

## MS Scriptural Hymns (1783) OT<sup>1</sup>

MS Scriptural Hymns is a bound volume with pages 6.25 x 7.5 inches in size. The first section runs for 128 pages, containing 126 hymns devoted to texts in the Old Testament. This is followed by 139 pages that are filled with 128 hymns on texts in the New Testament. All of the verse in this volume is original, duplicating none of the content in either *Scripture Hymns* (1762) or the manuscript volumes on the Gospels and Acts.

The date “May 11, 1783” is inscribed on the flyleaf of the volume. On the first page of the New Testament section is a note: “Begun May 18, 1783.” At the bottom of the last page in the New Testament section Wesley wrote: “Finished May 26, 1783.” This would indicate that about a week was devoted to each section. The dates likely refer to the time spent copying them into a collected set, but may refer to the original composition of the hymns. In either case, the hymns date from Wesley’s later years, and many reflect his growing discomfort since the controversies of the 1760s with those who lightly claimed to have attained Christian Perfection.

For the convenience of current readers, we have adopted three modernizations for scripture references in this volume: excerpts of scripture used as titles have been placed in quotation marks (Wesley typically omits), colons have replaced periods in scripture citations (Wesley’s “Gen. 20. 6” becomes “Gen. 20:6”), and “ff” has been used to indicate multiple verses (Wesley uses “&c”). We have maintained the guidelines for the larger collection when transcribing Wesley’s actual verse.

Since Wesley uses independent numbering for the Old Testament and New Testament sections, they are transcribed separately in this collection.

MS Scriptural Hymns is held in the Methodist Archive and Research Centre, accession number MA 1977/576 (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.

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<sup>1</sup>This document was produced by the Duke Center for Studies in the Wesleyan Tradition under the editorial direction of Randy L. Maddox, with the diligent assistance of Aileen F. Maddox. Last updated: May 20, 2011.

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**Genesis.**

**“I with-held thee from sinning.”—[Gen.] 20:6.**

[I.]<sup>2</sup>

- [1.] A thousand secret checks within  
    To unacknowledged graces I owe;  
A thousand times preserv'd<sup>3</sup> from sin,  
    I now my kind Preserver know:  
Thou didst support my yielding heart,  
    Thou didst to good my will incline;  
And when I chose the better part,  
    The virtuous thought was all divine.
2. I envied oft the swine their meat,  
    But none the husks of pleasure gave:  
Oft by my bosom-sin beset,  
    Mercy *contriv'd* my soul to save:  
The grace I trembled to receive,  
    Escaping from the broken snare;  
And scarcely durst my heart believe  
    That mercy could redeem so far.
3. Still on a precipice I stand,  
    Or seem on solid waves to tread;  
Secure in an Almighty hand,  
    When raging flames surround my head:

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<sup>2</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:21–22.

<sup>3</sup>Ori., “restrain'd.”

Nigh is my sin, but Thou art nigher,  
And while to Thee my soul I give,  
I hang in air, I walk in fire,  
In death by miracle I live!

**["I with-held thee from sinning."—Gen. 20:6.]**

**II.<sup>4</sup>**

- [1.] I know, the power was thine,  
Which did from sin restrain,  
And saved so oft by grace divine,  
I ask thy grace again:  
From sin with-hold me still,  
For Jesus sake alone,  
And though inclin'd to every ill,  
I shall consent to none.
2. To my own net I dare  
No longer sacrifice,  
Myself to publicans prefer,  
Or scorn the slaves of vice:  
The slave of vice I am,  
If left in danger's hour:  
And virtue is an empty name  
Without thy Spirit's power.

**["I with-held thee from sinning."—Gen. 20:6.]**

**III.<sup>5</sup>**

Lord, if indeed from Thee I know  
I cannot my own helper be,  
Thy strength in utter weakness show,  
Thy grace miraculous in me:

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<sup>4</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:22.

<sup>5</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:23.

Me from my bosom-lust restrain  
By perfect love's indwelling power,  
And I shall never sin again,  
Shall never grieve thy goodness more.

**“I am not worthy of the least of all thy mercies.”**  
—[Gen.] 32:10.<sup>6</sup>

Less than thy least of mercies I  
Myself woud every moment feel,  
Worthy the second death to die,  
Worthy the hottest flames of hell:  
I woud the smallest crumbs of grace  
Beneath the Master's table eat,  
And, till I see thy glorious face  
Lie here, self-loathing,<sup>7</sup> at thy feet.

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<sup>6</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:29.

<sup>7</sup>Ori., “lamenting.”

[blank]



**Exodus.**

**“I am not eloquent—but slow of speech &c.”—  
[Exod.] 4:10–16.<sup>8</sup>**

- [1.] Slow of speech, and slower still  
    Of heart alas, am I,  
    Cannot utter what I feel,  
    Or speak to the Most-high:  
    But I to my Brother look  
    Mighty both in word and deed:  
    He my cause hath undertook,  
    And lives for me to plead.
  
2. Jesus is my true High-priest,  
    Who doth in heaven appear,  
    Him presenting my request  
    The Father loves to hear:  
    Jesus, (if his wrath arise,  
    And justice on the sinner frown,)  
    Jesus speaks, and pacifies,  
    And prays his anger down.
  
3. Jesus is a mouth to me,  
    Expressing all my wants:  
    God is vanquish'd by his plea,  
    And every blessing grants:  
    O how eloquent the blood  
    Which echoing from the throne divine,

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<sup>8</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:36–37.

Tells me, I am dear to God,  
And all He is, is mine.

**“He that gathered much had nothing over and he  
that gathered little had no lack.”—[Exod.] 16:18.<sup>9</sup>**

- [1.] Tis not so much the bulk of grace  
God minds, as the sincerity:  
Our goodness, whether more or less,  
Is equal all, O Lord, to Thee.
2. Of the true manna from above  
Who gathers much, has none to spare;  
And with the smallest taste of love  
Fill'd, as with all thy heaven, we are.
3. How can we then complain or boast  
Who feel our interest in that blood?  
Possessing either least, or most,  
By faith we all are sons of God:
- [4.] Fathers their heavenly Father knew,<sup>10</sup>  
Whom children have but lately known,  
Yet proving God benignly true,  
Fathers and babes in Christ are one.

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<sup>9</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:48.

<sup>10</sup>Ori., “know.”

**“Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live.”**  
—[Exod.] 22:18.<sup>11</sup>

“Thou shalt not suffer her to live,”  
But Deists can a Witch relieve,<sup>12</sup>  
And all our Senators reply<sup>13</sup>  
“Thou shalt not suffer her to die.”

**“Thou shalt not follow a multitude to do evil.”**  
—[Exod.] 23:2.<sup>14</sup>

Better be wise among the few,  
Than with the many stray,  
Than a mad multitude pursue  
Down the destructive way:  
While millions blind in sin rush on,  
Like Lot in Sodom dwell,  
And rather go to heaven alone,  
Than with a world to hell.

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<sup>11</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:52; and *Representative Verse*, 361–62.

<sup>12</sup>Ori., “retrieve.”

<sup>13</sup>An alternative in the margin: “And Britain’s Senators reply.”

<sup>14</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:52–53.

[blank]

**Deuteronomy.**

**“I pray thee, let me go over, and see the good land, &c.”—[Deut.] 3:25.<sup>15</sup>**

- [1.]       Lo! in longing hope I stand,  
          To enter, Lord, the goodly land,  
          Land of liberty and peace,  
          Happy land of righteousness!  
          Me, who have rebellious been,  
          Bring into the rest from sin,  
          Into the rest of ripest love,  
          Into the rest of saints above.
2.         For thy people’s rest I sigh,  
          Ready on Jordan’s brink to die:  
          Must I, Lord, excluded be,  
          Never tread the land I see?  
          O for mercy’s sake receive,  
          Bid me in thine image live,  
          And then in perfect peace depart,  
          Holy, and just, and pure of heart.

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<sup>15</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:90–91.

**“Get thee up, and die.”—[Deut.] 32:49–50.<sup>16</sup>**

- [1.] Thrice welcome word to those who live  
By faith in Him their hearts receive,  
    With true affection fill'd  
Who feel redemption in his blood,  
And happy in the peace of God  
    Injoy their pardon seal'd.
2. Before I render up my breath,  
Stronger than sin, and hell, and death,  
    Thy love I long to know:  
Thy love omnipotent impart,  
To strengthen and renew my heart,  
    And let my spirit go.

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<sup>16</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:112.

**“Yea, He loved the people: all his<sup>17</sup> saints *are* in thy hand: and they sat down at thy feet; every one shall receive of thy words.”—[Deut.] 33:3.<sup>18</sup>**

- [1.] The people out of Egypt brought,  
Whose burdens he remov'd,  
Whom with a thousand pangs he bought  
More than his life he lov'd,  
Stronger than death his love was shown:  
And still he doth defend,  
And having freely loved his own,  
Will love them to the end.
  
2. Whom Jesus blood doth sanctify  
Need neither sin nor fear;  
Hid in our Saviour's hand we lie,  
And laugh at danger near:  
His guardian hand doth hold, protect,  
And save by ways unknown,  
The little flock, the saints elect,  
Who trust in Him alone.
  
3. Our Prophet, Priest, and King, to Thee  
We joyfully submit,  
And learn in meek humility  
Our lesson at thy feet:  
Spirit and life thy words impart,  
And blessings from above,

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<sup>17</sup>Ori., “all in his.”

<sup>18</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:112–13.

And drop in every listening heart  
The manna of thy love.

4. Now, Lord, with simple faith divine  
Thy sayings we receive,  
Rule upon rule, line upon line,  
And by thy Spirit live;  
Till late to all thy life restor'd,  
And ripen'd for the sky,  
We hear that last, and sweetest word  
Go, get thee up, and die!



**Joshua.**

**“Come near, put your feet upon the necks of these kings.”—[Josh.] 10:24ff.<sup>19</sup>**

- [1.] Jesus, command us to draw near,  
With confidence that casts out fear,  
To trample on our foes or'ethrown,  
To tread the kings of Canaan down,  
As sharers of thy victory,  
And more than conquerors thro' Thee.
2. Thy mighty arm, in Israel's sight,  
Hath put the alien hosts to flight,  
Hath seiz'd the chiefs, and captive led,  
Or but for execution freed;  
Thine arm hath drag'd them out again,  
To fall, and die for ever slain.
3. But first, thro' virtue of thy word,  
And strong in our Almighty Lord,  
Before their final doom they meet,  
Upon their necks we set our<sup>20</sup> feet,  
The tyrant-lusts and passions spurn  
Which rule in all of woman born.

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<sup>19</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:125.

<sup>20</sup>Ori., “out”; a mistake.

**Judges.**

**“Give me a blessing: for thou hast given me a south land; given me also springs of water. And Caleb gave her the upper springs, and the nether springs.”—[Judg.] 1:15.<sup>21</sup>**

- [1.] A pleasant heritage is mine,  
    In a fair land and good:  
I ask'd, and gain'd the gift divine  
    For Jesus sake bestow'd:  
Father, thou hast my sins pass'd by,  
    To me a pardon given,  
And conscious of thy favor, I  
    Enjoy the smiles of heaven.
2. Yet still I humbly sue for more,  
    A larger benefit,  
A second blessing I implore,  
    To make the first compleat:  
In all his fulness from above  
    The Comforter impart,  
And let the well of life and love  
    Spring up within my heart.
3. Thy presence Lord, the fountain brings  
    Of purest holiness,  
The upper and the nether springs,  
    The heights and depths of grace:  
O might I into nothing sink,  
    Before the God unknown,  
And rise the chrystal stream to drink  
    Which gushes from thy throne.

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<sup>21</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:131–32.

[blank]

[blank]

1 Samuel.

**“Surely the bitterness of death is past.”**

—[1 Sam.] 15:32.<sup>22</sup>

- [1.] Sinner, alarm'd by judgment near,  
    Who foldst thine arms to sleep again  
As far from death's superfluous fear  
    And hell's imaginary pain,  
No more with harden'd heart presume,  
But tremble at thine instant doom.
  
2. In pride, and delicacy bred,  
    Secure of a long length of days,  
Justice divine will strike thee dead;  
    And when thou goest to thy own place,  
That bitterness is never o're,  
That death shall last for evermore.
  
3. But all who Jesus Spirit breathe,  
    By faith on Jesus passion cast,  
With them the bitterness of death,  
    The bitterness of life is past;  
And O! for ever happy I,  
With these indulg'd to live, and die!

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<sup>22</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:159.

**“Every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him; and he became a captain over them.”—[1 Sam.] 22:2.<sup>23</sup>**

- [1.] In want, and murmuring distress,  
In debt to sovereign righteousness,  
A wretched, desperate outcast I  
To David for protection fly:
2. Jesus, the Antitype thou art,  
The David after God's own heart;  
Commander<sup>24</sup> of the helpless band,  
Inlist me under thy command.
3. Assure me, Thou my debt hast paid,  
Hast for my sins atonement made,  
And on thyself my burthen take,  
And save me for thy mercy's sake.
4. Captain of my salvation, show  
Thy strength against my threefold foe,  
And, sure of final victory  
In life, and death, I follow Thee.

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<sup>23</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:161–62.

<sup>24</sup>Ori., “Commanded.”

**1 Kings.**

**“What doth thou here, Elijah?”—[1 Kings] 19:13.<sup>25</sup>**

- [1.] I ask my soul, What dost thou here,  
Thou poor, afflicted sojourner?  
My soul returns the sad reply,  
I wander, wish, yet fear to die;  
The burthen of th' Almighty bear,  
Consign'd to temporal despair,  
Throughout this endless desert rove,  
And pine, and faint for want of love.
  
2. Zealous I for my Lord have been  
Against the advocates of sin,  
Defied the world and Satan's frown,  
And thrown their impious altars down:  
Yet now of second death afraid,  
I seek the shelter of the shade,  
My hoary, hated head conceal,  
And life's severest evils feel.
  
3. O might the hidden God unknown,  
For whom I make my ceaseless moan,  
The fugitive in pity see,  
And manifest himself to me!  
That still, small voice I pant to hear,  
Which speaks him mercifully near,  
Covers with guiltless shame the face,  
And wraps the soul in silent praise.

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<sup>25</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:181.

4. Speak, Lord, that I my work may know,  
May suffer out my time below,  
Perform thine acceptable will,  
And all thine after-pangs fulfil;  
Tell me, Elijah's God is mine,  
And strengthen'd by the voice divine,  
My course I shall with comfort end,  
And on the fiery car ascend.



**Job.**

**“Thou triest man every moment.”—[Job] 7:17–18.<sup>26</sup>**

- [1.] By secret influence from above,  
Me Thou dost every moment prove  
And labour to convert;  
Ready to save I feel thee nigh,  
And still I hear thy Spirit cry  
My son, give me thy heart.
2. Why do I not the call obey,  
Cast my besetting sin away  
With every useless load?  
Why<sup>27</sup> cannot I this moment give  
The heart Thou waitest to receive,  
And love my loving God?
3. My loving God, the hindrance show,  
Which nature dreads alas, to know,  
And lingers to remove;  
Stronger than sin, thy grace exert,  
And seize, and change, and fill my heart  
With all the powers of love.
4. Then shall I answer thy design,  
No longer, Lord, my own, but thine;  
Till all thy will be done,  
Humbly I pass my trial here,  
And ripe in holiness appear  
With boldness at thy throne.

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<sup>26</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:236.

<sup>27</sup>Ori., “What.”

**“Though I were perfect, yet woud I not know my soul; I woud despise my life.”—[Job] 9:21.<sup>28</sup>**

- [1.] Perfect if I were indeed,  
    My own state I woud not know;  
Woud not innocency plead,  
    Though my soul were white as snow,  
Woud not in myself delight,  
Nothing still in my own sight.
  
2. Still, whene'er in love renew'd,  
    I retain my poverty,  
Glory in the pardning God;  
    What I am, I am to Thee;  
Small and vile in my own eyes,  
Lord, I still my life despise.
  
3. All my life of grace is thine,  
    All my faith is but a grain,  
All my goodness is divine,  
    Flowing to its Source again,  
Mingled with the chrystal Sea,  
Lost in thy Immensity!

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<sup>28</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:238–39.

**“Who can bring a clean *thing* out of an unclean?  
not one.”—[Job] 14:4.**

[I.]<sup>29</sup>

- [1.] Not one of all our sinful race  
Himself can sanctify,  
But on the efficacious grace  
Of Jesus I rely:  
The virtue of thy hallowing blood  
Almighty to convert  
Shall make the vilest sinner good,  
Shall change the foulest heart.
  
2. The foulest heart that ever beat  
I offer up to Thee:  
Enter, and make it, Lord, the seat  
Of peace, and purity;  
Most holy God, thyself reveal,  
My nature to remove,  
My body, soul, and spirit to fill  
With all thy heavenly love.

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<sup>29</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:246.

**["Who can bring a clean *thing* out of an unclean?  
not one."—Job 14:4.]**

**II.**<sup>30</sup>

- [1.] Not one of our polluted race,  
Not one of the angelic kind  
Can man's ingratitude efface,  
Or change the filthy, carnal mind:  
Such power belongs to Him alone  
Who heal'd the leper at his feet;  
He can in me his grace make known,  
He can the cleansing word repeat.
2. My hope of spotless righteousness  
I build on his omnipotence:  
He now my prostrate spirit sees,  
He soon my evil heart shall cleanse:  
Confiding in his gracious will  
Who did for me his life resign,  
I wait, the sovereign touch to feel,  
I catch the purity divine.

**["Who can bring a clean *thing* out of an unclean?  
not one."—Job 14:4.]**

**III.**<sup>31</sup>

- [1.] Throughout my fallen soul I own,<sup>32</sup>  
Such power belongs to Thee alone,  
Thou slaughter'd Lamb of God,  
Who didst for foulest sinners die,  
Us to redeem, and sanctify  
Thro' thy all-cleansing blood.

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<sup>30</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:247.

<sup>31</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:247–48.

<sup>32</sup>Ori., "feel."

2. That blood divine, so freely spilt,  
To purge the universal guilt,  
    Can make an end of sin,  
Wash all these filthy thoughts away,  
A fountain in my nature *stay*  
    And keep me pure within.
3. My nature, Lord, is foul as hell,  
Till Thou thy spotless love reveal,  
    Thy purity impart,  
Forgive the sins which I confess,  
And cleanse from all unrighteousness,  
    By dwelling in my heart.
4. Then, when thou dost possess me whole,  
And make my body, spirit, soul  
    A temple worthy Thee,  
Thou wilt thy sacred house maintain,  
Nor shall an earthly thought or vain  
    One moment lodge in me.

**[“Who can bring a clean *thing* out of an unclean?  
not one.”—Job 14:4.]**

**IV.**<sup>33</sup>

- [1.] Jesus, thy power I dare confess,  
    Out of this most polluted thing,  
This sink of sin and wickedness,  
    Thou canst an holy creature bring:  
Omnipotent to save Thou art,  
    Thou canst effect a perfect cure,

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<sup>33</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:248.

And throughly cleanse my sinful heart,  
And make mine inmost nature pure.

2. Thro' unbelief I stagger not,  
Ascribing thy own power to Thee  
Till Thou the work of faith hast wrought,  
And all thy will fulfil'd in me:  
Thy blood shall wholly sanctify,  
The deep, original stain erace,  
And speak me up beyond the sky,  
To see my Saviour face to face.

**[“Who can bring a clean *thing* out of an unclean?  
not one.”—Job 14:4.]**

V.<sup>34</sup>

- [1.] Not one of all mankind  
Can his own soul convert,  
Correct a will to sin inclin'd,  
Or change an evil heart:  
This fleshly filthiness  
We never can remove,  
Earthly expel, and fill the place  
With pure, celestial love.
2. This filthiness of pride  
Mocks all our efforts vain,  
The plague we from each other hide  
Will in our hearts remain:  
Corruption's fountain spreads  
Throughout our lives unclean,  
Defiles our thoughts, and words, and deeds,  
Till all we are is sin.

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<sup>34</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:248–50.

3. Who but th' Almighty can  
The work of wonders do,  
Efface our dire, original stain,  
Or form our spirit new?  
What but the blood divine  
Which did for sinners flow,  
Can purge so foul an heart as mine,  
And wash me white as snow?
4. Omnipotent to save  
I trust my Lord my God,  
And rise with confidence to lave  
My nature in thy blood:  
Thy blood by faith applied  
Shall speak my pardon sure,  
And make my soul thy spotless bride  
And keep me always pure.
5. This is that holiness,  
That sinless purity,  
Which saints in Thee alone possess,  
When all possest by Thee  
Sinking to this I rise,  
And lost in Jesus prove  
Thou art my calling's highest Prize  
Thou art my Perfect Love.

**“Acquaint now thyself with Him and be at peace.”**  
—[Job] 22:21.<sup>35</sup>

- [1.] I want that true acquaintance  
    With Him, the pardning God;  
Thou Giver of repentance,  
    Increase my mournful load,  
Pursue thy controversy,  
    Nor suffer me to rest,  
Till crying on for mercy,  
    I find it in thy breast.
  
2. The Spi'rit of revelation,  
    Jesus, thy gift I own,<sup>36</sup>  
Thy Father's kind compassion  
    Thou only canst make known:  
The Lamb for sinners dying  
    Who turn'd his wrath aside,  
Thou by thy blood's applying  
    Must speak him pacified.
  
3. To me by thy own presence  
    Thy smiling Father show,  
The knowledge of his essence  
    Th' eternal life bestow;  
This unbelieving nature  
    This heart of stone remove,  
And tell thy ransom'd creature  
    That God in Thee is Love.

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<sup>35</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:256–57.

<sup>36</sup>Ori., “Jesus, thy gift ~~bestow~~ I own.”



4. Then shall my soul recover  
    Its long-forgotten peace,  
Th' intestine war is over  
    And all my troubles cease;  
With joyful acclamation  
    The heavenly port I gain,  
The uttermost salvation,  
    And in thy Vision reign.

**“Oh that I knew when I might find Him!”**  
—[Job] 23:3.

[I.]<sup>37</sup>

- [1.] O where shall I wander to find  
    Whom once I enjoy'd in my heart,  
My Lord, ever loving and kind  
    Till forc'd by my sin to depart  
He left me in darkness and pain;  
    Most wretched of all the lost race;  
O what shall I do to regain  
    The light of his heavenly face!
2. Heavy-laden, and weary I faint,  
    Any longer I cannot pursue,  
Unavailing is all my complaint,  
    Till the Saviour his countenance shew,  
But the God of unspeakable love  
    Whom I cannot discover or see,  
The cloud He himself shall remove  
    And his Mercy shall bring him to me.

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<sup>37</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:257–58.

**["Oh that I knew when I might find Him!"  
—Job 23:3.]**

**II.**<sup>38</sup>

- [1.] Some Angel tell me where to find  
The Friend and Saviour of mankind,  
The God who fills immensity,  
Yet still conceals himself from me!  
O could I my Redeemer know,  
I never more woud let him go,  
Woud never from his presence move,  
But lose myself in Him I love.
  
2. In vain for Him, my heart's Desire,  
Of men, or angels I inquire,  
The heavenly Object of my care  
He only can himself declare:  
And if he hears a sinner groan,  
Lamenting for the God unknown,  
And if his answering bowels sound,  
He must at last by me be found.
  
3. Thou hidden God unsearchable,  
Whose absence<sup>39</sup> I this moment feel,  
For whom I every moment grieve,  
For whom alone I wish to live;  
If with me unperceived Thou art,  
Break in on this poor, wretched heart,  
And give me eyes of faith to see  
My Lord, my God reveal'd in me.

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<sup>38</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:258.

<sup>39</sup>Ori., "presence."

**“Oh that I knew when I might find Him!”**  
—[Job] 23:3.

III.<sup>40</sup>

- [1.] O that I knew the way to find  
That Saviour of our sinful kind,  
That Friend of misery!  
Who left his blisful realms above,  
Emptied himself of all but love,  
And died to ransom me!
2. He bids me seek him in the word,  
I search the records of my Lord,  
But cannot find him there;  
I ask, nor yet my suit obtain,  
I knock at mercy's door in vain,  
And sink in sad despair.
3. Stir'd up once more—what can I do  
But still the labour lost renew,  
The fruitless task repeat;  
And if he can himself deny,  
And if I must unpitied die,  
I'll perish at his feet!

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<sup>40</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:259.

**“I made a covenant with mine eyes.”—[Job] 31:1.<sup>41</sup>**

- [1.] How shall I keep the promise, how  
The covenant fulfil?  
Great Witness of my secret vow,  
Thy saving grace reveal,  
Thy help continually afford,  
Thy Spirit of faith and love,  
And true to my redeeming Lord  
I never more shall rove.
  
2. Confiding in the promis'd power,  
The truth of love divine,  
Mine eyes and heart I now restore;  
Mine eyes and heart are thine:  
My ransom'd soul and body I  
Into thy keeping give,  
And live intirely thine and die  
For ever thine to live.

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<sup>41</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:262.

**“Is it fit to say to a king, *thou art* wicked? and to princes, *ye are* ungodly?”—[Job] 34:18.<sup>42</sup>**

- [1.] “But shall I then thro’ fear forbear,  
“And evil in the greatest spare?  
“I *must* let loose my flaming zeal,  
“I *must* rebuke their crimes, and *will*.<sup>[b]</sup>”
2. Your sin-detesting virtue show:  
But *first* the time and manner know:  
With censure of yourself begin,  
Nor suffer vice to chasten sin.
3. Before another’s mote you spy,  
The beam cast out of your own eye,  
The beam of zeal unsanctified,  
The beam of self-preferring pride.
4. Arm’d with your Lord’s authority,  
When faults you in Superiors see,  
The seasons watch, and various ways  
Of ministring his balmy grace.
5. Out of an humble heart and meek  
With fear, and due submission speak,  
Or with the eyes of Jesus look,  
And dart the pitiful rebuke.
6. Will they not now your words receive?  
Yet *show* them how *they* ought to live,  
And sin in Governors reprove  
By modest grief, and *silent* love.

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<sup>42</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:266–67.

**Psalms.**<sup>43</sup>

**“Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my  
footsteps slip not.”—[Ps.] 17:5.**<sup>44</sup>

1. Lord, if Thou let the sinner go,  
    My old tyrannizing foe  
        Will re-usurp the power,  
Unless Thou every moment stay,  
I sink insensibly away,  
    I fall to rise no more.
  
2. But if by thy sufficient<sup>45</sup> grace  
    Thou support me in thy ways,  
        My footsteps shall not slide;  
I shall my bosom-sin eschew,  
And steadily thro' life pursue  
    Mine everlasting Guide.

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<sup>43</sup>Here as in all his other examples of hymns on Psalms, Charles is clearly following the psalter in the *Book of Common Prayer*, rather than the Authorized Version. While these largely overlap, we will add the specific identifier [BCP] for verses that differ in numbering in the psalter.

<sup>44</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:276–77.

<sup>45</sup>Ori., “supporting.”

**“I have set God always before me; for he is on  
my right hand, therefore I shall not fall.”**

—[Ps.] 16:9 [BCP].<sup>46</sup>

- [1.] O that I could in every place  
By faith behold Jehovah's face,  
My strict Observer see,  
Present my heart and reins to try;  
And feel the influence of his eye  
For ever fixt on me!
2. Discerning Thee, my Saviour, stand  
My Advocate at God's right hand,  
I never shall remove;  
I cannot fall upheld by Thee,  
Or sin against the Majesty  
Of omnipresent Love.
3. Now, Saviour, now appear, appear,  
And let me always see Thee near,  
And know as I am known:  
My spirit to thyself unite,  
And bear me thro' a sea of light  
To that eternal throne.

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<sup>46</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:276.

**“Keep thy servant from presumptuous sins.”**  
—[Ps.] 19:13.

[I.]<sup>47</sup>

- [1.] Throughout my fallen soul I feel  
    My want of purity and power;  
I cannot my own lusts repel,  
    Or stand in fierce temptation’s hour;  
I must with every sin comply,  
And, left by Thee, for ever die.
2. But O my kind, almighty Lord,  
    From every daring crime restrain  
A soul that hangs upon thy word,  
    And knows, there is no help in man;  
Thy strength in my infirmity,  
Thy mercy manifest in me.
3. To keep me from presumptuous sin  
    I trust thy faithful love alone,  
To make my heart, and nature clean  
    The virtue of thy blood I own  
Each moment on thy blood rely,  
Till saved it speaks me to the sky.

**[“Keep thy servant from presumptuous sins.”**  
—Ps. 19:13.]

II.<sup>48</sup>

- [1.] Can reason save from passion’s power  
Or keep us in th’ unguarded hour?  
The moral sense in conscious man  
Or virtue, of itself, restrain?  
The dread of shame, or grief, or hell,  
Can these the tempting lust repel?  
Their impotence too well I know  
And sink before my stronger foe.

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<sup>47</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:278.

<sup>48</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:278–80.



2. To save from sin, convinc'd I own,  
The power belongs to Christ alone;  
Yet till<sup>49</sup> my sprinkled heart believes,  
No help the bare conviction gives:  
No vows the stubborn pulse can bind:  
No succour in the means I find,  
In tears that ceaseless flow in vain,  
Sad foretaste of eternal pain.
  
3. It must, O Lord, proceed from Thee  
The virtue pure that rescues me;  
Thou only canst a sinner part  
From sin, and turn, and wash my heart;  
The virtue from thy wounds doth flow  
Which none but true believers know,  
Who glory in a pardning God,  
And feel redemption in thy blood.
  
4. Fain woud I to that fountain fly,  
Fain woud I on thy cross rely:  
A wretched, weak, intangled thing,  
To Thee my last distress I bring:  
But nought to move thy grace I have;  
Thy heart must find the cause to save,  
Or leave a soul to deathless pain  
For whom thyself hast died in vain.

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<sup>49</sup>Ori., "still."

5. If justice stern reject my prayer,  
My righteous doom in hell I bear;  
If mercy graciously forgive,  
Pardon I in the dust receive:  
The pardon brings preserving power,  
It bids me go, and sin no more,  
The joy my strength and safety is  
And ripens into glorious bliss.
  
6. Believing now in Jesus name,  
Kept by the power of God I am,  
Untorn amidst the lions teeth;  
Immortal in the jaws of death,  
Superior o're the flouds I ride,  
Unburnt I in the flames abide,  
Till Jesus on the clouds comes down,  
And brings himself, the victor's crown.

**["Keep thy servant from presumptuous sins."  
—Ps. 19:13.]**

**III.**<sup>50</sup>

- [1.] Thy servant if I am indeed,  
Redeem'd by blood divine,  
From sin, the world, and Satan freed,  
Preserve me ever thine:  
From wilful, known, presumptuous sins  
Thou only canst defend,  
Exalted to be Israel's Prince,  
And Saviour to the end.

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<sup>50</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:280.

2. My treacherous heart will turn again  
    To its own wickedness,  
Unless thou constantly restrain,  
    And rule it by thy grace:  
But if thou keep me day and night,  
    I shall transgress no more,  
But blameless walk as in thy sight,  
    Or at thy feet adore.

**“Look upon my adversity and misery, and forgive me all my sin.”—[Ps.] 25:17 [BCP].<sup>51</sup>**

- [1.] Wretched as sin can make  
    A soul not yet in hell,  
I cry, for thy own sake  
    My fearful doom repeal:  
Look on my misery  
    Thou God of pardning love,  
Extend thy grace to me  
    And all my guilt remove.
2. My sin and wretchedness  
    Permit me to declare,  
My trouble in excess,  
    My sadness of despair;  
Unfit on earth to breathe,  
    The sentence I receive,  
Of everlasting death—  
    And therefore, Lord, forgive.

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<sup>51</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:282.

**“O tarry thou the Lord’s leizure: be strong, and he shall comfort thy heart, and put thou thy trust in the Lord.”—[Ps.] 27:16 [BCP].**

[I.]<sup>52</sup>

- [1.] I woud attend thy leizure,  
    Nor name a time for Thee,  
    Assur’d that thy good pleasure  
    Shall make me truly free:  
But give me strength to bear  
    Whate’er thy love ordains,  
And wrestle on in prayer  
    While pride and self remains.
  
2. Arm’d with thy patient Spirit,  
    I stand the fiery hour,  
Take up my cross, and bear it  
    Thro’ thy supporting power,  
Mighty in supplication,  
    In faith, and in the word,  
To see that great salvation,  
    I wait upon the Lord.
  
3. After I have attended,  
    And suffer’d out thy will,  
After my work is ended,  
    I shall the promise feel:  
Into my heart returning  
    With all thy purity,  
To end my sin and mourning,  
    Thyself wilt comfort me.

---

<sup>52</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:283–84.

4. Thou in the time appointed  
    Wilt set[t]led peace bestow,  
And by thy grace anointed,  
    Thy hallowing will I know  
The thing my soul requires  
    I in thy presence prove,  
And all my vast desires  
    Fulfil'd by perfect love.
5. Up to my Saviour given,  
    I live for God alone,  
My steady course and even  
    With glorious freedom run;  
Nor life, nor death can sever,  
    When I my all resign,  
And trust in Thee for ever,  
    And live for ever thine.

**["O tarry thou the Lord's leizure: be strong, and  
he shall comfort thy heart, and put thou thy trust  
in the Lord."—Ps. 27:16 (BCP).]**

**II.**<sup>53</sup>

- [1.] Art Thou not at leizure now  
    My sinsick soul to heal?  
Jesus, at thy feet I bow,  
    Till I thy virtue feel:  
God a time I dare not set,  
Or teach thee *when* Thou must relieve:  
Only see me at thy feet,  
    And as Thou wilt, forgive.

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<sup>53</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:284.

2. Still I for thy coming stay,  
My spirit to restore;  
Take this evil heart away  
By love's abiding power:  
When thou wilt thyself reveal,  
And make my full salvation sure  
In mine inmost essence dwell  
My soul's eternal cure.
  
3. Now thro' faith divinely strong  
Who in thy strength confide,  
Though thou seem to tarry long,  
Thy leizure I abide;  
Thee I still expect, to chear  
Stablish, and fill my heart with grace,  
Then, Almighty Finisher  
I see thee face to face.

**“In my prosperity I said, I shall never be removed  
&c.”—[Ps.] 30:6 [BCP].**

**[I Hymn.]<sup>54</sup>**

- [1.] In my prosperity I said,  
So strong in faith by Jesus made,  
I never, never shall remove,  
Or leave the mount of perfect love.  
    But when Jesus hid his face,  
    Sunk my soul in deep distress.
2. I triumph'd in the grace begun,  
As all the work at once were done,  
My pardon seal'd, my heart is pure,  
My state is fixt, my heaven is sure!  
    Now implung'd in misery,  
    Lord, again I mourn for Thee.

**[“In my prosperity I said, I shall never be removed  
&c.”—Ps. 30:6 (BCP).]**

**II Hymn.<sup>55</sup>  
[Part I.]**

- [1.] Inexpressibly great  
In my prosperous state,  
I said, I shall never be mov'd,  
Of pardon possest,  
So securely I rest  
In the arms of my Only-belov'd.
2. Such comfort I find,  
On his bosom reclin'd,  
Who has sprinkled my heart with his blood:  
My mountain of bliss  
So establish'd it is  
By the hands of a merciful God.

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<sup>54</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:285.

<sup>55</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:285–88.

3. My joy and my song,  
Thou hast made me so strong,  
And superior to trouble and pain,  
My conflicts are past  
And triumphant at last  
I shall never be tempted again.

4. Thou hast saved me from sin  
Both without and within:  
I am perfectly happy and free,  
My election is sure  
My heart it is pure,  
And evil I never shall see.

**Part II.**

—**Ah! where am I now.**

5. While thus I went on,  
*Instantaneously* gone  
Was the light of thy heavenly face:  
My presumption to chide  
Thy face thou didst hide,  
And withdraw the extatical grace.

6. My trouble return'd,  
And I bitterly mourn'd  
The loss of my only Delight,  
For thy absence distrest  
Above measure opprest,  
Overwhelm'd with a mountain of night.



7. In desertion and grief  
I applied for relief  
To my God whom I forc'd to depart,  
And besought him to hear  
With a pitiful ear  
The complaint of a sorrowful heart.
8. Bereft of my peace,  
From the deepest abyss  
Thy mercy I humbly implore,  
A meer sinner forgive  
Unworthy to live,  
And the help of thy Spirit restore.
9. What advantage to God,  
That I die in my blood,  
The reward of iniquity meet?  
Will it benefit Thee,  
If destruction I see,  
And sink into the bottomless pit?
10. If I perish forgot,  
Or my memory rot,  
Thy glory I never can show,  
Or the truth of thy grace  
In torments confess,  
To the blasphemous spirits below.
11. O Saviour, attend,  
My affliction to end,  
If unchangeable Mercy Thou art,

Discover the blood  
That has pacified God,  
And apply it again to my heart.

12. O Jesus, appear,  
My Deliverer here,  
And assist me again to believe,  
And for ever restor'd  
To the Sight of my Lord  
To the heaven of heavens receive.

**Part III.**

13. I am heal'd, I am heal'd!  
Thou again hast reveal'd  
Thy unsearchable mercies to me,  
With Thee I possess  
The sweet comforts of grace,  
And the light of thy countenance see.
14. My sorrowful night  
Into rapture and light  
By thy sudden appearance is turn'd,  
And establish'd in peace  
I forget my distress,  
Or rejoice that I ever have mourn'd.
15. My sordid array  
Thou hast ravish'd away  
And adorn'd me with beauty and love;

And triumphantly glad,  
In thy holiness clad,  
I return to the country above.

16. All Israel shall see  
Thy goodness to me,  
And expect, and experience the same,  
And incessantly praise  
The abundance of grace  
The full virtue of Jesus's name.
17. I continue the song  
With a numberless throng  
Who the Lover of sinners adore,  
Each moment employ  
In the Spirit of joy,  
And exult, and give thanks evermore.
18. The redeem'd of the Lamb  
We thy glory proclaim,  
For a few, happy festival days  
Singing on till we fly  
To our friends in the sky,  
And eternity spend in thy praise.

**“My time is in thy hand.”—[Ps.] 31:17 [BCP].<sup>56</sup>**

- [1.] My time is in thy hand, O Lord,  
Thy time is not in mine:  
When, as, thou wilt, fulfil the word,  
The hallowing word divine:  
Earnest I knock at mercy's gate,<sup>57</sup>  
Till Thou the blessing give,  
And patient on my Saviour wait,  
Thine image to retrieve.
  
2. Jesus, the Good thy saints desire,  
The reigning Power art Thou,  
And may I not of Thee inquire,  
Wilt thou restore it now?  
I may, I must inquire of Thee,  
And then the time submit,  
And lie with meek humility  
Expecting at thy feet.
  
3. I dare not my own soul deceive,  
With blind presumption say  
“Now, now, thou shalt this moment give  
“I will no longer stay:”  
Thro' faith the promise I obtain,  
But not thro' faith alone,  
Patience must join the prize to gain  
And make Thee all my own.

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<sup>56</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:289.

<sup>57</sup>Ori., “door.”

**“Keep innocency, and take heed unto the thing that is right; for that shall bring a man peace at the last.”—[Ps.] 37:38.<sup>58</sup> (old translation [i.e., BCP])**

- [1.] Peace at the last! eternal peace  
Thine only innocence can give:  
Jesus, the Lord my righteousness,  
My pardon I from Thee receive:  
Thy blood (if Thou the faith bestow)<sup>59</sup>  
Shall fill my heart with purest love,  
And hallow'd by thy blood I go,  
To live the glorious life above.
2. I trust, the works which Thou hast done,  
The pains Thou didst for me endure,  
The righteousness of God alone  
Did my immortal bliss secure:  
And when I bow my dying head,  
Meet for a mansion in the sky  
My soul its eagle-wings shall spread,  
And spotless to thy bosom fly.

**“Man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain.”—[Ps.] 39:6. [i.e., 39:7, BCP]<sup>60</sup>**

- [1.] Man, foolish and impotent man,  
Attach'd to the things that appear,  
He pants for a shadow in vain,  
A shadow of happiness here!

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<sup>58</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:292.

<sup>59</sup>Ori., “Thy blood ~~which washes white as snow~~”

<sup>60</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:292–93. Wesley cites the text according to the AV verse number, but gives the text as found in BCP (where it is verse 7).

His wants with his riches increase  
His labour and burthen of mind,  
And mock'd by the objects he sees,  
He seeks what he never can find.

2. If curst with his wish, he obtains  
His height of ambition below,  
With empty enjoyments he gains  
Vexation, and sorrow, and woe:  
His spirit in bitterness groans,  
Or'whelm'd by a mountain of care;  
His folly, defeated, he owns,  
And sinks in a gulph of despair.
3. If rational good he desire,  
He misses his laudable end;  
Nor wisdom its aim can acquire,  
Or virtue insure us a friend:  
No blessing on this side the skies  
Can merit our love or esteem,  
When Virtue is pride in disguise,  
And friendship itself is a dream.

**“I am a stranger with thee and a sojourner, as all my fathers were. O spare me a little that I may recover my strength, before I go hence, and be no more seen.”—[Ps.] 39:14–15 [BCP].<sup>61</sup>**

- [1.] A sojourner and stranger  
    Thou dost thy creature see,  
    A shortliv'd wretch, in danger  
    Of deathless misery:  
    Like those that went before me,  
    I soon shall end my race:  
    But first, O God, restore me  
    To live the life of grace.
  
2. Spare me a little longer,  
    Till out of weakness made  
    Than sin and Satan stronger,  
    I own thy constant aid,  
    I feel the sinless nature  
    Thou dost to saints impart,  
    And find my New Creator  
    Possessing all my heart.
  
3. Jesus, Thou art the Power  
    I live but to regain;  
    Hasten the welcome hour,  
    Restore thy Spirit's reign:  
    With restless expectation  
    I gasp to compass Thee,  
    The Strength of my salvation,  
    The Power of God in me.

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<sup>61</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:294.

**“I waited patiently for the Lord, and he inclined unto me &c.”—[Ps.] 40:1–4 [BCP].<sup>62</sup>**

- [1.] On every side surrounded  
With troubles and temptations,  
I waited on  
My Lord alone,  
With humble faith and patience;  
In prayer unconquerable  
Instant and persevering,  
Implor'd his aid,  
On Jesus stay'd,  
And long'd for his appearing.
2. The God of faithful mercies  
Receiv'd my supplication  
Nor left me in  
The pit of sin,  
The depth of desperation:  
Out of the mire of nature,  
(Because his blood had bought me)  
Out of the clay  
Where sunk I lay  
His outstretch'd arm hath brought me.
3. He hath my feet establish'd,  
And fix'd me in his favor,  
A Rock of love  
That cannot move,  
A Rock that stands for ever:  
The way of his commandments  
Made plain by his direction  
I gladly run,  
And still go on  
In Christ to full redemption.

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<sup>62</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:295–96.



4. He a new song hath taught me,  
While love my heart inspires,  
The matter true  
Is always new,  
And never never tires:  
The God of pardning mercy  
Hath fill'd me with thanksgiving,  
With gospel-peace,  
And joy's increase,  
And raptures in believing.
5. A multitude of sinners  
Shall see my exultation,  
And struck with fear  
The Lord revere,  
The God of my salvation:  
Trembling at his displeasure  
The croud shall fall before him,  
Till fear give place  
To gospel-grace  
And all in love adore him.

**“Innumerable troubles are come about me, my sins have taken such hold on me, that I am not able to look up &c.”—[Ps.] 40:15 [BCP].<sup>63</sup>**

- [1.] Troubles and sins, a countless croud,  
Beyond conception multiplied,  
Have long this abject spirit bow'd  
And hemm'd me in on every side,

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<sup>63</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:296–97; and *Representative Verse*, 245–46.

Forbad my weakness to look up,  
And seem'd to quench my last faint spark of hope.

2.       So strongly to all sin inclin'd,  
          So fast by vile affections held,  
          So impotent my carnal mind,  
          I yield constrain'd, or'epower'd I yield  
          No longer strugle in the snare  
          But sinks my heart or'ewhelm'd with sad despair.

**“As for me, I am poor and needy; but the Lord  
careth for me: Thou art my helper and redeemer,  
make no long tarrying, O my God.”**

—[Ps.] 40:20–21 [BCP].<sup>64</sup>

- [1.]   No good thing belongs to me,  
          Sink of sin and misery,  
          Destitute and poor indeed,  
          Needing Christ, I all things need:  
          But the Lord is rich in grace,  
          Saviour of the sinful race,  
          Friend of helpless misery,  
          Jesus loves, and cares for me.
2.       Yes, I Thee my helper know,  
          Kept from everlasting woe,  
          Thee my daily Saviour feel,  
          Rescued on the verge of hell:  
          Yet I for thy presence stay:  
          Come, and take my sins away,  
          Haste my God, thyself t' impart,  
          Save, by dwelling in my heart.

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<sup>64</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:297.

**“O that I had wings like a dove: for then woud  
I flee away and be at rest, &c.”—[Ps.] 55:6–8 [BCP].<sup>65</sup>**

- [1.]        Jesus, to Thee  
              I fain woud flee,  
              The sinner’s sanctuary  
              Find my true felicity,  
              And in thy presence tarry.
  
2.            O let the Dove,  
              Who from above  
              First on thyself descended,  
              Fill my heart with patient love,  
              Till all these storms are ended.
  
3.            Thrice happy, might  
              I urge my flight,  
              Remov’d by his translation  
              Out of darkness into light,  
              Into thy full salvation!
  
4.            The rest be mine  
              For which I pine,  
              Which for thy saints remaineth,<sup>66</sup>  
              Rest of righteousness divine,  
              Where love eternal reigneth.
  
5.            The eagle’s wings  
              Thy Spirit brings,  
              The wings of faith and prayer,  
              They beyond all earthly things  
              My ravish’d soul shall bear.

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<sup>65</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:301–2.

<sup>66</sup>Ori., “~~For~~ which for thy saints remaineth.”

6. Far from the croud  
Of passions loud,  
Thyself to me discover:  
Then I dwell alone with God,  
And clasp my heavenly Lover;

7. In calm repose  
Forget my woes,  
And all things transitory;  
Then my willing eyes I close,  
And wake, to see thy glory.

**“My soul followeth hard after Thee.”**  
—[Ps.] 63:8 (AV).<sup>67</sup>

[1.] Inspired with life and vigour new  
I toward my Centre move,  
With all my vehement soul pursue<sup>68</sup>  
The hallowing God of love;  
With infinite desire I pant  
Thy fulness to receive,  
And nothing less than Christ I want,  
Than all Thou hast to give.

2. Forgetting still the things behind,  
I reach to those before,  
Impatient till the rest I find  
Where sin subsists no more;  
I follow on to apprehend  
Whom yet I cannot see,  
And never shall my labours end,  
Till I am lost in Thee.

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<sup>67</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:304.

<sup>68</sup>Ori., “With infinite desire I all my vehement soul pursue.”

**“I am an alien to my mother’s children.”**  
—[Ps.] 69:8.<sup>69</sup>

An alien to my mother’s sons,  
Content or’e earth I rove,  
If me my heavenly Father owns,  
And blesses with his love:  
An alien from the life divine  
Let me no longer be,  
And every creature I resign  
To find my All in Thee.

**“Let not the pit shut its mouth upon me.”**  
—[Ps.] 69:15.<sup>70</sup>

- [1.] Tophet its mouth hath open’d wide,  
To swallow up my soul,  
And still I on the brink abide  
Of the sulphureous pool:  
O let thy mercy interpose,  
While on the brink I stay,  
And suffer not the pit to close  
Its mouth upon its prey.
2. The inextinguishable fire  
Kindled in me I feel;  
And never was a sinner nigher,  
Yet not shut up in hell:  
As scorch’d, I call on Jesus Name,  
Thou dying Lamb of God,

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<sup>69</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:305.

<sup>70</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:443–44; The first two stanzas also appear in *Poetical Works*, 9:306.

No water can assuage the flame—  
O quench it with thy blood.

3. Thou hast, if to thy wounds we look,  
For fiends incarnate died;  
The brand out of the burning took  
Extinguish in thy side:  
Thy death if Thou remembrest yet,  
Pronounce my sins forgiven,  
And raise me from the hellish pit,  
To praise thy love in heaven.

**“They shall fall from one wickedness to another.”**  
—[Ps.] 69:28 [BCP].<sup>71</sup>

- [1.] This evil above all,  
Jesus, I deprecate;  
Before from sin to sin I fall  
With all my nature's weight,  
My tempted soul require;  
But first thy mercy show,  
And save me, save me, as by fire  
From quenchless flames below.
2. Farther, and farther still  
I surely shall sin on,  
And thro' the last extreams of ill  
To swift destruction run,  
Unless my constant stay,  
My present help Thou art,  
And take the love of sin away  
Out of this desperate heart.

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<sup>71</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:306–7.

**“Thou, O Lord God, are the thing that I long for.”—[Ps.] 71:4 [BCP].**

[I.]<sup>72</sup>

- [1.] My longing heart's desire  
Is to its Maker known,  
Thou seest it now aspire,  
Jesus, to Thee alone:  
The one thing necessary,  
For Thee alone I pine:  
On earth I only tarry  
To know, that Thou art mine.
2. More than the consolation  
The Comforter I want:  
O God of my salvation,  
In me thyself implant:  
With infinite expansion  
My spirit pants for Thee  
And swells to be thy mansion  
Thro' all eternity.

**[“Thou, O Lord God, are the thing that I long for.”—Ps. 71:4 (BCP).]**

II.<sup>73</sup>

- [1.] Great Author of all my desires,  
The thing that I covet Thou art:  
My vehement spirit aspires  
To find thee reveal'd in my heart:  
Thy nature I long to partake,  
Thine image on earth to retrieve:  
Then, then, for my Advocate's sake,  
My soul to thy bosom receive.

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<sup>72</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:307.

<sup>73</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:307–8.

2. My God if in Jesus Thou art,  
The Giver of comfort and rest,  
Thyself to my spirit impart,  
Thy kingdom erect in my breast.<sup>74</sup>  
And while my accomplish'd desire  
In Jesus's presence I see,  
No good upon earth I require,  
No heaven in heaven, but Thee.

**“Whom have I in heaven, *but thee?* and *there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee.*”**  
—[Ps.] 73:25 (AV).<sup>75</sup>

- [1.] The presence of my Saviour  
Doth every good contain,  
And in thy heart-felt favor  
Eternal life I gain:  
If Thou to me art given,  
The true felicity,  
The joy of earth and heaven  
I find compriz'd in Thee.
2. No more can I require,  
Of God in Christ possess;  
Thou art my whole desire  
And in thy love I rest:  
Blest with thy love's fruition,  
I taste th' extatic grace,  
And now enjoy the Vision  
Of God in Jesus Face!

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<sup>74</sup>Charles first wrote “breast,” changed it to “heart,” then changed it back to “breast.”

<sup>75</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:310.



**“Promise unto the Lord your God, and keep it.”**  
—[Ps.] 76:11 [BCP].<sup>76</sup>

- [1.] I vow, resolve, and promise, Lord,  
    Thro’ thy sufficient grace  
T’ eschew the thing by Thee abhor’d,  
    And walk in all thy ways:  
Confiding in thy blood applied,  
    Arm’d with thy Spirit’s power,  
My bosom-sin I lay aside,  
    And never act it more.
2. A guilty, weak, and helpless worm  
    I will on Thee depend,  
My vow impossible perform,  
    And keep it to the end;  
Repeat my promise every day,  
    And every day fulfil,  
And walk, and run, and soar away,  
    To meet thee on the hill.

**“He gave them their own desire.”**  
—[Ps.] 78:30 [BCP].<sup>77</sup>

- [1.] Lord, I confess thy judgments just  
    If left to my own heart’s desires,  
I follow every brutal lust,  
    And do whate’er the flesh requires,  
And led by Satan at his will,  
    The measure of my sin fulfil.

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<sup>76</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:311.

<sup>77</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:311–12.

2. But for thy endless mercy's sake,  
    Appear my Advocate with God,  
The brand out of the burning take,  
    The brand extinguish with thy blood,  
Fountain of purity divine,  
And swallow up my will in thine.

**“Sing ye merrily unto God our strength, make a  
cheerful noise unto the God of Jacob.”**

—[Ps.] 81:1 [BCP].<sup>78</sup>

Sing we merrily to God,  
    We the creatures of his grace,  
We, the purchase of his blood  
    Only live to sing and praise,  
Make we then a cheerful noise,  
    Every child of Adam join'd  
Share the universal joys,  
    Shout the Friend of all mankind.

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<sup>78</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:312; and *Representative Verse*, 246.

**“He will speak peace to his people that they turn not again.”—[Ps.] 85:8 [BCP].<sup>79</sup>**

- [1.] To save my helpless soul from sin  
And my backslidings heal,  
Set up thy kingdom, Lord, within,  
Thy grace in me reveal;  
That all-victorious righteousness,  
That fullest joy impart,  
And O, inspire thy perfect peace  
Thyself into my heart.
2. A few good days I long to live,  
A witness of thy power,  
My past iniquities forgive,  
That I may sin no more,  
May never more to folly turn,  
Or weak or faithless prove,  
Of thine almighty Spirit born,  
And quite absorb'd in love.

**“I am so fast in prison, that I cannot get forth .”—[Ps.] 88:8 [BCP].<sup>80</sup>**

- [1.] In unbelief imprison'd fast,  
I cannot force my way,  
The shackles from my spirit cast,  
Or struggle into day:

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<sup>79</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:313.

<sup>80</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:313–14.

By pride and vile affections bound  
Indignantly I groan,  
And feel, the sinful root and ground  
Is unbelief alone.

2. Satan with all his worldly powers  
My Keeper dire I see,  
Who opens not his prison-doors,  
Nor sets his captive free:  
His slave, I soon must be consign'd  
To that infernal flame,  
Jesus, unless thro' Thee I find  
Redemption in thy name.

3. But faith in thy redeeming blood  
If Thou vouchsafe to give,  
My soul shall quit this dark abode,  
The moment I believe;  
The chains of sin fall off my heart,  
And freed by love divine,  
My only Lord and God thou art,  
And I am wholly thine.

**“So teach us to number our days, that  
we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.”**  
—[Ps.] 90:12.<sup>81</sup>

[1.] While yet the ground I cumber,  
Spared by thy patient grace,  
Teach me aright to number  
My few, remaining days,

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<sup>81</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:315–16.

That wise unto salvation  
I here may mortify  
My every sense and passion,  
And die, before I die.

2. Thy servant, Lord, inspire  
With faith that works by love,  
And set my soul on fire  
With hope of joys above:  
Anointed by thy Spirit  
O let my spirit rise,  
And seek, and strive t' inherit  
That kingdom in the skies.
3. To this my heart applying,  
With all my gracious power,  
I woud by daily dying  
Anticipate the hour;  
The hour of my dismissal  
With patient love attend,  
Till in that Blisful Vision  
Both faith and sufferings end.

**“Clouds and darkness are round about him.”**  
—[Ps.] 97:2.<sup>82</sup>

- [1.] How shall a sinful worm presume  
    To enter that most holy place?  
A thick, impenetrable gloom  
    Conceals the brightness of his face,  
Darkness and clouds surround his throne,  
And hide from man the God unknown.
  
2. God inaccessible Thou art,  
    Thou must unsearchable remain,  
Unless thy love itself impart,  
    To sooth thy fallen creature's pain,  
To chear me with celestial light,  
And rescue from eternal night.
  
3. Send forth a ray of faith divine  
    (Which only can proceed from Thee)  
In this dark desperate heart to shine;  
    Ah, give me eyes my God to see,  
My Father full of pardning grace,  
And smiling in thy glorious face!

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<sup>82</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:317. Misnumbered in manuscript as 92:2.

**“When I said My foot hath slipped, thy mercy,  
O Lord, held me up.”—[Ps.] 94:18 [BCP].<sup>83</sup>**

- [1.] Soon as with conscious grief I said  
My foot hath slipt, thy gracious aid  
My sinking soul upheld,  
Ready thine all-redeeming love  
Th’ acknowledg’d evil to remove,  
And speak my pardon seal’d.
2. Guilty whene’er my sin I own,  
Mercy doth to my rescue run,  
The Saviour bids me rise,  
Repeats the reconciling word,  
In peace, and innocence restor’d,  
And freely justifies.
3. Jesus, I magnify thy grace,  
Thy free, unbounded goodness praise,  
And mercy without end,  
Assur’d, thou wilt my weakness bear,  
Till rais’d to meet thee in the air,  
I grasp my heavenly Friend.

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<sup>83</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:316.

**“Thou forgavest them, O God, and punishedst  
their own inventions.”—[Ps.] 99:8 [BCP].<sup>84</sup>**

- [1.]       Father, Thou dost forgive,  
              Thou dost thy child reprove;  
And lo, my pardon I receive  
              With thy chastising love,  
              Accept my punishment  
              With faith in Jesus blood,  
And comprehend the kind intent  
              Of thy afflictive Rod.<sup>85</sup>
2.         My own inventions past  
              With daily grief I meet,  
Remorse and shame with life shall last,<sup>86</sup>  
              And bow me at thy feet:  
              While banish'd from the skies,  
              I will thy chastning bear:  
But wipe the sorrows from my eyes,  
              But end my sufferings there!

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<sup>84</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:318.

<sup>85</sup>Ori., “love.”

<sup>86</sup>Ori., “end.”



**“When wilt Thou come unto me? I will walk in my house with a perfect heart.” [Ps.] 101:3 [BCP].<sup>87</sup>**

- [1.] When wilt Thou come unto me  
And bid my troubles cease,  
After thy mind renew me  
In truth and righteousness?  
I want the heavenly Giver  
More than the gifts divine:  
Come to a weak believer,  
My Lord, for ever mine.
2. When shall I walk before thee,  
Freed from the inbred ill  
In spirit and truth adore thee,  
And do thy perfect will;  
Then of my conversation  
The end and sum Thou art,  
With all thy great salvation  
Residing in my heart.

**“It is time that Thou have mercy upon Sion yea the time is come. And why? thy servants think upon her stones &c.”—[Ps.] 102:13[–14] [BCP].<sup>88</sup>**

- [1.] O Saviour of sinners, from whom  
The mind of the Godhead we know,  
The season appointed is come,  
Thy mercy on Sion to show;

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<sup>87</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:319.

<sup>88</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:320.

To visit our Church from above  
Most graciously ready Thou art:  
Thy Spirit of pity and love  
Reveals thy intent in our heart.

2. We think on her desolate stones  
Her temple in ruins that lies,  
And pray with unspeakable groans  
She out of the dust may arise:<sup>89</sup>  
With grief inexpressibly great,  
Her sinful affliction we see,  
Ah, raise to her former estate,  
And build her again upon Thee.

**“He knoweth whereof we are made, he  
remembreth that we are but dust.”**  
—[Ps.] 103:14 [BCP].<sup>90</sup>

- [1.] Thou, Jesus, Thou my Maker, know'st  
Mine inmost soul, and outward frame,  
Remembrest that I am but dust,  
And haste to earth from whence I came:  
Thine eye with softest pity sees  
My heart to only sin inclin'd,  
And flesh of flesh I cannot please,  
I cannot my Creator find.
2. O for thy own compassion sake,  
To me thy great salvation shew,  
Partaker of thy nature make,  
And form this faithless heart anew.<sup>91</sup>

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<sup>89</sup>Ori., “She out of ~~her ruins may rise.~~”

<sup>90</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:321–22.

<sup>91</sup>Ori., “~~spirit new.~~”

Spirit of thy pure Spirit born,  
Give me by faith thy face to see,  
And let my dust to dust return  
And let my soul be found in Thee.

**“O visit me with thy salvation.”—[Ps.] 106:4ff.**

**[I.]**<sup>92</sup>

- [1.] Jesus, on me the grace bestow  
Which all thy favour'd people prove,  
To me thy great salvation show,  
Come in the power of pardning love  
Nor as a transient Guest depart,  
But dwell for ever in my heart.
2. Then shall I see the bliss prepar'd  
For those whom Thou hast call'd thy own,  
Anticipate their vast reward,  
Their joy unspeakable unknown,  
With all thy purchas'd people bless,  
And Thee in life and death confess.

**[“O visit me with thy salvation.”—Ps. 106:4ff.]**

**II.**<sup>93</sup>

Come with thy salvation, Lord,  
Into my dying soul,  
Then I live to health restor'd,  
And perfectly made whole;

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<sup>92</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:322–23.

<sup>93</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:323.

Conscious of my nothingness,  
I then thy gracious fulness prove,  
Thee my only Good possess,  
My pure, eternal Love.

**["O visit me with thy salvation."—Ps. 106:4ff.]**

**III.**<sup>94</sup>

- [1.] Thy mercy, Lord, is better  
Than life and all below:  
Visit thy fallen creature  
That I thy love may know,  
The Father's habitation,  
Thy Spirit's constant home,  
O come with thy salvation,  
With all the Godhead come.
2. Salvation I desire,  
Because it comes with Thee,  
Who dost thine own inspire  
With perfect purity:  
Now, Lord, thy temple enter,  
Not as a transient Guest,  
But in my spirit's center,  
Eternal Saviour, rest.

**["O visit me with thy salvation."—Ps. 106:4ff.]**

**IV.**<sup>95</sup>

Come O thou uncreated Word,  
And make thy saving virtue known,  
Thou canst not come without it, Lord,  
Salvation and Thyself are One;  
Essential Happiness Thou art:  
Sin to destroy, in me appear,

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<sup>94</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:323.

<sup>95</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:323–24.

Come with thy blood, and wash my heart  
And reign, my God, for ever here.

**“Let them give thanks whom the Lord hath redeemed, and delivered from the hand of the enemy.”—[Ps.] 107:2 [BCP].<sup>96</sup>**

- [1.] The people of God  
    Jehovah we praise,  
As bought by his blood,  
    And saved by his grace,  
Who daily delivers,  
    And ransoms his own,  
And waters with rivers  
    Of life from his throne.
  
2. Redeem'd from the foe,  
    We Jesus proclaim,  
And triumph to know  
    The power of his Name,  
Preserv'd from all evil  
    Thro' God the Most high,  
The world, and the devil,  
    And sin we defy.
  
3. Much more than our sin  
    His grace doth abound,  
His kingdom within  
    Our bosom is found;  
His blood's application  
    The blessing imparts,  
The inward salvation  
    And hallows our hearts.

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<sup>96</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:324–25.

4. Triumphant we go  
    To triumph again  
Till death, the last foe,  
    By Jesus is slain:  
His death shall release us  
    Call'd out of our graves,  
To witness, that Jesus  
    Eternally saves.

**“O forsake me not utterly.”—[Ps.] 119:8.<sup>97</sup>**

[1.] Justly Thou hast my soul forsook,  
Throughout my evil days:  
And still, O Lord, in vain I look  
For thy refreshing grace;  
In darkness, weariness, and pain  
I from the vale remove,  
Nor can in cheerless age obtain  
The comforts of thy love.

2. Yet in the bottom of my heart  
A ray of hope I feel,  
Thou wilt not finally depart,  
Or let me sink to hell:  
If on thy promise I rely,  
Till all these storms are past,  
Thou wilt not, canst not<sup>98</sup> let me die  
Without thy love at last.

**“O turn away mine eyes, lest they behold vanity,  
and quicken thou me in thy way.”<sup>99</sup>**  
—[Ps.] 119:37 [BCP].<sup>100</sup>

[1.] O Thou, to whom I woud aspire,  
The nation's Hope, the world's Desire,  
Mine eyes from earthly toys avert,  
Restrain the wandrings of my heart,

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<sup>97</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:327.

<sup>98</sup>Ori., “canst not, wilt not.”

<sup>99</sup>Ori., “law.”

<sup>100</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:328–29.

Shut out the creatures from my view,  
(They all are false, but Thou art true)  
And let my soul's attention be  
For ever fixt, O Lord, on Thee.

2. O were the faith on me bestow'd  
Which always sees a present God,  
Which always brings divine supplies,  
And power, and life that never dies!  
Author of faith, infuse the grace  
Display the glories of thy face,  
And give mine inmost soul to prove  
The largest life of heavenly love.
3. O vain, vain, vain all else beside  
The knowledge of the Crucified!  
Nothing I wish, or want to see  
But Jesus bleeding on the tree:  
This only sight my soul engross  
My Lord expiring on the cross,  
Till quicken'd by his death I rise,  
And live his life above the skies.



**“Mine eyes long sore for thy word, saying, O  
when wilt thou comfort me?”—[Ps.] 119:82 [BCP].<sup>101</sup>**

- [1.] With longing eyes, and restless heart,  
    I wait his full return,  
Who kindly promises t’ impart  
    Himself to all that mourn:  
The word his blessed lips hath past,  
    The soul-renewing word,  
And I shall surely find at last  
    Perfection in my Lord.
2. I now my Consolation see,  
    But thro’ a darkning veil:  
Come, Jesus, come and comfort me,  
    Nor let thy promise fail;  
Come Thou thyself, for all thy grace  
    Thy gifts cannot suffice,  
And make the brightness of thy face  
    My constant paradise.

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<sup>101</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:329–30.

**“It is even He that shall keep thy soul.”**  
—Ps. 121:7 [BCP].<sup>102</sup>

- [1.] The word of God continues sure  
    On which my soul is cast,  
Thou shalt my tempted soul secure,  
    Till every storm is past:  
With all who on thy truth depend  
    Thou promisest to stay,  
From every evil to defend,  
    And keep us night and day.
  
2. According to my faith in Thee  
    It shall to me be done:  
My Guide to death, my Guardian be,  
    Be careful of thine own:  
For lo! into thy hands I give  
    My ransom'd spirit back,  
Which (if I trust Thou *wilt* not leave)  
    Thou never *canst* forsake.

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<sup>102</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:331–32.

**“He sendeth forth lightnings with the rain.”**  
—[Ps.] 135:7 [BCP].<sup>103</sup>

To guard our guilty, trembling race  
The rain He with the lightning sends;  
Sinners by evangelic grace  
From Sinai’s thunders he defends:  
When terribly his judgments shine,  
And dart destruction from above,  
The storm is laid, the wrath divine  
Is quench’d by showers of Jesus’ love.

**“Let not mine heart be inclined to any evil  
thing.”**—[Ps.] 141:4 [BCP].

[I.]<sup>104</sup>

- [1.] My evil inclination  
Canst Thou not, Lord, remove,  
My every earthly passion  
Subdue by heavenly love?  
I know that Thou art greater  
Than this proud sensual heart  
Come then, and change my nature,  
And bid my sin depart.
2. Thy promise I confide in,  
An end of sin to see;  
Sin shall no more reside in  
An heart possest by Thee:

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<sup>103</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:334–35.

<sup>104</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:336.

Come, finish the transgression,  
And fill thy hallow'd shrine,  
And keep intire possession,  
Essential Love divine.

**["Let not mine heart be inclined to any evil  
thing."—Ps. 141:4 (BCP).]**

**II.**<sup>105</sup>

- [1.] My heart to every ill inclin'd  
Continually I feel,  
Enmity against God my mind,  
Rebellion is my will:  
But Christ omnipotent in grace  
Can slay the enmity,  
And turn my heart to holiness,  
And plant his mind in me.
  
2. Jesus, Thou hast the faith bestow'd  
In which to Thee I pray,  
The dire impediment to good  
For ever take away;  
The stubborn pulse, the cause within,  
The stumbling-block remove,  
And form my soul averse from sin,  
And mould me into love.
  
3. No longer then to evil prone,  
I shall to goodness cleave,  
Embrace my loving Lord alone,  
And for thy glory live;  
The promise every moment feel,  
The sinless nature given,  
And do on earth thy perfect will  
As Angels do in heaven.

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<sup>105</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:336–37.

**“Consider my complaint, for I am brought very low.”—[Ps.] 142:7 [BCP].<sup>106</sup>**

- [1.] Infinite in compassion,  
    Consider my complaint,  
    While under condemnation,  
    And perishing for want  
I pour a mournful prayer,  
    For mercy, mercy sigh,  
In depth of sad despair,  
    Just at the point to die.
  
2. Cause of my own undoing,  
    From Thee thro' sin I fell,  
Rush'd on to endless ruin,  
    Debas'd myself to hell:  
Yet, e're the pit devour,  
    For help I feebly call,  
Brought down by Satan's power  
    Low as a soul can fall.
  
3. My most long-suffering Saviour,  
    Extend thy arms of grace,  
And manifest thy favor  
    A prostrate wretch to raise:  
My desperate soul's Physician  
    If Thou vouchsafe to be,  
From bottomless perdition  
    Redeem'd, I live for Thee.

---

<sup>106</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:337–38.

**“Bring my soul out of prison, that I may give  
thanks unto thy name.”—[Ps.] 142:8 [BCP].<sup>107</sup>**

- [1.]        In unbelief confin'd,  
              Fast bound with nature's chain,  
I cannot feel the Saviour kind,  
              Or love my God again:  
              Jesus, my spirit groans  
              From prison to get free,  
Its vile ingratitude bemoans,  
              Its ignorance of Thee.
  
2.            Into my dungeon's gloom  
              Emit one pitying ray,  
And lo, at thy command I come  
              To see thy joyous day:  
              If Thou thyself reveal,  
              My soul exults in God,  
And loos'd from every bond I feel  
              My pardon thro' thy blood.
  
3.            My heart is clean and free  
              From love of earthly things,  
I taste the glorious liberty  
              Thy blood and spirit brings;  
              My heart its Saviour knows,  
              Who doth the veil remove,  
And bounds transported, and or'eflows  
              With thankfulness and love.

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<sup>107</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:338–39.

**“My soul gaspeth unto God as a thirsty land.”**  
—[Ps.] 143:6 [BCP].<sup>108</sup>

My soul, till God his Spirit pours,  
Gaspeth as a thirsty land for showers:  
Jesus, thy fainting follower see,  
And send the Gift receiv'd for me,  
The promis'd Comforter bestow,  
Let holy love my heart or'eflow,  
And water'd by Thyself I rise,  
Fair as thy garden in the skies.

**“O put not your trust in princes, or in any child  
of man, for there is no help in them.”**  
—[Ps.] 146:2 [BCP].<sup>109</sup>

- [1.]       Who our trust in princes place,  
              On broken reeds we lean,  
              Greatest of the sinful race,  
              Yet still they are but men,  
              Weak as helpless infancy  
From every child of man I cease,  
              Nothing can they add to me  
              Of real happiness.
2.         Ease to an afflicted soul  
              The creature cannot give,  
              Make a wounded spirit whole  
              Or help me to believe:  
              Jesus, I on Thee depend  
Who canst, and wilt my sins remove,  
              Help, and save me to the end  
              By thine almighty love.

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<sup>108</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:339.

<sup>109</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:341–42.

**“The Lord looseth men out of prison: the Lord giveth sight to the blind. The Lord helpeth them that are fallen.”—[Ps.] 146:7–8 [BCP].<sup>110</sup>**

- [1.] Most tenderly affected  
    With human grief and pain,  
    The load of souls dejected  
    Jesus doth still sustain,  
    Lifts up his fallen creatures,  
    Gives to the blind their sight,  
    And breaks the prisoners fetters,  
    And brings them forth to light.
  
2. Thy grace and loving-kindness,  
    Saviour, extend to me,  
    To cure my spirit's blindness,  
    And set the captive free,  
    Out of my fall to raise me  
    No more a slave but son,  
    And with the children place me,  
    Thine image, on thy throne.
  
3. Make this th' accepted season  
    The end of sin and grief,  
    And loose me out of prison,  
    And save from unbelief,

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<sup>110</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:342–43.



Reveal my sins forgiven,  
Thy name, O LOVE, declare,  
And lift me up to heaven,  
And crown with glory there.

[blank]

**Proverbs.**

**“If sinners entice thee, consent thou not.”**  
—[Prov.] 1:10.<sup>1</sup>

The world on every side entice,  
But do not thou consent,  
Resolv'd to shun the paths of vice,  
And scape the punishment:  
Renounce the vile, abandon'd race,  
From Satan's factors flee,  
And let them go to their own place  
Without thy company.

**“In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall  
direct thy paths.”**—[Prov.] 3:6.<sup>2</sup>

- [1.] Thee I confess my God, my Guide,  
Throughout my various course below:  
Thou hast my countless wants supplied,  
Redeem'd me from my stronger foe,  
Preserv'd in twice ten thousand snares,  
And numbred all my precious hairs.
2. A favourite child of Providence  
Thy charge I from my birth have been,  
Thine arms were my secure defence,  
Thy goodness held me back from sin,  
And all my life was plann'd above  
By wisdom pure, and heavenly Love.

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<sup>1</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:344.

<sup>2</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:344–45.

3. In every state, in every turn  
Of life thy ruling hand I see;  
A sinful man, to trouble born,  
I own, the trouble came from Thee:  
My Saviour to this present hour  
I recognize thy guardian power.
4. Thee I adore my sovereign Lord,  
Disposer of this passive clay,  
Who by thy never-failing word  
Hast promis'd to direct my way:  
And lo, I on thy word depend  
To bless me with a peaceful end.
5. The weary steps that still remain  
Chearful I take, by Thee upheld,  
Walk in the works thou dost ordain,  
Obedient to thy will reveal'd,  
And mark in each minute event  
Thy wisdom's aim, thy love's intent.
6. Keeping my heavenly Guide in view,  
I calmly pass the vale of woe,  
With steady faith the prize pursue,  
Assur'd thou wilt not let me go,  
But thro' the paths of righteousness  
Conduct me to that glorious place.<sup>3</sup>

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<sup>3</sup>The last two lines of stanza 6 were originally as follows:

But lead me to that glorious place  
Thro' pleasant paths of ~~purest grace~~ righteousness.

Wesley put diagonal lines through these original lines and added the two lines now in stanza 6.

**“He that reproveth a scorner, getteth to himself shame.”—[Prov.] 9:7.<sup>4</sup>**

- [1.] Who wills us, if his soul we love,  
Sin in a brother to reprove,  
Forbids us to mis-spend our zeal,  
On a proud, hardned infidel:  
And who the precious truths divine  
Exposes to such dogs and swine,  
Is by their scornful malice rent,  
And well deserves his punishment.
2. Let *us* with mild, discerning eye  
Pity, and pass a scorner by,  
Our rash, censorious zeal restrain,  
Nor hurt ourselves and him in vain,  
But whom, divinely taught, we spare,  
Offer to God in silent prayer,  
Who stoncs to children can convert,  
And change, like ours, the proudest heart.

**“The fool rageth, and is confident.”  
—[Prov.] 14:16.<sup>5</sup>**

- [1.] The fool in his own judgment wise,  
And good, and high in perfect grace,  
His blind antagonists defies,  
And rages at the faithless race,  
Who cautious their assent suspend,  
Expect the fruits, and wait the end.

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<sup>4</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:347.

<sup>5</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:349–50.

2. On those who dare his word gainsay,  
    Wild he lets loose his furious zeal,  
Sure he himself can never stray,  
    He freely sends his foes to hell  
    “They must be all to Tophet driven,  
    “He cannot miss his way to heaven.”<sup>[1]</sup>
3. Impatient of opposers see  
    Th’ infallible outrageous saint,  
Proud of his fancied liberty,  
    Till in the trying hour he faint,  
Too late his confidence let go,  
And sink among the fools below.

**“A merry heart maketh a chearful countenance.”**  
—[Prov.] 15:13.<sup>6</sup>

- [1.] When God in man his Son reveals,  
And on the sinner’s conscience seals  
    The pardon of his sin,  
The sinner’s heart with mirth or’eflows,  
And on his chearful face he shows  
    Heaven and Christ within.
2. He can no longer sigh, or droop,  
From hell to the third heaven caught up,  
    By his Redeemer’s voice:  
He only lives to pray and praise  
And thank the Giver of all grace  
    And ever more rejoice.

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<sup>6</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:350.

3. O Thou, who into me art come,  
To chase *their* melancholy gloom,  
    Thy joyous, heavenly love  
To every child of man impart;  
Merry as mine be every heart,  
    Merry as theirs above.
4. Then every countenance shall shine,  
And hearts, and harps, and voices join,  
    And saints and angels sing  
To Him that sits upon the throne,  
To Christ the Lamb, the glorious Son,  
    The everlasting King.

**“A just man falleth seven times.”**

—[Prov.] 24:16.<sup>7</sup>

- [1.] Not every day, but oft, he falls,  
    Not into sin, but great distress  
Out of the deep on Jesus calls,  
    And finds in Him returning peace,  
Peace which the world can never give,  
Can never violate, or conceive.
2. The just man falls, to rise again,  
    And sit inthron'd with Christ above,  
Saved in a way of grief and pain,  
    Thro' sufferings perfected in love,  
He falls—into a sea of blood!  
He falls—into the depths of God!

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<sup>7</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:352–53.

**“Let another man praise thee, and not thine own mouth.”—[Prov.] 27:2.<sup>8</sup>**

- [1.] Sinners, the vain delusion see,  
    And sink abas'd in your own eyes,  
    Admir'd by blind credulity,  
    But pitied by the sober wise,  
    While your own praises ye repeat,  
    And boast your state, to all ye meet.
2. Can confident assertions prove  
    The truth of your abundant grace?  
    Ye talkers of your perfect love,  
    Your pure consummate holiness,  
    So highly who yourselves esteem,  
    And make yourselves your endless theme.
3. The highest seats no longer take,  
    Or sacrifice to your own net;  
    Learn the first elements; awake;  
    Your own important selves forget,  
    Your own religious selves deny,  
    And deeply now for mercy cry.
4. Let others, when your fruits they see,  
    Your modesty and silence praise,  
    Your patient, meek humility,  
    Your profiting and growth in grace,  
    Your liberty from self and pride,  
    Your likeness to the Crucified.

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<sup>8</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:353–54.



5. Your works of faith let them commend  
The principle from which they flow;  
And labouring on the day attend  
Which every state and heart shall show,  
Confer the gracious, full reward,  
The plaudit of your heavenly Lord.

**“Happy is the man that feareth always.”**  
—[Prov.] 28:14.<sup>9</sup>

- [1.] Have I not always fear'd  
The anger of the Lord?  
Thy voice I first from Sinai heard,  
And trembled at thy word:  
In childhood's earliest hour  
I sunk thro' sore dismay,  
At thought of thy vindictive power,  
And that tremendous day.
2. The thunders of thy law  
And secret checks within  
Restrain'd, and kept my soul in awe,  
And held me back from sin:  
By young corrupters lured  
To bolder lengths in vice,  
I shrunk protected, and secured  
Thro' sacred cowardise.
3. By Moses doom'd to die  
O how was I distress'd,

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<sup>9</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:354–55.

My fears of death and judgment nigh  
A thousand fold increas'd!  
My inbred hell was stir'd,  
And horribly afraid,  
I saw the just, avenging sword  
Hang o'er my guilty head.

4. Of sad, tormenting fear  
The Spirit I receiv'd,  
And many a miserable year  
In cruel bondage liv'd:  
  
[Incomplete]

**Canticles.**

**“Draw me: we will run after thee.”**

—[Song of Sol.] 1:4.

[I.]<sup>10</sup>

- [1.] Draw me, and I with vigour new  
Will my alluring God pursue:  
But Thou dost draw me still,  
How else could I thyself require,  
Or offer Thee this faint desire  
Thy precious love to feel?
2. The spark which from thy Spirit came,  
The dying spark into a flame  
O let thy Spirit raise,  
Then, then I after Thee shall run,  
And grasp my Saviour on the throne,  
And see thy heavenly face.

**[“Draw me: we will run after thee.”**

—Song of Sol. 1:4.]

II.<sup>11</sup>

- [1.] Me if to myself Thou leave,  
I cannot, Lord, aspire,  
Cannot one good thought conceive  
Or one sincere desire:  
But if by thy light I know  
My nature's desperate helplessness,  
Thou who dost the want bestow,  
Wilt give the wanted grace.

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<sup>10</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:361.

<sup>11</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:361–62.

2. That I heavenward may move,  
The motion now begin,  
Draw me by the cords of love  
Out of the toils of sin;  
Draw me to the land unknown,  
Beyond the world and Satan's power,  
Then I after Thee shall run,  
And never linger more.

**Isaiah.**

**“I will wait upon the Lord that hideth his face  
from the house of Jacob.”—[Isa.] 8:17.<sup>12</sup>**

- [1.] Thou dost indeed conceal thy face  
    Ev'n from the people of thy love,  
Abate the rapturous sense of grace,  
    Their faith and patient hope to prove,  
To make them trust a God unseen,  
And know themselves to be but men.
  
2. If Thou my pardning God appear,  
    In pleasant ways I hasten on;  
If Thou withdraw thy comforts here,  
    I walk by humble<sup>13</sup> faith alone,  
I ask, What makes my Lord depart?  
I miss thy presence from my heart.
  
3. O that I every moment might  
    Thy presence, or thy absence, feel!  
Walk on triumphant in thy light,  
    Or desolate in darkness dwell,  
Happy in thy injoyment be,  
Or wretched thro' the want of Thee!
  
4. Only from sin my soul restrain:  
    Restrain'd from sin, I ask no more  
But suffering like the Mournful Man  
    My Pattern on the cross adore,

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<sup>12</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:379–80.

<sup>13</sup>In the column Wesley suggested “naked” as an alternative.

A moment with my Saviour grieve,  
In endless joy with Thee to live.

**“He that believeth shall not make haste.”**  
—[Isa.] 28:16.

[I.]<sup>14</sup>

- [1.] The faithful soul doth not make haste  
    To judge, or think, to speak, or do,  
But present times compares with past,  
    The false to separate from the true  
Nature in all her turns to trace,  
And vindicate the work of grace.
2. Tell him—You feel your pardon seal’d,  
    With strongest confidence assert  
The secret of the Lord reveal’d,  
    The image stamp’d upon your heart,  
He hears unmov’d, and waits to see  
The fruit, and then discern the tree.
3. Your tempers with judicious love  
    He in the sacred balance weighs,  
How to condemn you, or approve,  
    On every word, and action stays,  
Observes your hope, dislike, desire,  
And marks you passing thro’ the fire.
4. His long-withheld assent to steal  
    The sanguine novice hopes in vain,

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<sup>14</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:394–95.

Nor rapt'rous joy, nor flaming zeal  
His lingring approbation gain;  
Nor glittering gifts his judgment seize,  
Nor fairest forms of godliness.

5. If nature mixt with grace he find,  
Careful the evil to remove,  
The good intire he leaves behind;  
Or, while he cannot both approve,  
Error with truth combin'd he spares,  
To save the wheat, permits the tares.
6. Cautious in all his works and deeds,  
He dares on God alone rely,  
With calm, deliberate step proceeds  
The spirits, and himself, to try,  
Patience the uncontested sign  
Which slowly proves his faith divine.

**[“He that believeth shall not make haste.”  
—Isa. 28:16.]**

**II.**<sup>15</sup>

- [1.] Who truly trust, O Lord, in Thee,  
Our inbred evil to remove,  
And bring us spotless purity,  
And fill our sinless souls with love,  
Hoping to see the perfect day,  
We calmly for thy coming stay.
2. Th' expected good, the bliss unknown  
Composes all our nature's powers,

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<sup>15</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:394.

We wish in many a secret groan  
To find thy gracious fulness ours,  
We languish for our first estate;  
Yet still we wish, and still we wait.

3. The violence of self-will is past,  
Our passion's wild, fallacious fire,  
No more with unbelieving haste  
*Now, now* the blessing we require,  
The kingdom from our Lord *demand*,  
Or snatch the crown out of thy hand.
4. The stream of swelling words subsides,  
The noisy strife of blindfold zeal,  
While God our quiet spirit guides  
Into his whole, his hallowing will,  
Into the Saviour's mind unknown,  
The love that perfects us in one.

**“Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty,  
they shall behold the land that is very far off.”**  
—[Isa.] 33:17.<sup>16</sup>

- [1.] Surely the promise is for me:  
Mine eyes shall in his beauty see  
The King of saints above,  
I shall on all his glories gaze,  
And hymn in everlasting lays  
The Majesty of Love.

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<sup>16</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:405.



2. Where angels in his presence stand,  
I shall behold the heavenly land  
Of full felicity,  
Far from this vale of sin and woe,  
My raptur'd soul the God shall know  
Who bought the land for me.
3. I only wait, till Thou impart  
Thyself, the earnest, to my heart,  
The pure, and perfect grace,  
The meetness for that Blisful Sight,  
And then surround me with the light  
Of thy unclouded Face.

**“Ye shall worship before this Altar.”**  
—[Isa.] 36:7.<sup>17</sup>

- [1.] This Altar is The Lord,  
Our Lord and God most high,  
By all his saints beneath ador'd,  
By all above the sky:  
Rais'd by Almighty hands,  
To Adam's offspring given,  
Twixt God and man this Altar stands,  
And earth unites to heaven.
2. This Altar ever lives,  
And did for sin atone,  
Hallows the offerings it receives,  
And bears them to the throne:

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<sup>17</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:406–7.

Us to the throne it bears,  
Mixt with the sacred flame,  
And God accepts his worshippers,  
Who bow to JESUS' name.

**“They that wait upon the Lord shall renew *their* strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint.”—[Isa.] 40:31.<sup>18</sup>**

[1.] With faith's most fixt attention,  
Jesus, on Thee I wait,  
To gain in life's declension,  
My primitive estate,  
That vigour to recover  
Original, divine,  
And love my heavenly Lover,  
And live entirely thine.

2. With restless expectation  
I for thine image groan,  
The strength of full salvation  
Impatient to put on:  
I long at that glad hour  
To find, dear Lord, in Thee  
The Spirit of health, and power,  
And spotless purity.

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<sup>18</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:408–9.

3. A prostrate soul desiring  
    To walk in all thy ways,  
With thy own Spirit inspiring  
    Among the children place:  
Then, then a babe forgiven  
    I without fainting go,  
After my Guide to heaven,  
    And walk like Thee below.
  
4. In grace and faith increasing  
    A man of God, I rise,  
Wrestle for Jacob's blessing  
    And win the long-sought prize;  
With fervent zeal aspire  
    To prove thy perfect will,  
And run (but never tire)  
    And scale the holy hill.
  
5. Eager my utmost Saviour,  
    As I am known, to know,  
Establish'd in thy favor  
    I to a father grow,  
From glory into glory  
    Chang'd by thy Spirit I  
Shall walk unblam'd before thee,  
    Shall to thy bosom fly.

6. Swift as an Eagle soaring  
    To view that heavenly Sun,  
I mount—I fall adoring  
    Before the azure throne,  
In songs, or silence, praising  
    The God who died for me,  
In triumphing, or gazing  
    Thro' all eternity.

**“Verily thou art a God that hidest thyself.”**  
—[Isa.] 45:15.<sup>19</sup>

- [1.] How shoud I know, unless from Thee,  
    That Thou art still a God unknown?  
Made conscious of my misery  
    Thy Spirit's absence I bemoan:  
For O! in tenderness of love  
    Thou dost my unbelief reveal,  
The thick, religious veil remove,  
    And show me all my nature's hell.
2. Dark as the shades of endless night  
    Wrapt in impenetrable gloom,  
After the true, eternal Light  
    I feel, opprest till Jesus come,

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<sup>19</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:421.

Till Christ, the Glory of the Lord,  
His beatific Self impart,  
And speak the faith-creating word,  
And rise illustrious in my heart.

**“Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the  
waters, and he that hath no money; come ye,  
buy and eat; yea come, buy wine and milk,  
without money, and without price &c.”**

—[Isa.] 55:1–3.<sup>20</sup>

[1.] Come all the lost race,  
Redeem'd from your fall;  
A fountain of grace  
Is open'd for all:  
Your God's invitation  
Discovers the Stream,  
The wells of salvation  
Are open'd in Him.

2. Who seek to be blest,  
But labour in vain,  
And sigh for the rest  
Ye cannot attain,  
Come all to the Saviour  
Your life-giving Lord,  
And find in his favor  
Your Eden restor'd.

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<sup>20</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:444–45.

3. Poor vagabonds here,  
    Who shadows pursue,  
To Jesus draw near  
    For happiness true:  
Ye all may receive it,  
    (Good news for the poor)  
And when ye believe it,  
    Your pardon is sure.
  
4. Come, taste, and confess  
    The goodness Divine  
The sense of his grace  
    Is better than wine;  
Tis sweeter than honey  
    The milk of the word,  
Tis bought without money  
    The love of your Lord.
  
5. No goodness have ye,  
    No goodness ye need:  
His mercy is free,  
    Is mercy indeed!  
Renounce your own merit,  
    And buy without price  
His grace and his Spirit,  
    And crown in the skies.

[Note pages 105–106 appear a sheet late in the notebook, but Charles draws attention to the correction.]

6. Distracted by thought  
    And care without end,  
Your labour for nought,  
    Ah, why will ye spend,  
Your time of probation  
    In trifles employ,  
In vain expectation  
    Of fugitive joy?
  
7. For pleasure, and praise,  
    And riches ye pant,  
Your wishes possess,  
    Yet perish for want:  
Destroy'd by fruition  
    Your bliss ye bemoan,  
And wail your condition,  
    Contented with none.
  
8. Come just as ye are,  
    For Jesus invites  
Meer sinners to share  
    Substantial delights:  
Ye weary and burthen'd  
    Who happy woud be,  
And wish to be pardon'd,  
    Come, listen to Me.

9. Be blest for my sake  
    With permanent good,  
And freely partake  
    Angelical food,  
Be fed by believing  
    With bread from above,  
My nature receiving,  
    And fill'd with my love.
  
10. The ear of your heart  
    Whoever incline,  
To you I impart  
    My fulness divine,  
Your souls by my Spirit  
    Made meet for the sky,  
The life shall inherit  
    Which never can die.



**“O that the mountains might flow down at thy presence!”—[Isa.] 64:1.<sup>21</sup>**

- [1.] Beneath a mountain-load of night,  
Of unbelief, I groan,  
Till Thou, the true, eternal Light,  
To my relief come down,  
My darkness by thy presence chase,  
My weight of sin remove,  
And show the brightness of thy face  
In manifested Love.
  
2. If Thou vouchsafe thy face to show,  
If Thou appear again,  
My mountain-sins shall melt and flow,  
And pass into a plain:  
Fix then thy presence in my heart,  
Be Thou my perfect power,  
And unbelief shall all depart,  
And pride exist no more.

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<sup>21</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:460.

**“We fade as a leaf.”—[Isa.] 64:6.<sup>22</sup>**

Well doth a summer leaf explain  
The transient state of feeble man:  
We flourish fair in youthful bloom,  
Till age, and palled Autumn come:  
He comes with sickness at his side,  
He withers all our verdant pride,  
And shook with the first stormy gust  
We drop, and crumble into dust.

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<sup>22</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:460–61.

**Jeremiah.**

**“Wash thine heart, that thou mayst be saved:  
how long shall thy vain thoughts lodge within  
thee?”—[Jer.] 4:14.<sup>23</sup>**

- [1.] Fain woud I wash my soul from sin  
    In Jesus wounded side,  
From all the lusts that lodge within,  
    The spawn of self and pride:  
I woud be clean, Thou knowst I woud,  
    Before I hence depart,  
And feel the sprinkling of that blood  
    Which purifies the heart.
  
2. But what Thou didst for sinners shed  
    Thou only canst apply,  
And purge whom thy own hands have made  
    From crimes of deepest die:  
Thou wilt blot out th' ingrafted stain,  
    My nature's filthiness,  
Nor let one evil thought remain  
    To violate my peace.
  
3. Inabled by thy word I rise,  
    And wash my sins away,  
Strong in the life thy death supplies,  
    I for salvation pray;  
I pray believing, that thy blood  
    Its full effect may have,

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<sup>23</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:11–12. Wesley originally wrote before this hymn “There is hope in thine end,” a reference to Jer. 31:17, but marks it out (note that he includes a hymn for Jer. 31:17 on p. 118).

And bring me sanctified to God,  
And to perfection save.

4. Selfish and vain desires in me  
Shall never more reside,  
When Thou with all thy purity  
Dost in my heart abide;<sup>24</sup>  
Thy uttermost salvation then  
I in thy presence prove,  
The crown of righteousness obtain,  
The heights and depths of love.

**“The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and  
yet we are not saved.”—[Jer.] 8:20.<sup>25</sup>**

- [1.] The summer of my youth is past,  
The winter of old age is here  
Yet, O my God, unsav'd at last,  
Unchang'd, unholy I appear,  
I am not in thine image found,  
A meer, meer helpless sinner I  
A wretched cumberer of the ground,  
Not fit to live, not fit to die.
2. Mercy as with my latest breath,  
Mercy in Jesus I implore,  
My Ransomer from Second death  
Spirit of life, and love, and power.

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<sup>24</sup>Ori., “reside.”

<sup>25</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:17–18.

Enter this desperate, dying heart,  
A Saint out of<sup>26</sup> a sinner bring,  
And sav'd I then in peace depart,  
And Jesus praise for ever sing.

**“Oh that I had in the wilderness a lodging-place!”**  
—[Jer.] 9:2.<sup>27</sup>

- [1.] O that I could the desert find,  
Sequester'd from the faithless kind,  
Forgotten and unknown,  
To earth's remotest corner flee,  
And hid in calm obscurity  
Converse with God alone!
2. Lend me thy wings, celestial Dove,  
From earthly objects to remove;  
Shut out the world of care,  
Banish the creature from my sight,  
And let me find my whole delight  
In musing and in prayer.
3. But O, in vain the world I shun,  
If out of sin I cannot run,  
Or from myself depart,  
If 'scap'd from all external woe,  
I carry still, where'er I go,  
The troubles in my heart.

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<sup>26</sup>Ori., “~~O~~ut of a s[aint].”

<sup>27</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:19–20.

4. This inbred enemy to rest,  
That harasses my wretched breast  
    Who shall expel him hence?  
Answer, O Lord, by entering in,  
Chase from my heart the man of sin,  
    Divine Omnipotence.
  
5. When all my unbelief is gone,  
Then shall I dwell secure, alone  
    With Him that fills the skies,  
Whose presence makes the secret place,  
And opens in the wilderness  
    A constant paradise.
  
6. Come, Jesus, now, thy foe t' exclude:  
Into the sacred solitude  
    My Spirit now receive,  
And present in my happy breast  
My perfect Peace, my heavenly Rest,  
    My Life eternal live.

**“Can the Ethiopian change his skin and the leopard his spots?”—[Jer.] 13:23.<sup>28</sup>**

- [1.] Can the dark Ethiop change his skin,  
Leopard<sup>29</sup> without his spots appear?  
Then I from old, habitual sin  
May live redeem'd, and blameless here;  
May do my Saviour's utmost will,  
And all his righteous laws fulfil.
2. To sense and pride by nature prone,  
In sense and pride by custom bred,  
Beneath the double chain I groan,  
And never, never can be freed,  
Unless I find the liberty  
In blood divine pour'd out for me.
3. That blood the mighty deed can do,  
Can nature into grace convert,  
Obliterate sins of deepest hue,<sup>30</sup>  
Change the foul colour of my heart,  
From darkness turn me into light,  
And wash the swarthy Ethiop white.
4. Soon as that efficacious blood  
Applied by living faith I feel,

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<sup>28</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:22–23.

<sup>29</sup>Ori., “~~The~~ pard.”

<sup>30</sup>Ori., “dye.”

I feel my heart and life renew'd,  
Wrought is the thing impossible,  
Effac'd are all my inbred stains,  
And not one spot of sin remains.

**“Heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed.”**  
—[Jer.] 17:14.<sup>31</sup>

Physician of the fallen race,  
Apply the medicine of thy grace,  
And while my heart believes thy word,  
Rais'd from the death of sin I live,  
Compleat salvation I receive,  
To perfect health, and love, and holiness restor'd.

**“Save me, and I shall be saved.”—[Jer.] 17:14.**  
[I.]<sup>32</sup>

Good Lord, for thy own goodness sake,  
The sin out of my nature take,  
And cleans'd from all impurity  
And still besprinkled with thy blood,  
In real holiness renew'd,  
My soul shall humbly rise, a temple meet for Thee.

**[“Save me, and I shall be saved.”—Jer. 17:14.]**  
II.<sup>33</sup>

[1.] Saviour, thy balmy grace impart,  
Physician of the sinsick heart,  
Thou only canst its plague remove,  
And heal me by thy precious love:

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<sup>31</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:28.

<sup>32</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:28–29.

<sup>33</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:29.



A sinner at the point to die,  
I live, if Thou thy blood apply,  
To perfect sanity restor'd,  
And one with my Almighty Lord.

2. That health of soul I gasp to know,  
Which only Jesus can bestow,  
Jesus, thy sovereign skill display,  
And take this seed of sin away,  
Th' original infirmity,  
O were it now expel'd by Thee  
Who didst my every pain endure  
And die thyself, t' effect my cure.
  
3. The world with feeble saints agree  
In vain to urge, "It cannot be!  
"Sin must remain, howe'er expel'd,  
"And heal'd; ye<sup>34</sup> never will be heal'd!"  
I trust my kind Physician's skill,  
And sav'd, according to thy will,  
Shall live a saint, in love compleat,  
Shall die a sinner at thy feet.

**"Heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed; save  
me, and I shall be saved: for thou art my praise."  
—[Jer.] 17:14.<sup>35</sup>**

- [1.] Heal me, O gracious Lord, for well  
Thou knowst, myself I cannot heal,  
All sin, and weakness I:

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<sup>34</sup>Ori., "it."

<sup>35</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:29–30.

But I shall be to health restor'd,  
If Thou pronounce the sovereign word,  
If Thou the balm apply.

2. Save, for myself I cannot save;  
Thou knowst, in me no help I have  
No tendency to good:  
But if Thou my salvation art,  
I shall be pure in life and heart,  
And after God renew'd.
3. God over all, thy power I own;  
Thine energy of grace make known,  
Thy love in me reveal,  
Then shall I joyfully proclaim,  
Jesus, thy wonder-working name  
Omnipotent to heal.
4. Then shall I my Physician praise,  
Extol the God of pardning grace,  
Of peerless purity,  
A mon'ument of thy saving love,  
The truth of thy perfection prove,  
And live and die like Thee.

**“I have loved thee with an everlasting love,  
therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn  
thee.”—[Jer.] 31:3.<sup>36</sup>**

- [1.] Draw me, Saviour, from above,  
    Still to every sin inclin'd,  
Bind me with the cords of love;  
    Love alone my soul can bind,  
Stop its vile propensity,  
    Change its groveling appetite;  
Jesus, manifest to me,  
    Be thyself my pure delight.
  
2. By thy most mysterious pain,  
    By thy bloody sweat I pray,  
By thy dying love to man,  
    Take, O take my sins away;  
By thy supplicating cries  
    Me out of myself remove,  
Crucified before my eyes  
    Force my heart its God to love.

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<sup>36</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:36.

**“There is hope in thine end.”—[Jer.] 31:17.<sup>37</sup>**

- [1.] Hope in my end, my latest hour!  
Indulg'd with this, I ask no more,  
    But hug my misery,  
But suffer out my evil days,  
Nor see the Saviour's smiling face,  
    Till I in glory see.
2. Dark as I am, bereav'd of sight,  
In the full blaze of gospel-light,  
    No longer I complain,  
With death if my Redeemer come,  
To dissipate th' infernal gloom,  
    And end my sin and pain.
3. Till<sup>38</sup> then my punishment I bear,  
Shut up in temporal despair,  
    Wretched, and unforgiven;  
A sinner against light and love,  
Far from the paths of peace I rove,  
    As far as hell from heaven.
4. But let not those in darkness dwell,  
The dreary neighbourhood of hell,  
    Till life's extremity,  
Who know not yet the Saviour's ways,  
But never forfeited his grace,  
    Or quench'd his Spirit, like me.

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<sup>37</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:456–57.

<sup>38</sup>Ori., “There.”

5. They need not wait their Lord to know,  
But freely to the Fountain go:  
    This is the gracious day,  
This the accepted time for Them:  
They now may plunge into the stream  
    And wash their sin away.
  
6. They now may savingly believe,  
And walk in Him whom they receive  
    And in his love abide,  
Till Jesus crowns with perfect peace,  
Fills up their faith and holiness,  
    And takes them to his side.

[blank]

**Hosea.**

**“Your goodness is as a morning cloud.”**

—[Hosea] 6:4.<sup>39</sup>

- [1.] Where is my power to watch and pray,  
    And live for God alone?  
The morning-cloud is past away,  
    And all my goodness gone:  
I sink again to Idols join'd,  
    And let my God depart,  
And not one good desire I find  
    In this poor, desperate heart.
  
2. What can I do, but lay me down  
    In darkness, sin, and shame?  
Beneath my Saviour's angry frown,  
    Beneath his feet I am:  
Left to myself, I never more  
    One good desire shall feel,  
Unless the sinner He restore,  
    And save, because He will.
  
3. But if for me his bowels plead,  
    My soul he yet shall raise,  
The fulness of his power to spread  
    The freeness of his grace:  
Fixt by the presence of his love  
    The morning cloud shall stay  
Or only pass away t' improve  
    Into the perfect day.

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<sup>39</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:77–78.

**“Take away all iniquity.”—[Hosea] 14:2.**  
[I.]<sup>40</sup>

- [1.] Jesus, all-redeeming Lamb,  
Thine, yet still unsav'd, I am  
Monster of iniquity  
Bring a world of sin to Thee:  
If Thou canst so greatly save,  
If Thou wilt thy purchase have,  
If almighty Love Thou art,  
Take away this bestial heart.
  
2. Vanity, concupiscence  
I can never banish hence,  
Never can myself expel,  
Loath the sins I love so well:  
Carnal, and corrupt in mind,  
If a good desire I find,  
Lord, it flows from Thee alone;  
Answer, and accept thine own.
  
3. Now inclin'd by Thee I pray  
Take the bestial heart away,  
Far out of my soul remove  
All that bars thy purer love;  
More than conquer it in me,  
Quite destroy the enmity  
Root it out this love of sin,  
Bring thy heavenly nature in.

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<sup>40</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:81–82.



4. If thy time be fully come,  
Now this Antichrist consume,  
Finish the transgression now  
Saviour to the utmost Thou;  
Everlasting righteousness  
Thou my hallow'd soul possess,  
Peace, and power, and purity  
Christ, be all in all to me.

**["Take away all iniquity."—Hosea 14:2.]**  
**II.<sup>41</sup>**

- [1.] The cause of this perpetual pain,  
Jesus, the inbred sin remove,  
Peace for a dying soul ordain,  
And save me by thy purest love,  
Then, or whene'er Thou wilt release,  
My soul in all thy mind renew'd,  
Created in true holiness,  
One spirit with my hallowing God.
2. But canst Thou take it *all* away?  
But can I trust Almighty Love  
The root to kill, the remnant slay,  
The sinful nature to remove?  
Jesus, I stedfastly believe  
The saving Power of God Thou art,  
And wilt his perfect Image give,  
Thyself, into my sinless heart.

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<sup>41</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:82–83.

[3.] O woudst Thou now thy presence show,  
Thy nature in my heart reveal,  
And thus destroy th' indwelling foe,  
And me out of myself expel!  
Thy presence finishes my sin,  
Thy presence makes an end of *me*;  
Come in, thou holy God, come in,  
And *I* shall all be lost in Thee.

**“I will heal thy backslidings, I will love thee  
freely.”—[Hosea] 14:4.<sup>42</sup>**

[1.] O that his wrath were turn'd aside  
O could I know him pacified,  
Again with pardon blest,  
How gladly then should I resign  
My soul into the hands divine,  
And trust him for the rest!

2. Jesus, my sprinkled heart assure  
Thou didst my life by death procure  
Didst buy the sinner's peace  
That I to sin intirely dead  
From every thought of evil freed,  
Might live to righteousness.

3. Now in the sense of cancel'd sin  
Thy sanctifying work begin,  
Pour in the balm of grace,  
My wounds bind up, my peace restore,  
And sent<sup>43</sup> by Thee, I sin no more  
But walk in all thy ways.

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<sup>42</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:85.

<sup>43</sup>In the column Wesley suggested “sav'd” as an alternative.

**Haggai.**

**“From this day will I bless you.”—[Hag.] 2:19.<sup>44</sup>**

- [1.] To bless me, Lord, this day begin,  
To turn my heart against its sin  
By penitential grace;  
My heart with godly grief inspire,  
With sacred fear, and strong desire  
To see thy smiling face.
2. The evangelic blessing give  
When humbled at thy feet I grieve,  
Beneath my guilty load,  
The knowledge of Thyself reveal'd  
My pardon and salvation seal'd  
By thy atoning blood.
3. When Thee in part I truly know,  
Bid me in peace and safety go  
With every blessing blest,  
With love, and holiness compleat  
My Saviour in the clouds to meet  
My soul's Eternal Rest.

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<sup>44</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:110–11.

4. When rais'd out of the dust I stand,  
Plac'd with the sheep at thy right hand  
The final blessing give,  
The palm, the glory, and the crown,  
And bid me at thy side sit down,  
In all thy joy to live.

**Zechariah.**

**“Woe to the idol shepherd that leaves the flock:  
the sword shall be upon his arm, and his right  
eye: his arm shall be clean dried up, and his  
right eye shall be utterly darkened.”**  
—[Zech.] 11:17.<sup>45</sup>

- [1.] Who is the idol shepherd? who  
The slighted flock of Jesus leaves?  
The man that steals his Saviour's due,  
And human praise with joy receives:  
The charge of souls he undertakes;  
But when the storms of trouble rise,  
He sees the wolf, the sheep forsakes,  
And basely as an hireling flies.
2. Justice divine with sharpest sword  
His arm and his right eye shall smite;  
(Hear this ye traitors to your Lord)  
Bereave him of his power and light:  
Soon as the threaten'd curse takes place,  
The wretch receives his instant doom,  
Wither'd is all his strength of grace,  
And all his light is hellish gloom.

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<sup>45</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:120–21.

3. Lord, help me, that I never may  
My gracious power and knowledge lose,  
But meekly with thy people stay,  
Their burthen bear, their praise refuse  
Till clear by Thee, my faithful eye  
Thy perfect will with transport sees,  
And strong my arm, to force the sky,  
And grasp the crown of righteousness.

**Malachi.**<sup>46</sup>

**“The Lord whom ye seek, shall suddenly come  
to his temple: even the Messenger of the covenant  
whom ye delight in.”—[Mal.] 3:1.**<sup>47</sup>

- [1.] In wondrous condescension  
For thy own promise sake,  
My heart to be thy mansion,  
Great God of mercy take;  
Suddenly to thy temple,  
My Lord and Saviour, come,  
And make the poor and simple  
Thine everlasting home.
2. I wait for thy appearing,  
Thou holy God unknown,  
A beggar persevering  
I seek thyself alone,  
More than thy consolations  
Thy precious self require,  
To recompense my patience  
With all I can desire.

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<sup>46</sup>Ori., “Malachy.”

<sup>47</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:129.

3. Angel and Mediator  
Of covenanted grace,  
I woud thy purest nature  
With all my soul embrace  
The true, transporting pleasure  
In thy enjoyment prove,  
The most unbounded measure  
Of beatific Love.

**“Unto you that fear my name, shall the Sun of righteousness arise, with healing in his wings.”**  
—[Mal.] 4:2.<sup>48</sup>

- [1.] I bow to God in Jesus name,  
I tremble at his word,  
Yet O, I still in darkness am,  
Nor know my pardning Lord:  
My soul is sick of every sin,  
Is all infirmity;  
There is no holiness within,  
There is no health in me.
2. Arise, thou Sun of righteousness,  
Extend thy healing wings,  
And bring into my soul the grace  
Which sure salvation brings:  
My sins and sicknesses depart,  
If Thou in me appear,  
And when I find Thee in my heart,  
I find Perfection here.

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<sup>48</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:134.