Sav'd from the Legal Curse I am,  
My Saviour hangs on yonder Tree;  
See there the dear Expiring Lamb!  
Tis finish'd! He expires for me.
9. Accepted in the Well-belov'd,  
And cloath'd in Righteousness Divine,  
I see the Bar to Heaven remov'd,  
And all thy Merits, Lord, are Mine.
10. Death, Hell, and Sin are now subdued,  
All Grace is now to Sinners given,  
And lo! I plead th' Atoning Blood,  
And in Thy Right Demand Thy Heaven.

**“Into thy hands I commend my Spirit.”**  
—[Luke 23:46].<sup>51</sup>

1. The Holy Jesus rests in Hope,  
And calm in Death on GOD relies,

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<sup>51</sup>Appears also in MS Shent, 50a; and MS Thirty, 195–96. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:204. Stanzas 1–4 appeared in *Poetical Works*, 12: 99.

His parting Spirit He gives up  
Into his Father's Hands, and dies.

2. Meek, patient Lamb, for Us He gives  
The Life which None could take away,  
He lays it down, and GOD receives  
His Soul into eternal Day.
3. O might I thus my Warfare end,  
Meekly to GOD my Soul resign,  
Into my Father's Hands commend;  
O Jesus, let thy Death be Mine.
4. I long with Thee to bow my Head,  
Offer'd upon thy Sacrifice,  
With Thee to sink among the Dead,  
And in thy Life triumphant rise.
5. Father of Jesus Christ my Lord,  
Conform me to thy Suffering Son,  
And let my Spirit be restor'd  
And let me breathe my latest Groan.
6. Now, let me Now give up the ghost,  
Now let my Nature's Life be o're,  
Now let me all in Christ be lost,  
And die with Christ to die no more.

**An Hymn for Children.**<sup>52</sup>

1. Let Children proclaim Their Saviour and King!  
To Jesus's Name Hosannahs we sing:  
Our best Adoration To Jesus we give,  
Who brought us Salvation For All to receive.
2. The meek Lamb of GOD From Heaven came down,  
And purchas'd with Blood, And made us His own  
He suffer'd to save us From Hell and from Thrall  
And Jesus shall have us, Who ransom'd us all.
3. To Him will we give Our earliest Days,  
And thankfully live To publish his Praise;  
Our Lives shall confess Him Who came from above,  
Our Tongues they shall bless Him, And tell of his Love.
4. In innocent Songs His Coming we shout,  
Should we hold our tongues, The Stones would cry out  
But Him without ceasing We all will proclaim  
And ever be blessing Our Jesus's Name.

**Another**  
**[An Hymn for Children].**<sup>53</sup>

- [1.] O Saviour of all,  
We come at thy Call,  
In the morning of Life at thy Feet do we fall.
2. Thy Mercy is free;  
Our Helplessness see,  
And let Little Children be brought unto Thee.
3. To Us thy Love shew,  
Who Nothing do know,  
For of Such is the Kingdom of Heaven below.

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<sup>52</sup>Appears also in MS Cheshunt 64–65; and MS Clarke 71–72. Published in *Hymns for Children* (1763), 33.

<sup>53</sup>An earlier draft appears in MS Clarke, 140–41. Published in *Hymns for Children* (1763), 34–35.

4. O give us thy Grace,  
In our earliest Days,  
And let us grow up to thy Glory and Praise.
5. But rather than live  
Thy Goodness to grieve,  
Back into thy Hands we our Spirit would give.
- [6.] O take us away  
In the Dawn of our Day,  
And let us no longer in Misery stay.
7. If now we remove,  
Thy Pity and Love  
Will certainly take us to Heaven above.
8. With Thee we shall dwell,  
Who hast lov'd us so well,  
For sure there are no little Children in Hell.
9. We need not be there,  
But die and repair  
To Heaven, and Heavenly Happiness share.
10. Us his Mercy shall raise  
To that blessed Place,  
And we shall behold with our Angels thy Face.
11. They now are our Guard,  
And ready prepar'd  
To carry us hence to our glorious Reward.
12. Eerlong it shall be:  
We are ransom'd by Thee,  
And We our All-loving Redeemer shall see.
13. Our Spirits we give  
For Thee to receive:  
O who would not die with his Saviour to live.

**In Temptation.**<sup>54</sup>

- [1.] Jesus, to Thee I would look up  
Tost in a Storm of Passion,  
Thou art the Anchor of my Hope,  
Thou art my strong Salvation:  
Pity, and save a Soul, distrest  
Till I the Port recover;  
O that I in thy Wounds might rest,  
Till all the Storm is over.
2. Great is the Storm that works within,  
Jesus's Grace is greater:  
Thou art above the Power of Sin,  
Thou art the GOD of Nature:  
Speak, and at thy supream Command  
Trouble, and Sin shall leave me  
Stir up thy Strength, stretch out thy Hand,  
Say It is I, and save me.
3. Give me this Hour thy Help to find,  
Shew me thy great Salvation,  
So will I cry to all Mankind  
In loving Admiration,  
O what a Man, a GOD, is This!  
Nature is still before Him,  
Lo! at his Word the Winds and Seas  
Suddenly calm'd adore Him.

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<sup>54</sup>Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 215–16; and MS Shent, 91a. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:253; and *Representative Verse*, 180.

**After our Deliverance  
at Athlone.<sup>55</sup>**

- [1.] All-conquering King,  
Thy Triumph we sing,  
Redeem'd from the Foe  
We publish our mighty Redeemer below;  
The Omnipotent Name  
Of Jesus proclaim,  
And joyfully raise  
Our Voices and Hearts in a Consort of Praise.
2. From the Malice of Men  
Thou hast sav'd us again,  
And broken the Snare  
And scatter'd the Folk that delighted in War:  
Athirst for our Blood  
In Ambush they stood,  
Our Lives to surprize,  
And hurry us hence to our Friends in the Skies.
3. The Idolatrous Priest<sup>+</sup>  
Their Purpose had blest,  
And arm'd with *his* Seal,  
And inspir'd with the tenderest Mercies of Hell,  
They rush'd on their Prey,  
The Victims to slay,  
And accomplish their Doom,  
And offer us up to the *Moloch of Rome*.

<sup>+</sup> Father Ferril.<sup>56</sup>

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<sup>55</sup>Appears also in MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 5–7. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:394–96. Charles records the attack that occasioned this hymn in his *Manuscript Journal* (10 February 1748).

<sup>56</sup>Rev John Farrell (c. 1696–1753), was the priest at St Mary's church, Athlone from 1723 to 1753.

4.           But GOD on the Throne  
              Protected His own,  
              The Danger to ward  
He planted around an Angelical guard.  
              Their Wings were outspread,  
              And cover'd our Head,  
              Their Arms were beneath,  
And bore us aloft from the Weapons of Death.
  
5.           All Glory to GOD,  
              All Honour and Laud  
              To our Conquering King,  
Whom Lord of the Heavenly Armies we sing;  
              His Servants are Ours,  
              The Angelical Powers,  
              And now they attend,  
And assist in the Consort that never shall end.
  
6.           With Angels above  
              We sing of thy Love,  
              With Saints in the Vale  
Thy unsearchable Riches of Mercy we tell  
              Till admitted among  
              The Glorified Throng  
              We look on thy Face,  
And Eternity spend in a Rapture of Praise.

**For the Roman Catholicks  
in Ireland.<sup>57</sup>**

1.   Shepherd of Souls, the great the Good,  
      Thy helpless Sheep behold,

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<sup>57</sup>Appears also in MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 7–11. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:397–400. The occasion of the hymn can be found in *Manuscript Journal* (5 September 1748).

Those other Sheep, disperst abroad  
Who are not of this Fold.  
By Satan and his Factors bound  
In Ignorance and Sin,  
Recall them thro' the Gospel-Sound,  
And bring the Outcasts in.

2. Strangers alas! to Thee and Peace  
They cannot find the Way,  
But wander in the Wilderness,  
And or'e the Mountains stray.  
Why should they faint, unsav'd, unsought  
With sure Relief so nigh?  
Why should the Souls whom Thou hast bought,  
For Lack of Knowledge die?
3. Cast up, cast up an Open Road,  
The Stumbling block remove,  
The Sin that keeps them back from GOD,  
And from thy pardning Love.  
The Hinderer of thy Word restrain,  
The Babylonish Beast,  
The Men who sell poor Souls for Gain,  
Or curse whom Thou hast blest.
4. Those blindfold Leaders of the Blind  
Who frighten them from Thee,  
And still bewitch the People's Mind  
With hellish Sorcery,  
Pierc'd with thy Spirit's two-edg'd Sword,  
They shall no more deceive,



*Simon* himself at thy great Word  
Shall tremble and believe.

5. Who lead their Followers down the Way  
To everlasting Death,  
Confound, convert, and pluck the Prey  
Out of the Lion's Teeth.  
The simple Men of Heart sincere  
Who would receive thy Word,  
Bring in, thy blessed Word to hear,  
And own their bleeding Lord.
6. If Thou wilt work a Work of Grace,  
Who shall the Hinderer be?  
Shall all the Human Hellish Race  
Detain Thy own from Thee?  
Shall Satan keep as lawful Prize  
A Nation in his Snare?  
Hosts of the Living GOD, arise,  
And try the Force of Prayer.
7. The Prayer of Faith hath rais'd the Dead  
Th' infernal Legions driven,  
The Slaves from Satan's Dungeon freed,  
And shut and open'd Heaven.  
*Our* Faith shall cleave the Triple Crown,  
Shall or'e the Beast prevail,  
And turn his Kingdom upside down,  
And shake the Gates of Hell.
8. Come then, the All-victorious Name,  
Jesus, whom Demons flee,

Redemption in thy Blood proclaim,  
And Life and Liberty.  
Satan, and all his Host confound,  
Burst ope the Dungeon-Door  
Deliverance preach to Spirits bound,  
And Pardon to the Poor.

9. These Poor, for whom we wrestle still,  
A blind deluded Crowd,  
Bring to the Word, and wound, and heal  
Thro' thy Atoning Blood.  
We will not let Thee go, unless  
The Captives Thou retrieve,  
Now, Lord, with true Repentance bless,  
And help them to believe.
  
10. To Thee with Boldness we look up,  
For all these Sons of Rome;  
We ask in Faith, and lo! a Troop,  
A Troop of Sinners come!  
As flocking Doves to Thee they fly,  
For Refuge and for Rest,  
They hasten to their Windows nigh,  
And shelter in thy Breast.
  
11. The things which we desire we have:  
To Sin and Satan sold,  
A nation call, like us, and save,  
And make us all one Fold.  
One House, one Body, and one Vine,  
One Church thro' Grace forgiven,

By perfect Love to Angels join,  
And waft us all to Heaven.

**Waiting for full Redemption.**<sup>58</sup>

- [1.] Let all who know the Sinner's Friend  
With us their Faith confess,  
Stir themselves up to apprehend  
The Lord their Righteousness.
2. Thro' Jesus' Righteousness alone  
We feel our Sins forgiven,  
And find Eternity begun,  
And antedate our Heaven.
3. But shall we rest in Pardning Grace  
On this side Jordan stop?  
No, Lord, we look to see thy Face,  
And after Thee wake up.
4. A glorious Prize is still behind,  
For those that dare believe,  
And we the Second Rest shall find,  
The perfect Gift receive.

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<sup>58</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:157–58.

**Another  
[Waiting for full Redemption].<sup>59</sup>**

- [1.] Saviour of a rebellious Race,  
My ever-loving Saviour  
How have I forfeited thy Grace,  
Slighted thy Frown and Favour!  
How have I rose against the Rod,  
Strong in my Provocation,  
Weary of waiting on my GOD,  
Murmuring for Salvation!
2. O what an hardned Wretch was I  
So to provoke, and grieve Thee,  
Threaten, if Thou delaydst, to fly  
Back to my Sins, and leave Thee!  
Lord, if thy Love had dwelt in me,  
Could I have so offended?  
Nay, but I then had look'd to Thee,  
Till all the Storm was ended.
3. O that I could my Soul possess  
In Humbleness and Patience,  
Hoping in Wars for perfect Peace,  
Joyful in Tribulations!  
O might I for a Moment prove  
Some Token of thy Favour!  
Say to my Soul, Thou art my Love,  
Look unto me thy Saviour.
4. Jacob of old to gain a Wife  
Twice seven years could tarry,  
Chearful in Toil He spent his Life,  
Labour'd, and was not weary:

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<sup>59</sup>Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 211–13. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:158–59.

And shall I count it long to stay  
With GOD Himself before me,  
Sure of the Lamb in that glad Day,  
Sure of the Crown of Glory!

- 5.<sup>60</sup> Jesus, tho' late I now submit,  
Execute all thy Pleasure,  
Weeping I fall before thy Feet,  
Willing to wait thy Leizure.  
What are a Sinner's Toils or Tears,  
If he but hope to gain Thee?  
Who would not wait a thousand Years,  
Could he at last obtain Thee?

**Thanksgiving, for the Success  
of the Gospel in Ireland.<sup>61</sup>**

- [1.] Rise, ye ransom'd Sinners rise,  
Friends, and Neighbours to the Skies,  
Ye by Jesus Blood brought near,  
Ye to Jesus Father dear;  
Sing with me, with me rejoice,  
Make to GOD a chearful Noise,  
I the wandring Sheep have found,  
Earth and Heaven with Praise resound.
2. I, (yet O! not I, but He  
Thro' my weakest Ministry)  
On the Brink of the great Deep  
Found his Flock of wandring Sheep;

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<sup>60</sup>Ori., "6."

<sup>61</sup>Stanzas 1–2, and 4 appear also in MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 11–12. The shorter form was published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:400–401.

Who their Heavenly Owner was  
He hath mark'd them with his Cross,  
He who paid their Price of old,  
Claim'd, and brought them to his Fold.

3. Jesus hath on this glad Day  
Spoil'd the Lion of his Prey,  
Seiz'd the Purchase of his Death  
Pluck'd his Sheep from Satan's Teeth,  
Let the baffled Lion roar,  
Jesus shall maintain his Power,  
Foam the Romish Wolf in vain,  
Jesus shall forever reign.
4. Jesus, GOD or'e all supream,  
We eelong shall reign with Him,  
In celestial Glory stand  
With the Sheep at his Right-hand,  
Join the bright Angelic Throng,  
Shout the new Eternal Song,  
Face to Face our Shepherd see,  
Gaze to all Eternity.

**Written, under Reproach.**<sup>62</sup>

- [1.] Lord, Thou hast bid th' Afflicted pray,  
And promis'd in his Evil Day  
    To hear thy Mourner's Prayer,  
To save him by thy timely Grace,  
That He may his Deliverer's Praise  
    To all the World declare.

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<sup>62</sup>Appears also in MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 78–79. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:122–23.

2. O wouldst Thou grant my Soul the Power  
With Thee to wrestle in this Hour  
    Of my extreme Distress,  
While all the Rage of Hell is join'd  
With all the Malice of Mankind  
    To tear away my Peace.
3. O might thy Spirit interceed  
And help me at my greatest Need,  
    To tell Thee all my Care,  
By Tears to make my Anguish known,  
In speechless Agonies to groan  
    Th' unutterable Prayer.
4. Pity my Grief, and Fear, and Shame,  
The Gift I ask in Jesus Name  
    For Jesus sake bestow,  
The Spirit of Supplicating Grace,  
To soften my severe Distress,  
    And sanctify my Woe.
5. Worn out with Toil, defam'd, opprest,  
I do not ask for Instant Rest,  
    But Strength my Load to bear,  
Afflict me to my latest Hour,  
But let my troubled Spirit pour  
    The never ceasing Prayer.
6. Give me but This, I ask no more,  
Mine Honour, Strength, and Friends restore  
    At that tremendous Day,  
But let me, till I see thy Face,  
With broken Heart implore thy Grace,  
    But let me always pray.

**The Collier's Hymn.**<sup>63</sup>

- [1.] Teacher, Friend of foolish Sinners,  
Take the Praise  
Of thy Grace  
From us young Beginners.  
Struck with loving Admiration  
Hear us tell  
Of thy Zeal  
For our Soul's Salvation.
2. Foes to GOD, and unforgiven,  
Once we were,  
Distant far,  
Far as Hell from Heaven  
But we have thro' thee found favour,  
Brought to GOD  
By thy Blood,  
O Thou pretious Saviour!
3. Thou hast in the Weak and Feeble  
Power display'd,  
Call'd, and made  
Us thy fav'rite People.  
Us the Vulgar and Obscure  
Thou dost own  
Us unknown  
Ignorant and Poor.
4. Simple Folk and undiscerning  
Nothing we  
Know, but Thee,  
Love is all our Learning.

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<sup>63</sup>Published in *Family Hymns* (1767), 132–33.



We with loving Hearts adore Thee  
This our deep  
Scholarship,  
This is all our Glory.

5. Thou, we know, hast died to save us,  
We are Thine,  
Love Divine,  
Thou who boughtst shalt have us.  
Taught, and led by thy Good Spirit  
We shall soon  
Share thy Throne,  
All thy Joys inherit.

6. Here is Knowledge! rare, and hidden  
From the Wise  
Who despise  
All our inward Eden;  
Thou to us *the Truth* hast given,  
We in Thee,  
(Happy We!)  
Know the *Way* to Heaven!

**[Untitled.]<sup>64</sup>**

[1.] Salvation to GOD,  
Who freely bestow'd  
Salvation on Man;  
In Thanks let us give Him his Blessings again,  
Throughout our glad Days  
His Benefits praise,  
His Goodness adore,  
And praise Him forever, when Time is no more.

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<sup>64</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:118–19.

- [2.]       Thou, Jesus, hast been  
              Our Saviour from Sin,  
              By Nature set free,  
We surely have found our Redemption in Thee,  
              The Sense of thy Love  
              We joyfully prove,  
              Of Pardon possest  
Even now in the Arms of thy Mercy we rest.
3.           Since first we Believ'd,  
              And Pardon receiv'd,  
              What Grace hast Thou shewn,  
What Wonders of Pity and Goodness unknown!  
              Not all our Excess  
              Of Sin could suppress  
              That Affection of Thine,  
That Flame of unquenchable Mercy Divine.
4.           Thy Spirit<sup>65</sup> of Grace  
              Hath seen all our Ways,  
              Our Stubbornness born,  
And waited, and griev'd for our hearty Return:  
              [unfinished]

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<sup>65</sup>Frank Baker drew attention to this spelling in private correspondence: "Note line over second syllable in 'Spirit,' showing that in this case the full value should be given to that syllable. The assumption surely is, therefore, that in the numerous cases where 'Spirit' is to be scanned as one syllable, it is 'spir't' and not 'sp'rit.' At long last a piece of evidence!"

**Sacramental.**<sup>66</sup>

- [1.] O Jesus, our Head,  
Who hast died in our stead,  
Thy Promise of Faith and Repentance we plead,  
Now let it take place,  
Pour out on our Race,  
The Spirit of Prayer, and Contrition, and Praise.
2. While thus we record  
Our Crucified Lord,  
Be mindful of Us, and accomplish thy Word.  
Thy Promise is past,  
We shall see Thee at last,  
And our Souls on thy Bloody Atonement be cast.
3. Stretch'd out on the Tree  
Thou saidst, They shall see,  
My Murtherers surely shall look upon me.  
The Stones shall relent,  
The Rocks shall be rent,  
And the Hearts more obdurate than Marble lament.
4. Now then let us turn  
To Jehovah's First-born  
And look upon Thee we have wounded and mourn,  
In Bitterness cry  
That the Prince of the Sky  
GOD's Only-begotten we doom'd Him to die.
5. Our Sins were the Cause  
Of his Sorrow and Loss;  
By our Sins we pursued him, and nail'd to the Cross;

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<sup>66</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:180–81.

We inflicted the Pain;  
We have pierc'd Him again;  
And O! shall He suffer so often in vain?

6. The Sense of thy Smart,  
O Jesus, impart,  
And break by thy Death the Inflexible Heart:  
By thy Passion alone  
The Deed can be done:  
Appear in thy Wounds, and our Heart is Thine own.

**Another**  
**[Sacramental].<sup>67</sup>**

1. GOD of Truth, and Power, and Grace,  
Drawn by Thee to seek thy Face,  
Lo! I in thy Courts appear  
Humbly come to meet Thee here,  
Trembling at thine Altar stand,  
Lift to Heaven my Heart and Hand,  
Of thy Promis'd Strength secure,  
All my Sins I now abjure:
2. All my Promises renew,  
All my Wickedness eschew,  
Chiefly *that* I call'd my own,  
Now I hate, renounce, disown.  
Never more will I commit,  
Follow, or be led by it,  
Only grant the Grace I claim,  
Arm my Soul with Jesus Name.

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<sup>67</sup>Appears also in MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 198–200. Published as *Hymn at the Sacrament* (1747).

3. Sure I am Thou able art<sup>68</sup>  
To confirm my feeble Heart,  
Canst from my own Sin defend,  
Make me faithful to the End.  
Sure I am It is thy Will  
I should never yield to Ill,  
Never lose the Gracious Power,  
Never sin, or grieve Thee more.
  
4. What doth then my Hopes prevent?  
Lord, Thou stayst for my Consent:  
My Consent thro' Grace I give,  
Promise in thy Fear to live  
Kept by all-sufficient Grace  
I *will* not to Sin give place;  
I my Bosom-Sin abjure,  
Jesus Blood shall keep me pure.
  
5. Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Present with thine Angel-Host,  
While I at thy Altar bow,  
Witness to the Solemn Vow!  
Now admit my bold Appeal,  
Now affix thy Spirit's Seal,  
Now the Power from high be given,  
Register the Oath in Heaven!

**Hymn 3.**<sup>69</sup>

- [1.] Father, Friend of Human Race,  
Trusting in thine only Grace,

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<sup>68</sup>Ori., “Strength alas! in me is none” changed to “Sure I am, thou able art.”

<sup>69</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:182.

I a feeble sinful Worm,  
I have vow'd, and will perform.

2. I in Jesus Name have sworn,  
I will not to Sin return,  
Stedfastly resolv'd I am  
Sin t' eschew in Jesus Name.
3. Strength alas! in me is none,  
I my utter Weakness own,  
Sin t' eschew, I know, and feel,  
Is with Man Impossible.
4. By ten thousand Snares beset,  
Sin at every Turn I meet,  
Sin I always bear within;  
How should I abstain from Sin?
5. Answer, O Thou mighty One,  
Partner of thy Father's Throne,  
*Canst* Thou by thy Promis'd Power  
Keep me, that I sin no more?
6. Closely urg'd on every Side,  
Tried, and to the utmost tried  
May I on thy Love depend?  
Wilt Thou save me to the End?
7. Yes, I know, Thou canst, Thou wilt,  
On The Rock my Faith is built,  
Israel's Rock, which cannot move,  
Jesus Truth, and Power, and Love.

8. By the Spirit of thy Grace  
Thou shalt keep me all my Days,  
On thy Truth, and Love, and Power  
Standing, I shall fall no more.

**Written in Dublin.**<sup>70</sup>

- [1.] Far from my Native Land remov'd  
Far from all I priz'd and lov'd,  
In a black Wilderness  
I ask my Soul, What dost Thou here,  
Thou poor afflicted Sojourner,  
This Earth is not thy Place.
2. Nothing beneath my Heart commands,  
Hope and I have shaken hands,  
And parted long ago,  
Inur'd to Pain, and Shame, and Grief,  
I ask, I look for no Relief,  
For no Delight below.
3. Happy, forever happy I  
Suffer'd to escape, and fly  
To that eternal Shore  
Where all the Storms of Life are past,  
And Exiles find their Home at last,  
And Losers weep no more.
4. Come then, ye threatning Sons of Rome  
Kindly to my Rescue come,  
And set my Spirit free,  
Nor tremble at th' Avenger near,

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<sup>70</sup>Appears also in MS Occasional Hymns, 77–78. Published posthumously in *Representative Verse*, 263–64; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:128–29. The poem would appear to date from 1747–48, when CW often faced mobs in Ireland.

No Justice is for Christians here,  
For slaughter'd Sheep—or me.

5. An Outcast for my *Master's* sake,  
Haste, ye Ruffian Band to take  
This mournful Life of mine;  
A Life by Sin and Sorrow stain'd,  
A Life which I have long disdain'd,  
And languish'd to resign.



**The Fiery Trial.**<sup>71</sup>

1. Where is the GOD of Shadrach? where  
Abednego's and Meshach's Power,  
Thro' whom we may the Furnace bear,  
The Violence of Hell's hottest Hour!
2. Be Thou omnipotently near,  
Whose Form is as the Son of Man,  
Amidst the raging Flames appear,  
And all their burning Power restrain.
3. Thou knowst, O Lord, in thy great Name  
Unshaken Confidence we have,  
Send us the promis'd Help we claim,  
Now, Jesus, and forever save.
4. The World's Infernal King exclaims,  
Whose Image we disdain t' adore,  
At his Command the Furnace flames,  
Flames seven times hotter than before.
5. His mighty Chiefs have cast us in,  
Behold, ye Heathen, and admire,  
Loose from our Bands we here are seen  
And walk unhurt amidst the Fire.
6. We walk throughout our evil Day,  
Our Leader in the Furnace see,  
The lambent Flames around us play,  
And own the present Deity.
7. [unfinished]

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<sup>71</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:129–30.

**Modern Christianity.**<sup>72</sup>

- [1.] How vainly do the Heathen strive  
    To falsify our Master's Word  
Who teach us We may godly live,  
    Yet never suffer for our Lord,  
In antient Times the Fact allow,  
But say The World is *Christian* Now.
2. Christian the World of Drunkards is,  
    The World of Whoremongers and Thieves,  
The Slaves of foul and fair Excess,  
    Whoe'er the Christian Rite receives,  
Led from the Font at Satan's Will,  
Haters of Christ, and Christians still.
3. The Devilish, and the Sensual Crowd,  
    Who as brute Beasts their Lusts obey,  
Lovers of Pleasure more than GOD,  
    Who dance, and curse, and fight, and play,  
Monsters of Vice, our Nature's Shame,  
All Hell assumes the Christian Name.
4. Yet still when Antichrist prevails,  
    And Satan sits in Moses Chair,  
The Gospel-Truths are idle Tales,  
    No Cross, no Holy Ghost is there,  
The Heathen World will Christian seem,  
And bid us take the Rule from Them.
5. The Temple of the Lord are We,  
    (Thy Synagogue of Satan cry)  
We need not persecuted be  
    Or cruelly ourselves deny:  
Come see, ye Fools, who sigh and grieve,  
How much at Ease we Christians live.

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<sup>72</sup>Published posthumously in *Representative Verse*, 182–83; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:198–99.

6. We are the Men—of Wealth and State,  
Of Pomp, and Fashionable Ease,  
Honour, and Power, and Pleasure wait  
The silken Sons of downy Peace,  
And lo! we glide secure and even  
Down a broad flowry Way—to Heaven.
  
7. While House to House, and Field to Field,  
And Living we to Living join,  
The gazing Crowd obeysance yield  
And praise the slick and smooth Divine  
Who saves them all the *Madman's* Care,  
The *Drudgery* of Faith, and Prayer.
  
8. No fanciful *Enthusiasts* we  
To look for *Inspiration* here,  
To dream from Sin to be set free  
Or hope to *feel* the Spirit near,  
Or *know* our Sins on Earth forgiven,  
Or madly give up all for Heaven!

[Untitled.]<sup>73</sup>

- [1.] Peace, troubled Heart, be calm, be still,  
Till thy DESIRE appears.  
The Lamb shall all my Sorrows heal,  
And wipe away my Tears.
2. This Horror of Offending Him  
It shall not always last:  
The Pain of Life's uneasy Dream  
Is in a Moment past.
3. The Grief<sup>74</sup> and Fear shall hasten on  
The End of Fear and Grief,  
The Load shall quickly weigh me down,  
And bring its own Relief.
4. The cruel Loss, the grievous Wrong,  
Too great alas to name,  
I shall not live to suffer long,  
But die from all my Shame.
5. The kind Release, the Fatal Blow  
Is given by *a Friend*,  
And soon by surest Signs I know  
My various Day shall end.
6. Entering on Life's Meridian Stage  
I see the Shades appear,  
And feel Anticipated Age,  
Death's welcome Harbinger.
7. The Object of my tenderest Cares,  
Whom most I toil'd to save  
Brings down my grey, tho' youthful, hairs  
With Sorrow to the Grave.
8. Blest be the Hand, forever blest,  
Which guided, Lord, by Thine,

---

<sup>73</sup>Appears also in MS Occasional Hymns, 22–25. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:258–61.

<sup>74</sup>“The Grief” has “Sorrow” written above it as an alternative.

Pushes into an Earlier Rest  
This weary Soul of mine.

9. Jesu, my Residue of Years  
On Her, on Her bestow,  
But let Her thro' the Vale of Tears  
Without my Sorrows go.
10. Hide Thou her pretious Life above  
The Reach of Sin and Pain,  
In perfect Peace, and perfect Love  
Her happy Soul sustain.
11. Her as the Apple of an Eye  
In every Danger keep,  
Nor let Her from the Shepherd fly,  
Or straggle from the Sheep.
12. The Fulness of thy Blessings grant,  
The Mind that was in Thee,  
Nor ever suffer Her to want  
My useless Ministry.
13. Above what I can ask or think  
Let Her of Thee receive,  
And deep into thy Spirit drink,  
And in thine Image live.
14. From every Touch of Evil guard,  
And Sense of Misery,  
Nor let her Joy be e'er impair'd  
By once remembering me.
15. Avert the vain relenting Thought  
The needless Grief avert,  
And O! my sad Memorial blot  
With me out of her Heart.

16. Suffice that at my latest Hour  
I thy Compassion find,  
And die out of th' Accuser's Power,  
And leave my Load behind.
17. Beneath that Load I now stand up,  
And wait the End to see,  
Hold fast my Comfortable Hope  
Of Immortality.
18. On Earth I shall not always live  
Afflicted and opprest,  
My Saviour will at last receive  
His Mourner to his Breast.
19. Here then I rest my fainting Soul,  
And calm expect the Day  
That speaks my Suffering Measure, full  
And summons me away.
20. Patient of Life for thy dear sake  
Who livdst and diedst for me,  
Lo from thy Hand the Cup I take,  
And live and die for Thee.

[Untitled.]<sup>75</sup>

- [1.] Father, behold with pitying Grace  
Thy wretched Creature, Man,  
Destruction is in all his Ways,  
And all his Thoughts are vain.  
Ore Sense and Sin's enchanted Ground  
The Self-destroyer roves,  
And scatters Ruin all around,  
And murders what He loves.
2. At every Shew of Creature Good  
His foolish Heart takes Fire,  
He yields, a willing Slave, subdued  
By every base Desire.  
He rushes rash and headlong on  
His Heart's Desire to gain,  
And finds, and drags his Partner down  
To everlasting Pain.
3. With Garlands to the Altar brought  
He smiles insensible,  
And sinks, without one anxious Thought  
Into the *Toils* of Hell.  
Thy Words he casts behind his back,<sup>76</sup>  
And desp'rately secure  
He toils and labours hard to make  
His own Destruction sure.
4. The greatest Blessing Heaven bestows  
His Madness turns to Bane,  
Gauls his own Soul with various Woes,  
With Wedlock's Iron Chain.

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<sup>75</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:261–62.

<sup>76</sup>Ori., “Thy Words behind his back he casts” changed to “Thy Words he casts behind his back.”

That happiest State, by GOD design'd  
To heighthen Paradiſe  
The Wretch perverts, thro' Paſſion blind,  
And lives a Beaſt and dies.

5. [unfinished]



[Untitled.]<sup>77</sup>

- [1.] Where, my best, my bosom-Friend,  
Shall our sacred Friendship end,  
End, yet evermore increase?  
In the Realms of glorious Bliss:  
There we shall with Transport meet,  
Find our Happiness compleat,  
All the Joys of Angels prove,  
All the Sweets of Heavenly Love.
  
2. There we to Each other known,  
Hand in Hand before his Throne  
Shall triumphantly appear,  
Partners of his Patience here,  
Comprehend his whole Design,  
In his rapt'rous Praises join,  
While eternal Ages flow  
Bless Him that we met below.
  
3. At the Marriage-Feast above  
What shall violate our Love?  
Human Frown, or hellish Art?  
No, they never more shall part:  
[unfinished]

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<sup>77</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:262.

[Untitled.]<sup>78</sup>

1. What shall I say, Preserver, Lord,  
Of all the helpless Sons of Men?  
Shall I presume to plead thy Word,  
Or sue for pardning Grace again?
2. Is it in all thy Depths of Love  
To cover such a World of Sin,  
So huge Destruction to remove,  
And wash so foul a Leper clean?
3. The Infinite of Grace Divine  
In vain I labour to conceive,  
Thy Ways and Thoughts are not like mine,  
If me Thou ever canst forgive.
4. It seems impossible that Grace  
Shoud save a Wretch so lost as me,  
Or all thy purging Blood efface  
The Stain of mine Iniquity.
5. If yesterday Thou canst recall,  
Or save a Soul shut up in Hell,  
Thou mayst at last repair my Fall,  
And make me as I ne'er had fell.
6. But O! my tortur'd Conscience cries,  
Thy Justice must reject my Prayer,  
Thou must abhor my Sacrifice,  
And leave me to extream Despair.
7. Alas! I dare no longer hope,  
The Door is shut, the Day is past,  
Mercy itself hath giv'n me up,  
To perish in my Blood at last.

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<sup>78</sup>Appears also in MS Occasional Hymns, 81–82; and MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 56–57.  
Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:151–52.

8. Yet for thy Cause and People's sake  
Indulge me in this One Desire,  
Take me away in Judgment take,  
But let me *silently* expire.
9. Prevent the proud Philistine's Boast,  
The Ruin, Lord, be all my own,  
Bring me with Sorrow to the Dust,  
A Wretch unpitied and unknown.
10. Soon as on Earth I disappear,  
O might I all-forgotten be,  
Perish my sad Memorial here,  
And let my Name be lost with me.

[Untitled.]<sup>79</sup>

- [1.] O my GOD, my GOD forbear  
Thine utmost Wrath to shew,  
Spare the chief of Sinners spare,  
Nor give the Final Blow,  
Weeping in the Dust I lie,  
If haply yet there may be Hope,  
Let thy yearning Bowels cry  
How shall I give thee up!
2. By reiterated Crimes  
I have thy Spirit griev'd,  
Twice ten thousand thousand times  
Forgiven, or repriev'd,  
None of our Apostate Race  
Matches my vile Apostasy,  
None hath so abus'd thy Grace,  
And dar'd thy Wrath, as me.

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<sup>79</sup>Appears also in MS Occasional, 82–83; and MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 58. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:152–53.

3. Yet for thy Compassion sake  
And never failing Love,  
Call the Storms of Vengeance back  
The bitter Cup remove,  
Once again in Jesus Name  
For Pardon and Release I cry,  
Sav'd, from all my Sin, and Shame,  
O let me love, and die.

**Desiring Death.**<sup>80</sup>

- [1.] Thou GOD to whom alone I live,  
For whom my All I spend,  
Thy Servant graciously forgive,  
And let my Labours end.
2. Weary alas! Thou knowst I am,  
Of this sad Vale of Tears,  
Restless to die from all my Shame,  
From all my Griefs and Fears.
3. Evil and few my Days have been,  
And still Thou hearst me groan  
Impatient at my People's Sin,  
Impatient at my own:
4. Oft have I sunk orewhelm'd, opprest  
Beneath the double Load,  
And languish'd for that Land of Rest,  
Th' Inheritance of GOD.
5. Oft have I groan'd my Lot to bear,  
A Man of Grief and Strife,

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<sup>80</sup>Appears also in MS Occasional Hymns, 83–84; and MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 24–25. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:354–55. In MS Occasional Hymns it is titled “Written in N. W., 1748.” This probably designates North Wales, since CW was twice in North Wales during the latter part of 1748, traveling to and from Ireland.

And struggled to throw off the Care,  
And burst the Bars of Life.

6. One only Wish detains me still  
In this bleak Wilderness,  
Till mounted on thy holy Hill,  
I cannot die in Peace.
7. O might I now with calmest Haste  
From all my Griefs remove,  
Go up at once, and more than taste  
Thy Fruit of Perfect Love.
8. I pray, Thee let me pass the Flood  
To yon fair Coast unknown,  
And see that pleasant Land, and good,  
That lovely Lebanon.
9. The glorious Gospel I declare  
O might I now partake,  
The Image of the Heavenly bear,  
And yield my Spirit<sup>81</sup> back.
10. A Moment more I woud not stop  
To Holiness restor'd,  
But soar beyond the Mountain-top,  
But die to meet my Lord.

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<sup>81</sup>See note above on page 62, stanza 4.

**Sacrament-Hymn.**<sup>82</sup>

- [1.] O the Blood, the pretious Blood,  
That streams from yonder Tree!  
Glory to th' Incarnate GOD,  
Who suffers Death for me!  
Me to save from Endless Pain,  
Me to mount above the Skies,  
GOD becomes a Mortal Man,  
And bows his head, and dies.
2. Him as on the Altar laid  
Ev'n now by Faith I view,  
Suffering in the Sinner's stead  
The Death to Sinners due:  
Say not ye The Deed is *past*,  
Now his mortal Pang I feel,  
Still He pants, and groans his last,  
He dies for Sinners still.
3. Close beneath the cursed Wood  
My prostrate Soul remains,  
Gasping for the Balmy Blood  
That starts from Jesus' Veins:  
Wilt Thou not One Drop afford?  
Yes, Thou *dost* the Comfort give;  
O my bleeding, loving Lord,  
Thou diedst that I may live.
4. Rivers of Salvation flow  
And Springs of Life from Thee,  
Sav'd from Sin, I live, I know  
Thy Blood hath ransom'd me:

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<sup>82</sup>Appears also in MS Occasional Hymns, 87–88. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:183.

Now I catch the healing Tide  
Now I taste how good Thou art,  
Now I feel the Blood applied,  
The Pardon to my Heart.

**At going a Shipboard.**<sup>83</sup>

- [1.] Lord, whom Winds and Seas obey,  
Guide us thro' the Watry Way,  
In the Hollow of thy Hand  
Hide, and bring us safe to Land.
2. Jesus, let our faithful Mind  
Rest, on Thee alone reclin'd,  
Every anxious Thought repress,  
Keep our Souls in perfect Peace.
3. Keep the Souls whom now we leave,  
Bid them to Each other cleave,  
Bid them walk on Life's rough Sea,  
Bid them come by Faith to Thee.
4. Save, till all these Tempests end,  
All who on thy Love depend,  
Waft our happy Spirits o're,  
Land us on the Heavenly Shore.

**Another**

**[At going a Shipboard].**<sup>84</sup>

- [1.] Lord of Earth, and Air, and Sea,  
Supream in Power and Grace,  
Under thy Protection we  
Our Souls and Bodies place,

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<sup>83</sup>Appears also in MS Occasional Hymns, 86. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:263–64.

<sup>84</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:264.

Bold an unknown World to try  
We lanch<sup>85</sup> into the foaming Deep,  
Rocks, and Storms, and Deaths defy  
With Jesus in the Ship.

2. Who the Calm can understand  
In a Believer's Breast?  
In the Hollow of his Hand  
Our Souls securely rest:  
Winds may rise, and Seas may roar,  
We on his Love our Spirits stay,  
Him with quiet Joy adore  
Whom Winds and Seas obey.

3. [unfinished]

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<sup>85</sup>I.e., "launch."



**In a Storm.**<sup>86</sup>

- [1.] Omnipotent Lord, We sing of thy Power,  
Thy Wonderful Word With Joy we adore,  
Thy dreadfulest Creature The billowing Flood  
Submits to a Greater, Confesses a GOD.
2. The tyrannous Winds Are subject to Thee  
Thy Providence binds, Or lets them go free:  
And now they are risen, And blow as they list  
Releas'd from their Prison Of Jesus's Fist.
3. But Thou by a Look Their Race canst restrain,  
The Billows rebuke, And still them again:  
And while they are roaring, We know Thou art near,  
And hearst us imploring Our Lord to appear.
4. Come, Jesus, and shew Thyself on the Wave,  
Appear in our View, Almighty to save,  
[unfinished]

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<sup>86</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:138.

[Untitled.]<sup>87</sup>

- [1.] Merciful GOD, with pitying Eye  
See, as at the Point to die  
A Tempted Sinner see,  
An helpless gasping Soul befriend,  
And shew, If Hope is in my End,  
If Mercy is for me.
2. Long have I forfeited my Peace,  
In this droughthy Wilderness  
My Sin I long have borne,  
Stript of my Power to weep and pray,  
I cannot find the Living Way,  
Or to thy Arms return.
3. Still farther have I rov'd from Thee,  
Deep in Sin and Misery  
Immerst, and deeper still  
With not One Ray of Heavenly Hope  
To bear my sinking Spirit up,  
And stop my headlong Will.
4. Forgive me, O Thou injur'd GOD,  
If with Waves of Woe or'erflow'd,  
In my extream Distress,  
Support from Man I hop'd to draw,  
And eager caught at every Straw  
Of Earthly Happiness.
5. With Shame my Wishes I recant,  
Thou alone art All I want,  
But Thee I cannot find:  
I strive alas! yet still in vain,  
Thy blisful Favour to regain  
And cast the World behind.

---

<sup>87</sup>Appears also in MS Deliberative, 25–27; and MS Occasional Hymns, 16–18. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:263–64.

6. O woudst Thou try me, Lord, once more,  
    Only once my Peace restore,  
        My Curse of Sin remove;  
Then woud I All with Joy forego,  
And Nothing seek, and Nothing know  
    But thy Extatic Love.
7. By Thine from Earthly Love set free,  
    Lo! I plight my Faith to Thee,  
        My Little All I give:  
I *will*, if Thou my Heart release,  
My Comfort, Joy, and Total Bliss  
    From Thee *alone* receive.
8. Eternal GOD, be Present now,  
    Witness to my solemn Vow,  
        With all thy Host above!  
Accept, and answer me by Fire,  
And now my parting Heart inspire,  
    With pure Seraphic Love.
9. This only Happiness be mine,  
    Every other I resign,  
        Of thy pure Love possest,  
Possest of all those heavenly Charms,  
I find within thy Mercy's Arms  
    My everlasting Rest.
10. To Thee espous'd, and Thee alone  
    Thee my One Desire I own,  
        Thine wholly Thine I am:  
And call'd thy Heavenly Feast to share,  
I hasten to the Marriage there,  
    The Marriage of the Lamb.

[Untitled.]<sup>88</sup>

- [1.] Thou awful GOD, by All unknown,  
Omniscient as Thou art,  
Whose Ear attends the stifled Groan,  
And hears the sighing Heart;  
Whose piercing Eye with Pity sees  
Th' unutterable Pain,  
To Thee I offer my Distress,  
And secretly complain.
2. Wretched indeed, Thou knowst, I am,  
The sad Reverse of Thee,  
Weigh'd down with Fear, orewhelm'd with shame  
And sunk in Misery:  
Thou only knowst The Reason why  
In deep Distress I grieve,  
Impatient, yet afraid, to die,  
But more afraid to live.
3. No faintest Ray of distant Hope  
My Spirit e'er shall have,  
Unless thy Mercy lift me up  
To look beyond the Grave;  
With Final Happiness in view,  
I could my Burthen bear,  
And wade a Sea of Sorrows thro'  
To reach my Haven there.
4. My evil things content I am  
To have, while here below,  
But save me from that Final Shame  
That Everlasting Woe:

---

<sup>88</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:265.

The Loss of One than Life more dear  
I quietly sustain,  
Let me but in thy Sight appear,  
And find thy Love again.

5. [unfinished]

**Epitaph  
(Mrs. Lunel's).<sup>89</sup>**

- [1.] A Follower of the Bleeding Lamb  
Her Burthen here laid down,  
The Cross of Jesus' Pain and Shame  
Exchanging for the Crown.
- [2.] True Witness for her Pardning Lord,  
Whose Blood She felt applied,  
She kept the Faith, obey'd the Word,  
And liv'd a Saint and died.
- [3.] Reader, her Life and Death approve,  
Believe thy Sins forgiven,  
Be pure in Heart, be fill'd with Love,  
And follow Her to Heaven.

**For a Family.<sup>90</sup>**

- [1.] GOD of the Patriarchal Race,  
Whose Spirit in those antient Days  
In Abraham's faithful Breast did move,  
To Us the Gospel-blessing give,  
And let us by his Pattern live  
The simple Life of Faith and Love.
2. Suffice the Time in Pleasures past,  
When fashion'd to the Worldly Taste  
We Liv'd the Life of Sense and Pride,  
In Mirth and Ease, and harmless Play  
We glided down the Spacious Way  
Nor knew, nor sought The Crucified.

---

<sup>89</sup>Appears also in a Letter to William Lunell (August 21, 1748); and MS Six, 25. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:436. This is for Lunell's second wife, Anne (*née* Gratton), who died in August 1748.

<sup>90</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:266.

3. But now the glorious Gospel-Sound  
That scatters Peace to All around,  
    Within these hallow'd Walls we hear,  
And lo! the Phantoms of the Night,  
The Dreams of Sensible Delight  
    At Jesus Rising disappear.
  
4. [unfinished]

**Epitaph,  
Mrs. Popkin's.<sup>91</sup>**

A Christian here her glorious Journey ends,  
Caught from her Earthly to her Heavenly Friends,  
Mature for GOD below, her Work fulfil'd,  
Her Prayers accepted, and her Pardon seal'd, [4]  
The Spotless Soul, a Native of the Sky,  
Has paid her Visit, and return'd on high:

Mourner to Heaven thine earnest Wishes breathe  
And live Her Life that thou mayst die Her Death, [8]  
Silent and sad pass thro' the weeping Vale,  
With Arms Divine the Glorious Throne assail  
Assur'd the Crown of Life shall then be given,  
And GOD shall wipe away thy Tears in Heaven. [12]

**For a Woman, near the Time  
of her Travail.<sup>92</sup>**

1. Righteous, O Lord,<sup>93</sup> thy Judgments are!  
Ordain'd by thy Decree  
In Sorrow to conceive and bear,  
I bow my Soul to Thee.  
Daughter of Eve, thy Voice I hear  
Appointing my Distress,  
And prostrate in the Dust, revere  
Thine awful Righteousness.
2. The Misery of my Fall I feel,  
And patiently sustain,

---

<sup>91</sup>Appears also in MS Six, 25. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:426–37. Justina (Stepney) Popkin died June 28, 1749. She was the wife of Thomas Popkin (b. 1719), a son of Rebecca (Evans) Popkin, who was a sister of Sarah (Evans) Gwynne—CW's mother-in-law.

<sup>92</sup>A manuscript copy of an apparent earlier draft of this hymn, in John Wesley's hand, survives at MARC (MA 1977/157, JW III.8); variant readings are noted. The version here was published in *Family Hymns* (1767), 44–45.

<sup>93</sup>MARC, MA 1977/157, JW III.8 has "O God" instead of "O Lord."



But save me from th' extremest Ill,  
The more than Mortal Pain:  
The utmost Penalty decreed,  
The utmost Wrath forbear,  
And spare me, O Thou Woman's Seed,  
Thou Son of Mary, spare.

3. If once to swell the Virgin's Womb,  
Great GOD, Thou didst not scorn,  
But Man Thyself for me become,  
Of thy own Creature born;  
Partaker of our<sup>94</sup> Flesh and Blood,  
Our Sorrows still partake,  
And skreen me from the Curse of GOD,  
For thy own Nature's sake.
4. O Son of Man, assuage my Woes,  
My rising Fears controul,  
And sanctify the Mother's Throes,  
And save the Mother's Soul.  
Thy blessed Sanctifying Will  
I know concerning me  
By Faith assur'd I ne'er shall feel  
That Endless Misery.
5. My Saviour from the Wrath to come  
From Present Evil save,  
And farther mitigate my Doom,  
Nor let me see the Grave  
Still hold my Soul in Life, I pray,  
A dying Worm reprieve,

---

<sup>94</sup>MARC, MA 1977/157, JW III.8 has "thy" instead of "our."

And let me all my lengthen'd Day  
Unto thy Glory live.

6. Now, Lord, I have to Thee made known  
My earnest Soul's Request,  
And sink in calm Dependance down  
Within thy Arms to rest.  
Secure in Danger's blackest Hour  
Thy faithfulness to prove,  
Protected by Almighty Power  
And Everlasting Love.

**II.**<sup>95</sup>  
**Hymn.**

- [1.] Save, Jesu, save! My Hour is near  
Of Sorrow and Distress,  
And lo! I faint, opprest with Fear  
At my own Helplessness:  
My Littleness of Faith I feel,  
And sink orewhelm'd again,  
Aw'd by the Ill-correcting Ill,  
The Pain-preventing Pain.
2. But ah! Thou knowst an heavier Care  
Hath all my Soul orespread,  
And Pain, and Death are light to bear  
Compar'd with what I dread.  
My Life I freely would resign,  
And sink this Moment down,  
Rather than see a Child of mine  
Eternally undone.

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<sup>95</sup>Published in *Family Hymns* (1767), 45–47.

3. But wilt Thou suffer me to bear  
    A sad Reverse of Thee,  
A graceless miserable Heir  
    Of endless Misery,  
Expose it to the World's bleak Wild,  
    And Sin's malignant Power?  
And must I, Lord, bring forth a Child  
    For Satan to devour?
  
4. Rather resume the Blessings lent,  
    And stop thy Creature's Breath,  
And by a Temporal prevent  
    An Everlasting Death.  
Before it draws this tainted Air,  
    My harmless Infant slay:  
Or let the sad Benoni tear  
    My wretched Life away.
  
5. The Keys of Death and Hell are held  
    In thine Almighty Hand,  
And all the Powers of Nature yield  
    To thy supream Command:  
Destroy the Candidate for Light,  
    Or slay me in its stead,  
Childless among the Living write,  
    Or free among the Dead.
  
6. Or let the Sleeping Babe remain  
    In its Maternal Tomb,  
And safe from Sin, and safe from Pain,  
    Forever swell the Womb;

Till waken'd by the Trumpet's Sound  
We both triumphant rise,  
And see our Life with Glory crown'd,  
And grasp Him in the Skies.

**III.**<sup>96</sup>  
**Hymn.**

- [1.] But if Thou otherwise ordain,  
All-gracious as Thou art,  
And bring me thro' the perilous Pain,  
To act a Mother's Part;  
My Infant, yet unborn, receive  
An Offering to the Sky,  
And let it for thy Glory live,  
And for thy Glory die.
2. To Thee, great GOD, in Jesu's Name,  
Devoted from the Womb,  
For Thine alone my Offspring claim,  
And when Thou wilt resume:  
My Child, like Jephtha's Daughter seize  
A Sacrifice Divine;  
Or if a Son his Parents bless,  
The Nazarite is Thine.
3. Or in the Morning of his Day,  
Or call him back at Noon,  
I will not murmur for his Stay,  
Or cry 'He died too soon!'

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<sup>96</sup>Published in *Family Hymns* (1767), 47–48.

I freely render Thee thy Right,  
And in thy Pleasure rest,  
For Love and Wisdom Infinite  
Must always chuse the Best.

- 4.<sup>97</sup> My every Creature-Good remove,  
But let thy Handmaid gain  
The Witness of thy Pardning Love,  
And still the Grace retain,  
Retain, by Mercy reconcil'd,  
The Sense of Sin forgiven,  
And meet at last my happy Child  
With all my Friends in Heaven.

**On the Loss of a Friend.**<sup>98</sup>

- [1.] And is the Dream of Friendship past  
The Fleeting Joy for ever fled!  
And must I give Her up at last,  
Nor once lament the Living-Dead,  
Compel'd to feel the Loss severe,  
Forbid to drop a Parting Tear!
2. The Lord, who gave, and takes away,  
No senseless Apathy requires:  
He knows the Weakness of his Clay:  
Bereav'd of all my Heart desires,  
I struggle with the rising Groan,  
And hardly cry<sup>99</sup>—Thy Will be done!

---

<sup>97</sup>Ori., “7.”

<sup>98</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:266–67. This and the next poem likely date from 1748, reflecting the resistance of Sarah Gwynne’s mother to a possible marriage.

<sup>99</sup>Ori., “cry at last” changed to “hardly cry.”

3. To Thee I do not offer up  
    A Sacrifice that cost me nought,  
My All of human Joy or Hope  
    Is to the Fatal Mountain brought,  
The Object of my tenderest Care,  
    My Friend, the Daughter of my Prayer.
4. Yet, for thy Sovereign Will demands  
    Its own with strictest Equity,  
I yield her up into thy Hands,  
    The pretious Loan received from Thee,  
My all with solemn Grief restore,  
    And weep, that I can give no more.

II.<sup>100</sup>

- [1.] Thou awful GOD, whose Judgments are  
    A vast unfathomable Deep,  
I come thy Chastisement to bear,  
    Beneath thy Feet I calmly weep,  
By patient Faith my Grief improve,  
    And rest in thy afflictive Love.
2. Call'd to give up my Isaac here,  
    I meekly let the Blessing go,  
Nor murmur at my Lot severe  
    Nor strive to break the Fatal Blow,  
Nor peevishly proclaim my Pain,  
    Nor pine to have my Friend again.
3. My Friend (alas no longer mine)  
    Shall I with weak Impatience blame,

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<sup>100</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:267–68.

Or leave her in the Arms Divine  
And weeping kiss her pretious Name,  
Her Name to GOD alone declare,  
Or breathe it in a Silent Prayer.

4. Yes, Lord, I now my Calling see,  
And to my meek Example look,  
With feeble Steps I follow Thee,  
By All denied, by All forsook,  
I will not struggle with my Pain,  
Or in one murmuring Thought complain.
5. Here from the Cross, on which I bleed,  
I groan th' unutterable Prayer,  
For Her I in thy Spirit plead,  
My First Concern, my Latest Care,  
To Thee, and to thy Saints commend  
That dearest Soul, who was my Friend.
6. Jesu, preserve Her to that Day,  
My Burthen both in Life and Death,  
I only live for Her to pray,  
And bless Her with my parting Breath  
And haste to claim my Debt above,  
My Debt of her Eternal<sup>101</sup> Love.

**For his Enemies.**<sup>102</sup>

- [1.] Away ye wrathful Passions! hence  
To Souls, which have not Jesus known,  
The Rage Canine, th' Indignant Sense,  
That tears the Dart, and bites the Stone,

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<sup>101</sup>Ori., “Everlasting” changed to “her Eternal.”

<sup>102</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:268–69.

To Pagans and Wild-beasts I leave,  
And meekly suffer—and forgive.

2. Let Heathen murmur, or resent:  
My Lord, I have not learnt Thee so,  
Nor can I scorn the Instrument,  
That deals thy Providential Blow,  
Alas! I can no more despise,  
Than hate my helpless Enemies.
3. I will not harbour in my Mind<sup>103</sup>  
A Burthen of injurious Ill,  
Or own one single Thought unkind  
Of Those whose keenest Hate I feel,  
Or prophecy their fearful Doom,  
But pray the Woe may never come.
4. Avert it, Lord, the Woe avert,  
(Ev'n now I in thy Spirit pray,  
Ev'n now He moves my melting Heart,)  
On Them thy only Grace display,  
To Them thy pardning Mercy shew,  
For Ah! they know not what they do!

**Another**  
**[For his Enemies].**<sup>104</sup>

- [1.] Try me, O Lord, and search my Heart,  
Nor let me my own Soul deceive,  
Tell me, Omniscient as Thou art,  
Do I indeed my Foes forgive,  
As GOD in Grace divinely free,  
Hath for thy sake forgiven me!

---

<sup>103</sup>Ori., “Breast.”

<sup>104</sup>Published posthumously in *Representative Verse*, 183–84; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:269–70.



2. Is it for thy dear sake alone  
    My most injurious Foes I love?  
Or aim I at my own Renown,  
    And mimick what I must approve,  
While by a specious shew I hide  
The Baseness of vindictive Pride.
3. It speaks a weak ignoble Soul  
    Injurious Evil to return:  
But do I, Lord, my Wrath controul,  
    With-held by honourable Scorn,  
And skilfully my Sore conceal,  
Too proud to tell the Pain I feel.
4. I am not now condemn'd within,  
    Or conscious of the Ill I fear,  
Pure of the Unforgiving Sin,  
    Thow knowst *I think* myself sincere:  
But make me, Jesus, as Thou art,  
But bless me with a simple Heart.
5. O could I view them with *thine* eyes  
    Thine eyes, before they clos'd in death,  
Embrace my mortal enemies  
    And bless them with my latest breath,  
And die, that they may live forgiven,  
May follow, whom they send, to heaven.

[blank]

**A Minister's Prayer.<sup>1</sup>**

1. Shepherd of Souls, for whom alone  
I spend my happy days,  
To make thy faithful mercies known,  
And minister thy grace;
2. [incomplete]
3. The little flock of feeble sheep  
Thou hast by me brought in,  
Out of the reach of Satan keep,  
Out of the reach of Sin.
- 4.<sup>2</sup> I ask thee not to take them hence  
But keep them safe from harms,  
And still extend for their defence  
Thine everlasting arms.
5. The stumbling block of self and pride  
Far from their path remove,  
Their souls from every idol hide,  
From every creature-love.
6. Ah! leave them not in error's maze  
Far from thy paths to rove,  
Thou GOD of all-redeeming grace,  
Of all-renewing love.
7. [incomplete]

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<sup>1</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:309–10.

<sup>2</sup>Ori., “3.”

8. O might I all present to Thee  
With that triumphant boast  
The children these thou gav'st to me,  
And not a soul is lost.

**Hosea 2:14 &c.<sup>3</sup>**

- [1.] Lift up your hearts to things above  
Ye Partners in distress,  
Allur'd, and brought by Jesus Love  
Into the Wilderness.  
With us expect again to hear  
His comfortable Voice,  
And feel his great salvation near  
And evermore rejoice.
2. From hence He shall our comforts raise,  
From hence our vineyards give,  
And by his all-restoring grace  
Our drooping souls revive.  
He from the depth of misery  
Shall lift his mourners up,  
And lo, he gives us now to see  
An open door of hope.
3. Ev'n now we sweetly call to mind  
The former gospel-days,  
The Joy of our First Love we find,  
The extacy of grace,

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<sup>3</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:249.

We sing the glories of the Lamb  
And feel his blood applied,  
As when we out of Egypt came  
But newly justified.

**Sacrament-Hymn.**<sup>4</sup>

- [1.]      How dreadful is the Place  
            Where GOD appoints to meet  
Sinners that humbly seek his Face,  
            And tremble at his Feet,  
            Where to th' Assembled Crowd  
            His Promis'd Grace is given:  
This is the solemn House of GOD,  
            This is the Gate of Heaven!
2.         His Ordinance Divine  
            He now vouchsafes to own,  
Blessings herein and Duties join,  
            And GOD and Man is One:  
            The Sacramental Rite  
            Which Jesus Love commands  
Heaven and Earth by Faith t' unite  
            Like Jacob's Ladder stands.
3.         On this mysterious Tree<sup>5</sup>  
            Where our Redeemer hung  
Descending and ascending see  
            The bright Angelick Throng!  
            They fill the hallow'd Place  
            While we his Death record,  
And lost in silent wonder gaze  
            On our redeeming<sup>6</sup> Lord.
4.         By Jesus Cross sustain'd  
            Our souls to Heaven aspire,

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<sup>4</sup>Published posthumously in *Representative Verse*, 184–85; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:184–85.

<sup>5</sup>Ori., “Rite.”

<sup>6</sup>“Redeeming” has “expir-[ing]” written in the margin as an alternative.

Blessings by Jesus Cross descend  
And raise our raptures higher,  
The Ministers of Grace  
Swift to our succour move,  
Our Guardians fill the middle space  
And GOD appears above!

5. He calls us to the skies,  
And lo! we spurn the ground,  
Light on the sacred Ladder rise,  
And gain the topmost Round,  
Of<sup>7</sup> Everlasting Life  
The glorious Pledge is given;  
Another Step shall end the Strife,  
And lodge us all in Heaven!

**Before reading the Scriptures.**<sup>8</sup>

- [1.] Son of GOD, to Thee, I look,<sup>9</sup>  
Teach me the mysterious Book,  
Take my weakness by the hand,  
Make my dulness understand.
2. With thy grace anoint my eyes,  
Make me to salvation wise,  
Wisdom from above impart,  
Give me the believing heart.

---

<sup>7</sup>Ori., “The.”

<sup>8</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:172.

<sup>9</sup>Ori., “Son of GOD, Hook to Thee” changed to “Son of GOD, to Thee, I look.”

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**Written in a Bible.**<sup>10</sup>

- [1.] Jesu, dear expiring lamb,  
Shew me my own worthless name,  
Written in the book of GOD,  
Written with thy pretious blood.
- [2.] Let me here my title see  
To eternal life and thee,  
See and taste how good thou art,  
Find thy Spirit in my heart.
- [3.] Then reveal thy perfect love  
Write me in thy book above,  
Thou who hast my sins forgiven,  
Write my worthless name in heaven.

---

<sup>10</sup>Appears also in MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 74. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:427–28.



**Written, at the desire  
of Mr. W. for him, and his wife.<sup>11</sup>**

- [1.] Glory to thee, almighty GOD,  
By whose sufficient grace  
Zachary and his consort trod  
In all thy righteous ways.  
In every ordinance of thine  
In every written word  
They walk'd upheld by strength divine  
Nor sinn'd against the Lord.
2. Kept by the virtue of thy name,  
They hand in hand went on  
Free from the slightest touch of blame  
They liv'd to GOD alone.  
Pure as the first unfallen pair  
They walk'd with thee in white,  
And sav'd from all their sins they were  
And spotless in thy sight.
3. Still in the sacred page they stand,  
To shew we *may* fulfil  
Thro' thee thy every kind command,  
And do thy utmost will;  
To baffle those who dare deny  
The freedom of thy sons,  
And stop the mouth of all that cry  
"Where are the perfect ones?"

---

<sup>11</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:319.

4. O that<sup>12</sup> the miracle of grace  
Might now repeated be!  
Guide, Jesu, guide in all our ways  
My other self and me.  
[unfinished]

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<sup>12</sup>Ori., “might.”

[Untitled.]<sup>13</sup>

- [1.] Rejoice, ye proud Philistines  
Your dreaded foe is taken,  
In me survey  
Your helpless prey  
As now by all forsaken!  
Maliciously succesful  
Your rage at last has found me,  
My brethren's hands  
In surest bands  
At your command have bound me.
2. Ye Aliens, shout against me,  
Over your captive glory;  
But at the sound  
I rise unbound,  
And drive you all before me.  
That everlasting Spirit  
Let him to me be given,  
And all your host  
Shall fly like dust  
Before the whirlwind driven.
3. Cut off from all dependance  
Of human help and favour  
Thee, Lord, alone  
My strength I own,  
My all-sufficient Saviour.  
[incomplete]

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<sup>13</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:130–31. It is based on the story of Samson in Judges 16.

[blank]

**At the hour of Retirement.**<sup>14</sup>

- [1.] Again I come my friends to meet  
    Around the throne of grace,  
I come to hold communion sweet  
    With all the faithful race.
2. Swift on the wings of love and prayer  
    To Jesus saints I fly,  
And on their GOD I cast my care,  
    And on their Rock rely.
3. See, O thou Rock of Israel, see  
    The Souls that ask thy aid,  
And still extend to them, to me,  
    Thy love's almighty shade.
4. Us in thy clefts vouchsafe to hide  
    From earth and hell secure,  
Preserve us in thy wounded side,  
    Till pure as GOD is pure.

---

<sup>14</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:199–200.

**Thanksgiving.**<sup>15</sup>

- [1.] Sons of GOD, your Father praise,  
Praise him in alternate lays,  
Lift your hearts and voices higher,  
Emulate the angel-quire.
2. Day, and night they chant above  
Praise his everlasting love,  
Joyful all again they sing  
Glory to our heavenly king.
3. King of heaven's exalted powers,  
Him we call thro' Jesus ours,  
Humbly bow before his throne,  
Boldly claim it for our own.
4. Christ hath paid the mighty price,  
Bought our mansions in the skies,  
Equal praise to Christ be given,  
Fellow to the GOD of heaven!
5. [unfinished]

---

<sup>15</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:168.

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**For One imprisoned  
for righteousness sake.<sup>16</sup>**

- [1.] Father of everlasting grace  
    Thy awful Providence we own,  
Holy and just are all thy ways,  
    Thy name be prais'd, thy will be done.
2. Thy wise permissive will be bliss,  
    Which lets the sons of night succeed,  
With lawless might thy servant seize  
    And trample on his guiltless head.

---

<sup>16</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:311.

3. By Satan into prison cast,  
His bonds thy gospel shall proclaim  
And thou shalt bring him forth at last,  
In honour of thy glorious name.
4. Lord, we believe against his foes,  
Thou soon shalt laugh their rage to scorn  
Confound who thee, and thine oppose,  
And all their hellish strength oreturn.
5. [unfinished]



**Accepting punishment.**<sup>17</sup>

- [1.] Ah! Lord, I do, I do repent  
My vileness and thy justice own,  
Humbly accept my punishment,  
And scarce presume my griefs to groan,  
Give my rebellious murmrings ore,  
And kick against the pricks no more.
- [2.] Holy, and just are all thy ways,  
Most *fitly* contrary to me,  
I see thy awful righteousness,  
The wisdom of thy wrath I see,  
My sin in every judgment read,  
And meekly bow my guilty head.
3. Convinc'd I hear th' instructive rod,  
Which brings my secret faults to mind,  
My long forgetfulness of GOD,  
I now, of GOD forgotten, find.  
Nor can I ask, who fled from thee,  
Ah why hast thou forsaken me!<sup>18</sup>
4. I woud not use the proffer'd Power,<sup>19</sup>  
Or warn'd, thy Spirit's calls obey,  
And now I cannot watch one hour,  
I cannot for one moment pray,  
The stony o're my heart is spread,  
And my dead soul is doubly dead.

---

<sup>17</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:154–55. Ori., “Accepting my punishment.”

<sup>18</sup>Ori., “My Ah why hast thou forsaken me!”

<sup>19</sup>Ori., “*grace.*”

5. Dead, dead to GOD, but still alive  
    To sin, I make my feeble moan,  
Who in thy strength refus'd to strive,  
    Thy strength I find withdrawn and gone,  
To every tempting lust give place,  
And faint—without thy *slighted* grace.
  
6. To good averse, to ill inclin'd  
    Left to my own rebellious will,  
The hatred of the carnal mind  
    An hundred fold increas'd I feel,  
Yet cannot I my GOD accuse,  
Who gives me but the thing I chuse.
  
7. Me if thou never more incline  
    In humble fear to sue for grace,  
I cannot at my doom repine,  
    Or charge thee with unrighteousness  
But merit all the plagues I feel,  
And vindicate my GOD in hell.



[blank]

**For a Backslider.**<sup>21</sup>

- [1.] O helper of sinners distrest,  
    To thee in a moment of hope  
I make my imperfect request,  
    And feebly for mercy look up,  
I live, to recover thy grace,  
    Thy favour and mercy to meet,  
To see the bright beams of thy face,  
    And joyfully die at thy feet.
2. Ah! look not at what I have done,  
    Remember offences no more,  
But send me the comforter down  
    My forfeited peace to restore,  
The pardon I once had in thee,  
    O write it again on my heart,  
And then from my prison set free,  
    And bid me in triumph depart.

---

<sup>21</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:312.

**In Reproach.**<sup>22</sup>

- [1.] My worthless life, O Lord, receive,  
Can I to thy glory live?  
Alas, the fond desire  
Is blasted by the dragon's breath;  
Then let me from the world retire,  
And praise thee by my death.
2. The fiend hath laid mine honour low,  
Mangled by a deadly blow:  
My race<sup>23</sup> of glory's ore:  
O that my race of shame were past,  
O might I bear my sin no more,  
But weep and groan my last!
3. Why shoud I live in fruitless pain,  
Suffering on, and all in vain!  
Why as an evil-doer  
Shoud I, to shame thy people, stay?  
Now, Lord, my sinsick Spirit cure,  
And call me hence away.
4. Speak, Saviour, speak the welcom word,  
Pardon, and receive me, Lord,  
Shut up my mournful years,  
From all my sins and sorrows save,  
And let me quit this vale of tears,  
And rush into a grave.

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<sup>22</sup>Appears also in MS Occasional Hymns, 29–30; and MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 75–76.  
Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:123–24.

<sup>23</sup>Ori., “rage.”

5. O might I now lay down my head  
    Weary sink among the dead  
        Beyond the tempter's power,  
Escap'd from life's tempestuous sea  
O might I gain the happy shore  
    Of calm Eternity!
  
6. Jesu, regard my earnest cry  
    Hallow, Lord, and let me die,  
        In answer to my prayer  
The death-presiding Angel send,  
And let my pain, and grief, and care  
    In life eternal end!

**Hymn for April 8, 1750.**<sup>24</sup>

- [1.] Sweet Day, so cool, so calm, so bright,  
The Bridal of the earth and sky!  
I see with joy thy chearing light,  
And lift my heart to things on high.
2. To Him my grateful heart I lift,  
Who did my guardian Angel send  
Inrich'd me with an heavenly gift,  
And bless'd me with a bosom-friend.
3. The mountains at his presence flow'd,  
His Providence the bar remov'd,  
His grace my other soul bestow'd,  
And join'd me to his well-belov'd.
4. 'Twas GOD alone who join'd our hands,  
Who join'd us first in mind and heart,  
In love's indissoluble bands  
Which neither life nor death can part.
5. GOD of eternal power and grace,  
I bow my soul before thy throne,  
I only breathe to breathe thy praise,  
I live and die to thee alone.
6. My more than life to thee I give,  
My more than friend to thee restore,  
When summon'd with thyself to live,  
And fall, and silently adore.

---

<sup>24</sup>Published posthumously in *Representative Verse*, 271–72; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:270–71. Charles sent the poem in a letter to his wife Sarah on April 3, 1750. Over the title his daughter Sally has written “this was written on his own Wedding Day,” i.e. the first anniversary of his wedding. The first two lines are a quotation from George Herbert’s “Virtue,” in *The Temple*.



7. Yet if thy gracious will consent  
    To spare her yet another year,  
With joy I grasp whom GOD hath lent,  
    And clasp her to my bosom *here*.
8. Her in the arms of faith I bring,  
    And place before thy glorious throne  
Receive her, O thou heavenly king,  
    And save whom thou hast call'd thine own.
9. Thy choicest blessings from above,  
    Thy strongest consolations send,  
And let her know thy perfect love,  
    And freely talk with GOD her friend.
10. Keep up the intercourse between  
    Our souls, our kindred souls and thee,  
And fix our eye on things unseen,  
    The glories of eternity.
11. O let us steadily pursue  
    With strength combin'd the heavenly prize,  
And kindled by the nearer view,  
    Together both invade the skies.
12. The crown with holy violence seize,  
    The perfect grace to conquerors given  
And rise renew'd in righteousness,  
    And keep the marriage-feast in heaven.

**For our Enemies.**<sup>25</sup>

- [1.] Let GOD arise and let his foes,  
Who fiercely Him and His oppose  
    Be scatter'd far<sup>26</sup> away!  
Thou Jesus on our side appear  
And bring thy great salvation near,  
    And answer, while we pray.
  
2. Rebuke their proud tyrannic boast,  
Who vaunting against Israel's host,  
    Do Israel's GOD defy,  
Thee in thy people they reproach,  
And touching us presume to touch  
    The Apple of thine eye.
  
3. Who persecute the sons of light,  
And kick against the pricks, and fight  
    Against their Maker-GOD,  
Bow down beneath thine Anger's Weight,  
Convince them of their lost Estate,  
    And shew them to thy Blood.
  
4. No farther let their Rage proceed,  
Arise and bruise the Serpent's Head,  
    Who bruises now thy Heel;  
Thou knowst thy feeble Followers Pain,  
For Thou dost all our Grievs sustain,  
    And all our Sorrows feel.
  
5. [unfinished]

---

<sup>25</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:312–13.

<sup>26</sup>Ori., "for."

[Untitled.]<sup>27</sup>

- [1.] O Thou who hanging on the tree  
Didst pray for Those that murther'd Thee  
And mock'd thy mortal Smart  
Inspire me with thy patient love,  
For those that now thy Servant prove,  
And tear my bleeding Heart.
2. My bitter persecuting Foes  
The Authors of my Griefs and woes  
I beg Thee, Lord, to spare,  
Evil for good who still return,  
For these I sigh and weep and mourn,  
And agonize in prayer.

[Untitled.]<sup>28</sup>

- [1.] [ ]  
[ ]  
[ ]  
Master, the promised grace we claim,  
We boldly now confess Thy name,  
And suffer for Thy cause.
- [2.] Send down Thy Spirit on us to rest,  
And give our ravished souls to taste,  
The sweetness of Thy love.  
[ ]  
Afflicted for Thy Gospel's sake,  
[ ]
- [3.] [ ] Thy faithful heart.  
[ ]  
Panting for full conformity,

---

<sup>27</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:434.

<sup>28</sup>There is additional verse in shorthand at the bottom of the page, which has been scribbled out, leaving it hard to decipher. Elijah Hoole provides his attempt to decipher the shorthand on p. 162 of the notebook. We reproduce Hoole's reading. It is unclear if this is a continuation of the poem at the top of the page or a new poem. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:434–35.

**Epitaph  
for Miss Molly Leyson.<sup>29</sup>**

Beneath a Daughter of Affliction lies,  
The tears forever banish'd from her eyes,  
Wash'd in the Laver of Atoning Blood,  
The Spirit here hath drop'd her earthy Load,  
Fulfil'd her Visit, and return'd to GOD.  
O that *our* Flesh like Hers might rest in hope,  
Till earth and ocean give their Pris'ners up,  
Till the great Object of our love and fear,  
With Myriads of his Shining Friends appear,  
And all in shouts proclaim the Heavenly Bridegroom here.

**For One retired into  
the Country.<sup>30</sup>**

1. Merciful GOD, what hast thou done  
For a poor Sojourner  
How strangely drawn and led me on  
To seek Salvation here!
2. Here in the solitary shade  
I seek the things above,  
In deep Distress implore thy Aid,  
And languish for thy Love.
3. Thou, only Thou canst sooth my Grief,  
And calm my troubled breast,  
Afford the permanent Relief,  
The everlasting Rest;

---

<sup>29</sup>Appears also in MS Six, 26. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:436. Mary Leyson (1721–50) was a cousin of Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley. She died April 12, 1750.

<sup>30</sup>A shorthand copy of this hymn appears in MS Spencer, 12–13. It was published in *Family Hymns* (1767), 157–58, with several modifications; among others, the 10 four-line stanzas are combined into 5 eight-line stanzas.

4. Th' irreparable Loss repair,  
And draw th' invenom'd Dart,  
And shut the World of Sin and Care  
Out of my peaceful Heart.
5. Sorrow and Sin are chas'd away  
Whene'er thy Love appears,  
The Gloom it brightens into Day,  
And dries the Widows's Tears:
6. It makes the wounded Spirit whole,  
Pours in the Balm divine,  
And whispers to my inmost Soul  
"The Pardning GOD is Thine.<sup>[2]</sup>"
7. Come then, thou Universal Good,  
And bid my heart be still,  
And let me find thee in *the Wood*,  
Or meet thee on *the Hill*.
8. Lead to the Springs of Paradise  
My raptur'd Spirit lead,  
And bid the Tree of Life arise,  
And flourish round my head.
9. My Soul to nobler Prospects raise,  
My widening Views extend,  
Beyond the Bounds of Time and Space  
Where Pain and Death shall end.
10. Place me by Faith on Pisgah's Top  
Thy People's Joys to prove,

And then receive thy Servant up,  
To see thy Face above.

**[Untitled.]<sup>31</sup>**  
**To—"Thou GOD of glorious majesty."**

- [1.] And am I only born to die?  
And must I suddenly comply  
    With Nature's stern Decree?  
What after Death for me remains?  
Celestial Joys or Hellish Pains  
    Thro' all Eternity.
2. How then ought I on Earth to live,  
While GOD prolongs the kind Reprieve  
    And props the House of Clay?  
My sole Concern, my single Care  
To watch, and tremble, and prepare  
    Against that Fatal Day.
3. No room for Mirth or Triffling here,  
For worldly Hope or worldly Fear,  
    If Life so soon is gone,  
If now the Judge is at the Door,  
And all Mankind must stand before  
    Th' Inexorable Throne.
4. No Matter which my Thoughts employ,  
A Moment's Misery, or Joy:  
    But O! when both shall end,

---

<sup>31</sup>Published in *Hymns for Children* (1763), 57–58.

Where shall I find my destin'd place?  
Must I my everlasting days  
With Fiends or Angels spend?

5. Nothing is worth a Thought beneath  
But how I may escape the death  
That never never dies,  
How make my own Salvation sure  
And, when I fail on earth, secure  
A Mansion in the Skies.
6. Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying Ray,  
Be Thou my strength, be Thou my way  
To Glorious Happiness;  
Ah! write the Pardon on my heart,  
And whensoever I hence depart  
Let me depart in peace.

**A Wedding Song.**<sup>32</sup>

- [1.] Sing to the Lord of earth and sky,  
Who first ordain'd the Nuptial Tie,  
In Eden yok'd the new-made Pair,  
And bless'd them to each other there.
2. Extol the great Jehovah's Name,  
Whose Love from age to age the same  
Delights his Creature's Bliss to see,  
And joys in our Prosperity.

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<sup>32</sup>Published in *Family Hymns* (1767), 173–74.

3. GOD of the Patriarchal Race,  
He still directs us by his grace,  
Who Isaac and Rebecca join'd,  
He gives us Each our Mate to find.
4. He magnified the Social State,  
And stamp'd our Joy divinely great,  
When GOD appear'd his Creature's guest,  
And Jesus grac'd a Wedding-Feast.
5. That Everlasting Joy of His  
Is shadow'd by the Nuptial Bliss,  
Heaven is the Marriage of the Lamb,  
And GOD assumes a Bridegroom's Name.
6. Then let us glory in his grace,  
And triumph in the Father's Praise,  
Who made a Marriage for his Son,  
And sent Him from his bosom down.
7. Thanks to our Heavenly Adam give,  
Who form'd his Church the Second Eve,  
Produc'd her from his wounded Side,  
And still rejoices or'e his Bride.
8. Praise to the blessed Spirit above,  
Who fills our hearts with Sacred Love,  
Our faithful hearts to Jesus plights,  
And Each to Each in GOD unites.
- [9.] Praise GOD from whom &c.



**Hosea 2.**<sup>33</sup>

- [1.] Sing to the faithful GOD of Love!  
His Goodness and his Truth we prove,  
Allur'd into the Wilderness,  
Beneath the long-incumbent Cloud,  
We praise the twofold Gift of GOD,  
The joyous and the patient grace.  
Who to his People came unsought,  
He hath into the Desart brought,  
And fenc'd us round with Sacred Thorn,  
Reprov'd our unbelieving haste,  
And giv'n our<sup>34</sup> humbled Souls to taste  
The Blessedness of all that mourn.
2. Here in the Depth of sweet Distress  
Again our Vinyards we possess,  
And drink the dead-reviving Wine,  
He lifts our drooping Spirits up,  
Gives us an open Door of Hope,  
And cheers with Confidence Divine.  
Again the hidden GOD appears,  
He scatters all our gloomy Fears,  
The joy of conscious Faith imparts,  
He gives us back our former Love,  
Restores the Kingdom from above,  
And writes Forgiveness on our Hearts.

---

<sup>33</sup>A shorthand copy of this hymn, with no variants, appears in MS Spencer, 5–6. The three stanzas were later published as three separate two-stanza hymns on Hosea 2:14–15 in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:65–66 (OT, #1309–11).

<sup>34</sup>Ori., “giv'n ~~us~~ our.”

3. We sing as in our earliest days,  
That rapt'rous Infancy of grace  
    When first we felt the Sprinkled Blood,  
Exulting out of Egypt came,  
And shouting our Redeemer's Name,  
    Triumphant pass'd the parted Flood.  
Jesus the Lord again we sing,  
Who did to us Salvation bring  
    And *now* repeats our Sins forgiven,  
We now his glorious Spirit breathe,  
Tread down the Fears of Hell and Death,  
    And live on Earth the Life of Heaven.

[Untitled.]<sup>35</sup>  
To—"Hail holy holy holy Lord."

- [1.] How happy every Child of grace,  
Who knows his Sins forgiven!  
This Earth, he cries, is not my place,  
I seek my place in Heaven  
A Country far from mortal Sight;  
Yet O! by Faith I see  
The Land of rest, the Saints' Delight,  
The Heaven prepar'd for me.
2. A Stranger in the world below  
I calmly sojourn here,  
Nor can its Happiness or Woe  
Provoke my Hope or Fear.  
Its Evils in a Moment end,  
Its Joys as soon are past;  
But O! the Bliss to which I tend,  
Eternally shall last.
3. To that Jerusalem above  
With singing I repair,  
While in the flesh, my Hope and Love,  
My heart and Soul<sup>36</sup> are there;  
There my Exalted Saviour stands  
My merciful High-priest,  
And still extends his wounded Hands,  
To take me to his Breast.

---

<sup>35</sup>Published in *Funeral Hymns* (1759), 2–4. A manuscript precursor to this longhand form (with one variant) appears in shorthand in MS Spencer, 7–9.

<sup>36</sup>Ori., "mind."

4. What is there here to court my stay,  
    To hold me back from home?  
While Angels beckon me away,  
    And Jesus bids me Come  
Shall I regret my parted Friends  
    Still in the Vale confin'd?  
Nay, but whene'er my Soul ascends,  
    They will not stay behind.
  
5. The Race we all are running now,  
    And if I first attain,  
They too their willing head shall bow,  
    They too the Prize shall gain  
Now on the Brink of Death we stand,  
    And if I pass before,  
They all shall soon escape to land,  
    And hail me on the shore.
  
6. Then let me suddenly remove  
    That hidden Life to share;  
I shall not lose my Friends above,  
    But more enjoy them there.  
There we in Jesus praise shall join,  
    His boundless Love proclaim,  
And solemnize with Songs divine  
    The Marriage of the Lamb.
  
7. O what a blessed Hope is Ours!  
    While yet on Earth we stay,  
We more than taste the heavnly powers,  
    And antedate That Day:

We feel THE RESURRECTION near,  
Our Life in Christ conceal'd,  
And with his glorious Presence *here*  
Our Earthen Vessel's fill'd.

8. O would He more of Heaven bestow,  
And let the Vessel break,  
And let our ransom'd Spirits go  
To grasp the GOD we seek;  
In rapt'rous Awe<sup>37</sup> on Him to gaze  
Who bought THE SIGHT for me,  
And shout, and wonder at his grace  
Thro' all Eternity.

[Untitled.]<sup>38</sup>

- [1.] And let this feeble Body fail,  
And let it droop, or die,  
My Soul shall quit the mournful Vale  
And soar to Worlds on high;  
Shall join the disembodied Saints,  
And find its long-sought Rest  
(That only Bliss for which it pants)  
In my<sup>39</sup> Redeemer's Breast.
2. In hope of that immortal Crown  
I<sup>40</sup> now the Cross sustain,  
And gladly wander up and down,  
And smile at Toil and Pain:

---

<sup>37</sup>Ori., "Songs."

<sup>38</sup>Published in *Funeral Hymns* (1759), 4–6. A manuscript precursor to this longhand form in CW's hand appears in shorthand in MS Spencer, 9–11.

<sup>39</sup>MS Spencer reads "its" instead of "my."

<sup>40</sup>MS Spencer reads "I" instead of "We."

I suffer out my threescore years  
Till my Deliverer come,  
And wipe away his Servant's tears,  
And take his Exile home.

3. Surely He will not long delay  
I hear his Spirit cry  
"Arise, my Love, make haste away,  
"Go, get thee up, and die.  
"Or'e Death, who now hath lost his Sting,  
"I give the Victory,  
[<sup>41</sup>]And with me my Reward I bring,  
"I bring my Heaven—for Thee."

4. Lord, I the welcome word receive  
Thee on the mount adore,  
For thy dear sake content to live  
Some painful moments<sup>41</sup> more  
I live in holy grief and joy  
On Pisgah's Top I stand,  
And Life's important Point employ  
To view that Promis'd Land.

5. O what hath Jesus bought for me!  
Before my ravish'd eyes  
Rivers of Life divine I see,  
And trees of paradise:  
They flourish in perpetual bloom,  
Fruit every month they give,  
And to the healing Leaves who come  
Eternally shall live.

---

<sup>41</sup>Ori., "~~One painful moment~~" changed to "Some painful moments."

6. I see a World of Spirits bright  
Who taste the pleasures there:  
They all are robed in purest<sup>42</sup> white  
And conqu'ring Palms they bear.  
Adorn'd by their Redeemer's grace  
They close pursue the Lamb,  
And every shining Front displays  
Th' Unutterable Name.
- [7.] They drink the Deifying Stream  
They pluck th' ambrosial Fruit,  
And Each records the praise of Him  
Who tuned his golden Lute.<sup>43</sup>  
At once they strike th' harmonious Wire,  
And hymn the great Three-One:  
He hears: He smiles! and all the Quire  
Fall down before his Throne!
8. O what an Heaven of Heavens is This!  
This Extacy of Love!  
How poor the world's sublimest Bliss,  
Compar'd with<sup>44</sup> Joys above!  
With Joys above may I be blest,  
And earthly Bliss I scorn,  
Or sing triumphantly distrest  
Till I to GOD return.
9. O what are all my Sufferings here,  
If, Lord, Thou count me meet

---

<sup>42</sup>Ori., "spotless."

<sup>43</sup>CW originally had the last four lines of stanza 6 and the first four lines of stanza 7 reversed, but numbered them in the margin to show the order shown above.

<sup>44</sup>Ori., "to."

With that inraptur'd Host t' appear,  
And worship at thy Feet!  
Give joy or grief, give ease<sup>45</sup> or pain,  
Take Life and Friends away,  
But let me find them all again<sup>46</sup>  
In that eternal Day!

**On the Death of  
Miss Molly Leyson.**<sup>47</sup>

- [1.] Fly, happy Spirit fly  
Beyond this gloomy Sky!  
Thee our prayers no more detain,  
Thee our grief recalls no more,  
Leave a while thy Friends in pain,  
Land on that eternal shore.
2. Tis done! the Soul is fled,  
The Earthly Part is dead!  
Dead is that which wish'd to die,  
That which gaul'd the Soul within,  
Dead the Sense of Misery,  
Dead the Seed of Death and Sin!
3. No Pangs of Loss or Care  
Shall now thy Bosom tear,  
Anguish and severe Disease  
Agony and Death are past,  
Now the weary is at peace,  
Peace that shall forever last.

---

<sup>45</sup>Ori., "praise."

<sup>46</sup>Both MS Spencer and *Funeral Hymns* read instead "I come to find them all again."

<sup>47</sup>Stanzas 1–3 appear also in MS Six, 26. The longer version is published in *Funeral Hymns* (1759), 22–23. Mary Leyson (1721–50) was a cousin of Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley. She died Apr. 12, 1750. See epitaph above on p. 127.



4.           Yes, thou hast found an Home,  
              Where Want shall never come,  
Nabal cannot drive thee thence,  
              From thy Bosom-friends disjoin:  
Sure is that Inheritance,  
              'Spite of Hell forever thine.
  
5.           Expos'd to want and Woe  
              By thy own Flesh below,  
Will thy Relatives above  
              Thee by their unkindness grieve?  
Angels cannot scorn thy Love,  
              GOD cannot *his* Daughter leave.
  
6.           Thou *hast*, from earth convey'd,  
              A place to lay thine head;  
Lull'd on thy Redeemer's Breast  
              We cannot lament for Thee,  
Thee in GOD supremely blest,  
              Blest thro' all eternity.
  
7.           Yet on thy Virgin-bier  
              We drop a selfish tear,  
For ourselves alas! we mourn  
              Still by various Sorrows pain'd,  
Still by various passions torn,  
              Midst the toils of hell detain'd.
  
8.           When, dearest Soul, shall we  
              Escape, and follow thee,  
Meekly bow our dying head,  
              Gladly from our Labours cease,

Ready for the Bridegroom made,  
Ripe for everlasting Bliss.

9.           Bridegroom of Souls, reply,  
              And bring Redemption nigh,  
Object of our Glorious Hope,  
              Come and change our Faith to Sight,  
Come and take thy Mourners up,  
              Take us to thy<sup>48</sup> Saints in Light.

---

<sup>48</sup>Ori., "our."

[Untitled.]<sup>49</sup>

- [1.] Ah woe is me, a man of woe,  
A Mourner from the womb,  
I see my Lot and softly go  
Lamenting to the tomb.
- [2.] In calm despair I bow my head,  
The heavenly Loan restore,  
For O! my latest Hope is dead,  
And Friendship is no more.
- [3.] Too happy in His Love I was,  
*I was*—but I submit!  
Irreparable is the Loss,  
The Ruin is compleat.
- [4.] O could I to the Desart fly  
Till pain with life should end,  
And ah! my *faithless Brother* cry  
And ah! my faithless Friend!
- [5.] The dearest Sharer of my heart,  
Ah! whither is he fled!  
My Friend, whom death could never part,  
To me is doubly dead.
- [6.] In simple innocency drest  
The soft Ephesian's charms  
Have caught him from my honest breast  
To her bewitching Arms.

---

<sup>49</sup>Published posthumously in *Representative Verse*, 274–75; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:320–21. Frank Baker suggests (p. 274) that this and the following poem reflect Charles's distress over John Wesley's marriage to Mary Vazeille in Feb. 1751.

- [7.] My other Self, but more belov'd  
In youth in manhood tried,  
Faithful for 30<sup>50</sup> winters prov'd—  
Is ravish'd from my side.
- [8.] O what a mighty Loss is mine!  
The anguish who can tell,  
The more than anguish, to resign  
A Soul I lov'd so well!
- [9.] But shall a sinful man complain  
Or murmur at the Rod?  
I yield, I yield him back again  
Into the Arms of GOD.
- [10.] There let me find him in that day  
When all the Saints ascend,  
And lo! I weep my life away,  
For my Departed Friend!

---

<sup>50</sup>Ori., "40."

[Untitled.]<sup>51</sup>

- [1.] Why should I in unhallow'd pain  
My pretious Moments spend,  
Or fondly for the Loss complain  
Of every earthly Friend?  
How can I need if still possest  
Of Him my Friend above,  
If every Loss secures my rest  
In his Eternal Love.
2. How blind, and slow my heart to see  
Thy uniform Design!  
Who shedst thy blood to purchase me  
Wouldst have me wholly thine;  
Woudst have me let thy creature go,  
The broken Cisterns leave,  
And all my Happiness below  
From thee alone receive.
3. For this Thou hast hedg'd up my ways,  
My warmest wish withstood,  
While wandring or'e th' enchanted maze  
I one fair Shade pursued,  
The world and all its joys resign'd,  
Might I but apprehend  
The only good for which I pin'd,  
The blessing of a Friend.

---

<sup>51</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:321–22. See note on preceding hymn.

4. The Blessing more than once bestow'd  
    I grasp'd with joy extreme,  
And fondly made my friend my God,  
    And sought my all from Him.  
Object of all my love and trust,  
    I woud not let him stay,  
But forc'd the jealous GOD and just  
    To snatch his gift away.
  
5. Or by the stroke of death remov'd  
    My heart's desire I see,  
Or still he lives so dearly lov'd,  
    But lives estrang'd from me.  
My Friend with me to live and die  
    Before thy altar sworn,  
Is like a summer's brook past by  
    And never shall return.
  
6. So be it, Lord! by thee decreed  
    The sentence I adore,  
And lean upon the broken Reed,  
    And trust in man no more.  
The stream of creature-love dried up,  
    I still the Fountain see,  
And all my Joy, and all my Hope,  
    And all my Heav'n in Thee.

[Untitled.]<sup>52</sup>

To—"Hail, charming Grotto, still Retreat."

- [1.] Hence Lying World, with all thy Care,  
With all thy *Shews* of good, or fair,  
Of beautiful, or great!  
Stand with thy slighted charms aloof,  
Nor dare approach my peaceful<sup>53</sup> Roof,  
Or trouble my Retreat.
2. Far from thy mad fantastic ways,  
I here have found a Lodging-place  
Of poor wayfaring men,  
Calm as the Hermit in his Grot,  
I here enjoy my happy Lot,  
And solid<sup>54</sup> pleasures gain.
3. Along the Hill, or dewy mead  
In sweet Forgetfulness I tread  
Or wander thro' the Grove,  
As Adam in his native<sup>55</sup> Seat,  
In all his works my GOD I meet  
The Object of my Love.
4. I see his Beauty in the Flower,  
To shade my walks, and deck my bower  
His love and wisdom join;  
Him in the feather'd Quire I hear,  
And own,<sup>56</sup> while all my Soul is Ear,  
The Music is Divine.

---

<sup>52</sup>A shorthand copy of this hymn appears in MS Spencer, 13–14. It was published in *Family Hymns* (1767), 158–59. Frank Baker suggests (*Representative Verse*, 236) that this and the next several poems were composed in April 1751, while Charles was spending a week at St. Anne's Hill, near Chertsey. CW spent a week there with Mrs. Colvil and Miss Mary Digges, "chiefly in reading, singing, and prayer," while recuperating, in part, from the shock of his brother's marriage (cf. *Manuscript Journal*, Apr. 9, 1751).

<sup>53</sup>"Peaceful" has "~~sacred~~" written above it, likely an alternative that CW decided against.

<sup>54</sup>Ori., "reat."

<sup>55</sup>Ori., "blisful."

<sup>56</sup>Ori., "cry."





[Untitled.]<sup>61</sup>

To—"Let me wander, not unseen."

Hide me in the peaceful shade  
For lonely Contemplation made,  
Where the Birds on every tree  
Whistle artless melody,  
Where the River glides so slow,  
Where the Landscape swells below,  
And every soul may muse its fill  
Under the Side of S[t. Anne's] Hill.<sup>62</sup>

Another.<sup>63</sup>

[To—"Let me wander, not unseen."]

Bear me to the sacred Scene,  
The silent Streams and pastures green  
There the chrystal waters shine,  
Springing up with Life divine,  
There the Flock of Israel feed,  
Guided by their Shepherd's Tread,  
And every Sheep delights to hide  
Under the Tree where Jesus died!

---

<sup>61</sup>Published posthumously in *Representative Verse*, 276; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:322–23. As the title indicates, the words are based on lines from Milton's *L'Allegro*, which had been set to music by Handel. For the possible context, see the note on the poem beginning on page 146 above. A shorthand revision of the poem appears in MS Spencer, 14.

<sup>62</sup>St. Anne's is spelled out in MS Spencer.

<sup>63</sup>A shorthand copy of the poem appears in MS Spencer, 14; and it was published as *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 1:255 (OT, #795). For the possible context, see the note on the poem beginning on page 146 above.

[Untitled.]<sup>64</sup>  
To—"Hail, charming Grotto."

- [1.] Come Saviour Friend of human kind,  
Physician of the sinsick mind,  
    The weary Spirit's Rest,  
Pour on my heart the healing balm,  
Speak to my troubled soul, and calm  
    The tumult in my breast.
2. Thou only canst my loss repair,  
This mountain-load of guilty care  
    Canst with a word remove;  
Out of the deep for help I cry,  
Out of myself to GOD I fly,  
    And shelter in thy Love.
3. O could I hear that inward Voice  
Which makes the dying soul rejoice  
    To sudden life restor'd!  
How should I my Redeemer praise,  
And sing the wonders of his grace,  
    And triumph in my<sup>65</sup> Lord!
4. Come then, dear Lord, for sinners slain,  
My Joy in grief, my Ease in pain,  
    My Comfort in distress,  
Give what the world can never give,  
And bid me in thy Image live,  
    And bid me die in peace.

---

<sup>64</sup>Appears also in MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 42–43. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:323. For the possible context, see the note on the poem beginning on page 146 above.

<sup>65</sup>Ori., "his."

[Untitled.]<sup>66</sup>  
To—"How brisk the Breath of Morning blows!"

What Joy unknown unspeakable  
Beyond what Angel-tongues can tell  
On lovely Pisgah's Top to stand  
And wide survey the Promis'd Land!  
    Here a River smooth and strong  
    Rolls its chrystal waves along.

---

<sup>66</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:324. This header is the first line of a song from Henry Holcombe's *Musical Medley* (1745) called "A Thought on a Spring Morning." Thomas Butts made it common among Methodists under the tune name "Cheshunt" in *Harmonia Sacra* (1753). A transcript of the ballad is given in the note on the next page.

**[Untitled.]<sup>67</sup>**  
**To—"How brisk the Breath &c."**

How shrill the Gospel-Trumpet sounds!  
What Joy thro' all the earth rebounds!  
The hills with Jesus' praises ring,  
The fruitful Valleys laugh and sing!  
~~Life appears a Summer's Day,~~  
~~Twice as smoothly rolls away.~~<sup>68</sup>

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<sup>67</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:324. See the note on the previous poem.

<sup>68</sup>The last two lines were scored through, then follow five lines of shorthand replicating Henry Holcombe's, "A Thought on a Spring Morning. Below the shorthand is written:

Deciphered as follows, by Elijah Hoole, 24 June, 1864.

How brisk the breath of morning blows,  
How sweet the fragrance of the rose,  
What lovely verdure crowns the fields  
What pure delight the prospect yields  
Here the shepherd blithe and gay  
Pipes his rural roundelay.

The voice of my beloved sounds,  
While o'er the mountain tops he bounds  
He comes exulting o'er the hills,  
And all my soul with rapture fills,  
Rise, my love and come away,  
[ ]

[Untitled.]<sup>69</sup>

- [1.] The Voice of my Beloved sounds,  
While or'e the Mountain-Tops He bounds,  
He flies exulting or'e the Hills,  
And all my Soul with Rapture fills!  
Gently doth He chide my Stay,  
Rise, my Love, and *come* away.
2. The scatter'd Clouds are fled at last,  
The Rain is gone, the Winter past,  
The lovely vernal Flowers appear,  
The feather'd Quires enchant<sup>70</sup> our ear,  
Now<sup>71</sup> with sweetly pensive Moan  
*Cooes* the Turtle-Dove alone!

---

<sup>69</sup>A shorthand copy of this poem (with no variants) appears in MS Spencer, 14–15. It was the published as two single-stanza hymns on Song of Songs 2:8, 11, in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 1:295 (OT, #934–935). Frank Baker suggests (*Representative Verse*, 209) this is the last of the verse composed in April 1751 while CW was spending a week at St. Anne's Hill, near Chertsey (cf. note on page 146 above).

<sup>70</sup>“Enchant” has “invite” written above it as an alternative.

<sup>71</sup>Ori., “Then.”

[Untitled.]<sup>72</sup>

- [1.] Jesu, thy goodness I proclaim,  
Thy guardian Care confess,  
While safe returning in thy name  
I see my House in peace.
2. 'Scap'd from a World of anxious Grief  
I here my Weakness hide,  
And seek again my sure Relief  
Within thy wounded Side.
3. Thy wounded Side, to which alone  
From earthly Hopes I fly,  
Can yield the Balm for which I groan,  
And all my wants supply;
4. Thy Blood can bid my Anguish end,  
Extract the poison'd Dart,  
And blot the memory of [a Friend]  
Out of this aching Heart.
5. For this, thou faithful Lord, I come  
With calm Desire to know  
The sure inevitable Doom  
Of all thy Flock below:
- [6.] Lo! in the World I *have* Distress  
Thy mournful Legacy;  
But let me find and still possess  
My promis'd Peace in Thee.

---

<sup>72</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:325. A version lacking stanza 4 appeared in *Poetical Works*, 13:268.

[blank]

[Untitled.]<sup>73</sup>

- [1.] O merciful Creator,  
    An helpless Soul receive,  
Thy Property and Nature  
    Is always to forgive  
With eyes of kind compassion  
    A guilty Sinner see,  
And grant me the Salvation  
    Thy Son<sup>74</sup> procur'd for me.
2. For Jesus sake release me  
    From all these Chains within,  
O send thy Son to bless me  
    By turning me from Sin,  
In honour of my Saviour  
    And Advocate above  
Reveal thy gracious favour,  
    Display thy pardning Love.

---

<sup>73</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:155.

<sup>74</sup>Ori., "~~Thou hast~~" changed to "Thy Son."



[Untitled.]<sup>75</sup>

- [1.] Help, O my gracious Saviour,  
    (If Help on thee is laid)  
And shield me by thy favour  
    Who humbly ask thine Aid,  
Throughout my fierce Temptation  
    Continue with my Soul,  
And all these storms of passion,  
    And all these sins controul.
2. Balm of the wounded Spirit,  
    Thy pretious Blood apply,  
And save me by thy Merit  
    O save me, or I die:  
Wash out my Sin's Infection  
    And arm me with thy Blood,  
Thy Blood be my Protection<sup>76</sup>  
    And quench the Wrath of GOD.

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<sup>75</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:128.

<sup>76</sup>Ori., "Thy Blood by be my Protection."

[Untitled.]<sup>77</sup>

- [1.] Come, let us join our Friends above  
Who have obtain'd the Prize,  
And on the Eagle-wings of Love  
To Joy celestial rise.  
Let all the Saints terrestrial sing  
With those to glory gone,  
For all the Servants of our King  
In earth and heaven are One.
2. One Family we dwell in Him,  
One Church above, beneath,  
Tho' now divided by the Stream,  
The narrow Stream of Death,  
One Army of the living GOD  
To his Command we bow:  
Part of his Host have cross'd the Flood,  
And part is crossing Now.
3. Ten thousand to their endless Home  
This solemn Moment fly:  
And we *are* to the Margin come,  
And we expect to die.  
His militant Imbodied Host  
With wishful Looks we stand,  
And long to reach that happy Coast,  
And grasp that heavenly Land.
4. Our old Companions in Distress  
We haste again to see,  
And eager long for our Release  
And full Felicity:  
Ev'n now by Faith we join our hands,  
With those that went before,  
And greet the [blood-besprinkled] Bands  
On the Eternal Shore.

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<sup>77</sup>A longer version appears in MS Six, 23–24. The longer version is published in *Funeral Hymns* (1759), 1–2.

[blank]

**Before preaching at St. Eudy.<sup>78</sup>**

- [1.]       Come, O thou mighty Lord,  
            Come, O thou Prince of Peace,  
            Give out the Gospel-Word,  
            And crown it with Success,  
Now to thy ransom'd ones appear,  
And plant thy heavenly Kingdom here.
2.         Claim as thy lawful Right  
            This poor rebellious Croud,  
            From Darkness turn to Light,  
            From Satan's Power to GOD,  
That they may all thy Love receive,  
And sav'd from Sin forever live.
3.         In this Accepted Hour  
            A gracious Token shew,  
            And make us<sup>79</sup> own thy power,  
            And groan ourselves<sup>80</sup> to know,  
Weep for our<sup>81</sup> sins, and deeply mourn,  
And to a pardning GOD return.
4.         Gather the Outcasts in,  
            Who feel their guilty Load,  
            Redeem the Slaves of Sin,  
            And point them to thy Blood,  
Thy Blood be to their hearts applied,  
And speak them freely Justified.

---

<sup>78</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:178. "St. Eudy" is CW's spelling for St. Tudy, Cornwall. CW records preaching there on Monday, Aug. 11, 1753, in MS Journal.

<sup>79</sup>Ori., "them."

<sup>80</sup>Ori., "themselves."

<sup>81</sup>Ori., "their."

[Untitled.]<sup>82</sup>

- [1.] Tired with the Follies of Mankind,  
And all their miserable ways,  
Shall I not cast them all behind,  
And fly the vile degenerate Race,  
'Scape to the Desert or the Cell,  
And bid this evil world farewell!
  
2. Foolish alas! the Hope and vain,  
While from myself I cannot flee.<sup>83</sup>  
I bear about the Wretched Man,  
The evil World remains in me,  
And who for Human Baseness groan,  
I only murmur at my own.
  
3. It nought avails me to exclaim  
At Evils which Myself increase,  
On Others to transfer the Blame,  
Indulge my Passion's wild Excess,  
Or sullenly my Plague to hide,  
The Angry Littleness of Pride.
  
4. Suffice for this the Season past,  
If I have giv'n my Passions vent,  
My Censures on the guilty past,  
As I alone were innocent,  
Exempted from the general Stain,  
[And raised to] something more than Man.

---

<sup>82</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:251.

<sup>83</sup>Ori., "fly."

[Untitled.]<sup>84</sup>

- [1.] O might, I, as my Lord, survey  
    With calm Concern the World below!  
He did not start, or fly away,  
    Abhor the helpless Sons of Woe,  
Himself from his own Flesh conceal,  
But stay'd, and bore their utmost Ill.
- [2.] The City drunk with Martyrs Blood  
    He saw with Grief but not with Hate,  
With tears the harden'd Ruffians view'd,  
    And tenderly bewail'd their Fate  
Commended to his Father's Care,<sup>85</sup>  
And sav'd them by his Dying Prayer.

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<sup>84</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:252.

<sup>85</sup>Ori., "Prayer."

[This page contains Elijah Hoole's attempt to decipher the shorthand on p. 126; we have moved his transcription to a note there]