

MS Mark¹

Charles Wesley was sidelined in Bristol for much of 1760–61 with an extended illness. He spent his time writing a series of hymns while reading through the entire Bible. He published the results in 1762 as a two-volume set (see *Scripture Hymns*). Most of the verse collected in this set were reflective in tone. The short hymns often pick up a single theme evoked by the passage being read, with connections made to current struggles in the Methodist movement.

Within a year of issuing the published collection, Wesley decided to do a more extensive collection of this type of hymns on the four Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles. He began with a volume on the Gospel of John in December 1763; moved to Acts of the Apostles in November 1764; then to the Gospel of Matthew, which he finished in March 1766; and wrapped up the Gospels of Mark and Luke in a flurry between March and April of 1766. In each case, Wesley brought most of the hymns he had published in *Scripture Hymns* for the relevant book over into his larger manuscript volumes—often adapting the original into a longer hymn.² These inclusions and adaptations are noted below.

MS Mark is a quarto-sized (5.75 x 7.25 inches) bound manuscript volume, of 195 numbered pages. On these pages appear 404 poems. Of these, 22 are reproduced from *Scripture Hymns* with little alteration, leaving a total of 382 poems that are either new or significant revisions/expansions of earlier material. At the top of page 1 is a note in Charles Wesley's shorthand: "Began March 8, 1766."

It was likely John Wesley who placed an ink cross-mark [+] next to the scripture verse reference of scattered hymns throughout the volume, since the hymns so marked in MS Matthew for the first 87 pages were all published in the *Arminian Magazine* between 1789–92. (The editor taking over after John Wesley's death dropped the series.) We reproduce the "+" whenever it appears in the manuscript.

There are also multiple instances of a capital "O" (for omit?) written in the margin by hymns, this time in pencil. Since both Wesley brothers almost always used ink, we have judged these marks to be by a later hand and have not annotated them.³

George Osborn published many of the hymns in MS Mark in *Poetical Works*. Unfortunately, he interspersed them with verse in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), with no indication of their varying sources. He also frequently changed spellings and words in the hymns; again, with no annotation. All of the verse in MS Mark that Osborn omitted (including complete versions of hymns that he abridged) appears in S T Kimbrough's *Unpublished Poetry*. This online collection is the first setting in which MS Mark appears in complete form, with prior versions checked to assure accuracy to Wesley's original.

MS Mark is now part of the collection in the Methodist Archive and Research Centre, accession number MA 1977/574 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3). The transcription below is provided with permission of the Librarian and Director, The John Rylands Library, The University of Manchester.

¹This document was produced by the Duke Center for Studies in the Wesleyan Tradition under editorial direction of Randy L. Maddox, with the diligent assistance of Aileen F. Maddox. Last updated: July 23, 2011.

²Of the 44 hymns on Mark in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), only one (#289) is not included in some form in MS Mark.

³The person responsible for these marks is puzzling. In particular, the hymns marked show no correlation to Osborn's selection in *Poetical Works*; he includes several marked with the "O" (though not all), and omits many that are not so marked.

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Began March 8, 1766.¹

S. Mark I.

**“The beginning of the gospel of Jesus Christ,
the Son of God.”—[Mark 1,] v. 1.²**

- [1.] Gospel indeed! th’ eternal God
His Son on mortals hath bestow’d!
Rejoice, ye favour’d sons of men,
Jehovah in your flesh is seen:
He brings you news of sins forgiven,
Of peace restor’d ’twixt earth and heaven.
2. Triumph ye ransom’d worms of earth,
Exult in your Creator’s birth,
Your long-expected Saviour greet,
And gladly to his sway submit:
Good tidings of great joy he brings,
Exalting beggars into kings.
3. Sure earnest of the joys above,
He bids you reign, inthron’d in love;
His gracious kingdom here receive
With meetness³ in his sight to live,
And then his glorious kingdom share,
And reign with Christ triumphant there.

**“The voice of one crying in the wilderness.”
—[Mark 1,] v. 3.⁴**

- [1.] The preacher of thy gospel word,
The sure forerunner of his Lord,
Sent to prepare the way for Thee,
A voice and nothing else should be,
Sequester’d from the ways of men
Be always heard, and never seen.

¹This note is in Charles Wesley’s shorthand, at the top of the page.

²Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:444.

³Defined in *Oxford English Dictionary* as “fitness, suitability, appropriateness.”

⁴Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:281–82; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:51.

2. The world he must not seek to please,
A man out of the wilderness,
Friendless, from earth detach'd, unknown,
Saviour, he speaks for Thee alone,
Incessant in thy name he cries,
Thy herald, till for Thee he dies.

**“They were all baptized of him in the river
Jordan, confessing their sins.”**
—[Mark 1,] v. 5.⁵

- [1.] What, to man my follies own!
Pride will never give consent:
Lord, Thou seest my heart is stone,
Till the stricken rock is rent:
Touch my heart with contrite shame,
Speak my stubborn pride remov'd;
Then I can to all proclaim
What a monster Thou hast lov'd!
2. Bid me step into the pool,
By repentance I obey:
But my filthiness of soul
Cannot thus be purg'd away:
Tears may wash my actual sin;
Guilt requires a stronger flood:
Plunge, and make my spirit clean
In the fountain of thy blood.

**“There cometh one mightier than I after me,
the latchet &c.”**—[Mark 1,] v. 7.⁶

- [1.] A true forerunner of his Lord
Will point to Him that comes behind,
Worthy to be of all ador'd
The God, the Saviour of mankind!
The servant strives with jealous care
Himself out of our minds t' efface,

⁵Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:444–45.

⁶Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:445.

His image from our hearts to tear,
And print his Maker's in the place.

2. A preacher of repentance true,
Impatient of esteem and praise,
Withdraws himself from human view,
And sends us to the God of grace;
Skillful, to turn our heart and eyes
On Him that doth our hearts require,
Doth with the Holy Ghost baptize,
And purge our earth with heavenly fire.

“He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost.”
—[Mark 1,] v. 8.

[I.]⁷

- [1.] What avails the outward sign,
Without the inward grace?
Lord, I want thy Spirit Divine,
The spark of love to raise,
Straitned thro' intense desire
To feel the pure, baptismal flame:
Let the Holy Ghost inspire,
And plunge me in thy name.
2. Unbaptis'd, in sin I live,
Till I thy Spirit feel:
To thy ransom'd servant give
That Gift unspeakable,
Witness, Pledge of joys unseen
Thy Spirit breathe into my breast:
Partner of thy nature then,
And one with Thee I rest.

[“He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost.”
—Mark 1, v. 8.]

II.⁸

That Spirit Divine, that Water clean,
Jesus, Thou only canst impart,

⁷Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:198, NT #278.

⁸Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:446.

That Fire which burns up all our sin,
And purifies the foulest heart:
O might he now the filth remove
The burthen of this wretched breast,
And kindling here a flame of love
Forever in his temple rest!

“Coming up out of the water, he saw the heavens opened, and the Spirit descending upon him.”—[Mark 1,] v. 10.⁹

- [1.] Whene'er the pure baptismal rite
Is duely ministred below,
The heavens are open'd in our sight,
And God his Spirit doth bestow,
The grace infus'd, invisible,
Which would with man forever dwell.
2. But ah, we lost the grace bestow'd,
Nor let the Spirit on us remain,
Made void the ordinance of God,
By sin shut up the heavens again,
Who would not keep our garments white,
Or walk as children of the light.

“Immediately the Spirit driveth him into the wilderness.”—[Mark 1,] v. 12.¹⁰

By the legal goat foreshow'd
The heavenly Victim see,
Burthen'd with the people's load,
A world's iniquity!
God on Him our sins did lay:
And lo, into the desert driven
Jesus bears them far away;
And we are all forgiven!

⁹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:446–47.

¹⁰Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:447.

**“He was there in the wilderness forty days
tempted of Satan ... and the angels ministred
unto him.”—[Mark 1,] v. 13.¹¹**

- [1.] Life a temptation is!
 Its troubles never cease:
Grief to grief doth still succeed,
 Woe to woe, as wave to wave,
Till the last o’rwhelms our head,
 Sinks us to the quiet grave.
2. Soon as one fight is done,
 Another is begun:
Satan watches us to see,
 When the flesh is mortified,
Tempt us by our victory,
 Drives us on the rock of pride.
3. Ah, whither shall I run,
 By grace itself undone?
How escape my inbred foe,
 While I in the furnace dwell,
Hunted by the fiends below,
 Compast with the toils of hell?
4. To Christ the tempted I
 Tempted for help apply,
Meekly suffer to the end
 Forty days, or forty years,
Till the flaming guards descend,
 Till the Angel-God appears.

“Repent ye.”—[Mark 1,] v. 15.¹²

- [1.] Sinners, with true repentance turn
To Him your sins have pierc’d, and mourn;
Pardon’d, with deeper sorrow grieve,
Nor e’er on earth yourselves forgive:
When grace hath form’d your souls anew,
The sadly-pleasing task pursue,

¹¹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:447–48. Stanza 4 = *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:199, NT #279.

¹²Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:448.

And weeping shew, till life is past,
That the first duty is the last.

2. Thro' life your change of mind express
By following after righteousness,
By humble zeal, and watchful prayer
The fruit of true repentance bear:
And still, when all in Christ compleat,
Lamenting at your Saviour's feet,
The height of your perfection prove
By lowest depths of contrite love.

“Straightway they forsook their nets, and followed him.”—[Mark 1,] v. 18.¹³

Without reluctance or delay,
The call I chearfully obey,
Drawn by no sensible reward
To follow my celestial Lord:
Made willing by the God unknown
My all to leave for Him alone,
Meanest of his disciples I
With Christ resolve to live and die.

**“He entred into the synagogue and taught.”
—[Mark 1,] v. 21.¹⁴**

- [1.] Doth Christ the passive people lead
By instincts or impressions blind?
Or doth he gradually proceed
T' inform, and teach the reasoning mind?
The outward knowledge of his word,
His spirit's inward light afford?
2. From Him his ministers should learn
T' instruct the uninlighten'd croud,
To shew poor souls their first concern,
T' explain the oracles of God,

¹³Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:448.

¹⁴Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:449.

And lead them on in all his ways
To search his word, and seek his grace.

“They were astonished at his doctrine: for he taught them as one that had authority, and not as the scribes.”—[Mark 1,] v. 22.¹⁵

- [1.] From servile fear and flattery free
 Who ministers the gospel-word,
 With wisdom, life, and energy
 He only seeks to please his Lord,
 And labours Sinners to convert,
 And gains, by preaching to, the heart.
2. He doth not learnedly declaim,
 His gifts or eloquence to show,
 But preaches peace in Jesus Name:
 And all the man of God may know,
 Distinguish'd by an heavenly sign,
 Cloth'd with authority divine.

“When the unclean spirit had torn him, and cried with a loud voice, he came out of him.”—[Mark 1,] v. 26.¹⁶

- [1.] What violence and convulsive throes
 Doth Satan's struggling captive feel!
 Happy the man who soonest knows
 T' escape the toils of sin and hell:
 But if resolv'd to serve thy God,
 Sinner, for sorer pangs prepare;
 Satan will aggravate thy load,
 Thy flesh torment, thy spirit tear.
2. His utmost rage and efforts vain,
 Sure token of deliverance nigh,
 His fiercest, last assaults sustain,
 With all thy strength to Jesus cry,

¹⁵Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:449.

¹⁶Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:449–50.

Invoke him with redoubled prayer,
And soon the Saviour from all sin
Shall pluck thy soul out of the snare,
Shall bid thy sprinkled heart be clean.

“What new doctrine is this?”

—[Mark 1,] v. 27.¹⁷

- [1.] Who soften and corrupt the word,
The power of God who never knew,
They stumble at our pardning Lord,
They call the ancient gospel new;
New to poor souls by them misled,
To teachers blind, and sinners dead.
2. New as the word of truth and grace,
In Abraham and his sons fulfill'd,
In every age, and every place;
New as the Woman's Seed reveal'd,
New as the Lamb from Adam's fall
Promis'd, and preach'd, and slain for all!

**“His fame spread abroad throughout all the
region round about Galilee.”**

—[Mark 1,] v. 28.¹⁸

His own renown, his own great name
Could never hurt God's only Son:
But listning to the voice of fame,
An human preacher is undone:
He lets the pleasing poison glide
Insensible thro' every part,
Till praise, and vanity, and pride
Corrupt his whole, unwary heart.

“They entred into the house of Simon.”

—[Mark 1,] v. 29.¹⁹

In the houses of the great
Jesus doth not seek repose,
Pleas'd with an obscure retreat
To the poor and sick he goes:

¹⁷Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:450.

¹⁸Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:450–51.

¹⁹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:451.

Troubled with his creature's pain,
Glad to answer their requests
Sojourns with a fisherman,
Humbly in a cottage rests.

“He came and took her by the hand, and lifted²⁰ her up, and immediately the fever left her, and she arose, and ministred unto them.”
—[Mark 1,] v. 31.²¹

- [1.] Happy the sinsick soul, to whom
Jesus doth in pity come,
Physician from the skies!
He touches by his sovereign grace,
Commands the fever to give place,
And bids the patient rise.
2. He rises glad to tend his Lord,
Renders back his strength restor'd,
And labours to approve
His faithful gratitude sincere,
By serving all who serve, or fear
The God of pardning love.

“In the morning rising up a great while before day, he departed into a solitary place, and prayed there.”—[Mark 1,] v. 35.²²

- [1.] Preventing the first dawn of day,
Thus may I steal myself away,
As Jesus leads me on,
My labours leave to pray apart,
And pour out all my earnest heart,
And talk with God alone.
2. Howe'er in serving Him employ'd,
Oft will I quit the works of God,
And to the mount repair,

²⁰Ori., “lift”; an error.

²¹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:451.

²²Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:451–52.

With thankfulness his grace request;
Or borrow the soft hours of rest
To spend in praise and prayer.

“When they had found him, they said unto him All men seek for thee. And he said unto them, Let us go into the next towns, that I may preach there also.”—[Mark 1,] v. 37, 38.²³

- [1.] An humble instrument of God,
Whom all men seek, esteem, applaud,
Their praises casts behind,
Far as his ministry permits,
Into the wilderness retreats,
And flies from all mankind.
2. Glad to be hid, unknown, obscure,
Servant and preacher to the poor,
He leaves the wilderness;
To sinners rich the poor prefers,
Chief object of their Saviour’s cares,
And his expiring grace.

“There came a leper to him, beseeching him, and saying, If thou wilt, thou canst make me clean &c.”—[Mark 1,] v. 40.²⁴

- [1.] Where but at his Saviour’s feet
Should a guilty sinner lie?
Languishing thy touch to meet,
Jesus, for thy help I cry,
Sin’s inveterate leprosy
Humbly here expose to Thee.
2. Loathsom, foul, and self-abhor’d,
Most unholy, most impure,
From the pity of my Lord
May I not expect a cure?

²³Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:452.

²⁴Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:452–53.

Trusting in thy power to heal,
Need I doubt thy gracious will?

3. No I cannot doubt thy love,
 Love in every age the same:
Still my Saviour's²⁵ bowels move,
 While I invoke thy name,
Humbly in thy love confide,
Wait for thy deserts applied.
4. Thou in thine humanity
 Instrument of grace Divine,
Dost apply Thyself to me,
 Holiness to sinners join,
If I can believe that Thou
Willing art to cleanse me now.
5. Lord, I can, I do believe
 Sin retires at thy command:
Now the word almighty give,
 Now extend thy healing hand,
Bid my leprosy depart,
Touch, and purify my heart.

²⁵Ori., “~~thy yearning~~” changed to “my Saviour’s.”

S. Mark II.

**“Many were gathered together, insomuch
that there was no room to receive them: and
he preached the word unto them.”**

—[Mark 2,] v. 2.

[I.]¹

The forwardness of listning Jews
Condemns our backwardness to hear,
Who now the word of God refuse,
Reject the gospel-messenger,
With envious wrath exclaim aloud,
And fiercely chide the flocking croud.

**[“Many were gathered together, insomuch
that there was no room to receive them: and
he preached the word unto them.”**

—Mark 2, v. 2.]

II.²

- [1.] Few on their ministry attend
Who preach themselves, not Christ the Lord:
But if our God his Spirit send,
And give the dead-reviving word,
When Shiloh doth himself reveal,
To Him the people gather still.
2. Who preach the genuine word of God,
His presence doth their labours bless,
And while the eager multitude
Doth to the joyful tidings press,
Both minister and people join
In faith, to prove the word Divine.

“Son, thy sins are forgiven thee.”

—[Mark 2,] v. 5.³

- [1.] Saviour, thy Spirit’s power exert,
To seal my pardon on my heart,
T’ assure me God is reconcil’d,
And owns his dear adopted child,
Receiv’d into thy family,
A member of thy church and Thee.
2. Soon as I know my guilt remov’d,
I know myself in Thee approv’d,

¹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:453–54.

²Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:454.

³Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:454.

I feel that for thy sake alone
 A pardon'd sinner is a son,
 And cry, constrain'd by love divine,
 The Father of my Lord is mine.

**“Whether is it easier to say, Thy sins
 be forgiven thee: or, Arise, and take up
 thy bed and walk?”—[Mark 2,] v. 9.⁴**

Saviour, Thou canst with equal ease,
 As when Thou on our earth didst dwell,
 The body's and the soul's disease
 By virtue from thy Godhead heal:
 With perfect life inspire my soul;
 And if I yet may serve my Lord,
 Pronounce this languid body whole,
 And lo, I rise to preach thy⁵ word!

**“The Son of man hath power on earth to
 forgive sins.”—[Mark 2,] v. 10.⁶**

- [1.] Jesus, the mortal Son of man,
 While humbly sojourning below,
 Had power to purge our guilty stain,
 And did his pardning grace bestow:
 But now he hath for sinners died,
 But now he doth forever live
 Triumphant at his Father's side,
 Can Christ the Lord no more forgive?
2. Exalted on thy glorious throne,
 Thee, Prince of peace by faith we see,
 To make thy power on sinners known,
 T' impart thy grace and purity:
 A Saviour still in Thee we have,
 Our Friend on earth, our Friend in heaven:
 And when⁷ they trust thy power to save,
 An helpless world are⁸ all forgiven.

⁴Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:199, NT #280.

⁵Ori., “my.”

⁶Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:455.

⁷“When” has “cou'd” written in the margin as an alternative.

⁸“Are” has “were” written in the margin as an alternative.

“He saith to the sick of the palsy, I say unto thee, Arise, and take up thy bed, and go thy way.”—[Mark 2,] v. 10, 11.⁹

- [1.] Jesus, thine eye with pity sees
The fallen soul's severe disease:
 Fallen in sin it lies,
Seeks in the creature its repose,
And weaker still, and weaker grows,
 Till it forever dies.
2. Thou hast to me my case made known:
The palsy of my soul I own,
 So impotent to good,
I cannot my old habits break,
Or once stir up myself to seek
 And walk the heavenly road.
3. Attach'd to earth, and dead within,
Past feeling of my desperate sin,
 My desperate misery,
One virtuous step I cannot take,
I cannot the least motion make
 Toward happiness and Thee.
4. But O, thy grace which comes to all,
Attends to raise me from my fall,
 My malady to heal,
And conscious of my helpless state,
A sinner at thy feet I wait,
 Till Thou thy power reveal.
5. Thy word of evangelic grace
Can in this solemn moment raise
 A penitent forgiven;
Speak then, my kind Almighty Lord,
And bid me now by faith restor'd
 Walk after Thee to heaven.

⁹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:455–56.

“They were all amazed, and glorified God saying, We never saw it on this fashion.”
—[Mark 2,] v. 12.¹⁰

- [1.] Thee, Almighty God, we praise
For the wonders of thy grace,
Wonders which our eyes have seen
Wrought among the sons of men,
Jesus, at thy feet we own
Thine the work, and thine alone.
2. Many a paralytic soul
Thou hast spoke intirely whole,
Rais'd by thy redeeming love,
Set their hearts on things above,
Certified of sin forgiven,
Lifted up from hell to heaven.

“He went forth again by the sea-side, and the multitude resorted unto him, and he taught them.”—[Mark 2,] v. 13.¹¹

Servant of Christ, thy talent see,
The people's confidence improve,
By turning their regard from Thee,
By teaching them their Saviour's love:
To Christ in vain they cannot go;
His grace is then to sinners given,
When by thy ministry they know
The Truth, the Life, the Way to heaven.

“As Jesus sat at meat in his house, many publicans and sinners sat also together with Jesus and his disciples.”—[Mark 2,] v. 15.¹²

- [1.] Lord, if I have indeed believ'd,
And Thee into my heart receiv'd,
Amidst the sinful croud

¹⁰Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:456–57.

¹¹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:457.

¹²Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:457–58.

O let me never blush to own
My Master, by the world unknown,
My Saviour and my God.

2. O may I never dare despise
The most abandon'd slaves of vice,
Or scorn their company,
But humble love for sinners shew,
And prove my own conversion true
By turning them to Thee.
3. Not to the just but sinners sent,
I bid them in thy name repent,
Thy followers joy to prove:
And O, that all with pardon blest
Would share with me the gospel-feast,
The banquet of^{f13} thy love!

“How is it that he eateth and drinketh with publicans and sinners?”—[Mark 2,] v. 16.¹⁴

- [1.] “So high, so holy, and so great,
“Why doth your Lord with sinners eat?
“Unfold his strange design!¹³”
A Pharisee inquires in vain;
Faith only can the depth explain
Of charity Divine.
2. God over all forever blest,
Whose Presence is the heavenly feast,
For us his throne he leaves,
His love the Man of grief constrains,
And makes him live with publicans,
And makes him die with thieves!

**“They that are whole have no need of a physician, but they that are sick.”
—[Mark 2,] v. 17.¹⁵**

¹³Ori., “~~of~~.” Wesley changed to “~~on~~,” and then changed back to “of.”

¹⁴Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:458.

¹⁵Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:458–59.

- [1.] Righteous in our own esteem,
Far from Jesus we remove,
Just, we have no need of Him,
Him, or his forgiving love:
But if sick of sin we groan,
To the kind Physician cry,
He doth then his patients own,
He doth then his blood apply.
2. When he hath begun our cure,
Seal'd the pardon on our heart,
Made our life and nature pure,
Shall we bid him then depart?
No; unless with us he stays,
Still applies his balmy blood,
We shall forfeit all his grace,
Live to sin, and die to God.

“I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.”—[Mark 2,] v. 17.¹⁶

Sinners if Thou cam'st to call,
Surely, Lord, Thou cam'st for me:
Me uplift out of my fall,
Pardning my iniquity:
Pardon'd let me still repent,
Struck with deeper sorrow mourn,
Still my former sins lament,
Weeping to thy arms return.

“Why do the Pharisees fast, but thy disciples fast not?”—[Mark 2,] v. 18.¹⁷

- [1.] A Pharisee his neighbours¹⁸ blames,
More to reprove their conduct aims
Than to reform his own;

¹⁶Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:459.

¹⁷Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:459–60.

¹⁸Ori., “neighbour.”

Eager that others should embrace
 All his religious forms and ways,
 And copy him alone.

2. Of others with design he speaks,
 And marking their omissions, seeks
 To draw th' admirer's eye;
 By branding them as less severe,
 Himself he studies to prefer,
 Himself to magnify.
3. Far from his sour hypocrisy,
 Thou inexperienc'd novice flee
 The poisonous leaven shun;
 Thy censure rash forbear to deal,
 Nor boast thy forwardness of zeal
 To serve a God unknown.
4. Thou feeble soul, unsav'd from pride,
 All thy external rigors hide,
 With humbly¹⁹ prudent care:
 The inward, true religion seek,
 Be poor, self-diffident, and meek,
 And then for God declare.

**“Can the children of the bride-chamber fast,
 while the bridegroom is with them &c.”**
 —[Mark 2,] v. 19, 20.

[I.]²⁰

- [1.] Long as He did reside
 On earth to cheer his bride,
 With the Bridegroom's presence blest,
 Could the friends of Jesus mourn,
 Fasting at a nuptial feast,
 Triumph into sadness turn?
2. But soon from earth remov'd
 They wail'd their Best-belov'd,
 Oft in fasts his loss deplor'd:
 Thus they our ensamples rise,

¹⁹Ori., “truly.”

²⁰Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:51.

Thus we languish for our Lord,
Pine to meet him in the skies.

**["Can the children of the bride-chamber fast,
while the bridegroom is with them &c."]
—Mark 2, v. 19, 20.]**

II.²¹

- [1.] When Jesus first appears,
 And wipes away our tears,
When from us our sins he takes,
 Joy unspeakable we prove;
That th' espousing time he makes,
 Time of pure delight and love.
2. Hearing the Bridegroom's voice,
 We only can rejoice:
Fear at his appearing flies,
 Grief, and penitential pain,
Trouble, and temptation dies;
 Kings we in his presence reign.
3. No abstinence severe
 Can be, while Christ is here:
High on eagles' wings we soar,
 Safe in heavenly places dwell;
War and strife we reckon o're,
 Suffering is impossible.
4. But soon or late we moan
 Our joyous Bridegroom gone,
Miss that sensible delight,
 Extasy of infant grace,
Lose the Beatific Sight,
 See no more his heavenly face.
5. His face unless he hide,
 We never can be tried:
Wherefore not in wrath, but love
 Jesus partially withdraws,
Leaves his own, our faith to prove,
 Leaves us bleeding on his cross.

²¹Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:52–53.

6. Then a long fast we keep,
 And for his absence weep:
Nothing can our souls relieve,
 Nothing can our loss supply;
Comfortless for Christ we grieve,
 Truly fast, and daily die.
7. Throughout our mournful days
 Our misery we confess,
With the Man of sorrows droop,
 Share his consecrated²² pain,
Drink his passion's deepest cup,
 Till he shews himself again.
8. Come Thou, our living Head,
 Our true, immortal Bread,
Enter every soul forlorn,
 Speak the latest conflict o're,
Into joy our sorrow turn,
 Come, and never leave us more.

**“As he went through the corn-fields, his
disciples began to pluck the ears of corn.”**
—[Mark 2,] v. 23.²³

While Jesus lets his followers eat,
 He suffers hunger still,
That pastors may themselves forget,
 And more for others feel:
By miracle the croud he fed,
 Not his own wants supplied,
He hungred in the people's stead,
 Thirsted for them, and died!

**“The Pharisees said unto him, why do they on
the sabbath-day that which is not lawful?”**
—[Mark 2,] v. 24.²⁴

²²Ori., “agonizing.”

²³Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:53.

²⁴Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:461.

- [1.] A Pharisee the law defends,
Whose end and spirit he o'rethrows,
Boldly the judgment-seat ascends,
Censures, rebukes on all bestows,
Sets himself up as judge supreme,
And all must give account to him.
2. Full of himself, and swoln with pride
All sects, except his own, he blames:
With confidence he dares decide,
O're others the dominion claims,
He adds their followers to his own,
And reigns o're all the church alone.

“Have ye never read what David did when he had need ... how he did eat the shewbread &c.”—[Mark 2,] v. 25, 26.²⁵

- [1.] God in mercy to our race
Did all his laws ordain:
Precepts positive give place
T' insure the good of man:
Every word from heaven reveal'd
Subservient to its end must prove,
Lose its binding force, and yield
To the great law of love.
2. When our neighbour's wants declare
Extremity of woe,
Taught by God we nothing spare,
But truly all bestow:
God abandon'd, in their need,
The things reserv'd for Him alone,
Pitied those that wanted bread,
And fed them with his own.

²⁵Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:461.

“The sabbath was made for man.”

—[Mark 2,] v. 27.²⁶

Christ’s is the religion pure,
Which only doth contain
Means effectual to secure
The happiness of man:
God by each command requires
The creature’s happiness, not his,
Here our real good desires,
And our eternal bliss.

**“No man seweth a piece of new cloth on an
old garment: else the new piece taketh away
from the old, and the rent is made worse.”**

—[Mark 2,] v. 21.²⁷

- [1.] A pastor should consider long
The task and strength to fit,
Nor much require from converts young,
Or services too great:
By urging novices too fast,
While yet their grace is small,
He stops, and makes them worse at last,
He marrs, and ruins all.

2. Satan himself²⁸ will push them on
T’ affect the high estate
Of men to perfect stature grown,
And preach “they need not wait”;
Will dash their souls against the rock,
The babes by pride insnare,
And when he can no longer mock,
Implunge them in despair.

²⁶Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:462.

²⁷Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:460. This hymn is out of order.

²⁸Ori., “~~and-self~~” changed to “himself.”

3. A guide and master-builder wise
The deep foundation lays,
That souls from humble love may rise
To reach the perfect grace:
Humility preserves, and takes
For saints the lowest seat,
Love only edifies, and makes
The man of God compleat.

S. Mark III.

“There was a man there which had a withered hand.”—[Mark 3,] v. 1.¹

- [1.] Our weakness in this emblem we²
Our total inability
Of doing good may find;
While strangers to restoring grace,
We here behold our helpless case
The case of all mankind.
2. A wither'd hand the miser is,
So careful not to give amiss
He never gives at all!
A magistrate is dead and dry,
Who never doth his power apply
Where truth and justice call.
3. Who of authority possest
Neglects to succour the opprest,
Nor takes the injur'd part,
Dead in the sight of God is he,
And by the eye of faith we see
His impotence of heart.
4. We see the unbelieving croud,
Who cannot do one act of good,

¹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:462–63.

²Ori., “see.”

Till Thou thy love reveal,
Till Thou, Almighty Lord, restore
Th' effectual will, the gracious power
We lost, when Adam fell.

**“He saith unto the man which had the
withered hand, Stand forth.”—[Mark 3,] v. 3.³**

The good which Pharisees gainsay
We should perform in open day,
Nor to their wrath attend:
Offended if with us they be,
Saviour, for imitating Thee,
We will, we must offend.

“They held their peace.”—[Mark 3,] v. 4.⁴

Th' insidious foes of truth become
Oft-times thro' pride and envy dumb;
The good they would reprove
They dare not openly decry;
Nor dare they speak to justify
The men they will not love.

**“He looked round about on them with anger,
being grieved for the hardness of their
hearts.”—[Mark 3,] v. 5.⁵**

- [1.] Such may all my anger be,
Sin when I in others see;
Not the Pagan passion blind,
Warmth of a vindictive mind,
But the fervency of zeal
Pain'd for those who cannot feel.
2. Lord, impart thy grief to me,
Grief for man's obduracy:
Angry at the sin alone,
Let me for the sinner groan,

³Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:463.

⁴Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:463.

⁵Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:199, NT #281.

Till his hardness Thou remove,
His and mine, by dying love.

“He saith unto the man, Stretch forth thine hand: and he stretched it out: and his hand was restored whole as the other.”

—[Mark 3,] v. 5.⁶

- [1.] Who follow Christ in good delight:
The soul they in his name invite,
Sinner, thy hand extend,
In alms and prayer thy faith to show;
Extend thy hand to grasp a foe,
And turn him to a friend.
2. But Thou, my Saviour, must confer
The energy of faith and prayer,
The life of charity:
Whoe'er exerts his wither'd hand,
Transmitted thro' thy sole command
The virtue comes from Thee.
3. Thy hand, O Lord, o're us extend,
To bless, and strengthen, and defend,
To heal and sanctify,
To fit for every righteous deed,
To mould after thy will, and lead,
And lift us to the sky.

“The Pharisees took counsel against him, how they might destroy him.”—[Mark 3,] v. 6.⁷

1. What is an heart with envy fraught
And pride, the Pharisaic leaven!
It poisons every word and thought,
Into the hands of Satan given,
Contrives t' advance the murderer's cause,
And nails the Saviour to his cross.

⁶Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:464.

⁷Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:464–65.

2. By the malicious fiend possest,
 Evil he counts his only gain,
Virtue he turns into a pest,
 The balm of Gilead into bane,
By good his wretched soul he kills,
By good his own damnation seals.

“Jesus withdrew himself.”—[Mark 3,] v. 7.⁸

Shall we by resistance vain
Tempt the rage of wicked men?
No: but till our work is done,
Humbly wise their malice shun,
Guided by our Saviour’s eye
When to stand, and when to fly.

“A great multitude followed him.”
—[Mark 3,] v. 7.

[I.]⁹

Jesus whom the world forsake,
Pious souls their refuge make,
While their persecuted Lord
By the multitude ador’d,
Kindly all who come receives,
Life to all his followers gives.

[“A great multitude followed him.”
—Mark 3, v. 7.]

II.¹⁰

One in Jesus’ work employ’d
Gains by losing for his God:
If on some he lose his pains,
Listning multitudes he gains,
Strengthen’d by their fervent zeal,
Triumphs that they run so well.

**“A great multitude, when they had heard
what great things he did, came unto him.”**
—[Mark 3,] v. 8.¹¹

⁸Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:465.

⁹Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:53.

¹⁰Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:54.

¹¹Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:54.

- [1.] Saviour, by the world unknown,
We have heard what Thou hast done,
Thou hast in our gospel-days
Wrought thine ancient works of grace,
Hast thy pardning love reveal'd,
Crouds of sinsick spirits heal'd.
2. Wherefore now on Thee we press,
Plagued with sin's severe disease:
Thee if we can touch, we know
Power into our souls shall flow,
Make our peace and pardon sure,
Bless us with a perfect cure.

“He had healed many, insomuch that they pressed upon him to touch him, as many as had plagues.”—[Mark 3,] v. 10.¹²

- [1.] See the patience of our God,
Jesus' love with wonder see!
Gracious He received the croud,
Bare¹³ their importunity:
Who to Him for help applied
None unsuccour'd he repel'd,
Kind relief to none denied,
Spake¹⁴ their every sickness heal'd.
2. Surely then if sick and poor
Sinners of their hearts complain,
Jesus will their spirits cure,
Give them back their health again:
When we will not let him rest,
He our holy violence loves,
Urg'd, and importun'd, and prest,
All our sins and griefs removes.

¹²Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:465.

¹³Ori., “Bears.”

¹⁴Ori., “Speaks.”

**“He goeth up into a mountain, and calleth
unto him whom he would.”—[Mark 3,] v. 13.¹⁵**

- [1.] Our sovereign Priest above,
Who first went up the hill,
Doth by his secret Spirit move
And call whome'er he will:
Fountain of priestly power
And ministerial grace,
The church's Head our souls adore,
The God of holiness:
2. His ministers he takes,
Ordains them all alone,
Associates with himself, and makes
In mind and Spirit one:
Close after Him they press,
The holy mount ascend;
And Jesus with his servants stays,
Till time¹⁶ and death shall end.

**“He ordained twelve ... that he might send
them forth to preach; And to have power to
heal sicknesses, and to cast out devils.”
—[Mark 3,] v. 14, 15.¹⁷**

- [1.] Sent forth by Christ indeed,
His true apostles go,
Thro' earth the joyful tidings spread
Of heaven display'd below:
Physicians under God
They for his patients care,
And all the grace on them bestow'd
To others minister.
2. War with the fiend they wage,
From strength to strength go on,

¹⁵Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:466.

¹⁶Ori., “life.”

¹⁷Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:466–67.

And cast him out in every age,
And tread his kingdom down:
Their Lord sets to his seal,
His own great power applies,
O' returns by them the gates of hell,
And opens paradise.

“He ordained Judas.”—[Mark 3,] v. 19.¹⁸

- [1.] Jesus a traitor chose
Into the ministry,
To shew us, his perfidious foes
His officers may be:
And who their Lord betray
We for his sake esteem,
But Christ's authority obey,
But truly honour Him.
2. The vilest minister
Outward respect may claim:
And dignities we still revere;
For Jesus did the same:
Whom earth and heaven adore,
He stoop'd to man's commands,
He bow'd himself to lawful Power,
Tho' lodg'd in wicked hands.

**“The multitude cometh together again.”
—[Mark 3,] v. 20.¹⁹**

- [1.] Who of the rich or great appear?
The vulgar run in flocks to hear,
The refuse of mankind,
Whom all the wise and noble scorn,

¹⁸Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:54–55.

¹⁹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:467.

To Jesus from their sins they turn,
And sure salvation find.

2. T' abase the loftiness of man,
Their grandeur, power, and honours vain,
The despicable herd,
The poor, to their Redeemer cleave:
And few besides will e'er receive
A mean,²⁰ rejected Lord.

“They could not so much as eat bread.”
—[Mark 3,] v. 20.²¹

- [1.] Dispensers of the joyful word,
Taught by th' example of our Lord,
We in his footsteps tread,
Servants of souls, for them we live,
Our utmost strength and labour give,
To serve their every need.
2. On them we day and night attend,
Our graces, gifts, and talents spend,
Each precious moment buy,
Forget our needful rest and food,
Spend all our lives for sinners' good,
And in their service die.

“When his friends heard of it, they went out to lay hold on him: for they said, He is beside himself.”—[Mark 3,] v. 21.²²

- [1.] His body if a Christian slight,
A pastor toil by day and night,
His health in serving souls impair,
His madness all mankind declare:
But let a fool his God disdain,
Expose his life and soul for gain,

²⁰Ori., “*ἄπορ.*”

²¹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:467.

²²Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:467–68. Stanza 2 = *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:200, NT

Destroy his health, abridge his days,
And all mankind his wisdom praise.

2. Above my Lord I would not be,
Priz'd by a world that branded Thee,
But scorn their scandalous esteem,
Who dar'd my God himself blaspheme:
My portion of thy shame I take,
A madman for my Master's sake,
And made unto salvation wise,
Pursue my Pattern to the skies.

**“He called them unto him, and said unto
them, Can Satan cast out Satan?”**
—[Mark 3,] v. 23.

[I.]²³

Jesus' blacken'd follower may
His own innocency clear,
Inconsistent lies display,
Guard the simple and sincere:
Call'd sometimes for God to speak,
Foulest slanders to disprove,
Then he answers mild and meek,
Full of truth, and power, and love.

**[“He called them unto him, and said unto
them, Can Satan cast out Satan?”**
—Mark 3, v. 23.]

II.²⁴

- [1.] Foolish world, who brand the men,
Men of God as tools of hell!
Tell us not they preach for gain
Who their lives for Jesus sell;
Tell us not, they preach for fame,
Sinners while to Christ they call,
Cover'd with contempt and shame,
Hated, and abhor'd of all.

²³Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:468.

²⁴Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:468–69.

2. Would the wise, malicious fiend
 Weapons 'gainst himself employ,
Raise up instruments and send
 His own kingdom to destroy?
Who with sin incessant fight,
 Satan of his prey disseize,
God declares they must be right,
 Owns the messengers for his.

“No man can enter into a strong man’s house and spoil his goods, except he will first bind the strong man, and then he will spoil his goods.”—[Mark 3,] v. 27.²⁵

- [1.] When Satan rules the simple heart,
 Jesus alone can drive him thence:
Jesus, thy Spirit’s power exert,
 Bring in thy love’s omnipotence,
The fiend’s out of my soul to chase,
And plant thy kingdom in its place.
2. The strong man arm’d this moment bind,
 The bold usurper of thy throne,
His armour seize, the carnal mind,
 The unbelieving heart of stone,
Out of my flesh the evil tear,
And pluck my soul out of the snare.
3. My soul redeem’d from Satan’s toils
 Now for thy lawful captive claim,
Stir up thy strength and take the spoils,
 Thy double property I am,
Mark’d with thy name, the goods are thine,
Thy work, and bought with blood Divine.

²⁵Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:469.

“Verily I say unto you, All sins shall be forgiven unto the sons of men.”

—[Mark 3,] v. 28.²⁶

- [1.] All! shall all forgiven be!
Mercy then there is for me:
Great as my offences are,
Christ prohibits my despair:
If to Jesus' name I bow,
Ready is my pardon now,
Purchas'd by the Saviour's blood,
Promis'd by the oath of God.
2. Saviour, at thy feet I fall:
All! hast Thou forgiven all!
All the sins I e'er have done!
O the depth of love unknown!
Lost in love unknown I cry
Why, thou Friend of sinners, why?
Cry thro' all eternity,
Why would God expire for me?

“He that shall blaspheme against the Holy Ghost, hath never forgiveness, but is in danger of eternal damnation: Because they said, He hath an unclean spirit.”

—[Mark 3,] v. 29, 30.²⁷

- [1.] Whoe'er²⁸ rejects thy sacrifice,
Disdaining to be sav'd by Thee,
The Spirit of holiness decries,
The fulness of the Deity;
Which dwells for man in Thee alone,
Who scorns that It in him should dwell,
In spite of all thy love hath done,
He will his own damnation seal.

²⁶Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:469–70.

²⁷Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:470.

²⁸Ori., “Who.”

2. But O, my Lord and God Thou art,
Thou hast the Spirit to confer,
Who sprinkles with thy blood my heart,
Renews me in thine image here:
Jesus, the purchase of thy death,
The Spirit pure of ripest grace
Into my panting bosom breathe,
And fit me thus to see thy face.

**“Whosoever shall do the will of God, the same
is my brother, and sister, and mother.”**
—[Mark 3,] v. 35.²⁹

Who do the will Divine,
In heaven their blest abode
The church of the first-born they join
The family of God:
Obedient faith and love
Our soul to God allies,
And makes us one with Christ above
Our Brother in the skies.

²⁹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:470–71.

S. Mark IV.

“He said unto them in his doctrine.”

—[Mark 4,] v. 2.¹

- [1.] Christ, and whoe'er *his* doctrine preach,
Not as the world's declaimers teach;
His doctrine speaks of Him alone
With secret energy unknown,
And sweetly doth the heart incline,
And proves itself the Word Divine.
2. Who publish *his* authentic word,
Preach not themselves, but Christ the Lord,
Preachers of real righteousness,
Of glorious joy, and heavenly peace,
They spread the virtue from above,
The pure morality of love.
3. Jesus, thy messengers prepare
Thy genuine gospel to declare,
Reveal in them the mystery,
And make them apt to teach like Thee,
And faithfully thy people feed,
And nourish souls with living bread.
4. Attended by thy Spirit's power
Before them set an open door;
The word Thou dost vouchsafe to bless,
Shall yield an hundred-fold increase,
And every prosper'd messenger
Save his own soul, with theirs that hear.

“He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.”

—[Mark 4,] v. 9.²

He understands the word aright
Of Jesus' ministers,
Who hears with care, and takes delight
To practise what he hears:

¹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:471–72.

²Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:472.

But only God the willing mind
The listning ear can give,
The grace, which all may seek and find,
May ask it and³ receive.

“When he was alone, they asked of him the parable.”—[Mark 4,] v. 10.⁴

Thy own word I bring to Thee
(Left with my great Lord alone):
Scatter the obscurity,
Make the hidden meaning known:
Dark, Thou knowst I am, and blind;
Let thy Spirit’s grace bestow’d
Lead me into all the mind,
All the mysteries⁵ of God.

“Unto you it is given to know the mystery of the kingdom of God: but to them that are without all these things are done in parables.”
—[Mark 4,] v. 11.⁶

[1.] Reason’s glimmering light is vain,
Till thy Spirit I receive:
He thy language must explain,
He must give me to believe:
When the precious gift is mine,
Then I know the mystery,
Feel the power of love divine
Stablishing its throne in me.

2. Yet I cannot proudly scorn
Those without who nothing know:
Of thy word and Spirit born
All I am to grace I owe:
Those without may be brought in,
I receive the faith in vain,

³Ori., “and ~~an~~” changed to “it and.”

⁴Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:472.

⁵Ori., “~~Teach me~~ all the ~~things~~” changed to “All the mysteries.”

⁶Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:472–73.

I may forfeit it by sin,
They by grace the kingdom gain.

**“Know ye not this parable? and how then
will ye know all parables?”—[Mark 4,] v. 13.⁷**

Our ignorance 'tis Thine to show,
And make us sensible
We never can the mysteries know
Which Thou dost not reveal:
All scripture, hence we plainly see
By inspiration given,
And wait, O Lord, till taught of Thee
We teach the way to heaven.

**“The sower soweth the word.”
—[Mark 4,] v. 14.**

[I.]⁸

The word in every one
Who faithfully receives,
An earnest of his bliss begun,
A seed of glory lives:
But let it still increase,
A tree of life arise,
And yield the fruits of righteousness,
The fruits of paradise.

**[“The sower soweth the word.”
—Mark 4, v. 14.]**

II.⁹

The bare external word
An human sower sows;
But our unseen, almighty Lord
The power, and grace bestows,
The soul's attentive ear,
The persevering root,
The fertile ground, the heart sincere,
The growth, and perfect fruit.

⁷Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:473.

⁸Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:473.

⁹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:473–74.

“They receive the word with gladness: and have no root in themselves, and so endure for a time &c.”—[Mark 4,] v. 16, 17.¹⁰

Who untried himself can know?
Trials make the heart appear:
Joy if Thou on me bestow,
Guard it, Lord, with modest fear;
Nature’s ostentatious pride,
Self-delight far off remove,
Then I shall the test abide,
Rooted deep in humble love.

“The lusts of other things entring in choak the word.”—[Mark 4,] v. 19.¹¹

Saviour, I in Thee confide:
How shall I thy grace retain?
Aught if I desire beside,
All my good desires are vain:
Lest the world insnare my heart,
Banish every thought of Thee,
Entring now, no more depart,
Christ, be all in all to me.

“These are they which are sown on good ground.”—[Mark 4,] v. 20.¹²

With humble joy the word who hear,
And faithfully retain,
And practise it with zeal sincere
The full reward they gain;
In faith they more and more increase,
In hope and patient love,
Have here their fruit to holiness,
And endless life above.

¹⁰Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:474.

¹¹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:474.

¹²Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:474.

**“Is a candle brought to be put under a bushel,
or under a bed? and not to be set on a
candlestick?”—[Mark 4,] v. 21.¹³**

Truth will not be supprest:
Our faith by works is shown,
Our Saviour openly confest
By all who Christ have known:
Christians as lamps appear,
Light to the world we give;
And if our words they will not hear,
They must behold us live.

**“There is nothing hid which shall not be
manifested &c.”—[Mark 4,] v. 22.¹⁴**

Truth never shuns the light,
The light it loves and spreads:
But well the conscious sons of night
May hide their wicked deeds—
Till that eternal day
Their works and hearts reveal,
And all the secret good display
Which humble saints conceal.

“Take heed what you hear.”—[Mark 4,] v. 24.¹⁵

Lord, if Thou giv’st the hearing ear,
The faith that works by love,
Thy word we cautiously shall hear,
And carefully improve:
Savour of life it then shall be,
Thoughts, words, and actions leaven,
And build us up compleat in Thee,
And give us thrones in heaven.

**“He that hath, to him shall be given.”
—[Mark 4,] v. 25.¹⁶**

¹³Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:475.

¹⁴Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:475.

¹⁵Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:200, NT #283.

¹⁶Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:200, NT #284.

The hope of thy redeeming love
Ah, give me, Saviour, to retain,
To use, and faithfully improve
One talent, till the rest I gain:
On me, if still I clasp thy feet,
Thou wilt bestow the gospel-peace,
And then the righteousness compleat,
And then the crown of righteousness.

**“The kingdom of heaven is as if a man should
cast seed into the ground, and the seed should
spring and grow up he knoweth not how.”**

—[Mark 4,] v. 26, 27.¹⁷

Ye bold t’ explain, describe, define
The progress of the life divine,
Your learned ignorance allow,
And own it grows ye know not how!
No mortal eye the manner sees,
The imperceptible degrees,
By which our Lord conducts his plan,
And brings us to a perfect man.

**“The earth bringeth forth first the blade; then
the ear; after that the full corn in the ear.”**

—[Mark 4,] v. 28.¹⁸

[1.] Thou dost not say, The seed springs up
Into an instantaneous crop;
But waiting long for its return,
We see the blade; the ear; the corn:
The weak; and *then* the stronger grace;
And *after that* full holiness.*

* “So the soul in an *inexplicable manner* brings forth *first* weak graces, *then* stronger, *then* full holiness.” The Revd. Mr. John Wesley’s *Notes on the New Testament*.

¹⁷Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:200–201, NT #285.

¹⁸Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:201, NT ##286–88. Stanzas 2–3 have a vertical line through them, which may be by Charles Wesley.

2. Thou then the fond delusion stop
Of nature's unsupported hope,
Which bids us snatch th' unlabour'd prize,
And into sudden pillars rise
Step o're the cross and work between,
And sleeping dream—"we cannot sin!"

3. Let us with lawful violence strive,
And toil to rest, and die to live,
Humbly in all thy footsteps go,
From babes to youths and fathers grow,
From faith by just gradation move
Thro' patient hope¹⁹ to perfect love.

"When the fruit is brought forth, immediately he putteth in the sickle, because the harvest is come."—[Mark 4,] v. 29.²⁰

When a saint is quite mature,
And fully sav'd by grace,
Pure in heart as God is pure;
His God no longer stays:
He who sow'd the harvest reaps,
Removes the fruit to paradise,
There the perfect spirits keeps,
Till all to judgment rise.

"Whereunto shall we liken the kingdom of God, or with what comparison shall we compare it?"—[Mark 4,] v. 30.²¹

No turns of eloquence He seeks,
Or flowing ornaments of phrase,
But truth in apt expressions speaks,
T' explain the mysteries of grace,

¹⁹Ori., "faith."

²⁰Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:55.

²¹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:477.

That simple humble men may know
That which the proud and learned miss,
The way to happiness below,
The way to everlasting bliss.

**“It is like a grain of mustard seed, which
when it is sown in the earth, is less than all the
seeds &c.”—[Mark 4,] v. 31, 32.**

[I.]²²

The principle of grace divine
Sown in this earthy heart of mine,
Is humble²³ joy, and heavenly peace,
And true, implanted righteousness:
Though scarce discernible the grain,
It doth the tree of life contain,
The purity of saints above,
And all the powers of perfect love.

**[“It is like a grain of mustard seed, which
when it is sown in the earth, is less than all the
seeds &c.”—Mark 4, v. 31, 32.]**

II.²⁴

When Jesus hath his kingdom sown,
It imperceptibly grows on;
No mention of “a work between,
“Hearts instantaneously made clean,
“The root of sin at once destroy’d,
“The new, imaginary void,^[25]
The Spirit bound by fancied rules,
The church o’rerun with frantic fools!

**[“It is like a grain of mustard seed, which
when it is sown in the earth, is less than all the
seeds &c.”—Mark 4, v. 31, 32.]**

III.²⁵

Lord, when thy love begins to reign,
The kingdom seems the smallest grain,
Deeper into the heart descends,
Appears, and gradually extends,

²²Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:274–75; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:55.

²³Ori., “glorious.”

²⁴Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:55–56.

²⁵Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:56.

Arrives at full maturity,
A seed, a plant, a shrub, a tree;
And when ten thousand storms are past,
Subsists the same from first to last.

**“He spake the word unto them, as they were
able to bear it.”—[Mark 4,] v. 33.²⁶**

- [1.] Saviour, instruct us to declare
Thy word, as every one can bear,
Milk; or strong meat to give,
As every soul hath gain'd from Thee
A large, or small capacity
Thy doctrines to receive.
2. Who the first elements would know,
To these we cannot stoop too low,
Or speak in words too plain,
While step by step we bring them on,
Till all thy saints thro' faith alone
Come to a perfect man.

**“But without a parable spake he not unto
them: and when they were alone, he
expounded all things to his disciples.”
—[Mark 4,] v. 34.²⁷**

- [1.] To men of their own knowledge proud,
In every age the truths of God
As riddles dark appear:
The things in parables conceal'd
From them, are to the poor reveal'd,
The simple and sincere.

²⁶Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:477.

²⁷Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:477–78.

2. The secrets of the Lord are known
To them who follow Christ alone,
 And leave themselves behind,
To sinners who his cross embrace
He shews the mysteries of grace,
 And tells them all his mind.

“There arose a great storm of wind, and the waves beat into the ship, so that it was now full &c.”—[Mark 4,] v. 37, 38.²⁸

- [1.] Who sail with our Lord in the ship,
 Before we arrive at the skies,
Long tost on a perilous deep,
 When storms of affliction arise,
We daily in jeopardy live,
 While sorrow and heaviness seize,
Of death the sad sentence receive,
 And shrink at a gaping abyss.
2. The floods of ungodliness swell,
 The passionate hurricanes roar,
The prince of the air and of hell
 All threaten our souls to devour!
The waves they go over our head,
 The waves they beat into the ship,
O’rwhelm us with horrible dread,
 And whirl us immerst in the deep!
3. O where is our Friend in distress?
 He sleeps, but his heart is awake:
Our danger and trouble he sees,
 His church he will never forsake:

²⁸Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:478–79.

He sleeps, to redouble our prayers,²⁹
Our groans and importunate cries:
And still for his people he cares,
And soon we shall see him arise.

**“And he rose and rebuked the wind, and said
unto the sea, Peace be still: and the wind
ceased, and there was a great calm.”**
—[Mark 4,] v. 39.

[I.]³⁰

- [1.] O Jesus, awake, and be near
A sinner in mercy to save;
I perish, unless Thou appear,
And rescue my soul from the wave:
Assail'd from without and within,
The storm I no longer can bear,
But sink in an ocean of sin,
But plunge in a gulph of despair.
2. Arise in the power of thy love,
My turbulent passions to bind,
Temptation and sin to reprove,
And still the tempestuous wind,
The storm in a moment allay,
Pronounce the omnipotent word,
And ocean at once shall obey,
And nature acknowledge her Lord.

**[“And he rose and rebuked the wind, and said
unto the sea, Peace be still: and the wind
ceased, and there was a great calm.”**
—Mark 4, v. 39.]

II.³¹

- [1.] Peace of the tempestuous soul,
Rise, and all our fears controul,
Calmer of the troubled breast,
Bring thy tempted people rest:

²⁹Ori., “eries.”

³⁰Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:479.

³¹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:479–80.

2. In a world of evil tost,
Wilt Thou let thy church be lost?
Can we perish in the deep,
Sink with Jesus in the ship?
3. Waking at our plaintive cry,
Shew our sure salvation nigh,
By the brightness of thy face
Sin, the world, and Satan chase.
4. Nothing can withstand thy will,
Speak, and bid the storm be still,
Then the wind shall cease to roar,
Then the sea shall work no more.
5. Lord, if Thou the tempest chide,
Sin shall suddenly subside,
Man to thy command submit,
Satan fall beneath our feet.
6. Then to perfect peace restor'd
Calm'd by thy almighty word,
All our troubles we outfly,
Reach our haven in the sky.

“Why are ye fearful? how is it that ye have no faith?”—[Mark 4,] v. 40.³²

- [1.] Ask we, now the storm is laid,
Wherefore was my heart afraid?
Lord, with shame the cause I see,
Want of confidence in Thee.
2. But thy love doth not despise
Nature's most imperfect cries,

³²Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:480–81.

Souls o' rewhelm'd with doubts and fears,
Faith which next to none appears.

3. Thou my little faith increase,
Till my last temptations cease,
Till thy goodness I adore
Safe on the eternal shore.

“They feared exceedingly, and said one to another, What manner of man is this, that even the wind and the sea obey him.”

—[Mark 4,] v. 41.³³

- [1.] When the trying hour is past,
Sav'd by miracle at last,
Mindful of the death so near,
Should we not rejoice with fear?
2. Should we not the dread retain,
Talking of the wondrous Man,
Mighty both in deed and word,
Sovereign, universal Lord?
3. Him whom wind and sea obeys,
Him Omnipotent in grace,
Him to worship we agree
God from all eternity.

³³Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:481.

S. Mark V.

**“There met him out of the tombs, a man with
an unclean spirit.”—[Mark 5,] v. 2.¹**

- [1.] A sinner’s heart by lust possest,
Of birds unclean the loathsom nest,
Of fiends the dark abode,
A stinking sepulchre it lies,
While the poor wretch with horror flies
The sight of man and God.
2. Shut up within himself he dwells,
Corruption, rottenness conceals,
Till the Deliverer come:
Tormented then with sudden light,
The slave of hell bewrays his fright,
And rushes from his tomb.
3. Jesus, thy Spirit drags him thence,
Compel’d by thine Omnipotence
He shows himself to Thee,
His putrid heart, his shameful vice
Exposes to thy glorious eyes,
Thou God of purity!

**“Who had his dwelling among the tombs, and
no man could bind him, no not with chains
&c.”—[Mark 5,] v. 3, 4.²**

- [1.] The soul o’r come by vile desires,
When his last spark of grace expires,
Is numbred with the dead,
Buried in a foul body dwells,
And all the rage of passion feels,
By sin and Satan led.

¹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:481–82.

²Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:482.

2. Impatient of controul he flies,
Breaks thro' the strongest sacred ties
 And ranges unconfin'd,
Nor shame, nor conscience can restrain,
Nor all the laws of God and man
 The fiend incarnate bind.

“And always day and night he was in the mountains, and in the tombs, crying, and cutting himself with stones &c.”

—[Mark 5,] v. 5, 6.³

- [1.] Where social virtue never comes,
Among the dead in sin he roams,
 Nor finds a moment's rest,
Tortur'd by contrary desires,
Pride, lust, and rage, he stirs the fires
 The Tophet in his breast.
2. How shall he 'scape the hell within?
Th' intolerable yoke of sin
 How can he break, or bear?
O, let him run our Lord to meet,
And worship at *his* Saviour's feet,
 And cry for mercy there.

“He cried with a loud voice,⁴ What have I to do with thee &c.”—[Mark 5,] v. 7, 8.⁵

- [1.] Yet still the sin to which he cleaves,
Not without violence he leaves,
 And nature's sorest pain;
As dreading to be disposses't,
The fiend he harbours in his breast,
 And hugs the tyrant's chain.
2. But Jesus by a sinner seen
Will never bear the spirit unclean

³Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:482–83.

⁴Ori., “cry.”

⁵Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:483.

Should in his presence stay:
The powerful word he speaks alone,
The demon foul he bids be gone,
And Legion must obey.

“My name is Legion.”—[Mark 5,] v. 9.⁶

Legion the true, infernal name
Of him, who lost to virtuous shame
The slave of passion lives:
A multitude of passions rise,
And fill'd with one, he every vice
Into his heart receives.

**“He besought him much, that he would not
send them away out of the country.”
—[Mark 5,] v. 10.⁷**

With sin we must intirely break,
No truce, or composition seek,
But all occasions fly,
No commerce with our lusts maintain,
Or, when the foe's expel'd, remain
With the temptation nigh.

**“They see him that was possessed, sitting, and
clothed, and in his right mind.”
—[Mark 5,] v. 15.⁸**

See the soul redeem'd indeed,
From his evil habits freed,
See the pardon'd sinner sit
Listening at his Saviour's feet,
Cloth'd with Jesus righteousness,
Fill'd with purity and peace,
To a sober mind restor'd,
One in Spirit with his Lord!

**“They began to pray him to depart out of
their coasts.”—[Mark 5,] v. 17.⁹**

⁶Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:483.

⁷Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:483.

⁸Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:484.

⁹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:484.

Earthly things who counts his gain,
Christ he will not long retain,
If the world is in his heart,
Christ he wishes to depart,
Dreads the grace on sinners shown,
Happy in their God alone,
Lust prefers to love Divine,
Damns his soul, to keep his swine.

**“He that had been possessed, prayed him that
he might be with him.”—[Mark 5,] v. 18.¹⁰**

Blacker far in my own eyes
Than the foulest slaves of vice,
Saviour, I have no pretence
To the place of innocence:
Yet, my God, I humbly pray
Suffer me with Thee to stay,
In thy loving heart t’ abide
Never leave thy wounded side.

**“Go home to thy friends, and tell them how
great things the Lord hath done for thee, and
hath had compassion on thee.”
—[Mark 5,] v. 19.¹¹**

- [1.] Shall I thro’ prudent fear forbear?
Or thankfully his grace declare
 Who hath my sins forgiven?
His grace I will to all proclaim,
That all may praise my Saviour’s name,
 And mount thro’ Him to heaven.
2. Now, Lord, at thy command I go,
And to my friends the wonders show
 Which Thou on me hast shewn:

¹⁰Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:484.

¹¹Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:202–203, NT ##290–91, altered.

Thou hast thy pardning love reveal'd,
The fiend out of my heart expel'd,
And claim'd it for thine own.

3. While thus I testify of Thee,
With genuin, meek humility
Thy confessor inspire,
That all my friends may wake, and fear,
And listen, till Thyself they hear,
And catch the heavenly fire.
4. Didst Thou in me thyself reveal,
That I thy goodness might conceal?
Or boastingly proclaim?
No: but Thou wilt my wisdom be,
And give me true simplicity
To glorify thy name.
5. Wherefore in confidence of grace,
I tell to all the ransom'd race
What Thou for me hast done,
That all the ransom'd race may find
The present Saviour of mankind,
And praise my God alone.

**“He began to publish how great things Jesus
had done for him: and all men did marvel.”**
—[Mark 5,] v. 20.¹²

- [1.] I publish abroad
The great mercy of God
On me, and on multitudes more:
Our souls He hath heal'd,
And the devils expel'd,
That all may admire, and adore.

¹²Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:56.

2. O that all would apply
To our Saviour, and try
What a freedom his Spirit imparts!
He would cast out their sin
By his own coming in,
And eternally reign in their hearts.

**“One of the rulers besought him greatly
And Jesus went with him. And a certain
woman which had an issue of blood twelve
years came.”—[Mark 5,] v. 23, 24, 25.¹³**

Jesus *his* times and moments knows,
When least he seems our prayers to hear,
The mercy which to none he owes
His gracious will doth oft defer;
That following on with patient haste
We all may to his wisdom leave,
And heal'd at first, or heal'd at last
The fulness of his life receive.

**“And had suffered many things of many
physicians, and had spent all that she had, and
was nothing better, but rather grew worse.”
—[Mark 5,] v. 26.¹⁴**

- [1.] A fountain of infectious blood
Hath made my heart and life unclean:
Most loathsom in the sight of God
The dire concupiscence within,
The filthiness of lust and pride,
Of flesh and spirit I bemoan;
And having all physicians tried,
Confess, I can be heal'd by none.
2. A length of years in sin and pain
Have I not rather died than liv'd?

¹³Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:56.

¹⁴Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:485–86.

Yet no relief from means, or men,
Sufferings, or works, have I receiv'd:
My strength is spent, my life is gone,
The last faint spark of hope and grace,
And sunk in deep despair, I own
I am all sin and wickedness.

**“When she had heard of Jesus, came in the
press behind, and touched his garment.”**
—[Mark 5,] v. 27.¹⁵

But lo, at last with joy I hear
Of Jesus, and his wondrous name,
And pressing thro' the croud, draw near
In hope to touch his garment's hem:
Cloth'd with our flesh I Him believe
My spirit with his own to join,
And trust by contact to receive
The virtue of that Man Divine.

**“For she said, If I may but touch his cloaths, I
shall be whole.”**—[Mark 5,] v. 28.¹⁶

That Man, the Surety of our peace,
All power doth in himself contain,
The cure of every soul-disease,
The balm of every grief and pain:
True faith on me if he bestow,
His Spirit then shall make me clean,
The fountain from his side shall flow,
And drain the spring of inbred sin.

**“And straightway the fountain of her blood
was dried up: and she felt in her body &c.”**
—[Mark 5,] v. 29.¹⁷

[1.] The spring of sin is proud self-love;
And if my Lord his blood apply,

¹⁵Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:486.

¹⁶Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:486.

¹⁷Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:487. The last four lines of stanza 2 = *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:203, NT #292, altered.

His blood the evil shall remove,
 His blood shall wholly sanctify;
 Shall first of sin¹⁸ obstruct the course
 In this frail flesh and heart of mine,
 And then dry up corruption's source
 By perfect charity Divine.

2. The plague which all my soul o'respreads
 Jesus can in a moment heal:
 The long delay from me proceeds,
 From mine, and not my Saviour's will:
 O could I touch th' Incarnate God,
 And boldly my Redeemer praise,
 Cur'd by the virtue of his blood,
 The emanation of his grace!

**“Jesus immediately knowing in himself that
 virtue had gone out of him, ... said, Who
 touched my clothes?”¹⁹—[Mark 5,] v. 30.²⁰**

Wisdom himself surpriz'd would be
 (If man his Maker could surprize)
 At confident humility,
 Which secretly to Christ applies:
 Where'er it apprehends its Lord,
 He knows the soul no longer pain'd;
 The conscious sinner is restor'd,
 The Saviour by a touch is gain'd.

**“His disciples said unto him, Thou seest the
 multitude thronging thee, and sayest thou,
 Who touched me?”—[Mark 5,] v. 31.²¹**

What crouds, O Lord, thy name profess,
 Nor know their sinful malady!
 On Thee in vain they throng and press,
 Who never touch, or cleave to Thee:

¹⁸Ori., “Of sin shall first” changed to “Shall first of sin.”

¹⁹Ori., “cloths”; an error.

²⁰Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:487.

²¹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:487–88.

Thou singlest out the soul sincere,
That comes behind, thy grace to prove,
That seeks abash'd, with speechless fear
And humble faith, thy healing love.

**“But the woman fearing and trembling,
knowing what was done in her, came, and
fell down before him, and told him all the
truth.”—[Mark 5,] v. 33.²²**

Self-diffidence may souls abase,
And blind to their own virtues make,
The humble, trembling sons of grace
Faith for presumption may mistake:
But Christ delights in faith's excess,
He smiles to see the prostrate soul,
To hear the heal'd with awe confess
The confidence which made them whole.

**“And he said unto her, Daughter, thy faith
hath made thee whole; go in peace, and be
whole of thy plague.”—[Mark 5,] v. 34.²³**

When Jesus hath a sinner heal'd,
He will the healing word repeat,
Again confirm the pardon seal'd
To all who tremble at his feet:
“Be heal'd,” he every moment saith,
In effluxes of gracious power,
And while he speaks, we live by faith,
Go on in peace, and sin no more.

**“As soon as Jesus heard the word, he saith
unto the ruler, Be not afraid, only believe.”
—[Mark 5,] v. 36.²⁴**

[1.] At first our wisely silent Lord
Slighted th' afflicted father's prayer,

²²Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:488.

²³Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:488.

²⁴Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:488–89.

Gave him no hopes, or chearing word,
As quite excluded from his care,
He cast his earnest suit aside,²⁵
And to another's cure applied.

2. But when his faith begins to fail
O'repower'd with trials too severe,
Jesus doth by a word dispel
His sad despondency and fear,
Bids him believe from first to last,
And hold his faith and patience fast.
3. Brought to the point, a sinner still,
When ready to receive his cure,
May greater shocks and conflicts feel,
May sorer agonies endure,
As prest above what he can bear,
As faith were conquer'd by despair.
4. But then, in his extreme distress
The long-intreated God will hear,
The sinner's staggering faith increase,
Reveal his great salvation near,
Make all his power and mercy known,
And save his soul by grace alone.

**“He suffered no man to follow him, save
Peter, and James, and John.”**

—[Mark 5,] v. 37.²⁶

Vainest man affects applause,
All his good to man displays;
Jesus from the world withdraws,
Hides his miracles of grace,
Teaches his disciples true
Noise and pomp, like him, to shun,

²⁵Osborn changed this line to read: “He seem'd to cast his suit aside.” He was apparently uncomfortable with the suggestion that Jesus may have ignored the ruler's request.

²⁶Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:489.

Secretly their works to do,
Praise to seek from God alone.

“Why make ye this ado, and weep.”
—[Mark 5,] v. 39.²⁷

Sinners, who bewail your dead,
See from whence your sorrows flow:
If from nature they proceed,
Stop the unavailing woe:
Happy who in Jesus sleep:
Mourn aright, ye noisy croud,
For yourselves, not others, weep,
Foes to Christ, and dead to God.

“They laughed him to scorn.”
—[Mark 5,] v. 40.²⁸

Still the faithless world deride
Jesus and his witnesses,
Us who in his power confide
In his love the dead to raise:
Still their mockings we despise,
Daily, Lord, thy wonders see,
Souls who from their sins arise
Quicken'd by a word from Thee.

“Talitha cumi!”—[Mark 5,] v. 41.²⁹

- [1.] Jesus, I wait the Spirit's power,
Which ever doth from Thee proceed,
(Which did the breathless maid restore,)
To raise my spirit from the dead;
I look continually to prove
The hidden life of holy love.
2. O bid my dead, dead soul arise,
In real holiness renew'd,

²⁷Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:489–90. Ori., “v. 38”; an error.

²⁸Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:490.

²⁹Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:203, NT #293.

O give me back my paradise,
The image and the life of God,
My life, my resurrection be,
And manifest thyself in me.

3. By one almighty word begin
Our life of faith and holiness:
And while we daily die to sin,
Thyself by swift or slow degrees
Diffuse thro' all thy members here,
And then our heavenly³⁰ Head appear.

**“They were astonished with a great
astonishment.”—[Mark 5,] v. 42.³¹**

- [1.] What but Omnipotence can raise
The dead in trespasses and sins?
Jesus, the infidels amaze,
The world by miracles convince,
Thy people call out of their tomb,
And prove, Eternal Life is come.
2. Who now thy living church admire
O may they all our blessings share,
And while Thou dost their souls inspire,
The quickning power of faith declare,
The world's astonishment increase
By a new life of righteousness.

**“He commanded that something should be
given her to eat.”—[Mark 5,] v. 43.³²**

- [1.] The life by miracle restor'd
Must be by common means sustain'd:
But quicken'd by my loving Lord
The life which thro' his grace I gain'd,

³⁰Ori., “Glorious.”

³¹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:491.

³²Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:203–204, NT #294.

Each moment by his grace is fed,
And nourish'd with immortal bread.

2. Whoe'er at thy command impart
The children's bread, the strengthning grace,
Thou, Lord, both food and Feeder art;
Thy Spirit to our souls conveys
Perceiv'd, or unperceiv'd supplies
Of heavenly life that never dies.

S. Mark VI.

**“Many hearing him were astonished, saying,
from whence hath this man these things?”**
—[Mark 6,] v. 2.¹

Th' elude the force of truth severe,
Many admire in vain,
And praise the powerful word they hear,
But cavil at the man.

“Is not this the carpenter &c.”
—[Mark 6,] v. 3.²

The world with spurious wisdom blind
Always reject the true,
Occasion of offence they find
In Him they never knew;
They stumble at his low estate
Who left his throne above,
Humbled himself, to make us great,
And crown us with his love.

**“He could do there no mighty work, save that
he laid his hands upon a few sick folk, and
healed them.”**—[Mark 6,] v. 5.³

Th' ungrateful, unbelieving croud
Tie up the bounteous hands of God,
And stop his saving power;

¹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:492.

²Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:492.

³Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:492.

Yet with the sick of sin he stays,
And every soul that needs his grace
He doth to health restore.

“He marvelled because of their unbelief.”

—[Mark 6,] v. 6.⁴

Thou wond’rest at our unbelief,
That with astonishment and grief
We our own sin may see,
Our incredulity confess,
Ask at thy feet the saving grace,
And faith receive from Thee.

**“He began to send them forth by two and two,
and gave them power over unclean spirits.”**

—[Mark 6,] v. 7.⁵

[1.] Who sends his servants forth by pairs,
To make his power and goodness known,
Thus to their successors declares
That two are better far than one,
And wills the preachers in his name
To think, and speak, and live the same.

2. The force of unity divine
Nor men nor devils can oppose;
If Jesus’ love our spirits join,
We trample on our hellish foes,
And spoil Abaddon of his crown,
And turn his kingdom upside down.

**“He commanded them that they should take
nothing for their journey &c.”**

—[Mark 6,] v. 8.⁶

[1.] True ministers of gospel-grace,
Detatch’d from all the things below,

⁴Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:492.

⁵Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:493.

⁶Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:493.

The cross and poverty embrace,
After the Lamb's Apostles go,
And partners with the Crucified,
They nothing know or seek beside.

2. Strangers to every priestly vice
The world they neither fear, nor love,
They hoard their treasure in the skies,
Fix their desires on things above,
They nothing have, yet all possess,
And fill the earth with heavenly peace.
3. But where alas, may such be found,
Themselves to Christ who wholly give,
Spread the good news to all around,
And only for their Saviour live,
And glad at last their lives lay down
To gain an Apostolic crown!

**“Whosoever shall not receive you nor hear
you, when ye depart thence, shake off the dust
under your feet, for a testimony against them.”**
—[Mark 6,] v. 11.⁷

- [1.] The more a preacher toils to save
Rebellious souls that will not hear,
The sorer punishment they have
Scorners of Jesus' messenger:
And justly their neglected Lord
Deprives them of his slighted word.
2. Nor yet his servant he permits
Vengeance on sinners to require:
The meek Ambassador retreats,

⁷Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:494.

And never calls for heavenly fire,
Suffers without resentment still,
And answers all his Master's will.

**“They went out and preached that men should
repent.”—[Mark 6,] v. 12.⁸**

- [1.] The Baptist, and his heavenly Lord,
The chosen twelve by Jesus sent,
Dispensers of the gospel-word
Began with all mankind Repent,
Before the Lamb was crucified,
After he had for sinners died.
2. Repentance should be preach'd to all:
And who its preachers vilify,
Blind leaders of the blind miscall,
Wisdom himself they dare decry,
Jesus, and his Apostles blame,
Who preach'd repentance in his name.
3. Jesus, thy contrite Spirit shed
On every gospel-messenger,
Give them a voice to rouse the dead;
Let all the sons of thunder hear,
Let all awake to righteousness,
Repent, believe, and go in peace.

**“Herod said, that John the Baptist was risen
from the dead.”—[Mark 6,] v. 14.⁹**

What tho' a Sadducee maintain
The soul doth with its body die,
The infidel believes again,
When conscience wak'd renews her cry:

⁸Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:494.

⁹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:495.

Tormented by the saint opprest,
The¹⁰ tyrant must his judgment feel,
Nor can he in his palace rest
Who bears about him his own hell.

“Herod himself had sent forth, and laid hold upon John, and bound him in prison, for Herodias sake.”—[Mark 6,] v. 17.¹¹

The servant of unbridled lust
Is always cruel and unjust:
His idol, if for blood she cries,
He gluts with human sacrifice;
And left his measure to fulfil,
To persecute the saints and kill,
He rushes on with conscience sear'd,
And murders whom he once rever'd.

**“John had said unto Herod, It is not lawful for thee to have thy brother’s wife.”
—[Mark 6,] v. 18.¹²**

In flattery nurs'd, the lawless great
A man of rigid virtue hate,
Who faithfully the truth declares,
And neither sin nor sinner spares;
Who no respect of persons knows,
No incense on the gods bestows,
And bold rebukes the royal vice,
And martyr'd for his conscience dies.

“Herod feared John &c.”—[Mark 6,] v. 20.¹³

The wicked may thro' pride affect
The good and righteous to respect,
While yet they no disturbance give,
And let them in their passions live:

¹⁰Ori., “Fly.”

¹¹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:495.

¹²Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:495.

¹³Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:495–96.

But if a zealous preacher rise,
And contradict their bosom-vice,
Vengeance his old admirers breathe,
And hurry him to bonds and death.

“When a convenient day was come.”

—[Mark 6,] v. 21.¹⁴

A crime resolv'd upon
Is more than half-compleat,
And who no more occasions shun
Will soon occasions meet:
Who bow to passion's sway
Shall find, from fear releas't,
For sin the most convenient day
Is a licentious feast.

**“When the daughter of Herodias came in,
and danced, and pleased Herod &c.”**

—[Mark 6,] v. 22, 23.¹⁵

[1.] How can a child of God
His innocence maintain,
At feasts assembled with the croud,
Where mirth and pleasures reign;
Where thought and reason yield
To appetite and sense,
Truth for impertinence is held,
And God is banish'd thence?

2. In riotous excess
They with each other vie,
Their irritated passions please,
And modesty defy:
Their joy in sin they seek,
They glory in their shame,
And never of their Maker speak
But to blaspheme his name.

¹⁴Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:496.

¹⁵Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:496.

**“She said unto her mother, What shall I ask?
And she said, The head of John the Baptist.”**
—[Mark 6,] v. 24, 25.¹⁶

[1.] How dire the ball, the feast,
 By its effects we find!
 Passion it wakes in Herod’s breast,
 And strikes his judgment blind,
 It stirs the vengeful rage
 Of the¹⁷ adulterous brood,
 And helps a¹⁸ damsels tender age
 To shed a Prophet’s blood.

2.¹⁹ The sacrilegious Three
 Become in murther one,
 And all the silent guests agree
 To make the crime their own:
 And who approve their deed
 May still with frantic zeal
 For innocent diversions plead,
 And dance, like them, to hell.

**“For his oath’s sake, and for their sakes²⁰
which sat with him, immediately the king
sent an executioner, and commanded his head
to be brought.”**—[Mark 6,] v. 26, 27.²¹

 See the hypocrite profane,
 Satan’s superstitious tool
 God defies thro’ fear of man,
 Dares not let his passion cool,
 Scrupulously he keeps his word;
 (Such the fruit which honour brings!)
 Slays a Prophet of the Lord;
 Such the piety²² of kings!

¹⁶Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:497.

¹⁷Ori., “an.”

¹⁸Ori., “the.”

¹⁹Ori., “3”; an error.

²⁰Ori., “sake”; an error.

²¹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:497.

²²“Piety” has “gratitude” written below it as an alternative.

“And brought his head in a charger, and gave it to the damsel, and the damsel gave it to her mother.”—[Mark 6,] v. 28.²³

- [1.] Can one of the soft, gentle kind,
 With tim'rous bashfulness indued,²⁴
Her joy in hellish murder find,
 A prophet's head that swims in blood
View with unnatural delight,
And feast her vengeance on the sight?
2. Who with the smallest act begin
 May still go on from bad to worse,
Rise to the most gigantic sin,
 The sin his nature most abhors,
And one who can his God forget
Can every other crime commit.

**“When his disciples heard of it, they came, and took up his corps, and laid it in a tomb.”
—[Mark 6,] v. 29.²⁵**

- [1.] The first of saints, the Bridegroom's friend
Doth thus his course of sufferings end,
The Baptist by oppression dies,
An headless trunk the prophet lies,
Till carried from the dungeon's gloom
In silence to his darker tomb.
2. And can we doubt a future day
Which shall the patient saints repay?
The day of man will soon be past,
The Judge of all descend at last,
And souls beneath the altar rise
To brightest thrones above the skies.

²³Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:497–98.

²⁴Ori., “indew'd.”

²⁵Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:498.

**“The Apostles gathered themselves together
unto Jesus, and told him all things, both what
they had done, and what they had taught.”**
—[Mark 6,] v. 30.²⁶

- [1.] Rest succeeding work is sweet,
 (Sweetness to the world unknown)
When we listen at his feet,
 Commune with our Lord alone,
When out of ourselves we fly,
 After all our preaching toil
Gather'd in by Jesus' eye,
 Recompens'd by Jesus' smile.

2. While we in his sight review
 Every deed and word and thought,
Faithfully to him we show
 All that we have done and taught,
Prove our lives and doctrines good,
 Own we have not run in vain,
Then go forth with strength renew'd,
 Preach, and live the word again.

**“Come ye yourselves into a desert place, and
rest a while.”**—[Mark 6,] v. 31.²⁷

A pastor who o'relooks the rest
 Should for his fellow-labourers care,
Nor tempt the weak, by toils opprest,
 With burthens more than they can bear;
He should not urge the strong t' exert
 Their utmost powers with restless zeal,
But weigh their needs with pitying heart,
 And all their nature's weakness feel.

“Jesus saw much people, and was moved

²⁶Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:498–99.

²⁷Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:499.

“with compassion toward them, because they were as sheep not having a shepherd: and he began to teach them many things.”

—[Mark 6,] v. 34.²⁸

[1.] Troops of priests and doctors proud
And Pharisees there be,
But we cannot in the croud
A single shepherd see:
Jesus is the Shepherd good,
And Him they madly cast behind,
Him who offers life and food
To them, and all mankind.

2. Pastors can we them confess
The flock who never feed,
Never by the word of grace
Supply the people’s need?
Thou, O Lord, their need supply,
Who no kind-hearted pastor have,
Millions at the point to die
Thyself instruct, and save.

“Send them away that they may go, and buy themselves bread.”—[Mark 6,] v. 36.²⁹

Send the multitude away?
To whom should sinners go?
Jesus, if with Him they stay,
Will living bread bestow,
Hungry souls th’ immortal meat
May without price or money buy,
Bread, which all who daily eat
Shall never faint, or³⁰ die.

²⁸Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:499–500.

²⁹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:500.

³⁰Ori., “never, never” changed to “never faint, or.”

“They did all eat, and were filled.”

—[Mark 6,] v. 42.³¹

[1.] Many eat, but are not fill'd
With manna from above,
In all outward knowledge skill'd,
Yet destitute of love;
Without faith the word they read,
Without the grace receive the sign,
Take the sacramental bread,
But not the life divine.

2. But if Christ the bread impart,
The grace to each divide,
Every true believer's heart
Is fill'd and satisfied:
Fill'd, we hunger still for love,
For larger tastes of heavenly grace,
Till we share the feast above,
The sight of Jesus' face.

**“He constrained his disciples to get into the
ship: and departed into a mountain to pray.”**

—[Mark 6,] v. 45, 46.³²

Calm retreat and fervent prayer
To labour should succeed,
Every prosper'd messenger
In Jesus' footsteps tread:
If we linger, Lord, behind,
Constrain thy servants to depart,
Bless us with an active mind
And with a praying heart.

“When even was come, the ship was in

³¹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:500.

³²Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:501.

“the midst of the sea, and he alone on³³ the land.”—[Mark 6,] v. 47.³⁴

Jesus, shall I always be
A frail bark amidst the sea,
Labouring against wind and tide
All these storms of life t’ outride,
Tost, and destitute of aid,
Compass round with darkest³⁵ shade,
Yielding to temptation’s power,
Trembling lest the deep devour!

“He saw them toiling in rowing; (for the wind was contrary unto them:) and about the fourth watch of the night he cometh unto them.”—[Mark 6,] v. 48.³⁶

- [1.] Saviour, till thy face I see,
All is contrary to me,
Me whom Thou hast left alone,
Me whose toils to Thee are known:
In this dark tempestuous night
Me Thou keepst still in sight,
Wilt at last dispel the gloom,
Wilt to my deliverance come.
2. Nature cries deliver now!
Nature’s will to thine must bow:
Patience taught by thy delay,
Lo,³⁷ I for thy coming stay,
Wait the leisure of the Lord,
Wait the soul-becalming word,
Hoping against hope believe,
Till my heart its PEACE receive.

³³Ori., “of.”

³⁴Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:501.

³⁵Ori., “deepest.”

³⁶Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:501–502.

³⁷Ori., “Lord.”

“He went up unto them into the ship, and the wind ceased.”—[Mark 6,] v. 51.³⁸

[1.] Jesus present to the heart
Bids our fears and sins depart,
Present with his church He is,
Bids our persecutions cease:
When delusion’s flood runs high,
Let but Jesus speak Tis I,
Error shall to truth give place,
False to real holiness.

2. Enter, Lord, the shatter’d ship;
Sinking now into the deep³⁹
Tost about with every wind,
Rest and Thee we long to find:
Let this storm of error cease,
Let thy church retrieve her peace,
Rescued by thy gracious power
Love, and wonder, and adore.

“They knew him, and ran throughout that whole region round about, and began to carry about in beds those that were sick, where they heard he was.”—[Mark 6,] v. [54,] 55.⁴⁰

[1.] We cannot rest who Jesus know,
Till others know him too,
Till Christ on them his gifts bestow,
On them his wonders shew:
Sinners we bring to Christ where’er
Distemper’d souls we find,

³⁸Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:57.

³⁹Lines 1 and 2 were originally reversed in the manuscript, but Wesley notes in the margin to switch them as shown above.

⁴⁰Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:57–58. Stanza 1 appeared in *Poetical Works*, 10:502.

And wish that all with us may share
The Saviour of mankind.

2. We spread the odour of his name,
His name divinely sweet,
The helpless, sick, and blind, and lame⁴¹
We cast at Jesus feet;
We publish the whole land around
The world's Physician near:
He now in England's church is found;
Come all, and meet him here!

**“They besought him that they might touch if
it were but the border of his garment: and as
many as touched it were made whole.”**
—[Mark 6,] v. 56.⁴²

God as he will his grace bestows
Thro' the external sign:
We touch his sacramental clothes,
And feel the power Divine:
Annex to water or to bread
His Spirit we receive,
And help'd by Christ, and heal'd, and fed
The life of angels⁴³ live.

⁴¹Ori., “cast.”

⁴²Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:502.

⁴³Ori., “~~eternal~~” changed to “of angels.”

S. Mark VII.

“The Pharisees, except they wash their hands oft, eat not. And when they come from the market, except they wash, they eat not.”
—[Mark 7,] v. 3, 4.¹

Let Pharisees affect
External purity,
Thy Spirit, Lord, doth us direct
Frequent to wash in Thee:
Busied with life’s affairs,
We search our inward parts,
And from the filth of worldly cares
Wash, not our hands, but hearts.

“Why walk not thy disciples according to the tradition of the elders, but eat bread with unwashen hands?”—[Mark 7,] v. 5.

[I.]²

Strangers to Jesus and his grace,
The Scribes and Pharisees precise
In outward things religion place,
In trifles scrupulously nice,
Hate the pure wisdom from above,
And quite reject the law of love.

[“Why walk not thy disciples according to the tradition of the elders, but eat bread with unwashen hands?”—Mark 7, v. 5.]

II.³

- [1.] We ought to wash before we eat;
We should our former sins confess,
Who oft have snatch’d th’ unhallow’d meat,
Indulg’d our nature’s greediness,
And feeding without fear or thought
Ungratefully our God forgot.
2. This filth we first should purge away
In Jesus’ all-atoning blood,
For pardon, and his Spirit pray
To bless and sanctify our food,

¹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:3.

²Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:3.

³Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:4.

And then the gifts of God partake
Vouchsaf'd us for our Saviour's sake.

“This people honoureth me with their lips, but their heart is far from me. How but in vain do they worship me teaching for doctrines the commandments of men.”—[Mark 7,] v. 6, 7.⁴

- [1.] What multitudes to God draw near
 In forms devoid of life or power,
Usurp the sacred character,
 Themselves instead of Christ adore!
From self their whole religion flows,
 Their worship is all false and vain,
Who dare on simple souls impose
 The doctrines, rules, and laws of man.
2. Thee, Lord, that I may serve aright,
 Still let my heart approach to Thee,
Find in thy will its whole delight,
 And pant for all thy purity!
The honour which Thou dost require,
 The worship which Thou wilt approve,
Is, following with an heart intire⁵
 The God of holiness and love.

“Laying aside the commandment of God, ye hold the tradition of men, as the washing of pots and cups &c.”—[Mark 7,] v. 8.⁶

Ye shepherds of the Romish fold,
 Who God's express commandments leave,
Yet still your own traditions hold,
 This censure to yourselves receive:

⁴Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:4.

⁵Ori., “heart ~~sincere~~” changed to “an heart intire.”

⁶Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:5.

Bodies ye may, and bells baptize,
Sprinkle with holy drops the crowd,
Your hearts ye will not circumcise,
Or wash your souls in Jesus' blood.

**“Ye suffer him no more to do anything for his
father or his mother &c.”—[Mark 7,] v. 12.⁷**

The gift which our own flesh we owe
If on the temple we bestow,
Tho' meant an offering to the skies,
Tis sacrilege, not sacrifice:
What thro' the hands of parents poor
We gladly should to God restore,
If to the church or priest we give,
God never will thro' them receive.

**“Do ye not perceive that whatsoever thing
from without entreth into the man, cannot
defile him, Because it entreth not into his
heart.”—[Mark 7,] v. 18, 19.⁸**

Yes, by faith's inlighten'd eye
We corruption's fountain see,
For relief to Christ apply,
Bring our evil hearts to Thee:
Jesus, Thou to us hast shown
All this filth of inbred sin:
Heal the plague thro' which we groan,
Cleanse the house by entring in.

**“That which cometh out of the man, that
defileth the man.”—[Mark 7,] v. 20.⁹**

False we must ourselves confess,
If ourselves aright we know:

⁷Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:5.

⁸Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:5.

⁹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:5–6.

All our truth and righteousness
From some other fountain flow:
Jesus, Thou that Fountain art,
Source of grace and purity:
Spread thyself throughout my heart,
Dwell, by perfect love, in me.

**“Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts,
adulteries &c.”—[Mark 7,] v. 21.¹⁰**

Vile, and wretched as the worst,
Saviour, if this heart of mine
Bears not all those fruits accurst,
Thine the praise, and only thine:
What it doth of evil bear
Thou dost patiently endure,
Till thy love the root uptear,
Make mine inmost nature pure.

**“He entred into an house, and would have no
man know it; but he could not be hid.”
—[Mark 7,] v. 24.¹¹**

One possest of Jesus mind
Would fain like Jesus live,
Live the servant of mankind,
But no applause receive;
Would be private and conceal'd,
Till God in him his power display,
Force the humble man to yield,
And shine in open day.

**“A certain woman, whose daughter had an
unclean spirit, heard of him, and came, and
fell at his feet.”—[Mark 7,] v. 25.¹²**

By his tyrannizing sin
The sinner is possest,

¹⁰Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:6.

¹¹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:6.

¹²Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:6.

Harrass'd by a spirit unclean
Which will not let him rest:
This my dreadful case I own:
But tortur'd by the fiend impure,
Jesus, at thy feet I groan,
And here expect a cure.

“Jesus said unto her, It is not meet to take the children’s bread, and to cast it unto the dogs.”
—[Mark 7,] v. 27.¹³

Those whom most the Saviour loves
To succour he delays,
Long their faith and patience proves,
And tries their utmost grace,
Seems to disregard their prayers,
Treats with rigorousness extreme;
Thus his favourites he prepares
For all that is in Him.

“She answered, Yes, Lord: yet the dogs under the table eat of the children’s crumbs.”
—[Mark 7,] v. 28.¹⁴

A poor, worthless penitent,
Saviour, behold in me!
Justly treated I consent
To be reproach'd by Thee:
Viler than the beasts am I;
Yet hungry for celestial food,
At thy wounded feet I lie,
The purchase of thy blood.

“He said unto her, For this saying go thy way, the devil is gone out of thy daughter.”
—[Mark 7,] v. 29.¹⁵

¹³Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:58.

¹⁴Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:7.

¹⁵Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:7.

Devils must at Christ's command
Out of the soul remove:
Christ himself will not withstand
Our humble faith and love:
Lord, thou dost on sinners still
Our humble faith and love bestow,
Then the saving promise seal,
And all thy mercy show.

**“Departing from the coasts of Tyre and Sidon,
he came unto the sea of Galilee, through the
midst of the coasts of Decapolis.”**

—[Mark 7,] v. 31.¹⁶

- [1.] We see not why the Man Divine
One country for another leaves,
He only knows his own design
Who no account to sinners gives,
Who nothing to the creature owes,
But where he will his gifts bestows.
2. He holds us thus in humble fear
Lest we his gracious presence lose,
Instructs us to detain him here,
His gifts and benefits to use,
And profit by his gospel-word,
And keep, by walking with, our Lord.

**“They bring unto him one that was deaf, and
had an impediment in his speech; and they
beseech him to put his hand upon him.”**

—[Mark 7,] v. 32.¹⁷

- [1.] How sad the state of fallen man!
Incapable the truth to hear,
He could not of his fall complain,
Till God did in our flesh appear,

¹⁶Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:7.

¹⁷Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:8.

Who came the deaf and dumb to seek,
Who brings us power to hear, and speak.

2. His hand on us if Jesus lay,
Our cure already is begun,
The stammerer then attempts to pray,
For mercy at his feet we groan,
And while our misery we confess,
We hear him whisper, Go in peace.

“He took him aside from the multitude, and put his fingers into his ears; and he spit, and touched his tongue.”—[Mark 7,] v. 33.¹⁸

Happy whom Jesus takes aside
Far from the unbelieving throng!
His merit thro’ his word applied
Looses the speechless sinner’s tongue,
Opens the heart to hear his voice,
And in a pardning God rejoice.

**“And looking up to heaven he sighed, and saith unto him Ephphatha &c.”
—[Mark 7,] v. 34, 35.¹⁹**

- [1.] O Saviour, let thy pitying love,
Thy ceaseless efficacious prayer
This bar of unbelief remove,
That we thy goodness may declare,
Open our lips thy name to bless,
And bold before the world confess.
2. Loos’d by thy powerful Ephphatha
Thy witnesses their Lord adore,
In everything give thanks and pray,
Exult and triumph evermore,
And numbred with the children, I
Distinctly Abba Father cry.

¹⁸Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:8.

¹⁹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:8–9.

“He charged them that they should tell no man: but the more he charged them, so much the more a great deal they published it.”
—[Mark 7,] v. 36.²⁰

- [1.] They did not keep thy charge injoin'd,
Yet didst Thou not command in vain,
If copying out thy lowly mind,
Jesus, we shun th' applause of man,
And lab'ring to do all things well
Our goodness from the world conceal.
2. Our goodness is not ours, but thine:
O may we all the praise disclaim,
Th' admiring multitude decline,
And wrapt in humble fear and shame
Remain unnotic'd and unknown,
That God may be extol'd alone.

“They were beyond measure astonished, saying, he hath done all things well: he maketh both the deaf to hear, and the dumb to speak.”—[Mark 7,] v. 37.²¹

- [1.] Made capable thro' Jesus word
The quickning²² voice of God to hear,
To praise him by all heaven ador'd,
His person and his character
We testify in Christ exprest,
And bear his image in our breast.
2. Jesus, the Patron of mankind
With fixt astonishment we praise,
The end of all his wonders find,
His works are miracles of grace,

²⁰Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:9.

²¹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:9–10.

²²Ori., “glorious.”

His power in acts of mercy shew'd
Only intends his creature's good.

3. The deaf, we to his voice attend,
 "Be sav'd; be perfected; come up!"
The dumb in rapt'rous hymns ascend,
 And shouting gain the mountain-top,
In songs of pure Seraphic joy
A blest eternity t' employ.²³

S. Mark VIII.

"I have compassion on the multitude, because they have now been with me three days, and have nothing to eat &c."—[Mark 8,] v. 2, 3.¹

- [1.] Still with bowels of compassion,
 Jesus, thy disciples see,
Hungring after thy salvation,
 Perishing for want of Thee,
Thee, the Bread come down from heaven,
 Thee the true Angelic Food,
Manna to thy people given,
 Life, and Plenitude of God.
2. Sin's immeasurable distance
 God and us no longer parts:
By thy merciful assistance
 Lo, we bring to Thee our hearts:
Empty, while thy love is wanting,
 For thine only love we pine
Feed us, Lord, distrest and fainting,
 Be our Sustenance divine.
3. If we in thy grace have tasted
 That imperishable Bread,

²³Lines 5 and 6 were originally reversed in the manuscript, but Wesley notes in the margin to switch them as shown above.

¹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:10–11.

All our former strength is wasted,
Fresh supplies, Thou knowst, we need:
Lord, we can hold out no longer,
Cannot live without thy love:
Wilt thou let us die for hunger,
Ere² we reach our home above?

4. Comfort though Thou dost not give us
On the first, or second day,
Thou wilt on the third relieve us,
Us who for thy blessing stay;
Patient, poor, and persevering,
Hungry if we still abide,
We shall at thy late appearing
All be fill'd, and satisfied.

**“From whence can a man satisfy these men
with bread here in the wilderness?”**

—[Mark 8,] v. 4.³

In this barren wilderness
By the good Shepherd led,
Having Christ we all possess,
And nothing more can need:
Thou art all good things in one,
And dost for every soul suffice;
Find we in thy love alone
The life of paradise.

“He gave to his disciples to set before them.”

—[Mark 8,] v. 6.⁴

Lord, on Thee thy people wait
Thy blessing to receive,
Thou dost still communicate
The bread by which we live,

²Ori., “E'er”; but clearly used in sense of “before.”

³Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:11.

⁴Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:11–12.

Dost to ministers impart
The grace we thro' their hands obtain;
All thou hast, and all thou art,
Thou hast and art for man.

**“And they had a few small fishes; and he
blessed and commanded to set them also
before them.”—[Mark 8,] v. 7.⁵**

Jesus multiplies to give,
But man t' ingross and hoard:
Shall we not with thanks receive
The bounty of our Lord?
Riches, Lord, thou dost not bless,
But things by which the poor are fed:
Happy who therewith possess
The everlasting Bread!

**“So they did eat and were filled.”
—[Mark 8,] v. 8.⁶**

When in Jesus' name we pray,
And bless our daily food,
Jesus doth the power convey
Which makes the creatures good;
He the secret grace reveals
Which never cloys, yet satisfies,
He our hearts with gladness fills,
And lifts them to the skies.

**“The Pharisees came forth, and began to
question with him, seeking of him a sign from
heaven.”—[Mark 8,] v. 11.⁷**

[1.] No proofs will for the men suffice
Who shut against the light their eyes,
Who seek occasion from his word
T' oppose and contradict their Lord,

⁵Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:12.

⁶Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:12.

⁷Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:12–13.

The scriptures search but to pervert,
And harden more their faithless heart.

2. Because they will not understand
Thy truth, they miracles demand,
The hand Divine refuse to see,
And still insist “how can it be?”^[9]
And when the Comforter *is* given,
They disbelieve the sign from heaven.

**“He sighed deeply in his spirit and said, Why
doth this generation seek after a sign?”**

—[Mark 8,] v. 12.⁸

When the captious Pharisee⁹
Asks¹⁰ a fresh, unneeded sign,
We can only sigh like Thee
Touch’d with sympathy divine!
Lord, increase our loving grief,
Hear us for th’ opposers pray,
Help their wilful unbelief,
Take their stony heart away.

**“He left them, and entring into the ship again,
departed to the other side.”—[Mark 8,] v. 13.¹¹**

Christ no farther effort makes
Men to teach who will not see,
Harden’d infidels forsakes
In their infidelity:
Passing to the other side,
When he gives the sinner o’re,
Parted by the gulph of pride
God and man can meet no more.

“The disciples had forgotten to take bread.”

—[Mark 8,] v. 14.¹²

Happy thy faithful followers, Lord,
Who slight the body’s need,

⁸Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:13.

⁹Ori., “Pharisees.”

¹⁰Ori., “Ask.”

¹¹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:13.

¹²Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:13.

And tasting the true heavenly word
Forget their daily bread:
Thou wilt from thence occasion take
To teach them truths unknown,
And every thing subservient make
For perfecting thine own.

**“They reasoned among themselves, saying, It
is because we have no bread.”**

—[Mark 8,] v. 16.¹³

From spiritual to sensual good
By nature's weight we slide,
Till sav'd and perfectly renew'd
In Jesus we abide:
From sensible injoyments then
To spiritual we soar,
And never sink in flesh again,
And think of earth no more.

**“Why reason ye because ye have no bread?
perceive ye not yet, neither understand?”**

—[Mark 8,] v. 17.¹⁴

- [1.] On whom doth Jesus' censure fall?
On you who Providence forget,
Anxious for life, as life were all,
Lab'ring for perishable meat,
Who murmur at your scanty store,
Or in abundance grasp at more.
2. Doubting your heavenly Father's care,
So oft in your support employ'd,
Blinder than infidels ye are,
Of faith, of understanding void,
Gro'ling on earth your spirits lie,
And stupid as the beasts that die.

¹³Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:14.

¹⁴Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:14.

**“Having eyes, see ye not? and having ears,
hear ye not? and do ye not remember?”**
—[Mark 8,] v. 18.¹⁵

- [1.] Worldlings, ye may, but will not see,
 Ye will not hear the Truth, and know
 That all on earth is vanity,
 While heaping up your wealth below,
 Ye quite forget that coming day
 When earth and heaven shall flee away.
2. Ye will not bear it in your mind
 That God can all your riches blast,
 Scatter as chaff before the wind,
 And driven from his face at last
 Confine you to the burning pool,
 With not a drop your tongue to cool.

“How is it, that ye do not understand?”
—[Mark 8,] v. 21.¹⁶

- [1.] How dark the night which sin hath spread
 O’re every heart and mind of man!
 Thy blessings, Lord, we will not heed,
 Thy benefits pour’d out in vain,
 Thy works with careless eye we view,
 And wonders every moment new.
2. Surrounded by thy power and love,
 We will not see th’ Almighty’s hand,
 Unless thy grace the clouds remove,
 And teach our hearts to understand,
 And give us in thy light to see
 The fulness of our God in Thee.

**“They bring a blind man to him, and besought
him to touch him.”**—[Mark 8,] v. 22.¹⁷

- [1.] Blind to ourselves, by nature we,
 Blind to the things of God, were born;

¹⁵Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:14–15.

¹⁶Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:15.

¹⁷Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:15–16.

When God assum'd humanity,
Our darkness into light to turn,
He touch'd our nature with his own,
And made them in his Person one.

2. He to the conscious soul of man
Still condescends himself t' unite,
Broods o're the dark abyss again,
And sighing saith "Let there be light!
"Open thine eyes of faith, and see
"Thy God incarnated in Me."^[19]
3. O Jesus, after Thee I feel,
To Thee present my blindfold heart;
Touch by thy grace invisible,
And bid these scales of sin depart:
Till Thou mine unbelief remove,
I cannot see, that God is Love.

"He took the blind man by the hand, and led him out of the town &c."—[Mark 8,] v. 23.

[I.]¹⁸

Out of the croud He first must take,
Before his grace he show:
Sinner, the busy world forsake,
And with thy Saviour go:
Then shall the God of pardning love
Bid all thy sin depart,
And by a sovereign touch remove
The blindness of thy heart.

["He took the blind man by the hand, and led him out of the town &c."—Mark 8, v. 23.]

II.¹⁹

- [1.] Me by the hand thy grace hath took,
Kind Leader of a sinner blind,
Thro' Thee I have the world forsook,
And wait thy healing touch to find,

¹⁸Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:204, NT #295.

¹⁹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:16.

That when thou dost my sight restore,
My faith may wonder and adore.

2. Thy hand upon thy creature lay,
The Spirit of thy powerful love,
Mould as thou wilt the passive clay;
Jesus, in whom I live, and move,
Apply thine own balsamic blood,
And show my heart the pardning God.

“He looked up and said, I see men as trees walking.”—[Mark 8,] v. 24.²⁰

- [1.] Thy previous grace, which now I feel,
To me mine unbelief hath shown,
Hath made my darkness visible;
And joyful in its cure begun,
A glimmering light my spirit sees,
And man beholds as walking trees.
2. As walking in a shadow vain
A world of sinners I perceive;
Joy they pursue, and sorrow gain,
In ignorance, like mine, they live,
Till justice stern the axe apply,
And then they fade, they fall, they die!

**“After that he put his hands again upon his eyes, and made him look up, and he was restored: and saw every man clearly.”
—[Mark 8,] v. 25.²¹**

- [1.] O Saviour touch mine eyes again;
Heal'd by the eye-salve of thy grace,
I then shall see both God and man
Express in my Redeemer's face,
And comprehend the mystery,
And all things know by knowing Thee.

²⁰Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:16–17.

²¹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:17.

2. My heart anoint and purify,
That Thee I may behold below,
With spiritual, discerning eye
Thy works, thy will, thy people know,
And look the whole creation thro',
Till Thee I in thy glory view.

**“He sent him away to his house, saying,
Neither go into the town, nor tell it to any in
the town.”—[Mark 8,] v. 26.²²**

- [1.] A sinner blind, to sight restor'd,
Should first into himself retreat,
Maintain communion with his Lord,
And muse, and wonder at his feet,
In silent love on Jesus gaze,
And ask a deeper root of grace.
2. A soul that hath the truth receiv'd
Far from himself forbears to roam,
Keeps close to Him he hath believ'd,
And taught of God, he dwells at home,
Before he publishes his cure,
Or testifies his pardon sure.
3. *Tell it to none*, is Christ's advice,
But wait till Christ the time declare:
Tell it to all, our nature cries,
And lo, we rush into the snare,
Bereft of all our boasted power,
And tenfold blinder than before.
4. Lord, if thou hast my blindness heal'd,
My soul inlighten'd by thy grace,
Instruct me when to rest conceal'd,
And when thy goodness to confess,

²²Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:58–59.

With humble thankfulness to own
The work, the praise, is all thine own.

“By the way he asked his disciples, Whom do men say that I am?”—[Mark 8,] v. 27.²³

- [1.] Christ of himself, and Christ alone,
Can without peril speak:
We speak to magnify our own,
Ourselves not God we seek;
We plainly show our heart's desire
Our curious vanity,
Who listning after fame, inquire
What say the world of *me*?
2. But rather what of Christ they say
Let us desire to know,
And talk of Jesus by the way,
And Jesus' Godhead show:
Th' Anointed of the Lord Thou art;
The unction of thy grace
To me, to all thy church impart,
To all our ransom'd race.

“He charged them that they should tell no man of him.”—[Mark 8,] v. 30.

[I.]²⁴

Jesus would be declar'd to none
Before th' appointed day,
But we impatient to be known,
Vainly ourselves display:
The season due to testify
Our nature cannot find:
But who on Jesus grace rely
Shall know *his* time and mind.

²³Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:17–18.

²⁴Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:59.

["He charged them that they should tell no man of him."—Mark 8, v. 30.]

II.²⁵

Himself must first at Pilate's bar
His Godhead testify,
And bold in death the truth declare
Which all his foes deny:
He thus for us obtains the power
Our Saviour to proclaim,
And publish in the chosen hour
Th' Almighty Jesus name.

"When he had called the people unto him with his disciples also, he said unto them, Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me."
—[Mark 8,] v. 34.²⁶

- [1.] Jesus no exception leaves,
Our self-denying Lord
Calls the multitude, and gives
The universal word:
What to them the Saviour spoke
Doth every age and nation bind,
Lays alike the sacred yoke
On us, and all mankind.
2. Ministers and people too
Must now themselves forsake,
Keep the Crucified in view,
And Jesus' cross partake,
Daily in his footsteps tread,
His sacrificial Spirit breathe,
Till like him they bow their head,
And die their latest death.
3. Lord, if Thou the grace supply,
And mark me with thy name,

²⁵Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:59.

²⁶Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:18–19.

I shall still renounce, deny
Whate'er I have or am;
Judgment, memory, mind, and will,
The Adam old, oppos'd to Thee,
Thou, my heavenly Adam, kill,
And live alone in me.

**“Whosoever shall lose his life for my sake
and the gospel’s, the same shall save it.”**
—[Mark 8,] v. 35.

[I.]²⁷

What but the love of truth and Thee
From nature’s love can set me free,
The just contempt of life bestow,
Of all the goods and ills below?
Saviour, infuse into my heart
The grace with all for Thee to part,
And lo, I cheerfully resign
My life, to find it hid in thine!

**[“Whosoever shall lose his life for my sake
and the gospel’s, the same shall save it.”**
—Mark 8, v. 35.]

II.²⁸

Regardless of the tyrant’s frown,
The witnesses their lives laid down,
Tortures and death they dar’d despise,
And gain’d at once the glorious prize:
But proof of stronger faith we give,
While dead to life’s delights we *live*,
And still for Thee ourselves deny,
And still a thousand deaths we die.

**“What shall it profit a man, if he gain the
whole world, and lose his own soul?”**
—[Mark 8,] v. 36.²⁹

Ere³⁰ the righteous Judge appear,
Sinner, count thy mournful gains,

²⁷Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:19.

²⁸Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:19.

²⁹Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:204, NT #296.

³⁰Ori., “E’er”; but clearly used in sense of “before.”

Momentary pleasures here
 Purchas'd with eternal pains!
 When thy soul the³¹ body leaves,
 Where is its felicity?
 When the pit thy soul receives,
 What is all the world to thee?

S. Mark IX.

**“There be some of them that stand here,
 which shall not taste of death, till they have
 seen the kingdom of God come with power.”**
 —[Mark 9,] v. 1.¹

- [1.] Of every promis'd good our Lord
 To man vouchsafes an earnest here,
 And Tabor doth a glimpse afford
 Of what on Zion shall appear,
 A glimmering of that brightest day,
 When Jesus shall his power assume,
 His glorious majesty display,
 And rob'd in light to judgment come.
2. Jesus, before he sheds his blood,
 A foretaste of his glory gives,
 Appears the true, eternal God,
 Our faith confirms, our hope revives:
 That sweet anticipated sight
 Takes off the scandal of his² cross,
 And arms our souls with love, and might,
 And zeal to die in Jesus cause.

**“After six days Jesus taketh with him Peter
 &c.”—[Mark 9,] v. 2.³** +⁴

- [1.] When six great days of God are past
 (Which man computes six thousand years)

³¹Ori., “its.”

¹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:20.

²Ori., “the.”

³Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:20–21.

⁴This is the first case in MS Mark where a “+” is placed in the margin next to a hymn. These marks were likely made by John Wesley, when he read through the volume after Charles Wesley’s death, since similar marks in MS Matthew correlate with hymns that John soon began publishing in the *Arminian Magazine*. We will reproduce all such “+” signs in this volume.

Th' eternal Rest begins at last,
And Christ with all his saints appears!
The members in pure light array'd
On that celestial mountain meet,
And fashion'd like their dazling Head
Make the triumphant Church compleat.

2. Thou City of the living God,
Mother and Church of the first-born,
Jerusalem, the saints abode,
To Thee we languish to return,
To put our glorious Saviour on,
Illustrious with his lustre shine,
Clear as the everlasting Sun,
And pure as Purity Divine.

“His raiment became shining &c.”
—[Mark 9,] v. 3.⁵

The image of the earthy now,
The death we in our bodies bear,
And daily on his cross we bow,
The kingdom of our Lord to share;
The image of the heavenly Man
Our bodies, spiritual as his,
In that sabbatic day shall gain,
With fulness of immortal bliss.

**“There appeared unto them Elias with Moses:
and they were talking with Jesus.”**
—[Mark 9,] v. 4.⁶

Who Moses and the prophets hear,
And Christ the Sum of all receive,
Transfigur'd shall with Christ appear,
With Him in light and glory live,
Obtain a never-fading crown,
Inraptur'd on their Saviour gaze,

⁵Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:21.

⁶Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:21.

Forever by his side sit down,
And talk with Jesus face to face.

**“Master, it is good for us to be here, and let
us make three tabernacles &c.”**

—[Mark 9,] v. 5.⁷

[1.] When Christ doth to the soul appear,
How good, how pleasant to be here!
Eternal life in Him we know,
And paradise regain'd below:
But if on earth so sweet it is
A drop of that celestial bliss,
What will his saints injoy above
In the full ocean of his love!

2. Happy who in his house abide,
Inroll'd among the glorified!
They tell the riches of his grace,
They sing in extasy of praise,⁸
“How good for us thy joy to gain,
“And sharers of thy kingdom reign,
“To cast our crowns before thy throne,
“One with our Head, forever one!^[9]

**“He wist not what to say, for they were sore
afraid.”—[Mark 9,] v. 6.⁹**

What endless scenes of wonder rise,
And strike with rapturous surprize,
When Jesus face to face we see
In all his pomp and majesty!
Angels adore the King of kings,
Their faces shadowing with their wings,
And saints th' o'repow'ring Vision prove
In deepest awe of speechless love!

⁷Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:21–22.

⁸Ori., “*grace*.”

⁹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:22.

**“There was a cloud that overshadowed them,
and a voice came out of the cloud, saying, This
is my beloved Son: hear him.”**

—[Mark 9,] v. 7.¹⁰

- [1.] Surrounded with the golden¹¹ blaze,
Hid in the secret of his face,
Receiv'd within the lucid cloud,
Caught to the bosom of our God,
A voice shall bless us from the throne,
“This is my well-beloved Son,
“Th’ essential Truth, and Life Divine,
“Thro’ everlasting ages thine.^{12]}
2. Faithful and good, thy Saviour hear,
And seeing live, all eye, all ear,
Hear him, and let thy joys abound,
And fall transported at the sound,
The utmost powers of music prove,
Be fed, be feasted, with his love,
And while eternity glides on,
Thy banquet is but just begun.

**“They saw no man any more, save Jesus only
with themselves.”—[Mark 9,] v. 8.¹²**

Tis there the law is void at last,
The prophecies fulfill'd and past,
Myst'ries and ministries are o're,
And God in scripture speaks no more:
Contemplating their Lord alone,
All things the church possess in one,
Injoy the blisful plenitude
Of God in Christ, and Christ in God.

**“He charged them that they should tell no
man what things they had seen, till the Son of
man was risen from the dead.”**

—[Mark 9,] v. 9.¹³

¹⁰Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:22.

¹¹Ori., “glorious.”

¹²Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:23.

¹³Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:23.

- [1.] Wisdom we gain, O Lord, from Thee,
Nor at all times to all declare
The truths which yet they cannot see,
Which young in grace they cannot bear;
The word we to the state adjust,
And learn in what degree to trust.
2. To all the twelve Thou wou'dst not show
The sight Thou didst to three reveal,
That we may times and persons¹⁴ know,
Thy myst'ries with discretion tell,
Tell every partner of thy pain
They, only they with Thee shall reign.

**“They kept that saying with themselves,
questioning what the rising from the dead
should mean.”—[Mark 9,] v. 10.¹⁵**

The preachers should forbear to speak
Of truths and mysteries unknown,
Till whom in fervent prayer they seek
They find the Comforter sent down,
To teach their hearts th' unfolded word,
And witness of their living Lord.

“Bring him unto me.”—[Mark 9,] v. 19.¹⁶

Possest by sin, the world, and hell
My kindred, Lord, I see,
And bring the souls Thou lov'st so well
In fervent prayer to Thee:
Thou canst, thou wilt (I dare not doubt)
Th' indwelling demons chase,
I trust thy power to cast them out,
I trust thy pardning grace.

**“All things are possible to him that believeth.”
—[Mark 9,] v. 23.¹⁷**

¹⁴Ori., “seas[ons].”

¹⁵Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:60.

¹⁶Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:23.

¹⁷Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:204, NT #297, altered.

But is it possible that I
 Should live and sin no more?
 Lord, if on Thee I dare rely,
 The faith shall bring the power:
 On me that faith divine bestow
 Which mountains doth remove,
 And all my sinless soul shall show
 Th' omnipotence of love.

“Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief.”
 —[Mark 9,] v. 24.

[I.]¹⁸

- [1.] Lord, I at times in Thee believe,
 But soon my faith and courage fails,
 Thy power no longer I receive,
 And Amalek again prevails:
 Sinking, to Thee for help I cry,
 My desperate unbelief remove,
 And give me always to rely
 On thine eternal truth and love.
2. My darkness by thy light I see,
 Mine unbelief by faith I know;
 Yet still the mount abides on me;
 But shall before thy presence flow:
 I count thee to thy promise just,
 I wait to prove thine utmost word,
 I then shall every moment trust
 Shall every moment please my Lord.

["Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief."]
 —Mark 9, v. 24.]

II.¹⁹

- [1.] Lord, I believe thou *wilt* forgive;
 But help me to believe thou *dost*:
 The answer of thy promise give
 Wherein thou causest me to trust,
 The gospel-faith divine impart
 Which seals my pardon on my heart.

¹⁸Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:24.

¹⁹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:24–25. Stanza 1 = *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:205, NT

2. I do believe thy blood was spilt
 To make my heart and nature clean:
But help me to believe thou wilt
 This moment save me from my sin,
Preserve me every moment thine
A vessel pure of love divine.
3. O that I could with all my heart
 Intirely trust thy gracious power,
To make and keep me as thou art,
 To bid me go and sin no more,
No more in word or thought transgress,
But live and die in perfect peace.
4. Thou wilt this secret bar remove:
 But will my God remove it now?
How can I doubt the God of love?
 The God of truth and wisdom Thou
Shalt in thine own appointed day
Take all this unbelief away.
5. Here then in vehement hope I rest,
 Nor put thee off, nor urge thee on:
The secret lies within thy breast,
 Thy time and work to Thee are known,
And I shall in due season prove
That faith fill'd up is perfect love.

“I charge thee come out of him, and enter no more into him.”—[Mark 9,] v. 25.²⁰

- [1.] Jesus omnipotent to heal,
 Thine utmost power exert,
And for thy mercy sake expel
 The fiend out of my heart:
Tormented by this spirit unclean
For help divine I groan,

²⁰Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:25–26. This is adapted from *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:205, NT #299.

This Belial of indwelling sin
Will yield to God alone.

2. But if I can believe in Thee
My kind almighty Lord,
Impossibilities shall be
Accomplish'd by thy word:
I do imperfectly believe:
Do thou my doubts remove,
And help my weakness to receive
The holiness of love.
3. The same in every age thou art,
Replete with grace and power;
Command the demon to depart,
And never enter more,
And never more pollute my breast
Disburthen'd of its load,
By perfect Purity possest,
Forever fill'd with God.

“Jesus took him by the hand, and lifted him up, and he arose.”—[Mark 9,] v. 27.²¹

Saviour, extend thy hand of grace
A feeble, helpless soul to raise,
Who from the fiend's oppression freed
Still lie before thy feet as dead:
O might I feel the touch Divine,
And live by faith intirely thine,
And never act, and never move
Without the conduct of thy love!

**“If any man desire to be first, the same shall be last of all, and servant of all.”
—[Mark 9,] v. 35.²²**

²¹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:26–27.

²²Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:27.

Waiting at his Saviour's feet,
Till Jesus bids him rise,
He alone is truly great
Who greatness dares despise,
Courts the dignity supreme
Obedient to his Master's call,
Seeks the praise that comes from Him
By ministering to all.

“He took a child &c.”—[Mark 9,] v. 36.²³

Who would not eagerly desire
That envied infant's place?
Jesus, I to thine arms aspire,
And pant for thy embrace:
My ruin'd innocence re-give,
My lost simplicity,
And then with arms of love receive
A little child in me.

**“We forbid him, because he followeth not
with us.”—[Mark 9,] v. 38.²⁴**

- [1.] How oft beneath a shew of zeal
Our secret jealousies we hide,
Our nature's selfish ends conceal,
And say, Let God be glorified!
And steal the honours of his name,
To raise our own, or party's fame!
2. The preacher vehemently requires
That souls should follow Christ alone,
Yet oft unconsciously desires
That crouds should to *his* doctrine run,
After himself disciples draws,
And subt'ly seeks his own applause.

“Ye belong to Christ.”—[Mark 9,] v. 41.²⁵

Jesus, I belong to Thee,
Challenge thy own property,

²³Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:27.

²⁴Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:27–28.

²⁵Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:205, NT #300, altered.

Made, and bought by love Divine
 Thine I am, and doubly thine:
 Lest thro' me Thou suffer loss,
 Nail me to thy bleeding cross;
 Farther to secure thine own,
 Make me partners of thy²⁶ throne.

**“It is better for thee to enter into life maimed,
 than having two hands, to go into hell.”**
 —[Mark 9,] v. 43.²⁷

Sinner, in love with guilty joys,
 Compute while here thy final gain,
 The pleasure of a moment poize
 With an eternity of pain:
 And if in love with hell thou art,
 Persist thy lusts to gratify,
 Refuse with a right hand to part,
 And chuse the second death to²⁸ die.

**“Their worm dieth not, and the fire is not
 quenched.”**—[Mark 9,] v. 44.²⁹

+

The word his sacred lips hath past!
 And shall I trust th' infernal liar,
 Who whispers soft “But God at last
 [“Will kill the worm, and quench the fire!”
 Get thee behind me, fiend, say I,
 Thine eloquence on others try,
 Who, if they listen to thy tale,
 Shall prove the loudest laugh of hell.

**“Their worm dieth not, and the fire is not
 quenched.”**—[Mark 9,] v. 46.³⁰

Great Judge and Lawgiver supreme,
 Shall man thine attributes deny,
 Thy sovereign righteousness blaspheme,
 Or give thine awful truth the lie?

²⁶Ori., “Fix me on thy glorious.” Wesley then began to change to “Take me.” He finally changed to “Make me partners of thy.”

²⁷Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:28.

²⁸Ori., “self-destroy'd forever” changed to “chuse the second death to.”

²⁹Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:205–206, NT #301.

³⁰Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:206, NT #302.

With reason's line we cannot prove
Thy judgments infinite abyss,
But trust t' inherit thro' thy love
A whole eternity of bliss.

“Their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.”—[Mark 9,] v. 48.³¹

+

Thrice solemn, thrice repeated word
For all who at thy bar are cast!
Most merciful, most righteous Lord,
Thy justice as thy grace shall last:
But all that now invoke thy name,
That trust thy bleeding sacrifice,
Shall flee with us the quenchless flame,
Shall scape the worm which never dies.

“If the salt have lost its savour, wherewith will ye season it?”—[Mark 9,] v. 50.³²

- [1.] I own, alas, my desperate case!
Then, then I lost the salt of grace,
When from the faith I fell:
But can I never be renew'd,
And must the righteous wrath of God
My sure damnation seal?
2. Wherewith shall I be season'd now?
The Advocate of sinners, Thou
To thy own word reply:
Or if thou canst no more forgive,
My doom I at thy feet receive,
And here resolve to die.

³¹Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:206, NT #303.

³²Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:29.

S. Mark X.

**“The Pharisees came to him, and asked him ...
tempting him.”—[Mark 10,] v. 2.¹**

New Pharisees in every place
In every age arise,
And Satan by the captious race
The faithful pastor tries:
They ask insnaring questions still;
But who the Saviour know,
We baffle all the tempter's skill,
And all his host o'rethrow.

**“Suffer the little children to come unto Me.”
—[Mark 10,] v. 14.²**

Jesus, kind inviting Lord,
We with joy obey thy word,
In their earliest infancy
Bring our little ones to Thee:
Born they are, like us, in sin;
Touch th' unconscious lepers clean:
Purchase of thy blood they are;
Save them by thy dying prayer.

“Forbid them not.”—[Mark 10,] v. 14.³

Partisans of a narrow sect,
Your cruelty confess,
Nor still inhumanly reject
Whom Jesus would embrace:
Your little ones preclude them not
From the baptismal flood,
But let them now to Christ be brought,
And join the church of God.

**“Of such is the kingdom of God.”
—[Mark 10,] v. 14.**

[I.]⁴

The church is here with saints supplied
Who childlike innocence regain:

¹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:30.

²Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:206, NT #304.

³Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:60.

⁴Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:206, NT #305.

And every babe that ever died
Shall in thy heavenly kingdom reign.

**["Of such is the kingdom of God."
—Mark 10, v. 14.]**

+

II.⁵

- [1.] A soul by sacred infancy
From anger and desire set free,
From pride and avarice,
From guile, ambition, and self-will,
Helpless, and innocent of ill
In Jesus arms he lies.
2. The God of love himself imparts
To men of simple, humble hearts,
Who hang on Him alone:
He claims the little ones for his,
The newborn heirs of heavenly bliss,
And seats them on his throne.

**"Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of
God as a little child, he shall not enter
therein."—[Mark 10,] v. 15.**⁶

- [1.] Old age we second childhood name,
Reason's decline, and nature's shame;
But infancy of grace
Our reason's full perfection is,
Our meetness for th' extatic⁷ bliss
The sight of Jesus face.
2. Jesus, believing in thy name,
By faith a child of God I am
The faith Thou didst impart;
And with a child's docility
A tablet I present to Thee,
An unopposing heart.

⁵Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:31.

⁶Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:31–32.

⁷Ori., "~~the glorious~~" changed to "th' extatic."

3. Erase the characters of sin,
And write whate'er thou wilt therein,
 Whate'er thou art for man:
Thy name, thine image I receive,
Which makes me fit with Thee to live,
 With Thee my Lord to reign.

“He took them up in his arms.”

—[Mark 10,] v. 16.⁸

+

Who is this condescending Friend
 That doth for children care,
That doth my little ones defend,
 And in his bosom bear?
The arms within whose soft embrace
 My sleeping babes I see,
They comprehend unbounded space,
 And grasp infinity!

“He put his hands upon them, and blessed them.”—[Mark 10,] v. 16.⁹

Thy hands upon our children lay,
 And bless them in thy service here,
Into their tender minds convey
 A principle of pious fear:
Thee by a life of holy love
 Long may they live to glorify,
Or innocent from earth remove,
 And¹⁰ spotless to thy bosom fly.

“There came one running, and kneeled to him and asked him, Good Master, what shall I do, that I may inherit eternal life?”

—[Mark 10,] v. 17.¹¹

- [1.] Jesus, Lord, to Thee I run,
 Humbly for direction sue,

⁸Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:207, NT #306, altered.

⁹Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:207, NT #307, altered.

¹⁰Ori., “Or.”

¹¹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:33.

Make th' important secret known,
Show me, Saviour, what to do;
Hear a dying sinner pray
For the life that never dies:
Art not Thou thyself the Way?
Lead me, lead me to the skies.

2. Bold I may of Thee inquire:
Me the Truth will not deceive:
Life into my heart inspire,
In Thyself the answer give,
Tree of immortality,
Earnest of the joys above,
Live, eternal Life, in me,
Fill, O fill my soul with Love.

“All these have I observed from my youth.”
—[Mark 10,] v. 20.¹²

Innocence in youth, how rare
Th' inestimable grace!
Yet how few alas, there are
Who God their strength confess!
Outward sin who never knew
He knows not whence his virtue flows,
Steals the praise to Jesus due,
And on himself bestows.

“Then Jesus beholding him, loved him.”
—[Mark 10,] v. 21.¹³ +

- [1.] Not for sin or splendid vice
The harmless youth He lov'd:
Innocence in Jesus eyes
Will always be approv'd:
Goodness negative, sincere
He his own gift with pleasure sees,

¹²Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:60.

¹³Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:60–61.

Smiles to mark our servile fear,
And legal righteousness.

2. What in us is lacking still
Thy mercy, Lord, shall show,
Gently bend our yielding will
Our goodness to forego:
Then we shall our own deny,
Thy perfect righteousness to prove,
Joyfully sell all, and buy
The jewel of thy love.

**“He was sad at that saying, and went away
grieved: for he had great possessions.”**
—[Mark 10,] v. 22.¹⁴

Th’ advantages of riches see,
And envy them who will!
They steal the heart, O Lord, from Thee,
With care and sorrow fill:
A stranger to himself and God
Whoe’er on wealth relies,
Will never find the narrow road
Which leads us to the skies.

**“How hardly shall they that have riches, enter
into the kingdom of God?”**
—[Mark 10,] v. 23.¹⁵

How hard for you to think it hard;
To think that God is true,
Who riches as your end regard,
And as your good pursue!
Your dangerous state ye will not fear,
Till mercy’s day is past;
And then ye leave your riches here,
And die unsav’d at last.

¹⁴Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:61.

¹⁵Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:33.

**“How hard is it for them that trust in riches,
to enter into the kingdom of God.”**
—[Mark 10,] v. 24.¹⁶

- [1.] The worldly man of wealth possest
Doth nothing else esteem,
In wealth he seeks his joy and rest,
And happiness supreme;
To wealth, in the Almighty’s stead,
He trusts for clothes and food,
And when he prays for daily bread,
He only mocks our God.
2. His god is that to which he gives
His confidence and love:
His portion he from earth receives,
And slights the things above:
A mystic kingdom he disdains
To none but beggars given,
And never seeks, and never gains
Th’ inheritance of heaven.

**“With men it is impossible, but not with
God.”—[Mark 10,] v. 27.**

[I.]¹⁷

A rich man sav’d? it cannot be:
Ye that in riches trust,
Feel this impossibility,
Or be forever lost!
Despair: and then to Jesus fly,
Who can the bar remove,
For Jesus is the Lord most high,
Th’ Almighty God of love.

**[“With men it is impossible, but not with
God.”—Mark 10, v. 27.]**

II.¹⁸

Rejoice, ye rich, with humble fear:
There yet is hope for you,

¹⁶Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:33–34.

¹⁷Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:34. The first four lines = *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:207, NT #308.

¹⁸Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:34.

Jesus the Power of God is near,
And He can all things do:
He waits to pluck you from the fire,
His utmost grace t' exert,
And tear the covetous desire
Out of your bleeding heart.

“With God all things are possible.”

—[Mark 10,] v. 27.¹⁹

[1.] Myself from sin I cannot save,
My weakness I confess,
But surely in the Lord I have
Both strength and righteousness:
When Jesus gives me to believe,
His righteousness is mine,
And I into my heart receive
Omnipotence Divine.

2. What cannot Christ in sinners do,
In me the sinners chief?
Thy creature, Lord, thou wilt renew,
And end mine unbelief;
Thou wilt destroy the enmity,
My ruin'd soul restore,
Effect the thing which cannot be;
And then I sin no more.

“Lo, we have left all, and have followed thee.”

—[Mark 10,] v. 28.²⁰

[1.] Made willing by thy gracious call,
We have left our earthly all,
Our heavenly Lord to find:
But help us by thy Spirit still
To leave our pride and fleshly will,
To cast ourselves behind.

¹⁹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:35.

²⁰Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:35.

2. The gifts Thou didst thyself bestow
Give us, Saviour, to forego,
If thou revoke thine own,
In life and death to follow Thee,
And cry, expiring on the tree,
Thine only will be done!

“He shall receive an hundred fold now in this time with persecutions, and in the world to come eternal life.”—[Mark 10,] v. 30.²¹

Who would not serve a Lord,
With loyalty sincere,
So kind and bounteous to reward
His faithful followers here?
He gives us joy in pain,
In want our²² wealth He is,
And turns our loss to present gain,
And to eternal bliss.

**“Master, we would that thou shouldst do for us whatsoever we shall desire.”
—[Mark 10,] v. 35.²³**

Should vile, unworthy sinners dare
Prescribe what God to man shall give,
Or tell him, in presumptuous prayer,
We would the kingdom *now* receive!
We would impatiently rush on,
The summit in an instant gain,
Evade the cross, yet take the crown,
And *now* in full Perfection reign!

**“Ye know not what ye ask: can ye drink of the cup that I drink of? and be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with?”
—[Mark 10,] v. 38.²⁴**

²¹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:35–36.

²²Ori., “of.”

²³Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:61.

²⁴Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:207–208, NT #309.

- [1.] Saviour, who ask to reign with Thee,
They ask (what yet they cannot know)
Thy cup of inward agony,
Thy burthen of external woe;
With eagerness of blind desire
They ask reproach, and pain, and loss,
They ask to be baptiz'd with fire,
And hang expiring on thy cross.
2. Cover'd with outward sufferings here
Thou wast, with inward sufferings fill'd;
They mark'd thy perfect character,
They shew'd thee by thy Father seal'd:
The cross thou didst for sinners prove
The lot of all thy followers is;
And leads us on to perfect love,
And paves our way to endless²⁵ bliss.

**“Whosoever of you will be the chiefest, shall
be the servant of all.”—[Mark 10,] v. 44.²⁶**

An Apostolic prelate hopes
For no preferment here,
To every cross and burthen stoops,
The church's minister;
He strives with unremitted pain²⁷
In Jesus steps to move,
He labours all the heights t' attain,
And depths of humble love.

**“The Son of man came to minister, and to give
his life a ransom for many.”
—[Mark 10,] v. 45.²⁸**

The Son of man, the Man of woe,
Why did he leave the sky?

²⁵Ori., “glorious.”

²⁶Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:36.

²⁷Ori., “strife.”

²⁸Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:37.

'Twas all his business here below,
To serve us, and to die!

**“Blind Bartimeus sat by the high-way side
begging.”—[Mark 10,] v. 46.²⁹**

A sinner blind and poor,
An helpless beggar I
The pardning grace implore
Of Him that passes by:
He passes now: his name I hear,
And long to see my Saviour near.

**“Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on
me.”—[Mark 10,] v. 47.³⁰**

Jesus, for this I wait,
Thy Deity to know:
Pity my dark estate,
On me thy mercy show,
Thou Son and Lord of David, be
A Prophet, Priest, and King to me.

**“Many charged him that he should hold his
peace: but he cried the more &c.”
—[Mark 10,] v. 48.³¹**

The world rebuke in vain,
And would my clamours still,
Till mercy I obtain,
I must cry on, and will,
Mercy thou Son of David show,
And give me eyes Thyself to know.

**“Jesus stood still, and commanded him to be
called: and they call the blind man &c.”
—[Mark 10,] v. 49, 50.³²**

[1.] Stopt by a sinner's prayer
Thou canst no farther move,

²⁹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:37.

³⁰Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:37.

³¹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:37.

³²Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:37–38. Stanza 4 = *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:208, NT #310, altered.

Thou canst no more forbear
To manifest thy love,
Thou waitest now to show thy grace,
And callest me to seek thy face.

2. I now thy call obey,
Put off my sordid dress,
And cast the rags away
Of my own righteousness,
Naked, and indigent, and blind
I run the pardning God to find.
3. By thy own mercy brought
Before thy face I stand,
Yet still I see thee not,
Till Thou put forth thy hand,
And by thy word create the light,
And by thy touch restore my sight.
4. In pity to my cries,
And heartfelt poverty,
Open the beggar's eyes,
That I my way may see,
My true and living Way pursue,
Till Thee I in thy glory view.

“Lord, that I might receive my sight.”
—[Mark 10,] v. 51.³³

I would my sight receive,
And keep my Lord in view,
Thy faithful follower live,
Thy steps in death pursue,
And joyful lay my body down,
The cross exchanging for the crown.

³³This is adapted from *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:208, NT #311.

**“Go thy way, thy faith hath made thee whole:
and immediately he received his sight, and
followed Jesus in the way.”**

—[Mark 10,] v. 52.³⁴

[1.] Faith to be heal'd I have,
 The faith Thou didst impart:
 But now the sinner save,
 And cure the blind of heart,
This instant, Lord, my sight restore,
And following Thee I sin no more.

2. Yes, O my suffering God,
 Henceforth I follow Thee,
 The narrow, rugged road
 Which leads to Calvary;
And there I on thy cross ascend
To heavenly³⁵ joys that never end.

³⁴Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:38–39.

³⁵Ori., “glorious.”

S. Mark XI.

**“Ye shall find a colt tied, whereon never man
sat, loose him and bring him.”**

—[Mark 11,] v. 2.

[I.]¹

An image of the Gentiles see,
Long in a state of nature free,
Free from the law and gospel-yoke,
Untaught, undisciplin'd, unbroke,
Till Jesus full of truth and grace
His servants sends to the high-ways,
Redeems by his all-powerful word,
And brings them to their pardning Lord.

**[“Ye shall find a colt tied, whereon never man
sat, loose him and bring him.”**

—Mark 11, v. 2.]

II.²

As a wild ass's colt is man,
Licentious, yet by passion bound,
Till Christ the vagabond restrain,
And free him by the gospel-sound:
He sends his servants forth to claim
The wanderer from his righteous laws,
And makes the human savage tame,
And marks his subject with his cross.

“The Lord hath need of him.”

—[Mark 11,] v. 3.³

Resolv'd on man his grace to prove,
He needs the subject of his love,
And represents in emblem true
The power which all things shall subdue:
He comes our captive souls t' unbind,
The Lord and Master of mankind,
His sovereign Majesty displays,
Triumphant o're the ransom'd race.

¹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:39.

²Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:39.

³Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:40.

**“They said unto them even as Jesus had
commanded: and they let them go.”**

—[Mark 11,] v. 6.⁴

The will of man must bow before
The will omnipotent Divine,
And cloth'd with thy resistless power,
Thy servants word, O Lord, is thine:
Thy messengers persist to bless,
And still with thy commission send,
The souls of sinners to release
And with us go, till time shall end.

**“They brought the colt to Jesus, and cast their
garments on him, and he sat upon him.”**

—[Mark 11,] v. 7.⁵

Loos'd from the bands of sin we bring
Poor sinners to our Lord and King,
Cover and screen with tenderest care,
Dispose them Jesus' yoke to bear:
They serve the triumph of his love;
To that Jerusalem above
(When He his promis'd⁶ Spirit imparts)
They carry Jesus—in their hearts.

**“Many spread their garments in the way: and
others cut down branches, and strawed them
in the way.”—[Mark 11,] v. 8.⁷**

We of every good below
With joy ourselves divest,
All at Jesus feet we throw
Our God forever blest,
Worldly hopes, like branches green,
We cast away and trample down;

⁴Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:40.

⁵Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:40.

⁶Ori., “glorious.”

⁷Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:40–41.

Triumph, Lord, and entering in
Make all our hearts thine own.

**“They that went before, and they that
followed, cried saying, Hosanna &c.”**
—[Mark 11,] v. 9, 10.⁸

- [1.] All who went his birth before,
And all who follow'd since,
Still unite in songs t' adore
Our everlasting Prince,
Christ the Lord to glorify;
Descending in his Father's name,
David's Son who comes from high
Let earth and heaven proclaim.

2. Welcome to the souls of men
His royal power he brings,
Makes us partners of his reign,
A race of patient kings:
Now companions in distress
We suffer in our Master's cause,
Drink his hallow'd cup, and bless
And love his daily cross.

3. Heavenly King, we still attend
Thy glorious kingdom here:
Thou the second time descend,
With all thy saints appear!
Then we shall our voices raise,
The God of our salvation own,
Thee thro' endless ages praise
On thy triumphant throne.

⁸Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:41.

“Jesus entred into Jerusalem, and into the temple.”—[Mark 11,] v. 11.⁹

Kings of earth, on Jesus wait
The meek and lowly King,
All your pomp and gorgeous¹⁰ state
Into his triumph bring,
Power ascribe to Him alone,
Him only wise, and good, and great,
Cast your crowns before his throne,
And triumph at his feet.

**“Seeing a figtree he came, if haply he might find any thing thereon &c.”
—[Mark 11,] v. 13.¹¹**

- [1.] What is the fruit which Christ requires?
Promises vain, or good desires,
Our outward services?
These are but leaves which fade and die,
Nor can the want of grace supply,
Nor can the Saviour please.
2. But faith, and hope of joys above,
True virtue, Lord, and real love
Are pleasant to thy taste,
Good works, and meek humility,
These are the fruits requir'd by Thee,
Which shall forever last.

“Let no man eat fruit of thee hereafter forever.”—[Mark 11,] v. 14.¹²

He blasts the undeserving tree,
That we our just desert may see,
Our doom in emblem show'd,

⁹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:41–42.

¹⁰Ori., “glorious.”

¹¹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:42.

¹²Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:42.

May, ere¹³ the barren curse take place,
Bring forth the fruits of righteousness,
And work the works of God.

**“Jesus went into the temple, and began to cast
out them that sold and bought, and overthrew
the tables &c.”—[Mark 11,] v. 15.¹⁴**

[1.] Built by the most holy God,
Every soul his house should be,
Fitted for his fixt abode,
Fill'd with prayer and purity:
But when covetous and vain
Worldly lusts my soul receives,
Then thy temple I profane,
Turn it to a den of thieves.

2. Jesus, Purity Divine,
Plenitude of God below,
Come and claim this heart of mine,
All my selfish plans o'rethrow;
For thy name and glory's sake,
Every trafficker expel,
Of thy own possession take,
In thy house forever dwell.

**“He would not suffer that any man should
carry any vessel through the temple.”
—[Mark 11,] v. 16.¹⁵**

Thou long-sought God of grace,
Unto thy temple come,
Make it the house of holiness,
And take up all the room:
What robs thee of thy due
Command it to depart,

¹³Ori., “e'er”; but clearly used in sense of “before.”

¹⁴Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:42–43.

¹⁵Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:43.

Nor let an evil thought pass thro'
My consecrated heart.

“They saw the figtree dried up from the roots.”—[Mark 11,] v. 20.¹⁶

For long unfruitfulness
If Christ the sinner curse,
Fearful and desperate is his case,
And only hell is worse:
His root is quite dried up,
His gracious day is o're,
He can no more believe, or hope,
He can repent no more.

**“Have faith in God (Gr., the faith of God).”
—[Mark 11,] v. 22.¹⁷**

I want the true divinity,
The faith of God, the power in me:
Jesus, the Power of God Thou art,
Inspeak thyself into my heart,
Command my heart the faith to have,
Which saves, and shall forever save.

**“What things soever ye desire when ye pray,
believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.”—[Mark 11,] v. 24.**

[Part I.]¹⁸

[1.] Jesus, th' irrevocable word
Thy gracious lips hath past,
And trusting in my faithful Lord
I shall be sav'd at last:
Whate'er I ask with longing heart
Expecting to receive,
Almighty God, thou ready art,
And promisest, to give.

¹⁶Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:43.

¹⁷Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:208, NT #312. Ori., “v. 51”; an error.

¹⁸Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:208–209, NT #313.

- [2.] I ask the gift of righteousness,
The sin-subduing power,
Power to believe and go in peace,
And never grieve thee more:
I ask the blood-bought pardon seal'd,
The liberty from sin,
The grace infus'd, the love reveal'd,
The kingdom fixt within.
3. Thou hear'st me for salvation pray,
Thou seest my heart's desire,
Made ready in thy powerful day
Thy fulness I require;
My vehement soul cries out, opprest,
Impatient to be freed:
Nor can I, Lord, nor will I rest,
Till I am sav'd indeed.
4. Art thou not able to convert,
Art thou not willing too
To change this old, rebellious heart,
To conquer and renew?
Thou canst, thou wilt, I dare believe,
So arm me with thy power,
That I to sin shall never cleave,
Shall never act it more.

Part II.¹⁹

- [1.] Come then, my God, the promise seal,
This mountain-sin remove,
Now in my gasping soul reveal
The virtue of thy love:

¹⁹Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:209–210, NT #314.

I want thy life, thy purity,
Thy righteousness brought in;
I ask, desire, and trust in thee
To be redeem'd from sin.

2. For this as taught by thee I pray,
And can no longer doubt,
Remove far hence, to sin I say,
Be cast this moment out:
The guilt and strength of self and pride
Be pardon'd and subdued,
Be cast into the crimson tide
Of my Redeemer's blood.
3. Saviour, to thee my soul looks up;
My present Saviour Thou:
In all the confidence of hope,
I claim the blessing now!
Tis done: thou dost this moment save,
Thou dost with pardon bless;
Redemption thro' thy blood I have,
And heaven in thy peace.

Part III.²⁰

- [1.] Still, O my dear redeeming Lord,
Thy faithfulness I plead,
And hang on thy most precious word
For every good I need:
The good which first of all I want
Into my heart convey,
The power to pray and never faint,
The constant power to pray.
2. With all my small remains of grace
The blessing I implore,

²⁰Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:210–11, NT #315.

Stir up my soul to seek thy face,
To seek it evermore,
To wrestle till the clouds remove,
And Thou thy name declare,
While all my happy heart is love,
And all my life is prayer.

3. For this I pray, and long, and trust
Thy goodness, truth, and power
To make, as to account me just
In thine appointed hour:
Thou canst; and is it not thy will
That I should holy be?
Lord, I expect thee to fulfil
Thy whole design on me.

Part IV.²¹

- [1.] Thy counsel is, to save me now
From every act of sin:
Nor will I, Lord, the least allow,
Or touch the thing unclean:
Surrounded by ten thousand snares,
I shall not, cannot fall,
While hanging on the arm that bears
My soul above them all.
2. In thee, my Saviour, I confide
By my own sin beset,
And lay it easily aside,
And spurn it at my feet:
It shall no more dominion have,
Or captivate my will,
For Thou art ever near to save,
For thou art Jesus still.

²¹Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:211, NT #316.

3. Believing all thy fulness mine,
Nor earth nor hell I fear,
Kept by omnipotence divine
To full salvation here:
The thing for which I dare believe
I shall at last obtain,
And when thine image I retrieve,
With thee in glory reign.

Part V.²²

- [1.] Jesus, thou sayst I shall receive
The thing for which I pray:
Then give me, Lord, thy Spirit give,
And take my sins away;
That I may never grieve thee more,
Thy blessed Self impart,
And stamp in perfect peace and power
Thine image on my heart.
2. Why should I smaller gifts request,
When all I ask is mine?
I covet earnestly the best,
The plenitude Divine;
My swelling heart I open wide
T' admit my heavenly Friend:
Come, Saviour, come in me t' abide,
Till grace in glory end.
3. My evil will be all cast out,
When thou resid'st within,
Thy presence, Lord, I cannot doubt,
Extirpates inbred sin:

²²Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:47–48. Stanzas 1–4 = *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:211–12, NT #317.

Out of mine inmost soul, I trust,
The root shall be destroy'd,
While Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Fills all the sacred void.

4. Thee the thrice holy God I want,
And nothing less than Thee,
With infinite desire I pant
For thy infinity;
On eagles wings my spirit flies
To grasp its Lord above,
And faints upon thy breast, and dies
To be dissolv'd in love.
5. The things which I desire in prayer
I surely, Lord, shall have,
All in thy power contain'd they are,
And in thy will to save:
The sum of my desires Thou art,
And shalt my portion be,
And fix the heaven within my heart
Thro' all eternity.

“Forgive, that your Father may forgive you.”
—[Mark 11,] v. 25.²³

Forgiveness is the foremost grace,
Which God vouchsafes a sinful race;
But none the pardon shall receive,
Who will not, as his God, forgive.

**“The chief priests and the scribes say unto
him, By what authority dost thou these
things?”—[Mark 11,] v. 27, 28.²⁴**

How blind the priests who could not see
The Godhead in our great High-priest,

²³Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:48.

²⁴Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:49.

Or own the Lord's authority
In countless miracles confest²⁵
How dark the Scribes, who dar'd pretend
To make the law and scripture known,
Nor knew, its Author, scope, and end,
Spirit and truth was Christ alone.

S. Mark XII.

“A certain man planted a vineyard, and set an hedge about it.”—[Mark 12,] v. 1. ¹

- [1.] Man's soul, the vineyard of the Lord,
Planted by his creating word,
Inclos'd, and hedg'd about it was,
And fenc'd with all his righteous laws:
To water him with sacred blood
The sacramental winepress stood,
To screen from every adverse power
The church arose, his brasen tower.
2. God let his vineyard out to man,
His rent of glory to obtain,
Told him his soul was not his own,
But made to serve his Lord alone;
He bad him feed, increase, improve
His grain of faith, his seed of love,
And stock'd him with sufficient grace
To bear the fruits of righteousness.

“At the season he sent to the husbandmen a servant that he might receive of the fruit of the vineyard.”—[Mark 12,] v. 2. ²

Tho' long He seem'd as distant far,
His vineyard still ingross'd his care;

²⁵Ori., “express.”

¹Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:62. Stanza 2 appeared in *Poetical Works*, 11:49.

²Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:49.

His servant in due time he sent,
To gather in the gracious rent:
His messenger was Good desires,
With which he freely all inspires,
And stirs us up to use the power,
To serve, and worship, and adore.

“They caught him, and beat him, and sent him empty away.”—[Mark 12,] v. 3.³

Conscience when we refuse to hear,
And quite throw off our gracious fear,
The serious thought resist, repel,
Our heart against conviction steel,
Tis then the messenger we slight,
Intreat the Sender with despite,
By violence force him to depart,
And chase his Spirit from our heart.

“Again he sent unto them another servant, and at him they cast stones, and wounded him &c.”—[Mark 12,] v. 4.⁴

Scripture, a second servant, came
The vineyard’s fruit for God to claim:
We its authority deny,
And will not with the word comply;
The word, which doth his mind declare,
We mangle, mutilate, and tear,
Abuse with haughty rage and scorn,
Nor make our Lord the least return.

“Again he sent another, and him they killed, and many others, beating some and killing some.”—[Mark 12,] v. 5.⁵

[1.] The Lord, whose mercies never end,
More messengers vouchsaf’d to send,

³Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:49–50.

⁴Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:50.

⁵Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:50.

By teachers his demand made known,
By seers and saints requir'd his own:
They call'd on man his rent to pay,
They urg'd, "Repent, believe, obey,
"Restore whate'er his grace bestow'd,
"And live to glorify your God."^{6]}

2. But man averse in heart and mind
Cast all his Maker's words behind,
In every age th' ungrateful race
Hath spurn'd the ministers of grace,
Hated whoe'er the message brought,
Their ruin and destruction sought,
Truth and its witnesses abhor'd,
And ston'd, and kill'd them with the sword.

**"He sent his wel-beloved Son also last unto
them, saying, They will reverence my Son."**

—[Mark 12,] v. 6.⁶

That all might savingly believe,
And glory to Jehovah give,
He sent at last his fav'rite Son
To take possession of his own;
To every soul he sends him still,
That every soul may serve his will,
Their faith by meek obedience prove,
With fear rejoice, with reverence love.

"They took him, and killed him."

—[Mark 12,] v. 8.⁷

Murther'd on earth by Jews he was,
When once they nail'd him to the cross
But we renew his deadly pains
Who glorious and triumphant reigns

⁶Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:51.

⁷Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:51.

Against his life contriving still,
By twice ten thousand ways we kill,
By twice ten thousand sins we slay,
And crucify him every day.

**“He will come and destroy the husbandmen,
and give the vineyard to others.”**

—[Mark 12,] v. 9.⁸

Ah, wretched man, when God requires
His soul, who in his sins expires!
His soul alas, is his no more,
Consign'd to the tormentor's power!
Losing his soul, he loses all,
Yet cannot into nothing fall,
But hopelessly his doom bemoans,
And pours in hell eternal groans.

**“The Stone which the builders rejected, is
become the head of the corner.”**

—[Mark 12,] v. 10.

[I.]⁹

- [1.] Thee, Lord, thy church confess
 The Stone of stedfastness:
Firm with immortality,
 Strength immoveable is thine;
Whiteness we ascribe to Thee,¹⁰
 Spotless purity Divine.
2. Thou art the Basis laid,
 The principle and head,
Author of our faith we own
 Thee the Finisher compleat,
Join'd to Thee the Corner-stone
 All in one the members meet.
3. Tis thine, O God of grace,
 The living stones to place:
Fram'd and fitted, Lord, by thee
 All into a temple rise,

⁸Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:51.

⁹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:51–52.

¹⁰Ori., “White Thou art in purity” changed to “Whiteness we ascribe to Thee.”

Hallow'd by the Deity,
Fill'd with Him who fills the skies.

**["The Stone which the builders rejected, is
become the head of the corner."
—Mark 12, v. 10.]**

II.¹¹

[1.] How happy, Lord, are we
 Repuls'd and scorn'd with Thee!
Charg'd with thy reproach and shame,
 Glad the trial we abide:
Let them still cast out our name,
 Treat us like the Crucified!

2. Who suffer for thy sake
 We shall thy joy partake,
Sure as now thy cross we bear,
 Till with life we lay it down,
We shall all thy glories share,
 Sit exalted on thy throne.

**"They sought to lay hold on him, but feared
the people."—[Mark 12,] v. 12.¹²**

 God o're the heathen reigns,
 And checks their full career,
Passion by passion He restrains,
 Malicious rage by fear;
 Suspends their wicked deed,
 Till all his work is done,
And when he lets their purpose speed,
 He only serves his own.

**"Master, we know that thou art true, and
carest for no man &c."—[Mark 12,] v. 14.¹³**

[1.] A pastor with courageous zeal
 The truth to all alike should deal,

¹¹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:52.

¹²Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:52.

¹³Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:53.

And no respect of persons know:
But if he once himself respect,
That leaven will the lump infect,
And all his confidence o' rethrow.
The flattering fiend, his faith to try,
Will turn upon himself his eye,
His zeal admire, his boldness praise,
Impel him to some dire extream,
Or make him dignities blaspheme,
And lose thro' pride his boasted grace.

2. But should we not the truth declare,
Refuse or high or low to spare,
And kings undauntedly reprove?
If fir'd with an intrepid zeal
The way of God in truth we tell,
What more can there be wanted? love:
Love and discretion must conspire
To cool, and guide the temper'd fire
Of Jesus flaming witnesses;
Humble, and peaceable, and meek
Wisdom should teach us when to speak,
And how th' unsoften'd truth to press.

“Render to Cesar &c.”—[Mark 12,] v. 17.¹⁴

When captious Pharisees are near,
Thro' prudence false, or slavish fear
We never should the truth suppress,
We never should with man comply,
Their pride or malice gratify,
Or speak, a curious world to please:

¹⁴Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:53–54.

Whether they praise us, or condemn,
Our silence or our freedom blame,
 We make the heavenly counsel known,
To truth our testimony bear,
And only for its interests care,
 And simply speak for Christ alone.

“In the resurrection whose wife shall she be?”
—[Mark 12,] v. 23.¹⁵

- [1.] Will carnal thoughts of carnal men
The hidden life of heaven explain?
Who rightly would of heaven conceive,
Must all his old ideas leave,
Forget whate'er is done below,
After the flesh no longer know
Children, or wife, or bosom-friend,
But stript of all on Christ attend.
2. The creature in those realms of bliss
Doth only his Creator please,
Man, happy man, no more his own,
Doth greatly live for God alone:
Who father here and mother leaves,
And for all creatures one receives,
Her and himself forsakes above,
And cleaves to Christ in endless love.

**“Do ye not therefore err, because ye know
not the scriptures neither the power of God?”**
—[Mark 12,] v. 24.

[I.]¹⁶

- [1.] The carnal Jews misunderstood
The lively oracles of God,
No promise spiritual they saw
Beneath the shadows of the law,

¹⁵Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:54.

¹⁶Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:54–55.

But resting in the literal word
Renounc'd the Truth with Christ our Lord.

2. The modern Jews who bear his name,
In judgment and mistake the same,
No hope of immortality
In Moses or the prophets see,
No Spirit now to sinners given,
No inward Christ, or present heaven.
3. They still a God unknown adore
Strangers to faith's almighty power,
To Christ the Power of God in man,
Who only can his word explain,
And write it on their inward parts,
And breathe the sense into their hearts.

**["Do ye not therefore err, because ye know
not the scriptures neither the power of God?"
—Mark 12, v. 24.]**

II.¹⁷

- [1.] The scriptures never can be known
But thro' the power of God alone;
The Spirit of power, and truth, and love
Doth first our unbelief remove,
Discovers the deep things of God,
And shews to me my Saviour's blood.
2. My Father's mind I then perceive,
And quicken'd by his Spirit live;
The Spirit doth his word reveal,
The Spirit teaches me his will,
And while into all truth he guides,
My Teacher in my heart resides.

¹⁷Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:55.

“When they rise from the dead, they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels which are in heaven.”

—[Mark 12,] v. 25.¹⁸

- [1.] How pure the blessed spirits there,
Who bright celestial bodies wear,
 No more to earth allied,
Consummated in joy unknown,
Forever blest, forever one,
 With Jesus glorified!
2. O that we might begin below
The life angelical to know,
 Our faithfulness approve,
Present with God in every place
Perform his will, and see his face
 In purity of love!
3. Jesus, the holiness impart,
Earnest of glory in my heart,
 And then my soul receive
To cast its wreath before thy throne,
The heavenly life on earth begun
 Eternally to live.

“Hear, O Israel, the Lord thy God is one Lord; And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart.”—[Mark 12,] v. 29, 30.

[I.]¹⁹

The one religion see
Which God vouchsafes t' approve;
Tis grounded on his Unity,
Tis—Hear, believe, and love!

[“Hear, O Israel, the Lord thy God is one Lord; And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart.”—Mark 12, v. 29, 30.]

II.²⁰

- [1.] How blest the people are
Peculiarly his own,

¹⁸Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:55–56.

¹⁹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:56.

²⁰Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:56.

To whom he doth his will declare,
And makes his Godhead known!
Whate'er he doth require
He graciously imparts,
And writes the perfect law intire
Upon their loving hearts.

2. Ah, tell it, Lord, to me,
That Thou art God alone:
Mine only God in Jesus be
Thy wel-beloved Son:
Ah, fill for Jesus sake
Mine heart with love divine,
And now the full possession take,
And keep it always thine.

**“To love him with all the heart is more than
all whole burnt-offerings and sacrifices.”**

—[Mark 12,] v. 33.²¹

The sovereign God affects
Our whole delight to be,
And every worshipper rejects
When void of charity:
No other sacrifice
Can for this want atone,
But love the place of all supplies,
But love is all in one.

**“Thou art not²² far from the kingdom of
God.”—[Mark 12,] v. 34.²³**

- [1.] Not he who barely knows
Hath found the kingdom here;
Yet towards it he by knowledge goes,
And finds salvation near:

²¹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:57.

²²Ori., “*no*.”

²³Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:57.

But let him forward press
In search of things above,
By violent prayer the kingdom seize,
The power of faith and love.

2. Our God is Love supreme:
And who in love abides
He dwells in God, and God in him
Substantially resides:
His Spirit lives and reigns
In every loving one,
His throne of grace in saints maintains
His everlasting throne.

“The Lord said to my Lord, Sit thou on my right hand, till I make thine enemies thy footstool.”—[Mark 12,] v. 36.²⁴

- [1.] Jehovah to Jehovah
Fulness of power hath given,
Hath bid his Son Ascend the throne,
And reign o’re earth and heaven:
His foes shall prove his footstool,
His foes subdued before him
Shall prostrate lie, While happy I
With all his saints adore him.
2. The stubborn and rebellious
With iron rod he bruises,
As groveling slaves; But loves and saves
Whome’er his mercy chuses:
With mercy’s outstretch’d sceptre
His subjects here he raises,
Who at his feet For grace intreat
Us by his side he places.

²⁴Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:57–58.

3. A church of living members
 He fills us with his Spirit,
And makes us meet On thrones to sit,
 And glorious joys inherit:
 O're our last foe victorious
 He shortly shall deliver,
And then receive His saints to live
 And reign with Him forever.

“Jesus sat over against the treasury, and beheld how the people cast money into the treasury &c.”—[Mark 12,] v. 41.²⁵

Still by faith we see Him wait
Sinner's offerings to receive;
There, He at the temple-gate
Judges of the alms we give:
But his thoughts and ways we own
Far above out of our sight:
Sitting on thy heavenly throne,
All thy judgments, Lord, are right.

“There came a certain poor widow, and she threw in two mites.”—[Mark 12,] v. 42.²⁶

Let the rich their wish obtain
By the world admir'd and priz'd:
Free from envy I remain,
Mean, neglected, and despis'd:
Friend, and Patron of the poor,
Notic'd if I am by Thee,
I can covet nothing more:
Jesus, Thou art all to me.

²⁵Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:58–59.

²⁶Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:59.

**“This poor widow hath cast more in than all
they which have cast into the treasury.”**
—[Mark 12,] v. 43.²⁷

Needy saints, your priv’lege know,
Needy whom the rich miscall,
Ye can more than them bestow,
Ye can give your little all:
What with willing heart ye give
Jesus doth with smiles approve:
Nothing for yourselves ye leave,
Nothing but your Saviour’s love.

**“All they did cast in of their abundance: but
she of her want did cast in all that she had,
even all her living.”**—[Mark 12,] v. 44.²⁸

By the needy widow taught
Blush, ye rich, who little give;
Poorest you who offer nought
Learn the poorest to relieve:
God declares the Giver blest;
Trust his providential word,
Cast your mite into the chest,
Cast yourselves upon the Lord.

²⁷Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:59. Ori., “v. 42”; an error.

²⁸Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:59.

S. Mark XIII.

“Master, see what manner of stones, and what buildings are here.”—[Mark 13,] v. 1.¹

- [1.] The world an outward temple praise,
Magnific, such as worms can raise,
 Th’ effect of human art,
With lofty battlements and towers;
But God, whose thoughts are not as ours,
 Regards an humble heart.
2. An humble heart he makes his shrine,
Hallow’d by charity divine,
 An house of praise and prayer,
Where God is lov’d, rever’d, ador’d,
A living temple of the Lord
 Forever present there!

**“Take heed lest any man deceive you &c.”
—[Mark 13,] v. 5.²**

- [1.] The men of an unstable mind,
 Themselves who never throughly knew,
Their eager hope and passion blind
 For things extraordinary and new
Exposes them to Satan wiles,
Who makes their souls his easy spoils.
2. To each seducer they give ear,
 In every lying prophet trust,
Who claims the sinless character,
 Who dares his own perfection boast,
“Of glory in an instant sure,
“And pure at once, as God is pure!”

**“When ye hear of wars and rumours of wars,
be not ye troubled: for such things**

¹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:60.

²Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:60.

“must needs be, but the end shall not be yet.”
—[Mark 13,] v. 7.³

- [1.] How happy is the Christian’s lot,
Whom sav’d from every anxious thought
No earthly evils move!
In vain the storms of trouble rise;
Come to his city in the skies,
He sits secure above.
2. Tumults and wars serene he sees,
They cannot interrupt his peace
Which Christ’s approach portend,
Which hasten the long wish’d for day,
When earth and heaven shall flee away,
And grace in glory end.

**“Take heed to yourselves: for they shall
deliver you up &c.”—[Mark 13,] v. 9.⁴**

Be this, dear Lord, our constant care,
Not how the destin’d cross to fly,
But meekly in thy Spirit to bear,
The truth with zeal to testify,
To tremble at the wrath Divine,
Regardless of a mortal’s frown,
And calm, like Thee, our lives resign,
And grasp thro’ death the martyr’s crown.

“It is not ye that speak, but the Holy Ghost.”
—[Mark 13,] v. 11.⁵

- [1.] The words we speak, *we* speak them not,
The words we speak are God’s, not ours,
When before kings and rulers brought,
We meet unmov’d the worldly powers,

³Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:60–61.

⁴Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:61.

⁵Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:61.

By unpremeditating grace
Prepar'd our Maker to confess.

2. The Saviour then his promise seals,
The Spirit then doth utterance give,
Our mouth with heavenly wisdom fills;
And lo, our foes the truth receive,
And from the power of Jesus word
Own the companions of our Lord.

“Ye shall be hated of all men for my name sake: but he that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved.”—[Mark 13,] v. 13.⁶

- [1.] Whoe'er the gospel hate,
And virtue disapprove,
Will loath the men that vindicate
The truth, and goodness love:
But happy he who sees
His calling's heavenly⁷ prize,
And, suffering on for righteousness,
With Jesus lives and dies.

2. This happiness is mine,
If Thou my Lord appear,
And arm my soul with faith divine
With strength to persevere:
Supported by thy grace
I shall thy cause maintain,
Abhor'd of all, the cross embrace,
Till I the kingdom gain.

“For the elect sake he hath shortned the days.”—[Mark 13,] v. 20.⁸

- [1.] Stands the world in being still
Against that fatal day,

⁶Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:62.

⁷Ori., “glorious.”

⁸Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:62–63.

Kept from wasting flames, until
The saints escape away:
For thy people's sake alone
The universe Thou dost relieve,
That with Thee intirely one
They may forever live.

2. Oft Thou dost cut short their days,
When sin and danger's near,
Save them from a poisonous race,
And trials too severe:
Oft when just o'repower'd in fight
They faint, by Satan's host opprest,
Lord, thou dost stir up thy might,
And take them to thy breast.

3. Lord, thou seest me in the snare
And long-continued strife,
Dying, ready to despair
Of everlasting life:
Shorten my extreme distress,
My soul to ruin's margin driven
Perfect in true holiness,
And snatch me up to heaven.

4. There I shall transported see
Thy miracles of love⁹
Wrought on earth to rescue me,
And hide my life above,
There I shall with joy admire
The dangers I thro' death outrun,¹⁰
Scarcely sav'd out of the fire
And caught up to thy throne.

⁹Ori., "grace."

¹⁰Ori., "o' rerum."

**“If any man say to you, Lo, here is Christ, or
lo, he is there: believe him not.”**
—[Mark 13,] v. 21.

[I.]¹¹

O what cause of humble fear!
We may phantoms vain pursue,
Take impostors for sincere,
A false Christ believe the true;
We may cease to watch and pray,
Slumber on the pinnacle,
Sure we cannot fall away
Dream of heaven, and wake in hell!

**[“If any man say to you, Lo, here is Christ, or
lo, he is there: believe him not.”**
—Mark 13, v. 21.]

II.¹²

From the old deceiver’s snare
Keep me, Lord, in life’s decline,
Bid mine inmost soul beware
Lest I take his voice for thine,
Fall into delusion’s maze,
Wandering stars at last approve,
Saints thro’ instantaneous grace,
Boasters of their perfect love.

**“False Christs and false prophets shall rise,
and shall shew signs and wonders, to seduce,
if it were possible, even the elect.”**
—[Mark 13,] v. 22.¹³

[1.] Who earth, and heaven, and hell commands
Shall guard his own elect,
(That fall into seducers hands)
And all their paths direct;
His goodness will not let them stray,
But soon the fiend remove,
And keep them in the narrow¹⁴ way
Of humble, patient love.

¹¹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:63.

¹²Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:62. This has a vertical ink line through it, perhaps by Charles Wesley.

¹³Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:63–64.

¹⁴Ori., “in narrow” changed to “in the narrow.”

2. Great things in the Satanic hour
Delusions sons may do,
Vaunt of their happiness and power,
And pass for prophets true:
But, one short moment turn'd aside,
We think of Jesus word,
Fly back to our unerring Guide,
And faster grasp our Lord.

**“But take ye heed: behold, I have foretold
you all things.”—[Mark 13,] v. 23.¹⁵**

- [1.] Tis all foretold, th' impostor's art,
Tis written in the sacred leaves!
We need not take the tempter's part
Who weak credulity deceives:
If now into his toils we run,
We perish by ourselves undone.
2. Unless thy warnings we despise,
And Thee our God refuse to hear,
Seducers never can surprize,
Nor Satan's smoothest messenger
Draw our unwary souls away,
Or force us from thy word to stray.
3. But if we cast thy word aside,
Or intermit our watchful care,
Thro' curious, or presumptuous pride
Dissolv'd in sloth, or slack in prayer,
Justly thou mayst thy grace deny,
And leave us to believe a lie.
4. Ah, do not from thy people go,
While error's whirlpool is so near,

¹⁵Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:64–65.

And rob'd in light the hellish foe
Affects th' Angelic character,
And tempts us with a specious shew
To fancy "we are angels too."

5. Still may we tremble and take heed,
Warn'd by the word and Spirit of grace,
With meek humility proceed
In the old paths of righteousness,
And search thy records night and day,
And always watch and always pray.

**"Then shall they see the Son of man coming in
the clouds, with great power and glory."**
—[Mark 13,] v. 26.¹⁶ +

- [1.] Tis all our blessed business here
To wait, till Jesus shall appear
Descending from his bright abode,
The Son of man, th' eternal¹⁷ God.
2. We shall behold our Saviour shine
Girt with omnipotence divine,
Shall at the trumpet's sound rejoice,
And echo to th' archangel's voice,
3. He comes, He comes to fetch his bride!
Ev'n I shall see the heavens thrown wide,
Discern him on his cloudy car,
And mount, and meet him in the air:
4. And while he ready makes our place,
His Spirit in his members prays
"Appear to take thine exiles home,
"Come quickly, Lord, to judgment come!"^{18]}

¹⁶Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:65.

¹⁷Ori., "the glorious" changed to "th' eternal."

**“Then shall he send his angels, and shall
gather his elect from the four winds &c.”**
—[Mark 13,] v. 27.¹⁸

- [1.] Thrice happy day that shall reveal
The bearers of election’s seal,
The saints indeed, the heavenborn race,
The vessels pure of spotless grace.
2. We then shall each with each agree,
The long expected union see,
The church compleat, in spirit one,
Assembled round that azure throne.
3. The Lord shall soon his angels send
For all who his return attend,
Throughout the universe dispread,
And gather in the chosen seed.
4. Us in their hands ev’n now they bear,
Guardians of every royal heir:
But let them spread their golden wings,
And waft us to the King of kings!

**“Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my
words shall not pass away.”**
—[Mark 13,] v. 31.¹⁹

Vanish then this old creation,
Still the promise must remain,
At the general restoration
We shall see our Lord again:
Pass away this earth and heaven,
Truth can never be cast down,²⁰
Stands the word by Jesus given,
Firm as his eternal throne.

**“The Son of man is as a man taking a far
journey, who left his house, and gave
authority to his servants, and to every man
his work,**

¹⁸Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:62–63.

¹⁹Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:212, NT #318, altered.

²⁰Ori., “~~o~~rethrow” changed to “cast down.”

“and commanded the porter to watch.”
—[Mark 13,] v. 34.²¹

- [1.] Jesus hath left his house below;
Him in the flesh no more we know,
No more on earth we see;
But thron'd on the celestial hill
He earnestly remembers still
His blood-bought family.
2. He marks the church he left behind,
If each fulfil the task assign'd
With never-slackning care,
If each his faithfulness approve
By labours of unwearied love,
By watchfulness and prayer.
3. Master, the grace vouchsafe to me,
The loving, firm fidelity,
That mindful of thy word
I may with all my skill and might
Perform my every work aright,
And please my heavenly Lord.
4. My heart, thy meanest house, I keep,
If Thou, whose eyelids never sleep,
The watchful power bestow:
I mark the thoughts that hence proceed;
Not one shall pass into a deed,
Before thy mind I know.
5. Cautious the door of sense I close,
And keep it shut against my foes
Who press to enter in;
All commerce with the world preclude,
Nor let the tempting fiend intrude,
Or the besetting sin.

²¹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:66–67.

6. No unexamined thought or word
Shall pass, but such as serve my Lord,
 And execute thy will:
I only live to watch and pray,
And for thy second coming stay,
 And all thy mind fulfil.
7. Happy, if watching to the end
I see thee gloriously descend,
 The man thou dost approve
Enter into my Master's joy,
And all eternity employ
 In rhapsodies of love!

**“Watch ye therefore, for ye know not when
the Master of the house will come.”**

—[Mark 13,] v. 35.²²

+

- [1.] I set me on the watchman's tower,
I wait th' uncertain day and hour
 When my discharge shall come:
When Christ his heavenly face reveals,
He brings the fatal hour that seals
 Mine everlasting doom.
2. The awful day and hour unknown
Of death and judgment are but one,
 Are both the same to me,
For such as out of life I go,
I must remain in bliss or woe
 Thro' all eternity.
3. Be this my whole employment here,
As Jesus' faithful minister
 His interests to maintain,
My station in his house to keep,
And never slumber, never sleep,
 Till He appears again.

²²Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:67–68.

4. The more my Lord prolongs his stay,
The more my duty is, to pray
And watch, and labour on,
Always to keep myself prepar'd
And looking for my full reward
In that immortal crown.

“I say unto all, Watch.”—[Mark 13,] v. 37.

[I.]²³

Is there a saint who doth not need
To watch and pray while station'd here?
Doth grace the duty supersede,
Or love cast out the *humble* fear?
Who bad the twelve *Take heed, beware,*
Cautioning them He cautions all:
And those that watch with ceaseless care
Can never sin, can never fall.

["I say unto all, Watch."—Mark 13, v. 37.]

II.²⁴

- [1.] Jesus, inspire the watchful power,
And set²⁵ me on thy cross's tower
Till life's sad moment's o're:
Here may I still my station keep,
And never fold my arms to sleep,
And never slumber more.
2. O might I in thy likeness wake,
Thy spotless purity partake
And fix my wishful eye,
Till coming in the clouds I see
Thy mild triumphant Majesty,
And to thy bosom fly.

²³Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:212–13, NT #319.

²⁴Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:68–69. Stanza 1 = *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:213, NT #320.

²⁵Ori., “fix.”

S. Mark XIV.

“She brake the box, and poured it on his head.”—[Mark 14,] v. 3.¹

Commendable excess
Of generous faith and love!
O could I thus my zeal express
My gratitude approve;
Pour out the precious balm,
And rendring Him his own,
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am
Expend on Christ alone!

**“Some had indignation, and said, Why was this waste of the ointment made?”
—[Mark 14,] v. 4.²**

Our zeal in men's esteem
May pass for indiscreet;
Suffice it³ what we do for Him
Our Lord's acceptance meet:
If He our gift receive,
Tho' more than life it cost,
We know, whate'er to Christ we give,
It never can be lost.

**“They murmured against her.”
—[Mark 14,] v. 5.⁴**

Who worldly good pursue
As their supreme delight
Will murmur at his followers true
Who all for Jesus slight:
Yet we who Jesus know
The world as nothing deem,
And all the precious things below
Account but dross for Him.

“Jesus said, Let her alone.”—[Mark 14,] v. 6.⁵

Saviour, thy witnesses
The world must disapprove,

¹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:69.

²Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:69.

³Ori., “that.”

⁴Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:69–70.

⁵Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:70.

They cannot judge in righteousness
Who want both light and love:
But patient of the wrong,
I leave my cause to Thee,
And while I meekly hold my tongue,
Thou answerest, Lord, for me.

“Me ye have not always.”—[Mark 14,] v. 7.⁶

No longer visible
To eyes of flesh and blood
The Son of man with God doth dwell
Himself th’ eternal God:
Yet still He ready stands
Assistance to receive:
And thro’ his poor disciples hands
Our alms to Christ we give.

**“She hath done what she could.”
—[Mark 14,] v. 8.⁷**

Might I but do for Thee
The little in my power,
Who knowst my soul’s infirmity,
Thou woudst require⁸ no more:
Work then in me to will
To ask and use thy grace,
And lo, thy pleasure I fulfil,
And give Thee all the praise.

**“Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached
throughout the world, this also that she hath
done shall be spoken of, for a memorial of
her.”—[Mark 14,] v. 9.⁹**

The one great God supreme
In power and majesty,
Jesus, Thou lov’st and honour’st them
Who love and honour Thee;

⁶Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:70.

⁷Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:70.

⁸Ori., “Thou, ~~Lord~~, woudst ask” changed to “Thou woudst require.”

⁹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:71.

Thou wil'st that all our race
Should know what faith hath done,
Should imitate the saints and praise,
But worship God alone.

“When they heard it, they were glad.”
—[Mark 14,] v. 11.¹⁰

How sad the triumph of an hour,
How short the joy of human fiends,
Which leaves them to the tempter's power,
And in eternal sorrow ends!

**“He sought how he might conveniently betray
him.”—[Mark 14,] v. 11.¹¹**

Able to break th' infernal band,
And blast the plots of earth and hell,
He let their direful counsel stand,
And Satan over God prevail:
Holy, and just, and wise, and good,
T' abolish sin, He sin employs,
Lays down¹² our ransom in¹³ his blood,
And death thro' his own death destroys.

**“Where wilt thou that we go and prepare that
thou mayst eat the passover?”**
—[Mark 14,] v. 12.¹⁴

Tho' crouds may uncommission'd run
T' usurp the priestly character,
Th' Apostles successors alone
The Christian passover prepare:
But *we* thro' grace our sins remove,
Purge out the old unleaven'd bread,
And then by humble faith and love
On Jesus in our hearts we feed.

**“There shall meet you a man bearing a
pitcher of water: follow him.”**
—[Mark 14,] v. 13.¹⁵

¹⁰Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:71.

¹¹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:71.

¹²Ori., “~~Procures~~” changed to “Lays down.”

¹³Ori., “with.”

¹⁴Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:63.

¹⁵Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:63.

The water pure must go before,
And cleans'd in the baptismal flood
We our redeeming Lord adore:
The mystery of his sprinkled blood,
Commemorating the slaughter'd Lamb,
With Him we sing, with Him we feast,
Thro' whom we out of Egypt came,
Thro' whom we gain that heavenly rest.¹⁶

**“Where is the guest-chamber, where I shall
eat the passover with my disciples? And he
will shew you a large upper room &c.”**

—[Mark 14,] v. 14, 15.¹⁷

If still Thou dost with sinners eat,
Come, dearest Lord, and quickly come:
Thy grace alone can speak¹⁸ us meet,
Our souls inlarge to make thee room:
The leaven old of inbred sin
Expel by true sincerity,
Prepare our heart, and enter in,
And keep a passover in me.

**“Good were it for that man, if he had never
been born.”—[Mark 14,] v. 21.¹⁹**

Alas for him, whose teaching pride
Peoples the realms beneath,
And helps poor sinners to deride
The never-dying death;
Who madly mocks the endless pain,
And laughs his God to scorn,
Good were it for that wretched man,
If *he* had ne'er been born!

¹⁶Ori., “feast.”

¹⁷Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:71.

¹⁸“Speak” has “count” written in the margin as an alternative.

¹⁹Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:213, NT #321.

**“I will drink no more of the fruit of the vine,
until that day that I drink it new in the
kingdom of God.”—[Mark 14,] v. 25.²⁰**

- [1.] From Jesus’ sacrifice
 And sacrament we rise,
Borne on wings of faith and love
 To the mansions of the blest,
Triumph with the saints above,
 Share that everlasting feast.
2. The Truth, the Deity
 We there unveil’d shall see,
Lose in that transporting Sight
 All we felt or fear’d below:
Torrents of unmixt delight
 There our raptur’d souls o’reflow.
3. O blessed, blessed hope!
 From²¹ earth it lifts us up:
Now in heaven with Christ we dwell,
 Now the bliss of heaven we taste,
Glorious joys unspeakable,
 Joys which shall forever last.
4. Super-substantial Bread,
 If Thou our spirits feed,
Nothing can we want beside;
 With thy immortality,
With thy fulness satisfied
 All we sacrifice to Thee.

**“When they had sung an hymn, they went out
into the mount of Olives.”—[Mark 14,] v. 26.²²**

- [1.] Rivals of saints supremely blest,
 Our souls to heaven ascend,

²⁰Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:72–73.

²¹Ori., “For.”

²²Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:73.

Who Jesus' Eucharistic feast
With praise begin and end:
With Jesus while our hearts are fed,
They must with joy o' reflow,
And find in that immortal Bread
Their heaven begun below.

2. But conscious of our constant wants,
To Christ again we cry,
Who all our needed graces grants,
And ask a fresh supply:
Oft to the garden we remove
Our Master's grief to share,
Pour out our souls in plaintive love,
And agony of prayer.
3. An upper room will soon be found
Where we with Christ shall sit,
Partake his joy, with glory crown'd,
And all our griefs forget:
Our praises there shall never cease,
Our joys shall ne'er decay,
But higher rise, and more increase
Thro' one eternal day.

“Although all men shall be offended, yet will not I.”—[Mark 14,] v. 29.

+

[I.]²³

- [1.] Who trusts his own intrepid heart
Burning with inexperience'd zeal,
Secure he never shall depart
“For sin is quite impossible,”
He must perceive himself but man,
Must fall, to teach him that he *can*.

²³Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:73–74.

2. Presuming on his strength of grace,
 Himself to others who prefers,
 And boasts his future faithfulness,
 And slights the warning word he hears,
 He soon shall prove his pride to all,
 Alarming thousands by his fall.

["Although all men shall be offended, yet will not I."—Mark 14, v. 29.] +

II.²⁴

- [1.] How little of himself he knows
 Who dares depend on his own heart!
 Our whole of strength from Jesus flows:
 Jesus, my confidence Thou art,
 And while I can on Thee rely,
 I never shall my Lord deny.
2. Who in thy faithful word believes,
 And humbly calls upon thy name,
 Each moment he thy grace receives,
 And never shall be put to shame
 But Thou a stumbling-block shalt be
 To all who trust themselves, not Thee.

**"Jesus saith unto him, Verily I say unto thee,²⁵
 that this day, even in this night, before the
 cock crow twice, thou shalt deny me thrice."
 —[Mark 14,] v. 30.²⁶**

- [1.] Who every thought and motion knows
 Of every heart himself hath made,
 The day, the hour, the moment shows
 When Peter thro' his pride betray'd
 Shall fall: by basest perjury
 To warn, and shake, and stablish me.
2. Omniscient God of love, impart
 A ray of thine unerring light,

²⁴Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:74.

²⁵Ori., "you."

²⁶Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:74–75.

That seeing my own treacherous heart,
 And trembling at the horrid sight,
 I may to my Supporter run,
 And humbly stand by faith alone.

**“But he spake the more vehemently, if I
 should die with thee, I will not deny thee in
 any wise. Likewise also said they all.”**
 —[Mark 14,] v. 31.²⁷

- [1.] How stubborn the presumptuous man,
 So blind, so sure he cannot fall!
 How swift the fatal mischief ran,
 While Peter’s bane infects them all,
 To sin the sacred college leads,
 And pride thro’ every bosom spreads!
2. They promise all, seduc’d by one,
 Freedom, or life itself to save,
 Their Lord they never will disown;
 But who the dire example gave,
 Left to himself, and *most* secure,
 He only doth his Lord abjure.

**“If I should die with thee, I will not deny
 thee.”**—[Mark 14,] v. 31.²⁸

+

- [1.] “This night thou shalt deny me thrice,”
 Is the meek Master’s warning word:
 I never will, the servant cries,
 And boldly contradicts his Lord,
 Tho’²⁹ all beside turn back and flee,
 I vow to stay, and die with Thee.
2. The Saviour sad replies no more,
 Nor eagerly his word defends,
 But leaves it to the trying hour;
 And who on his own strength depends,

²⁷Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:76.

²⁸Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:75–76.

²⁹Ori., “~~Thou~~.”

Peter the confident, the proud
Abjures his Master and his God.

3. Instructed by his fall, I stand
 In just self-diffidence secure:
And while my soul is in thy hand,
 Jesus, I can the test endure,
Arm'd with that lowly mind of thine,
That modesty of truth divine.
4. Warm, vehement, positive, and loud
 With violent, bold assertions vain,
If others boast their zeal for God,
 Their future constancy maintain,
O may I see them with thy eyes,
And neither credit, nor despise.
5. Much of myself I dare not say,
 Or glory in my faith unprov'd,
Or promise, in the evil day
 That I alone shall stand unmov'd,
Weakest, and sinfullest of all
I fear t' affirm "I cannot fall."³⁰
6. Yet if I truly trust in Thee,
 Me to myself Thou wilt not leave,
But help my soul's infirmity,
 Dependant on thy grace to live,
To live (till Thou from earth remove)
The spotless life of humble love.

"He saith to his disciples, Sit ye here, while I shall pray."—[Mark 14,] v. 32.³⁰

Thus might I from man retreat,
Shut to him my sorrowing heart,

³⁰Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:76.

Open it my Lord to meet,
Watch, and mourn, and pray apart!
Thus prevent the trying hour:
Then I share thine agony,
Arm'd with all thy Spirit's power
Then I come, to die with Thee.

“He began to be sore amazed, and to be very heavy.”—[Mark 14,] v. 33.³¹

- [1.] Sore amaz'd is God's own Son
God's vindictive wrath to see,
Griev'd with mortal grief unknown,
Crush'd by our iniquity:
And shall we ourselves remain
Still to both insensible,
Strangers to remorse and pain,
Neither sin nor justice feel?
2. Could we see that dreadful sight
With our Saviour's eyes and heart,
Justice, sin, brought forth to light
Would our soul and body part;
But who both for man hath borne,
Spare us the extreme dismay,
Gives us self-condemn'd to mourn,
Takes our griefs and sins away.

“My soul is exceeding sorrowful unto death: tarry ye here and watch.”—[Mark 14,] v. 34.³²

- [1.] A Christian should with Christ remain,
Contemplate that mysterious pain
Which we could never know,
If Christ did not in love reveal,
And give the tempted soul to feel
A portion of his woe.

³¹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:77.

³²Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:64.

2. The drop Thou didst to me bequeath
I taste; thy sorrow unto death,
 It breaks my mournful heart:
But let me breathe my soul like Thee,
And with resign'd tranquillity
 Into thy arms depart.

“He fell on the ground, and prayed, that, if it were possible, the hour might pass from him.”
—[Mark 14,] v. 35.³³

- [1.] By³⁴ grief and sin's enormous load
Opprest, I fall before my God,
 And for deliverance pray;
If justice can give place to love,
Father, the bitter cup remove,
 Or take my life away.
2. But if thou wil'st the load t' abide,
Mine anguish from thy people hide,
 My fearful agony,
Nor³⁵ let them thro' my sufferings faint,
Or see their pastor die for want
 Of holiness and Thee.

“Abba Father, all things are possible to thee, take away this cup from me: nevertheless not what I will, but what thou wilt.”
—[Mark 14,] v. 36.³⁶

- [1.] Th' Almighty can employ his power
To snatch us from the dreadful hour;
 But oft, t' exalt his name,
To raise our bliss and virtue higher,
Continues with us in the fire,
 And saves us *in* the flame.

³³Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:64.

³⁴Ori., “My.”

³⁵Ori., “Not.”

³⁶Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:77.

2. If God doth for a time defer
To answer his continued prayer,
 Shall sinful man complain,
When Christ the Lord forever blest
Repeats, and urges his request,
 Yet seems to pray in vain!

**“Simon, sleepest thou? couldst thou not watch
one hour?”—[Mark 14,] v. 37.³⁷**

Who promis'd with his Lord to die,
 But sinks so soon, by sleep o'rcome,
Did he not on himself rely,
 And rash on³⁸ his own strength presume?
Gently rebuk'd, and call'd again,
 Full of himself he slights the call,
Who will not see must blind remain,
 And fall, to wake him from his fall.

**“Watch ye and pray lest ye enter into
temptation: thy spirit truly is ready, but the
flesh is weak.”—[Mark 14,] v. 38.³⁹**

Unless a constant watch I keep,
 I cannot without ceasing pray,
Unless by prayer I shake off sleep,
 I fold my hands, and sink away;
Saviour, bestow the double power,
 My soul and flesh with strength endue,
And save me from the dangerous hour,
 Or bring me more than conqueror thro'.

**“The hour is come; behold, the Son of man is
betrayed into the hands of sinners.”
—[Mark 14,] v. 41.⁴⁰**

Into the hands of sinful men
 Is Holiness himself betray'd,

³⁷Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:78.

³⁸Ori., “of.”

³⁹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:78.

⁴⁰Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:78.

Sinners to draw from Satan's den,
To snatch them from th' infernal shade:
The hour is come by nature fear'd,
For which so long his spirit pin'd,
For which He in the flesh appear'd,
To honour God, and save mankind.

**“Rise up, let us go; lo, he that betrayeth me
is at hand.”—[Mark 14,] v. 42.⁴¹**

- [1.] In our feeble nature clad
He sinks beneath his load,
In his own great strength array'd
He stands th' Almighty God!
Calmly meets his murderous foes,
Animates his drooping friends,
To his cross intrepid goes,
And thence to heaven ascends.
2. Left to his own feebleness,
Or arm'd with Jesus name,
Weak by nature, strong by grace
A man is not the same:
Nothing can he do alone:
But when enabled from above,
In his impotence is shown
Th' omnipotence of love.

**“They laid their hands on him, and took him.”
—[Mark 14,] v. 46.⁴²**

- [1.] Hail all-redeeming Lord
Thro' earth and heaven ador'd!
Seiz'd by sacrilegious hands,
Jesus, thy captivity
Looses all our slavish bands,
Sets imprison'd spirits free.

⁴¹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:78–79.

⁴²Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:79.

2. Thou by thy foes confin'd
 Inlargest all mankind,
Liberty from sin and pain
 Lo, we by thy bonds receive,
Glorious liberty obtain,
 Liberty with God to live.

“One of them drew a sword, and smote a servant of the high-priest, and cut off his ear.”—[Mark 14,] v. 47.⁴³

Nature's strife will never last,
Soon her warmest zeal is past,
While a soldier of the Lord
Arm'd with neither shield nor sword,
Doth, like Christ, himself defend,
Calm and patient to the end,
Strives, for ill returning good,
Strives, resisting unto blood.

**“The scripture must be fulfilled.”
—[Mark 14,] v. 49.⁴⁴**

Call'd my Master to confess,
Suffering for my faithfulness,
By th' appointment of his will
Do I not his word fulfil?
Christ's afflictions now are mine,
Now I answer God's design,
For the Head and body's sake
Jesus' cup and cross partake.

**“They all forsook him, and fled.”
—[Mark 14,] v. 50.⁴⁵**

Jesus the Lord by man forsook
The sinner's punishment hath took,
Beneath our guilt and curse he stood,
For we have all forsaken God!

⁴³Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:79–80.

⁴⁴Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:64–65.

⁴⁵Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:65.

And now if hold of Christ we take,
Our Father will not us forsake,
But pardon, sanctify, and heal,
And with our souls forever dwell.

**“He left the linnen cloth, and fled from them
naked.”—[Mark 14,] v. 52.⁴⁶**

- [1.] Christ by the youth’s escape makes known
His power and guardian care,
And thus admonishes his own
To fly the coming snare:
Shews the malicious world’s design
His followers all to seize,
And bids us still the storm decline
Of furious wickedness.
2. Weakest of thy disciples, young
In inexperience’d grace,
I dare not meet th’ outrageous throng,
Or now thy cross embrace:
Sufficient strength to die with Thee
Yet while I cannot find,
Naked I from their violence flee,
And leave the world behind.

**“Many bear witness against him.”
—[Mark 14,] v. 56.⁴⁷**

Can injur’d innocence complain,
Or martyrs at their lot repine,
Who mark that blessed sinless Man,
That spotless Innocent Divine,
Arraign’d before his creatures’ bar,
Patient, and meek, and silent there!

**“But he held his peace, and answered
nothing.”—[Mark 14,] v. 61.⁴⁸**

An Advocate the sinner needs,
And Christ the just for us declares,

⁴⁶Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:80.

⁴⁷Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:80.

⁴⁸Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:80–81.

Our desperate cause by silence pleads,
Our long-lost innocence repairs,
Refusing to defend his own,
He clears us at his Father's throne.

“Jesus said, I am: and ye shall see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven.”

—[Mark 14,] v. 62.⁴⁹

Silent long the Prisoner stood,
But not thro' guilty fear;
Bold at last the Son of God
Asserts his character,
Makes to God his just appeal
Who every heart will soon display,
Cites his judge the truth to feel
At that tremendous day.

“They all condemned him to be guilty of death.”—[Mark 14,] v. 64.⁵⁰

- [1.] Adjudg'd to die He is by all
A criminal unfit to live;
Our sins transfer'd for justice call,
And meek the sentence to receive
The patient Lamb makes no reply,
For all his meaning is To die.
2. Guilty of death Thou art indeed
Who dost the general guilt assume,
Appearing in the sinner's stead,
Our merits justify thy doom:
And freely mov'd by love alone
Thou mak'st our sins and death thine own.

⁴⁹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:81.

⁵⁰Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:81.

**“She looked upon him and said, And thou also
wast with Jesus of Nazareth. But he denied.”**
—[Mark 14,] v. [67,] 68.⁵¹

The saint who of his grace presumes,
Nor yet his own great weakness knows,
A woman’s word, or look o’comes,
A pillar of the church o’rethrows.
And Peter’s sin proclaims to all,
That pride precedes a certain fall.

“He began to curse and to swear &c.”
—[Mark 14,] v. 71.⁵²

[1.] Is this the man who answer’d, Lord,
Tis thine eternal life t’ impart,
Thou art the Christ by heaven ador’d,
Son of the living God thou art,
Thee we⁵³ believe, and surely know
Jehovah manifest below.

2. Betray’d by pride insensible,
Whate’er of knowledge we possess,
Of faith divine, or fervent zeal,
We may be robb’d of all our grace,
May in a moment forfeit all,
And like presumptuous Peter fall.

**“Peter called to mind the word that Jesus said
unto him. And when he thought thereon, he
wept.”**—[Mark 14,] v. 72.⁵⁴

[1.] The cock had crow’d in vain,
If Jesus had not stir’d,
And brought to Peter’s mind again
The warning of his Lord:
But Jesus cast the look,
Which into contrite woe

⁵¹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:81.

⁵²Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:82.

⁵³Ori., “be.”

⁵⁴Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:82.

Dissolv'd at once the smitten rock,
And made the waters flow.

2. Retreat the mourner seeks,
(When Christ the grace supplies)
Not with his tongue but heart he speaks
Thro' his o'reflowing eyes:
His tongue he sadly knew
The organ of his sin,
And shew'd us, that repentance true
With silence must begin.

S. Mark XV.

“The chief priests ... delivered him to Pilate.”
—[Mark 15,] v. 1.¹

Into the heathen judge's power
By envious Jews deliver'd o're,
Behold the spotless Lamb of God!
Sinners of every sort and kind
Are in his condemnation join'd
Who bears the universal load:
At each unrighteous judgment-seat
He bows, submissively to meet
His sentence from the Lord most high,
Conscious that wicked men fulfil
His just, offended Father's will,
He comes for all mankind to die.

**“Pilate asked him, Art thou the king of the
Jews? And he answering said unto him, Thou
sayest it.”**—[Mark 15,] v. 2.²

- [1.] While at the bar He stands
A Prisoner in their hands,
Christ whom earth and heaven adore,
Christ whom saints and angels sing,

¹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:83.

²Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:83.

First asserts his royal power,
Plainly owns himself a king.

2. He thus the way makes known
Which leads him to a throne,
Thus his dignity assumes,
Patient of contempt and pain,
Prince of life, to die he comes,
By his cross begins to reign.

“Answerest thou nothing?”—[Mark 15,] v. 4.³

Sins He bears, but not his own:
Sins the mouth of Jesus close!
Dumb for sins which we have done,
Lo, He stands before his foes,
Will not to their charge reply,
Us with God to justify.

**“Jesus yet answer’d nothing.”
—[Mark 15,] v. 5.⁴**

- [1.] While for us He undertakes,
Blacken’d with our sinful load,
No defence our Proxy makes,
Speechless at the bar of God,
Dumb before the Judge supreme,
All our crimes He owns to Him.
2. Man will speak, accus’d by man,
Fearful of disgrace and loss,
Long his innocence maintain,
Eagerly defend his cause:
God-with-us accepts the shame,
Yields to death—a silent Lamb!
3. Seal’d his lips with wisdom’s seal,
Seal’d by meek humility,

³Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:83–84.

⁴Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:84.

Reverence for his Father's will,
Love for all mankind, and me:
Nothing need the Lamb reply,
All his business is To die.

4. But his silence intercedes,
If their guilt the guilty own,
For the self-condemn'd it pleads,
Powerful at the gracious throne;
But his blood a voice hath found—
Life and heaven is in the sound!

“Now at that feast he released unto them one prisoner.”—[Mark 15,] v. 6.⁵

This figurative custom
Doth to our faith discover
A world releas'd At that great feast
When Justice pass'd us over;
When Jesus to his Father
Became a pure Oblation,
That Lamb of God, Whose sprinkled blood
Ascertain's our salvation.

“He knew that the chief priests had delivered him for envy.”—[Mark 15,] v. 10.⁶

- [1.] Envy, when time began,
The death of Jesus was,
From earth's foundations slain
It nail'd him to the cross:
Thro' envious pride the fiend came in,
And death with the malicious sin.

2. A murderer from the first
In Cain the devil stood:
And still the wicked thirst
To shed their brethren's blood,

⁵Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:84–85.

⁶Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:85.

And daily by the priestly vice
The Saviour in his members dies.

**“What will ye that I shall do to him, whom ye
call the King of the Jews?”**

—[Mark 15,] v. 12.⁷

- [1.] Christians alas, like Pilate are,
 Jesus in their hands they bear,
 And might embrace with joy,
His name upon themselves they take,
Nor know what use of Christ to make,
 Or how their Friend employ.
2. The Saviour, Priest, and Sacrifice,
 Prophet, King of earth and skies
 O let us Him receive,
To Him our hearts and duties pay,
To Him give thanks, and praise, and pray,
 And for his glory live.

“They cried out again, Crucify him.”

—[Mark 15,] v. 13.⁸

We blame the rabble who prefer'd
 A robber to God's only Son,
(That blind, ungrateful, impious herd)
 Yet we alas, the same have done,
To his preferring our own will,
Our heavenly Lord we daily kill.

**“They clothed him with purple, and platted a
crown of thorns, and put it about his head.”**

—[Mark 15,] v. 17.⁹

- [1.] Kings of earth, to Christ bow down,
 Him who wears the thorny crown,
Monarchs, who command the globe,
 Hail him in his purple robe,
Homage to your Sovereign pay,
 At his feet your sceptres lay.

⁷Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:85–86.

⁸Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:65.

⁹Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:65.

2. See, that all beneath your power
Serve the King whom ye adore,
That He may exalted be,
Use your whole authority,
Truth and piety maintain,
Only live, that Christ may reign.

“Bowing their knees, they worshipped him.”
—[Mark 15,] v. 19.¹⁰

If worship were, to bow the knee,
Heathens adore as well as we:
Tis not the knee, but heart, that prays,
The heart that humbly sues for grace;
Fixing our¹¹ heart on Christ above
We worship in the truth of love:
The body bow'd is but the sign,
And shews the service is divine.

**“When they had mocked him, they led him
out to crucify him.”**—[Mark 15,] v. 20.¹²

The wicked still our Lord oppress,
Their utmost rage and malice try,
And when from mockeries they cease,
Him in his saints they crucify.

“They compel one Simon to bear his cross.”
—[Mark 15,] v. 21.¹³

Happy he, whose utmost patience
Is by daily troubles tried!
Forc'd at first thro' sore temptations
With his suffering Lord t' abide,
Soon he chuses his condition,
Loves the cross of Jesus' pains,

¹⁰Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:66.

¹¹Ori., “your.”

¹²Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:66.

¹³Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:86.

Bears it with intire submission,
Thus the promis'd crown obtains.

“They bring him unto the place Golgotha.”
—[Mark 15,] v. 22.¹⁴

- [1.] Burthen'd with our griefs and cares
That true Isaac from the skies,
Lo, himself the wood He bears
To the place of sacrifice,
Bears it to Moriah's top;
There extended on the tree,
Lo, the universal Hope
Hangs, and bleeds, and dies for me!
2. Suffering death without the gate
From Jerusalem He leads,
Thus instructing us to wait
Where the common Victim bleeds,
After Him our hearts ascend,
Lifted up 'twixt earth and skies,
On his only death depend,
Seek no other sacrifice.
3. Jesus lays the ransom down,
Buys the nations with his blood,
Doth for all our sins atone,
Reconciles a world to God,
Jesus purchases our peace,
(Peace which every soul may find)
Pardon, grace, and holiness,
Life, and heaven for all mankind.

¹⁴Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:86–87.

**“They gave him to drink wine mingled with
myrrh: but he received it not.”**
—[Mark 15,] v. 23.¹⁵

[1.] Jesus tastes the bitter cup,
The woe that yet remains,
Tastes, but will not drink it up
To stupify his pains:
Without comfort or support
He hangs, and bears the wrath alone,
Will not cut his sufferings short,
Or lose a single groan.

2. Wonderful oeconomy
Of agonies Divine!
With a mind so calm and free
To suffer, Lord, is thine:
Jesus, lavish of thy blood,
Insatiably athirst for pain,
Thus Thou shew’st thy zeal for God,
And thus thy love for man!

**“When they had crucified him, they parted
his garments, casting lots upon them, what
every man should take.”—[Mark 15,] v. 24.¹⁶**

[1.] Members of his church we know
The poor his body are:
All the goods he had below
They should his garments share:
But the greedy soldiers seize
What should supply his people’s need,
Leave the members in distress,
And, neither clothe nor feed.

2. Venerable gamesters play,
Right venerable men,

¹⁵Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:66.

¹⁶Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:67.

Each contends the goodliest prey
The largest share to gain,
Eager each the whole t' ingross,
As churchmen never satisfied,
First they nail Him to the cross,
And then his spoils divide.

“They crucified him.”—[Mark 15,] v. 25.¹⁷

Prostrate with eyes of faith I see
My Saviour fasten'd to the tree,
A Victim on that altar laid,
Himself presenting to the skies,
The grand vicarious Sacrifice,
The Righteous in the sinner's stead.
Well-pleasing to our God above
His sacrifice of life and love
I plead before the gracious throne:
Father, a prodigal receive,
And bid a pardon'd rebel live,
The purchase of thy bleeding Son.

**“The superscription of his accusation was
written over, THE KING OF THE JEWS.”
—[Mark 15,] v. 26.¹⁸**

- [1.] Jesu, fulfil¹⁹ the title
Which caus'd thy condemnation,
Immortal King, By dying bring
To all thy church salvation:
Come in thy red apparel,
All-beautiful and glorious,
Thy foes assail, O're sin prevail,
O're death and hell victorious.
2. We by thy bloody conquest
Redeem'd from every nation,

¹⁷Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:87.

¹⁸Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:87–88.

¹⁹Ori., “Jesus, fulfils.”

A right obtain With Thee to reign
As partners of thy passion;
Admit thy loyal subjects
To triumph in thy favor,
Us inward Jews, Who chosen chuse
Thee for our Lord and Saviour.

3. To Thee our lawful Sovereign
Most freely and sincerely
Our hearts we give; Thine own receive
Which thou hast bought so dearly:
King of thy fav'rite Israel,
Of every pure believer,
By death alone Erect a throne
To stand in us forever.

“He was numbred with the transgressors.”
—[Mark 15,] v. 28.²⁰

My God expiring on a cross
Numbred with the transgressors was,
That I may numbred be
With all his sons and saints in light,
And gain the Beatific Sight
Of Him who died for me.

“Save thyself, and come down from the cross.”
—[Mark 15,] v. 30.²¹

- [1.] One who hangs on yonder tree
Bleeding by his Saviour's side,
Loves with his Belov'd to be
Cleaves to Jesus crucified:
Never will he thence come down,
Quit the cross, to lose the crown.
2. Not content with Christ to live,
Daily on his cross to bleed,

²⁰Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:67.

²¹Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:67–68.

Let me all his pangs receive,
Suffer till I bow my head,
See th' accomplish'd sacrifice,
Die when my Redeemer dies!

“The chief priests mocking said, He saved others, himself he cannot save.”

—[Mark 15,] v. 31.²²

Insults in th' improper hour
Christ forbids us to repress,
Arms with all his Spirit's power,
Strengthens us—to hold our peace!
Meekly then his mind we shew,
Silently the truth defend,
More than signs or wonders²³ do,
Suffer all things to the end.

“Let Christ the King of Israel descend now from the cross, that we may see and believe.”

—[Mark 15,] v. 32.

[I.]²⁴

See, and believe! It cannot be:
We first believe, and then we see,
While Israel's King his power exerts,
And comes from heaven into our hearts.

[“Let Christ the King of Israel descend now from the cross, that we may see and believe.”

—Mark 15, v. 32.]

II.²⁵

Had Christ descended from the cross,
His life had been his creatures' loss,
Nor could we on that scale ascend
To live in joys that never end.

[“Let Christ the King of Israel descend now from the cross, that we may see and believe.”

—Mark 15, v. 32.]

III.²⁶

Did they not see to life restor'd
The man beloved of his Lord,
Yet went with hardned hearts away,
And sought ev'n Lazarus to slay?

²²Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:88.

²³Ori., “wonder.”

²⁴Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:88–89.

²⁵Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:89.

²⁶Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:89.

**["Let Christ the King of Israel descend now
from the cross, that we may see and believe."
—Mark 15, v. 32.]**

[IV.]²⁷

Who miracles demand in vain
Would stubborn infidels remain,
By countless wonders unsubdued;
For faith is still the gift of God.

**"There was darkness over the whole land."
—[Mark 15,] v. 33.²⁸**

- [1.] The world in darkness lies,
 While its Redeemer dies:
Sin had long the earth o'rspread,
 Error gross and palpable
Circumfus'd its deadly shade,
 Wrapt them in the gloom of hell.

2. But Jesus on the tree
 Hath made the shadows flee,
Dying He restor'd the day,
 Scatter'd sin's infernal night,
Chas'd the ignorance away,
 Brought immortal life to light.

3. His last tremendous groan
 Hath Satan's realms o'rethrown:
On that third triumphant morn
 See the heavenly kingdom come,
See the Light of Life return,
 Glory issuing from the tomb!

**"My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken
me!"—[Mark 15,] v. 34.**

[I.]²⁹

- [1.] Father, regard the cry
 Of Jesus broken heart,
And tell my guilty conscience why
 Thou dost from Him depart:
Answer my Saviour's prayer,
 The prayer of dying love,

²⁷Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:89.

²⁸Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:89–90.

²⁹Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:68.

Thy righteous wrath appeas'd declare,
And all my sins remove.

2. Thou dost forsake thy Son,
That I my due may know
Forsook for all which I have done
And left to endless woe;
Thou hid'st from Him thy face,
That I may not be driven
To find in hell my proper place,
But strangely 'scape to heaven.

**["My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken
me!"]—Mark 15, v. 34.]**

II.³⁰

- [1.] From Thee his fav'rite, why
Doth God his face conceal?
Because He would not have us die,
The world he lov'd so well:
Because in love with pain
Thou dost for sinners bleed,
Thyself abandon to be slain
A Victim in our stead.
2. Casting a dying look
Thy God thou cou'dst not find,
Because thy Spirit had forsook
Our whole apostate kind,
Nor could our fallen race
Rise and return to God,
Or e'er retrieve thy Spirit's grace,
But thro' thy sprinkled blood.

**"Jesus cried with a loud voice, and gave up
the ghost."—[Mark 15,] v. 37.³¹**

- [1.] Our sins against the Saviour cry,
Our sins inflict his mortal pain,

³⁰Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:68–69. Stanza 2 appeared in *Poetical Works*, 11:90.

³¹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:90.

His death forbids that we should die,
Or brings the dead to life again,
Our souls from death eternal saves,
And millions calls out of their graves.

2. When God resigns his parting breath,
All nature should at once expire,
But to prevent the sinner's death,
He doth the death of sin require,
He wills that sin should lose its power,
And move, and live, and be no more.

3. O that it now might breathe its last,
Transfixt with Jesus on the tree!
Saviour, on Thee my soul is cast,
To suffer all thy pangs with Thee,
Participate the death Divine,
And live thro' endless ages thine.

“The vail of the temple was rent in twain.”
—[Mark 15,] v. 38.³²

[1.] Sinners, approach, the Lamb is slain,
And lo, the vail is rent in twain,
The heavenly sanctuary true
Is now expos'd to mortal view,
And earth thro' Christ's atoning blood
Is one great temple fill'd with God.

2. Rent is the sacred flesh of Him
Whose death doth every soul redeem:
He made the new and living way
Which leads to everlasting day,
That all mankind alike forgiven
Might pass thro' Jesus' wounds to heaven.

³²Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:90–91.

**“When the centurion saw that he so cried out,
and gave up the ghost, he said, Truly this was
the Son of God.”—[Mark 15,] v. 39.³³**

How powerful our Redeemer’s cries
Which life in death impart,
Which open still the sinner’s eyes,
And pierce his echoing heart!
By faith I hear his speaking blood,
His mangled form I see,
And know, This is the Son of God,
Whose cries converted me.

**“There were women looking on, Who when he
was in Galilee followed him, and ministered
unto him.”—[Mark 15,] v. 40, 41.³⁴**

[1.] Happy the saints that follow’d Thee,
By their willing ministry
Thine outward wants supplied!
When others fled, they found the grace
To stand in solemn grief, and gaze
On Jesus crucified.

2. O might I thus thro’ life endure,
Serve my Saviour in the poor;
But while thy death I see,
Conform’d to an expiring God,
I would be cover’d with thy blood,
And groan, and die with Thee.

**“Joseph came, and went in boldly unto Pilate,
and craved the body of Jesus.”
—[Mark 15,] v. 43.³⁵**

[1.] That blood Divine had bought the grace
Which fill’d his soul with power unknown,

³³Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:69.

³⁴Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:69.

³⁵Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:91.

And bold his Saviour to confess,
He claims a God whom all disown,
A single champion in the cause
Of Jesus lifeless on the cross.

2. Like him, with confidence of love
(Love which excludes the servile fear)
I come my loyalty t' approve,
Boldly before the world appear,
Who did for me his life resign,
My Lord, I challenge him for mine.

**“Mary Magdalene, and Mary the mother of
Jesus, beheld where he was laid.”**

—[Mark 15,] v. 47.³⁶

- [1.] Still by the holy matrons led,
Let us our dearest Lord pursue,
True to the Living and the Dead,
Nor ever lose him from our view,
By contrite grief and humble fear
Our strict fidelity approve,
And follow on, and persevere
In stedfast faith and constant love.
2. Him in his life and death we trace,
In every state to Jesus come,
Our Saviour on the cross confess,
Our Saviour in the silent tomb:
Low in the silent tomb He lies,
Worthy to be by all ador'd,
He lives immortal in the skies
Our glorious Head, our heavenly Lord!

³⁶Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:70. The first four lines of each verse are combined to form one verse in *Poetical Works*, 11: 91.

S. Mark XVI.

“Mary Magdalene, and Mary the mother of James, had bought sweet spices, that they might come and anoint him.”

—[Mark 16,] v. 1.¹

True faith with unremitting strife
Desires, and searches after life,
It seeks and finds it in the grave
Of Him, who died our souls to save.

“Very early in the morning, they came unto the sepulchre.”—[Mark 16,] v. 2.²

True love holds on its even way,
Which grief can neither damp nor stay,
A fire inkindling in the soul
Which death can neither quench nor cool.

“They said among themselves, Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?”—[Mark 16,] v. 3.³

- [1.] Who Jesus seek with zeal sincere
No dangers can excite my fear,
I mark the hindrances that rise,
But love thro' all undaunted flies:
2. Impel'd by active love, I come
To find him in his empty tomb,
Nor mind the obstacles I see
Quite insurmountable by me.
3. My impotence to Him is known:
I cannot roll away the stone,
But humbly trust in my Belov'd,
And mountains are by faith remov'd.
4. While at the sepulchre I stay,
The mountain shall be roll'd away,

¹Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:70.

²Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:70.

³Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:71.

And I shall see my Lord arise,
Drawn by his Spirit to the skies.

**“Be not affrighted: ye seek Jesus which was
crucified: he is risen, he is not here &c.”**
—[Mark 16,] v. 6.⁴

- [1.] Who from the world retreat
 Their Saviour-God to meet,
Trials strange at first they prove,
 Seiz'd with horrible affright,
But their fear gives place to love,
 Holy joy, and pure delight.
2. Buried where Jesus lies,
 Out of his grave we rise,
Know that there He lies no more,
 Feel the grace on us bestow'd,
Conscious of his quickning power,
 Fill'd with all the life of God.

**“Tell his disciples, and Peter, that he goeth
before you into Galilee, there⁵ shall ye see
him, as he said unto you.”**—[Mark 16,] v. 7.

[I.]⁶

- [1.] Penitents the Saviour cheers,
 Who beneath their burthen droop,
Wipes away the mourner's tears,
 Lifts the poor backsliders up;
Griev'd at having left our Lord,
 While we after Jesus pine,
He the comfortable word
 Sends to Peter's heart, and mine.
2. Me, the vile deserter me,
 Christ whom I denied, forsook,
Kindly calls his face to see,
 Bids me to my Saviour look,

⁴Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:92.

⁵Ori., “that.”

⁶Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:92.

Token of his rise he gives,
Takes my fears and sins away,
Tells my heart, Again he lives,
Ever lives for me to pray.

**["Tell his disciples, and Peter, that he goeth
before you into Galilee, there shall ye see
him, as he said unto you."—Mark 16, v. 7.]**

II.⁷

- [1.] Jesus risen from the dead
Doth to us appear again,
Goes before, our living Head,
Makes our way direct and plain;
Still conducts the souls he loves
Captain on his church bestow'd,
Every obstacle removes,
Brings us to the mount of God.
2. Marching thro' the vale below
On his promise we depend,
After Him in safety go,
Daily on his cross ascend
To that heavenly Galilee;
Trusting our celestial Guide,
Him we shall in glory see,
Sit inraptur'd⁸ at his side.

**"They fled from the sepulchre; for they
trembled and were amazed."
—[Mark 16,] v. 8.⁹**

- [1.] God lets his closest followers know
Th' inconstancy of all below,
The saints whom most he loves,
The saints to whom he first appears,
By daily weaknesses and fears
He mercifully proves.

⁷Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:93.

⁸Ori., "triumphant."

⁹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:93.

2. Tis thus he teaches them t' aspire
On wings of faith and strong desire
To that abiding place,
Where feeble fear no more is known,
Where evil, pain, and death are gone
And joy eternal¹⁰ stays.

“When Jesus was risen, he appeared first to Mary Magdalene, out of whom he had cast seven devils.”—[Mark 16,] v. 9.¹¹

- [1.] Who at his cross had stood,
And seen the dying God,
Happy Magdalene receives
The first visit from her Lord,
By his resurrection lives,
Finds in Him her full reward.
2. He thus delights t' approve¹²
Her constancy of love,
Shews himself alive to her
Once by seven devils possest,
Now his chosen messenger,
Now prefer'd to all the rest.
3. He still vouchsafes to bless
Who boldly Him confess,
Prize their Saviour's grief and shame,
Will not from his cross remove,
These he calls to bear his name,
Honours with his richest love.
4. These are the souls he sends
To cheer his drooping friends,
These his choicest fav'rites are;
Crown'd for their fidelity,

¹⁰Ori., “forever.”

¹¹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:93–94.

¹²Ori., “to prove” changed to “t' approve.”

These at last his glory share,
These his face forever see.

**“She went and told them that had been with
him, as they mourned and wept.”**

—[Mark 16,] v. 10.¹³

[1.] Returning from the dead,
 Our heavenly Lord and Head
Charges with the joyful news
 No unsullied Innocent,
Will not an Apostle chuse,
 Sends a pardon'd Penitent.

2. The woman testifies
 Of Him that never dies,
First of Jesus witnesses,
 Magdalene the truth imparts,
Messenger of life and peace
 To his sad disciples hearts.

3. He thus his word fulfils,
 His promis'd grace reveals,
Lifts his weeping followers up
 Still appearing from above,
Now revives our dying hope,
 Now rewards our patient love.

4. Author of faith, appear
 Again its Finisher,
Comforter of all that mourn,
 All that long their Lord to see,
Into joy our sorrow turn,
 Shew thyself alive to me.

**“After that he appeared in another form unto
two of them.”—[Mark 16,] v. 12.¹⁴**

[1.] How fervent is our Shepherd's love,
 Who follows all the sheep that rove,

¹³Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:94–95.

¹⁴Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:95–96.

Who every wanderer
Pursues with persevering grace,
As every child of Adam's race
Ingros'd his tender care.

2. Their Shepherd rising from the dead
To each extends his friendly aid,
To each himself applies,
Dispers'd and stumbled by his death
Brings back into his fold beneath,
And leads them to the skies.
3. Tis thus he for his followers cares,
When persecution parts and tears
The flock, and scatters wide,
When daily they *his* lot partake,
To death deliver'd for his sake,
With Jesus crucified.
4. Beyond the rage of fiends and men
He gathers and unites again
The people of his love:
And O, that I might gather'd be,
To share thro' all eternity
Thy glorious life above!

**“They went and told it unto the residue:
neither believed they them.”**

—[Mark 16,] v. 13.¹⁵

So slow and backward to believe
The rise of Jesus crucified,
They stronger testimony give
To what they had themselves denied;
And while his witnesses maintain
The truth they first had disallow'd,
The incredulity of man
Confirms the faithfulness of God.

¹⁵Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:96.

“He appeared unto the eleven, and upbraided them with their unbelief and hardness of heart, because they believed not them which had seen him after he was risen.”

—[Mark 16,] v. 14.¹⁶

[1.] Appear, to us appear,
 And kindly now reprove
Our harden'd heart, our faithless fear
 Which doubts thy pardning love;
 Which disbelieves the men,
 And contradicts their word,
Who witness, they themselves have seen,
 Who preach their living Lord.

2. If Thou vouchsafe to show
 Thy presence to our heart,
The mountains of our sins shall flow,
 And unbelief depart,
 While one with Thee our Head,
 And to thy members join'd,
We witness Thou art ris'n indeed
 To quicken all mankind.

“Preach the gospel to every creature.”

—[Mark 16,] v. 15.¹⁷

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Gospel to every soul of man!
 The one, eternal God
For the whole world of sinners slain,
 Hath bought them with his blood!
Let every child of Adam's line
 The joyful news embrace,
Acquitted by an Act Divine
 Of Universal Grace!

“He that believeth, and is baptized, shall be saved.”—[Mark 16,] v. 16.¹⁸

¹⁶Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:96–97.

¹⁷Published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:213, NT #322.

¹⁸Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:97.

- [1.] By faith my pardon I receive
 Regenerate from above,
And still believing on, I live
 The life of holy love;
And humbly faithful unto death
 I shall thro' grace obtain
At Jesus' hands th' immortal wreath,
 And in his glory reign.
2. We bow submissive to the will
 Of an ordaining God,
Stamp't with his sacramental seal
 In the baptismal flood;
His Spirit there the blood applies,
 Which makes our conscience pure,
And in the water testifies
 Our present pardon sure.

“But he that believeth not shall be damned.”
—[Mark 16,] v. 16.¹⁹

- [1.] The infidel his doom shall bear,
 In endless torments cry,
But never doth our Lord declare
 “The unbaptiz'd shall die:”
In education's fetters bound
 Who miss the outward way,²⁰
Yet love their God, shall all be found
 His people in that day.
2. He winks at ignorance sincere
 In those that know his grace;
But no unholy souls appear
 Before his glorious face:
Baptiz'd, or unbaptiz'd, they all
 Shall die the second death,

¹⁹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:98.

²⁰Ori., “road.”

And banish'd from his presence fall
Into their place beneath.

**“These signs shall follow them that believe: in
my name shall they cast out devils.”**

—[Mark 16,] v. 17.²¹

Jesus! formidable Name,
Puts all the fiends to flight!
Arm'd with this, his word we claim,
And conquer in his might,
Troops of hellish spirits chase,
Or tread them bruis'd beneath our feet,
Till our Lord reveals his face,
And seals the burning pit.

“They shall speak with new tongues.”

—[Mark 16,] v. 17.²²

While in faithful hearts we bear
Thy name invincible,²³
We its energy declare,
And all its wonders tell,
Speak a language new and pure
The language of celestial love,
Speak with tongues which shall endure,
And sing thy praise above.

**“They shall take up serpents, and if they drink
any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them.”**

—[Mark 16,] v. 18.²⁴

Reverencing thy name and word,
We nothing fear beside;
Evil cannot touch our Lord,
Or who in Thee abide:
We unhurt with serpents play,
Error's baneful draught receive,

²¹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:98.

²²Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:98–99.

²³Ori., “*ineffable*.”

²⁴Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:99.

Cast the deadly thing away,
And marvellously live.

“They shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.”—[Mark 16,] v. 18.²⁵

- [1.] For the sick of sin we plead,
And wrestle in thy name,
Thro' thy Spirit intercede,
And life and pardon claim:
What we ask in faith, we have;
Thou dost the prostrate souls restore;
Witnessing thy power to save
They rise, and sin no more.
2. But are outward wonders ceas'd,
And seen no more below?
Shall the Babylonish priest,
Or madman answer, No?
Fly the legendary tales,
Away with wild delusion's dream!
Still the truth of God prevails,
And still we trust in Him.
3. If the ancient faith Thou give,
Th' almighty Cause restore,
Wilt thou not the work revive
Of thy stupendous power?
Known are all thy works to Thee;
Our only prayer, O Lord, is this,
Let thy will accomplish'd be
In our eternal bliss.

“So then after the Lord had spoken

²⁵Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:71–72. Stanza 1 appeared in *Poetical Works*, 11: 99.

**“unto them, he was received up into heaven,
and sat on the right hand of God.”**

—[Mark 16,] v. 19.²⁶

- [1.] His course, but not his office, ends,
When Jesus in the clouds ascends,
And enters that most holy place,
(The holiest place not made with hands)
Our great High-priest with God, he stands,
He stands before his Father’s face.
2. Jehovah’s co-eternal Son
Returns triumphant to his throne,
And whom the heaven of heavens receives,
Seated at God’s right hand again
The cause of sinners to maintain,
Our Advocate forever lives.

**“They went forth and preached every where,
the Lord working with them, and confirming
the word with signs following.”**

—[Mark 16,] v. 20.²⁷

- [1.] The faithful, acceptable word
“That ransom’d sinners may embrace
“Their merciful Almighty Lord,”
With all his gospel-labourers stays;
Their mission first by signs he seal’d:
His Providence doth still attend,
And still his secret grace reveal’d
Works in their hearts, till time shall end.
2. Saviour, we on thy word rely:
The word of truth and present power
Doth wound, and heal, and sanctify,
To peace, and perfect love restore:

²⁶Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:99–100.

²⁷Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:100.

With pardon and salvation blest,
Wonders we to the world proclaim;
Wonders of grace, they are not ceas'd,
But daily wrought in Jesus Name!