

## ***Funeral Hymns (1759)***<sup>1</sup>

[Baker list, #232]

### **Editorial Introduction:**

In eighteenth-century English spirituality the life of a Christian in this world was generally seen as a pilgrimage, with death bringing release from our probationary state into the reward of the afterlife. Charles Wesley was deeply shaped by this perspective, often commenting at funerals about how he envied the dead, who had reached their peace. Of course, this assumed that they had lived as faithful pilgrims.

Not only did Charles share this spirituality of the faithful life, the good death and the glorious afterlife; he repeatedly gave it poetic expression. He made a regular practice of writing hymns on the occasion of the death of friends or prominent members of the Methodist movement. These hymns comment on their faithful lives and affirm their translation into the blessed hope of the Christian departed. An early set of examples was published in *HSP* (1742), 124–31. Then, in 1746, Charles issued a volume devoted entirely to *Funeral Hymns*.

The present volume gathers several additional hymns on the death of close friends and family members of Charles Wesley in the years following *Funeral Hymns* (1746). The most poignant is the multi-part hymn on the death of his first-born child, John, in January 1754 (see hymns 19–27).

### **Editions:**

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**FUNERAL HYMNS.**

**Hymn I.<sup>2</sup>**

- 1    Come let us join our friends above  
      That 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 hath 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, embodied host  
      With wishful looks we stand,  
      And long to see that happy coast,  
      And reach that heavenly land.

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<sup>2</sup>A manuscript precursor of the first four stanzas of this hymn appears in MS Richmond, 156. The full hymn is found in MS Six, 23–24; and (in shorthand) MS Spencer, 1–2.

- 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.
- 5 Our spirits too shall quickly join,  
Like theirs, with glory crown'd,  
And shout to see our Captain's sign,  
To hear his trumpet sound:  
O that we now might grasp our guide,  
O that the word were given!  
Come Lord of hosts the waves divide,  
And land us all in heaven.

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

- 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.

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<sup>3</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn in CW's hand appears in shorthand in MS Spencer, 7–9; a version in longhand revised slightly (most over to published form) in MS Richmond, 134–36.

- 3 To that Jerusalem above  
    With singing I repair,  
While in the flesh, my hope and love,  
    My heart and soul are there:  
There my exalted Saviour stands,  
    My merciful high-priest,  
And still extends his wounded hands  
    To take me to his breast.
- 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 in songs divine  
    The marriage of the Lamb.
- 7 O what a blessed hope is ours!  
    While here on earth we stay,

We more than taste the heavenly powers,  
And antedate that day:  
We feel THE RESURRECTION near,  
Our life in Christ conceal'd,  
And with his glorious presence *here*  
Our earthen vessels 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 rapturous awe on him to gaze  
Who bought THE SIGHT for *me*,  
And shout and wonder at his grace  
Thro' all eternity.

#### Hymn III.<sup>4</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 Redeemer's breast.
- 2 In hope of that immortal crown,  
I now the cross sustain,  
And gladly wander up and down,  
And smile at toil and pain:  
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,

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<sup>4</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn in CW's hand appears in shorthand in MS Spencer, 9–11; a version in longhand revised slightly in MS Richmond, 136–39. The revisions, which carry over into this published form, are noted in the MS Richmond file.

“Arise, my love, make haste away,  
Go, get thee up, and die.  
O’er death, who now has lost his sting,  
I give the victory,  
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 more:  
I live in holy grief and joy,  
On Pisgah’s top I stand,  
And life’s important point employ,  
To view the 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.
- 6 I see a world of spirits bright,  
Who reap the pleasures there;  
They all are rob’d in purest white,  
And conquering 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 tun’d his golden lute:

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 swoon of silent love!  
How poor the world's sublimest bliss  
Compar'd with joys above!  
With joys above may I be blest,  
And earthly bliss I scorn;  
Or sing triumphantly distress  
Till I to God return.

9 O what are all my sufferings here,  
If, Lord, thou count me meet  
With that inraptur'd host t' appear,  
And worship at thy feet!  
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,  
Take life or friends away,  
I come, to find them all again  
In that eternal day.

**Hymn IV.**  
**For a Backslider (Mr. J. H.) Near Death.<sup>5</sup>**

1 Bowels of compassion, sound  
In answer to our cry,  
Let thy balmy grace abound,  
Before our brother die!  
Bleeding Lamb, thy blood impart  
To sign a burthen'd soul's release;  
Whisper love into his heart,  
And bid him die in peace.

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<sup>5</sup>This hymn is for John Hutchinson, the son of John and Sally Hutchinson, leading Methodists in Leeds. Wesley was close to the Hutchinsons and took special concern for the younger John's spiritual struggles in the early 1750s. He was deeply shaken by Hutchinson's death in July 1754 (see next hymn).

- 2           Sinner's Advocate, appear,  
          In all thy wounds confest,  
          Now his fainting spirit chear,  
          And calm his troubled breast:  
          Jesu, shew thine healing art,  
And give his tortur'd conscience ease,  
          Whisper love into his heart,  
          And bid him die in peace.
- 3           Do not, Lord, for ever chide  
          With one, who was thy son:  
          Mercy cries—"Be pacify'd,  
          For all that he hath done:"  
          Tho' he did from thee depart,  
With pity see his last distress,  
          Whisper love into his heart,  
          And bid him die in peace.
- 4           If thou all his ways hast seen,  
          Since first from thee he ran,  
          If thy hand hath kept him in,  
          And fenc'd him round with pain;  
          If thy rod hath made him smart,  
And still corrects his frowardness;<sup>6</sup>  
          Whisper love into his heart,  
          And bid him die in peace.
- 5           Let the punishment suffice  
          He hath already borne,  
          Now to bless his closing eyes,  
          Thou lovely Lamb, return;  
          Ere the soul and body part,  
Again thy lawful captive seize,  
          Whisper love into his heart,  
          And bid him die in peace.
- 6           Lord, we will not cease to pray,  
          We will not let thee go,

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<sup>6</sup>"Froward" means "stubbornly contrary or disobedient"; misprinted "forwardness" in 1769 edn.

Till thou take his sins away,  
And wash him white as snow;  
Bless him, ere he hence depart,  
With pardon and salvation bless,  
Whisper love into his heart,  
And bid him die in peace.

7           In this acceptable hour  
          Thy pard'ning grace reveal,  
          If the prayer of faith hath power  
          A sinsick soul to heal:  
          If the same thou always art,  
Make all thy gracious fulness *his*,  
          Whisper love into his heart,  
          And bid him die in peace.

8           Son of God, come down, come down,  
          And tell him all thy name,  
          That we all around thy throne  
          Thy glories may proclaim;  
          That we never more may part,  
Partakers of thy heavenly bliss,  
          Whisper love to *every* heart,  
          And bid *us* die in peace.

**Hymn V.**  
**On the Death of Mr. John Hutchinson,**  
**July 23, 1754.**

1           Glory, and thanks, and praise,  
          To him, who reigns above,  
The God of unexampled grace,  
          Of unexhausted love;  
          Whose Spirit often griev'd  
          Hath all long-suffering shewn,  
And now to paradise receiv'd  
          His poor rebellious son.

- 2            His son (and mine) is fled  
              Beyond the reach of sin,  
The everlasting doors display'd  
              Admit the wanderer in:  
              Shout all ye heavenly quire,  
              The doubtful conflict past,  
My son is scarcely sav'd by fire,  
              But he *is* sav'd at last.
- 3            'Scap'd from a life of pain,  
              Disburthen'd of his load;  
The struggling soul hath burst its chain  
              Of *peevis*h flesh and blood:  
              Safe to the haven brought,  
              Where storms can never come,  
And every folly, every fault,  
              Is buried in his tomb.
- 4            The pain, whose ling'ring strife  
              And frequent impulse tore  
The wasted seats of irksome life,  
              Shall never vex him more:  
              Nor love's severe excess,  
              Nor anger's furious start,  
Can his indignant spirit oppress,  
              Or rend his frantick heart.
- 5            The tyrannizing power  
              Of his own wayward will,  
The buffetings of sin are o'er,  
              The stubborn pulse is still;  
              Jesus hath heard our prayer,  
              And caught him to his breast,  
And lull'd the self-tormentor there  
              To everlasting rest.
- 6            Omnipotent to save,  
              Thou didst thine arm reveal,

And on the margin of the grave  
All his backslidings heal:  
“Thou didst thy blood impart,  
To sign his soul’s release,  
And whisper love into his heart,  
And bid him die in peace.”

7        Our hearts with hopes and fears,  
Dying, he chills, and warms,  
The sad desponding sinner cheers,  
The confident alarms:  
Left to the tempter’s power,  
He cries to all “Beware,”  
But pardon’d at his latest hour,  
Prohibits our despair.

8        Instructed from above,  
Let us the warning take,  
Nor ever, Lord, abuse thy love,  
Or thee or thine forsake:  
Ah! Rather now receive  
The purchase of thy blood,  
Than let us live to tempt or grieve  
The patience of our God.

9        In self-mistrusting fear,  
Thy mercy we implore,  
To keep us, till our conflicts here  
Triumphantly are o’er:  
Ah! Make us better, Lord,  
And take us at the best,  
Meet to receive our full reward,  
In love’s eternal feast.

[Hymn] VI.  
Another [On the Death of  
Mr. John Hutchinson, July 23, 1754].

- 1     Why should my tears for ever flow,  
       Why should I wail the close of woe,  
          The end of misery?  
       His real life doth still remain,  
       Nothing is dead but grief and pain,  
          But that which wish'd to die.
  
- 2     My HUTCHINSON himself survives;  
       He lives, to God he greatly lives!  
          Th' imperishable part  
       Is rapt<sup>7</sup> beyond our world of care;  
       Yet now by faithful love I bear  
          His image on my heart.
  
- 3     I see the generous friend sincere!  
       His voice still vibrates in my ear,  
          The voice of truth and love!  
       It calls me to put off my clay,  
       It bids me soar with him away  
          To fairer worlds above.
  
- 4     Not ev'n in death his friendship dies:  
       With grateful pity and surprize  
          I ask, How can it be?  
       Loosen'd from all he leaves behind,  
       Yet still—unutterably kind—  
          Yet still—he cleaves to me.
  
- 5     On me he rests his dying head,  
       And catching grasps a broken reed,  
          But will not let me part,  
       Till Jesus visits him again,  
       By nobler love dissolves the chain,  
          And vindicates his heart.

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<sup>7</sup>“Rapt” changed to “wrapt” in 1769 edn.

- 6     Soon as the heavenly guest arrives,  
      No more he fondly pants and strives  
          T' intwist his soul with mine:  
      He shakes me off—and then his clay,  
      He gives me up—and dies away  
          Into the arms divine.
- 7     Departed hence in perfect peace,  
      He loves me now without excess,  
          Or passionate alloy;  
      Serene, he waits my spirit's flight,  
      To range with his the plains of light,  
          And climb the mount of joy.
- 8     Repos'd in those Elysian seats,  
      Where Jonathan his David meets,  
          Our souls shall soon embrace,  
      The utmost power of friendship prove,  
      Commenc'd on earth, matur'd above,  
          In extasies of praise.
- 9     How shall we sing and triumph there,  
      Our dangers and escapes compare,  
          Our days of flesh and woe!  
      How comprehend the plan divine,  
      And sweetly in his praises join  
          Thro' whom we met below.
- 10    Thro' whom in paradise we meet,  
      Great author of our joy compleat,  
          Thee, Jesus, we proclaim,  
      While all the saints stand list'ning round,  
      And all the realms of bliss resound  
          Salvation to the Lamb.
- 11    The Lamb hath brought us thro' the fire,  
      The Lamb shall raise our raptures higher,  
          When all from earth are driven,  
      Our glorious head shall cleave the skies,  
      And bid his church triumphant rise  
          From paradise to heaven.

**Hymn VII.**  
**On the Death of \*\*\*.**

- 1 Go, blessed spirit, from earth set free!  
Thou shalt not leave us long behind!  
Who calmly hast'ning after thee,  
And copying out thy Saviour's mind,  
Like thee with swift obedience move,  
To seize the crown of perfect love.
- 2 Thou could'st not rest among *the dead*,  
In chains of education bound,  
But following TRUTH, where'er it led,  
And list'ning to the gospel-sound,  
Thy simple heart obey'd his call,  
And found the God who dy'd for all.
- 3 A witness of his boundless love,  
Which wills that every soul should live,  
Thou didst the general blessing prove,  
The universal grace receive,  
The rapt'rous sense of sin forgiven,  
The Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.
- 4 By that unerring Spirit led,  
Thou didst the Christian rite require:  
The Spirit shew'd thy farther need  
Of water, tho' baptis'd with fire,  
He drew thee to the hallow'd stream,  
Tho' all thy soul was plung'd in him.
- 5 Who could forbid the outward sign,  
When God had giv'n the inward grace?  
Obedient to the word divine,  
Glad to fulfil all righteousness,  
Thou found'st thy Lord again reveal'd,  
And gloriedst in thy pardon seal'd.

- 6 Didst thou not walk with Christ in white?  
Didst thou not keep thy garments pure?  
The virtue of that heavenly rite,  
The Spirit, made thy goings sure,  
And hid thee in the Saviour's breast,  
And fitted for eternal rest.
- 7 Soon as the warning angel came,  
Thy convoy to that world unknown,  
Thy soul, a follower of the Lamb,  
Rejoic'd to lay its burthen down,  
To pay him back his dying love,  
And do his will like those above.
- 8 No earthly wish detains thee here,  
Nor friends by more than flesh ally'd,  
Dearer than life, yet not so dear  
As him, who calls thee to his side,  
And claims thy spotless spirit for his,  
And crowns thee with immortal bliss.
- 9 Blest be the love that led thee on,  
And sav'd throughout from first to last!  
Saviour, on thy dear love alone  
In life and death our souls we cast,  
Till ripe for heaven we take our flight,  
And clasp again our friends in light.

**Hymn VIII.**  
**On the Death of Mrs. Mercy Thornton,**  
**March 1, 1757.**

- 1 Th' almighty will be done,  
Who justly claims his own!  
Sister, daughter, friend, farewell!  
Caught up to thy great reward,  
To the bliss ineffable,  
To the bosom of thy Lord.

- 2        Beyond our vale of woe,  
          Detatch'd from all below,  
Long thy gracious soul aspir'd  
          After his belov'd embrace,  
Restlessly its God requir'd,  
          Gasp'd to see his glorious face.
- 3        No *new-made* deity  
          He shew'd himself to thee:  
Jesus, Jah, Jehovah, came,  
          Pleas'd his nature to impart,  
Told thee his mysterious name,  
          Breath'd his Spirit into thy heart.
- 4        Thro' his own Spirit's power,  
          Thou didst thy Lord adore,  
With unborrow'd glories bright,  
          Dwelling in an earthly clod,  
God of God, and light of light,  
          Christ the one eternal God.
- 5        God over all supreme,  
          Almighty to redeem,  
The first self-existing cause,  
          Him thou didst divinely know,  
Daily triumph in his cross,  
          Humbly in his footsteps go.
- 6        Thy<sup>8</sup> meat was to fulfil  
          Thy heavenly Father's will:  
Sent to do his will alone,  
          O! How swiftly didst thou move,  
Eager, yet compos'd, to run  
          All the course of patient love!
- 7        In meek and quiet peace,  
          Thou didst thy soul possess;  
Far from every wild extreme  
          Thy substantial piety:

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<sup>8</sup>“Thy” misprinted as “They” in 1769 edn.

Never could the world blaspheme,  
Never scoff the truth for thee.

8       Close follower of the Lamb,  
      Whose love the world o'ercame,  
Them thou didst, like him, oppose,  
      Conquering all their ill with good,  
Melting down the Saviour's foes,  
      Foes that trampled on his blood.

9       The men who dare disown  
      God's co-eternal Son,  
Meet and ready to depart,  
      Didst thou not their burthen bear?  
Griev'd for them thy bleeding heart,  
      Sigh'd for them thy dying prayer.

10       That latest labour o'er,  
      Thy spirit strives no more:  
Finish'd her great work of love,  
      Lo! She quits the house of clay,  
Claps her wings, and soars above,  
      Mingles with eternal day!

**Hymn IX.**  
**On the Death of Mrs. Mary Stotesbury,**  
**March 17, 1759.<sup>9</sup>**

1       Friendly, faithful soul adieu,  
      Join'd to those escap'd before!  
Thou hast gain'd the port in view,  
      Thou hast reach'd the happy shore:  
Thee releas'd, we cannot mourn,  
      Lighten'd of thine earthly load,  
Dead—or rather truly *born*,  
      Dead to man, thou liv'st to God.

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<sup>9</sup>This is the wife of Captain Edward Stotesbury of Newington Green. The Stotesburys were frequent hosts of Charles and Sarah Wesley, as well as offering their home as a retreat for John Wesley.

- 2    Thou art gone to thy reward,  
      Followed by thy works of love,  
By the servants of thy Lord,  
      All whose hearts are fixt above;  
Us, who saw thy walk below,  
      Us, who seek thy place on high,  
Study in thy steps to go  
      Long, like thee, to live and die.
- 3    Calmly didst thou run thy race,  
      Steadily thine end pursue:  
All the fruits of righteousness  
      Prov'd thy faith divinely true:  
Happy thou for Christ prepar'd,  
      Found, when all thy work was past,  
Watching to receive thy Lord,  
      Blameless, and in peace at last.
- 4    Fruit of Jesus' lips and prayer,  
      Peace thy parting soul attends,  
All thy dying words declare  
      Life begun that never ends,  
"Blest be God, for ever blest,  
      God of my salvation still!  
I am enter'd into rest,  
      Pardon on my heart I feel.
- 5    "What a gracious God is ours!  
      How almighty to redeem!  
Blessings on his own he showers,  
      Grace alone proceeds from him;  
He can only good ordain:  
      This in life and death I prove,  
Happy I, though full of pain,  
      Fuller still of joy and love.
- 6    "Him for every thing I praise,  
      Every benefit divine,

“Chiefly for his pard’ning grace;  
Life, eternal life is mine!  
Yes, I know, the heavenly Lamb,  
Whom I gladly die to see,  
He hath register’d my name,  
Fitted up the house for me.

- 7 “Thither on *that* ‘pointed morn,  
By his Spirit signified  
I shall to my Lord return,  
I his pure unspotted bride:  
Lo! The Bridegroom from above  
Comes my spirit to receive!  
Lo! I die, to meet my love,  
Die, eternally to live.”

**Hymn X.**  
**On the Death of W. H—ll, Aged Fourteen.<sup>10</sup>**  
**[Part I.]**

- 1 Where is the fair Elysian flower,  
The blooming youth that charm’d our eyes?  
Cut down, and wither’d in an hour!  
But now transplanted to the skies,  
He triumphs o’er the mouldring tomb,  
He blossoms in eternal bloom.
- 2 Nor did he perish immature,  
Who starting won the short-liv’d<sup>11</sup> race:  
Unspotted from the world and pure,  
And sav’d, and sanctify’d by grace,  
The child fulfils his<sup>12</sup> hundred years,  
And ripe before his God appears.
- 3 Witness his one extreme desire,  
To live, if spar’d, for God alone;  
But rather with the<sup>13</sup> tuneful quire,  
To join the souls<sup>14</sup> around the throne:

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<sup>10</sup>Westley Hall Jr., the nephew of Charles Wesley, died in Sept. 1757. A shorthand copy of Part I of this hymn in CW’s hand appears in MS Spencer, 57–58, with a few variants noted below. A draft of Part I in JW’s hand also survives (MARC, MA 1977/157, JW III.8), with variants noted below.

<sup>11</sup>MS Spencer has “shortened” instead of “short-liv’d.”

<sup>12</sup>MARC, MA 1977/157, JW III.8 has “fulfill’d an” instead of “fulfills his.”

<sup>13</sup>MS Spencer and MARC, MA 1977/157, JW III.8 have “that” instead of “the.”

<sup>14</sup>MARC, MA 1977/157, JW III.8 has “in songs” instead of “the souls.”

He grasps on earth the prize above,  
And all his soul is prayer and love.

- 4    When reason fled the rack of pain,  
      Love still defi'd the torturer's power,  
Love, deathless love, doth still remain,  
      And consecrates his dying<sup>15</sup> hour,  
And wafts him to his native place,  
And crowns his brow with golden rays.
- 5    Ascending to that world of light,  
      He quits our dreary vale of death,  
But drops his mantle in his flight,  
      His blessing on his friends beneath;  
Thrice happy, if his virtue's heirs,  
If given to his dying prayers!
- 6    Happy whoe'er his wants supplied,  
      Or serv'd an heir of glory here;  
Happy the souls to thine<sup>16</sup> allied,  
      That saw their shining pattern near;  
Happy the mates thou leav'st<sup>17</sup> below,  
If wise, with thee, their God to know.
- 7    But chiefly blest the womb that bare,  
      The paps that nurs'd a child like thee,  
A child of providence and prayer,  
      Ordain'd his Father's face to see,  
T' enjoy his love, to chant his praise  
In rapturous, everlasting lays.
- 8    'Tis done, the soul is entered there,  
      Where kindred saints and angels join:  
We cast away our mournful care,  
      We bow and bless the will divine:  
Let God resume whom God had given,  
And take us after him to heaven.

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<sup>15</sup>MS Spencer and MARC, MA 1977/157, JW III.8 have "final" instead of "dying."

<sup>16</sup>MARC, MA 1977/157, JW III.8 has "them" instead of "thine."

<sup>17</sup>MARC, MA 1977/157, JW III.8 has "left'st" instead of "leav'st."

**Hymn XI.**  
**[On the Death of W. H—ll, Aged Fourteen.]**

**Part II.**

- 1 Rest, happy saint, with God secure,  
Lodg'd in the bosom of the Lamb,  
Thy joy is full, thy state is sure,  
Thro' all eternity the same;  
The heavenly doors have shut thee in,  
The mighty gulph is fixt between.
- 2 Thy God forbad the son to bear  
The father's wickedness below:  
And O! Thou canst not suffer there  
His foul reproach, his guilty woe,  
His fearful doom thou canst not feel,  
Or fall, like him, from heaven to hell.
- 3 That tender sense of infant grace,  
(Extinct in him) which dwelt in thee,  
Nor sin, nor Satan, can efface:  
From pain and grief for ever free,  
Thou canst not now his fall deplore,  
Or pray for one that prays no more.
- 4 Yet may thy last expiring prayer  
For a lost parent's soul prevail,  
And move the God of love to spare,  
T' arrest him at the mouth of hell:  
O God of love, thine ear incline,  
And save a soul that once was thine.
- 5 Thou didst his heaven-born spirit draw,  
Thou didst his childlike heart inspire,  
And fill with love's profoundest awe;  
Tho' now inflam'd with hellish fire,  
He dares thy fav'rite Son blaspheme,  
And hates the God that died for him.

- 6    Commissioned by the dying God,  
      Blest with a powerful ministry,  
The world he pointed to thy blood,  
      And turn'd whole multitudes to thee;  
Others he sav'd, himself a prey  
To hell, an hopeless castaway.
- 7    Murderer of souls, thou knowest, he lives,  
      (Poor souls for whom thyself hast died)  
His dreadful punishment receives,  
      And bears the mark of sullen pride;  
And furious lusts his bosom tear,  
And the dire worm of sad despair.
- 8    Condemn'd like haggard Cain to rove,  
      By Satan and himself pursued,  
Apostate from redeeming love,  
      Abandon'd to the curse of God;  
Thou hear'st the vagabond complain,  
Loud-howling, while he bites his chain.
- 9    But O! Thou righteous God how long  
      Shall thy vindictive anger last,  
Canst thou not yet forgive the wrong,  
      Bid all his penal woes be past?  
All power, all mercy as thou art,  
O break his adamant heart.
- 10   Before the yawning cavern close  
      Its mouth on its devoted prey,  
Thou, who hast died to save thy foes,  
      Thy death's omnipotence display;  
And snatch from that eternal fire,  
And let him in thine arms expire.

**Hymn XII.**  
**On the Death of Miss M. L—n.**<sup>18</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 earthy 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, which shall for ever last.
- 4           Yes, thou hast found an home  
              Where want can never come:  
Nabal cannot drive thee thence,  
              From thy bosom friends disjoin:  
Sure is that inheritance,  
              Spite of hell for ever thine.
- 5           Expos'd to want and woe  
              By thine own flesh *below*,  
Will thy relatives above  
              Thee by their unkindness grieve?  
Angels cannot scorn thy love,  
              God cannot *his* daughter leave.

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<sup>18</sup>Manuscript versions of this hymn appear in MS Richmond, 139–41; and MS Six, 26–27. They specify that this is Mary Leyson (1721–50), a cousin of Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley. She died April 12, 1750.

- 6           Thou *hast*, from earth convey'd,  
              A place to lay thy head:  
Lull'd on thy Redeemer's breast,  
              Who cannot lament for thee,  
Thee in God supremely blest,  
              Blest thro' all eternity.
- 7           Yet on thy virgin-bier  
              We drop a tender tear,  
For ourselves, alas! We mourn,  
              Still by various sorrows pain'd,  
Still by furious 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 labour 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,  
              Rank us with thy saints in light.

**Hymn XIII.**  
**On the Death of Mrs. Grace Bowen,<sup>19</sup>**  
**Jan[uary] 2, 1755.**

**[Part I.]**

- 1           Stay, thou triumphant spirit, stay,  
              And bless me ere<sup>20</sup> thou soar'st away,  
              Where pain can never come!  
In vain my call: the soul is fled,  
By Israel's flaming steeds convey'd  
              To her eternal home.

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<sup>19</sup>Grace Bowen was the nurse of Sarah Gwynne Wesley. A manuscript copy of a draft of this hymn (starting with the second half of stanza 10), in John Wesley's hand, survives at MARC (MA 1977/157, JW III.8); variant readings are noted in footnotes.

<sup>20</sup>Ori., "e're"; but clearly used in sense of "before."

- 2 Yet lo! I now the blessing find,  
The legacy she left behind,  
    Fruit of her latest prayer:  
The answer in my heart I feel,  
This fresh supply of heavenly zeal,  
    To live, and die like her.
- 3 She liv'd to serve the God unknown,  
And following in a land not sown,  
    A thorny wilderness,  
Beneath the yoke of legal fear  
She labour'd hard, with heart sincere,  
    To *buy* the Saviour's peace.
- 4 Faithful she then in little was;  
And zealous for religion's cause,  
    To please the Lord most high  
In serving man she humbly sought,  
But blindly by her duties thought  
    Herself to justify.
- 5 Yet when she heard the gospel-sound,  
That grace doth more than sin abound,  
    That pard'ning grace is free,  
She cast her righteous rags aside,  
She closed at once with Christ, and cry'd,  
    "He bought the peace for me!"
- 6 From hence the fight of faith begun,  
From hence in Jesus' steps she run,  
    Nor e'er disgrac'd the cause,  
Meek follower of the patient Lamb,  
She priz'd his honourable shame,  
    And gloried in his cross.
- 7 By all the rage of fiends and men,  
(The vehement stream, the beating rain)

Assail'd on every side;  
Nor men nor fiends her firmness shock,  
The house was built upon a Rock,  
And every storm defy'd.

- 8 What tongue her hidden worth can tell,  
Her active faith and fervent zeal,  
And works of righteousness,  
Her thirst and reverence for the word,  
Her love to those who lov'd her Lord,  
Or but desired his grace!
- 9 She lov'd them both in word and deed,  
O'rjoy'd an hungry Christ to feed,  
To visit him in pain;  
Him in his members she reliev'd,  
And freely as she first receiv'd,  
Gave him her all again.
- 10 How did her generous bounty deal  
The widow's scanty oil and meal,  
A treasure for the poor?  
A treasure spent without decrease,  
As miracle reviv'd to bless  
The consecrated store.
- 11 But who can paint the strong desire,  
The holy heav'n-inkindled fire  
That glow'd within her breast,  
To insure the bliss of friends and foes,  
To save the precious souls of those  
She ever lov'd the best!
- 12 Witness ye children of her prayers,  
Ye objects of her tenderest cares,  
Into her bosom given,  
Did not her yearning bowels move  
With more than a maternal love  
To train you up for heaven?

- 13 Can you her artless warmth forget,  
Her eager hast<sup>21</sup>e to turn your feet  
    Into the narrow road,  
Her counsels kind, her warning fears,  
Her loud protests, or silent tears,  
    Whene'er ye stray'd from God!
- 14 She took your guardian angel's part,  
She watch'd the motions of your heart  
    To pride and pleasure prone;  
For you she spent her latest breath,  
And urg'd you both in life and death  
    To love the Lord alone.

**Hymn XIV.**  
**[On the Death of Mrs. Grace Bowen,**  
**January 2, 1755.]**

**Part II.**<sup>22</sup>

- 1 O let me on the image dwell,  
The soul-transporting spectacle  
    On which ev'n angels gaze!  
An hoary saint mature for God,  
And shaking off the earthy<sup>23</sup> clod,  
    To see his open face.
- 2 The happiest hour is come at last,  
When, all her toils and conflicts past,  
    She shall to God ascend,  
Worn out and spent for Jesus' cause,  
She now takes up her latest cross,  
    And bears it to the end.
- 3 Summon'd before the throne t' appear,  
She meets the welcome messenger,  
    Array'd in mortal pain;  
Her only fear lest flesh and blood  
Should sink beneath the sacred load,  
    Or weakly once complain.

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<sup>21</sup>MARC, MA 1977/157, JW III.8 has "pains" instead of "haste."

<sup>22</sup>A manuscript copy of a draft of this hymn, in John Wesley's hand, survives at MARC (MA 1977/157, JW III.8); variant readings are noted in footnotes.

<sup>23</sup>MARC, MA 1977/157, JW III.8 has "earthly" instead of "earthy."

- 4 But Christ the object of her love,  
Doth with peculiar smiles approve,  
And all her fears controul,  
With glory gilds her final scene,  
And not a cloud can rise between<sup>24</sup>  
To hide him from her soul.
- 5 As a ripe shock of corn brought home,  
Behold her in due season come  
To claim her full reward!  
Smiling and pleas'd in death she lies,  
With eagle's eyes looks thro' the skies,  
And sees her heavenly Lord.
- 6 The sight her ravish'd spirit fires,  
Her panting dying breast inspires,  
And fills her mouth with praise;  
She owns the glorious earnest given;  
The hidden life breaks out, and heaven  
Resplendent<sup>25</sup> in her face.
- 7 Fill'd up with love and life divine,  
The house of clay, the earthly shrine,  
Dissolves, and sinks to dust,  
Without a groan the body dies;  
Her spirit mounts above the skies,  
And mingles with the just.
- 8 With mixt concern her flight we view,  
With joy th' ascending pomp pursue,  
Yet for *our* loss distrest:  
Our bosom-friend from earth is flown,  
A mother of our Israel gone,  
To her eternal rest.
- 9 Yet still to us she speaks tho' dead,  
She<sup>26</sup> bids us in her footsteps tread,

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<sup>24</sup>MARC, MA 1977/157, JW III.8 has "intervene" instead of "rise between."

<sup>25</sup>MARC, MA 1977/157, JW III.8 has "Is open" instead of "Resplendent."

<sup>26</sup>MARC, MA 1977/157, JW III.8 has "And" instead of "She."

As in her Saviour's she;  
And O! That we like her may<sup>27</sup> prove  
Our faith unfeign'd and genuine love,  
And meek humility.

- 10 Who live her life, her<sup>28</sup> death shall die:  
Come, Lord, our hearts to certify  
That we the prize shall gain;  
Soon as we lay the body down,  
That we shall wear th' immortal crown,  
And in thy glory reign.

**Hymn XV.**  
**On the Death of the Rev. Mr. John Meriton,<sup>29</sup>**  
**August 10, 1753.**

- 1 And hath he bow'd his head,  
And rendered up the ghost,  
So *quietly* escap'd, and fled  
To that immortal host?  
With them our songs we join,  
And solemnly proclaim  
The victory of love divine,  
The triumph of the Lamb.
- 2 The Lamb of God alone  
Supplied his Spirit's might,  
Thro' which our fellow-soldier won  
The good tho' doubtful fight;  
Thro' which th' *afflicted man*  
On sovereign mercy cast,  
Rode out the storm of sin and pain,  
And landed safe at last.
- 3 Long was he tost below  
On life's tempestuous sea,

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<sup>27</sup>MARC, MA 1977/157, JW III.8 has "might" instead of "may."

<sup>28</sup>"Her" changed to "and" in 1769 edn.

<sup>29</sup>John Meriton (ca. 1698–1753), a graduate of Cambridge and evangelical Anglican priest, was drawn by Whitefield into the Methodist fold and became a traveling companion of John and Charles Wesley for several years.

Born to a double share of woe,  
And weight of misery,  
Tortur'd by cruel fears,  
By flattering hopes deceiv'd,  
He wandred thro' the vale of tears,  
And rather died than liv'd.

4       The soul is now at rest,  
The exile roams no more,  
Of his inheritance possess  
On that celestial shore:  
A lot that cannot fade,  
A life that cannot die,  
An house by hands immortal made,  
A mansion in the sky.

5       Jesus, take all the praise,  
The praise is all thy due;  
And save *us* by the word of grace,  
And make us conquerors too:  
The word thy servant spoke,  
And found its saving power,  
Let us believe, obey—and look  
For death's triumphant hour.

6       O that we then like him  
Might quietly resign  
The souls thou sufferdst to redeem,  
Into those hands of thine!  
O that we then might prove  
Like him, the crowning grace,  
And join our glittering friends above  
In everlasting lays.

**Hymn XVI.**  
**On the Death of Mr. Lampe.<sup>30</sup>**

- 1 'Tis done! The sovereign will's obey'd,  
The soul by angel-guards convey'd  
Has took its seat on high;  
The brother of my choice is gone,  
To musick sweeter than his own,  
And concerts in the sky.
- 2 His spirit mounting on the wing,  
Rejoic'd to hear the convoy sing,  
While harping at his side:  
With ease he caught their heavenly strain,  
And smil'd, and sung in mortal pain,  
He sung, and smil'd, and died.
- 3 Inroll'd with that harmonious throng,  
He hears th' unutterable song,  
Th' unutterable name:  
He *sees* the Master of the quire,  
He bows, and strikes the golden lyre,  
And hymns the glorious Lamb.
- 4 He hymns the glorious Lamb *alone*;  
No more constrain'd to make his moan  
In this sad wilderness,  
To toil for sublunary pay,  
And cast his sacred strains away,  
And stoop the world to please.
- 5 Redeem'd from earth, the tuneful soul,  
While everlasting ages roll,  
His triumph shall prolong;  
His noblest faculties exert,  
And all the musick of his heart  
Shall warble on his tongue.

---

<sup>30</sup>John Friedrich Lampe (1703–51), composer of the music for *Festival Hymns* (1746).

- 6 O that my mournful days were past,  
O that I might o’ertake at last  
My happy friend above;  
With him the church triumphant join  
And celebrate in strains divine,  
The majesty of love!
- 7 Great God of love, prepare my heart,  
And tune it now to bear a part  
In heavenly melody,  
“I’ll strive to sing as loud as they,  
Who sit inthron’d in brighter day,”  
And nearer the Most-High.
- 8 O that the promis’d time were come,  
O that we all were taken home,  
Our Master’s joy to share!  
Draw, Lord, the living vocal stones,  
Jesus, recall thy banish’d ones,  
To chant thy praises there.
- 9 Our number and our bliss compleat,  
And summon all the choir to meet  
Thy glorious throne around,  
The whole musician-band bring in,  
And give the signal to begin,  
And let the trumpet sound.

**Hymn XVII.**  
**On the Death of Mrs. Ann Wigginton,<sup>31</sup>**  
**April 24, 1757.**

**[Part I.]<sup>32</sup>**

- 1 What shall we say? It is the Lord!  
His name be prais’d, his will be done!  
Bereav’d by his revoking word,  
We meekly render him his own,

---

<sup>31</sup>Ebenezer (d. 1745) and Ann (Bundy) Wigginton were a Quaker family in Bristol that CW drew into the early revival. On Oct. 26, 1739 Charles baptized Ebenezer Wigginton (see *MS Journal*).

<sup>32</sup>A shorthand predecessor of this two-part hymn appears in MS Spencer, 38–40; the scattered variants are noted in that file.

And faultless mourn our partner fled,  
Our friend remov'd, our Dorcas dead.

- 2 A Christian good, without pretence,  
    A widow by her works approv'd,  
A saint indeed is summon'd hence,  
    To triumph with her best belov'd,  
In whom she found acceptance here,  
And *shew'd* her faith by humble fear.
- 3 By works of righteousness she shew'd  
    The gracious principle within,  
By reverence for the things of God,  
    By deadness to the world and sin,  
By laying up her wealth above,  
By all the toils of patient love.
- 4 Memorial of her faith unfeign'd,  
    As incense sweet, before the throne,  
Did not her prayers and alms ascend,  
    And bring the heavenly herald down?  
Did she not for the preacher call,  
With news of pard'ning grace for all?
- 5 What tho' she in the desert pin'd,  
    And languish'd for the light in vain,  
Her soul obedient and resign'd,  
    Did darkly safe with God remain,  
Who led his trembling servant on,  
And bless'd her in a path unknown.
- 6 Unconscious of the grace receiv'd,  
    She mourn'd, as destitute of grace,  
A pattern to believers liv'd,  
    And labour'd on with even pace,  
Possess of Mary's better part,  
And Martha's hands, and Lydia's heart.

- 7 No noisy self-deceiver she,  
    No boaster vain of faith untry'd:  
Her own good deeds she could not see,  
    But wrought, and cast them all aside;  
And when her glorious race was run,  
Complain'd, "She never yet begun."

**Hymn XVIII.**  
**[On the Death of Mrs. Ann Wigginton,**  
**April 24, 1757.]**

**Part II.**

- 1 Soon as the warning angel came,  
    That call'd her up to worlds on high,  
Meek as a death-devoted lamb,  
    Yet starting, as unfit to die,  
Her nature's frailty she confest,  
And sunk upon her Saviour's breast.
- 2 He own'd the soul so dearly lov'd,  
    And cutting short his work of grace,  
Her sins insensibly remov'd,  
    Made meet at once to see his face,  
And lo! Her latest fears are o'er,  
And pain and suffering is no more.
- 3 One only labour yet remains,  
    Her genuine faith to justify,  
One only care the spirit detains,  
    When wing'd, and ready for the sky:  
That agony of love unknown,  
That cry in death, "My son, my son!"
- 4 Can she her sucking child forget,  
    In travail for his soul so long?  
Discharging nature's double debt,  
    She warns him with a fault'ring tongue;  
She wins him by her latest breath,  
The mother of his soul in death.

- 5 By all the powers of love pursu'd,  
To Christ with holy violence driven,  
She claims him for the Saviour-God,  
She turns, and lifts his heart to heaven:  
In faith's almighty arms she bears,  
And crowns her counsels with her pray'rs.
- 6 In vain her strength and language fail,  
Speechless she urges her request,  
She *will* with the God-man prevail:  
And now of all her wish possest,  
Smiling, she looks him back the praise,  
And heaven is open'd in her face.
- 7 Those heavenly smiles distinctly tell  
The rapt'rous bliss her spirit feels,  
The glorious joy unspeakable,  
Which Christ to dying saints reveals;  
The sight, which none can here conceive,  
The sight, which none can see and live.
- 8 Like Moses on the mountain laid  
With longing looks, and ravish'd eyes,  
She sees the Saviour's arms display'd,  
She sees his open face, and dies!  
Drops at his kiss the mortal clod,  
And plunges in the depths of God.

**Hymn XIX.**

**A Prayer for a Dying Child.<sup>33</sup>**

- 1 Father, Lord of earth and heaven,  
Spare, or take what thou hast given;  
Sole disposer of thine own,  
Let thy sovereign will be done.

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<sup>33</sup>This prayer is for the first child of Charles and Sarah Wesley, John, baptized Aug. 17, 1752. He died in January 1754.

- 2     When thou didst our Isaac give,  
       Him we trembled to receive,  
       Him we call'd not ours, but thine,  
       Him we promis'd to resign.
- 3     Lo! We to our promise stand,  
       Lo! We answer thy demand,  
       Will not murmur or complain,  
       If thou claim thine own again.
- 4     Life and death depend on thee,  
       Just and good is thy decree,  
       Safe in thy decree we rest,  
       Sure whatever is, is best.
- 5     Meekly we our vow repeat,  
       Nature *shall* to grace submit,  
       Let him on the altar lie,  
       Let the victim live, or die.
- 6     Yet thou know'st, what pangs of love  
       In a father's bosom move,  
       What the agony to part,  
       Struggling in a mother's heart.
- 7     Sorely tempted and distrest,  
       Can we make the fond request?  
       Dare we pray for a reprieve?  
       *Need* we ask that he may live?
- 8     God we absolutely trust,  
       Wise, and merciful, and just,  
       All thy works to thee are known,  
       All thy blessed will be done.
- 9     If his life a snare would prove,  
       Rob us of thy heavenly love,  
       Steal our hearts from God away;  
       Mercy will not let him stay.

- 10 If his life would matter raise  
Of thine everlasting praise,  
More his Saviour glorify;  
Mercy will not let him die.

**Hymn XX.**  
**On the Death of a Child.<sup>34</sup>**

**[Part I.]**

- 1 Dead! Dead! The child I lov'd so well!  
Transported to the world above!  
I need no more my heart conceal:  
I never dar'd indulge my love:  
But may I not indulge my grief,  
And seek in tears a sad relief?
- 2 Mine earthly happiness is fled,  
His mother's joy, his father's hope,  
O had I dy'd in Isaac's stead!  
He *should* have liv'd, my age's prop,  
He should have clos'd his father's eyes,  
And follow'd me to paradise.
- 3 But hath not heaven, who first bestow'd,  
A right to take his gifts away?  
I bow me to the sovereign God,  
Who snatch'd him from the evil day!  
Yet nature *will* repeat her moan,  
And fondly cry, "My son, my son!"
- 4 Turn from him, turn, officious thought!  
Officious thought presents again  
The thousand little acts he wrought,  
Which wound my heart with soothing pain:  
His looks, his winning gestures rise,  
His waving hands, and laughing eyes!

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<sup>34</sup>This multi-part hymn was written on the occasion of the death of John, the first child of Charles and Sarah Wesley. The first five parts can be found in MS Sarah Wesley (1754), copied in Sarah's hand, in the collection at Drew University (Wesley Family Letters 2135-6-4:70).

- 5     Those waving hands no more shall move,  
          Those laughing eyes shall smile no more:  
He cannot now engage our love,  
          With sweet insinuating power  
Our weak unguarded hearts insnare,  
And rival his Creator there.
- 6     From us, as we from him, secure,  
          Caught to his heavenly Father's breast,  
He waits, till we the bliss insure,  
          From all these stormy sorrows rest,  
And see him with our angel stand,  
To waft, and welcome us to land.

**Hymn XXI.**  
**[On the Death of a Child.]**

**Part II.**

- 1     Farewell, (since heaven ordains it so)  
          Farewell, my yearning heart's desire!  
Stunn'd with the providential blow,  
          And scarce beginning to respire,  
I own, and bow me in the dust,  
My God is good, and wise, and just.
- 2     He justly claims the first-born son,  
          Accepts my costly sacrifice,  
Dearest of all his gifts but one,  
          At his command the victim dies!  
He but resumes what he had given,  
He takes my sacrifice to heaven.
- 3     His wisdom *tim'd* the *ling'ring* stroke,  
          The mother first resolv'd to save;  
The mother left, the child he took,  
          Nor let them share a common grave;  
And still my better half survives,  
Joseph is dead, but Rachel lives.

- 4 His goodness towards us all design'd  
To save us from a world of care;  
He knew his pleading Spirit's mind,  
He heard in me his Spirit's prayer,  
And kindly hasten'd to remove  
The object of my fatal love.
- 5 The searcher of my heart can tell  
How oft its fondness I withstood,  
When forc'd a father's joy to feel,  
I shrunk from the suspected good,  
Refus'd the perilous delight,  
And hid me from the pleasing sight.
- 6 The labour of my aching breast,  
The racking fears to God are known;  
I could not in his danger rest,  
I trembled for my helpless son:  
But all my fears for ever cease,  
My son hath gain'd the port of peace.
- 7 The travail of my soul is past,  
Severer than the mother's throes,  
For lo! My child is *born* at last,  
The glorious life of angels knows,  
He bursts yon ambient azure shell,  
He flies from us, with God to dwell.
- 8 Look down, thou happy spirit, look down,  
An eye of pitying love let fall  
On us, who long to share thy crown,  
Who for that spotless mantle call,  
In which thou shalt for ever shine,  
That robe of righteousness divine.
- 9 Great King of saints, to thee alone,  
For mercy, and for grace we pray:  
Thy glorious grace hath sav'd the son,  
The parents next to heaven convey,

Thy power and goodness to adore,  
Where death and parting is no more.

**Hymn XXII.**  
**[On the Death of a Child.]**

**Part III.**

- 1 Jesus, our sure support thou art,  
Our only hope in deep distress;  
Thy comforts calm the troubled heart,  
And cheer'd by thy victorious grace  
The mourner gives her wailings o'er,  
And Rachel weeps her loss no more.
- 2 O might thy love our loss repair,  
This mountain-load of grief remove:  
The burthen we with patience bear,  
But cannot rest without thy love,  
But, till we hear thy pard'ning voice,  
We cannot in thy will rejoice.
- 3 If thou hast wrought us, Lord, to this,  
If now thy chast'ning hand we see,  
Which strips us of our creature-bliss,  
To make us seek our bliss in thee;  
On us thy pard'ning love bestow,  
And bless us with that heaven below.
- 4 If thou hast torn our child away,  
To make thyself the larger room;  
No longer, gracious Lord, delay,  
But to thy drooping servants come,  
And take up all this aching void,  
And fill our happy souls with God.

**Hymn XXIII.**  
**[On the Death of a Child.]**

**Part IV.**

- 1 Why should our hearts for ever bleed,  
    Why should we still as hopeless mourn?  
The child is safe! The child is dead!  
    And never shall to us return:  
But we to him shall soon arise,  
And clasp the saint in paradise.
- 2 Who weeping build our infant's tomb,  
    With joy we hasten to our own:  
That happiest day will quickly come,  
    When we shall lay our burthen down,  
When loos'd from earth our souls shall soar,  
And find, whom we shall lose no more.
- 3 No human heart can e'er conceive  
    The transports of our meeting there,  
Where pure departed spirits live,  
    Where one we fondly deem'd our heir,  
To full angelic stature grown,  
Inherits an immortal crown.
- 4 Arriv'd above, the stranger stands,  
    Incompast with acclaiming quires:  
He hears, and waves his plausive hands,  
    Transported with the harpers' lyres,  
Expands his tuneful soul to prove  
Th' harmonious powers of heavenly love.
- 5 And can we wish him doom'd again  
    To childish ignorance and fears,  
Obnoxious to disease and pain,  
    Imprison'd in our vale of tears,

Expos'd to all we dread beneath,  
Passion, and sin, and second death?

- 6 Ah! No, we would not have him back,  
But soon ourselves to him remove,  
While meet his glory to partake,  
And perfected in patient love,  
We see with ravish'd hearts and eyes  
The loss which brought us to the skies.

**Hymn XXIV.**  
**[On the Death of a Child.]**

**Part V.**

- 1 Angels rejoice, a child is born,  
Into your happier world above!  
Let poor short-sighted mortals mourn,  
While on the wings of heavenly love,  
An everlasting spirit flies,  
To claim his kindred in the skies.
- 2 His few sad days of guiltless pain  
Are all irrevocably gone,  
Escap'd from earth without a stain,  
My heart's desire, my darling son  
Hath first attain'd his endless rest,  
Hath reach'd his heavenly Father's breast.
- 3 And shall I for his bliss repine,  
And shall I for his absence grieve?  
Or rather bless the choice divine,  
With awful joy and thanks receive  
The period of my countless cares,  
The answer of my thousand pray'rs!
- 4 My pray'rs are seal'd, my child is fled,  
Is safe on that eternal shore:  
No longer I his dangers dread,  
The pois'nous world's bewitching power,

The charms of sin, the tempter's art,  
The fondness of a parent's heart.

- 5 No more my eyes with tears o'erflow,  
No more in deep distress I pray  
"Ah! Save my child from endless woe,  
Ah! Take him from the evil day,  
Nor let the *man* his God deny,  
Nor let him live to sin, and die."
- 6 Who fill'd me with those jealous fears,  
Who arm'd my heart with sad mistrust,  
The God of love hath seen my tears,  
And never *can* the child be lost,  
Whom God hath found, and claim'd for his,  
And snatch'd to everlasting bliss.

**Hymn XXV.**  
**[On the Death of a Child.]**

**Part VI.**

- 1 'Tis finish'd! All his course of pain!  
'Tis finish'd! All our task of care!  
We turn us to our rest again,  
In solemn praise, and humble prayer:  
For lo! Our awful office ends,  
For lo! Our sacred charge ascends!
- 2 The child, of whom we seem bereav'd,  
Whom feeble flesh would still deplore,  
Our heavenly Father hath receiv'd,  
And kindly bids us weep no more,  
But chearfully his loan resign,  
And leave him in the arms divine.
- 3 Father, we make thy deed our own,  
Submissive to thy wisest choice,

Tho' nature give a parting groan,  
Our spirits *shall* in thee rejoice,  
And thankfully at last approve  
Th' appointment of eternal love.

- 4 'Twas love ordain'd so short a date,  
So light a load of penal pain,  
And hence the favourite of fate  
Put on, and burst, his fleshly chain;  
Receiv'd, and rend'ring up his breath,  
Retir'd into the shades of death.
- 5 But we by faith's illumin'd eye  
Beyond the cloud of death behold  
A Sun in yon eternal sky,  
Which gilds, and turns the cloud to gold;  
And in that golden light I see  
The child that owed his birth to me.
- 6 In a new world of light and bliss,  
An angel now our child appears,  
His joy hath made our sorrow cease,  
His looks have dried our selfish tears,  
His looks, where heavenly glories shine,  
And call us to the sight divine.
- 7 Father of lights, and God of love,  
Thy call we joyfully obey,  
And hasten to our friends above,  
Who for their old companions stay;  
Till all before thy face shall meet,  
And find in thee our heaven compleat.

**Hymn XXVI.**  
**[On the Death of a Child.]**

**Part VII.**

- 1 Blessing, and love, and thanks, and praise,  
    Wisdom, and majesty, and power,  
And riches, more than earth can raise,  
    To God, who at the destin'd hour,  
Hath singled out our only son,  
And caught an infant to his throne.
- 2 The Lord our favour'd child hath blest  
    Above what we could ask, or hope,  
Hath far exceeded our request,  
    And fill'd our largest wishes up  
With more than nature *dar'd* require,  
Or a *fond* parent's heart desire.
- 3 We rashly for our offspring claim  
    The goods which foolish mortals prize,  
Beauty, and health, and power, and fame;  
    We wish them great, and rich, and wise,  
With pleasures crown'd, and long to live  
In all the bliss which earth can give.
- 4 But see, whom God hath made *his* heir,  
    Adorn'd with each celestial grace!  
His features how divinely fair,  
    How full of heaven his blooming face!  
And what shall mar that heavenly bloom,  
Where pain and death can never come?
- 5 With glory deck'd, and cloath'd with power,  
    On kings the pitying saint looks down,  
For who can tell his gracious store,  
    Or count the jewels of his crown?  
Bright as ten thousand stars they shine,  
And purchas'd all by blood divine.

- 6 With pure superior wisdom fraught,  
He fathoms the angelic minds,  
Prevents the quickest glance of thought,  
And truth by intuition finds,  
He comprehends the One in Three,  
He sounds the depths of deity.
- 7 Knowledge, and power, and glory meet  
T' enhance his happiness and joy;  
His joy unutterably great,  
His happiness without alloy,  
His pleasures spiritual and pure,  
Immortal as their source endure.
- 8 Happy, and wise, and great, and good,  
In fashion like his Maker found,  
With heavenly faculties endu'd,  
With all divine perfections crown'd,  
And long as God his throne maintains,  
The heir with Christ triumphant reigns.

**Hymn XXVII.**  
**[On the Death of a Child.]**

**Part VIII.**

- 1 Father, in thee our hearts confide,  
And wait thine utmost word to feel,  
Have we not been by trouble tried?  
Now let it answer all thy will,  
Now let it yield with vast increase  
The peaceful fruit of righteousness.
- 2 Beneath thy chast'ning hand we stoop,  
And pour out our sad souls in prayer,  
Prostrate, till mercy lift us up,  
Till thou thy righteousness declare:  
To thee by deep affliction driven,  
We cry, to know our sins forgiven.

- 3     Come, to thy drooping servants come,  
          Thou God of reconciling grace,  
Pierce thro', dispel this guilty gloom,  
          Unveil the brightness of thy face;  
And while these clouds of grief remove,  
Appear, the pard'ning God of love.
- 4     We will not let our sorrow go,  
          Till thee our God we apprehend:  
Ah! Wouldst thou now the grace bestow,  
          Into our hearts the comfort send,  
The peace that pain and loss defies,  
The life divine that never dies.
- 5     In us thy pard'ning love reveal,  
          And when we feel the blessing given,  
Our tongues thy pard'ning love shall tell,  
          Shall spread the news thro' earth and heaven,  
"The Lord hath caught away our son,  
And giv'n us in exchange *his own*."

**Hymn XXVIII.**

**On the Death of Mrs. L[efevre], July 6, 1756.<sup>35</sup>**

**[Part I.]**

- 1     Ah! Lovely Christ-like soul adieu,  
Darling of every heart that knew,  
          Thy short-liv'd excellence!  
Rest in the bosom of thy God,  
Who just to gazing mortals shew'd,  
          And snatch'd the wonder hence.
- 2     Unworthy of her longer stay,  
Forbid to plead, forbid to pray,  
          We mournfully resign,

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<sup>35</sup>There is a manuscript copy of both parts of this hymn, in Wesley's hand, on blank pages at the front of his personal copy of *Letters upon Sacred Subjects, by a person [Mrs. Lefevre] lately deceased* (London: s.n., 1757). This copy is signed and dated by Wesley in 1757, and now resides at the Methodist Archives in The John Rylands University Library, Manchester: shelf number MAW CW78. Only two variants appear in the manuscript copy, and they are noted below. See also the related manuscript hymn in MS Funeral Hymns, 105–106.

Our friend, so suddenly remov'd;  
We render to her best-belov'd,  
The heavenly loan divine.

3 But *need* we now our grief conceal,  
Forc'd in the tenderest nerve to feel  
The universal loss?  
We *cannot* curb our swelling sighs,  
Or stop the fountains of our eyes,  
Remembring what she *was*.

4 She *was* (let all her worth confess,  
Let all her precious memory bless,  
And after her aspire!)  
A burning, and a shining light  
She *was*—to gild our land of night,  
And set our world on fire.

5 She *was* (what words can never paint)  
A spotless soul, a sinless saint,  
In perfect love renew'd,  
A mirror of the deity,  
A transcript of the One in Three,  
A temple fill'd with God.

6 The witness of his hallowing grace,  
Talk'd with her Maker face to face,  
And mark'd with his new name  
His nature visibly express'd,  
While all her even life confess'd  
The meekness of the Lamb.

7 Blest with his lowly loving mind,  
One with the friend of human kind,  
In all his steps she trod;  
In doing good, and bearing ill,  
Fulfill'd her heavenly Father's will,  
And liv'd, and dy'd to God.

- 8 Eager to drink his deepest cup,  
She fill'd her Lord's afflictions up,  
Together crucified;  
To nature's will entirely dead,  
She languish'd till she bow'd her head,  
And with her Saviour died.
- 9 Like him, her *thirty years and three*,  
She finish'd on the sacred tree,  
In sacrificial prayer,  
Calmly without a lingring sigh,  
*Dismiss'd her spirit* to the sky,  
And clasps her Jesus there!

**Hymn XXIX.**  
**[On the Death of Mrs. Lefevre, July 6, 1756.]**

**Part II.**

- 1 O that the child of heavenly light  
Might drop her mantle in her flight,  
Her lamb-like spirit leave!  
On us let all her graces rest,  
To meeken every troubled breast,  
And teach us how to grieve.
- 2 Happy, could we the secret find,  
Like her in all events resign'd  
To gain by every loss;  
Our sharpest agonies t' improve,  
Esteem our Master's lot, and love,  
And glory in his cross!
- 3 Master, on us, ev'n us bestow  
Like precious faith thyself to know;  
Fulfil our heart's desire,  
Daily in all her<sup>36</sup> steps to tread,  
And let us in the garden bleed,  
And on the mount expire.

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<sup>36</sup>Wesley's manuscript copy in *Letters upon Sacred Subjects*, reads "thy" instead of "her."

- 4 Like her, who now supremely blest,  
Enjoys an everlasting rest,  
    We fain on earth would be;  
As harmless as that gentlest dove,  
As simplified by humble love,  
    As perfectly like thee.
- 5 O were it, Lord, on us bestow'd,  
The love that in her bosom glow'd,  
    The love invincible;  
The love that turns<sup>37</sup> the other cheek,  
The love inviolably meek,  
    That bears and conquers all!
- 6 Made ready here by patient love  
For sweetest fellowship above  
    With our translated friend;  
Give us thro' life her spirit to breathe,  
Indulge us then to die her death,  
    And bless us with her end.

**Hymn XXX.**  
**On the Death of Mrs. Mary Naylor,<sup>38</sup>**  
**March 21, 1757.<sup>39</sup>**

**[Part I.]**

- 1 But is the hasty spirit fled?  
But hath my friend inclin'd her head,  
    And laid her burden down?  
Dead, dead to man, to God she lives,  
And from her Saviour's hands receives  
    The never-fading crown.
- 2 Away my tears, and selfish sighs!  
The happy saint in paradise  
    Requires us not to mourn;

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<sup>37</sup>Wesley's manuscript copy in *Letters upon Sacred Subjects*, reads "turn'd."

<sup>38</sup>Charles Wesley was instrumental to the conversion of Mary Naylor (1713–57) in October 1745, and they became close friends. Although Mary never married, as an older "spinster," she was by custom referred to as "Mrs."

<sup>39</sup>A precursor of this six-part hymn in CW's hand appears in shorthand in MS Spencer, 41–49. It has a few scattered variants, noted in that file.

But rather keep her life in view,  
And still her shining steps pursue,  
Till all to God return.

- 3 Her life from outward evil free  
From every gross enormity  
Her life of nature was:  
Harmless she pass'd her *time to play*,  
Stranger to Christ, the living way,  
Regardless of his cross.
- 4 But when she heard the gospel-sound,  
The seed receiv'd in the good ground,  
The heart-ingrafted word  
Produc'd an hundred-fold increase,  
And join'd to Jesus' witnesses,  
She gloried in *her* Lord.
- 5 With joy she flew her all to sell,  
Borne on the wings of rapid zeal,  
Impatient of delay;  
Away she cast with eager strife,  
Kindred, and friends, and more than life,  
She cast her fame away.
- 6 Where Satan keeps his gaudy throne,  
Firm as the righteous Lot, alone  
Against the world she stood,  
The cross indur'd, the shame despis'd,  
And only sought, and only priz'd  
The praise that comes from God.
- 7 When men and fiends against her rose,  
Could all her fierce opprobrious foes  
Her stedfast faith o'erturn?  
A follower of the patient Lamb,  
The hatred she with love o'ercame,  
And triumph'd in the scorn.

- 8 Her solid piety unfeign'd  
A witness from her foes obtain'd,  
And forc'd them to confess,  
"Where faith appears with virtue crown'd,  
Religion pure on earth is found,  
And all her paths are peace."

**Hymn XXXI.**  
**[On the Death of Mrs. Mary Naylor,**  
**March 21, 1757.]**

**Part II.**

- 1 Long in those peaceful pleasant ways  
She walk'd, she run<sup>40</sup> the Christian race,  
With *never-slack'ning* care;  
Studious her talents to improve,  
She liv'd a life of faith and love,  
Of holiness and prayer.
- 2 The weightier matters of the law  
With single eye she clearly saw,  
Nor overlook'd the less:  
Her tythe of mint she gladly paid,  
But the main stress on mercy laid,  
And truth and righteousness.
- 3 The golden rule she still pursu'd,  
And did to others, as she would  
Others should do to her:  
Justice compos'd her upright soul,  
Justice did all her thoughts controul,  
And form'd her character.
- 4 Her morals, O thou bleeding Lamb,<sup>41</sup>  
Forth from that open fountain came,  
That wounded side of thine;  
Thy love of equity she caught,  
Thy Spirit in her spirit wrought  
The righteousness divine.

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<sup>40</sup>"Run" changed to "run'd" in 1769 edn.

<sup>41</sup>Cf. Young, *Night Thoughts*, Fourth night, line 781.

- 5 Thenceforth an Israelite indeed,  
By child-like innocency led,  
And ignorant of art,  
See her integrity approv'd,  
To God and man: the truth she lov'd,  
And spoke it from her heart.
- 6 To falshood an eternal foe,  
The fair pretence, the specious shew,  
The gross and colour'd lie;  
Darkness she never put for light,  
Evil for good, or wrong for right,  
Or fraud for piety.
- 7 Thro' all her words the soul within,  
The honest, artless soul was seen,  
Ingenuous, pure, and free:  
Candour and love were sweetly join'd  
With easy nobleness of mind,  
And true simplicity.
- 8 Inspir'd with godliness sincere,  
She had her conversation here;  
No guile in her was found:  
Chearful and open as the light,  
She dwelt in her own people's sight,  
And gladden'd all around.

**Hymn XXXII.**  
**[On the Death of Mrs. Mary Naylor,**  
**March 21, 1757.]**

**Part III.**

- 1 Mercy that heaven-descending guest,  
Resided in her gentle breast,  
And full possession kept;  
While listening to the orphan's moan,  
And echoing back the widow's groan,  
She wept with them that wept.

- 2 Affliction, poverty, disease,  
Drew out her soul in soft distress  
    The wretched to relieve:  
In all the works of love employ'd,  
Her sympathizing soul enjoy'd  
    The blessedness to give.
- 3 Her Saviour in his members seen,  
A stranger she receiv'd him in,  
    An hungry Jesus fed,  
Tended her sick imprison'd Lord,  
And flew in all his wants t' afford  
    Her ministerial aid.
- 4 A nursing-mother to the poor,  
For them she husbanded her store,  
    Her life, her all bestow'd:  
For them she labour'd day and night,  
In doing good her whole delight,  
    In copying after God.
- 5 But did she then herself conceal  
From her own flesh? Or kindly feel  
    Their every want and woe?  
"Tis Corban this" she never said,  
But dealt alike her sacred bread  
    To feed both friend and foe.
- 6 Free from the busy worldling's cares,  
Who gathers riches—for his heirs,  
    Who hoards what God hath given;  
Fast as the Lord her basket bless'd,  
Fast as her well-got wealth increas'd,  
    She laid it up in heaven.
- 7 Witness ye servants of her Lord,  
Ye preachers of the joyous word,  
    Constrain'd with her t' abide:

With Lydia's open house and heart,  
Glad of her carnal things t' impart,  
She all your wants supply'd.

- 8 Surely ye judg'd her faithful *then*:  
And did she not thro' life remain  
Invariably the same?  
Her even soul to heaven aspir'd,  
The only mind of Christ desir'd,  
The tempers of the Lamb.

**Hymn XXXIII.**  
**[On the Death of Mrs. Mary Naylor,**  
**March 21, 1757.]**

**Part IV.**

- 1 Tho' envy foul its poison shed,  
To blast the venerable dead,  
With base reproach to load,  
She did not lose her pious pains;  
Her judgment with her Lord remains,  
Her work is with her God.
- 2 She never left her former love,  
Her zeal, or boldness to reprove  
Triumphant wickedness:  
Since first she knew the crucified,  
She never cast her shield aside,  
Or forfeited her peace.
- 3 Constant, unwarp'd from first to last,  
She kept the faith, and held it fast,  
From sin and error free,  
Contending for the faith *alone*,  
The name inscrib'd in the white stone,  
The *life* of piety.
- 4 While others spent their strength for nought,  
For trifles she no longer fought,

For *human* rules or rites:  
Her soul the Shibboleths disdain'd,  
By rigid novices maintain'd,<sup>42</sup>  
And smooth-tongued hypocrites.

- 5 With ease her quick-discerning eyes  
Look'd thro' the *soft* and thin disguise,  
The *meek* and *humble* veil:  
Beneath the *superficial* grace,  
She knew the lurking fiend to trace,  
The rage and pride of hell.
- 6 Yet neither earth nor hell could move  
Her firm unconquerable love  
To Jesus and his flock:  
Her faith did all assaults indure,  
And stood like its foundation sure  
Establish'd on a rock.
- 7 She lov'd, but lean'd no more on man,  
A broken reed, an helper vain;  
People and ministers  
Men of like passions she beheld,  
Their faults and weaknesses conceal'd,  
And help'd them by her prayers.
- 8 Their Master she rever'd in them,  
With grateful love, and high esteem,  
Rejoic'd their work to own;  
But only Christ *her* Lord allow'd,  
And with entire devotion bow'd  
To Jesus' name alone.

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<sup>42</sup>“Disdain'd” and “maintain'd” are in reversed positions in MS Spencer; which seems more fitting.

**Hymn XXXIV.**  
**[On the Death of Mrs. Mary Naylor,**  
**March 21, 1757.]**

**Part V.**

- 1 Free from that partial blind respect,  
Which marks the favourite of a sect,  
Implicitly resign'd;  
With *others* eyes she scorn'd to see,  
And stretch'd her arms of charity,  
Ingrasping all mankind.
- 2 In love, and every grace she *grew*,  
As nearer her departure drew;  
The active restless soul  
From strength, to greater strength went on,  
Swifter and swifter still she run,  
To reach the heavenly goal.
- 3 She liv'd a burning shining light,  
With never-fading lustre bright,  
With never-cooling love:  
Meet for the infinite reward,  
Expecting to receive her Lord  
And Bridegroom from above.
- 4 He came, and warn'd her to depart,  
He knock'd at her attentive heart,  
And fitted for the sky;  
She open'd to her welcome guest,  
With eager instantaneous haste  
She gat her up, to die.
- 5 *To die*, her only business then,  
The meed<sup>43</sup> of all her toils to gain,  
Made ready long before  
She flies to lay her body down,  
And pain, and sin, and grief are gone,  
And suffering is no more.

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<sup>43</sup>Ori., "mead"; however, Charles surely has the notion of recompense (meed) in mind, rather than that of a soothing drink (mead).

- 6 “Nothing,” she cries, “can shake my peace,  
My body, or my soul, distress,  
Or tempt me once to fear;  
My full salvation is wrought out,  
I cannot mourn, I cannot doubt,  
For Christ and heaven is here.
- 7 “Not in my helpless self I trust,  
But on my faithful Lord and just,  
In life and death depend;  
Secure of everlasting bliss,  
Into those gracious hands of his  
My spirit I commend.”
- 8 She speaks, and bows her willing head  
She sinks among th’ immortal dead,  
Without a ling’ring groan;  
Meek, as the Lamb of God, departs,  
And carries up our bleeding hearts  
To that eternal throne.

**Hymn XXXV.**  
**[On the Death of Mrs. Mary Naylor,**  
**March 21, 1757.]**

**Part VI.**

- 1 There with the virgin-choir she sits,  
And Jesus her appeal admits  
From man’s unrighteous bar:  
He kept her faithful unto death,  
And with a never-fading wreath  
Rewards his servant there.
- 2 Go, envious fiend, and force her down,  
Go, pluck the jewels from her crown,  
And lessen her reward:  
Pollute by thy opprobrious praise,  
Or tear her from that blissful place,  
Or part her from her Lord.

- 3 The sacrilegious hope is vain  
Her spotless purity to stain,  
    Her heavenly joy t' impair;  
The saint, whom erring saints disown,  
Shall smile on a superior throne,  
    And brighter glories wear.
- 4 Yes, happy soul, so closely prest  
On earth, in heaven, to Jesus' breast,  
    With him thou reign'st above;  
Beyond our censure, or our praise,  
Inthron'd where purest seraphs gaze,  
    In all the heights of love.
- 5 How far below thy dazzling sphere,  
Shall all thy blushing foes appear,  
    If finally forgiven!  
O might thy censurers—and I—  
Obtain the grace like thee, to die,  
    And kiss thy feet in heaven.
- 6 Saviour, regard my vehement prayer,  
Who only canst my loss repair,  
    And solid comfort send;  
Send down thy likeness from above,  
And in that Spirit of meekest love  
    O give me back my friend.
- 7 I lov'd her for thy sake alone;  
For on her soul thine image shone;  
    Ah! Wouldst thou, Lord, impress  
The heavenly character on mine,  
And fill my heart with peace divine,  
    And joy and righteousness.
- 8 O might I of thy follower learn  
The calm and genuine unconcern  
    For human praise or blame,

The patient faith, the even mind,  
The love unconquerably kind,  
The meekness of the Lamb!

9 I want—to love my foes like her,  
Nor shrink from Satan's messenger,  
Nor turn my face aside;  
But silently enjoy the loss,  
The shame, the wrong; and hug the cross  
With Jesus crucify'd.

10 I want (alas! Thou know'st my heart)  
As safe, and sudden, to depart,  
As meet thy face to see;  
I groan my happier friend t' o'ertake,  
And give my gasping spirit back,  
And die like her—and thee.

[Hymn] XXXVI.  
Another [On the Death of  
Mrs. Mary Naylor, March 21, 1757].<sup>44</sup>

1 She flies! The soul as lightning flies,  
She mounts exulting to the skies,  
Beyond the reach of death and pain,  
And never shall she sin again.

2 Possess of that for which alone  
We daily toil, and suffer on;  
In exile pine, in prison sigh,  
And languish till allow'd to die.

3 In prayer and praise we lift our voice,  
In joy lament, in grief rejoice;  
By sinking rise, by losing gain,  
And endless life by death obtain.

4 This dying life shall soon be past,  
(A moment cannot always last)  
And he who set our partner free,  
Shall quickly send for you and me.

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<sup>44</sup>This hymn appears in CW's hand in shorthand in MS Spencer, 51.

- 5 E'en now the heavenly convoy waits,  
Open, ye everlasting gates,  
Redeem'd from earth, escap'd from sin,  
Receive the weary exiles in.
- 6 We after our translated friend,  
Out of the wilderness ascend,  
Enter into the heavenly rest,  
And meet her—on the Saviour's breast.

**[Hymn] XXXVII.**  
**Another [On the Death of**  
**Mrs. Mary Naylor, March 21, 1757].<sup>45</sup>**

- 1 Shout, ye heirs of sure salvation,  
Love's accomplish'd sacrifice!  
See our partner in temptation  
On the wings of angels flies!  
Join the convoy,  
Swell the triumph of the skies.
- 2 He, who set his love upon her,  
Doth for his beloved send,  
Crowns her with immortal honour,  
Glorious joys that never end:  
Saints and angels  
Praise our everlasting friend.
- 3 Christ, the friend of sinners, bought her,  
Her, and all our ruin'd race:  
Now he up to heaven hath caught her,  
Now he in her sight displays  
All his goodness,  
All the beauties of his face.
- 4 Token of our own translation  
Her translation we receive,  
Earnest of our full salvation,  
While he doth his Spirit give:  
Hallelujah!  
We like her with God shall live.

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<sup>45</sup>This hymn appears in CW's hand in shorthand in MS Spencer, 49–50; a couple of minor variants are noted in that file.

- 5 God, our soul's eternal lover,  
Calls us to his courts above;  
Round us now our angels hover,  
Us our guards shall soon remove,  
There to banquet  
On his everlasting love.
- 6 Haste, ye ministerial spirits,  
Thither bear us on your wings,  
Where our friend her crown inherits,  
Where our old companion sings,  
Bows to Jesus  
King of all the heavenly kings.
- 7 Jesus, now assume thy power,  
Alpha and Omega be,  
Now let every knee adore,  
Every eye thy kingdom see,  
With thine antients  
Reign thro' all eternity.

**Hymn XXXVIII.**  
**On the Death of the Rev. Mr. James Hervey,<sup>46</sup>**  
**Dec[ember] 25, 1758.**

**[Part I.]**

- 1 He's gone! The spotless soul is gone,  
Triumphant to his place above;  
The prison walls are broken down,  
The angels speed his swift remove,  
And shouting on their wings he flies,  
And Hervey rests in paradise.
- 2 Thro' the last dreadful conflict brought,  
Which shook so sore his dying breast,  
Far happier for that bitter draught,  
With more transcendent raptures blest,  
He finds for every patient groan  
A jewel added to his crown.

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<sup>46</sup>James Hervey (1714–58) was an early associate with Whitefield and the Wesley brothers. The increasing explicitness of his alignment with Calvinist emphases led to some estrangement from the Wesleys, particularly John.

- 3 Sav'd by the merit of his Lord,  
Salvation, praise to Christ he gives,  
Yet still his merciful reward  
According to his works receives,  
And with the seed he sow'd below,  
His bliss eternally shall grow.
- 4 Redeem'd by righteousness divine,  
In God's own portraiture compleat,  
With brighter rays ordain'd to shine,  
He casts his crown at Jesus' feet,  
And hails him sitting on the throne,  
For ever sav'd by grace alone.

**Hymn XXXIX.**  
**[On the Death of the Rev. Mr. James Hervey,**  
**December 25, 1758.]**

**Part II.**

- 1 Father, to us vouchsafe the grace,  
Which brought our friend victorious thro'  
Let us his shining footsteps trace,  
Let us his stedfast faith pursue,  
Follow this follower of the Lamb,  
And conquer all thro' Jesus' name.
- 2 Thro' Jesus' name, and strength, and word,  
The well-fought fight our brother won;  
Arm'd with the Saviour's blood and sword,  
He cast the dire accuser down,  
Compell'd the aliens to submit,  
And trampled flesh beneath his feet.
- 3 In vain the Gnostic tempter try'd  
With guile his upright heart t' insnare;  
His upright heart the fiend defy'd,  
No room for sin, when Christ was there,  
No need of *fancied* liberty,  
When Christ had made him truly free.

- 4 Free from the law of sin and death,  
Free from the Antinomian leaven,  
He led his Master's life beneath,  
And labouring for the rest of heaven,  
By active love, and watchful prayer,  
He shew'd his heart already there.
- 5 How full of heaven his latest word,  
"Thou bidst me now in peace depart,  
For I have known my precious Lord,  
Have clasp'd thee, Saviour, in my heart,  
My eyes thy glorious joy have seen,"  
He spake; he died; and enter'd in.
- 6 O might we all, like him, believe,  
And keep the faith, and win the prize!  
Father, prepare, and then receive  
Our hallow'd spirits to the skies,  
To chant with all our friends above  
Thy glorious everlasting love.

**Hymn XL.**  
**On the Death of Mr. Thomas Walsh,<sup>47</sup>**  
**April 8, 1759. Aged 28.**

**[Part I.]**

- 1 God of unfathomable grace,  
Unsearchable to mortal sight,  
Faithful and just are all thy ways,  
Whatever is from thee, is right:  
In wisdom and mysterious love,  
Thou hast revok'd the blessing given;  
Thy will be done beneath, above,  
Thy name ador'd in earth and heaven.
- 2 A zealous instrument of good,  
A vessel fit for use divine;  
Thy mercy on thy church bestow'd,  
And gave the burning light to shine:

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<sup>47</sup>Walsh was born near Limerick, in Ireland. He was raised Roman Catholic but eventually conformed to the Church of Ireland. He was converted in 1749 under the Methodist preaching of Robert Swindells and joined the society. John Wesley invited him into traveling ministry the next year.

Thy grace had first prepar'd his heart,  
Dispel'd the Babylonish gloom,  
And bid his early youth depart  
The camp of antichristian Rome.

- 3 Drawn by a secret power he flew,  
(Nor stay'd to prop the papal throne)  
The truth determin'd to pursue,  
And panting for a God unknown:  
By works of legal righteousness  
He blindly sought the grace t' obtain,  
But could not find the paths of peace,  
But labour'd thro' the fire in vain.
- 4 While thus he toil'd, a sudden cry  
Proclaim'd th' approaching multitude:  
They told of Jesus passing by,  
Of free redemption in his blood:  
Upstart'd like the beggar blind,  
He sprang the healing touch to meet,  
Cast all his filthy rags behind,  
And groan'd for faith at Jesus' feet.
- 5 Th' incarnate God his sight restor'd,  
With faith the heart-felt pardon gave,  
And rais'd him up to preach his Lord,  
So willing all mankind to save:  
By Christ himself ordain'd, and sent  
An herald of redeeming grace,  
Eager to the highways he went,  
And fill'd the land with Jesus' praise.
- 6 But lo! The soul insnaring fiend,  
Soon as the stripling's course began,  
Urg'd him for trifles to contend,  
And turn'd aside to janglings vain.

Not long: for soon his upright heart  
Retriev'd its momentary loss,  
Resolv'd its utmost powers t' exert,  
And only glory in the cross.

- 7 His course impetuous who can tell,  
While battling with th' infernal foe,  
He puts forth all his strength and zeal,  
He spends his life at every blow!  
Or fierce on the Philistines flies,  
Compels the captives to come in,  
Spoils Satan of his lawful prize,  
And tears them from the toils of sin.
- 8 Refreshing, soft, as vernal showers,  
His word on weary sinners falls,  
Or like the rapid torrent pours,<sup>48</sup>  
While souls to Jesus' blood he calls:  
With strength and utterance from above  
Drives on the saints thro' grace forgiven,  
To scale the mount of holiest love,  
To seize the brightest throne in heaven.

**Hymn XLI.**  
**[On the Death of Mr. Thomas Walsh,**  
**April 8, 1759. Aged 28.]**

**Part II.**

- 1 While Christ with all his heart he sought,  
And all his gifts from Christ receiv'd,  
A witness of the truths he taught,  
A pattern to the flock he liv'd;  
Them by his bright example led  
The power of godliness to prove,  
In word, in converse, and in deed,  
In faith, in purity, and love.
- 2 Did he not labour day and night,  
In ministerial works employ'd?

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<sup>48</sup>“Pours” changed to “powers” in 1769 edn.

His sweet relief, his whole delight,  
To search the oracles of God,  
To listen at the Master's feet,  
To catch the whispers of his grace,  
And long for happiness compleat,  
And gasp to see his open face!

3 Did he not triumph in the cross,  
Its prints as on his body shew,  
Lavish of life for Jesus' cause,  
Whose blood so free for him did flow?  
He scorn'd his feeble flesh to spare,  
Regardless of its swift decline,  
His single aim, his ceaseless prayer  
T' attain the righteousness divine.

4 Impatient to be truly great,  
Ambitious of a crown above,  
He coveted the highest seat,  
He ask'd the grace of perfect love:  
He ask'd, alas! But knew not then  
The purport of his own desire,  
How deep that cup of sacred pain,  
How searching that baptismal fire!

5 The Lord allow'd his bold request;  
The servant *is* call'd forth to share  
That anguish of a wounded breast,  
Those pangs which only God could bear;  
Who drank in his sad days of flesh,  
The potion by his Father given,  
And bids his members feel afresh  
The fierceness of the wrath of heaven.

6 A taste of that mysterious cup  
His faithful follower now receiv'd,  
And fill'd his Lord's afflictions up,  
While grief beyond conception griev'd:

His agonizing *soul* sweat blood,  
With Christ he fainted on the tree,  
And cried in death, "My God, my God,  
Ah! Why hast thou forsaken me!"

7 Tried to the last, but not forsook,  
But honour'd with distinguish'd grace,  
Heavenward he cast a dying look,  
And saw once more his Saviour's face:  
"He's come! My well-belov'd," he said,  
"And I am his, and he is mine!"  
He spake: he gaz'd: and bow'd his head,  
And sunk into the arms divine.

8 Shout all the first-born church above  
His full triumphant entrance there,  
Shout all on earth, whom Jesus' love  
Hath call'd his cross and crown to share:  
Our calling, Lord, we calmly see,  
Our burthen joyfully sustain,  
And die thro' one dark hour with thee,  
With thee eternally to reign.

[Hymn] XLII.

Another [On the Death of Mr. Thomas Walsh,  
April 8, 1759. Aged 28].

1 Glory, and thanks, and love,  
And everlasting praise  
Ascribe to God, who reigns above  
Supreme in power and grace;  
To his co-equal Son,  
The dear-bought sinners' friend,  
Jesus, who freely loves his own,  
And loves them to the end.

2 To God the Comforter,  
The earnest and the seal,  
The witness of our sonship here,  
The gift unspeakable:

To the great Tri-une God  
Be ceaseless honours given,  
Till Christ descending on the cloud  
Turns all our earth to heaven.

3 He bids us now partake  
Our fellow-servant's bliss,  
Whose soul returns in safety back  
From life's tempestuous seas,  
Who driven and tost no more,  
No more o'erwhelm'd, opprest,  
Claps his glad wings, escap'd to shore,  
To the Redeemer's breast.

4 He sees the trial *past*,  
He leaves the storm behind,  
To his triumphant head at last  
Inseparably join'd:  
Shout all the hosts above,  
When Jesus saith, "Well done,"  
And deigns his servant's faith t' approve,  
And seats him on the throne.

5 Thanks be to God who gave  
The victory and the prize!  
Join all who own his power to save  
The triumph of the skies!  
The church of the first-born,  
To them by faith we come,  
And conquerors of the world return  
To our celestial home.

6 We know in whom we trust,  
We haste to his embrace,  
Mixt with the spirits of the just,  
The perfected in grace;

Their ripest joy to share  
Exulting we ascend,  
And grasp our old companions there,  
And our eternal friend.

**[Hymn] XLIII.**

**Another [On the Death of Mr. Thomas Walsh,  
April 8, 1759. Aged 28].**

- 1 'Tis finish'd, 'tis past,  
His conflict below,  
The sharpest and last  
He ever shall know!  
The fiery temptation  
Hath spent all its fires,  
The heir of salvation  
With triumph expires.
- 2 The buffetting fiend  
Who push'd him so sore,  
And bruise'd to the end  
Shall bruise him no more:  
He trod on his bruiser  
And more than subdu'd  
Our hellish accuser  
Thro' Jesus's blood.
- 3 Deprest by the cross  
He mounted the higher,  
He left all his dross  
And tin in the fire:  
He brought by his mourning  
The Comforter down,  
And Jesus returning  
Presented the crown.
- 4 All praise to the Lord,  
All praise is his due:  
His merciful word  
Is tried, and found true:

Who his dereliction  
On Calvary bear,  
And share his affliction  
His kingdom shall share.

5 O Saviour, to thee  
Our souls we commend,  
If nail'd to the tree  
We bleed to the end;  
We bear the full anguish,  
The uttermost load;  
But give us to languish,  
And suffer like God.

6 Remember us then,  
And answer our call,  
When turning with pain  
Our face to the wall;  
In trouble stand by us,  
Till all is o'erpast,  
And chasten, and try us,  
But save us at last.