MS Preachers 1786

MS Preachers 1786 is a bundle of octavo-sized sheets, containing thirty-eight numbered pages, on which are present 16 manuscript hymns. Wesley titled the collection “Hymns for the Methodist Preachers in 1786.” The hymns were apparently written in the context of the annual Conference of Methodist (lay) preachers held in late July 1786. That conference witnessed a strong push by several of the lay preachers to sever relationship with the Church of England and to encourage John Wesley to begin ordaining them as clergy for (at least remote regions of) England, as he had already begun to do for the Methodists in the United States. Charles helped rally those loyal to the Church of England and staved off this attempt, as he reported happily in a letter to Benjamin La Trobe (July 30, 1786). These hymns challenge the presumption of lay preachers who are seeking to usurp the role of ordained clergy, instead of praying for God to renew the clergy so that they might fulfill their role in a proper fashion.

MS Preachers 1786 is a refined and enlarged transcription of MS Preachers 1786 (drafts). Wesley may have been preparing it for publication, but it was not published during his life.

MS Preachers (1786) is part of the collection in the Methodist Archive and Research Centre, accession number MA 1977/583/10 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 4). The transcription below is provided with permission of the Librarian and Director, The John Rylands Library, The University of Manchester.

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

[1.] Great God, who never dost pass by,  
    Or sin in thy own people spare,  
    Regard our penitential cry,  
    And let thy Spirit swell the prayer:  
    If tempted by the subtle sin,  
    We all to pride have given place,  
    If every soul hath tainted been,  
    Bow every soul by humbling grace.

2. The godly jealousy inspire,  
    The deep, divine humility,  
    That every preacher may inquire  
    Stopt is thy work? and stopt by me?  
    Have I and my companions dear  
    With unperceiv’d presumption vain  
    Usurp’d the sacred character,  
    Or sought the praise that comes from men?

3. Surely at first our hearts were right,  
    When strangely call’d to preach thy word  
    Little and mean in our own sight  
    We only lived to please our Lord:  
    Forth without scrip or purse we went,  
    And Israel’s wandring sheep pursued,

\(^2\)Appears also in MS Preachers 1786 (drafts), 13–15. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:43–45.
With food and raiment well content,
   With raiment coarse, and scanty food.

4. Simple we then remain’d, and poor,
   But safe in our simplicity,
Vulgar, illiterate, and obscure,
   And ignorant of all but Thee:
We never join’d the slaves of fame
   In search of pleasure, wealth, or power,
Jesus was all our hope, and aim,
   Possest of Thee, we ask’d no more.

5. But now the love of earthly things
   Hath imperceptibly stole in,
And pride, whereof contention springs,
   Revives, our old besetting sin:
Fulness of bread (with worldly praise,)\(^3\)
   Hath us for sensual joys prepar’d;
And unforeseen temptations seize,
   While jealous fear is off its guard.

6. Genteelity\(^4\) we now affect,
   Fond to adorn the outward man,
Nice in our dress, we court respect
   And female admiration gain;
As men of elegance and taste
   We slight, and overlook the poor,

\(^3\)Ori., “(not sloth and ease).”
\(^4\)Ori., “Genteeler garb.”
But in the Rich, with servile\textsuperscript{5} haste
Contend to make our Interest sure.

7. With indiscriminating zeal
   To brand our Rivals we presume,
   We who so much in gifts excel
   Those Priests of Babylonish Rome:
   We vent our insolent disdain,
   Those blind Idolators condemn,
   “They stand in need of us, ’tis plain,
   “We scorn to stand in need of Them.”

8. Proud of our numbers, and success,
   We are the men (we boldly cry)
   We are the men of gifts and grace,
   Wisdom and faith with us shall die!
   To greater things we now aspire,
   And, studious of our own renown,
   Deny, but secretly desire,
   The honors of the Envied Gown!

9. Ambition in our bosom strives
   Inflam’d by the historic page
   Delivering our illustrious lives
   And portraits, down from age to age:\textsuperscript{6}
   But now impatient to be known
   We boldly for ourselves declare,
   Our plan mature, and purpose own
   And claim the hallow’d Character.

10. Those Reverend Drones who fill our place
    And rob the Labourers of their bread,
    We soon out of the fold shall chase
    And take possession in their stead:
    But while our hopes the land devour,
    And each anticipates his lot,

\textsuperscript{5}“Selfish” written as an alternative to “servile” above the line, then crossed out.

\textsuperscript{6}In the manuscript, CW originally shows stanza 10, lines 5–8 as stanza 9, lines 5–8; and stanzas 11–12 as stanzas 10–11. However, he changes the manuscript by drawing a line divider under stanza 9, line 4 and also an asterisk at the end of the line to show an insertion. He places the insertion (which he indicates to be stanza 9, lines 5–8 through stanza 10, lines 1–4) at the bottom of page 4. We have revised the transcription to show this insertion.
Thou wilt or’return our lofty Tower,
And make us know—Thou needst us not!

11. Those hireling Priests whom we despise
    Thou canst by miracle convert,
    Render⁷ them Stewards good and wise
    And pastors after thy own heart—
    A multitude shall feel thy word,
    And to the faith obedient prove,
    And witnessing their dying Lord
    Experience and proclaim thy love.

12. We then our righteous doom shall meet
    As useless vessels cast aside,⁸
    Trod under foot, for nothing fit,
    Broken by sin, and marr’d by pride:
    Becoming last, we then shall see,
    Thy kingdom, Lord, to others given,
    Worthy to be shut out by Thee,
    Tho’ once our Names were wrote in heaven.

⁷The word “Create” is written in the margin as an alternative to “Render.”
⁸Charles originally starts stanza 12 with line 2, but crosses it out and then begins with line 1.
[II.]9

[1.] O God, who didst out of the dust
   An abject beggar raise,
   And to so poor a creature trust
   The gospel of thy grace;
   I own with grief, and guilty shame
   I have betray’d thy cause,
   “And stole the honors of thy name
   “To build my own applause.”

2. Thy work, alas, too often I
   Deceitfully have done,
   My own desires to gratify
   And not thy will alone:
   I hid my heart, and woud not know
   Its secret vanity,
   And while I spake my gifts to show,
   I preach’d myself, not Thee.

3. But the effects I cannot hide
   Of my unfaithfulness,
   My peace is forfeited by pride,
   And eager thirst of praise:
   Or’eturn’d my hill, which stood so fast
   Nor ever coud remove:
   The salt has lost its savoury taste,
   And I my former love.

9Appears also in MS Preachers 1786 (drafts), 11–12. Published posthumously in Unpublished Poetry, 3:46–47.
4. What can I do, but humbly call
   Upon the Sinner's Friend?
   Whose mercies rich are over all,
   Whose mercies never end?
   Enter not into judgment, Lord,
   In deep distress I pray,
   Nor take out of my\(^{10}\) mouth thy word,
   Nor cast me quite away.

5. O be not rigorously extreme,
   (While at thy feet I lie,
   A sinner, who myself condemn)
   But freely justify:
   Yet\(^{11}\) if thou wilt not save, before
   Thou dost my soul release,
   My faith at the last hour restore,
   And let me die in peace.

\(^{10}\) Ori., “thy”, replaced by “of my.”

\(^{11}\) Ori., “And.”
[III.]¹²

[1.] O Thou, who dost vouchsafe to chuse
   The feeble to confound the strong,
   And fit as vessels for thy use
   The least, and meanest of the throng,
   That none may rob Thee of thy right,
   Or glory in Jehovah’s sight;

2. Me Thou hast sent, a thing of nought,
   Thy truth and mercy to proclaim,
   To tell the world, so dearly bought,
   Of sure Salvation thro’ thy name;
   To wonder at thy sovereign will
   Which blesses, and employs me still.

3. Or’ewhelm’d with gratitude and fear,
   I thy mysterious counsels own,
   Meanest in my own eyes appear,
   And give the praise to God alone,
   And prostrate in the dust confess
   My own extreme unworthiness.

4. Master, thy Greatness needs not me
   Thy cause, and kingdom to maintain,

Who dost in glorious majesty
At God’s right-hand for ever reign,
Who out of stones canst children raise,
And preachers of thy pardning grace.

5. Thou art not to one Sect confin’d,
    Tho’ every Sect woud have it so,
Blows, as he lists, the Spirit’s Wind,
    And ceases, as he lists, to blow:
The Pledge, the Witness, and the Seal,
He calls, and sends by whom He will.

6. If swell’d with self-important pride,
    I seek to build my own renown,
Canst Thou not set me quite aside,
    A sacrilegious worm cast down,
Revoke my ministerial grace,
And justly drive me from thy face?

7. Thou canst, Thou wilt abase the proud,
    Reduce to their own nothingness,
Confound before the listenng croud,
    Their testimony vain suppress,
Withdraw their gifts and boasted power,
And trust them with thy word no more.

8.13 But if I always humbly fear,
    Nor in myself, but Thee, confide,
Indued with strength to persevere,
    Thou wilt thy trembling Servant hide,
And keep me, who on Thee depend,
Faithful, and useful to the end.

13In the manuscript verse 8 appears on an unnumbered page by itself (the recto to stanzas 5–7). Charles leaves the back side of this page blank and starts the next hymn on the opposing recto, numbering it page 9. We incorporate verse 8 on this page to retain Charles’s page numbering.
[IV.]^{14}

[1.] Help, Lord, the weakest Instrument,
Thy sovereign grace hath ever sent
To publish, and proclaim
The Reigning power and peace of God,
General redemption in thy blood,
And pardon thro’ thy Name.

2. While preaching gospel to the poor,
My soul impoverish, and secure
By deep humility,
Safe in thy wounds a Novice hide,
Then shall I preach the Crucified,
And nothing know but Thee.

3. T’exalt myself I woud not speak,
Or proud of my own talents, seek
The praise of flattering man,
But serve Thee with a single eye,
And while thy Name I magnify,
Thy approbation gain.

4. With pride that I may never swell,
Or my suppos’d importance feel,
Vouchsafe me, Lord, the grace

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To loath myself in my own eyes
Myself deny, renounce, despise,
And take the lowest place.

5. Here may I covet no reward,
Nor trifles temporal regard,
Or reckon earth my home,
But things invisible desire,
And wait for my appointed hire
Till the great Shepherd come.

6. A life of poverty and toil,
A thousand lives, one gracious Smile
Of thine will overpay,
If Thou receive me with Well done,
And for thy faithful Servant own,
In that triumphant day.

[V.]

[1.] Jesus, my hope, my life, my Lord,
A mean dispenser of thy word
Wilt Thou not still defend?
Who hast thro’ life my refuge been,
Preserve from the Satanic sin,
And save me to the end.

2. The foe hath thrust at me full sore,
That I might fall and rise no more,
But succour’d by thy aid,
He could not drag me to the pit,
He could not sift a soul like wheat
   For which my Saviour pray’d.

3. Thou woudst not let the Fiend prevail,
   Or suffer my weak faith to fail
   In trials too severe,
   Trials which long as life must last;
   For O, the danger is not past,
   The tempter still is near.

4. My faith is to the utmost tried,
   In lofty thoughts ingendring pride
   His fiery darts I feel:
   He tempts me to th’ ambitious crime
   Which hurl’d him from a throne sublime
   To the profoundest hell.

5. He practises his subtlest wiles,
   My heart with soothing hopes beguiles
   Of greater usefulness,
   Woud I my Mother-Church disown,
   Call her the whore of Babylon,
   And look for vast success.
6. He urges me (so rich in grace, 
So great) to take the highest place, 
Superior gifts to show, 
To separate from the carnal crowd, 
And proudly trample on the proud Ungodly Priests below.

7. Beneath the honors of thy Name 
He teaches me to hide my aim16 
And well-disguised intent, 
To make my own provision sure, 
My name ennoble,17 and secure 
An earthly Settlement!

8. O Son of God, whose flaming eyes 
Look thro’ th’ angelical disguise, 
The Serpent’s closest art, 
Far from my soul his sin remove, 
Humble by thy expiring love, 
And fill my humbled heart.

9. O may I every moment feel, 
My proneness18 to the devilish ill, 
If unrestrain’d by grace,

16Ori., “sha”; likely starting word “shame.”
17The word “perpetuate” is written above “ennoble” as an alternative.
18I.e., “proneness.”
And never in my grace confide,
Or think myself secure from pride,
Till I behold thy Face.

10. Thy Face I shortly hope to see,
And partner of thy victory
To tread the tempter down,
And more than conqueror thro’ thy blood
By the meer mercy of my God
To gain the glorious crown.

[VI.]\(^1\)

[1.] God of unbounded patience, hear
An humble penitent sincere
Who at thy footstool fall,
My sins of ignorance confess,
Since first I tasted of thy grace,
And offer’d it to All.

2. A novice full of youthful fire,
I call’d them to the World’s Desire,
Who woud not One reject;
I preach’d his love to all mankind
Nor knew that mine was still confin’d
To my own narrow Sect.

3. Elate with controversial pride,
To janglings vain I turn’d aside,

\(^1\)Appears also in MS Preachers 1786 (drafts), 7–10. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:52–54.
And mercy show’d to none,
I did my fellow-servants smite,
In publishing their faults delight
But overlook’d my own.

4. Then, Lord, I had not learnt of Thee
To melt at man’s infirmity
To share the Sufferer’s sigh,
To pity Those that went astray,
And did not find the perfect way
Or know so much as I.

5. ’Gainst every Sect I fiercely fought,
Unless with me they spake and thought;
Myself infallible
I scrupled not the Sons of Rome
As Satan’s Synagogue to doom
And send them all to hell.

6. The day of smaller things, the wise
To fear their Lord, I dared despise,
The Servants of my God
With Satan’s desperate slaves I join’d,
As those who could no blessing find
Before they felt thy blood.

7. Their virtues, alms, accepted prayers,
Their well-meant deeds, and pious cares
As splendid sins I deem’d,
As filth their partial righteousness,
The work of thy Initial grace,
    I impiously blasphem’d.

8. My strong partition-walls within,
    I mock’d as “Advocates for sin”
        Who saw not with my eyes,
    As all but who my Plan allow’d,
    Were, with the unbelieving crowd,
        Shut out of paradise.

9. But O! the depth of pardning love!
    Thou dost the middle walls remove,
        Detect the Serpent’s art,
    Dost end the dark, Satanic hour,
    And by th’ uniting Spirit’s power
        Inlarge my wondering heart.

10. Inlighten’d by thy grace, I see,
    The different Sects in One agree
        Essentially the same,
    Who love, or long to love their Lord,
    And hope, believing in thy word,
        Salvation thro’ thy Name.
11. The Men whoever hold the Head
   And woud be by thy Spirit led,
   And freely saved by grace,
   To their own forms and modes I leave,
   But Them with open arms receive
   And cordially embrace.

12. With Those that do thy Father’s will
   A closer fellowship I feel
   Than nature’s dearest tie,
   Whom neither life nor death can part
   I have, I have them in my heart,
   With Them to live, and die.

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20Wesley has the first eight lines of the hymn found on pages 19–22 at the bottom of this page in the manuscript, with a line drawn through them.
The People’s Prayer for the Methodist Preachers.\(^{21}\)

[1.] Head of thy Church, our prayers attend
For men Thou didst to sinners send
With news of sin forgiven,
Raised from the people’s lowest lees,
Thy messengers to publish peace,
Peace betwixt Earth and Heaven.

2. Their prayers for Us Thou oft hast heard
O answer Ours for Them, prefer’d
In\(^{22}\) thy prevailing Name,
Display thy tutelary power,
Their Guardian in the fiery hour,
And bring them thro’ the flame.

3. Root out that curst self-seeking pride,
Which woud the little Flock divide,
And into Parties tear,
That each may make his will the law
After himself disciples draw,
And seize the largest share.

4. Highminded they refuse to hear
The ruin, and confusion near,
The Consequences scorn,

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\(^{21}\)Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:54–55. An earlier draft of this hymn almost certainly appeared on the missing pages 18–19 on MS Preachers 1786 (drafts).

\(^{22}\)Ori., “Thro’.”
When brethren shall with brethren fight
When banish’d peace shall take its flight
And never more return.

5. They will not see th’ impending ills
All Israel scatter’d on the hills
By no kind Shepherd led,
No longer by their Mother nurst;
Their children vagabonds, disperst,
And supplicants for bread.

6. Warn’d by their loving Pastor’s care
To shun the specious Tempter’s snare
They slight his kind request,
“Parties distinct ye must not be
“(Howe’er provok’d, whate’er your plea)
“Or separate from the rest.

7. “Have any separated, and sped
“And prosper’d in the daring deed?
“Their love and meekness lost
“Their influence more and more confin’d,
“No longer useful to mankind,
“They sunk into the dust.”[^]*

8. Yet resolute These to win the prize
They stop their ears, and shut their eyes
And rush into the toils,
Soon as their long-liv’d Father drops,
To gratify their greedy hopes
They fly upon the spoils.

9. The Sword is drawn, the Breach is made!
But where shall the proud waves be stay’d
Of controversial strife?
The Sects against each other spend
Their bitter zeal, and fighting end
A vile, litigious life.

10. The kingdom took from Them, by God
Shall then on others be bestow’d
A poor, but fruitful race,
Contented to be nothing here,
Who rise by lowly loving fear
To perfect holiness.

II.

[1.] But O my God, shall all be lost
And the proud foe his victory boast
Or’e every messenger?
Surely Thou hast a Remnant still
Of servants who their weakness feel,
And always humbly fear.

23 Ori., “our.”
24 Appears also in MS Preachers 1786 (drafts), 20–21b. Published posthumously in Unpublished Poetry, 3:56–57.
2. The depths of hell they have not known,
   They do not vaunt, or seek their own
   Or lose their poverty:
   The Salt its savour doth retain
   Nor honor they desire, nor gain
   Nor any good but Thee.

3. They woud not take the tempter’s part;
   Thou hearst the language of their heart
   When boded ill is nigh,
   The best suspects himself the worst
   “Shall I forsake my calling first?
   “Shall I my Lord deny?”

4. A difference in their favor make,
   And now into thy bosom take
   The humble and sincere:
   Tell them, they shall not die, but live,
   And to each trembling Servant give
   The grace to persevere.

5. The chaff shall fly, Thou sayst it shall;
   But not one grain of wheat shall fall
   In the wide-scattering day:
   Thou shalt their work and partners show
   To men who woud thy counsel know,
   And all thy will obey.

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Ori., “simple.”
6. The weak, the simple, and the poor
Within thy mercy’s arms secure
With confidence we leave:
But O, the strong, the rich, the wise,
Ee’re their last spark of goodness dies
Revisit, and forgive.

7. Help us for them in faith to pray,
Blind guides, who have mistook their way
And wander’d far from thine:
To them again their calling show,
Raised up to carry on below
Thy mercy’s chief Design.

8. To the lost sheep of England’s fold
First, be the joyful tidings told
(Thus their Commission ran)
Then every Sect and party press
To know the power of godliness,
And every child of man.

9. Resolv’d their calling to pursue,
Do Thou the Preachers strength renew,
With double grace inspire,
Their work with tenfold blessings crown
To turn the kingdoms upside down
And set the world on fire.

26Ori., “While.”
10. Then let the spreading fire of love
By Thee rekindled from above
In every bosom burn,
Till those that hear, or preach thy word
See in the clouds their flaming Lord
And all to heaven return.  

III.  

[1.] Lord of the harvest, hear
Our supplicating cry,
And every gospel-messenger
With labouring strength supply,
With well-instructed zeal,
To make thy mercy known,
Their ministerial work fulfil
And live for Thee alone.

2. To show forth all thy praise
Let them, thy servants, live;
Of every virtue, every grace
A bright example give:
Let each by sinking rise,
By self-abasing fear,
And poor, and mean in his own eyes,
And least of all appear.

27Ori., “ascend.”
3. Still let thy little ones
   Thy little ones remain,
Nor e’er despise the prophets Sons⁴⁹
   Or wish like Them to reign:
Out of their hearts expel
   The plague of selfish pride,
And in thy secret place conceal
   And by thy Presence hide.

4. Be this their single aim
   Thy glorious truth to spread,
As simple men without a name
   Who hang on Thee for bread;
Who never seek their own;
   In blest obscurity
Content to live and die unknown,
   Or known to none but Thee.

5. In answer to our prayer,
   Thy mind in Them reveal
That every humbled messenger
   May his own vileness feel;
That to the faithful race
   They all thro’ life may prove
Patterns of purity, and grace,
   Of meek and lowly love.

⁴⁹In MS Preachers 1786 (drafts), Wesley adds the note: “The Clergy.”
The Call
of the First, Sound Methodist Preachers.30

[1.] Godly in Christ resolv’d to live,
  Branded by an opprobrious name
The scandal calmly we receive
  Th’ impos’d Appellative disclaim:
The world may either curse, or bless,
Names cannot make us more or less.

2. Not the wild Authors of a Sect,
   Not Ringleaders, ourselves we call,
But messengers of God elect,
   Raised up for preaching Christ to all,
To Christians not in heart but name,
Whose lives with heathens are the same.

3. Not as distinguish’d from the rest
   In a new Party’s bounds confin’d
But sent we run, in spirit prest
   To do the work by God design’d,
Primeval piety revive,
And show how real Christians live.

4. Born and bred up within the Pale
   Of England’s Church, to her we owe

30Appears also in MS Preachers 1786 (drafts), 22–24. Published posthumously in Unpublished Poetry, 3:59–60.
Our first regard; and cannot fail
   Our filial gratitude to show,
And gladly in her service join
Affection natural and divine.

5. We for our dearest Country feel
   A warmth which words cannot express,
An inextinguishable zeal
   Which patriots false in vain profess;
Nor can we from a Church remove
Which more than life we prize and love.

6. By civil and religious ties
   United to our brethren here,
Them we respect who us despise,
   Who neither God nor man revere,
But in the deadly darkness dwell
And riot on the Verge of hell.

7. While plung’d in wickedness and vice
   Our wretched Countrysmen we see,
We see them with the Saviour’s eyes,
   We feel his yearning sympathy,
Sad Prophet of their woes to come
Who wept the bloody City’s doom.

8. We put his tender bowels on
   Who did his murthersers redeem,
Our lives made willing to lay down,
To spend, and to be spent for Them
Our brethren, countrymen; —and friends
When hatred in conversion ends.

II.31

[1.] But chiefly Those in Moses’ seat
The Sons of Levi, we revere,
To all their just commands submit
Honor their sacred Character
Their heavenly Office magnify
Servants and Priests of the Most-high.

2. Their Apostolic claim we own,
Their Right by Providence divine
From age to age deliver’d down
God’s covenants in his name to sign,
Watchmen of Israel’s house confest,
To guard and govern all the rest.

3. Of these if some their charge betray,
And careless, or ungodly live,
Must they not answer in that day
When call’d a strict account to give?
And should they not our pity move,
Demand our prayers, and tenderest love?

[4.]
Whoe’er the fiery spirit feel,
   Or good and bad alike decry,  
We dare not rail with bitter zeal,
   Or the whole Order vilify,
Or e’er expose a father’s shame,
   And share the curse of impious Ham.

[5.]
The men who as Gamaliel wise,
   Stand still our whole design to see
Let them our actions scrutinize,
   Till conquering their neutrality
Our lives over their doubts prevail
   And truth weighs down the hovering scale.

[6.]
If fiercely some the truth deny,
   Shall we, incens’d, our patience lose,
Or with invectives keen reply,
   Angry contempt, and foul abuse?
The wrath of man let God repress;
   It worketh not his righteousness.

[7.]
Humble, dispassionate, and meek,
   As sheep before the shearers dumb,
Learn we to turn the other cheek
   Till evil we with Good ore’come

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32 Ori., “3”; so this and the next five stanzas have been corrected to 4–9.
33 Sarah Wesley Jr. placed a † here, and wrote at the bottom of the page an alternative line: “Or call for vengeance from the sky.”
Their furious enmity remove,
And melt their hatred into love.

[8.] But those that labour in the word
   Worthy we count of double praise,
   As abler servants of their Lord,
       Distinguish’d Ministers of grace
   Their faithful, tho ’ obscure, Allies
   We trace their footsteps to the skies.

[9.] O might we gain that heavenly Rest
   Meanest of all the Prophet’s Sons,
   Behold our Guides supremely blest,
       Exalted to superior thrones,
   With joy our elder brethren meet,
   And shout triumphant at their feet!

III.34

[1.] Head of thy Church, attend our cry
   For Those Thou hast redeem’d of old,
   Regard with a propitious eye
       The lambs and sheep of England’s fold,
   For whom in earnest faith we pray,
   And glad thy dear command obey.

2. Thy promise to the Church at large
   For our Particular we plead,
   O make her thy peculiar charge,
   Her children satisfy with bread,
   Bless with a thousand fold increase
   And fill them with eternal peace.

3. Thou hast in our degenerate years
   Reviv’d thine antient work of grace,
   A cloud of witnesses appears
   Who know thy name, and spread thy praise,
   Redeem’d, and of thy Spirit born,
   With songs to Sion they return.

4. Thou hast ten thousand tokens given,
   That England’s Church is still thy care,
   The Holy Ghost sent down from heaven
   Thy truth and mercy doth declare,
   Thine everlasting gospel seals,
   And pardon in our hearts reveals.

5. While Thee remembring in thy ways
   Thou dost thy favour’d people meet,\(^35\)
   In all the channels of thy grace
   We hold with Thee communion sweet,

\(^{35}\text{Ori., “bless.”}\)
The Cloud on our Assemblies rests,  
And glory swells our ravish’d breasts.

6. Thee present in thy Courts we find,  
Thee present at thy table know,  
And while we call thy death to mind  
Thyself Thou to our hearts dost show,  
And nourish’d with immortal food,  
We eat thy flesh, and drink thy blood.

7. Then let us still delight to wait  
Where our dear Lord is pleas’d t’appear:  
Bethel is the celestial gate,  
And faithful souls perceive Thee here,  
And all who here with Thee remain  
The crown of endless life shall gain.

IV.  

[1.] Why shoud we now a Church forsake  
Which Thou our Lord hast not forsook,  
Which Thou thy residence dost make  
And hast into thy bosom took?  
And kept by the good Shepherd’s care,  
The lambs and sheep are happy there.

2. To silent streams his flock He leads,  
And while on Him our souls recline,  
Our souls in pastures green he feeds,  
With Angels bread of life divine,


37Ori., “deth.”
With hidden manna from above,
The joy of hope, the heaven of love.

3. Our souls in holiness restor’d
   He marks with his new name unknown,
Found in the image of our Lord
   From faith to faith he leads us on,
In pleasant paths of perfect peace,
   And everlasting righteousness.

4. While walking in the mortal vale
   We cannot fear with Christ our Guide,
No evil shall our souls assail
   While Jordan’s stricken waves divide,
And stay’d by thine almighty hand,
   With shouts we gain the heavenly land.

5. Till then Thou dost a table spread
   For us, in presence of our foes,
With sacred oyl anoint our head,
   And fill’d by Thee our cup o’reflows,
Our days are all with mercy crown’d,
   Our lives with God for ever found.

6. Here then, while sojourning below,
   We in thy house resolve to dwell,
And to that heavenly Sion go,
   Eternal extacies to feel,
And all who here their Mother love
   Shall join with us the Church above.
V. 38

O pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love her &c.
[Ps. 122:6ff.]

[1.] Jesus, our true and faithful Lord,
   Sole Author of assur’d success,
   Thou knowst if we can trust thy word
   The Lovers of thy Church to bless;
   Thy promise of prosperity
   Thou knowst if it belongs to me:

2. To us commission’d in thy name
   To preach glad tidings to the poor?
   May we not confidently claim
   The word to pious children sure,
   Who dutiful affection show
   The Church to which their birth they owe.

3. All-wise, omniscient as Thou art,
   Thou dost our secret passions see,
   The drop which now o’reflows my heart,
   The tenderness of piety
   From the pure, heavenly Fountain flow’d:
   The grace Thou hast thyself bestow’d.

4. Thy word Thou hast to us fulfill’d
   Least of our Church’s duteous Sons,
   Our ministerial labours seal’d
   On multitudes of quicken’d stones,

Hast prosper’d us weak things of nought
And wonders by meer sinners wrought.

5. But bless us, Lord, and prosper still
   Who in the good old ship abide,
   (And fight our passage up the hill
   God, and the martyrs on our side)
   For Sion still our love declare
   In all the fervency of prayer.

6. Peace be within her walls and grace
   Plenty be in her temples found,
   Let all the fruits of righteousness
   In our Jerusalem abound,
   That faith may from the least proceed,
   And knowledge to the Greatest spread.

7. For other Sects and Churches sake
   We seek to do our Sion good,
   That They her blessings may partake
   Plenteous redemption in thy blood,
   That the pure life her children find
   May reach, and quicken all mankind.
[Untitled.] 39

[1.] O Thou to whom all hearts are known
Who dost for thy disciples own
The simple and the poor,
Omniscient Son of God and man,
Come with thy winnowing Spirit’s fan,
And throughly purge thy floor.

2. Who rashly ran uncall’d, unsent,
And forging thy commission, went
With us to the high-ways,
 Arrest, and lay them, Lord, aside
And every false Pretender hide
In his own proper place.

3. The men who did not count the cost,
The Salt that hath its savor lost
Out of thy Church remove, 40
But let them in the ship remain
The men Thou didst thyself ordain,
Who Thee and Sion love.

4. Still let the little leaven spread,
The remnant small, the faithful seed
Throughout our happy land;
Exert thy power, till every knee
Till every heart bows down to Thee
And blesses thy command.

40 The phrase “Far from thy work” is written in the margin as an alternative to “Out of thy Church” (as indicated by underlining the latter phrase).
5. But first, Thou all-refining Fire,
   With purifying faith inspire
   The Sacerdotal race,
   That multitudes of priests may know
   Their heavenly Lord reveal’d below,
   And preach thy pardning grace.

6. Why shoud They be the last that bring
   Home to their hearts their gracious King
   Who comes with man to dwell,
   Their sins and troubles to remove,
   And with the signal of his love
   True Israelites to seal?

7. Who bear the vessels of the Lord,
   Cleans’d by the Spirit and the word
   Thy converts let them rise,
   Strengthen their brethren’s hearts and gain
   And urge them with their guides t’obtain
   A kingdom in the skies.

8. Thy Priests be cloth’d with righteousness,
   Thy flock a thousand-fold increase,
   A witness of thy power
   Till each with God himself acquaints,
   And Britain shines, an Isle of Saints,
   Till time shall be no more.

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41Ori., “who.”
42Ori., “thy.”
Prayer
for the Unconverted Clergy.43

[1.] Thy Priests commanded to revere
   We pay them the respect we owe:
   But can we, Lord, with heart sincere
   More than external honor show?
   Howe’er unwilling to displease,
   And Governors and Fathers blame,
   Thy Church’s Guides we must confess
   In every nation still the same.

2. Their outward Call to minister
   In things divine is plainly prov’d:
   But few, ordain’d by man, we fear,
   Are inly by thy Spirit mov’d:
   Yet These, devoid of sacred power
   Who nothing know, or understand,
   Suffer’d by Thee, thy flock devour,
   And all thy houses in the land.

3. But hast Thou, Lord, thy Church forsook,
   And let thy faithful promise fail?
   Sion is founded on the Rock;
   The gates of hell cannot prevail:

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44Ori., “Yet.”
Thou dost thy people’s wants supply,  
And some of every Order raise  
In every age, to testify  
Thy truth, and power, and pardning grace.

4. Jesus, thy witnesses increase,  
   And let the gospel-trumpet sound  
To rouse the men, who take their ease  
   In luxury, and pleasures drown’d:  
Break, and bind up the broken heart  
   Of every stranger to his Lord—  
Convince the Pastors, and convert,  
   And send them forth to preach thy word.

5. Open their eyes the signs to see  
   The tokens of this gospel-day,  
Of Sion visited by Thee  
   Who comst to take our sins away:  
To the lost Sheep of England’s fold,  
   Is not the great Salvation sent?  
Thine Arm reveal’d let them behold  
   And gladly answer thy Intent.

6. Saviour, at thy benign command  
   A troop of preaching Priests shall rise,  
And Israel’s Masters understand  
   The mysteries hidden from the wise;
Themselves begotten from above,
    Made conscious of their sins forgiven,
Renew’d in holiness and love
    And meet for all the joys of\textsuperscript{45} heaven.

\textsuperscript{45}Ori., “in.”