This file gathers all known drafts of verse that Charles Wesley included in manuscript letters to family and friends. Specifically, it includes those instances where a hymn or poem appears in a letter prior to being published. Instances where Wesley quotes in a letter from either his own earlier published verse or published verse by other authors are not included.

Most of the drafts that appear below were incorporated into the body of the letter or enclosed in the letter on a separate single sheet. We have not attempted to show the occasional page breaks (moving from one side of the sheet to the other).

The drafts are organized chronologically, by date of the letter in which they appear.

Most of these letters are part of the collection in the Methodist Archive and Research Centre, with specific location indicated in footnotes. The transcriptions below are provided with permission of the Librarian and Director, The John Rylands Library, The University of Manchester (or other relevant holding location as noted).

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1This document was produced by the Duke Center for Studies in the Wesleyan Tradition under the editorial direction of Randy L. Maddox, with the diligent assistance of Aileen F. Maddox. Last updated: November 12, 2016.
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CW Letter to John Wesley, January 20, 1728

[Untitled.]

“Nor yet from my dim Eyes THY form retires!”

(The cold empty starving Grate before me makes me add
the following disconsolate Line.)

Nor cheering image of thine absent Fires.
No longer now on Horrel’s airy Van,
With Thee shall I admire the subject Plain,
Or where the sight in neighbouring shades is lost,
Or where the lengthned Prospect widens most:
While or the tunefull Poet’s (something) song,
Or Truths Divine flow’d easy from thy Tongue.

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1Location: MARC, DDCW 1/1. The verse included is published posthumously in Representative Verse, 257; and Unpublished Poetry, 3:381. This is the earliest known extant piece of Charles Wesley’s verse. As Charles admits in the letter, it is an adaptation of some lines by his brother John Wesley (see MS Miscellany Verses, 39–43).

2“Hinxy’s” is written above “Horrel’s” as an alternative. Horrel is a plantation on a hill to the south of Stanton, Gloucestershire and Hinsey Hill is two miles south of Oxford.

3Wesley is likely saying that he does not know what word to use.
CW Journal Letter, April 15–26, 1741

[Untitled.]

1 Come let us who in Christ believe
With Saints and Angels join,
Glory, and Praise, and Blessing give,
And Thanks to Grace Divine!

2 Our Friend in sure and certain Hope
Hath laid her Body down;
She knew that Christ will raise her up,
And give the Starry\textsuperscript{2} Crown.

3 To All who His Appearing love
He opens Paradice,
And we shall join the Hosts above,
And we shall grasp the Prize!

4 Then let us wait to see His Day,\textsuperscript{3}
To hear the Welcome Word,
To answer, Lo! we come away,
We die, to meet our Lord.

\textsuperscript{1}Location: MARC, MA 1977/503, Box 5. Hymn found in entry for April 22; appears also in MS Journal (April 22, 1741). Published in HSP (1742), 131 (rendered for a male). Charles Wesley wrote this hymn on the death of Hannah Richardson. Note that Wesley’s original letter misdates each day of the week in this journal letter by one (so the hymn is given in the section for April 21 in the original).

\textsuperscript{2}In MS Journal Charles wrote “heavenly Crown,” then suggested in the margin “starry.”

\textsuperscript{3}MS Journal, “the Day.”
The Widow’s Hymn.
To the Tune of—O Love Divine!

1. O Thou, who plead’st the Widow’s Cause,
   Who only canst repair my Loss,
   And sweeten all my Woe,
   Distrest, disconsolate, forlorn
   Let me on thy dear Bosom mourn
   Nor other Comfort know.

2. A Des’late Soul, Thou knowst, I am,
   For Thou hast call’d me by my Name
   Thy poor Afflicted One,
   Hast in the Fiery Furnace tried,
   And chose a Mourner for thy Bride
   When all my Joys were gone.

3. The Soul whom more than Life I lov’d
   Thy jealous Mercy hath remov’d
   To make me wholly Thine,
   With streaming Eyes The Hand I see,
   And bow me to The Just Decree,
   And bless The Love Divine.

4. Still would I pour my mournful Tears,
   And all my solemn Days or Years
   In sacred Sadness spend,
   Instant in strong effectual Prayers,
   Till Death release me from my Cares
   And Faith in Vision end.

5. For This I in thy Spirit groan;
   Forsaken, comfortless, alone
   I would with GOD abide,
   Cut off from Man to JESUS cleave,
   And never for a Moment leave
   My Heavenly Bridegroom’s Side.

\[\text{Footnotes:}\]

1. Elizabeth (maiden name uncertain) married Thomas Witham (1690–1743) in the early 1720s. She was active within the Methodist movement by 1740, and CW was present at the death of her husband on Dec. 23, 1743. After her husband’s death Elizabeth became active in the Foundery society.

2. Location: MARC, DDCW 1/14a. The hymn included was published in *HSP* (1749), 2:195–96.

3. I.e., the tune for Hymn XIX in *Festival Hymns* (1747).
6. Allow, dear Lord, the Widow’s Plea,  
And O! shut up my Soul with Thee  
Against the (nup)stial Feast,  
Make ready for (that) glorious Day,  
And then thy Sp(otles)/s Bride convey  
To thine Eter(nal) Rest.\(^4\)

\(^4\)There is a small fragment missing in the middle of this stanza. The missing parts of words are verified from the published copy in *HSP* (1749).
Glory, and Thanks, and Praise
To him that hath the Key!
Jesus, thy sovereign Grace
Gives us the Victory,
Baffles the World and Satan’s Power,
And open throws the Gospel Door.

Sin, only Sin cou’d close
That Door of pard’ning Love,
But spite of all our Foes
Thou dost the Bar remove,
The Door again thou openest wide
And shews the Powers of JESU’S Name.

Thy Miracles of Grace
We now repeated see.
The Dumb sets forth thy Praise,
The Deaf attends to Thee.
Leaps as a bounding Hart the Lame,
And shews the Powers of JESU’S Name.

The Lepers are made clean,
The Blind their Sight receive,
Quicken’d the Dead in Sin,
The humble Poor believe
The Gospel of their Sins forgiven,
With GOD himself sent down from Heaven.

Thankful again we hear
The all-restoring Sound,
Again the Comforter
Within our Coasts is found,
The Saviour at the Door is seen,
Lift up your Hearts and take him in.

Lord we the Call obey,
In Thee alone confide,
Rejoice to see thy Day
To feel thy Blood applied,
Our Faith has made us whole we know,
And in thy Peace to Heaven we go.

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Location: MARC, DDCW 6/15. Hymn included at entry for July 25. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:323–24 (with a few changes).
CW Letter to Ebenezer Blackwell, July 29, 1746

[Untitled.]

1 Jesus, thou all-redeeming Lord,
   Who preachest still the Gospel-Word
   In these thy Spirit’s Days,
   My helpless Soul with pity see,
   And set me now at liberty
   By justifying grace.

2 Where two or three thy Presence claim,
   Assembled in thy Saving Name,
   Thy Saving Power is near:
   Sure as thou art in heaven above,
   Thou in the Spirit of thy Love,
   And God in thee is here.

3 See then, with eyes of mercy see
   My desperate Grief, and Misery,
   My sore Distress, and Pain,
   In all the Impotence of Sin
   My Fallen Soul for years hath been,
   And bound with Satan’s Chain.

4 My strong propensity to Ill
   My carnal Mind and crooked Will
   To only evil prone,
   My downward appetites I find,
   My Spirit, Soul, and Flesh inclin’d
   To earth, and earth alone.

5 Myself alas! I cannot raise,
   Or lift my heart in Prayer, or Praise,
   Or rectify my will,
   I own, cut off from Human Hope,
   To lift a fallen spirit up
   With man Impossible.

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1 Location: Harvard University, Houghton Library, MS Eng 870, 43. Hymn included was published in *HSP* (1749), 1:96–98.
6 But O! Thou seest my desprate case:
Pronounce the word of Pardning Grace:
   And call me, Lord, to Thee,
Inspeak the Power into my Heart,
And say this moment, “Loos’d thou art
   From thine infirmity.”

7 Lay but thine Hand upon my Soul,
And instantaneously made whole
   My soul by faith shall rise,
Shall rise by faith and upright stand,
And answer all thy just command
   With all its faculties.

8 Strait as the rule, the written Word,
My soul in righteousness restor’d
   Thine image shall retrieve,
(That antient rectitude divine),
And bright in thy resemblance shine,
   And to thy glory live.

9 A child of faithful Abraham I,
On thy Redeeming Love rely
   For Life and Liberty;
And ought I not the grace t’ obtain,
Releas’d from sin and Satan’s chain,
   Who trust on only thee?

10 Thine, Jesus, thine alone I am;
And ought I not my Lord to claim,
   With all thy righteousness?
I ought, I DO, thy love receive,
And now thou DOST my sins forgive,
   And bid my bondage cease.

11 The Sabbath of my soul I see,
The day of Gospel-Liberty,
   No more inthrall’d, opprest;
And lo! In Holiness I rise,
To claim the rest of Paradise,
   And Heaven’s Eternal Rest!
After Preaching the Gospel  
in Cornwall 1746.

1 All Thanks be to God,  
Who scatters abroad  
Throughout every Place,  
By the Least of his Servants his Savour of Grace!  
Who the Victory gave,  
The Praise let Him have,  
For the Work He hath done,  
All Honour and Glory to Jesus alone.

2 Our Conquering Lord  
Hath prosper’d the Word,  
And made it prevail,  
And mightily shaken the Kingdom of hell:  
His Arm He hath bar’d,  
And a People prepar’d,  
His Glory to show,  
And witness the Power of his Goodness below.

3 He hath open’d a door  
To the Penitent Poor,  
And rescued from Sin,  
And admitted the Harlots and Publicans in:  
They have heard the Glad Sound,  
They have Liberty found  
Thro’ the Blood of the Lamb,  
And plentiful Pardon in Jesus’s Name.

4 The Opposers admire  
The Hammer and Fire,  
Which all things ore’comes,  
And breaks the hard Rocks, and the Mountains consumes.  
With quiet Amaze  
They listen and gaze,  
And insensibly join,  
Constrain’d to acknowledge The Work is Divine!

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1Location: MARC, MA 1977/503, Box 5, file 11. Hymn appears in August 10 entry. The letter was sent to John Wesley on August 17. The hymn was published (with several revisions) in Redemption Hymns (1747), 3–5. Charles records writing this hymn in his MS Journal (August 11, 1746), quoting the first stanza.
5 And shall we not sing
Our Saviour and King?
Thine Heritage we
With rapture ascribe our Salvation to Thee.
Thou Jesus hast bless’d,
And the Faithful increas’d,
Who thankfully own
We are freely forgiven thro’ Mercy alone.

6 Thy Spirit revives
His Work in our Lives,
His Wonders of Grace
So mightily wrought in the Primitive Days.
O that all men might know
His Tokens below,
Their Saviour confess,
And embrace the glad Tidings of Pardon and Peace!

7 Thou Saviour of All,
Effectually call
The sinners that stray;
And O! Let a Nation be born in a Day!
Thy Sign let them see,
And flow unto Thee
For Oil and for Wine,
For the blissful Assurance of Favour Divine.

8 Our Heathenish Land
Beneath thy Command
In Mercy receive,
And make us a Pattern to all that believe:
Then, then let it spread
Thy Knowledge and Dread,
Till the earth is oreflow’d,
And the Universe fill’d with the Glory of GOD!
Thanksgiving.

1 Worship, and Thanks, and Blessing
   And Strength ascribe to Jesus!
   Jesus alone
   Defends His own,
   When Earth and Hell oppress us.

   Jesus with Joy we witness
   Almighty to deliver,
   Our Seal set to
   That GOD is true,
   And reigns a King forever.

2 Omnipotent Redeemer,
   Our ransom’d Souls adore Thee,
   Our Saviour Thou,
   We find it Now,
   And give Thee all the Glory.

   We sing thine Arm unshortned,
   Brought thro’ our sore Temptation,
   With Heart and Voice,
   In Thee rejoice,
   The Strength of our Salvation.

3 Thine Arm hath safely brought us
   A Way no more expected,
   Than when thy Sheep
   Pass’d thro’ the Deep,
   By Chrystal Walls protected.

   Thy Glory was our Reerward,
   Thine Hands our Lives did cover,
   And we, ev’n we
   Have walk’d the Sea!
   And march’d triumphant over.

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1Location: MARC, DDCW 4/3a; letter in an unknown secondary hand but hymn (on pp. 6–7) in CW’s hand. The hymn was published in *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 27–29. The contents of the journal letter are included in *MS Journal* (February 25, 1747). It is unclear if the hymn was written at this time, or written earlier. The journal letter is the first known evidence of the hymn.
4 Thy Work we now acknowledge,  
    Thy wondrous Loving-Kindness,  
    Which skreen’d Thine own  
    By Means unknown,  
    And smote our Foes with Blindness.

    By Satan’s Host surrounded  
    Thou didst with Patience arm us,  
    But wouldst not give  
    The Syrians Leave,  
    Or Sodom’s Sons to harm us.

5 Safe as Devoted Peter  
    Betwixt the Soldiers sleeping,  
    Like Sheep we lay  
    To Wolves a Prey,  
    Yet still in Jesus Keeping.

    Thou from th’ Infernal Herod  
    And Jewish Expectation  
    Hast set us free:  
    All Praise to Thee,  
    GOD of our Salvation!

6 The World and Satan’s Malice  
    Thou, Jesus, hast confounded,  
    And by thy Grace  
    With Songs of Praise  
    Our happy Souls surrounded.

    Accepting our Deliverance  
    We triumph in thy Favour,  
    And for the Love  
    Which now we prove,  
    Shall praise thy Name forever.

C. Wesley
CW Letter to Thomas and Sally Witham, December 18, 1747

On the Death of Mrs Witham.

1. And is the happy Spirit fled,
   And is She number’d with the Dead
   Who live to God above?
   Make hast My Soul her Steps pursue,
   And fight like her thy Passage thro’,
   To yon Bright Throne of Love.

2. By her Example fir’d I Rise,
   My Blissfull Mansion in the Skies
   Determin’d to Secure,
   And if I Dare Believe the Word,
   And follow her as She her Lord,
   The Gloryous Prize Is Shure.

3. The Speaking Saint Tho’ Dead I hear,
   Who pass’d her Time in Lowly Fear
   Her chearfull Time below:
   A Daily Death on Earth She died,
   Her Jesus, and him Crucifyed
   Resolv’d alone to know.

4. Since first She felt the Sprinkled Blood,
   She Never lost her hold of God,
   She Never Went Astray;
   When Stronger Souls their Lord forsook,
   And Shamelessly Threw off the Yoke,
   And Cast his Cross away.

5. His welcome cross with Joy She Bore,
   And trod the path He trod before
   And close pursued the Lamb;
   His faithful Confessor She Stood,
   And Simply own’d the Dying God,
   And Gloryed in his Shame.

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1Location: MARC, DDCW 1/16. The hymn included was published in HSP (1749), 1:282–86.

2Elizabeth (Harrison) Witham was an early supporter of the Wesley brothers in London, serving as a band leader and often hosting them in her home. She died November 29, 1747. Wesley’s letter is to two of her surviving children.
6. Regardless of their Smile, or frown,
   She calmly on the world Look’d Down,
   With Grief, and Wonder Mov’d
   That Every Tongue Should Not Confess
   And Every Heart Her Lord embrace
   Whom More than Life She lov’d.

7. With all her heart She Cleave to God
   Her Love by her Obedience shew’d
   In all his Statutes Found,
   In all the Channels of his Grace,
   Her Soul Rever’d the Hallowed place
   And kiss’d the Sacred Ground.

8. The New-born Babe Desir’d the Word,
   She flew with Joy to Meet her Lord,
   Assembled with his own;
   In Vain the feeble Body fail’d,
   The Soul it’s tottring Clay upheld,
   And liv’d by faith alone.

9. Before the Morning watch her Cry,
   Prevail’d with God and from the Sky
   Brought Showers of Blessings Down,
   Her Treasure, Heart and life was there,
   And all her Toil and all her Care
   T’ inshure the Heavenly Crown.

10. For this She Counted all things Loss,
    And Still Took up her Master’s Cross,
    Her Master’s Joy to know,
    Above the Reach of Sense and Pride,
    Conform’d to Jesus Crucify’d,
    And Dead to all below.

11. Her Meat his Counsel to fulfill,
    Her Whole Delight to Do his Will,
    The Task of Love Sincere
    With daily Transport to Repeat,
    And wash his dear Disciples Feet,
    And Serve his Members here.

3"And" is suggested as an alternate to “or.”
12. Her fervent Zeal What Tongue Can Tell?  
   Her Wise and Calm tho’ fervent Zeal  
   Poor pretious Souls to win!  
   Her Artless Eloquence Constrain’d,  
   Her Simple Charity Unfeign’d  
   Compell’d them to Come in.

13. Resolv’d her House Should Serve the Lord  
   The Parent Unto Him Restor’d  
   The Children he had Given,  
   Her Care and them on God She Cast  
   The wife her husband Sav’d at last,  
   And follow’d him to Heaven.

14. Awhile She lay Detain’d beneath,  
   To Tryumph or’e Approaching Death,  
   The truth to Testifye:  
   To aid the Church With Mighty Prayers,  
   And Deal her Blessings to her Heirs,  
   And Teach us how to die.

15. More than Resign’d in Mortal Pain,  
   How joyfully did she sustain,  
   And Bless the welcome Load!  
   “Do what ye will with this weak Clay,  
   “But O! The soul ye cannot slay,  
   “Or keep me from my God.

16. “My God hath call’d me hence,” she cried,  
   “The Lamb hath now prepar’d his Bride,  
   “And sign’d my soul’s Release;  
   “I rest within the Arms Divine,  
   “He is, he is forever Mine,  

17. “In Life and Death I Bless his Name,  
   “Who sent his servants to proclaim  
   “To me his Gospel Word:  
   “That word hath sav’d Me from all Sin;  
   “And ye My Friends abide therein,  
   “And ye shall see My Lord.
18. "Obedient Faith in Jesu’s Blood,
   “This is the way that leads to God,
   “That saves your dying Friend,
   “To Jesus and his servants cleave,
   “His word and Ordinance receive,
   “And Ye shall soon ascend.

19. “The Gate shall be display’d to you,
   “The gate I now am passing thro’,
   “My heavenly bliss to share:
   “My mounting soul is on the wing,
   “I hear the saints on Sion sing,
   “I die to Meet them there!”
CW Letter to Sarah Gwynne Jr., March 1748

[Untitled.]

[1] Thou wretched man of sorrow,
   Whose eyes all day o’erflow,
   Indulge thy grief, and borrow
   The night for further woe;
   In ceaseless lamentation
   The solemn moments spend,
   And groan thine expectation,
   That pain with life shall end.

2 'Till then in fixt despair
   Of all relief I live,
   My utmost burthen bear,
   And now retire to grieve,
   To *taste my only* pleasure,
   In secret sighs complain,
   Augment my mournful treasure,
   And aggravate my pain.

3 To pain, and grief inur’d
   I from the womb have been,
   And all the rage endur’d,
   And all the shame of sin,
   Wander’d my 40 years
   Throughout the Desert wide,
   And in ten thousand fears
   Ten thousand deaths have died.

4 Eternal death’s sad sentence
   I still, alas! receive,
   With fruitless, vain repentance
   For final mercy grieve;
   The torment of temptation
   I every moment feel,
   As doom’d to desperation,
   As rushing into hell.

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1Location: MARC, DDCW 6/92f. The hymn included was published in *HSP* (1749), 2:66–68. This is a later copy of a letter sent mid March 1748 from Ireland to Sarah Gwynne. The original is apparently no longer extant.
5 My comforts all are blasted,
   My comforter is gone:
The joy which once I tasted,
   O that I ne’er had known!
The gourd which sooth’d my anguish,
   Is wither’d o’er my head,
And faint with grief I languish
   To sink among the dead!

6 From all I suffer here,
   If God my sins forgive
From all I feel, and fear
   I there redeem’d shall live:
No serpent to deceive me,
   No sin to stain my thought,
No loss, or wrong to grieve me,
   Where all things are forgot.

7 Of Paradise secure,
   I shall no longer mourn;
The bliss is full, and sure,
   The rose without a thorn,
No heart distracting passion
   Is there to break my peace,
But joy without cessation,
   And love without excess.

8 Safe on the happy shore,
   My soul the storm defies,
Where pain afflicts no more,
   And grief no longer cries:
In that celestial city
   From all our toils we cease,
And lose our sighing pity
   In universal peace.

9 In hope of that Salvation
   I feel a moment’s rest,
The calm of expectation
   Has stole into my breast;
I weep at rescue near,
   I struggle to be gone,
And joy is in the tear,
   And GOD is in the groan.
CW Letter to Sarah Gwynne Jr., August 9, 1748

To the Tune of — “Thanks be to God Alone”

[1.] Thou Heavenly LOVE, from whom
   All holy Passions come,
   Hear my Faith’s availing cry,
   Now the peaceful answer send,
   Author of the social Tie,
   Giver of my Bosom-Friend.

2. My Bosom-Friend receive,
   Whom back to Thee I give:
   Strengthen’d by thy Spirit’s Power,
   Her I cheerfully resign,
   Thankfully the Loan restore,
   Leave her — in the arms divine.

3. Far from the soul remov’d,
   Whom next to thee I lov’d,
   Still I bear her on my Heart,
   To thy tenderest Care commend:
   With us both if Now Thou art,
   Be our Everlasting Friend.

4 With us thro’ Life abide,
   And to thy Glory guide,
   Give us, Lord, if not below,
   Give us, Lord, to meet above,
   All the Mystery to know,
   All the Heighth of Heavenly Love.

5 My longing Soul prepare
   To meet my daughter there;
   Her to see at thy Right-hand,
   Fair with Loveliness Divine,
   With her in thy Sight to stand,
   With her in thy Praise to join.

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¹Location: MARC, DDCW 5/66. The hymn included appears also in MS Friendship I, 23–24; and MS Friendship II, 24–26. Published in HSP (1749), 2:286–88.
²The tune reference is to Festival Hymns (1746), #24.
³Orig., “And.”
⁴Orig., “happy.”
6 For this Immortal Hope
   I freely give her up:
Only keep her to that Day—
   Or if more I may request,
Let me First escape away,
   Let me gain an Earlier Rest.

7 My Residue of Years
   Cut short, and add to Hers:
Or if Mercy hath ordain’d
   Both at once should take our Flight,
Let us both at once ascend,
   Now obtain the Blissful Sight.

8 Now — or whene’er thy Will
   Shall call us to the Hill:
Only give us Hearts to pray
   Till thy Arms receive us home,
“Come, Redeemer, come away,
   Come away, to Judgment come.”
CW Letter to William Lunell, August 21, 1748

Epitaph

A Follower of the Bleeding Lamb
Her Burthen here laid down,
The Cross of Jesus’ Pain and Shame
Exchanging for a Crown.

True Witness for her Pardoning Lord,
Whose Blood she felt applied,
She kept the Faith, obey’d the Word,
And lived a Saint, and died.

Reader, her Life and Death approve,
Believe thy Sins forgiven;
Be pure in Heart, be fill’d with Love,
And follow Her to Heaven.

1Location: MARC, DDCW 1/17. The epitaph included appears also in MS Richmond, 89; and MS Six, 25. Published posthumously in Poetical Works, 8:436. The epitaph is for Lunell’s second wife, Anne (née Gratton), who died in August 1748.
CW Letter to Sarah Gwynne Jr., September 17, 1748

[1.] Two are Better far than One
   For Counsel or for Fight!.
   How can One be warm alone,
   Or serve his GOD aright?
   Join we then our Hearts & Hands,
   Haste my S[iste]r, D[auhte]r, Friend,
   Run the Way of His Commands,
   And keep them to the End.

2. Woe to Him, whose Spirits droop
   To Him, who falls alone!
   He has none to lift him up,
   And help his Weakness on:
   Happier We each other keep,
   We each other’s Burthen bear:
   Never need our Footsteps slip,
   Upheld by mutual Prayer.

3. Who of Twain hath made us One,
   Maintains our Unity,
   Jesus is the Corner-Stone
   In whom we Both agree;
   Servants of our Common Lord,
   Sweetly of one Heart and Mind,
   Who can break a Threefold Cord,
   Or part whom GOD hath join’d?

4. Breaths as in us both One Soul,
   When most distinct in Place,
   Interposing Oceans roll
   Nor hinder our Embrace:
   Each as on his Mountain stands,
   Reach our Hearts across the Flood,
   Join our Hearts, if not our Hands,
   And sing the Pardning GOD.

5. O that All with us might prove
   The Fellowship of Saints!
   Find supplied in Jesus Love
   What every Member wants:
   Gain we our high Calling’s Prize,

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1Location: MARC, DDCW 7/49. The hymn included appears also in MS Friendship I, 33–34; and MS Friendship II, 44–45. Published in HSP (1749), 2:309–310. A handy comparison of variants between the appearances is available in Representative Verse, 202–203.
Feel our Sins in Christ forgiven,
Rise, to all His Image rise,
And meet our Head in Heaven.
CW Letter to William Lunell, October 10, 1748

Thanksgiving for Our Deliverance from Shipwreck

1
All praise to the Lord,
Who rules with a word
The untractable Sea,
And limits its Rage by his stedfast Decree:
Whose Providence binds,
Or releases the Winds,
And compels them again
At his Beck to put on the invisible Chain.

2
Even now he hath heard
Our cry, and appear’d
On the face of the Deep,
And commanded the Tempest its distance to keep:
His piloting Hand
Hath brought us to Land,
And no longer distrest,
We are joyful again in the Haven to rest.

3
O that all men would raise
Their tribute of praise,
His Goodness declare,
And thankfully sing of his fatherly care!
With rapture approve
His Dealings of Love,
And the Wonders proclaim
Perform’d by the virtue of Jesu[s]’s name!

4
Thro’ Jesus alone
He delivers his own,
And a Token doth send
That his Love shall direct us, and save to the End:
With Joy we embrace
The Pledge of his Grace,
In a moment outfly
These Storms of Affliction, and land in the Sky.

CW Letter to Sarah Gwynne Jr., November 12, 1748

[Hyman 1]
**To – Come to the Judgment, Come Away!**

[1.] Gracious Lord, how long shall I
Tremble at thy Comforts nigh,
Taste with Fear my pleasant Food,
Start from every Creature-Good?

2. Kept in Awe by my own Heart,
Lest thy Gifts I still pervert,
Still thy Holy Things prophane,
Turn thy Blessings into Bane,

3. Never sure, was Heart like mine,
Heart so contrary to Thine,
None so wholly lost as me,
Lost in vile Idolatry.

4. Thus I from my Birth³ have been
Grace abusing into Sin,
Poorer for the Plenty given,
Wretched thro’ the Smiles of Heaven.

5. But, my Lord, I cry to Thee,
Must it thus forever be?
Must I still thy Gifts abuse,
Lose them all, and more than lose!

6. Shall I force Thee, Lord, to take
Thy perverted Blessings back?
Blast with my infectious Breath,
Doom my *Fondled Joys* to Death?

7. Shall my most *suspected* Love
Hurtful to its Object prove,
Soon in double Ruin end,
Fatal to my dearest Friend!

8. Rather let my Soul depart,

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¹Location: The original of this letter is apparently lost, but there is a copy in Charles Wesley’s hand at the end of MS Acts (MARC, accession number MA 1977/555), 557–60.

²MS Acts, 559. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:300–301.

³Orig., “the W[omb].”
Stop the Panting of my Heart,
Speak again my Sins forgiven,
Sweep me off from Earth to Heaven!

[Hymn 2]
To — Jesus, God of my Salvation

1. GOD of Universal Nature,
   Author of my Life and End,
   My most merciful Creator,
   Still thy weakest Child defend,
   Guard thro’ Life’s important Hour,
   Till my Eden I regain,
   Quit the Desart for the Bower,
   Die from Earth in Heaven to reign.

2. If I ever felt thy Drawing,
   Give me, Lord, to feel it still,
   Now to feel thy Love o’erawing
   All the motions of my Will:
   Now, when most I need Assistance,
   Will my GOD his Ear avert?
   Canst Thou keep an angry Distance,
   Leave me to my wretched Heart?

3. If Thou gav’st the Piercing Fear
   Which I every Moment find,
   Lest my Heart should linger here,
   Leave a single Wish behind;
   Guide me by thy Love’s Direction,
   From all earthly Passions free,
   Seize, O GOD, my whole Affection,
   Swallow up my Soul in Thee.

4. Place me in that happiest Station,
   Where I most may taste thy Grace,
   Most advance my own Salvation,
   Most display my Maker’s Praise;
   Chuse on Earth my whole Condition,
   Only give my Spirit Rest,
   Fill at last my Vast Ambition,
   Take me, Father, to thy Breast!

CW Letter to Sarah Gwynne Jr., November 15, 1748

[Untitled]

1. Thou God of Faithful Mercies, hear!
   If plainly now begin t’ appear
   The Tokens of thy Will,
   Our hearts prepare by just Degrees,
   With calm Delight and perfect Peace
   Thy Pleasure to fulfil.

2. Refrain our Souls, and keep them low,
   In every State resolv’d to know
   Our Jesus Crucified;
   In simple childlike Purity,
   Preserve us, Lord, alive to Thee
   And dead to All beside.

3. Whene’er thy Providential Voice
   Confirms our long-suspended Choice,
   And fixes our Estate,
   Or let us for the better meet,
   And fall adoring at thy Feet,
   And there forever wait.

4. We would, Thou knowst, we would be Thine,
   In Jesus’ Name and Spirit join
   Thy glory to display,
   To chear and help each other on
   Till Both appear before thy Throne
   Triumphant, at that Day!

---

1Location: MARC, DDWes 4/52. The letter ends with Wesley saying that he is sure he does not need to tell Sarah the subject of the hymn. But no hymn is attached. The hymn that was included is almost certainly the looseleaf manuscript transcribed here.


3Orig., “below.”
CW Letter to Sarah Gwynne Jr., December 23, 1748

[Hymn 1]
To the Tune of – Jesus, dear departed Lord

[1.] Holy sanctifying Dove,
   GOD of Truth, and GOD of Love,
   On my feeble Soul descend,
   On my dearest earthly Friend.
   Come, and all our wants supply,
   Now the Cleansing Blood apply
   Now our Little Faith increase,
   Fill us now with perfect Peace.

2. Lead us Thou our Constant Guide,
   Witness in our hearts abide,
   Earnest of the Joys to come,
   Make our Souls thy Glorious Home:
   Every precious Promise seal,
   All the Depths of GOD reveal,
   Keep us to that happy Day,
   Bear us on thy Wings away.

3. If Thou didst the Grace impart,
   Mad’st us of One Mind and Heart,
   Still our friendly Souls unite
   Partners in the Realms of Light;
   Let us there together soar,
   Meet above to part no more,
   There our ravish’d Spirits join,
   Mingled, lost in LOVE Divine.

---

1Location: MARC, DDWes 4/53. The letter was written December 20–21 and postmarked December 23. It mentions three hymns that are enclosed. These are surely the three hymns written on a single manuscript page that are transcribed here.

2MARC, DDWes 1/39. Appears also in MS Friendship I, 22; and MS Friendship II, 22–23. Published in HSP (1749), 2:285. The tune reference is to Festival Hymns (1746), #15.

3Orig., “Every precious promise seal.”
To the Tune of – Father our hearts we lift

[1.] Father of mercies hear,  
And send the Blessing down,  
In answer to this Fervent Prayer  
Presented thro’ thy Son:  
The Friend, whom for his sake  
Thou hast on me bestow’d,  
Into thy Arms, thy Bosom take,  
And fill her Heart with GOD.

2. Now now her Heart inspire  
With Wisdom from above,  
And pure Delight, and chaste Desire,  
And everlasting Love:  
Her of thy Pardning Grace  
This moment certify,  
And make her meet to see thy Face,  
And reign above the Sky.

3. Do for her, dearest Lord,  
Above what I can pray,  
And keep, to all thy Charms restor’d,  
Thy Bride against that Day!  
To her with Glory crown’d  
The highest Throne be given,  
But let me too in Heaven be found,  
Found at her Feet in Heaven!

---

MARC, DDWes 1/39. Appears also in MS Friendship I, 25; and MS Friendship II, 32–33. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:291–92. The tune reference is to *Festival Hymns* (1746), #1.
[Hymn 3]

To – The Lord my pasture shall prepare\(^5\)

[1.] Jesus, with kind Compassion see
   Two souls that woud be One in Thee,
   If now accepted in thy Sight,
   Our childlike simple hearts unite,
   Allow us, while on Earth to prove,
   The noblest Joys of Heavenly Love.

2. Before thy Glorious Eyes we spread
   The Wish that did from Thee proceed,
   Our Love from earthly Dross refine,
   Holy, Angelical, Divine
   O let it its Great Author shew,
   And back to the Pure fountain flow.

3. A Drop of That Unbounded Sea
   O GOD, absorb it into Thee,
   While both our souls with restless Strife
   Spring up into Eternal Life,
   And lost in endless Raptures prove
   Thy whole Immensity of LOVE.

4. A Spark of That Etherial Fire,
   Still may it to its Source aspire,
   Intensely for thy glory burn,
   To Heaven in every Wish return,
   With both our Souls fly up to Thee,
   And blaze thro’ all Eternity!

\(^5\)MARC, DDWes 1/39. Appears also in MS Friendship I, 1–2; and MS Friendship II, 9. Published in \textit{HSP} (1749), 2:274–75. This tune is not from \textit{Festival Hymns}. It is a variant of a tune by Andrew Roner (1721) that was apparently is use among Methodists, being published in later collections like \textit{Divine Miscellany} (1754) and Thomas Butts’ \textit{Harmonia Sacra} (ca.1754).
CW Letter to Sarah Gwynne Jr., December 27, 1748

[Untitled]

[1.] And is there Hope for me
In Life’s distracting Maze,
And shall I live on Earth to see
A few unruffled Days?
A Man of Sorrows I,
A sufferer from the Womb,
Twas all my Hope in Peace to die,
And rest within my Tomb.

2. How then can I conceive
A Good for me design’d
The greatest GOD Himself could give,
The Parent of Mankind?
A good by Sovereign Love
To sinless Adam given
His joyous Paradise t’ improve,
And turn his Earth to Heaven.

3. GOD of unbounded Grace,
If yet Thou wilt bestow
On me the Vilest of the Race
Thy choicest Gift below;
My drooping Heart prepare
The Blessing to receive
And bid the Child of sad Despair
With Confidence Believe.

4. My new and strange Distress
To Thee I simply own,
Inur’d to Pain I start from Peace
And dread a Good unknown:
My Heart Thou seest it ache
Its dearest Wish t’ obtain
And know’st my Fear of measuring back
My steps to Earth again.

---

1Location: MARC, DDWes 4/56. The hymn included was published posthumously in Representative Verse, 266–68; and Unpublished Poetry, 1:231–33.
5. Assure my trembling Soul\textsuperscript{2}
   Of thy decisive Will
   My endless Doubts and Fears controll,
   And bid my Heart be still:
   Regard thy Servant’s Call
   And shed thy Love abroad,
   The Sign Infallible that all
   My Works are wrought in GOD.

6. Thou, Lord, direct my Ways,
   On all my Counsels shine
   And lead by thine unerring Grace
   This feeble Soul of mine;
   Thy Pard’ning Love reveal
   In Proof of thy Decree,
   And stamp Her with thy Spirit’s Seal,
   The Friend design’d for me.

7. With stedfast Faith and Love
   Let me thy Creature take
   As a good Angel from above,
   Sent down for Jesus’ sake.
   Not to inthrall my Will
   Not to put out my Eyes
   But fix my Heart and fire my Zeal
   And lift me to the Skies.

8

I have not time to finish: Your heart will say Amen to a prayer in which you yourself are so nearly concerned. I make mention of you in every prayer; but want to pray without ceasing; or rather to offer up my last prayer, and then meet you at the throne, to join in the new everlasting song of praise to GOD and the Lamb!

L[ondo]n. Tues. Nt.”

\textsuperscript{2}Orig., “Heart.”
I

[1.] The Lot, the Fatal Lot,
Into the Lap is cast!
But God, whose Mercy changeth not,
Shall order all at last;
His Wisdom shall dispose
The Intricate Event,
His glaring Providence disclose
The Thing his Goodness meant.

2. Th’ Imaginary Power
Of Chance let Others fear,
We know, the GOD our Hearts adore,
A GOD for ever near,
Who suffers Impious Fools
His Footsteps to blaspheme,
But kindly all th’Affairs oerrules
Of Those that trust in Him!

3. Great GOD of Truth and Love,
We trust in Thee alone,
Led by the Wisdom from above
In Paths we have not known:
Blind helpless Children, we
Would all thy Steps pursue,
But till Thou giv’st us Eyes to see,
We know not what to do.

4. Yet, O Almighty Lord,
Thy Power is on our Side,
Thy tender Love, and faithful Word,
In which we still confide;
Thou wilt for Us appear,
Before thy Servants go,
And make the hidden Counsel clear,
And make the Mountains flow.

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1Location: MARC, DDCW 5/15. The letter includes two hymns.
5. Thine Arm Thou soon shalt bare,
Descending from above,
Our Work assign, our Way prepare,
And every Bar remove;
Thy Love’s resistless Might
Shall burst the brazen Gate,
And turn the Darkness into Light,
The Crooked into Strait.

6. Of this we rest secure,
Thy Counsel must take place,
Thy Promise stands entire and sure
To all the Faithful Race:
And we with Joy receive
Whate’er thy love decree,
Who never wilt forsake or leave
The Souls that look to Thee.

II

[1.] How safe and happy we
Who dare in GOD confide,
Secure of full Prosperity
With Jesus on our Side:
If He the Counsel speed
We cannot lose our Pains,
For why, the Cause must needs succeed
Which GOD Himself maintains.

2. His Providential Will
Tho’ Earth’s whole Power oppose,
The Lord is King, and reigneth still,
Or’e all his restless Foes:
Shall Man abortive make
What GOD’s Design hath done?
As well an Arm of Flesh might shake
The Everlasting Throne.

3Published posthumously in Unpublished Poetry, 1:238.
4Orig., “may.”
3. Here then, O Lord, we rest
   In thy Almighty Love,
Whate’er thy Will appoints is best,
   And must successful prove:
Our Forwardness of Choice
   We cheerfully resign
And listen for the Secret Voice
   That whispers thy Design.

4. Thy great Design we know
   To save our Souls at last;
But order all our Life below
   Till all our Life is past;
That let us do and be
   Which most delights thy Eyes
And chuse what brings us nearest Thee,
   Our Bridegroom in the Skies.
CW Letter to Sarah Gwynne Jr., December 30–31, 1748

On the Death of Alexander White.

[1.] O what a Soul-transporting Sight
    Mine eyes to-day have seen,
    A spectacle of strange Delight
    To Angels, and to Men!
    Nor Human Language can express,
    Nor Tongue of Angels paint
    The vast Mysterious Happiness
    Of a Departing Saint!

[2.] See there, ye Misbelieving Race,
    The Wisdom from above!
    Behold in that pale, smiling Face
    The Power of Him we love.
    How calmly through the Mortal Vale
    He walks with Christ his Guide,
    And treads down all the powers of Hell,
    And owns The Crucified!

---

1Location: MARC, DDCW 5/11. Wesley speaks of “beginning the hymn” in this letter, giving only the first two stanzas. The completed hymn with fourteen stanzas was later published in HSP (1749), 2:83–86. Charles also records writing this hymn in his MS Journal (December 31, 1748).
CW Letter to Sarah Gwynne Jr., January 15–17, 1749

[Untitled.]²

[1.] Stop, foolish Tears! The GOD of Love
Who orders all in Heaven above,
Who orders all beneath,
His Providence is on my³ Side,
And thro’ a Wretched Life shall guide
And thro’ an Happy Death.

2. While in the Weeping Vale I stay,
Tho’ rough and lonesome be my Way,
To None but Mourners known,
One Sovereign Remedy remains,
To mitigate the Loser’s Pains
When all my Joys are gone.

3. A Remedy, that never fails,
But comforts, when the World prevails
Two Bosom-Friends to part,
Still nearest at my greatest Need,
To banish all my Pain and Dread,
And break this Pining Heart.

4. To that sure Refuge in Distress,
That Haven from Tempestuous Seas
O may I calmly fly,
Forget my Loss, and Fear, and Shame,
And joyous as a Bridegroom claim
My Priviledge To die!

5. To die in Christ is greatest Gain,
To die — is but to lose my Pain,
To win a doubtful Race,
A weary Pilgrimage to end,
And grasp my Everlasting Friend,
And see his loveliest Face.

¹Location: MARC, DDCW 5/20. The letter contains two hymns.
³Orig., “thi.”
6. And shall I then lament and droop
As Heathens sorrowing without Hope
For Loss of Friends below,
Or rather loos’d from all I love,
More freely seek the Realms above,
And quit the House of Woe!

7. The House of Woe I soon shall quit,
Again my Friend, and Daughter meet
And claim her for my own,
Distinguish’d in the Virgin Throng
And sing with her the Marriage-Song
Around the glorious Throne!

[Untitled.]  

1. Lord, we long to know thy Pleasure,
   Lift our Eyes
   To the Skies,
   Humbly wait thy Leizure.

2. Fixt in solemn Expectation
   We remain
   To obtain
   Thy Determination.

3. Bliss or Mis’ry never ending
   On a Word
   Of our Lord
   Still we see depending.

4. Crush’d with heavy Grief and Fear
   Till thy Will
   Thou reveal,
   All thy Counsel Clear.

5. Till thine Arm made bare before us
   Fear remove;
   Till thy Love
   To thy Heaven restore us.

6. Calmest Peace and meekest Patience

---

[Orig., “An Heavenly Refuge will avail.”]

[Published posthumously in Unpublished Poetry, 1:240–41.]

[Orig., “Thy.”]
Now impart,
Either7 Heart
Fill with Supplications.

7. Pour on Both the Pleading Spirit,
   Spirit to pray
   Night and Day,
   Bought by Jesus’ Merit.

8. Let us in Continual Prayer
    Cast on GOD
    All our Load,
    All our Grief and Care.

9. Thee in all thy Ways confessing
    Gracious still,
    In thy Will
    Gladly acquiescing.

10. Blest with perfect Resignation
    Till we prove
    All thy Love,
    All thy great Salvation!

7Orig., “Keep.”
CW Letter to Sarah Gwynne Jr., January 26–28, 1749

[Untitled.]

[1.] Father of Compassions, hear
   For Jesus sake alone;
   If we see thy Hand appear
   And mark thy Work begun,
   O confirm the Sacred Sign
   And all thine outstretch’d Arm make bare,
   Send us down the Gift Divine,
   The Grace of Faith and Prayer.

2. Fain we would distinctly see
   The Counsel of thy Will,
   Hangs our trembling Soul on Thee,
   And waits thy Leizure still.
   Till the Perfect Light shall shine
   And all thy Heavenly Mind declare,
   Send us down &c.²

3. Least³ we miss the dubious Way,
   Our wretched Souls deceive,
   Give us hearts to watch and pray,
   That Inward Witness give;
   Let Him Now attest us Thine,
   The Objects of thy dearest Care,
   Send us down &c.

4. Power to ask, in Jesus’ Name,
   We now agree t’ implore,
   Grant the Benefit we claim,
   The Supplicating Power,
   Join us, in One Spirit join,
   Tho’ still distinct our Bodies are,
   Send us down &c.

¹Location: MARC, DDWes 1/40. The hymn included was published posthumously in Unpublished Poetry, 1:235–36.

²I.e., here and in the next three stanzas the last two lines of verse 1 are to be repeated.

³I.e. lest.
5. Give us Faith on Him to look
   Whom we have pierc’d, and mourn
   Him, who all our Sins has took,
   And all our Sorrows bourne;\(^4\)
   Him who did his Life resign,
   That we his Life again might share,
   Send us down &c.

6. Give the Double Blessing, Lord,
   And O! persist to give,\(^5\)
   Till in Perfect Love restor’d
   To Thee we wholly live,
   Till that Heavenly Quire we join
   And sing the Lamb’s Espousals there,
   Send us down the Gift Divine,
   The Grace of Faith and Prayer.

\(^4\)Orig., “born.”
\(^5\)Orig., 6. To thy mournful Servants, Lord
   The double Blessing give,
[Untiled.]

[1.] O Thou, whose kindly constant Care
    Hath saved me from the Adverse Power,
    Preserv’d from many a Latent Snare,
    And kept to this Important Hour,
    In this Important Hour defend
    And guard me to my Blissful End.

2. The Springs of Human Deeds to Thee,
    The Issues all are fully known,
    Thine Eyes our whole Duration see,
    The Actions Past, the Work Undone,
    Alike are Present in thy Sight,
    Whose Wisdom orders all Things right.

3. Thou read’st the care that heaves my Breast,
    The Dread Design I now pursue:
    But is it good? but is it Best?
    The Thing Thyself wouldst have me do,
    Then let me all thy Pleasure feel,
    Thy Love’s Irrefragable Seal.

4. In sweet convincing Love come down,
    My Father’s Hope, my Soul’s Desire,
    Thou GOD that hear’st th’ unutter’d Groan,
    Thou GOD that answerest by Fire,
    Bid all my Fears and Bodings cease
    And fill my Heart with Prayer and Peace.

5. Send me not hence unless thy Love
    In every Step my Soul attend:
    I linger, till the Cloud remove,
    I wait to see the Fire descend,
    To lead me as thy Love sees best,
    And bring to that Eternal Rest.

---

1Location: MARC, DDCW 5/25. The hymn included was published posthumously in Unpublished Poetry, 1:241–42.
6. For this with childlike Awe I wait
   To catch th’ Indubitable Sign,
   T’ accept from Thee my whole Estate,
      And prove the Perfect Will Divine;
   Save as Thou wilt, but save Thine own,
   My Leader to the Land unknown.

7. For this I unto Being came,
   For this I in the Flesh abide,
   To know thy Will, to love thy Name,
      And walk to Heaven with Thee my Guide,
   My Lord, and Counsellour, and Friend,
   My Gracious Source, my Glorious End.
CW Letter to Sarah Gwynne Jr., March 1, 1749

[1.] O GOD, my Refuge in Distress,
   My Strength and Shield, my Rock and Tower,
Save me from seeming Happiness,
   And rescue in the Prosperous Hour.

2. With childlike Awe, and humble Hope,
   Help in the Prosp'rous Hour I claim,
Help on the Mighty One laid up,
   For all who ask in Jesus name.

3. If taught by thy Entend’ring Grace
   The Littleness of Life I know,
And count aright my fleeting Days,
   And long to leave this House of Woe;

4. Confirm in me the Pure Desire,
   Nor let thy trembling Servant rest
Till Thou my weary Soul require,
   And take me up into thy Breast.

5. Thou know’st my every Hope and Fear,
   Thou seest my Heart without Disguise,
I would not have my Comfort
   here
Or seek an Earthly Paradise.

6. I would not to thy Creature cleave,
   Obtain the Drop, and lose the Sea;
Thou, Thou art all, and Thine receive
   Their Happiness compleat in Thee.

7. But for Thou know’st my feeble Heart,
   If here it basely chuse to stay,
Force me with all thy Gifts to part
   And tear my lingring Soul away.

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1Location: MARC, DDCW 5/30. The hymn included was published posthumously in Unpublished Poetry, 1:243–44.
8. Behold me with thy Flaming Eyes,  
   My Idols all far off remove,  
   Or snatch me up beyond the Skies,  
   And there secure my Constant Love.

9. I can believe thy faithful Word,  
   That thou wilt first my Soul prepare,  
   Meet for the Presence of my Lord,  
   And strong thy Brightest Face to bear.

10. Come then, my Heavenly Bridegroom, come,  
    Or now the mortal Angel send,  
    Lead by the Chambers of the Tomb,  
    And bid my Days of Danger end.

11. In swift preventing Love appear,  
    Me from Myself this Moment save,  
    My only Chariot be the Bier,  
    My only Bridebed be the Grave.

12. Beyond the Grave my Views extend,  
    Above the Clouds my Hopes aspire,  
    Come, O my everlasting Friend  
    And wrap me to yon dazzling Quire.

13. Thou art my glorious Calling’s Prize,  
    My All in All Thou only Art,  
    Answer the Bride, who ever cries,  
    “O GOD — tis better to depart!”

14. Me, and my happy Partner seize,  
    Renew’d, and perfected in One,  
    Give us, to share that Endless Bliss,  
    And now to meet — before thy Throne.
CW Letter to Sarah Gwynne Jr., March 3–4, 1749

[Hymn #12]

1. O my GOD, my gracious GOD,
    I seek for Help to Thee,
Crush’d beneath a Mountain-Load
    Of sad Perplexity:
Thou alone canst grant me Ease,
    And take the Mountain-Load away,
Help my deepest, last Distress,
    And give me Power to pray.

2. Sore beset on every Side
    With Dangers, Doubts and Snares,
Can I from my Saviour hide
    The Weight my Spirit bears?
Still these cruel Fears oppress,
    And fill my Soul with huge Dismay,
Help my deepest, &c.

3. Least the Enemy prevail
    And tear away my Hope,
While my Fate is in the Scale,
    These feeble Hands lift up:
Least the World its Captive seize,
    And Sense my softened Soul betray,
Help my deepest, &c.

4. Jealous for thy People be,
    And for thy glorious Cause,
Leave them not, great GOD, thro’ me
    To suffer Shame or Loss;
Let not Sin thro’ me increase,
    But roll the dire Reproach away,
Help my deepest, &c.

1Location: MARC, DDCW 5/33. The letter contains two full hymns and a fragment that Wesley struck out.

2Published posthumously in Unpublished Poetry, 3:131–33.

3I.e., here and through stanza 7, the last two lines of stanza 1 are to be repeated.
5. If to me in Drawing Love
   Thou didst of old appear,
   Still attract me from above,
   And keep my Heart sincere,
If thy Mercies never cease,
Support me in this evil Day
Help my deepest, &c.

6. Could I ask the promis’d Grace,
   I shoud the Grace obtain,
Never Sinner sought thy Face,
   And sought thy Face in vain;
Sure I am of full Success,
If Thou vouchsafe a Pitying Ray,
Help my deepest, &c.

7. Open, Lord, my willing Ear,
   And my Obedient Heart,
Let my loosen’d Tongue declare
   How wise and good Thou art;
That I may thy Praise express
Pronounce the sighing Ephphatha,
Help my deepest, &c.

8. Saviour, Friend of sinful Man,
   I will not let Thee go,
Till the Secret Thou explain,
   And all thy Counsel shew;
Never will I hold my peace
But still with strugling Anguish say,
See my deepest, last Distress,
And give me Power to pray.

[Untitled Fragment, struck out⁴]

Prophet Divine, who knowst alone
   The dread Paternal Deity,
Who only canst to us make known,
   Reveal his Will concerning me,
And guide

⁴Published posthumously in Unpublished Poetry, 3:433.
[Hymn #2]5

[1.] Searcher of Hearts, the Wise, the Good
    Who knowst what is in Wretched Man,
    Who bear' st the weary Sinner's Load,
    And feel' st the anxious Mourner's Pain;

2. To Thee for Light we still apply
    In thickest Clouds of Doubt and Fear,
    And listen for the Midnight Cry
    And long to see thy Face appear.

3. If now, O GOD, Thou hast begun
    Thy secret Counsel to display,
    Open, and make it fully known,
    And shine upon our Certain Way.

4. O let it not our Lord displease,
    That trembling still we ask a Sign,
    Whose All of Hope and Happiness
    Is centered in the Will Divine.

5. We ask (but not to tempt Thee, Lord)
    Thy Will infallibly to know,
    And led by One Decisive Word,
    In Peace and Confidence to go.

6. Thy only Peace can be the Seal,
    Our weak unsettled Hearts assure,
    And ascertain thy welcome Will
    And make us happily secure.

7. O by the Comforts of Thy Grace
    The Counsel of thy Will declare,
    Unveil the Brightness of thy Face
    And fill our Hearts with Faith and Prayer.

8. With Love Divine our Wishes crown,
    And sweetly speak our Sins forgiven,
    Th' Abiding Comforter send down,
    And bless us with a Sign from Heaven.

---

5Published posthumously in Unpublished Poetry, 1:233–34.
9. Thyself with thy great Father come,
   Come quickly to thy Human Shrine,
   Enlarge our Hearts to make Thee room,
   T’ admit the Plenitude Divine.

10. Soon as thy lovely Face appears,
    We have the Sign our Soul requires
    To satisfy our endless Fears,
    And crown our Infinite Desires.

11. But can we ask (when Thou art Ours,)
    Or want each other’s feeble Aid?
    Possessors of the Heavenly Powers,
    Again in all thy Image made!

12. Our all-sufficient Bliss Thou art,
    All Fulness dwells in Thee alone,
    Now, Saviour, now in either Heart
    Erect thine everlasting Throne.

13. So shall we cheerfully forego
    Our Comforts here for Those above,
    Or pure in Heart with Angels know
    The Dignity of Social Love.

14. So shall we meet in Jesus Name
    And Hand in Hand at last ascend,
    Fit for the Marriage of the Lamb,
    And call’d to Joys that never end.
CW Letter to Ebenezer Blackwell, April 8, 1749

[Untitled.]

1. Come, thou everlasting Lord,  
By our trembling Hearts ador’d,  
Come thou heaven-descended Guest,  
Bidden to the Marriage Feast;  
Sweetly, in the midst appear,  
With thy chosen followers here,  
Grant us the peculiar grace,  
Shew to all thy glorious face.

2. Now the veil of sin withdraw,  
Fill our Souls with sacred awe,  
Awe that dares not speak or move,  
Reverence of humble love;  
Love that doth its Lord desery,  
Ever intimately nigh,  
Hears, whom it exults to see,  
Feels the Present Deity.

3. Let on us thy Spirit rest,  
Dwell in each devoted breast,  
Still with thy Disciples sit,  
Still thy works of grace repeat:  
Now the antient wonder show,  
Manifest thy power below,  
All our thoughts, exalt, refine,  
Turn the water into wine.

4. Stop the hurrying spirit’s haste,  
Change the soul’s ignoble taste,  
Nature into grace improve,  
Earthly into heavenly love:  
Raise our hearts to things on high,  
To our Bridegroom in the Sky,  
Heaven our Hope, and highest aim,  
Mystic Marriage of the Lamb.

---

1Location: MARC, DDCW 1/19. The hymn included appears also in his MS Journal (April 8, 1749); and in MS Richmond, 4–5. Published in Family Hymns (1767), 172–73. This is the hymn Charles prepared to be sung at his own wedding to Sarah Gwynne.
O might each obtain a share,
Of the pure enjoyments there,
Now in rapturous surprize,
Drink the Wine of Paradise,
Own, amidst the rich repast,
Thou hast given the best at last,
Wine that chears the Host above,
The Best Wine of Perfect Love.
CW Letter to (wife) Sarah Wesley, August 17, 1749

[Untitled]

[1.] See, gracious Lord, with pitying Eyes,  
Low at thy Feet a Sufferer lies,  
Thy Fatherly Chastisement proves,  
And sick She is whom Jesus loves.

2. Thy Angels plant around her Bed,  
And let thy Hand support her Head;  
Thy Power her Pain to Joy convert,  
Thy Love revive her drooping Heart!

3. Thy love her Soul and Body heal,  
And let her every Moment feel  
Th’ Atoning Blood by Faith applied,  
The Balm that drops from Jesus Side.

4. [incomplete]

---

1Location: MARC, DDCW 5/74. The hymn included was published posthumously in Poetical Works, 8:403–404.
CW Letter to Ebenezer Blackwell, September 4, 1749

[Untitled]

[1.] God of Faithful Abraham, hear
   His feeble son and Thine,
   In thy glorious power appear,
   And bless my just design:
   Lo! I come to serve thy will,
   All thy perfect will to prove;
   Fired with patriarchal zeal,
   And pure primeval love.

2. Me and mine I fain would give
   In sacrifice to Thee,
   By the antient model live,
   The true simplicity;
   Walk as in my Maker’s sight,
   Free from worldly guile and care,
   Praise my innocent delight,
   And all my business prayer.

3. Whom to me thy goodness lends
   Till Life’s last gasp is o’er,
   Servants, Relatives, and Friends,
   I promise to restore;
   All shall on Thy side appear,
   All shall in Thy service join,
   Princip’ld with Godly fear,
   And worshippers divine.

4. Them, as much as lies in me,
   I will thro’ grace persuade,
   Seize, and turn their souls to Thee
   For whom their souls were made;
   Point them to th’ atoning blood,
   (Blood that speaks a world forgiven,)
   Make them serious, wise, and good,
   And train them up for Heaven.

---

1Location: MARC, DDCW 1/23. The hymn included also appears in CW’s MS Journal (Sept. 4, 1749). Published posthumously in Poetical Works, 8:401–402; and Representative Verse, 268. Charles mentions in MS Journal that he sang the hymn with his family.

2“Blessed” substituted for “perfect” in MS Journal.

3“A” substituted for “In” in MS Journal.

4 Orig., in MS Journal, “witnesses.”
CW Letter to (wife) Sarah Wesley, October 12, 1749

Farewell in Christ
October 12

Day of everlasting Bliss,
Only happier than this
Make the Benefit Entire,
Let us both at once expire,
Both, our head together bow
Meet in thy Embraces Now!

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¹Location: The letter was held at one point at Wesley College in Sydney, Australia; its current location is unknown, but a photocopy of the original is held at Duke University. The short stanza included was incorporated into a longer hymn found in MS Richmond, 1–2 (see stanza 4).
Hymn for April 8

[1.] Sweet Day, so cool, so calm, so bright!  
The Bridal of the earth and sky!  
I see with joy thy chearing light,  
And lift my heart to things on high.

2. My grateful heart to Him I lift,  
Who did the guardian Angel send  
Inrich’d me with an heavenly gift  
And bless’d me with a bosom-friend.

3. The mountains at his presence flow’d,  
His Providence the Bars remov’d,  
His grace my Better Soul bestow’d,  
And join’d me to his well-belov’d.

4. 'Twas GOD alone which join’d our hands,  
Who join’d us first in mind and heart,  
By love’s indissoluble bands  
Which neither life nor death can part.

5. GOD of eternal power and grace  
I bow my soul before thy throne,  
I only live to sing thy praise,  
I live and die to thee alone.

6. My more than life to thee I give,  
My more than friend to thee restore,  
(When summon’d with thyself to live,)  
And fall, and silently adore.

---

1Location: MARC, DDWes 1/42. The hymn included appears also in MS Richmond, 123–24 (with some variants). Published posthumously in Representative Verse, 271–72; and Unpublished Poetry, 1:270–71. The “letter” is essentially just the hymn, but Wesley wrote in the side margin: “I have barely time to transcribe an hymn for April 8, if we live so long, and commend you to the tender mercies of GOD in Christ Jesus!” It was postmarked April 3, mailed to Sarah at Ludlow.

2The title indicates that the hymn commemorates the first anniversary of Charles’s marriage to Sarah Gwynne. The first two lines are a quotation from George Herbert’s “Virtue,” from The Temple.
7. Yet if thy blessed will consent
   To spare her yet another year,
   With joy I take whom Thou hast lent,
   And clasp her to my bosom here.

8. Her in the arms of faith I bring,
   And place before thy gracious throne,
   Receive her, O thou heavenly king,
   And save whom thou hast call’d thine own.

9. Thy choicest blessings from above,
   The strongest consolations send,
   And let her know thine utmost love,
   And freely talk with GOD her friend.

10. Keep up the intercourse between
    Our souls, our kindred souls and thee,
    And fix our eye on things unseen,
    The glories of eternity.

11. O let us steadily pursue
    With strength combin’d the immortal prize,
    And kindled by the nearer view,
    Together both invade the skies.

12. The crown with holy violence seize,
    The happy crown to conquerors giv’n,
    And rise renew’d in righteousness,
    To share the marriage-feast in heaven.
CW Journal Letter, August 13–October 3, 1751

[Untitled.]²

[1.] Arise, thou jealous GOD, arise,
Thy sifting Power exert,
Look thro’ us with thy flaming eyes,
And search out every Heart.

2. Our inmost souls thy Spirit knows;
And let him now display
Whom Thou hast for thy Glory chose,
And purge the rest away.

3. Th’ Apostles false far off remove,
The faithful Labourers own,
And give us each himself to prove,
And know as he is known.

4. Do I presume to preach thy Word,
By Thee uncall’d, unsent?
Am I the Servant of the Lord,
Or Satan’s Instrument?

5. Is this, great GOD, my single Aim
Thine, wholly Thine to be?
To serve thy Will, declare thy Name,
And gather Souls for Thee?

6. To labour in my Master’s Cause,
Thy Grace to testify,
And spread the Victory of thy Cross,
And on thy Cross to die?

7. I once unfeignedly believ’d
Myself sent forth by Thee:
But have I kept the grace receiv’d
In simple Poverty?

¹Location: MARC, DDCW 6/26. Hymn appears in entry for September 10. Appears also (with slight changes in last two stanzas) in MS Preachers Extraordinary, 1–3; and MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 109–111. Published posthumously in Poetical Works, 8:404–405; and Representative Verse, 277–78.

²The hymn was sung at a special conference for evaluating lay preachers held in Leeds, Sept. 1751.
8. Still do I for thy Kingdom pant,
   Till all its Coming prove,
   And Nothing seek, and Nothing want
   But more of Jesus Love?

9. If still I in thy Grace abide,
    My Call confirm and clear,
    And into thy whole Counsel guide
    Thy poorest Messenger:

10. Unite my heart to all that bear
    The Burthen of the Lord,
    And let our spotless Lives declare
    The Virtue of thy Word.

11. One Soul into us all inspire,
    And let it strongly move,
    In fervent Flames of calm Desire
    To glorify thy Love:

12. And may we in thy Love agree
    To make its Sweetness known,
    Thy love the Bond of Union be,
    And perfect us in One.
CW Letter to William Lunell, August 22, 1752

[Untitled.]

1 Father, Son, and Spirit come,
   Enter now thy human Shrine,
   Take my offspring from the Womb;
   Mine he is not, Lord, but thine:
   Thine this moment let him be,
   Thine to all Eternity!

2 Seize, O seize his tender heart
   Beating to the Vital War;
   Everlasting life impart,
   Sow the seed of glory there:
   Grace be to my infant given,
   Grace, the Principle of heaven.

3 Soon as reason’s glimmering ray
   Feebly faint begins to shine,
   Let the spark of life display
   Stronger influence divine,
   All the life of sense controul,
   Spread thro’ all his new-born Soul.

4 Father, draw him from his birth
   With the cords of heavenly Love,
   From the trivial joys of earth
   Raise his mind to joys above,
   Gently lead thy favourite on,
   Till thou giv’st him to thy son.

5 Rise the woman’s conquering seed,
   In his ransom’d nature rise,
   Bruiser of the Serpent’s head,
   Give him back his paradise,
   Nature into grace convert,
   Grave thine image on his heart.

---

1Location at time of transcription: Hagerstown, Maryland, Christian Heritage Museum (since sold to undisclosed owner). The hymn included was written on the occasion of the birth of their first son (John) to Charles and Sarah Wesley. Since Lunell had a nephew (John Gratton) born on the same day, Wesley sent the hymn to commemorate that birth as well. Published in *Family Hymns* (1767), 60–61.
6  Spirit of life, and love, and power,
    The deep things of GOD reveal,
Seal him from his natal hour,
    Him the heir of glory seal,
Strong with sevenfold energy
Stamp, and fit him for the Sky.

7  Father, Son, and Spirit come,
    Enter now thy human shrine,
Take my Offspring from the Womb;
    Mine he is not, Lord, but thine:
Thine this moment let him be,
    Thine to all eternity.
CW Letter to Sarah Wesley, May 1, 1753

[Untitled.]

[1.] Thou most Compassionate High-priest,
Thou Helper of the Poor Distrest,\(^2\)
Behold with pitying Eye,
With human Sympathy behold
Our Exil’d Friend to Evil sold,
And at the point to die.

2. Is there no Medicine for her Wound,
Is there no kind Physician found
To mitigate her Smart?
Answer Thou heavenly Comforter,
If now thy Balmy Blood is near
To heal her broken Heart.

3. Her hunted Life in mercy spare,
And let our faithful fervent prayer
Both soul and body heal,
Arrest the spirit in its flight,
And sweetly to Thyself unite
In love ineffable.

4. The sweetness of thy pardning Love
Shall all her Griefs at once remove,
And soften every pain,
Shall sanctify her heaviest Cross,
And turn her momentary Loss
Into eternal Gain.

---

\(^1\)Location: MARC, DDCW 6/38. The hymn included appears also in MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 65–66. Published posthumously in Unpublished Poetry, 3:273. It concerns either to Martha (Degge / Colvill) Gumley or her niece Mary Degge, both of whom had left England for Paris because of some incident.

\(^2\)Orig., “Opprest.”
CW Letter to Sarah Wesley, September 21, 1753

Written on the Road to [Leeds]

[1.] My leader, my Lord,
    Thy call I obey,
    Come forth at thy word,
    I go on my way;
    In mercy’s direction
    I heavenward move,
    And bless the Protection
    Of ransoming Love.

2. On GOD I attend
    My strength to renew,
    On GOD I depend
    To carry me thro’:
    My gracious Creator
    In Jesus I see;
    The Weakness of Nature
    He felt it for me.

3. His spiritual Want,
    His Hunger I feel,
    When weary, and faint
    He dropt on the Well:
    The Drink He required
    I eagerly crave;
    He only desired
    A sinner to save.

4. O Jesus, Thou knowst
    My Thirst is the same,
    To save what is lost
    Impatient I am;
    Thou readst the strong Passion
    That burns in my Breast:
    Without his Salvation
    I never can rest.

---

1Location: MARC, DDWes 4/94. The hymn included was published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:265–67. A shorter version of the hymn appears in MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 50–52, as one of several hymns concerning John Hutchinson (see pp. 44–55).
5. But canst Thou impart
   What is not in Thee?
All pity Thou art
   To Sinners like me:
Ah, lighten the Burthen
   Of Him I bemoan,
And cheer by a Pardon
   Thy sorrowful Son.

6. His forfeited peace
   In mercy restore,
His comforts increase
   Abundantly more.
Pronounce the glad Sentence
   And give him to prove
The Life of Repentance
   The Heaven of Love.

7. O make on his soul
   Thy Countenance shine,
And he shall be whole,
   And he shall be thine,
Restor’d to thy favor
   He with his last breath
Shall sing of his Saviour
   In life, and in death.

8. His sickness to heal
   Thy servant prevent
And now let him feel
   The Spirit’s descent:
Come kindly to give him
   His pasport of Love,
And then to receive him
   Triumphant above.
CW Letter to Sarah Wesley, January 7, 1755

[Untitled]

1. Hail the sad memorable day
   On which my Isaac’s soul took wing!
   With us he would no longer stay,
   But soaring where Archangels sing,
   Join’d the Congratulating Quire,
   And swell’d their highest Raptures higher.

2. His soul, attun’d to heavenly Praise,
   Its strong, celestial Bias shew’d,
   And fluttering to regain its place,
   He broke the Cage, and reach’d his GOD.
   He pitch’d in yon bright realms above,
   Where all is Harmony and Love. &c.

Imperfect [i.e., incomplete]

1Location: MARC, DDCW 5/83. The hymn included was written on the first anniversary of the death of CW and Sarah’s firstborn son (John), aged one year, four months, and seventeen days. Published posthumously in Unpublished Poetry, 3:330.

2In the margin “glad” is written as an alternative to “sad.”
CW Letter to Sarah Wesley, May 17, 1755

[Untitled.]  

1 Lord, I magnify thy power,  
    Thy love and faithfulness,  
Kept to my appointed hour  
    In safety and in peace:  
Let thy providential care  
    Still my sure protection be,  
'Till a living child I bear,  
    And give it back to thee.

2 Who so near the birth hast brought,  
    (Since I on thee rely)  
Tell me, Saviour, wilt thou not  
    Thy farther help supply?  
Whisper to my list’ning soul,  
    Wilt thou not my strength renew,  
Nature’s fears and pains controul,  
    And bring thy handmaid thro’?

3 Father, in the name I pray  
    Of thine incarnate love,  
Humbly ask, that as my day  
    My passive strength may prove:  
When my sorrows most increase,  
    Let thy strongest joys be given;  
Jesus come with my distress,  
    And agony is heaven.

---

1Location: Emory University, MARBL, Wesley Family Papers, Box 4, file 55. The hymn included is transcribed here with permission. Published in Family Hymns (1767), 53–54. Charles sent these stanzas “just as it came to my mind,” concerning the pending birth of their daughter Martha Maria. Sadly, the child died shortly after her birth.
CW Letter to Sarah Wesley, September 13, 1755

[Untitled]

1. O Thou whose pitying Love relieves
   The Traveller fallen among Thieves,
   Stripp’d, wounded, and half-dead;
   To all the Life of Faith restore
   My Friend, who needs thy Aid the more,
   The less he asks thy Aid.

2. Caught by the men who steal for GOD,
   The Fiends in hunting souls employ’d,
   Too long he slumbering Lay:
   But Thou hast more than shared the Spoils,
   Dissolved the Charms, and burst the Toils,
   And claim’d thy lawful Prey.

3. Yet still unconscious of its Wound,
   His Spirit is not quite unbound,
   From all delusion free:
   The Thieves have left their Prey behind,
   Naked, insensible, and blind,
   And destitute of Thee.

4. Robb’d in that dark Satanic hour,
   Of all his Ministerial Power,
   The Man who ran so well:
   His Work alas hath suffer’d loss:
   He is not, Lord, what once he was,
   A Flame of heavenly Zeal.

1Location: MARC, DDCW 7/83. The hymn included appears also in MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 146–48 (titled “For the Revd. Mr. Stonehouse”). Published posthumously in Poetical Works, 8:407–408.
2Orig., “naked.”
3Orig., “My Friend to proper Life restore.”
4Orig., “more.”
5Orig., “by.”
6“More than” is struck out, but no replacement suggested. It is left to preserve metre.
7Orig., “Θ.”
5. A Watchman in our Church he \textit{was},
Exceeding jealous for thy Cause,
And for thy glorious Name.
A chosen Instrument of Heaven
To pluck poor\textsuperscript{a} Souls, by grace forgiven,
From the \textit{Eternal Flame}.

6. Rais’d up by Thee he seem’d to stand
Protector of a guilty Land:
Our Hopes were built on Him,
As Equal to the “Righteous Ten,”
As planted in the gap between,
Our Sodom to redeem.

7. How is the fervent Zeal grown cold,
The Wine with water mixt, the gold
With Nature’s base Alloy!
How hath thy Messenger denied
His heavenly Call, and turn’d aside,
And cast his Sword away!

8. But\textsuperscript{b} Thou canst yet his Zeal revive,
Canst stir him up to fight and strive,
As in those happy days,
To prove thy good and perfect will,
To own, and zealously fulfil
The Counsels of thy Grace.\textsuperscript{c}

9. O wouldst thou in this gracious Hour
Renew, and give him back his power,
His Wisdom from above:
His simple Faith, and tender Fear,
His filial Piety for \textit{HER}
Whom more than Life I love.

10. O might my\textsuperscript{d} dearest Charge be his,
My ceaseless Prayer for Sion’s peace.
Now let it answer’d be!
Shepherd Divine, I ask no more,
This Pastor to our Church restore,
And take my Soul to Thee.

\textsuperscript{a}Orig., “the.”
\textsuperscript{b}Orig., “Yet.”
\textsuperscript{c}Orig., “With.”
\textsuperscript{d}Orig., “by”; corrected in MS Miscellaneous Hymns.
CW Letter to Sarah Wesley, December 22, 1755

[untitled].

1. How happy are the little Flock,
   Who safe beneath their Guardian ROCK
   In all Comotions rest!
   When War’s and Tumult’s Waves run high,
   Unmov’d, above the storm they lie,
   They lodge in Jesus breast.

2. Such Happiness, O Lord, have We,
   By Mercy gather’d into Thee,
   Before the Floods descend:
   And while the bursting Cloud comes down,
   They mark thy vengeful Day begun,
   And calmly wait the End.

3. The Dearth, and Plague, and Din of War
   Our Saviour’s sure approach declare,
   And bid our Hearts arise:
   Earth’s basis shook confirms our Hope,
   Her Cities’ Fall but lifts us up,
   To meet Him in the skies.

4. Whatever Ill the World befall,
   A Token of his Day we call,
   A sign of JESUS near:
   His Chariot will not long delay:
   We hear the rumbling Wheels, and pray
   Appear, great God, appear.

1Location: MARC, DDWes 4/89. A longer version of the hymn included was published in Hymns for the Year 1756, 23–24.

2Orig., “under.”

3Orig., “near.”

4Orig., “Thee.”

5Following this line is an apparent alternative in shorthand: “A pledge of endless good.”
CW Letter to Sarah Wesley, April 5, 1760

[Untitled]

[1.] GOD, be mercifully near,
Object of my fatherly fear;
Me into thy Favour take,
Me preserve for Jesu’s sake.

2. With thy kind Protection blest,
Calm I lay me down to rest;
All I have to Thee resign,
Lodge them in the Arms Divine:

3. Her, my dearest earthly Friend,
To thy guardian Love commend;
Day and night her Keeper be,
Knit her simple Heart to Thee.

4. Make the Little ones thy care!
Bear them, in Thy bosom, bear,
Mark’d with the good Shepherd’s sign,
Keep my Lambs for ever thine.

etc. [i.e., incomplete]

---

1Location: MARC, DDCW 7/2. Charles comments that the hymn included is about his “dearest friends” (i.e., his family). Published posthumously in Poetical Works, 8:409.
CW Letter to Sarah Wesley, July 3, 1764

[Says he visited Sister Pearson in Moorfields on June 28. She was dying. He asked if she was afraid to die. She said “O no. I have no fear; death has no sting. Jesus is all in all.” To this Charles adds:]

How did I ev’n contend to lay
   My limbs upon that bed!
I ask’d the angels to convey
   My spirit in her stead.

---

1Location: MARC, DDCW 5/95. The brief verse included was published posthumously in Unpublished Poetry, 3:438.

2Orig., “desire.”
CW Letter to Mrs. Berkin, March 17, 1766

On the Death of a Child, An Act of Faith and Resignation

[1.] Peace, my heart; be calm, be still!
Is it not my Father’s will?
God in Jesus reconcil’d,
Calls for his beloved child,
Who on me himself bestow’d
Claims the purchase of his blood.

2. Child of prayer, by grace divine
Him I willingly resign,
Through his last convulsive throes
Born—into the true repose,
Born into the world above,
Glorious world of light and love.

3. Through the purple fountain brought,
To his Saviour’s bosom caught,
Him in the pure mantle clad,
In the milk-white robes array’d
Follower of the Lamb I see,
See the joy—prepar’d for me!

4. Lord, for this alone I stay;
Fit me for eternal day:
Then thou wilt receive thy bride
To the souls beatified,
There with all thy saints I meet,
There my rapture is complete!

1Location: Southern Methodist University, Bridwell Library, Manuscript collection.
2CW adds the note “George Berkin, who died.”
3CW published this hymn, with minor revisions, in Family Hymns (1767), 82–83.
CW Letter to Edward Walpole, November [4], 1778

For the Magdalene

1. Blest Redeemer, bow thine ear,
   To our humble fervent prayer;
   Thus adoring,
   Thus imploring,
   Mercy bids us not despair.

2. Though our crimes of deepest die
   Swell the aching heart and eye,
   Yet relying
   On the dying,
   Faith relieves the throbbing sigh.

3. By all-saving Grace we know
   Scarlet sins grow white as snow:
   Vain our merit,
   If thy Spirit
   Did not thro’ repentance glow.

4. Freed from shame, reproach, and taunt,
   Lawless vice, & grinding want,
   Here accepted,
   Here protected,
   For celestial Bliss we pant.

1Location: MARC, DDWes 7/83. Walpole had sent Charles Wesley a letter dated Nov. 3, which included a “small performance” (likely an organ setting) for Wesley’s sons to introduce to the organist at the chapel for Magdalene hospital. Wesley has transcribed a copy of his undated letter in response on the flyleaf of Walpole’s letter, and attached a hymn in his hand titled “For the Magdalenes.” This is almost certainly a hymn by Wesley, and not a copy of Walpole’s “performance.” The hymn was published posthumously in Unpublished Poetry, 3:442.

2I.e., “dye.”
CW Letter to John Wesley, December 6, 1779

[1.] Jesus, thy hated servant own,
And send the glorious Spirit down,
In answer to our prayers,
While others curse, and wish him dead,
Do thou thy choicest blessings shed,
And crown his hoary hairs.

2. Not for his death, but life we pray,
In mercy lengthen out his day
Our venerable guide.
Long may he live, thy flock to keep,
Protect from wolves the lambs and sheep,
And in his bosom hide.

3. Long may he live, to serve thy cause,
To spread the victory of thy cross
To minister thy grace,
And late, t’ increase the church in heaven
With all the children thou hast given
Appear before thy face.

4. Thou God that answerest by fire,
With fervent faith and strong desire
Whom we present to thee,
Fill with pure love his ravish’d breast,
And let the Spirit of glory rest
On all thy church,—and me!

5. Me, me thy meanest messenger
Admit his happiness to share,
And intimately one
Thro’ life, thro’ death together guide,
To sing with all the sanctified
Around thy azure throne.

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1Location: MARC, DDWes 4/40. Shortly after sending this letter, CW published this hymn as a broadsheet, inserting an additional stanza after the second stanza above. For the published version and more background on the stimulus for writing this hymn, see Hymn for John Wesley (1779).

2Orig., “slighted” changed to “hated.”
CW Letter to Sarah Wesley Jr., June 14, 1780

Written on Thurs. June 8, 1780.
Quis cladem illius noctis, quis funera fando Explicit? –Virg.

1 Saviour, Thou dost their threatnings see
Who rage against our King and Thee,
Nor know, thy bridle in their jaws
Restains the friends of Satan’s Cause.

2 As in Religion’s Cause they join,
And blasphemously call it thine,
The cause of blind fanatic zeal,
Rebellion, anarchy, and hell.

3 See, where th’ impetuous Waster comes,
Like Legion rushing from the tombs!
Like stormy seas, that toss and roar,
And foam, and lash the trembling shore!

4 HAVOCK — th’ infernal Leader cries!
HAVOCK — th’ associate Host replies!
The Rabble shouts—the Torrent pours—
The City sinks—the Flame devours!

5 A general Consternation spreads,
While furious Crooms ride o’re our heads;
Tremble the Powers Thou didst ordain,
And Rulers bear the sword in vain!

6 Our arm of flesh entirely fails,
The many-headed Beast prevails;
Conspiracy the state o’returns,
Gallia exults— and London burns!

7 Arm of the Lord, awake, put on
Thy strength, and cast Apollyon down,
Jesus, against the murthers rise,
And blast them with thy flaming eyes:

8 Forbid the Flood our Land t’ o’erflow,
Tell it —Thou shalt no farther go—
Thy word obey’d,
And here let its proud waves be stay’d!

1Location: MARC, DDCW 7/42. The hymn included was published in Tumult Hymns (1780), 5–6.

2Virgil, Aeneid, ii.361–62 “Who can describe the havoc, who the deaths of that night?”

3Orig., “arise.”
CW Letter to either son Charles Jr. or son Samuel
ca. September 17, 1782

From sudden, unexpected death,
Jesus, thy servant save,
Nor let me gasp my latest breath
Unmindful of the grave;
Unconscious of the yawning deep
And death eternal nigh;
Ah, do not suffer me to sleep,
Till in my sins I die.

Warn’d of the sure-approaching day,
Thy grace I now desire,
In mercy take my sins away,
And then my soul require.
Thy favor, and thy image, Lord,
O might I first retrieve,
And meet for my immense reward
To thy great glory live.

Wise to foresee my latter end,
With humble, loving fear
I woud continually attend
The welcome Messenger;
And summon’d to the mountain-top,
Without a lingring sigh
Render my ransom’d spirit up,
And to thy glory die.

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1Location: MARC, DDWes 4/62. The hymn is the soul item on a sheet with the address on the back side: “Mr Wesley / Chesterfield Street / Marylebone.” This letter appears to have accompanied one to Sarah Jr., which is dated Sept. 17 (with the most likely year being 1782). The hymn appears also in MS Preparation for Death, 20–21 (variants noted there). Published posthumously in Poetical Works, 7:409–410.
CW Letter to John Langshaw, c. March 23, 1784

Written in March 1784

Who can deny the Patriots their praise?
All Order is inverted in our days;
“King, Lords, and Commons” is no more the thing
But Commons, Lords, and after that—The King:
We see the Subjects on their Sovereign tread
The Crown beneath the Mace, the RUMP above the Head!

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1Location: Emory University, Manuscript, Archives, and Research Library, Wesley Family Papers, Box 5, file 24. The hymn included is transcribed here with permission. Published posthumously in Unpublished Poetry, 3:392. See the related verse: MS Charles James Fox 1784; and MS Hymn for the King 1784.
CW Letter to Mrs. Cromwell, December 27, 1786

Apology for the Enemies of Music

Men of true piety, they know not why
Music with all its sacred powers decry
Music itself (not its abuse) condemn,
For good or bad is just the same to them:
But let them know, they quite mistake the case,
Defect of nature for excess of grace;
And while they reprobe th’ harmonious art,
Blamed, we excuse, and candidly assert
The fault is in their ear, not in their upright heart.

1Location: Huntingdon, Cambridgeshire, Huntingdon Library and Archives, Cromwell-Bush MSS, no. 134. Published posthumously in Poetical Works, 8:444; and Representative Verse, 312.

2Orig., “defy.”