Bartholomew Gallatin was a Swiss army officer, naturalized by special act in 1737, who rose to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel by 1759. He retired in 1771 and died in 1779. Gallatin and his wife embraced the Methodist revival within the circle of George Whitefield and Lady Huntingdon. But they offered support to all branches of the movement, including hosting John Wesley on several occasions—see, for example, Wesley’s letter to Mrs. Gallatin (July 19, 1750), in Works 26:432–33. Charles Wesley knew the Gallatins well, in part because he maintained more active contact with Lady Huntingdon and her circle of supporters than did his brother John.

There are two looseleaf copies of a hymn Charles wrote on the death of Colonel Gallatin in the collection of the Methodist Archive and Research Centre, grouped together as acquisition number MA 1977/583/18 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 4). Both copies are transcribed below, with permission of the Librarian and Director, The John Rylands Library, The University of Manchester.

(The drafts are presented in consecutive order—draft 2 beginning on overall page 4).
On the Death of
Colonel Gallatin.¹

1. In the mansions of the Blest,
Where the weary are at rest,
Far from pain and sin² remov’d,
Shall we mourn whom best we lov’d?³

2. Yes: tho’ now the Spirit⁴ reigns
Stranger to our griefs and pains,
Still remembering what he was,
Calmly sad we⁵ feel our loss,

3. By our old Companion left,
Of our bosom⁶ friend bereft!
Gentle, generous, and sincere
Gallatin demands the tear.

4. We⁷ ourselves, not Him, deplore⁸
Safe on the eternal shore
Safe where all his sufferings end
Safe with his Redeeming Friend.

¹Appears also in draft 2 (below) and MS Funeral Hymns, 79–80. Published posthumously in Poetical Works, 6:363–64.
²Ori., “sin and grief.” Next changed to “earth and sin,” and finally changed to “pain and sin.”
³Ori., “a friend belov’d” changed to “whom best we lov’d.”
⁴Ori., “the Spirit.” Next changed to “our Brother,” and then changed back to “the Spirit.”
⁵Ori., “Sad we sigh, and” changed to “Calmly sad we.”
⁶Ori., “kindest.”
⁷Ori., “For.”
⁸Ori., “we mourn” changed to “deplore.”
5. Jesus chear’d⁹ the sinner here  
    Show’d himself the Comforter  
    Sav’d¹⁰ the penitent forgiven  
    Bare his ransom’d soul to heaven.

6. We alas remain below  
    Pilgrims in a vale of woe,  
    Banish’d from our native place,  
    Wanderers o’er the wilderness.

7. Thorns and briars our spirit wound  
    Lions roar and Wolves surround¹¹  
    Troubled, destitute, distrest  
    On this¹² earth we cannot rest.

8. Burthen’d with a load of clay,  
    Groaning to escape away  
    For our absent Lord we sigh  
    For our country in the sky.

9. Lord, while after Thee we mourn  
    Comfort us with thy return  
    Saviour of the chosen race,  
    Come, and all our sorrows chase.

10. Bring the heavenly city down  
    Bring the patient Victor’s crown,  
    Son of God, on earth appear,  
    King of saints Triumphant here!

⁹Ori., “bless’d.”
¹⁰Ori., “Chear’d.” Next changed to “Blest,” and finally changed to “Sav’d.”
¹¹Ori., “Scorpions, Wolves inclose us round” changed to “Lions roar and Wolves surround.”
¹²Ori., “Here on” changed to “On this.”
On the Death of
Col[onel] G[allatin].
[draft 2]

[1.] In the mansions of the Blest,
Where the weary are at rest,
Far from earth and sin remov’d,
Can we mourn whom best we lov’d?

[2.] Yes: tho’ now his Spirit reigns,
Stranger to our griefs and pains,
Still remembering what He was,
Calmly sad we feel our loss,

[3.] By our old Companion left,
Of our bosom-friend bereft:
Gentle, generous, and sincere
Gallatin demands the tear.

[4.] We ourselves, not Him deplore
Safe on the eternal shore,
Safe, where all his sufferings end,
Safe with his Redeeming Friend.

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1Appears also in draft 1 (above) and MS Funeral Hymns, 79–80. Published posthumously in Poetical Works, 6:363–64.

2Ori., “earth.” Next changed to “pain,” and then changed back to “earth.”

3Ori., “For.”
5.
Jesus cheer’d the sinner here,
Show’d Himself the Comforter,
Saved the Penitent forgiven
Bare his ransom’d soul to heaven.

6.
We alas, remain below,
Pilgrims in a vale of woe,
Banish’d from our native place,
Wandring o’re the wilderness.

7.
Thorns and briars our spirit wound,
Lions roar, and wolves surround;
Troubled, destitute, distrest,
On this earth we cannot rest.

8.
Burthen’d with a load of clay
Strugling to escape away,
For our absent Lord we sigh
For our country in the sky.

9.
Lord, while after Thee we mourn,
Comfort us with thy return,
Saviour, of the chosen race,
Come, and all our sorrows chase.

Ori., “in.”
Ori., “Here on” changed to “On this.”
[10.] Bring the heavenly City down,
    Bring the patient victor’s crown
Son of God, on earth appear
    King of Saints Triumphant here!