

## Verse in Manuscript Letters<sup>1</sup>

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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<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.  
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CW Letter to John Wesley, January 20, 1728<sup>1</sup>

[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<sup>2</sup> 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<sup>3</sup>) song,  
Or Truths Divine flow'd easy from thy Tongue.

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<sup>1</sup>Location: 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 The verse included is published posthumously in *Representative Verse*, 257; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:381.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 CW's verse. As CW admits in the letter, it is an adaptation of some lines by his brother John (see JW, MS Miscellany Verses, 39–43).

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

<sup>3</sup>CW is likely saying that he does not know what word to use.

CW Journal Letter, April 15–26, 1741<sup>1</sup>

[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<sup>2</sup> Crown.
  
- 3     To All who His Appearing love  
       He opens Paradise,  
       And we shall join the Hosts above,  
       And we shall grasp the Prize!
  
- 4     Then let us wait to see His Day,<sup>3</sup>  
       To hear the Welcome Word,  
       To answer, Lo! we come away,  
       We die, to meet our Lord.

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<sup>1</sup>Location: MARC, MA 1977/503, Box 5. Hymn found in entry for April 22; appears also in MS Journal, Apr. 22, 1741. Published in *HSP* (1742), 131 (rendered for a male). CW wrote this hymn on the death of Hannah Richardson. Note that CW'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).

<sup>2</sup>In MS Journal CW wrote "heavenly Crown," then suggested in the margin "starry."

<sup>3</sup>MS Journal: "the Day."

CW Letter to Elizabeth (Harrison) Witham,<sup>1</sup> January 16, 1746<sup>2</sup>

**The Widow's Hymn.**  
**To the Tune of—O Love Divine!<sup>3</sup>**

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.

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<sup>1</sup>Elizabeth Harrison 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.

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

<sup>3</sup>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⟩tial Feast,  
Make ready for ⟨that⟩ glorious Day,  
And then thy Sp⟨otles⟩s Bride convey  
    To thine Eter⟨nal⟩ Rest.<sup>4</sup>

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<sup>4</sup>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).

**CW Journal Letter, July 1–26, 1746<sup>1</sup>**

[Untitled.]

- 1        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.
- 2        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 show'st Thyself the Crucified.
- 3        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.
- 4        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.
- 5        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.
- 6        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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<sup>1</sup>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<sup>1</sup>

[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 desprate 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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<sup>1</sup>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!

**CW Journal Letter, July 27–Aug 10, 1746<sup>1</sup>**

**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 Saviour 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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<sup>1</sup>Location: MARC, MA 1977/503, Box 5, file 11. Hymn appears in Aug. 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. CW records writing this hymn in MS Journal, Aug. 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!

CW Journal Letter, February 23–25, 1747<sup>1</sup>

**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<sup>n</sup> we  
Have walk'd the Sea!  
And march'd triumphant over.

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<sup>1</sup>Location: MARC, DDCW 4/3a; letter is in an unknown secondary hand, but hymn (on pp. 6–7) is 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, Feb. 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<sup>1</sup>**

**On the Death of Mrs. Witham.<sup>2</sup>**

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 Glorious 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 Gloried in his Shame.

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

<sup>2</sup>Elizabeth (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 Nov. 29, 1747. CW's letter is to two of her surviving children.

6. Regardless of their Smile, or<sup>3</sup> 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.

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<sup>3</sup>“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,  
"The Lord My Righteousness.
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<sup>1</sup>

[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  
    Thy solemn moments spend,  
And groan thine expectation,  
    That pain with life shall end.
- 2 'Till then in fix'd 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 inured  
    I from the womb have been,  
And all the rage endured,  
    And all the shame of sin,  
Wander'd my forty 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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<sup>1</sup>Locations: Pitts Library (Emory), Charles Wesley Family Papers (MSS 159), 4/75/5 (copy in letter of James Montgomery to Eliza Telitha Tooth), and MARC, DDCW 6/92f (copy in hand of Eliza Telitha Tooth, dependent on previous) MARC, DDCW 6/92f. The hymn included was published in *HSP* (1749), 2:66–68. The original letter, sent from Ireland mid-March 1748 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 or 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 distressing 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 immortal city  
From all our toils we cease,  
And lose ev'n 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<sup>1</sup>

To the Tune of — “Thanks be to God Alone”<sup>2</sup>

- [1.]           Thou Heavenly LOVE, from whom  
                All holy Passions come,  
Hear my Faith’s availing cry,  
                Now<sup>3</sup> 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 chearfully 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<sup>4</sup> 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.

---

<sup>1</sup>Location: 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.

<sup>2</sup> The tune reference is to *Festival Hymns* (1746), #24.

<sup>3</sup>Orig., “And.”

<sup>4</sup>Orig., “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<sup>1</sup>

**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.

---

<sup>1</sup>Location: 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 (Gratton) Lunell, who died in Aug. 1748.

CW Letter to Sarah Gwynne Jr., September 17, 1748<sup>1</sup>

- [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[aughte]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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<sup>1</sup>Location: 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<sup>1</sup>**

**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.

---

<sup>1</sup>Location: the letter is transcribed in a journal letter covering Sept. 26–Oct. 27, 1748 (MARC, DDCW 6/23). Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:235–36. Charles records the deliverance reflected in this hymn in *MS Journal*, Oct. 10, 1748.

CW Letter to Sarah Gwynne Jr., November 12, 1748<sup>1</sup>

[Hymn 1]

**To – Come to the Judgment, Come Away!**<sup>2</sup>

- [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 Birth<sup>3</sup> 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,

---

<sup>1</sup>Location: The holograph of this letter is apparently lost, but there is a copy in CW's hand at the end of MS Acts (MARC, accession number MA 1977/555), 557–60.

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

<sup>3</sup>Orig., “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**<sup>4</sup>

- [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 or' eawing  
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!

---

<sup>4</sup>MS Acts, 559–60. Appears also in MS Courtship, 4; and MS Deliberative, 4. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:271–72.

CW Letter to Sarah Gwynne Jr., November 15, 1748<sup>1</sup>

[Untitled]<sup>2</sup>

- [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.<sup>3</sup>
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!

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<sup>1</sup>Location: MARC, DDWes 4/52. The letter ends with CW 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.

<sup>2</sup>MARC, accession number MA 1977/594/2 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 5). Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:223–24.

<sup>3</sup>Orig., “**below**.”

**CW Letter to Sarah Gwynne Jr., December 23–24, 1748<sup>1</sup>**

[Hymn 1]

**To the Tune of – Jesus, dear departed Lord<sup>2</sup>**

- [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,<sup>3</sup>  
Make our Souls thy Glorious Home:  
Every pretious 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.

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<sup>1</sup>Location: MARC, DDWes 4/53. The letter mentions three hymns that are enclosed. These are surely the three hymns written on a single manuscript page that are transcribed here.

<sup>2</sup>MARC, 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.

<sup>3</sup>Orig., “Every pretious promise seal.”

[Hymn 2]

**To the Tune of – Father our hearts we lift<sup>4</sup>**

- [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!

---

<sup>4</sup>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<sup>5</sup>**

- [1.] Jesus, with kind Compassion see  
Two souls that would 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!

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<sup>5</sup>MARC, DDWes 1/39. Appears also in MS Friendship I, 1–2; and MS Friendship II, 9. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:274–75. This tune is not from *Festival Hymns*. It is a variant of a tune by Andrew Roner (1721) that was apparently in use among Methodists, being published in later collections like *Divine Miscellany* (1754) and Thomas Butts' *Harmonia Sacra* (ca.1754).

CW Letter to Sarah Gwynne Jr., December 27, 1748<sup>1</sup>

[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.

---

<sup>1</sup>Location: 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<sup>2</sup>  
          Of thy decisive Will  
My endless Doubts and Fears controul,  
          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 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.”

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<sup>2</sup>Orig., “Heart.”

CW Letter to Sarah Gwynne Jr., December 29–30. 1748<sup>1</sup>

I<sup>2</sup>

- [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 orerules  
            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.

---

<sup>1</sup>Location: MARC, DDCW 5/15. The letter includes two hymns.

<sup>2</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:236–37.

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<sup>3</sup>

- [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<sup>4</sup> shake  
The Everlasting Throne.

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<sup>3</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:238.

<sup>4</sup>Orig., "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<sup>1</sup>**

**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!

---

<sup>1</sup>Location: MARC, DDCW 5/11. CW 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. CW also records writing this hymn in *MS Journal*, Dec. 31, 1748.

CW Letter to Sarah Gwynne Jr., January 15–17, 1749<sup>1</sup>

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

- [1.] Stop, foolish Tears! The GOD of Love  
Who orders all in Heaven above,  
    Who orders all beneath,  
His Providence is on my<sup>3</sup> 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.

---

<sup>1</sup>Location: MARC, DDCW 5/20. The letter contains two hymns.

<sup>2</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:239–40.

<sup>3</sup>Orig., “thy.”

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<sup>4</sup>  
And sing with her the Marriage-Song  
Around the glorious Throne!

[Untitled.]<sup>5</sup>

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<sup>6</sup> thy Love  
To thy Heaven restore us.
6. Calmest Peace and meekest Patience

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<sup>4</sup>Orig., "An Heavenly Refuge will avail."

<sup>5</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:240–41.

<sup>6</sup>Orig., "To."

Now impart,  
Either<sup>7</sup> 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!

---

<sup>7</sup>Orig., "Keep."



CW Letter to Sarah Gwynne Jr., January 26–28, 1749<sup>1</sup>

[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.<sup>2</sup>
3.       Least<sup>3</sup> 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.

---

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

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

<sup>3</sup>I.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,<sup>4</sup>  
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,<sup>5</sup>  
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.

---

<sup>4</sup>Orig., "born."

<sup>5</sup>Orig., 6. To thy mournful Servants, Lord  
The double Blessing give,

CW Letter to Sarah Gwynne Jr., February 5–6, 1749<sup>1</sup>

[Untitled.]

- [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.

---

<sup>1</sup>Location: 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<sup>1</sup>

- [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.

---

<sup>1</sup>Location: 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 dazling 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<sup>1</sup>

[Hymn #1<sup>2</sup>]

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.<sup>3</sup>
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 softned 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.

---

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

<sup>2</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:131–33.

<sup>3</sup>I.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 struggling Anguish say,  
See my deepest, last Distress,  
And give me Power to pray.

**[Untitled Fragment, struck out<sup>4</sup>]**

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

---

<sup>4</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:433.



[Hymn #2]<sup>5</sup>

- [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.

---

<sup>5</sup>Published 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<sup>1</sup>

[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 descry,  
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.

---

<sup>1</sup>Location: MARC, DDCW 1/19. The hymn included appears also in MS Journal, Apr. 8, 1749; and in MS Richmond, 4–5. Published in *Family Hymns* (1767), 172–73. This is the hymn CW prepared to be sung at his wedding to Sarah Gwynne Jr.

5 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 cheers the Host above,  
The Best Wine of Perfect Love.

**CW Letter to Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley, August 17, 1749<sup>1</sup>**

**[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]

---

<sup>1</sup>Location: MARC, DDCW 5/74. The hymn included was published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:403–404.

CW Letter to Ebenezer Blackwell, September 4, 1749<sup>1</sup>

[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<sup>2</sup> will to prove;  
Fired with patriarchal zeal,  
And pure primeval love.
2. Me and mine I fain would give  
In<sup>3</sup> 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,  
Principl'd with Godly fear,  
And worshippers<sup>4</sup> 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.

---

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

<sup>2</sup>“Blessed” substituted for “perfect” in MS Journal.

<sup>3</sup>“A” substituted for “In” in MS Journal.

<sup>4</sup>Orig., in MS Journal, “witnesses.”

**CW Letter to Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley, October 12, 1749<sup>1</sup>**

**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!

---

<sup>1</sup>Location: 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).

CW Letter to Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley, April 3, 1750<sup>1</sup>

Hymn for April 8<sup>2</sup>

- [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.

---

<sup>1</sup>Location: 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 CW 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.

<sup>2</sup>The title indicates that the hymn commemorates the first anniversary of CW’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 hath 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<sup>1</sup>

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

- [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, unsend?  
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?

---

<sup>1</sup>Location: MARC, DDCW 6/26. Hymn appears in entry for Sept. 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.

<sup>2</sup>The 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<sup>1</sup>

[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.

---

<sup>1</sup>Location: The letter is privately held, but the Duke Center for Studies in the Wesleyan Tradition holds a digital copy. The hymn included was written on the occasion of the birth of their first son (John) to Charles and Sarah (Gwynne\_ Wesley. Since Lunell had a nephew (John Gratton) born on the same day, CW 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 (Gwynne) Wesley, May 1, 1753<sup>1</sup>

[Untitled.]

- [1.] Thou most Compassionate High-priest,  
Thou Helper of the Poor Distrest,<sup>2</sup>  
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.

---

<sup>1</sup>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.

<sup>2</sup>Orig., “Opprest.”

CW Letter to Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley, September 21, 1753<sup>1</sup>

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.

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<sup>1</sup>Location: 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 (Gwynne) Wesley, January 7, 1755<sup>1</sup>

[Untitled]

- [1.] Hail the sad<sup>2</sup> 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]

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<sup>1</sup>Location: 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.

<sup>2</sup>In the margin "glad" is written as an alternative to "sad."

CW Letter to Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley, May 17, 1755<sup>1</sup>

[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.

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<sup>1</sup>Location: Pitts Library (Emory), Charles Wesley Family Papers (MSS 159), 1/5. The hymn included is transcribed here with permission. Published in *Family Hymns* (1767), 53–54. CW 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 (Gwynne) Wesley, September 13, 1755<sup>1</sup>

[Untitled]

- [1.] O Thou whose pitying Love relieves  
The Traveller fallen among Thieves,  
Stripp'd, wounded,<sup>2</sup> and half-dead;  
To all the Life of Faith restore<sup>3</sup>  
My Friend, who needs thy Aid the more,  
The less<sup>4</sup> he asks thy Aid.
2. Caught by the men who steal for GOD,  
The Fiends in<sup>5</sup> hunting souls employ'd,  
Too long he slumbering Lay:  
But Thou hast more than<sup>6</sup> shared the Spoils,  
Dissolved the Charms, and burst the Toils,  
And claim'd thy lawful Prey.
3. Yet still unconscious of its Wound,  
His<sup>7</sup> 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.

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<sup>1</sup>Location: 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.

<sup>2</sup>Orig., “~~naked~~.”

<sup>3</sup>Orig., “~~My Friend to proper Life restore.~~”

<sup>4</sup>Orig., “~~more~~.”

<sup>5</sup>Orig., “~~by~~.”

<sup>6</sup>“More than” is struck out, but no replacement suggested. It is left to preserve metre.

<sup>7</sup>Orig., “~~Θ~~.”

5. A Watchman in our Church he *was*,  
Exceeding jealous for thy Cause,  
And for thy glorious Name.  
A chosen Instrument of Heaven  
To pluck poor<sup>8</sup> Souls, by grace forgiven,  
From the *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<sup>9</sup> 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.<sup>10</sup>
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 HER  
Whom more than Life I love.
10. O might my<sup>11</sup> 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.

---

<sup>8</sup>Orig., "the."

<sup>9</sup>Orig., "Yet."

<sup>10</sup>Orig., "Will."

<sup>11</sup>Orig., "by"; corrected in MS Miscellaneous Hymns.

CW Letter to Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley, December 22, 1755<sup>1</sup>

[untitled].

- [1.] How happy are the little Flock,  
Who safe beneath<sup>2</sup> their Guardian ROCK  
In all Commotions 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<sup>3</sup> approach declare,  
And bid our Hearts arise:  
Earth's basis shook confirms our Hope,  
Her Cities' Fall but lifts us up,  
To meet Him<sup>4</sup> in the skies.
4. Whatever Ill the World befall,  
A Token of his Day we call,<sup>5</sup>  
A sign of JESUS near:  
His Chariot will not long delay:  
We hear the rumbling Wheels, and pray  
Appear, great God, appear.

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

<sup>2</sup>Orig., “~~under~~.”

<sup>3</sup>Orig., “near.”

<sup>4</sup>Orig., “~~Free~~.”

<sup>5</sup>Following this line is an apparent alternative in shorthand: “A pledge of endless good.”

CW Letter to Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley, April 5, 1760<sup>1</sup>

[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]

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<sup>1</sup>Location: MARC, DDCW 7/2. CW 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 (Gwynne) Wesley, July 3, 1764<sup>1</sup>**

[CW 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 CW adds:]

How did I ev'n contend<sup>2</sup> to lay  
My limbs upon that bed!  
I ask'd the angels to convey  
My spirit in her stead.

---

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

<sup>2</sup>Orig., “**desire**.”

CW Letter to Mary (March) Berkin, March 17, 1766<sup>1</sup>

**On the Death of a Child,<sup>2</sup>  
An Act of Faith and Resignation<sup>3</sup>**

- [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!

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<sup>1</sup>Location: Southern Methodist University, Bridwell Library, Manuscript collection.

<sup>2</sup>CW adds the note “George Berkin, who died.”

<sup>3</sup>CW published this hymn, with minor revisions, in *Family Hymns* (1767), 82–83.



CW Letter to Edward Walpole, November [4], 1778<sup>1</sup>

**For the Magdalens**

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<sup>2</sup>  
      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.

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<sup>1</sup>Location: MARC, DDWes 7/83. Walpole sent CW a letter dated Nov. 3, which included a “small performance” (likely an organ setting) for CW’s sons to introduce to the organist at the chapel for Magdalene hospital. CW 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 Magdalens.” The hymn was published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:442.

<sup>2</sup>I.e., “dye.”

CW Letter to John Wesley, December 6, 1779<sup>1</sup>

- [1.] Jesus, thy hated<sup>2</sup> 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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<sup>1</sup>Location: 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).

<sup>2</sup>Orig., “slighted” changed to “hated.”

CW Letter to Sarah Wesley Jr., June 14, 1780<sup>1</sup>

Written on Thurs. June 8, 1780.

Quis cladem illius noctis, quis funera fando Explicet? –Virg.<sup>2</sup>

- 1 Saviour, Thou dost their threatnings see  
Who rage against our King and Thee,  
Nor know, thy bridle in their jaws  
Restrains 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 Clouds 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<sup>3</sup>  
Thy strength, and cast Apollyon down,  
Jesus, against the murtherers 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 will be done, Thy word obey'd,  
And here let its proud waves be stay'd!

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

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

<sup>3</sup>Orig., “arise.”

**CW Letter to Charles Jr.  
ca. August 1781<sup>1</sup>**

“From Sudden Death, good Lord  
deliver us.” Litany.<sup>2</sup>

- [1.] 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.
2. 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.
3. 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.

---

<sup>1</sup>Location: 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.” The likely occasion is early Aug. 1781, after the Wesley children had been in a coach that overturned and killed one of the passengers. The hymn appears also in *MS Preparation for Death*, 20–21 (variants noted there). Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 7:409–410.

<sup>2</sup>BCP, Litany.

**CW Letter to John Langshaw, c. March 23, 1784<sup>1</sup>**

**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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<sup>1</sup>Location: Pitts Library (Emory), Charles Wesley Family Papers (MSS 159), 4/24. 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<sup>1</sup>

**Apology for the Enemies of Music**

Men of true piety, they know not why  
Music with all its sacred powers decry<sup>2</sup>  
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 reprobate th' harmonious art,  
Blamed, we excuse, and candidly assert  
The fault is in their ear, not in their upright heart. }

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

<sup>2</sup>Orig., “defy.”