

MS Richmond Tracts¹

In the years 1744–46 Charles Wesley devoted much of his poetic energy to producing resources for occasions in Christian life such as funerals and times of national trial, as well as the major festivals on the life of Christ. That he understood these efforts as interlinked is evident, in part, by his publication of selections from a range of these volumes in *Festival Hymns* (1746).

MS Richmond Tracts is a more striking indication that Wesley was envisioning an encyclopedic resource. Wesley gathered in this volume copies of *Hymns for Times of Trouble*, 2nd edn. (1745), *Hymns for Times of Trouble and Persecution* (1744), *Funeral Hymns* (1746), *Nativity Hymns* (1745), *Resurrection Hymns* (1746), *Ascension Hymns* (1746), and *Whitsunday Hymns* (1746); interleaving between the various published tracts several blank pages (3.5 x 6.25 inches in size) and binding together the whole. On the blank pages Wesley then added twenty-six manuscript hymns relating to the topic of each preceding published tract. Some of these manuscript hymns had been published earlier and were inserted because they were on topic; some would appear in later publications during Wesley's life (all indicated in TOC in blue font). Four (in sections IV & V) remained unpublished at Wesley's death. The Table of Contents provides a helpful overview of layout and publication history.

A volume like this poses several questions for a transcriber. We will not reproduce the text of the published tracts, as these are available elsewhere on this site. Over 180 of the manuscript pages remain blank, scattered through the volume, and Wesley established no pattern of pagination. We have chosen to ignore pages with non-poetic entries, blank pages, and the pages of intervening published volumes, counting only pages on which manuscript poetry appears—and counting them continuously across the various groupings.² On another front, a vertical line is drawn through every manuscript hymn in the volume that Wesley published during his life. We have ignored this line, but indicate publication in the annotation. There is also one place where a page of manuscript text has been torn from the volume. Since the missing page contained text of a published hymn, we have inserted the appropriate text, to preserve continuity.

MS Richmond Tracts received its name because it was originally part of the collection at Richmond College, Surry. It is now in the Methodist Archive and Research Centre, accession number MA 1977/423 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 1). This transcription is provided with permission of the Librarian and Director, The John Rylands Library, The University of Manchester.

¹This document was produced by the Duke Center for Studies in the Wesleyan Tradition under the editorial direction of Randy L. Maddox, with the diligent assistance of Aileen F. Maddox. Last updated: October 12, 2010.

²Since our method of numbering differs from that adopted in *Unpublished Poetry*, we will indicate the correlate numbering in footnotes.

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**Hymns
for the Year 1746.**

[I.]³

1. GOD of Love, who hearest the Prayer
Offer'd for a Guilty Land,
Thou dost yet thy Wrath forbear
Hold a while thy lifted Hand;
Thou with Bowels of Compassion
Givst us still a longer Space;
Turn us then, the sinful Nation,
Conquer by thy Pardning Grace.

2. Thee in dreadful Indignation
Marching thro' the Land we saw!
Stopt by Israel's Supplication
Lo, Thou dost the Scourge withdraw:
O that All might hear and tremble
At the long-suspended Rod!
All in Jesus Name assemble
All confess the Son of GOD!

3. Grant us in this Awful Crisis
Hearts thy Warning to receive,
Hearts to cast away our Vices,
Hearts to sorrow and believe:
Humbly at thy Footstool mourning
Let us groan thy Face to see,
Let us all at last returning
Find our Help and Rest in Thee.

4. Come the contrite Heart's Desire,
Friend of helpless Sinners come!
Hear, and answer us by Fire,
All our Sins forgive, consume,
Humble us, and *then* deliver
Whom Thou dost a while reprove,
Save us then, and save forever
GOD of everlasting Love.

³Published in *Thanksgiving Hymns* (1746), 10.

[II.]⁴

1. Come our Redeeming Lord,
 Come quickly from above,
Hasten, according to thy Word,
 The Kingdom of thy Love:
 By all the Signs foretold
 We know that Thou art near,
And lift our Heads, divinely bold,
 And long to grasp Thee here.

2. Sorrow's and Sin's Increase,
 And wide-destroying War,
Forerunners of the Prince of Peace,
 Thy sure Approach declare:
 In Threatned Famine We
 Thy Promis'd Fulness find,
And close behind the Plague we see
 The Healer of Mankind.

3. Beset on every Side
 With Terror and Distress,
Untroubled and unterrified
 We still our Souls possess;
 The Coming of our Lord
 In patient Hope attend,
And see fulfil'd the faithful Word,
 And calmly wait the End.

4. Disturb'd the Nations are
 With sad Perplexity,
Tost to and fro by Stormy Care,
 And all a troubled Sea,
 They faint thro' sore Dismay
 At Desolation near,
While we exult to see thy Day,
 To see thy Face appear.

⁴Published in *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 55–57.

5. The Waves lift up their Voice,
 And horribly they roar,
The more they rage, we shout our Joys,
 And praise our GOD the more;
 Still in the General Wreck
 Immoveable we stand:
He comes, He comes, the Lord we seek,
 His Kingdom is at hand!

6. Jesus shall soon descend
 Our Saviour and our King,
And bring the Joys that never end,
 And full Redemption bring:
 Redemption from the Grave
 We know, and feel it nigh;
Jesus shall soon descend, and save
 Us up above the Sky.

7. Earth to her Centre quakes
 And owns her Judge is near;
Bowing the Heavens their Powers He shakes,
 And He shall soon Appear:
 Him we shall all survey
 High on a Glorious Cloud,
Whose Tokens cry—Prepare his Way,
 Prepare to meet your GOD!

8. Jesus, thy Word we own,
 And wait th' appointed Hour,
Come in thy Glorious Kingdom down
 With Majesty and Power;
 Thy Heavenly Bliss reveal,
 And bid us take our flight
Caught up to meet Thee on the Hill
 With all thy Saints in Light.

**The Fourth Chapter
of Jeremiah.⁵**

⁵28 blank sheets follow, but no text is given; compare *Hymns from Jeremiah* (1745).

[Untitled.]⁶

1. O happy Soul, thy Work is done,
Thy Fight is fought, thy Course is run,
And Thou art now at rest:
Thou here was perfected in Love,
Thou now art join'd to Those above,
And numbred with the Blest.
2. Thy Sun no more goes down by Night,
Thy Moon no more withdraws its Light:
Those blisful Mansions shine
Bright with an Uncreated Flame,
Full of the Glories of the Lamb
Th' Eternal Light Divine.
3. Our State if Parted Spirits know,
Thou pitiest now thy Friends below
In this dark Vale of Tears,
Who still beneath our Burthen groan,
Or griev'd with Sorrows not our own
Are living out our Years.
4. Secure of the Celestial Prize
Thou waitest now in Paradise,
Till we are all convey'd
By Angels to our Endless Rest,
Of Thine, and Jesus' Joy possest,
In Jesus Bosom laid.
5. O when shall I be taken home!
O that my latest Change were come,
For which I wait in Pain!
Weary of Life thro' Inbred Sin,
Speak, Jesu, speak the Sinner clean
And take my Soul again.

⁶Appears also in MS Shent, 154a–154b; and MS Thirty, 74–76. Published in *MSP* (1744), 3:261–63.

6. O bid me live in Thee, and die!
Why Saviour, let me ask Thee, why
Dost Thou so long delay?
A Blessing hast Thou not for me?
O bid me live, and die in Thee;
My Jesus, come away!
7. Another, and Another goes
Down the Dark Vale to his Repose,
And glad resigns his Breath;
But I alas! must still remain,
I cannot break my Fleshly Chain,
Or overtake *my* Death.
8. I live, and suffer all my Care,
The Bondage of Corruption bear,
And groan beneath my Load:
Struggles my Spirit to get free,
And pants for Immortality,
And reaches after GOD.
9. But O! my Strivings all are vain,
Inevitable is my Pain,
Incurable my Wound,
Till Jesus ends this inward Strife,
And speaks me into Second Life,
And I in Christ am found.
10. See then I all at last resign,
Thy Will, O LORD, be done not mine,
I give my Murm'rings o're;
Do with me now as seems Thee meet,
But let me suffer at thy Feet,
And teach my GOD no more.

[Untitled.]⁷

1. O Death, Thou art on every Side,
Thy thousand Gates stand open wide
 The Weary to receive:
Yet I can find no Rest for me,
I suffer all my Misery,
 And still alas! I live.
2. Still my imprison'd Spirit waits:
In vain for me thy thousand Gates
 Stand open Day and Night,
And Other Souls their Exit make,
On every Moment's Wings they take
 Their Everlasting Flight.
3. Envious I hear the Passing-Bell
With sweetly-melancholy Knell
 Their happiest Change declare;
But I can see no End of Strife,
Th' intolerable Load of Life
 I still am forc'd to bear.
4. Weary of Life in Pain I breathe,
With blind Desire I covet Death,
 But cannot find it nigh;
Unsav'd and unredeem'd from Sin,
Unchang'd, unholy, and unclean,
 Yet still I long to die.
5. Wretch that I am! while unrenew'd,
Can I appear, O Righteous GOD,
 A Sinner, in thy Sight!
Nay, but I trust thy Blood shall cleanse
My Soul, before Thou take it hence,
 And wash my Garments white.

⁷Appears also in MS Shent, 155a–155b; and MS Thirty, 84–85. Published in *MSP* (1744), 3:263–64.

6. When Thou hast spoke my Nature clean,
When I have thy Salvation seen,
O Lord my Righteousness,
And clasp'd Thee in my Loving Heart,
Pronounce the welcome Word Depart,
And let me die in Peace.

[Untitled.]⁸

1. A wretched Slave of Sin, to Thee,
Thou Sinner's Friend, I ever cry,
Pity, and end my Misery,
Forgive, renew, and let me die.
2. Ah! let it not my Lord displease
That I to Thee my Wishes breathe;
Hear, Jesus, hear, my Soul release,
And let me find an early Death.
3. I groan to be redeem'd from Sin;
When will the dear Deliverance come?
Open thine Arms, and take me in,
Receive thy Pardon'd Exile home.
4. Alas for me, constrain'd to dwell
Amongst the horrid Sons of Night!
Snatch from this Neighbourhood of Hell,
Translate me to the Realms of Light.
5. Eager I urge my sole Request;
Wilt Thou not, Lord, therewith comply?
Take me into thy People's Rest,
O bid me get me up, and die.
6. Impatient for my Change I wait,
For Death I sigh, for Death I mourn:
Whom Thou hast made again create,
And let my Spirit to GOD return.

⁸Appears also in MS Thirty, 80–81. Published in *MSP* (1744), 3:265–66.

7. This Vale of Tears and Misery,
This Earth, I know, is not my Place;
O that I were dissolv'd in Thee!
O that I might behold thy Face!
8. My Life to Thee I fain would give,
And be where Thou my Saviour art;
Better it is to die than live:
O speak, and bid my Soul depart.
9. Receive my Soul, which gasps for Death,
My Soul redeem'd by thy own Blood,
And let me now resign my Breath,
And sink into the Arms of GOD.

[Untitled.]⁹

1. Welcome Weariness and Pain,
Pledges of Repose¹⁰ and Ease!
Loss of Strength to me is Gain:
Let my wretched Days decrease;
All my Days shall soon be past,
Pain and Grief shall bring the Last.
2. Tenant of my troubled Breast,
Yet a little longer sigh,
Death shall shortly give Thee Rest;
Fluttering Heart, the Rest is nigh;
Flutter, till the Strife is o're,
Beat a while, and beat no more.
3. Wakeful Eyes, for your Repose
Yet a little longer weep,
Death your weary Lids shall close,
Seal them up in lasting Sleep;
Haste, your latest Sorrows pour,
Weep mine Eyes, and weep no more.

⁹Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 202–203; MS Clarke, 167–68; and MS Shent, 156a. Published in *MSP* (1744), 3:266–67.

¹⁰Ori., “Reli[ef].”

4. Tears, and Eyes, and Heart shall fail,
 This my fainting Spirit hears:
I have wellnigh pass'd the Vale,
 Travell'd thro' my mournful Years:
Glory to my Lord I give,
Here I have not long to live.
5. Grief hath shook the House of Clay,
 Grief hath sap'd the Ground of Life,
Grief hath hasten'd on the Day;
 Grief shall quickly end the Strife,
Grief shall Soul and Body part,
Grief for Sin shall break my Heart.

[Untitled.]¹¹

1. Soothing, Soul-composing Thought!
 I shall soon my Haven gain,
Out of mind, and clean forgot,
 Far from Trouble, far from Pain,
Of my quiet Grave possess
I shall be with Those that rest.
2. Let me on the Image dwell,
 Glory o're my mouldring Clay:
Feeble Limbs, ye soon shall fail,
 Life shall quickly pass away,
I shall yield my wretched Breath,
Sink into the Dust of Death.
3. Swift as Air my Moments fly,
 Less and less the destin'd Store,
Time like me makes haste to die,
 Time and Sin shall be no more,
Sin shall here its Period have,
Time be buried in my Grave.

¹¹Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 203–204; MS Clarke, 168–69; and MS Shent, 156b. Published in *MSP* (1744), 3:267–68.

4. Drooping Soul, rejoice, rejoice,
Here Thou hast not long to stay,
Listen for the Bridegroom's Voice,
Rise, my Love, and come away,
Hasten to thy Lord above,
Rise, and come away my Love.
5. Lo! I at thy Summons come,
This frail Tabernacle leave;
Thou art my Eternal Home,
Now, O Lord, my Soul receive,
Take me to thy loving Breast,
Take me to thy Heavenly Rest.

[Untitled.]¹²

1. O Death, my Hope is full of Thee!
Thou art my Immortality,
My longing Heart's Desire:
The Mention of thy lovely Name
Kindles within my Breast a Flame,
And sets me all on fire.
2. Extend thy Arms, and take me in,
Weary of Life, and Self, and Sin,
Be Thou my Balm, my Ease:
I languish till thy Face appears,
No longer now the King of Fears
Thou art all Loveliness.
3. I gasp to end my wretched Days,
To rush into thy cold Embrace,
And there securely rest;
Come, O thou Friend of Sorrows, come,
Lead to the Chambers of the Tomb,
And lull me on thy Breast.

¹²Appears also in MS Shent, 157a; and MS Thirty, 182–83. Published in *MSP* (1744), 3:269–70.

4. I feel that Thou hast lost thy Sting,
My dying Saviour and my King
Bore all my Sins for me:
He tasted Death, and made it sweet,
From Thee the Eater brought forth Meat,
Eternal Life from Thee.
5. This Earth, I know, is not my Place:
O that I now might end my Race,
And leave a World of Sin!
Receive, dear Lord, my parting Breath,
Thou, Jesus, hast the Keys of Death,
Open, and take me in.

For a Dying Believer.¹³

1. Happy Soul, depart in Peace,
Leave a while thy Friends below,
Jesus speaks the kind Release;
Go, to Jesus' Bosom go!
2. Hark, He calls his Exile home
(Joyfully the Call obey)
"Come up hither, quickly come,"^[1]
Rise, my Love, and come away!
3. "I have thy Salvation wrought,"^[2]
I did for thy Guilt atone;
Thou art mine, so dearly bought:
Thee I challenge for my own.
4. I, ev'n I have purg'd thy Sin
Have for Thee a Place prepar'd:
Heaven is open; Enter in,
Find in Me thy Full Reward.
5. Thee, the Purchase of my Blood,
Thee, my Servant, Child, and Bride,

¹³Appears also in MS Shent, 164a; and MS Thirty, 13. Published in *MSP* (1744), 3:278–79.

Thee I claim, thy Lord and GOD
Who for Thee, for Thee have died.

6. “Come thro’ the Dark Valley come!^[b]
Do not I thy Spirit stay?
Fear no Evil, hasten home,
Rise, my Love, and come away!

Another
[For a Dying Believer].¹⁴

1. Happy Soul, from Prison freed,
Lay thine Earthy Burthen down,
Bow, with Jesus bow thine head,
Die, and take the Starry Crown.
2. Let the Dust return to Dust,
Thou on Wings of Angels borne,
To the Spirits of the Just
Perfected in Love return.
3. Leave a World of Sin and Pain,
Happier *Sister*, go before,
We shall quickly meet again,
Quickly meet, and part no more.
4. Thou art earlier restor’d,
Ministred an Entrance is
To the Kingdom of thy Lord,
To thy Master’s Endless Bliss.
5. Jesus, Lord, her Soul receive,
Open now thine Arms of Love,
Now the glorious Circlet give,
Bear Her now to Joys above;
6. Take the ransom’d Captive home,
Take the Purchase of thy Blood:
Dear Desire of Nations come,
Come, and take us All to GOD!

¹⁴Appears also in MS Shent, 164a–164b; and MS Thirty, 14. Published in *MSP* (1744), 3:279–80.

**Another
[For a Dying Believer].¹⁵**

1. Triumphant Soul, the Hour is come
 That calls Thee to thy Saviour's Breast,
The Exile is returning home,
 The Weary entering into Rest,
The Angels for their Charge attend,
And I must render up my Friend.

2. My Friend, how shall I let Thee go!
 How can I bear with Thee to part!
Dearer than Life, and all below,
 Wound in the Fibres of my Heart,
With Thee my mingled Spirits join,
My Life is all wrapt up in Thine.

3. And can I see Thee die unmov'd,
 In Death so full of Love to me?
Most loving Soul, and most belov'd,
 My Sister, and my Friend I see,
My First Concern, my Tend'rest Care,
My Child—the Daughter of my Prayer.

4. Labours for Thee my struggling Soul
 Thy Pangs my bleeding Bosom move;
Of complicated Passion full,
 Pity, and Grief, and Joy, and Love,
I feel thy last great Agony,
And gasps my Soul to die with Thee.

5. Envious I view that Faded Cheek,
 That Cheek with deadly Pale o'rspread,
Faulters thy Tongue, and fails to speak,
 And heaves thy Breast, and droops thy Head,
Glimmers the Lamp of Life, and dies—
And I am here to close thine eyes.

6. I wait to catch thy parting Breath,
 And feel the Answer of thy Prayer:

¹⁵Appears also in MS Shent, 165a–165b; and MS Thirty, 107–8. Published in *MSP* (1744), 3:280–82.

Bless me, ev'n me, my Friend, in Death,
And ask that I thy Bliss may share,
May soon like Thee my Life resign;
O let thy Latter End be Mine!

Another
[For a Dying Believer].¹⁶

1. Away ye Clouds of Unbelief!
I cannot sorrow without Hope:
My Soul enjoys her Noble Grief,
And fills her Lord's Afflictions up,
Touch'd with Divinest Sympathy;
For Jesus weeps, and groans in me.
2. Right pretious in his Sight the Death
Of all his Saints and Servants is:
Jesus receives their parting Breath,
Himself is their Eternal Bliss;
And now He bids thy Warfare end,
He claims the Spirit of my Friend.
3. Adieu, dear dying Saint, adieu,
The Summons of thy Lord obey,
Mighty, and merciful, and true
He bids Thee rise, and come away,
With Triumph leave this mouldring Clod,
And die into the Arms of GOD.
4. His everlasting Arms are spread,
His faithful Mercies never fail,
His Hand supports thy sinking Head,
With Thee He walks thro' the Dark Vale,
He whispers "Child, be of good chear,
[¹⁶Rejoice in Death, for I am here!"]
5. Say, are his Consolations small?
I read the Answer in thine Eyes!
Thy smiling Looks on Sinners call,
And point them to yon opening Skies,

¹⁶Appears also in MS Shent, 165b–166b; and MS Thirty, 108–11. Published in *MSP* (1744), 3:282–84.

From which thy much-lov'd Lord looks down,
And reaches out a radiant Crown.

6. Thrice happy Soul, thy Lord appears!
I feel Thou art forever His,
Weep over Thee with joyful Tears,
And triumph in thy Glorious Bliss;
With Thee the Hidden Manna prove,¹⁷
Thy Lord's unutterable Love.¹⁸
7. Thy mighty Extacies I feel,
On Thee with eager Transport gaze!
Thy Forehead bears the Spirit's Seal,
And Heaven is open'd in thy Face,
Thy mounting Soul is on the Wing,
And hears the Quire of Angels sing.
8. Hovering around the newborn Heir
For Thee the Shining Convoy waits,
To GOD thy spotless Soul they bear:
Open ye Everlasting Gates,
A wide triumphant Entrance give,
The Glorious newborn Heir receive.
9. Eternal GOD of Truth and Grace,
We magnify thy faithful Love,
We all shall soon behold thy Face,
We all shall take our Seats above,
And I shall in thy Kingdom share,
And I shall meet my Sister there.

¹⁷Ori., "~~And now He bids thy Warfare end.~~"

¹⁸Ori., "~~He claims the Spirit of my Friend.~~"

On the Death of Mrs. Anne Cowper.¹⁹

1. Saviour of All, our Thanks receive!
With Thee their righteous Spirits live
 Who liv'd and died in Thee below:
Purg'd, while they liv'd, from every Stain,
Sav'd, when they died, from Grief and Pain,
 And snatch'd out of a World of Woe.
We bless Thee for thy tender Love,
Which call'd our Friend to Joys above,
 And bad her stormy Troubles cease;
She now is harbour'd in thy Breast,
And there the Weary are at rest,
 And there she reigns in glorious Bliss.

2. Long in the Mortal Toils she lay,
As Hell were swallowing up its Prey,
 Expos'd to all th' Accuser's Power:
Who can the Mystic Woe reveal?
Who can conceive but Those that feel
 The Darkness of that Fiery Hour?
Med'cine prolong'd and edg'd her Pains,
And tore it's Way thro' all her Veins,
 And shook her Reason from it's Seat:
Held on the Rack she *tasted* Death,
And ground between the Lion's Teeth
 Shriek'd, as he shew'd the yawning Pit.

3. Conform'd to an Expiring GOD,
Her Spirit sweat his Sweat of Blood,
 And drank Distraction's deepest Cup,
Higher the Anguish rose and higher,
While terribly baptiz'd with Fire,
 She fill'd her Lord's Afflictions up.

¹⁹Published in *MSP* (1744), 3:285–88. A manuscript precursor of the entire hymn appears in MS Shent, 167b–168b. Note: the sheet containing pp. 17–18 has been torn out of the notebook. But the content of these pages is clear because p. 19 starts in the middle of stanza 6 of this hymn. The text for the first five stanzas here is reproduced from MS Shent.

Did She not to her Father look?
Her Father still his own forsook,
And left her bleeding on the Tree:
She sunk beneath her Saviour's Load,
And cried his Cry, My GOD, my GOD,
Ah, why hast Thou forsaken me!

4. But ended is the Grief Unknown,
Tis done (ye Saints rejoice) tis done!
Her Soul is spent in sacrifice!
In Life and Death to Jesus join'd,
Into her Father's Hands resign'd
She meekly bows her Head, and dies.
She dies into the World above,
She lives the Heavenly Life of Love,
And the New Song of Moses sings;
She sees the GOD whom Saints adore,
Whom Angels hymn, and fall before,
And wrap their Faces in their Wings.
5. In Rapture lost the Heavenly Quire
The dear Redeemer's Love admire,
Which brought his suffering Servant thro',
Loudly they sing his Sovereign Grace,
Wisdom, and Power, and Thanks, and Praise,
And Glory are our Jesus' due.
This is the Soul, with Shouts they cry
That did in Jesus live and die,
And wash'd her Garments in his Blood,
Thro' much Distress, and Toil, and Pain,
Hither she comes with Him to reign,
She stands before the Throne of GOD.
6. With All that lov'd the Bleeding Lamb,
She stands her great Reward to claim,
Adorn'd with Palm, and rob'd in white;

Shines with peculiar Glories grac'd
In GOD's eternal Temple plac'd
 To serve her Maker Day and Night.
Surely the High and Lofty One,
Jehovah sitting on his Throne
 Among these Faithful Souls shall dwell:
Their Life of Pain and Want is o're,
They hunger here and thirst no more,
 Nor slightest Touch of Suffering feel.

7. The Lamb that with his Father reigns,
Their happy happy Spirits sustains,
 With Heavenly Food delights to fill;
His Saints He shall forever feed,
And by the Living Waters lead,
 The Springs of Joy Ineffable.
He now hath wip'd away their Tears,
And each bright Soul as GOD appears,
 But waits till All are gather'd home,
Till All in One Assembly meet
All Earth and Heaven the Cry repeat
 "Come, Glorious GOD, to Judgment come!"^[22]

[Untitled.]²⁰

1. Hark, how all the Welkins rings
“Glory to the King of Kings,
“Peace on Earth and Mercy mild,
“GOD and Sinners reconcil’d!”²¹
2. Joyful all ye Nations rise,
Join the Triumph of the Skies,
Universal Nature say
Christ the Lord is born to day!
3. Christ by highest Heaven ador’d,
Christ the everlasting Lord,
Late in Time behold Him come
Offspring of a Virgin’s Womb.
4. Veil’d in Flesh the Godhead see,
Hail th’ Incarnate Deity,
Pleas’d as Man with Men t’ appear,
Jesus, our Immanuel here!
5. Hail the Heavenly Prince of Peace,
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and Life to All He brings,
Ris’n with Healing in his Wings.
6. Mild He lays his Glory by,
Born, that Man no more may die,
Born, to raise the Sons of Earth,
Born, to give them Second Birth.
7. Come, Desire of Nations, come,
Fix in us thy humble Home,
Rise the Woman’s Conqu’ring Seed,
Bruise in Us the Serpent’s Head.
8. Now display thy Saving Power,
Ruin’d Nature now restore,
Now in mystic Union join
Thine to Ours, and Ours to Thine.
9. Adam’s Likeness, Lord, efface,
Stamp thine Image in its Place,

²⁰Published in *HSP* (1739), 206–208.

Second Adam from above,
Reinstate us in thy Love.

10. Let us Thee, tho' lost, regain,
Thee, the Life, the Heavenly Man,
O to All Thyself impart,
Form'd in each Believing Heart.

Hymn for the Epiphany.²¹

1. Sons of Men, behold from far,
Hail the long-expected Star,
Jacob's Star that gilds the Night,
Guides bewildred Nature right.
2. Fear not hence that Ill should flow,
Wars or Pestilence below,
Wars it bids and Tumults cease,
Usshering in the Prince of Peace.
3. Mild He shines on All beneath,
Piercing thro' the Shade of Death,
Scattering Error's widespread Night,
Kindling Darkness into Light.
4. Nations all, far off and near,
Haste to see your GOD appear,
Haste, for Him your Hearts prepare,
Meet Him manifested there!
5. There behold the Day-spring rise,
Pouring Eyesight on your Eyes,
GOD in his own Light survey,
Shining to the Perfect Day.
6. Sing ye Morning Stars again,
GOD descends on Earth to reign,
Deigns for Man his Life t' employ,
Shout, ye Sons of GOD, for Joy!

²¹Published in *HSP* (1739), 208–9.

**Hymns for our Lord's
Resurrection.**

[L.]²²

1. "Christ, the Lord is ris'n to day"
Sons of Men and Angels say,
Raise your Joys and Triumphs high,
Sing ye Heavens, and Earth reply.
2. Love's Redeeming Work is done,
Fought the Fight, the Battle won,
Lo! our Sun's Eclipse is o're,
Lo, He sets in Blood no more!
3. Vain the Stone, the Watch, the Seal;
Christ hath burst the Gates of Hell!
Death in vain forbids his Rise;
Christ hath open'd Paradise.
4. Lives again our glorious King:
Where, O Death, is now thy Sting?
Once He died our Souls to save:
Where thy Victory, O Grave?
5. Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our Exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise,
Ours the Cross, the Grave, the Skies.
6. What tho' once we perish'd all,
Partners in our Parent's Fall,
Second Life we All receive
In our Heavenly Adam live.
7. Ris'n with Him we upward move,
Still we seek the Things above,
Still pursue, and kiss the Son
Seated on his Father's Throne;
8. Scarse on Earth a Thought bestow,
Dead to all we leave below,
Heaven our Aim, and lov'd Abode,
Hid our Life with Christ in GOD.

²²Published in *HSP* (1739), 209–11. A photo of this page of MS Richmond Tracts is given in *Representative Verse*, 14.

9. Hid, till Christ our Life appear,
Glorious in his Members here;
Join'd to Him we then shall shine
All Immortal All Divine.
10. Hail the Lord of Earth and Heaven!
Praise to Thee by Both be given:
Thee we greet Triumphant now,
Hail The Resurrection Thou!
11. King of Glory, Soul of Bliss,
Everlasting Life is This
Thee to know, thy Power to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love.

[II].²³

1. The Sun of Righteousness appears
To set in Blood no more!
Adore the Healer of your Fears,
Your Rising Sun adore.
2. The Saints, when He resign'd his Breath,
Unclos'd their sleeping Eyes,
He breaks again the Bands of Death,
Again the Dead arise.
3. Alone the dreadful Race He ran,
Alone the Wine press trod,
He died and suffer'd as a Man,
He rises as a GOD.
4. In vain the Stone, the Watch, the Seal
Forbid an early Rise
To Him who breaks the Gates of Hell,
And opens Paradise.

²³First appeared in *CPH* (1741), 36. Original source: Samuel Wesley Jr., *Poems on Several Occasions* (London: S. Birt, 1736), 240.

[III.]²⁴

1. Thee, Father, we praise,
So plenteous in Grace,
So able and willing to save a lost Race!
2. With Angels above
Thy Goodness we prove,
And joyfully join in the Triumph of LOVE.
3. In Sins we were dead,
LOVE ran²⁵ to our Aid,
And quicken'd, and rais'd us with Jesus our Head.
4. Thy merciful Word
Our Spirits restor'd,
And sweetly inspir'd with the Life of our LORD.
5. The Word of thy Grace
In a Moment took place,
And caught us away to the Sight of thy Face:
6. Come up hither, it cried,
For whom Jesus hath died,
And share in his Glory, and sit by his Side.
7. By Faith we ascend
With our Saviour and Friend,
And begin the Injoyment that never shall end.²⁶
8. With Fellowship sweet
Our Elders we meet,
And in Heavenly Places with Jesus we sit.
9. Transported in Prayer
Our Spirits are there,
And our Bodies shall shortly to Sion repair.
10. They already *are* gone
With Christ to thy Throne;
He is Flesh of our Flesh, He is Bone of our Bone.

²⁴Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:119–20. Kimbrough numbers as MS Richmond Tracts, 169–70.

²⁵Ori., “~~Run~~ LOVE ran.”

²⁶Ori., “~~come~~.”

11. The meek Son of Man,
 Who suffer'd our Pain,
 Hath carried our Nature to Heaven again.
12. In Immanuel we
 Thy Majesty see,
 And our Life is all hidden with Jesus in Thee.
13. Our Advocate prays,
 Our Harbinger stays
 For The Moment of Time to make ready our Place.
14. He keeps us above
 In the Depth of his Love,
 Till again He appear, and his Members remove.
15. This, this is the Prize,
 We together shall rise,
 And our Glorified Bodies shall fly to the Skies.
16. This, this is our Aim,
 Thy Fulness we claim,
 Thy Heaven of Heavens in Jesus's Name.

[IV.]²⁷

1. Jesus, from thy Servants taken!
Taken up this solemn Day,
See us seemingly forsaken
To surrounding Wolves a Prey;
In a World of Tribulation,
In a Vale of Misery,
Prest with manifold Temptation
Looking, gasping after Thee.
2. To thine own Eternal Glory
Thou triumphantly art gone,
Where the Angels fall before Thee
Seated on thine Heavenly Throne:
Yet Thou hear'st thy Servants mourning,
Feel'st whate'er thy Members feel,
Us, who long for thy Returning,
Earnestly remembrest still.
3. Touch'd with exquisite Compassion
For thy feeble Followers here,
Answer, Lord, our Supplication,
Send us down The Comforter:
Breathe into our Hearts thy Spirit,
Witness of thy Dying Love,
Seal of all we hope t' inherit,
Earnest of our Joys above.
- 4.²⁸ Ever in thy Spirit near us
Let us now thy Spirit feel,
By thy faithful Mercies cheer us,
By the Gift unspeakable;
Shew th' Intent of thine Ascending,
Answer it on All and me,
Every Soul on Thee depending
Draw us, Saviour, up to Thee.

²⁷Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:109–10. Kimbrough numbers as MS Richmond Tracts, 171–72.

²⁸Stanzas 4 and 5 were originally written in reversed order, but are marked by Wesley to reorder as shown in this text.

5. All the Virtue of thy Passion
All the Benefits apply,
Visit us with thy Salvation,
Pardon, Lord, and sanctify:
By thy Resurrection raise us
To that sinless Life unknown,
By thine Exaltation place us
On thine Everlasting Throne.

[V.]²⁹

1. O the Grace on Man bestow'd!
We have a Great High-Priest,
Jesus Christ, the Son of GOD
By Saints and Angels blest:
Hold we then our Saviour fast,
Him, whom GOD to All hath given,
Him that thro' our Vale is past
Up to the Highest Heaven.
2. Let us on his Faithful Love
Unshaken stand and sure,
True to our Profession prove
And to the End endure,
Trust in His sufficient Grace
Who for helpless Sinners cares,
For his weakest Members prays,
And all our Burthens bears.
3. Our High-Priest in Heaven He lives,
Yet still afflicted is,
Touch'd most sensibly He grieves
At our Infirmities,
Still with sympathetic Woe
Suffers in his Members Pains:

²⁹Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:193–94. Kimbrough numbers as MS Richmond Tracts, 172–73.

Let the Foot be crush'd below,
The Head above complains.

4. Draw we then with Boldness near
Unto the Throne of Grace,
Confident in Christ appear
Before our Father's Face,
Come we now in Christ our Head
Pardning Mercy to obtain,
Help in every Time of Need,
And Grace, and Heaven to gain.

[VI].³⁰

1. Hail the Day that sees Him rise
Ravish'd from our wishful Eyes;
Christ a while to Mortals given
Re-ascends his native Heaven.
2. There the Pompous Triumph waits,
"Lift your Heads, Eternal Gates,"^[7]
Wide unfold the radiant Scene,
Take the King of Glory in.
3. Circled round with Angel-Powers
Their triumphant Lord and Ours
Conqueror over Death and Sin,
Take the King of Glory in.
4. Him tho' highest Heaven receives
Still He loves the Earth He leaves;
Tho' returning to his Throne
Still He calls Mankind his own.
5. See, He lifts his Hands above,
See, He shews the Prints of Love!
Hark, his gracious Lips bestow
Blessings on his Church below!

³⁰Appears also in MS Acts, 5–6. Published in *HSP* (1739), 211–13.

6. Still for Us He interceeds,
Prevalent his Death He pleads,
Next Himself prepares our Place,
Harbinger of Human Race.
7. Master, will we ever say,
Taken from our Head to day,
See, thy faithful Servants see
Ever gazing up to Thee.
8. Grant tho' parted from our Sight,
High above yon azure Height,
Grant our Hearts may thither rise,
Following Thee beyond the Skies.
9. Ever upward let us move
Wafted on the Wings of Love,
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Longing, gasping after Home.
10. There we shall with Thee remain
Partners of thine Endless Reign,
There thy Face Unclouded see,
Find our Heaven of Heavens in Thee.

[Untitled.]³¹

1. All Glory and Praise
 To Jesus our Lord,
 So plenteous in Grace
 So True to his Word!
 To Us He hath given
 The Gift from above,
 The Earnest of Heaven
 The Spirit of Love.

2. The Truth of our GOD
 We boldly³² assert,
 His Love shed abroad
 And Power in *our* Heart
 Ye all may inherit
 On Jesus who call,
 The Gift of the Spirit
 Is proffer'd to All.

3. His Witness within
 By Faith we receive,
 And ransom'd from Sin,
 In Righteousness live;
 Thro' Jesus's Passion
 We gladly possess
 A present Salvation
 A Kingdom of Peace.

4. The Peace and the Power
 Ye Sinners imbrace,
 And look for the Shower
 The Spirit of Grace:
 The Gift and the Giver
 We all shall receive,
 Forever and ever
 Within us to live.

³¹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:248.

³²Ori., "gladly."

[Untitled].³³

1. Granted is the Saviour's Prayer,
 Sent the Gracious Comforter,
 Promise of our Parting Lord
 Jesus, to his Heaven restor'd:
2. Christ, who now gone up on high
 Captive leads Captivity,
 While his Foes from Him receive
 Grace, that GOD with Man may live.
3. GOD, the Everlasting GOD
 Makes with Mortals his Abode,
 Whom the Heavens cannot contain
 He vouchsafes to dwell with Man.
4. Never will He thence depart
 Inmate of an humble Heart,
 Carrying on his Work within,
 Striving till He root out Sin.
5. There He helps our feeble Moans,
 Deepens our imperfect Groans,
 Interceeds in Silence there,
 Sighs th' unutterable Prayer.
6. Come, Divine and peaceful Guest,
 Enter our devoted Breast,
 Holy Ghost, our Hearts inspire,
 Kindle there the Gospel-Fire.
7. Crown the agonizing Strife
 Principle and Lord of Life,
 Life Divine in Us renew
 Thou the Gift and Giver too.
8. Now descend and shake the Earth,
 Wake us into Second Birth,
 Now thy quickning Influence give,
 Blow, and these dry Bones shall live.
9. Brood Thou o're our Nature's Night,
 Darkness kindles into Light;

³³Published in *HSP* (1739), 213–15.

Spread thine overshadowing Wings,
Order from Confusion springs.

10. Pain, and Sin, and Sorrow cease,
Thee we taste, and all is Peace;
Joy Divine in Thee we prove,
Light of Truth, and Fire of Love.

Alter'd from Dr. H. More.³⁴

1. When Christ had left his Flock below,
The Loss his drooping Flock deplor'd,
Him in the Flesh no more they know
And languish for their absent Lord.
2. Not long; for He gone up on high
Gifts to receive, and claim his Crown,
Beheld them sorrowing from his Sky,
And pour'd the Mighty Blessing down.
3. He, for the Presence of his Flesh,
The Spirit's sevenfold Gifts imparts,
And living Streams their Souls refresh,
And Joy Divine o'reflows their Hearts.
4. While All in sweet Devotion join'd
Humbly to wait for GOD retire,
The Promis'd Grace in rushing Wind
Descends, and cloven Tongues of Fire.
5. GOD's mighty Spirit fills the Dome,
The feeble Dome³⁵ beneath Him shook,
Trembled the Crowd to feel Him come,
Soon as the Sons of Thunder spoke.
6. Father, if justly still we claim
To Us and Ours the Promise made,
To Us be graciously the same,
And crown with Living Fire our Head.
7. Our Claim admit, and from above
Of Holiness the Spirit shower,

³⁴Published in *HSP* (1739), 185–88. Original source: Henry More, *Divine Dialogues ... with Divine Hymns*, 2 vols. (London: James Flesher, 1668), 2:504–6.

³⁵Ori., “Doom,” an error. Wesley uses “Dome” in *HSP* (1739), 185–88.

Of wise Discernment, humble Love,
And Zeal, and Unity, and Power.

8. The Spirit of Convincing Speech
Of Power Demonstrative impart,
Such as may every Conscience reach,
And sound the Unbelieving Heart.
9. The Spirit of refining Fire
Searching the Inmost of the Mind,
To purge all fierce and foul Desire,
And kindle Life more pure and kind.
10. The Spirit of Faith in this thy Day
To break the Power of cancel'd Sin,
Tread down its Strength, o'return its Sway,
And still the Conquest more than win.
11. The Spirit breath³⁶ of Inward Life
Which in our Hearts thy Laws may write;
Then Grief expires, and Pain, and Strife,
Tis Nature all, and all Delight.
12. On all the Earth thy Spirit shower,
The Earth in Righteousness renew;
Thy Kingdom come, and Hell's o'repower,
And to thy Scepter all subdue.
13. Like mighty Wind, or Torrent fierce
Let it Opposers all o'rerun,
And every Law of Sin reverse,
That Faith and Love may make all one.
14. Yea, let thy Spirit in every Place
Its richest Energy declare,
While lovely Tempers, Fruits of Grace
The Kingdom of thy Christ prepare.
15. Grant this, O holy GOD, and true!
The antient Seers who didst inspire:
To Us perform the Promise due,
Descend, and crown us Now with Fire.

³⁶Ori., "breathe," an error. Wesley uses "breath" in *HSP* (1739), 185–88.

[Untitled.]³⁷

1. Father of our dying Lord,
Remember us for Good,
O fulfil his faithful Word,
And hear his Speaking Blood;
Give us That for which He prays,
Father, glorify thy Son,
Shew his Truth, and Power, and Grace,
And send The Promise down.
2. True and Faithful Witness Thou,
O Christ, thy Spirit give;
Hast Thou not receiv'd Him now
That We might now receive?
Art Thou not our Living Head?
Life to all thy Limbs impart,
Shed thy Love, thy Spirit shed
In every waiting Heart.
3. Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
The Gift of Jesus come:
Glows our Heart to find Thee near,
And swells to make Thee room:
Present *with* us Thee we feel,
Come, O come, and *in* us be,
With us, in us live and dwell
To all Eternity.

[Untitled.]³⁸

1. Sinners, your Hearts lift up
Partakers of your Hope!
This *your* Day of Pentecost;
Ask, and ye shall all receive,
Surely *now* the Holy Ghost
GOD to all that ask shall give.
2. Ye all may freely take
The Grace for Jesus sake;
He for Every Man hath died,
He for All hath rose again:³⁹

³⁷Published in *HSP* (1742), 166–67.

³⁸This is the beginning of a 7-stanza hymn published in *HSP* (1742), 167–68.

³⁹Hymn does not continue on backside of same sheet.