

## MS Death of Ebenezer Blackwell<sup>1</sup>

Ebenezer Blackwell (1711–82), a London banker, was one of John Wesley's most trusted friends from as early as 1739. Blackwell helped finance many of Wesley's charitable efforts. He and his wife Elizabeth also frequently hosted Wesley at their country home in Lewisham.<sup>2</sup> The Blackwells became close as well to Charles and Sarah Wesley, particularly after they moved to London. The affection of Charles for the Blackwells is evident in the extended funeral hymns he wrote for both of them.

A looseleaf draft of his hymn on Ebenezer Blackwell is part of the collection in the Methodist Archive and Research Centre, accession number MA 1977/583/15 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 4). 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: August 1, 2010.

<sup>2</sup>See the chapter on Ebenezer Blackwell in John Biddulph Martin, *"The Grasshopper" in Lombard Street* (London: Leadenhall, 1892), 49–69.

**On the Death of Mr. [Ebenezer] Blackwell,  
Sunday, April 21, 1782.<sup>3</sup>**

**[Part I.]**

- [1.] Happy the Follower of his Lord,  
    Call'd and indulg'd in Him to die,  
To gain a full, immense reward,  
    Bestow'd by Jesus in the sky!  
He rests from all his labours there  
    Pursued by all his works of love,  
And waits for us the joy to share  
    Triumphant with<sup>4</sup> our Friends above.
2. Then let us chearfully pursue  
    Our Comrade to that heavenly land,  
And keep, like Him, our End in view,  
    And love, like Him, our Lord's command.  
Obedient both in word and deed,  
    By works his genuine faith he show'd,  
Rejoic'd in Jesus steps to tread,  
    And spent his life in doing good.
3. Affliction's kind, unfailing Friend,  
    He wisely used his growing store  
And priz'd his privilege to lend  
    To God, by giving to the poor:  
The Lord his liberal Servant bless'd,  
    Who paid him back the blessings given,

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<sup>3</sup>Appears also in MS Funeral Hymns, 59–62. Published in *Arminian Magazine* 6 (1783): 108–10, 164–66.

<sup>4</sup>Ori., “The triumph of” changed to “Triumphant with.”

And still, the more his wealth increas'd,  
More treasure he laid up in heaven.

4. Thro' life inviolably just  
He his integrity maintain'd,  
Most strictly<sup>5</sup> faithful to his trust,  
An upright man of truth unfeign'd;  
His roughly-honest soul abhor'd  
The Polish smooth, the courtier's art,  
And free from guile in every word  
He spoke the language of his heart.
5. Who<sup>6</sup> always liberal things devis'd  
By liberal things he firmly stood,  
Sincerely lov'd his friends and priz'd,  
Their burthens bore, and sought their Good;  
But chiefly those to Jesus dear,  
Who travel'd to<sup>7</sup> that land of rest,  
As brethren intimately near  
He cherish'd in his generous breast.
6. A man of passions like to ours,  
For years he groan'd beneath the load,  
And wrestled with the adverse Powers,  
And look'd to the atoning blood:  
The blood which once his pardon bought,  
Did here the contrite<sup>8</sup> sinner save:

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<sup>5</sup>Ori., "~~Severely~~" changed to "Most strictly."

<sup>6</sup>Ori., "~~He~~."

<sup>7</sup>Ori., "~~sought with him~~" changed to "travel'd to."

<sup>8</sup>Ori., "~~from all sin the~~" changed to "here the contrite."

And now his faults are all forgot,  
Are buried in his Saviour's grave.

**Part II.**

- [1.] On earth, He drank the deepest Cup  
Of sharp, but consecrated pain,  
And fill'd his mournful measure up,  
And suffer'd, with his Lord to reign;  
Meekly the sudden Call obey'd  
His willing Spirit to resign,  
And only for the Saviour stay'd,  
To finish his own work divine.
2. The souls whom most he priz'd below,  
The dearest Partners of his heart,  
Free, and detach'd, he let them go,  
Resign'd, and ready to depart:  
Tis all his gasping soul's desire  
To find his place prepar'd above,  
And keep, with that inraptur'd Quire  
A Sabbath of eternal love.
3. His prayer is heard, and sav'd at last,  
He drops the gross, corporeal clay,  
The dreary, sorrowing vale is past,  
And opens into glorious day:  
Past are his days to feel and mourn,  
Accomplish'd is his warfare here  
His Father wills him to return,  
And Israel's flaming steeds appear!

4. Triumphant while the Soul ascends,  
By ministerial Spirits convey'd,  
The Numbers, whom his grateful friends  
He by th' unrighteous Mammon made,  
With kindred Saints, and Angels bright,  
In shining ranks, expecting, stand,  
And all the shouting<sup>9</sup> Sons of light,  
Receive, and welcome him to land.
  
5. Happy the Souls he leaves behind,  
If following Him, as He his Lord,  
As meek, and lowly, and resign'd,  
They hear the last, transporting word;  
If ready thro' their Saviour's love  
When all the storms of life are o're,  
As safe, and sudden they remove,  
And grasp their Friend, to part no more.
  
6. To ask his death may I presume?  
Saviour, thyself in me reveal,  
And grant me, when my hour is come  
His contrite grief, and trust to feel:  
Thou seest the wish of this weak heart  
His Cup of torture to decline,  
And let me then, like Him, depart  
And let his final State be mine!

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<sup>9</sup>Ori., "And shouting with the" changed to "And all the shouting."