

Durham E-Theses

‘Simply resign’d and lost in God’: Resignation and Sanctification in the hymns of Charles Wesley.

LUNN, JULIE,ANN

How to cite:

LUNN, JULIE,ANN (2016) *‘Simply resign’d and lost in God’: Resignation and Sanctification in the hymns of Charles Wesley.*, Durham theses, Durham University. Available at Durham E-Theses Online: <http://etheses.dur.ac.uk/11623/>

Use policy

The full-text may be used and/or reproduced, and given to third parties in any format or medium, without prior permission or charge, for personal research or study, educational, or not-for-profit purposes provided that:

- a full bibliographic reference is made to the original source
- a [link](#) is made to the metadata record in Durham E-Theses
- the full-text is not changed in any way

The full-text must not be sold in any format or medium without the formal permission of the copyright holders.

Please consult the [full Durham E-Theses policy](#) for further details.

**‘Simply resign’d and lost in God’:
Resignation and Sanctification in the
hymns of Charles Wesley**

Volume 2 of 2

Charles Wesley’s Resignation Texts

Julie Ann Lunn

A thesis submitted to the University of Durham for the degree of
Doctor of Philosophy

Department of Theology and Religion

Durham University

March 2016

Notes

The texts below comprise all extant poetic texts believed to have been authored by Charles Wesley, and appearing in the Duke Divinity resource, which contain 'resign', 'resign'd', or 'resignation'.

Three of the texts (nos. 226, 248 and 267), do not use 'resign' or a derivative of it in the final version, though in drafts of the text this does appear and these texts have therefore been included for that reason.

The texts in this collection have all been accessed from the website of The Center for Studies in the Wesleyan Tradition, Duke Divinity School.

<http://www.divinity.duke.edu/initiatives-centers/cswt/wesley-texts>.

MARC refers to the Methodist Archive and Research Centre, located at the John Rylands Library, the University of Manchester.

Editorial comments included below refer to Charles Wesley's use of resignation and are primarily those of Randy L. Maddox, the editor of the Duke resource. Others are my own; the author of editorial comments is indicated in parentheses. I reference these comments using verse and line citation rather than the original footnotes in the Duke texts.

The verse numbering in this collection is standardised, and variations from the original texts are not noted. Similarly line numbering where it appears is standardised and brackets indicating Charles' use or otherwise are removed. The majority of the textual notes provided in the Duke resource, including additional publications or manuscripts in which texts appear are not included in this collection. For such detailed textual information see the Duke resource.

The formatting of the hymns as they appear in the original form on the Duke resource is kept throughout.

1

Heb[rews] xii. 2.

“Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith.”

- 1 Weary of struggling with my pain,
Hopeless to burst my nature's chain,
Hardly I give the contest o'er,
I seek to free myself no more.
- 2 From my own works at last I cease,
God that creates must seal my peace;
Fruitless my toil and vain my care,
And all my fitness is despair.
- 3 Lord, I despair myself to heal,
I see my sin, but cannot feel:
I cannot, till thy Spirit blow,
And bid th' obedient waters flow.
- 4 'Tis thine a heart of flesh to give,
Thy gifts I only can receive:
Here then to thee I all resign,
To draw, redeem, and seal is thine.
- 5 With simple faith, to thee I call,
My light, my life, my Lord, my all:
I wait the moving of the pool;
I wait the word that speaks me whole.
- 6 Speak gracious Lord, my sickness cure,
Make my infected nature pure;
Peace, righteousness and joy impart,
And pour thyself into my heart.

Hymns and Sacred Poems (London: Strahan, 1739), 91-2.

2

Gal[atians] iii. 22.

**“The scripture hath concluded all under sin, that the promise by faith of
Jesus Christ might be given to them that believe.”**

- 1 Jesu, the sinner's friend, to thee
Lost and undone for aid I flee,
Weary of earth, myself, and sin—
Open thine arms, and take me in.
- 2 Pity and heal my sin-sick soul,
'Tis thou alone canst make me whole,
Fal'n, till in me thine image shine,
And cursed I am till thou art mine.

- 3 Hear, Jesu, hear my helpless cry,
O save a wretch condemn'd to die!
The sentence in myself I feel,
And all my nature teems with hell.
- 4 When shall concupiscence and pride
No more my tortur'd heart divide!
When shall this agony be o'er,
And the old Adam rage no more!
- 5 Awake, the woman's conqu'ring seed,
Awake, and bruise the serpent's head,
Tread down thy foes, with power controul
The beast and devil in my soul.
- 6 The mansion for thyself prepare,
Dispose my heart by entering there!
'Tis this alone can make me clean,
'Tis this alone can cast out sin.
- 7 Long have I vainly hop'd and strove
To force my hardness into love,
To give thee all thy laws require;
And labour'd in the purging fire.
- 8 A thousand specious arts essay'd,
Call'd the deep *Mystic* to my aid:
His boasted skill the brute refin'd,
But left the subtler fiend behind.
- 9 Frail, dark, impure, I still remain,
Nor hope to break my nature's chain:
The fond self-emptying scheme is past,
And lo! Constrain'd I yield at last.
- 10 At last I own it cannot be
That I should fit myself for thee:
Here then to thee, I all resign,
Thine is the work, and only thine.
- 11 No more to lift my eyes I dare
Abandon'd to a just despair;
I have my punishment in view.
I feel a thousand hells my due.
- 12 What shall I say thy grace to move?
Lord I am sin—but thou art love:
I give up every plea beside
“Lord I am damn'd—but thou hast died!”
- 13 While groaning at thy feet I fall
Spurn me away, refuse my call,
If *love* permit, contract thy brow,
And, if thou canst, destroy me now!

Hymns and Sacred Poems (London: Strahan, 1739), 92-4.

3

In Desertion or Temptation.

- 1 Ah! My dear Lord, whose changeless love
 To me, nor earth nor hell can part;
When shall my feet forget to rove?
 Ah, what shall fix this faithless heart?
- 2 Why do these cares my soul divide
 If thou indeed hast set me free?
Why am I thus, if God hath dy'd;
 If God hath dy'd to purchase me?
- 3 Around me clouds of darkness roll,
 In deepest night I still walk on;
Heavily moves my fainting soul,
 My comfort and my God are gone.
- 4 Cheerless and all forlorn I droop;
 In vain I lift my weary eye;
No gleam of light, no ray of hope
 Appears throughout the darken'd sky.
- 5 My feeble knees I bend again,
 My drooping hands again I rear:
Vain is the task, the effort vain,
 My heart abhors the irksome pray'r.
- 6 Oft with thy saints my voice I raise,
 And seem to join the tastless song:
Faintly ascends th' imperfect praise,
 Or dies upon my thoughtless tongue.
- 7 Cold, weary, languid, heartless, dead
 To thy dread courts I oft repair;
By conscience drag'd, or custom led
 I come; nor know that God is there!
- 8 Nigh with my lips to thee I draw,
 Unconscious at thy altar found;
Far off my heart: nor touch'd with awe,
 Nor mov'd—tho' angels tremble round.
- 9 In all I do, myself I feel,
 And groan beneath the wonted load,
Still unrenew'd and carnal still,
 Naked of Christ, and void of God.
- 10 Nor yet the earthly Adam dies,
 But lives, and moves, and fights again,
Still the fierce gusts of passion rise,
 And rebel nature strives to reign.

- 11 Fondly my foolish heart essays
 T' augment the source of perfect bliss,
 Love's all-sufficient sea to raise
 With drops of creature-happiness.
- 12 O love! Thy sov'reign aid impart,
 And guard the gifts thyself hast giv'n:
 My portion thou, my treasure art,
 And life, and happiness, and heav'n.
- 13 Would ought with thee my wishes share,
 Tho' dear as life the idol be,
 The idol from my breast I'll tear,
 Resolv'd to seek my all from thee.
- 14 Whate'er I fondly counted mine,
 To thee, my Lord, I here restore:
 Gladly I all for thee resign:
 Give me thyself, I ask no more!

Hymns and Sacred Poems (London: Strahan, 1739), 147-150.

4

John xvi. 24.

“Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full.”

- 1 Rise my soul with ardor rise,
 Breathe thy wishes to the skies;
 Freely pour out all thy mind,
 Seek, and thou art sure to find;
 Ready art thou to receive?
 Readier is thy God to give.
- 2 Heavenly Father, Lord of all,
 Hear, and shew thou hear'st my call;
 Let my cries thy throne assail
 Entering now within the veil:
 Give the benefits I claim—
 Lord, I ask in Jesu's name!
- 3 Friend of sinners, King of saints,
 Answer my minutest wants,
 All my largest thoughts require,
 Grant me all my heart's desire,
 Give me, till my cup run o'er,
 All, and infinitely more.
- 4 Meek and lowly be my mind,
 Pure my heart, my will resign'd!
 Keep me dead to all below,
 Only Christ resolv'd to know,
 Firm and disengag'd and free,
 Seeking all my bliss in thee.

- 5 Suffer me no more to grieve
Wanting what thou long'st to give,
Shew me all thy goodness, Lord,
Beaming from th' incarnate Word,
Christ, in whom thy glories shine,
Efflux of the light divine.
- 6 Since the Son hath made me free,
Let me taste my liberty,
Thee behold with open face,
Triumph in thy saving grace,
Thy great will delight to prove,
Glory in thy perfect love.
- 7 Since the Son hath bought my peace,
Mine thou art, as I am his:
Mine the Comforter I see,
Christ is full of grace for me:
Mine (the purchase of his blood)
All the plenitude of God.
- 8 Abba, Father! Hear thy child
Late in Jesus reconcil'd!
Hear, and all the graces shower,
All the joy, and peace, and pow'r,
All my Saviour asks above,
All the life and heaven of love.
- 9 Lord, I will not let thee go,
Till THE BLESSING thou bestow:
Hear my advocate divine;
Lo! To his my suit I join:
Join'd to his it cannot fail—
Bless me, for I will prevail!
- 10 Stoop from thy eternal throne,
See, thy promise calls thee down!
High and lofty as thou art,
Dwell within my worthless heart!
Here a fainting soul revive;
Here for ever walk and live.
- 11 Heavenly Adam, life divine,
Change my nature into thine:
Move and spread throughout my soul,
Actuate and fill the whole:
Be it I no longer now,
Living in the flesh, but thou.
- 12 Holy Ghost, no more delay,
Come, and in thy temple stay;
Now thy inward witness bear
Strong and permanent, and clear;
Spring of life, thyself impart,
Rise eternal in my heart!

Hymns and Sacred Poems (London: Strahan, 1739), 219-221.

5

The Life of Faith, Exemplified in the Eleventh Chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews.

Verses XXXV, XXXVI, XXXVII.

- 1 Others, as in a furnace try'd,
With strength of passive grace endu'd,
Tortures, and deaths thro' faith defy'd,
Thro' faith resisted unto blood.
- 2 Earth they beheld with gen'rous scorn,
On all its proffer'd goods look'd down,
High on a fiery chariot borne,
They lost their life to keep their crown.
- 3 Secure a better life to find,
The path of varied death they trod,
Their souls triumphantly resign'd,
And died into the arms of God.
- 4 The prelude of contempt they found,
A spectacle to fiends and men;
Cruelly mock'd, and scourg'd, and bound,
'Till death shut up the bloody scene.
- 5 Or stoned, they glorified their Lord,
Or joy'd, asunder sawn, t' expire,
Or rush'd to meet the slaught'ring sword,
Or triumph'd in the tort'ring fire.

Hymns and Sacred Poems (London: Strahan, 1740), 18-19.

6

The Same [Looking unto Jesus].

- 1 God of love, incline thine ear!
Christ my King,
Haste and bring
Thy salvation near.
- 2 Thee my restless soul requires;
Restless till
Thou fulfill
All its large desires.
- 3 Only thou to me be given;
Thou be mine,
I resign
All in earth and heaven.
- 4 Jesus, come, my sickness cure;
Shew thine art,
Cleanse a heart
Full of thoughts impure.
- 5 Painfully it now aspires
To be free,

- Full of thee,
Full of hallow'd fires.
- 6 Lo, I tread on deaths and snares,
Sinking still
Into ill,
Plung'd in griefs and cares.
- 7 When, O when wilt thou appear?
O draw nigh!
Say, "'Tis I;"
And I will not fear.
- 8 Hasten, hasten the glad hour,
Come and be
Unto me
Health, and love, and power.
- 9 Christ, my life, my inward heaven,
Thro' the whole
Of my soul
Spread thy little leaven.
- 10 Make me to the end endure;
Let me feel
Love the seal:
Love shall make it sure.
- 11 Love, thine image love restore:
Let me love,
Hence remove,
And be seen no more.

Hymns and Sacred Poems (London: Strahan, 1740), 22-4.

7

The Means of Grace.

- 1 Long have I seem'd to serve thee, Lord,
With unavailing pain;
Fasted, and pray'd, and read thy word,
And heard it preach'd, in vain.
- 2 Oft did I with th' assembly join,
And near thine altar drew;
A form of godliness was mine,
The pow'r I never knew.
- 3 To please thee thus (at last I see)
In vain I hoped, and strove:
For what are outward things to thee,
Unless they spring from love?

- 4 I see the perfect law requires
Truth in the inward parts,
Our full consent, our whole desires,
Our undivided hearts.
- 5 But I of *means* have made my boast,
Of *means* an idol made,
The spirit in the letter lost,
The substance in the shade.
- 6 I rested in the outward law,
Nor knew its deep design;
The length and breadth I never saw,
And heighth of love divine.
- 7 Where am I now, or what my hope?
What can my weakness do?
JESU! To thee my soul looks up,
'Tis thou must make it new.
- 8 Thine is the work, and thine alone—
But shall I idly stand?
Shall I the written rule disown,
And slight my God's command?
- 9 Wildly shall I from thine turn back,
A better path to find;
Thy holy ordinance forsake,
And cast thy words behind?
- 10 Forbid it, gracious Lord, that I
Should ever learn thee so!
No—let *me* with thy word comply,
If I thy love would know.
- 11 Suffice for me, that thou, my Lord,
Hast bid me fast, and pray:
Thy will be done, thy name ador'd;
'Tis only mine t' obey.
- 12 Thou bid'st me search the sacred leaves,
And taste the hallow'd bread:
The kind commands my soul receives,
And longs on thee to feed.
- 13 Still for thy loving kindness, Lord,
I in thy temple wait,
I look to find thee in thy word,
Or at thy table meet.
- 14 Here, *in thine own appointed ways*,
I wait to learn thy will:
Silent I stand before thy face,
And hear thee say, "*Be still!*"

- 15 “Be still—and know that I am GOD!”
 ’Tis all I live to know,
 To feel the virtue of thy blood,
 And spread its praise below.
- 16 I wait my vigour to renew,
 Thine image to retrieve,
 The veil of outward things pass thro’,
 And gasp in thee to live.
- 17 I work; and own the labour vain:
 And *thus* from works I cease:
 I strive and see my fruitless pain,
 Till God create my peace.
- 18 Fruitless, till thou thyself impart,
 Must all my efforts prove:
 They cannot change a sinful heart,
 They cannot purchase love.
- 19 I do the thing thy laws enjoin,
 And *then* the strife give o’er:
 To thee I *then* the whole resign:
 I *trust* in means no more.
- 20 I trust in him who stands between
 The Father’s wrath and me:
 JESU! Thou great eternal mean,
 I look for all from thee.
- 21 Thy mercy pleads, thy truth requires,
 Thy promise calls thee down:
 Not for the sake of my desires—
 But Oh! Regard thine own!
- 22 I seek no motive out of thee:
 Thine own desires fulfil:
 If now thy bowels yearn on me,
 On me perform thy will.
- 23 Doom, if thou canst, to endless pains,
 And drive me from thy face:
 But if thy stronger love constrains,
 Let me be *sav’d by grace*.

Hymns and Sacred Poems (London: Strahan, 1740), 35-9.

8

Waiting for Christ.

- 1 Unchangeable, Almighty Lord,
 The true, and merciful, and just,
 Be mindful of thy gracious word,
 Wherein thou causest me to trust.

- 2 My weary eyes look out in vain,
And long thy saving health to see:
But known to thee is all my pain:
When wilt thou come, and comfort me!
- 3 Prisoner of hope, to thee I turn,
Thee my strong hold, and only stay:
Harden'd in grief, I ever mourn:
Why do thy chariot-wheels delay?
- 4 But shall thy creature ask thee why?
No; I retract the eager prayer:
Lord, as thou wilt, and not as I;
I cannot chuse; thou canst not err.
- 5 To thee, the only wise, and true,
See then at last I all resign;
Make me in Christ a creature new,
The manner, and the time be thine.
- 6 Only preserve my soul from sin,
Nor let me faint for want of thee:
I'll wait till thou appear *within*,
And plant thy heaven of love in me.

Hymns and Sacred Poems (London: Strahan, 1740), 40.

9

Upon Parting with His Friends.

[Part] I.

- 1 Cease, foolish heart, thy fond complaints,
Nor heave with unavailing sighs,
Equal is God to all thy wants,
The hungry soul himself supplies.
Gladly thy every wish resign;
Thou canst not want, if God is thine.
- 2 Stop this full current of thy tears,
Or pour for sin th' ennobled flood:
Look up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
Or fear to lose a gracious God:
To him, thy only rest, return;
In vain for him thou canst not mourn.
- 3 Still vex'd and troubled is my heart?
Still wails my soul the penal loss?
Ling'ring I groan with all to part,
I groan to bear the grievous cross;
The grievous cross I fain would fly,
Or sink beneath its weight, and die.

- 4 Sad soothing thought! To lose my cares,
 And silently resign my breath!
 Cut off a length of wretched years,
 And steal an unsuspected death;
 Now to lay down my weary head,
 And lift it—free among the dead!
- 5 When will the dear deliv'rance come?
 Period of all my pain and strife!
 O that my soul, which gasps for home,
 Which struggles in the toils of life,
 Ease, and a resting place could find,
 And leave this world of woe behind!
- 6 O that the bitterness were past,
 The pain of life's long ling'ring hour!
 While snatch'd from passion's furious blast,
 And sav'd from sorrow's baleful pow'r,
 I mock the storm, out-ride the wave,
 And gain the harbour of the grave.
- 7 Bless'd, peaceful state! Where, lull'd to sleep,
 The suff'rer's woes shall all be o'er!
 There plaintive grief no more shall weep,
 Remembrance there shall vex no more;
 Nor fond excess, nor pining care,
 Nor loss, nor parting shall be there!

Hymns and Sacred Poems (London: Strahan, 1740), 49-50.

10

[Part] II.

- 1 O holy, holy, holy Lord!
 Righteous in all thy ways art thou!
 I yield and tremble at thy word,
 Beneath thy mighty hand I bow,
 I own, while humbled in the dust,
 I own the punishment is just.
- 2 Joy of my eyes the creature was;
 Desired;—but O! Desir'd for thee!
 Why feel I then th' imbitter'd loss?
 Late in thy judgment's light, I see
 Whom now thy stroke hath far remov'd,
 I lov'd—alas! Too dearly lov'd!
- 3 And can I see my comfort gone,
 (My all of comfort here below)
 And not allow a parting groan,
 And not permit my tears to flow?
 Can I forbear to mourn and cry?
 No—let me rather weep and die.

- 4 Dear, lovely, gracious souls, to me
 Pleasant your friendliness has been;
 So strange your love, from dross so free,
 The fountain in the stream was seen;
 From heaven the pure affection flow'd,
 And led, from whom it sprang, to God.
- 5 To him thro' earth-born cares ye pass,
 To him your loosen'd souls aspire:
 Glory to God's victorious grace!
 O could I catch the sacred fire,
 Your shining steps from far pursue,
 And love, and weep, and part like you.
- 6 Partners of all my griefs and joys,
 Help me to cast on God my care,
 To make his will my only choice,
 Away the dear right eye to tear,
 The wise decree with you t' adore,
 To trust, submit, and grieve no more.
- 7 O let your prayers the Saviour move,
 In love my spirit to renew!
 O could I taste the Saviour's love,
 Gladly I then should part with you;
 My all triumphantly resign,
 And lodge you in the arms divine.

Hymns and Sacred Poems (London: Strahan, 1740), 50-51.

11

[Part] IV.

- 1 How shall I lift my guilty eyes,
 Or dare appear before thy face?
 When deaf to mercy's loudest cries,
 I long have wearied out thy grace,
 Withstood thy power, and cross'd thy art,
 Nor heard, "My son, give me thy heart?"
- 2 How could I, Lord, hold out so long,
 So long thy striving Spirit grieve!
 Forgive me the despiteful wrong:
 Behold, my all for thee I leave,
 The whole, the whole I here restore,
 And fondly keep back part no more.
- 3 Lo! I cut off the dear right hand,
 Asham'd I should so late obey,
 Pluck out my eye at thy command,
 And cast the bleeding orb away;
 Lo, with my last reserve I part,
 I give, I give thee all my heart.

- 4 My heart, my will I here resign,
 My life, my more than life for thee:
 Take back my friends, no longer mine;
 Bless'd be the love that lent them me:
 Bless'd be the kind, revoking word,
 Thy will be done, thy name ador'd!
- 5 Henceforth thy only will I chuse,
 To Christ I die, to Christ I live;
 Had I a thousand lives to lose,
 Had I a thousand friends to give,
 All, all I would to thee restore,
 And grieve that I could give no more.

Hymns and Sacred Poems (London: Strahan, 1740), 53-4.

12

Matthew v. 3, 4, 6.

- 1 Jesu, if still the same thou art,
 If all thy promises are sure,
 Set up thy kingdom in my heart,
 And make me rich, for I am poor:
 To me be all thy treasures given,
 The kingdom of an inward heaven.
- 2 Thou hast pronounced the mourner blest,
 And lo! For thee I ever mourn:
 I cannot; no! I will not rest,
 Till thou my only rest return,
 Till thou, the Prince of Peace, appear,
 And I receive the Comforter.
- 3 Where is the blessedness bestow'd
 On all that hunger after thee?
 I hunger now, I thirst for God!
 See, the poor, fainting sinner see,
 And satisfy with endless peace,
 And fill me with thy righteousness.
- 4 Ah Lord!—If thou art in that sigh,
 Then hear thyself within me pray.
 Hear in my heart thy Spirit's cry,
 Mark what my lab'ring soul *would* say,
 Answer the deep, unutter'd groan,
 And shew that thou and I are one.
- 5 Shine on thy work, disperse the gloom,
 Light in thy light I then shall see:
 Say to my soul, "Thy light is come,
 Glory divine is ris'n on thee,
 Thy warfare's past, thy mourning's o'er:
 Look up, for thou shalt weep no more."

6 Lord, I believe the promise sure,
And trust thou wilt not long delay;
Hungry, and sorrowful, and poor,
Upon thy word myself I stay;
Into thy hands my all resign,
And wait—till all thou art is mine!

Hymns and Sacred Poems (London: Strahan, 1740), 65-6.

13

The Resignation.

- 1 And wilt thou yet be found?
And may I still draw near?
Then listen to the plaintive sound
Of a poor sinner's prayer.
Jesu, thine aid afford,
If still the same thou art;
To thee I look, to thee, my Lord,
Lift up an helpless heart.
- 2 Thou seest my tortur'd breast,
The strugglings of my will,
The foes that interrupt my rest,
The agonies I feel:
The daily death I prove,
Saviour, to thee is known:
'Tis worse than death, my God to love,
And not my God alone.
- 3 My peevish passions chide,
Who only canst controul,
Canst turn the stream of nature's tide,
And calm my troubled soul.
O my offended Lord,
Restore my inward peace:
I know thou canst: pronounce the word,
And bid the tempest cease.
- 4 Abate the purging fire,
And *draw* me to my good;
Allay the fever of desire,
By sprinkling me with blood.
I long to see thy face,
Thy Spirit I implore,
The living water of thy grace,
That I may thirst no more.
- 5 When shall thy love constrain,
And force me to thy breast?
When shall my soul return again
To her eternal rest?

- Ah! What avails my strife,
My wand'ring to and fro?
Thou hast the words of endless life,
Ah! Whither should I go?
- 6 Thy condescending grace
To me did freely move:
It calls me still to seek thy face,
And stoops to ask my love.
- Lord, at thy feet I fall,
I groan to be set free,
I fain would now obey the call,
And give up all for thee.
- 7 To rescue me from woe,
Thou didst with all things part,
Didst lead a suffering life below,
To gain my worthless heart:
- My worthless heart to gain,
The God of all that breathe
Was found in fashion as a man,
And died a cursed death.
- 8 And can I yet delay
My little all to give,
To tear my soul from earth away,
For Jesus to receive?
- Nay, but I yield, I yield!
I can hold out no more,
I sink by dying love compell'd,
And own thee Conqueror.
- 9 Tho' late, I all forsake,
My friends, my life resign,
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take
And seal me ever thine.
- Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove,
Settle, and fix my wav'ring soul,
With all thy weight of love.
- 10 My one desire is this,
Thy only love to know,
To seek and taste no other bliss,
No other good below.
- My life, my portion thou,
Thou all-sufficient art,
My hope, my heavenly treasure now,
Enter, and keep my heart.

11 Rather than let it burn
For earth, O quench its heat,
Then, when it would to earth return,
O let it cease to beat.

Snatch me from ill to come,
When I from thee would fly,
O take my wand'ring spirit home,
And grant me then to die!

Hymns and Sacred Poems (London: Strahan, 1740), 76-9.

14

Micah vi. 6, &c.

- 1 Wherewith, O God, shall I draw near,
And bow myself before thy face?
How in thy purer eyes appear?
What shall I bring to gain thy grace?
- 2 Will gifts delight the Lord most high?
Will multiplied oblations please?
Thousands of rams his favour buy,
Or slaughter'd hecatombs appease?
- 3 Can these assuage the wrath of God?
Can these wash out my guilty stain?
Rivers of oil, and seas of blood!
Alas! They all must flow in vain.
- 4 Shall I my darling Isaac give,
Whate'er is dearest in my eyes?
Wilt thou my soul and flesh receive
A holy, living sacrifice?
- 5 Whoe'er to thee themselves approve,
Must take the path thy word hath shew'd,
Justice pursue, and mercy love,
And humbly walk by faith with God.
- 6 But tho' my life henceforth be thine,
Future for past can ne'er atone;
Tho' I to thee the whole resign,
I only give thee back thine own.
- 7 My hand performs, my heart aspires:
But thou my works hast wrought in me;
I render thee thine own desires,
I breathe what first were breath'd from thee.
- 8 What have I then wherein to trust?
I nothing have, I nothing am:
Excluded is my every boast,
My glory swallow'd up in shame.

- 9 Guilty I stand before thy face;
 I feel on me thy wrath abide:
 'Tis just the sentence should take place:
 'Tis just—but O! Thy Son hath died!
- 10 Jesus, the Lamb of God, hath bled,
 He bore our sins upon the tree,
 Beneath our curse he bow'd his head,
 'TIS FINISH'D! He hath died for me!
- 11 For me, I now believe he died!
 He made my every crime his own,
 Fully for me he satisfied:
 Father, well pleased behold thy Son!
- 12 See where before the throne he stands,
 And pours the all-prevailing prayer,
 Points to his side, and lifts his hands,
 And shews that I am graven there.
- 13 He ever lives for me to pray;
 He prays, that I with him may reign:
 Amen to what my Lord doth say!
 Jesu, thou canst not pray in vain.

Hymns and Sacred Poems (London: Strahan, 1740), 88-90.

15

Christ Our Redemption.

[1 Corinthians i. 30.]

- 1 Thee, O my great Deliverer, thee
 My ransom I adore:
 Thy death from hell hath set me free,
 And I am damn'd no more.
- 2 In thee I sure redemption have,
 The pardon of my sin;
 Thy blood I find mighty to save;
 Thy blood hath made me clean.
- 3 I feel the power of Jesu's name,
 It breaks the captive's chain;
 And men oppose, and fiends exclaim,
 And sin subsists in vain.
- 4 Redeem'd from sin, its guilt, and power
 My soul in faith defies:
 But O! I wait the welcome hour,
 When this frail body dies.
- 5 Come thou, my dear Redeemer, come,
 Let me my life resign,
 O take thy ransom'd servant home,
 And make me wholly thine.

6 Fully redeem'd I fain would rise
In soul and body free,
And mount to meet thee in the skies,
And ever reign with thee.

Hymns and Sacred Poems (London: Strahan, 1740), 98-9.

16

At Lying Down.

- 1 How do thy mercies close me round!
For ever be thy name ador'd!
I blush in all things to abound;
The servant is above his Lord.
- 2 Enur'd to poverty and pain,
A suffering life my Master led,
The Son of God, the Son of man,
He had not where to lay his head.
- 3 But lo! A place he hath prepar'd
For me, whom watchful angels keep,
Nay, he himself becomes my guard,
He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.
- 4 Jesus protects; my fears be gone!
What can the Rock of Ages move?
Safe in thy arms I lay me down,
Thy everlasting arms of love!
- 5 While thou art intimately nigh,
Who, who shall violate my rest?
Sin, earth, and hell I now defy,
I lean upon my Saviour's breast.
- 6 I rest beneath th' Almighty's shade;
My griefs expire, my troubles cease;
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is staid,
Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.
- 7 Me for thine own thou lov'st to take,
In time, and in eternity;
Thou never, never wilt forsake
An helpless worm that trusts in thee.
- 8 Wherefore in confidence I close
My eyes, for thine are open still;
My spirit lull'd in calm repose,
Waits for the counsels of thy will.
- 9 After thy likeness let me rise,
If here thou will'st my longer stay,
Or close in mortal sleep my eyes,
To open them in endless day.

10 Still let me run, or end my race;
I cannot chuse, I all resign;
Contract or lengthen out my days;
Come life, come death; for Christ is mine.

Hymns and Sacred Poems (London: Strahan, 1740), 129-131.

Charles included this hymn in a later manuscript selection for family use: 'Evening Hymn', *MS Family*, 4-5 (Maddox). Charles Wesley altered singular to plural – 'we all resign' (Lunn).

17

Another [Universal Redemption].

- 1 Father, whose hand on *all* bestows
Sufficiency of saving grace,
Whose universal love o'erflows
The whole of Adam's fallen race;
- 2 Within no narrow bounds confin'd,
The vast, unfathomable sea
Swells, and embraces all mankind—
For, O my God, it reach'd to *me*!
- 3 If I could hear thy quick'ning call,
Then all *may* seek, and find thee too;
Surely thou loving art to all,
And I stand forth to prove it true.
- 4 Was there a man thou *doom'st* to die,
How justly then might I despair!
For who so vile a wretch as I?
For who so bold his God to dare?
- 5 Was there a single soul *decreed*
Thy unrelenting hate to know,
Then I were he—and well might dread
The horrors of eternal woe.
- 6 But O in vain the tempter tries
To shake the Rock that ne'er shall move;
My stedfast soul his power defies,
Secure in this, that God is love.
- 7 Whoe'er admits; my soul disowns
The image of a *tort'ring* God,
Well-pleas'd with human shrieks and groans,
A fiend, a Molock gorg'd with blood!
- 8 Good God! That any child of thine,
So *horribly* should think of thee!
Lo! All my hopes I here resign,
If *all may* not find grace with *me*.

9 If fury can in thee have place,
Empty it on my helpless head,
Cut off, exclude *me* from thy grace,
Unless for *all* the Saviour bled.

10 If *all may* not thy mercy claim,
On *me* the vengeful bolt let fall,
Take back *my* interest in the Lamb,
Unless the victim died for all.

Hymns and Sacred Poems (London: Strahan, 1740), 134-5.

18

[Luke xv. 21.]

“Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.”

1 When I was a little child,
O what sweetness did I prove!
Then on me my Father smil’d,
Clasp’d me in the arms of love;
Bore me all my infant days,
Gently by his Spirit led,
Dandled me upon his knees,
Made me on his promise feed.

2 But alas! I soon rebell’d,
Would not cast on him my care,
Swell’d with pride, with passion swell’d,
I could neither fall, nor err.
I was strong and able grown,
I could for myself provide,
I had wisdom of my own:
Let the weaker seek a guide.

3 When to him I would not look,
Griev’d and hardly forc’d away,
Me my guide at length forsook,
Me my Father left to stray.
Angrily he hid his face:
Careless of his smile or frown,
I pursued my evil ways,
Frowardly in sin went on.

4 Back recall’d, I know not how,
Father, I my folly mourn:
If thou art my Father now,
Now assist me to return.
Freely my backslidings heal,
Once again become my guide,
Save me from my wayward will,
Empty me of self and pride.

- 5 Thou who all my ways hast seen,
 Since I would from thee depart,
 Suffer me no more to lean
 To my own deceitful heart.
 O repair my grievous loss,
 Comfort to my soul restore:
 Once a little child I was:
 Lift me up to fall no more.
- 6 Give me back my innocence,
 Give me back my filial fears,
 Humble, loving confidence,
 Praying sighs, and speaking tears.
 Weak and helpless may I be,
 To thy only will resign'd,
 Ever hanging upon thee,
 Simple, ignorant, and blind.
- 7 Abba Father! Hear my cry,
 Look upon thy weeping child,
 Weeping at thy feet I ly,
 Kiss me, and be reconcil'd:
 Take me up into thine arms,
 Let me hang upon thy breast,
 Hide me there secure from harms,
 Lull my sorrowing soul to rest.

Hymns and Sacred Poems (London: Strahan, 1740), 147-9.

19

In Temptation.

- 1 Where, my soul, is now thy boast?
 Where the sense of sin forgiven?
 Destitute, tormented, lost,
 Down the stream of nature driven,
 Crush'd by sin's redoubled load;
 Where, my soul, is now thy God!
- 2 Far from me my God is gone,
 All my joys with him are fled,
 Every comfort is withdrawn,
 Peace is lost, and hope is dead;
 Sin, and only sin I feel,
 Pride, and lust, and self, and hell.
- 3 Did I then my soul deceive?
 Rashly claim a part in thee?
 Did I, Lord, in vain believe,
 Falsely hope thou diedst for me?
 Must I back my hopes restore,
 Trust thou diedst for me no more.

- 4 No—I never will resign
 What of thee by faith I know;
 Never cease to call thee mine,
 Never will I let thee go;
 Be it I my soul deceive,
 Yet I will, I will believe.
- 5 Tho' I groan beneath thy frown,
 Hence I will not cannot fly;
 Tho' thy justice cast me down,
 At thy mercy-seat I ly;
 Let me here my sentence meet,
 Let me perish at thy feet!

Hymns and Sacred Poems (London: Strahan, 1740), 152-3.

20

[Habakkuk ii. 4.]

“The just shall live by faith.”

- 1 Come hither all, who serve the Lord,
 Who fear and tremble at his word,
 Hear me his loving-kindness tell;
 Hear what he for my soul hath done,
 And look to prove it in your own;
 Expect his promis'd love to feel.
- 2 Come hither, all ye slaves of sin,
 Ye beasts without, and fiends within,
 Glad tidings unto all I shew;
 Jesus's grace for all is free;
 Jesus's grace hath found out me,
 And now he offers it to you.
- 3 Dead in the midst of life I was;
 Unconscious of my Eden's loss,
 Long did I in the graves remain,
 A fallen spirit, dark, and void,
 Unknowing, and unknown of God,
 I felt not, for I hugg'd, my chain.
- 4 He call'd: I answer'd to his call,
 Confess'd my state, and mourn'd my fall,
 And strove, and groan'd to be renew'd:
 With gradual horror then I saw
 The nature of the fiery law,
 But knew not then a Saviour's blood.
- 5 For ten long, legal years I lay
 An helpless, tho' reluctant prey
 To pride, and lust, and earth, and hell:
 Oft to repentance vain renew'd,
 Self-confident for hours I stood,
 And fell, and griev'd, and rose, and fell.

- 6 I fasted, read, and work'd, and pray'd,
 Call'd holy friendship to my aid,
 And constant to the altar drew;
 'Tis there, I cried, he *must* be found!
 By vows, and new engagements bound,
 All his commands I now shall do.
- 7 Soon as the trying hour return'd,
 I sunk before the foes I scorn'd,
 My firm resolves did all expire:
 Why hath the law of sin prevail'd?
 Why have the bonds of duty fail'd?
 Alas, the tow hath touch'd the fire.
- 8 Hardly at last I all gave o'er,
 I sought to free myself no more,
 Too weak to burst the fowler's snare;
 Baffled by twice ten thousand foils,
 I ceas'd to struggle in the toils,
 And yielded to a just despair.
- 9 'Twas then my soul beheld from far
 The glimmering of an orient star,
 That pierc'd and chear'd my nature's night;
 Sweetly it dawn'd, and promis'd day,
 Sorrow, and sin it chas'd away,
 And open'd into glorious light.
- 10 With other eyes I now could see
 The Father reconcil'd to me,
 Jesus the just had satisfied:
 Jesus had made my sufferings his,
 Jesus was now *my* righteousness;
 Jesus for *me* had liv'd and died.
- 11 From hence the Christian race I ran,
 From hence the fight of faith began:
 O 'tis a good, but painful fight!
 When heaviness o'erwhelms the soul,
 When clouds and darkness round me roll,
 And hide the Saviour from my sight.
- 12 Convinc'd my work was but begun,
 How did I strive, and grieve, and groan,
 Half yielded, yet refus'd to yield!
 Tempted to give my Saviour up,
 Deny my Lord, abjure my hope,
 And basely cast away my shield.
- 13 My enemies and friends were join'd,
 God's children with the world's combin'd
 To shake my confidence in God:
 Strongly they urg'd me to disclaim
 My weaker title to the Lamb,
 My interest in th' atoning blood.

- 14 So frail, impure, and weak, could I
 Presume for *me* he deign'd to die,
 For *me* so cold, so void of love!
 Jesu! They bid me thee resign,
 They would not have me call thee mine,
 Till the whole power of faith I prove.
- 15 What have I known since thee I knew!
 What trials hast thou brought me thro'!
 Hardly I yet can credit give:
 Surely, my soul, 'tis all a dream;
 Saved as by fire (if sav'd) I seem,
 If still the life of grace I live!
- 16 What have I felt, while torn within,
 Full of the energy of sin,
 Horror to think, and death to tell!
 The Prince of Darkness rul'd his hour,
 Suffer'd to shew forth all his power,
 And shake me o'er the mouth of hell.
- 17 But O! His tyranny is o'er!—
 How shall my rescu'd soul adore
 Thy strange, thy unexampled grace!
 A brand pluck'd from the fire I am!—
 O Saviour, help me to proclaim,
 Help me to shew forth all thy praise.
- 18 Fain would I spread thro' earth abroad
 The goodness of my loving God,
 And teach the world thy grace to prove.
 Unutterably good thou art!
 Read, Jesu, read my panting heart,
 Thou seest it pants to break with love!
- 19 I only live to find thee there:
 The mansion for thyself prepare,
 In love anew my heart create:
 The mighty change I long to feel:
 For this my vehement soul stands still,
 Restless—resign'd—for this I wait.
- 20 I know, my struggling nought avails,
 My strength, and foolish wisdom fails,
 Vain is my toil, and vain my rest:
 Only before thy feet I lay,
 The potter thou, and I the clay,
 Thy will be done, thy will is best.
- 21 I need not urge my eager plea,
 The blood of sprinkling speaks for me,
 Jesus for me vouchsafes t' appear,
 For me before the throne he stands,
 Points to his side, and lifts his hands,
 And shews that I am graven there!

22 Suffice it, Lord, I now believe:
To thee my ransom'd soul I give,
Hide it, till all life's storms be o'er:
O keep it safe against that day!
Thou ever liv'st for me to pray:
Thy prayer be heard, I ask no more.

Hymns and Sacred Poems (London: Strahan, 1740), 161-5.

21

A Funeral Hymn, for a Scholar, or Other Young Person.

- 1 Vain man, of mortal parents born,
Know thou art born to die!
How frail our state, how short our life!
How full of misery!
- 2 As flowers from mother-earth we rise,
A fading bloom we spread:
As soon we waste and pass away
Among th' unnumber'd dead.
- 3 As shadows glide o'er hills and dales,
And yet no tracks appear;
So swift we vanish hence; our souls
Have no abiding here.
- 4 The mourners go about the streets
With solemn steps, and slow;
Thus must it be for you and me,
To the same home we go.
- 5 So teach us, Lord, to number out
Our life's uncertain days,
We timely may our hearts apply
To heav'nly wisdom's ways.
- 6 O holy Lord! O mighty God!
When we resign our breath,
Then save us from the bitter pains
Of everlasting death.

Collection of Psalms and Hymns (London: Strahan, 1741), 52.

22

[VIII.]

- 1 Father of Jesus Christ the just,
My friend and advocate with thee,
If I have sinn'd, in him I trust
Who ever lives to pray for me:
Behold the Lamb! For me he bleeds,
For me his great attonement pleads!

- 2 For all the sins of all mankind
 He once a perfect offering made,
 For all his precious life resign'd,
 For all a bleeding ransom paid:
 He bow'd his head upon the tree:
 'Tis finish'd! He hath died for me!
- 3 This last, and every sin of mine,
 Did he not in his body bear?
 Was it not purg'd with blood divine?
 Behold the bond hangs cancell'd there!
 'Tis nail'd to the accursed wood,
 'Tis blotted out with Jesu's blood.
- 4 The sin on him which was not laid,
 For which he hath not satisfied,
 Punish it, Father, on my head,
 Here let it with thy wrath abide:
 But if he paid my utmost pain,
 Thou canst not ask the debt again.
- 5 Lo! In the gap my surety stands,
 To turn away thy vengeful ire!
 Am I not written on his hands?
 What can thy justice more require?
 No other sacrifice I seek;
 Thou hear'st the blood of sprinkling speak.
- 6 It speaks me justified from all
 My sins in thought, or word, or deed:
 It speaks my soul redeem'd from thrall,
 From sin and Satan's prison freed;
 It speaks into my heart a power,
 Which makes me more than conqueror.
- 7 Father, behold thy favourite Son,
 And hear him for his murderer pray:
 The face of thine anointed one,
 I know, thou canst not turn away:
 I leave my cause to him, and thee,
 Give me the thing he asks for me!

Hymns on God's Everlasting Love; To Which is Added the Cry of a Reprobate and the Horrible Decree (Bristol: Farley, 1741), 17-8.

23

The Promise of Sanctification. Ezekiel XXXVI. 25, &c.

- 1 God of all power, and truth, and grace,
 Which shall from age to age endure;
 Whose word, when heaven and earth shall pass,
 Remains, and stands for ever sure:
- 2 Calmly to thee my soul looks up,
 And waits thy promises to prove;

- The object of my stedfast hope,
The seal of thine eternal love.
- 3 That I thy mercy may proclaim,
That all mankind thy truth may see,
Hallow thy great and glorious name,
And perfect holiness in me.
- 4 Chose from the world if now I stand
Adorn'd in righteousness divine;
If brought into the promis'd land
I justly call the Saviour mine:
- 5 Perform the work thou hast begun,
My inmost soul to thee convert;
Love me, for ever, love thine own,
And sprinkle with thy blood my heart.
- 6 Thy sanctifying Spirit pour
To quench my thirst, and wash me clean;
Now, Father, let the gracious shower
Descend, and make me pure from sin.
- 7 Purge me from every sinful blot;
My idols all be cast aside.
Cleanse me from every evil thought,
From all the filth of self and pride.
- 8 Give me a new, a perfect heart,
From doubt, and fear, and sorrow free,
The mind which was in Christ impart,
And let my spirit cleave to thee.
- 9 O take this heart of stone away,
(Thy rule it doth not, cannot own)
In me no longer let it stay;
O take away this heart of stone.
- 10 The hatred of my carnal mind
Out of my flesh at once remove;
Give me a tender heart, resign'd
And pure, and fill'd with faith and love.
- 11 Within me thy good Spirit place,
Spirit of health, and love, and power,
Plant in me thy victorious grace,
And sin shall never enter more.
- 12 Cause me to walk in Christ my way,
And I thy statutes shall fulfil;
In every point thy law obey,
And perfectly perform thy will.

- 13 Hast thou not said, who canst not lie,
That I thy law shall keep and do?
Lord, I believe, tho' men deny.
They all are false, but thou art true.
- 14 O that I now from sin releas'd
Thy word might to the utmost prove!
Enter into the promis'd rest,
The Canaan of thy perfect love!
- 15 There let me ever, ever dwell;
Be thou my God, and I will be
Thy servant: O set to thy seal;
Give me eternal life in thee.
- 16 From all remaining filth within,
Let me in thee salvation have,
From actual, and from inbred sin
My ransom'd soul persist to save.
- 17 Wash out my old orig'nal stain;
Tell me no more, It cannot be,
Demons, or men! The Lamb was slain,
His blood was all pour'd out for me.
- 18 Sprinkle it, Jesu, on my heart!
One drop of thy all-cleansing blood
Shall make my sinfulness depart,
And fill me with the life of God.
- 19 Father, supply my every need;
Sustain the life thyself hast given.
Call for the corn, the living bread,
The manna that comes down from heav'n.
- 20 The gracious fruits of righteousness,
Thy blessings unexhausted store
In me abundantly increase,
Nor let me ever hunger more.
- 21 Let me no more in deep complaint
"My leanness, O my leanness," cry,
Alone consum'd with pining want
Of all my Father's children I!
- 22 The painful thirst, the fond desire,
Thy joyous presence shall remove,
While my full soul doth still require
Thy whole eternity of love.
- 23 Holy, and true, and righteous Lord,
I wait to prove thy perfect will,
Be mindful of thy gracious word,
And stamp me with thy Spirit's seal.

- 24 Thy faithful mercies let me find,
 In which thou causest me to trust;
 Give me the meek and lowly mind,
 And lay my spirit in the dust.
- 25 Shew me how foul my heart hath been,
 When all renew'd by grace I am,
 When thou hast emptied me of sin,
 Shew me the fulness of my shame.
- 26 Open my faith's interior eye:
 Display thy glory from above,
 And all I am shall sink, and die,
 Lost in astonishment and love.
- 27 Confound, o'erpower me with thy grace!
 I would be by myself abhor'd,
 (All might, all majesty, all praise,
 All glory be to Christ my Lord!)
- 28 Now let me gain perfection's height!
 Now let me into nothing fall!
 Be less than nothing in thy sight,
 And feel that Christ is all in all.

Charles Wesley, 'The Promise of Sanctification.' In John Wesley's *Christian Perfection, a Sermon* (London: Strahan, 1741), 44-8.

24

Hymn IX.

- 1 Holy, and just, and gracious God,
 Still wilt thou let thy foes blaspheme
 Their Saviour's all-attoning blood,
 And say, "'Twas only shed for them.
- 2 "For them, and not for all mankind,
 The Saviour of the world was given,
 Millions of souls he cast behind,
 And only mock'd with hopes of heaven.
- 3 "To damn the world, and not to save
 The Father sent his only Son,
 That none but they might pardon have,
 They,—the *whole world* of them alone.
- 4 "He willeth *not* that all should come
 To faith, and heaven thro' saving grace,
 He reprobated from the womb
 The *most* of Adam's helpless race.
- 5 "He willeth" (so they judge their God)
 "That most should perish in their fall,
 He left them welt'ring in their blood,
 And mocks them with a fruitless call.

- 6 “Bids all men every where repent,
And he to all his life will give;”
He *bids* them all; but never *meant*
That any reprobate should live.
- 7 “No: to be sav’d he made them not,”—
Them to be damn’d he therefore made.
No medium here can human thought
Find out, tho’ help’d with Satan’s aid.
- 8 “God, ever merciful and just,
With new-born babes did Tophet fill,
Down into endless torments thrust,
Merely to shew his sovereign will.”
- 9 This is that HORRIBLE DECREE!
This is that wisdom from beneath!
God (O detest the blasphemy!)
Hath pleasure in the sinner’s death.
- 10 Horror of horrors! Spawn of hell!
It issues from the burning pit!
Come, see the fiend ye love so well,
Who blindly to his sway submit.
- 11 See him dragg’d out to open light,
And judge him by the written word,
Then let him sink to endless night,
Slain by the Spirit’s two-edg’d sword.
- 12 If reason can arrest his doom,
Make haste, produce your strongest plea,
Ye potsherds of the earth, presume
To disunite the Trinity,
- 13 “Since God might justly let *all* die,
And leave *all* to eternal woe,
Might he not justly *some* pass by?”
The wounds of Jesus answer NO!
- 14 His wrath he might on all have shewn,
Had not his law been satisfy’d;
But now he *cannot* pass by one,
He *cannot*—for his Son hath died.
- 15 The Mediator stands between
An angry God, and guilty race,
The blood of sprinkling speaks for men,
Justice appeas’d gives way to grace.
- 16 God was in Christ, and all mankind
Now to himself hath reconcil’d,
The Lamb his precious life resign’d,
He died; and rigid justice smil’d.

- 17 'Tis finish'd! Thou hast bought our peace!
 Jesus, the sound of Jesu's name,
 Makes all our guilty terrors cease,
 For God and Jesus are the same.
- 18 Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
 The world's offence thy body bore,
 Thou all the mighty debt hast paid,
 And God the just can ask no more.
- 19 Before thou hadst the debt laid down,
 He might have left us all to hell,
 But now he cannot pass by one,
 Since thou hast died for all that fell.
- 20 Lord, we forget thou once didst take
 Our sin, and all our curse remove,
 O'erlook thy passion, when we make
 Thy justice swallow up thy love.
- 21 Lord, we forget thy dying groans,
 That thou for all hast tasted death,
 For all th' unjust hast suffer'd once:
 "Forgive them," gasp'd thy parting breath.
- 22 Surely thy dying prayer is heard,
 God for thy sake hath all forgiven,
 Grace hath to all mankind appear'd,
 And all *may* follow it to heaven.

Hymns on God's Everlasting Love (London: Strahan, 1742), 26-8.

25

Hymn XI.

- 1 Let earth and heaven agree,
 Angels and men be join'd
 To celebrate with me
 The Saviour of mankind,
 T' adore the all-atoning Lamb,
 And bless the sound of Jesu's name.
- 2 Jesus, transporting sound!
 The joy of earth and heaven!
 No other help is found,
 No other name is given
 By which we can salvation have:
 But Jesus came the world to save.
- 3 Jesus, harmonious name!
 It charms the hosts above;
 They evermore proclaim,
 And wonder at his love?
 'Tis all their happiness to gaze,
 'Tis heaven to see our Jesu's face.

- 4 His name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free;
'Tis musick in his ears,
'Tis life, and victory;
New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.
- 5 Stung by the scorpion sin
My poor expiring soul
The balmy sound drinks in,
And is at once made whole,
See there my Lord upon the tree!
I hear, I feel he died for me.
- 6 For me, and all mankind,
The Lamb of God was slain,
My Lamb his life resign'd
For every soul of man:
Loving to all, he none pass'd by,
He would not have one sinner die.
- 7 O unexampled love,
O all-redeeming grace!
How freely didst thou move
To save a fallen race!
What shall I do to make it known
What thou for all mankind hast done!
- 8 For this alone I breathe
To spread the gospel sound,
Glad tidings of thy death
To all the nations round;
Who all *may* feel thy blood applied,
Since all are freely justified.
- 9 O for a trumpet-voice
On all the world to call,
To bid their hearts rejoice
In him, who died for all!
For all my Lord was crucified,
For all, for all my Saviour died.
- 10 To serve thy blessed will,
Thy dying love to praise,
Thy counsel to fulfil,
And minister thy grace,
Freely what I receive to give,
The life of heaven on earth I live.

Hymns on God's Everlasting Love (London: Strahan, 1742), 31-3.

Hymn XV.

“Why will ye die, O house of Israel.”
Ezek[iel] xviii. 31.

- 1 Sinners turn, why will you die?
God your Maker asks you why?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands,
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die?
- 2 Sinners turn, why will you die?
God your Saviour asks you why?
God, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself that you might live:
Will you let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why
Will you slight his grace, and die?
- 3 Sinners turn, why will you die?
God the Spirit asks you why?
God, who all your lives hath strove,
Woo'd you to embrace his love:
Will you not the grace receive?
Will you still refuse to live?
Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
Will ye grieve your God, and die?
- 4 Dead, already dead within,
Spiritually dead in sin,
Dead to God, while here you breathe,
Pant ye after second death?
Will ye still in sin remain,
Greedy of eternal pain?
O ye dying sinners, why,
Why will you for ever die?
- 5 Let the beasts their breath resign,
Strangers to the life divine,
Who their God can never know,
Let their spirit downward go:
Ye for higher ends were born,
Ye may all to God return,
Live with him above the sky;
Why will you for ever die?
- 6 You, on whom he favours showers,
You, possess'd of nobler powers,
You, of reason's powers possess'd,
You, with will, and mem'ry blest,

- You, with finer sense endu'd,
 Creatures capable of God,
 Noblest of his creatures, why,
 Why will you for ever die?
- 7 You, whom he ordain'd to be
 Transcript of the Trinity,
 You, whom he in life doth hold,
 You, for whom himself was sold,
 You, on whom he still doth wait,
 Whom he would again create,
 Made by him, and purchas'd, why,
 Why will you for ever die?
- 8 You, who own his record true,
 You, his chosen people you,
 You, who call the Saviour Lord,
 You, who read his written word,
 You, who see the gospel-light,
 Claim a crown in Jesu's right,
 Why will you, ye Christians, why
 Will the house of Isr'el die?
- 9 You, his own peculiar race,
 Sharers of his special grace,
 All his grace to you is given,
 You, the favourites of heaven;
 And will you unfaithful prove,
 Trample on his richest love,
 Jesus asks the reason, why,
 Why will you resolve to die?
- 10 What could your Redeemer do,
 More than he hath done for you?
 To procure your peace with God,
 Could he more than shed his blood?
 After all his waste of love,
 All his drawings from above,
 Why will you your Lord deny?
 Why will you resolve to die?
- 11 Will you die, because his grace
 Cannot reach to all the race?
 Life because you cannot have,
 You because he will not save?
 Dare you say he doth not call,
 Doth not offer life to all,
 Doth not ask his creatures, why,
 Why will you resolve to die?
- 12 Saith he what he never meant,
 Calls on all men to repent,
 Calls, while his decree withstands,
 Mocks the work of his own hands!

- Will you die because you must?
 Dare you make your God unjust?
 He would have you live; O why,
 Why will you resolve to die?
- 13 Turn, he cries, ye sinners turn,
 By his life your God hath sworn
 He would have you turn, and live,
 He would all the world receive;
 He hath brought to all the race
 Full salvation by his grace,
 He hath no one soul pass'd by;
 Why will you resolve to die?
- 14 Hath he pleasure in your pain?
 Did he you to death ordain,
 Vow you never should return,
 Damn, or ever you were born?
 If your death were his delight,
 Would he you to life invite,
 Would he ask, obtest, and cry,
 Why will you resolve to die?
- 15 Sinners turn, while God is near,
 Dare not think him insincere:
 Now, ev'n now your Saviour stands,
 All day long he spreads his hands,
 Cries, "Ye will not happy be,
 No, ye will not come to me,
 Me, who life to none deny;
 Why will you resolve to die?"
- 16 Can ye doubt, if God is love?
 If to all his bowels move?
 Will ye not his word receive?
 Will ye not his oath believe?
 See, the suffering God appears!
 Jesus weeps! Believe his tears;
 Mingled with his blood they cry
 Why will you resolve to die?

Hymns on God's Everlasting Love (London: Strahan, 1742), 43-6.

27

Desiring to Love.

- 1 What shall I do my God to love,
 My Saviour, and the world's to praise?
 Whose bowels of compassion move
 To me, and all the fallen race;
 Whose mercy is divinely free
 For all the fallen race, and me.
- 2 I long to know, and to make known
 The heighth and depth of love divine,

- The kindness thou to me hast shewn,
 Whose every sin was counted thine:
 My God for me resign'd his breath,
 He died, to save my soul from death.
- 3 All souls are thine: and thou for all
 The ransom of thy life hast given,
 To raise the sinner from his fall,
 And bring him back to God and heaven,
 Thou all the world hast died to save,
 And all may thy salvation have.
- 4 How shall I thank thee for the grace,
 On me, and all mankind bestow'd!
 O that my every breath were praise,
 O that my heart were fill'd with God!
 My heart would then with love o'erflow,
 And all my life thy glory shew.
- 5 See me, O Lord, athirst and faint,
 Me weary of forbearing see,
 And let me feel thy love's constraint,
 And freely give up all for thee.
 True in the fiery tryal prove,
 And pay thee back thy dying love.

Hymns and Sacred Poems (Bristol: Farley, 1742), 24-5.

28

Psalm li. 10. [BCP]

**“Make me a clean heart, O God,
 and renew a right spirit within me.”**

- 1 O for an heart to praise my God,
 An heart from sin set free!
 An heart that always feels thy blood,
 So freely spilt for me!
- 2 An heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
 My dear Redeemer's throne,
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,
 Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
 Believing, true, and clean,
 Which neither life nor death can part
 From him that dwells within.
- 4 An heart in every thought renew'd,
 And full of love divine,
 Perfect, and right, and pure and good,
 A copy, Lord, of thine.
- 5 Thy tender heart is still the same,
 And melts at human woe:

- Jesu, for thee distrest I am,
I want thy love to know.
- 6 My heart, thou know'st can never rest,
Till thou create my peace,
Till of my Eden repossess,
From self, and sin I cease.
- 7 Fruit of thy gracious lips, on me
Bestow that peace unknown,
The hidden manna, and the tree
Of life, and the white stone.
- 8 Thy nature, dearest Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above,
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love.

Hymns and Sacred Poems (Bristol: Farley, 1742), 30-31.

29

A Poor Sinner.

- 1 How happy is the man
Who sees his misery,
Who ever feels his nature's chain,
Nor murmurs to be free.

Who waits in patient hope,
And languishing for home
With chearful confidence looks up,
And says, My Lord will come.
- 2 He neither hopes nor fears
Evil, or good below,
But sighs for God, and lets his tears
In secret silence flow.

Stript of his joy, he grieves
Quiet, and meek, and still;
The matter to his Father leaves,
And bids him work his will.
- 3 In calm, submissive grief
He suffers his distress,
He cannot snatch undue relief,
Or wish his misery less:

"My Father's will is good,"
(The patient mourner cries)
"He never gives a stone for food,
Or slights his children's sighs."

- 4 O that I thus resign'd
 Might bear my nature's load,
 O that in me were such a mind
 To leave the whole to God!
- With him to trust my cause,
 And quietly endure,
 Till he remove the hallow'd cross,
 And all my sickness cure.
- 5 I would (but thou canst tell)
 I would be humble, Lord,
 My burthen every moment feel,
 And tremble at thy word:
- I would be stript of all,
 And calmly wait thy stay,
 Poor at thy feet, and helpless fall,
 And weep my life away.
- 6 I would be truly still,
 Nor set a time to thee,
 But act according to thy will,
 And speak, and think, and be.
- I would with thee be one,
 And till the grace is given,
 Incessant pray, thy will be done
 In earth, as 'tis in heaven.

Hymns and Sacred Poems (Bristol: Farley, 1742), 37-8.

30

Looking unto Jesus.

- 1 Lamb of God for sinners slain,
 To thee I feebly pray,
 Heal me of my grief and pain,
 O take my sins away.
 From this bondage, Lord, release,
 No longer let me be opprest:
 Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
 And take me to thy breast.
- 2 Hast thou not invited all
 Who groan beneath their sin?
 Weary I obey thy call,
 And come to be made clean:
 Give my burthen'd conscience ease,
 O grant me now the promis'd rest:
 Jesus, Master, [seal my peace,
 And take me to thy breast.]

- 3 Wilt thou cast a sinner out
 Who humbly comes to thee?
 No, my God, I cannot doubt,
 Thy mercy is for me:
 Let me then obtain the grace,
 And be of paradise possest:
 Jesus, Master, [seal my peace,
 And take me to thy breast.]
- 4 Full of pain and sin am I,
 I ever bear my shame,
 Waiting till my Lord pass by,
 And call me by my name:
 Surely now my pain he sees,
 And I shall quickly be releas'd:
 Jesus, Master, [seal my peace,
 And take me to thy breast.]
- 5 Worldly good I do not want,
 Be that to others given,
 Only for thy love I pant,
 My all in earth and heaven;
 This the crown I fain would seize,
 The good wherewith I would be blest:
 Jesus, Master, [seal my peace,
 And take me to thy breast.]
- 6 This delight I fain would prove,
 And then resign my breath,
 Join the happy few, whose love
 Was mightier than death.
 Let it not my Lord displease,
 That I would die to be thy guest;
 Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
 And take me to thy breast.

Hymns and Sacred Poems (Bristol: Farley, 1742), 49-50.

31

Dying Sampson.

[Judges xvi. 30.]

- 1 Where is my strength, my faith, my God,
 My confidence of boasting now!
 Born down by sin's revolting load,
 Beneath its iron yoke I bow,
 Again indignantly I groan;
 My strength, my faith, my God is gone.

- 2 Departed is the Lord from me,
Weak as another man I am,
Spoil'd of my power and liberty
I bear my punishment and shame;
The world their feeble foe despise,
Their god hath put out both mine eyes.
- 3 Into their hands by sin betray'd,
(The sin I cherish'd in my breast)
Low in the deepest dungeon laid,
Fetter'd in brass, by guilt opprest;
A slave to Satan I remain,
And bite, but cannot burst my chain.
- 4 Now to their idol's temple brought,
A sport I am to fiends and men,
They set my helplessness at nought,
They triumph in my toil and pain:
Th' uncircumcis'd lift up their voice,
And Dagon's worshippers rejoice.
- 5 Remember me, O Lord, my God,
If ever I could call thee mine;
Though now I perish in my blood,
And all my hopes of heaven resign,
Yet listen to my latest call,
Nor suffer me alone to fall.
- 6 O cast not out my dying prayer,
Strengthen me with thy Spirit's might
This only once: I pray thee, hear,
Avenge me for my loss of sight,
Avenge it on mine enemies,
For they have put out both mine eyes.
- 7 Blind as I am, with both my hands
The pillars let me feel, and seize
On which the house of Dagon stands,
The pillars of self-righteousness.
'Tis done: with all my might I bow:
Help me, O God, and help me now!
- 8 Now let the pondrous ruin fall,
And crush the world, and Satan's head,
O let it now o'erwhelm us all:
Since I must sink among the dead;
Since I can neither fight nor fly,
Let me with the Philistines die!

Hymns and Sacred Poems (Bristol: Farley, 1742), 57-8.

After a Relapse into Sin.

- 1 Jesu, wherewith shall I draw near,
 What shall I for acceptance bring,
 How in my judge's sight appear
 A rebel 'gainst my God and King!
 Loudly my sins for vengeance cry,
 And justice wills that I should die.
- 2 Summon'd to answer at thy bar,
 I come, but "guilty, guilty" plead!
 Did I not all thy judgments dare?
 On all thy tender mercies tread?
 Death's sentence justly I receive,
 I am not worthy, Lord, to live.
- 3 Then let me every good resign,
 And give my forfeit blessings back;
 My gifts and blessings were not mine,
 Thou, only thou, the glory take:
 I might have heard thy frequent call,
 I might have stood, tho' now I fall.
- 4 Long did thy loving Spirit strive,
 To win me over to my good;
 The spark of grace was kept alive,
 For years amidst temptation's flood:
 I now have sinn'd it all away,
 And ended is my gracious day.
- 5 An alien from the life divine,
 The covenant of promis'd grace,
 Saviour, no more I call thee mine;
 An outcast from thy blissful face,
 Without or faith, or joy, or hope
 I give (but must I give) thee up!
- 6 Yes: with my shield of faith I part,
 My hope is lost in just despair,
 Love is not in my stony heart,
 It cannot be, while sin is there;
 My vain pretensions sin disproves;
 He cannot sin who Jesus loves.
- 7 No choice, endeavour, or desire,
 Motion, or will have I to turn;
 Extinguish'd is the trembling fire,
 Which once in me began to burn:
 What have I now whereof to boast?
 My all is gone, my God is lost.

- 8 See then the sinner stript of all,
 A foe, and hater of his God,
 Despairing, self-condemn'd I fall,
 Of every spark of goodness void;
 I cannot now for mercy groan,
 Or offer thee an heart of stone.
- 9 My mouth is stopt, and guilty now,
 Before my judge I am become,
 Lo! At thy judgment-seat I bow,
 O God of love, pronounce my doom,
 And if thy yearning heart permit,
 Now, Saviour, slay me at thy feet!

Hymns and Sacred Poems (Bristol: Farley, 1742), 58-60.

33

At Waking.

- 1 Giver, and guardian of my sleep,
 To praise thy name I wake,
 Still, Lord, thy helpless servant keep
 For thy own mercy's sake.
- 2 The blessing of another day
 I thankfully receive:
 O may I only thee obey,
 And to thy glory live.
- 3 Vouchsafe to keep my soul from sin,
 Its cruel power suspend,
 Till all this strife and war within
 In perfect peace shall end.
- 4 O respite me from self and pride,
 Curb, and keep down my will,
 My appetites and passions chide,
 And bid the sea be still.
- 5 Upon me lay thy mighty hand,
 My words and thoughts restrain,
 Bow my whole soul to thy command,
 Nor let my faith be vain.
- 6 Prisoner of hope, I wait the hour
 Which shall salvation bring,
 When all I am shall own thy power,
 And call my Jesus King.
- 7 Thou wilt, I stedfastly believe,
 Thou wilt the captive free,
 Freedom, full, perfect freedom give,
 And more than victory.

- 8 Tho' now to every sin inclin'd,
 I shall be as thou art,
 Lowly as thine shall be my mind,
 And meek and pure my heart.
- 9 Anger, and lust thou wilt expel,
 And pride by stronger grace,
 They can in me no longer dwell,
 When Jesus fills the place.
- 10 Thy presence, Lord, the place shall fill,
 My heart shall be thy throne,
 Thy holy, just, and perfect will
 Shall in my flesh be done.
- 11 I thank thee for the future grace,
 And now in hope rejoice,
 In confidence to see thy face,
 And always hear thy voice:
- 12 I have the things I ask of thee,
 What shall I more require?
 That still my soul may restless be,
 And only thee desire.
- 13 Or let me (if I more would have)
 This last desire submit,
 And lye, till thou seest good to save,
 Expecting at thy feet.
- 14 Thy only will be done, not mine,
 But make me, Lord, thy home,
 Come *when* thou wilt, I that resign,
 But O! My Jesus, come!

Hymns and Sacred Poems (Bristol: Farley, 1742), 87-9.

34

The Good Samaritan.

[Luke x. 30, etc.]

- 1 Woe is me! What tongue can tell
 My sad afflicted state!
 Who my anguish can reveal,
 Or all my woe relate!
 Fallen among thieves I am,
 And they have robb'd me of my God,
 Turn'd my glory into shame,
 And left me in my blood.
- 2 God was once my glorious dress,
 And I like him did shine,
 Satan of his righteousness
 Hath spoil'd this soul of mine;

- By the mortal wound of sin
 'Twixt God and me the parting made:
 Dead in Adam, dead within,
 My soul is wholly dead.
- 3 I have lost the life divine,
 And when this outward breath
 To the giver I resign,
 Must die the second death.
 Naked, helpless, stript of God,
 And at the latest gasp I lie:
 Who beholds me in my blood,
 And saves me e'er I die?
- 4 Lo! The priest comes down in vain,
 And sees my sad distress,
 Sees the state of fallen man,
 But cannot give me ease:
 Patriarchs and prophets old
 Observe my wretched, desp'rate case,
 Me expiring they behold,
 But leave me as I was.
- 5 Lo! The Levite me espies,
 And stops to view my grief,
 Looks on me, and bids me rise,
 But offers no relief:
 All my wounds he open tears,
 And searches them, alas! In vain,
 Fill'd with anguish, griefs, and fears,
 He leaves me in my pain.
- 6 O thou Good Samaritan,
 In thee is all my hope,
 Only thou canst succour man,
 And raise the fallen up:
 Hearken to my dying cry,
 My wounds compassionately see,
 Me a sinner pass not by
 Who gasp for help to thee.
- 7 Still thou journey'st where I am,
 And still thy bowels move,
 Pity is with thee the same,
 And all thy heart is love:
 Stoop, to a poor sinner stoop,
 And let thy healing grace abound,
 Heal my bruises, and bind up
 My spirit's every wound.
- 8 Saviour of my soul draw nigh,
 In mercy haste to me,
 At the point of death I lie,
 And cannot come to thee:

- Now thy kind relief afford,
The wine and oil of grace pour in,
Good Physician, speak the word,
And heal my soul of sin.
- 9 Pity to my dying cries
Hath drawn thee from above,
Hovering over me with eyes
Of tenderness and love:
Now, ev'n now I see thy face,
The balm of Gilead I receive,
Thou hast sav'd me by thy grace,
And bad the sinner live.
- 10 Surely now the bitterness
Of second death is past:
O my life, my righteousness
On thee my soul is cast;
Thou hast brought me to thine inn,
And I am of thy promise sure,
Thou shalt cleanse me from all sin;
And all my sickness cure.
- 11 Perfect then the work begun,
And make the sinner whole,
All thy will on me be done,
My body, spirit, soul:
Still preserve me safe from harms,
And kindly for thy patient care,
Take me, Jesu, to thy arms,
And keep me ever there.

Hymns and Sacred Poems (Bristol: Farley, 1742), 101-3.

35

Groaning for Redemption Part III.

- 1 Omniscient, omnipresent King,
The true, and merciful, and just,
To thee my last distress I bring,
To thee my desperate cause I trust,
I give my fond complainings o're,
I set my God a time no more.
- 2 My time, O God, is in thine hand,
Thou know'st my feebleness of soul,
Able thou art to make me stand,
Thou canst this moment speak me whole,
Or keep me thus till my last hour,
To shew forth all thy saving power.

- 3 I leave it all to thee alone,
 Thy counsellor I cannot be,
 To thee thy every work is known,
 And secret things belong to thee,
 Thy manner, and thy time is best:
 But let me enter into rest.
- 4 The hireling longeth for his hire,
 The watcher for the break of day,
 But, O my restless heart's desire,
 Let me not murmur at thy stay;
 Be stopt my mouth, and fail my tongue,
 But let thy Spirit groan, *How long!*
- 5 The thing thou dost I know not now,
 But I shall know hereafter, Lord,
 To thy dread sovereign will I bow,
 Thy will be done, thy name ador'd,
 Act for the glory of thy name:
 Lo! In thy gracious hands I am.
- 6 Act for thine own, and Sion's sake,
 And let thy will in me be done;
 If but one soul may comfort take
 By hearing me so deeply groan,
 Still let me all my burthen feel,
 And groan, and weep, and suffer still.
- 7 If but one tempted soul may find
 Relief by my afflicted state,
 I would be patient, and resign'd,
 Still in the iron furnace wait;
 Still let the sin, the grief, the pain,
 The thorn in my weak flesh remain.
- 8 Still let my bleeding heart be torn,
 If other bleeding hearts it chear,
 Disconsolate for thee I mourn,
 My nature's cross consent to bear,
 To languish for my Lord's delay,
 And weep a thousand lives away.

Hymns and Sacred Poems (Bristol: Farley, 1742), 107-8.

36

A Funeral Hymn.

(Used first for Mrs. Elizabeth Hooper.)

- 1 Come, to the house of mourning come,
 The house of serious, solemn joy,
 Let us, till all are taken home,
 Our lives in songs of praise employ.

- 2 Accomplish'd is our sister's strife,
Her happier soul is gone before,
Her struggle for eternal life,
Her glorious agony is o'er.
- 3 The captive exile is releas'd,
Is with her Lord in paradise,
Of perfect paradise possest,
And waiting for the heavenly prize:
- 4 In her no spot of sin remain'd,
To shake her confidence in God,
The victory here she more than gain'd,
Triumphant thro' her Saviour's blood.
- 5 She now the fight of faith hath fought,
Finish'd and won the Christian race,
She found on earth the Lord she sought,
And now beholds him face to face.
- 6 She died in sure and stedfast hope,
By Jesus wholly sanctified,
Her perfect spirit she gave up,
And sunk into his arms, and died.
- 7 Thus may we all our parting breath
Into the Saviour's hands resign—
O Jesu! Let me die her death,
And let her latter end be mine!

Hymns and Sacred Poems (Bristol: Farley, 1742), 124-5.

37

Another [A Funeral Hymn].

[1] **Thess[alonians] iv. 13, &c.**

- 1 Let the world lament their dead,
As sorrowing without hope,
When a friend of ours is freed,
We chearfully look up,
Cannot murmur or complain,
For our dead we cannot grieve,
Death to them, to us is gain;
In Jesus we believe.
- 2 We believe, that Christ our head
For us resign'd his breath,
He was numbred with the dead,
And dying conquer'd death;
Burst the barriers of the tomb:
Death could him no longer keep,
He is the first-fruits become
Of those in him that sleep.

- 3 God, who him to life restor'd,
 Shall all his members raise,
 Bring them quicken'd with their Lord,
 The children of his grace.
 We who then on earth remain,
 Shall not sooner be brought home,
 All the dead shall rise again
 To meet the general doom.
- 4 Jesus, faithful to his word,
 Shall with a shout descend,
 All heaven's host their glorious Lord
 Shall pompously attend:
 Christ shall come with dreadful noise,
 Lightnings swift, and thunders loud,
 With the great archangel's voice,
 And with the trump of God.
- 5 First the dead in Christ shall rise,
 Then we who yet remain
 Shall be caught up to the skies,
 And see our Lord again;
 We shall meet him in the air,
 All rapt up to heaven shall be,
 See, and love, and praise him there,
 To all eternity.
- 6 Who can tell the happiness
 This glorious hope affords,
 Joy unutter'd we possess
 In these reviving words;
 Happy while on earth we breathe,
 Mightier bliss ordain'd to know,
 Trampling upon sin and death
 To the third heaven we go.

Hymns and Sacred Poems (Bristol: Farley, 1742), 127-8.

38

For the Spirit of Prayer.

- 1 Father, in the mighty name
 Of thy well-beloved Son,
 One of all thy gifts I claim,
 All my wants I speak in one,
 Let me for the promise stay,
 Only give me power to pray.
- 2 Sensible delights on me,
 Peace or joy if thou bestow,
 Thankful I receive from thee,
 Or let all my comforts go,
 Take thy other gifts away;
 Only give me power to pray.

- 3 See thy poor afflicted child,
 Patient, and resign'd in pain,
 Let me wander o'er the wild,
 Never more will I complain,
 Here forever let me stay,
 Only give me power to pray.
- 4 Let the pangs that fill my breast
 Fully all to thee be known,
 Griefs that cannot be exprest
 Let me tell thee in a groan,
 Haste to help me, or delay,
 Only give me power to pray.
- 5 Grant me comfort, or deny,
 Visit, or from me depart,
 Only let thy Spirit cry,
 Abba Father, in my heart;
 Abba Father, would I say,
 Only give me power to pray.

Hymns and Sacred Poems (Bristol: Farley, 1742), 151-2.

39

Submission.

- 1 When, my Saviour, shall I be
 Perfectly resign'd to thee!
 Poor, and vile in my own eyes,
 Only in thy wisdom wise—,
 Only thee content to know,
 Ignorant of all below,
 Only guided by thy light,
 Only mighty in thy might.
- 2 Take my nature's strength away,
 Every comfort, every stay,
 Every hindrance of thy love,
 All *my* power to act or move,
 Fain I would be truly *still*,
 Fain I would be without will,
 Simple, innocent, and free,
 Free from all that is not thee.
- 3 Weaken, bring me down to nought,
 Captivate my every thought,
 Take the future from my view,
 All thy love intends to do;
 Let me to thy goodness leave
 When, and what thou art to give,
 All thy works to thee are known,
 Let thy blessed will be done.

- 4 Is it not enough that I
 Now can "Abba Father" cry?
 I am now a child of God,
 Bought, and sprinkled with thy blood?
 Lord, it doth not yet appear,
 What I surely shall be here,
 When thou shalt unfold the word:
 Only make me as my Lord.
- 5 So I may thy Spirit know,
 Let him as he listeth blow,
 Let the manner be unknown,
 So I may with thee be one.
 Fully in my life express
 All the heights of holiness,
 Sweetly in my spirit prove
 All the depths of humble love.

Hymns and Sacred Poems (Bristol: Farley, 1742), 152-3.

40

A Thanksgiving.

- 1 O God of my salvation hear
 And help a sinner to draw near
 With boldness to the throne of grace:
 Help me thy benefits to sing,
 And smile to see me feebly bring
 My humble sacrifice of praise.
- 2 I cannot praise thee as I would,
 But thou art merciful, and good;
 I know, thou never wilt despise
 The day of small and feeble things,
 But bear me till on eagle's wings
 To all the heights of love I rise.
- 3 I thank thee for that gracious taste,
 (Which pride would not permit to last)
 That touch of love, that pledge of heav'n:
 Surely on me my Father smil'd,
 And once I knew him reconcil'd,
 And once I felt my sins forgiven.
- 4 My Lord and God I then could see,
 My Saviour, who had died for me,
 To bring the rebel near to God:
 Thou didst, thou *didst*, thy peace impart,
 Pardon was written on my heart
 In largest characters of blood.

- 5 When I had forfeited my peace,
My manners in the wilderness,
 Infinite love, how didst thou bear!
Thou wouldst not give the sinner up,
My heart retain'd a feeble hope,
 And could not, durst not yet despair.
- 6 Assail'd with doubt, and fear, and grief,
I stagger'd oft thro' unbelief,
 Yet still thou wouldst not let me yield,
When stronger souls their Lord denied,
And fell in heaps on every side,
 I never cast away my shield.
- 7 Vilest of all the sons of men,
When I to folly turn'd again,
 And sinn'd against thy light and love,
Grace did much more than sin abound,
Amaz'd I still forgiveness found,
 And thank'd my Advocate above.
- 8 Saviour, for this I thank thee now,
My Saviour to the utmost thou
 Hast snatch'd me from the gates of hell,
That I to all mankind may prove
Thy free, thy everlasting love,
 Which all mankind with me may feel.
- 9 The boundless love that found out me,
For every soul of man is free,
 None of thy mercy need despair;
Patient, and pitiful, and kind
Thee every soul of man may find,
 And freely sav'd thy grace declare.
- 10 A vile, backsliding sinner I
Ten thousand deaths deserve to die,
 Yet still by sovereign grace I live,
Saviour, to thee I still look up,
I see an open door of hope,
 And wait thy fulness to receive.
- 11 How shall I thank thee for the grace,
The trust I have to see thy face,
 When sin shall all be purg'd away!
The night of doubts and fears is past,
The Morning-Star appears at last,
 And I shall see thy perfect day.
- 12 I soon shall hear thy quickning voice,
Shall always pray, give thanks, rejoice,
 (This is thy will, and faithful word)
My spirit meek, my will resign'd,
Lowly as thine shall be my mind,
 The servant shall be as his Lord.

- 13 Already, Lord, I feel thy power,
 Preserv'd from evil every hour,
 My great preserver I proclaim;
 Safety and strength in thee I have,
 I find, I find thee strong to save,
 And know that Jesus is thy name.
- 14 By faith I every moment stand,
 Strangely upheld by thy right-hand
 I my own wickedness eschew,
 A sinner I am kept from sin;
 And thou shalt make me pure within,
 And thou shalt form my soul anew.
- 15 I thank thee, whose atoning blood
 Each moment interceeds with God,
 Sprinkling my every word and thought;
 God hears thy blood for mercy cry,
 And passes all my follies by;
 He sees, but he imputes them not.
- 16 I sin in every breath I draw,
 Nor do thy will, nor keep thy law
 On earth as angels do above:
 But still the fountain open stands,
 Washes my feet, and head, and hands,
 Till I am perfected in love.
- 17 Come then, and loose, my stammering tongue,
 Teach me the new, the joyful song,
 And perfect in a babe thy praise:
 I want a thousand lives t' employ
 In publishing the sounds of joy!
 The gospel of thy general grace.
- 18 Come, Lord; thy Spirit bids thee come,
 Give me thyself, and take me home,
 Be now the glorious earnest given,
 The counsel of thy grace fulfil,
 Thy kingdom come, thy perfect will
 Be done on earth, as 'tis in heaven.

Hymns and Sacred Poems (Bristol: Farley, 1742), 168-171.

41

“He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it.”
 [Matthew x. 39.]

- 1 Be it according to thy word!
 This moment let it be,
 O that I now, my dearest Lord,
 Might lose my life for thee!

- 2 Now, Jesu, let thy powerful death
 Into my being come,
Slay the old Adam with thy breath,
 The man of sin consume.
- 3 Whate'er I have, or can, or am,
 I now would fain resign,
And lose my nature, and my name,
 O God, to purchase thine.
- 4 Withhold whate'er my flesh requires,
 Poison my pleasant food,
Spoil my delights, my vain desires,
 My all of creature-good.
- 5 My old affections mortify,
 Nail to the cross my will,
Daily, and hourly bid me die,
 Or altogether kill.
- 6 Passion, and appetite destroy,
 Tear, tear this pride away,
And all my boast, and idle joy,
 And all my nature slay.
- 7 Jesu, my life, appear within,
 And bruise the serpent's head,
Enter my soul, extirpate sin,
 Cast out the cursed seed.
- 8 Thou wilt, I know, thou wilt appear,
 And end this inward strife,
Thy harbinger proclaims thee near,
 And death makes way for life.
- 9 Hast thou not made me willing, Lord?
 Would I not die this hour?
Then speak the killing, quickening word,
 Slay, raise me by thy power.
- 10 Slay me, and I in thee shall trust,
 With thy dead men arise,
Awake, and sing from out the dust,
 Soon as this nature dies.
- 11 O let it now make haste to die,
 The mortal wound receive;
So shall I live; and yet not I,
 But Christ in me shall live.
- 12 Be it according to thy word,
 This moment let it be,
The life I lose for thee my Lord,
 I find again in thee.

Hymns and Sacred Poems (Bristol: Farley, 1742), 215-6.

**“Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus.”
[Philippians ii. 5.]**

- 1 Jesu, shall I never be
Firmly grounded upon thee?
Never by thy work abide,
Never in thy wounds reside!
- 2 Oh! How wavering is my mind,
Tost about with every wind!
Oh! How quickly doth my heart
From the living God depart!
- 3 Easily I fall away,
Never am I at one stay;
Strong in faith I seem this hour,
Stript the next of all my power.
- 4 Faith is lost in unbelief,
Joy is swallow'd up of grief:
Hope, my latest hope expires,
God, my angry God, retires.
- 5 Vanishing out of my sight,
Jesus leaves me sunk in night;
Where shall I my Jesus find,
Helpless I, and dark, and blind?
- 6 Seek, O seek me, Lord, again,
Let not all thy gifts be vain,
Comfort to my soul restore,
Come, and never leave me more.
- 7 Jesu, let my nature feel
Thou art God unchangeable:
JAH, JEHOVAH, great I AM,
Speak into my soul thy name.
- 8 Fruit that I may bear, ordain;
That my fruit may still remain,
Make my heart, and keep it true,
After God my soul renew.
- 9 Grant, that every moment I
May believe, and feel thee nigh,
Stedfastly behold thy face,
'Stablish'd with abiding grace.
- 10 Plant, and root, and fix in me
All the mind that was in thee:
Settled peace I then shall find;
Jesu's is a quiet mind.
- 11 When it doth in me appear,
I shall nothing covet here.
I shall cast the world behind;
Jesu's is an heavenly mind.

- 12 Then th' accursed lust of praise
 Shall in me no more have place;
 Pride no more my soul shall bind;
 Jesu's is an humble mind.
- 13 Anger I no more shall feel,
 Always quiet, always still;
 Meekly on my God reclin'd;
 Jesu's is a gentle mind.
- 14 I shall suffer, and fulfil
 All my Father's gracious will,
 Be in all alike resign'd;
 Jesu's is a patient mind.
- 15 When 'tis deeply rooted here,
 Perfect love shall cast out fear;
 Fear doth servile spirits bind;
 Jesu's is a noble mind.
- 16 When I feel it fixt within,
 I shall have no power to sin;
 How should sin an entrance find?
 Jesu's is a spotless mind.
- 17 I shall nothing know beside
 Jesus, and him crucified;
 I shall all to him be join'd;
 Jesu's is a loving mind.
- 18 I shall triumph evermore,
 Gratefully my God adore,
 God so good, so true, so kind;
 Jesu's is a thankful mind.
- 19 Lowly, loving, meek, and pure
 I shall to the end endure,
 Be no more to sin inclin'd;
 Jesu's is a constant mind.
- 20 I shall fully be restor'd
 To the image of my Lord,
 Witnessing to all mankind,
 Jesu's is a PERFECT mind.

Hymns and Sacred Poems (Bristol: Farley, 1742), 221-3.

43

Another [A Prayer for Labourers].

- 1 Jesu, thy wand'ring sheep behold!
 See, Lord, with yearning bowels see
 Poor souls, that cannot find the fold,
 Till sought, and gather'd in by thee.

- 2 Lost are they now, and scatter'd wide,
In pain, and weariness, and want,
With no kind shepherd near to guide
The sick, and spiritless, and faint.
- 3 Thou, only thou the kind, and good,
And sheep-redeeming shepherd art,
Collect thy flock, and give them food,
And pastors after thine own heart.
- 4 Give the pure word of general grace,
And great shall be the preachers' crowd,
Preachers, who all the sinful race
Point to the all-atoning blood.
- 5 Open their mouth, and utterance give,
Give them a trumpet-voice to call
A world, who all may turn and live
Thro' faith in him that died for all.
- 6 In every messenger reveal
The grace they preach divinely free,
That each may by thy Spirit tell
"He died for all, who died for me."
- 7 A double portion from above,
Of that all-quick'ning Spirit impart,
Shed forth thine universal love
In every faithful pastor's heart.
- 8 Thy only glory let them seek,
O let their hearts with love o'erflow,
Let them believe, and therefore speak,
And spread thy mercy's praise below.
- 9 Mercy for all, be all their song,
Mercy which every soul may claim,
Mercy which doth to all belong,
Mercy for all in Jesu's name.
- 10 To thee for all men lifted up,
O let them still their witness bear,
And shouting from the mountain-top,
The Saviour of the world declare.
- 11 "He willeth not the sinner's death,
He died for all, he none pass'd by,
Since we would now resign our breath,
For every soul of man would die."

Hymns and Sacred Poems (Bristol: Farley, 1742), 283-4.

**“Unto the angel of the church of Ephesus write.”
Revelation ii. 1, &c.**

- 1 O thou that dost the churches bear,
The stars in thy right-hand uphold,
Who walkest now with jealous care
Amidst the candlesticks of gold;
- 2 Poor, guilty, abject worms to thee
In our declining state we call,
See, thy degenerate people, see,
Nor let our tottering Sion fall.
- 3 Our works of faith thou once didst know,
Our patient hope, and labouring love:
We would not bear thy Romish foe,
We dared that Antichrist reprove.
- 4 We tried him by the written word,
Thro' all his snares and fetters broke,
As Satan's *successor* abhor'd
And cast away his iron yoke.
- 5 Him, and his god, and sin, and death
We more than conquer'd thro' thy name;
The witnesses resign'd their breath,
And clapt their hands amidst the flame.
- 6 For their dear suffering Saviour's sake,
Immoveable the champions stood,
Nor fainted at the rack, or stake,
But watred all the church with blood.
- 7 Yet O! How quickly, Lord, hast thou
Whereof thy people to reprove
Fallen alas! Thou seest us now,
We now have left our former love.
- 8 Our wine with water mixt, our gold
Is dim, our shipwreck'd faith is dead,
No more our tokens we behold,
Our martyrs all to heaven are fled.
- 9 O could we call to mind the grace,
The glorious grace from which we fell,
Live o'er again the antient days,
And do the works thou lov'st so well!
- 10 O that we might thro' thee repent,
And timely turn to thee, and live!
So should thy grace our doom prevent,
Thou wouldst abundantly forgive.
- 11 Before thou dost in vengeance come,
Our candlestick far off remove,
And fix th' unalterable doom;
O let us weep, believe, and love.

12 Call on us, by thy Spirit call,
Yet once again our church restore,
Shew us thy grace is over all,
And lift us up to fall no more.

Hymns and Sacred Poems (Bristol: Farley, 1742), 284-6.

45

On the Death of Robert Jones, Esq.

But O! What words the mighty joy can paint,
Or reach the raptures of a dying saint!
See there! The dying saint with smiling eyes
A spectacle to men and angels lies!
His soul from every spot of sin set free,
His hope is full of immortality:
To live was Christ to him, and death is gain;
Resign'd, triumphant in the mortal pain,
He lays his earthly tabernacle down
In confidence to grasp the starry crown,
Sav'd to the utmost *here* by Jesu's grace,
"I *here*," he cries, "have seen his glorious face."

Elegy on the Death of Robert Jones, Esq. of Fonmon Castle in Glamorganshire, South Wales (Bristol: Farley, 1742), 23, lines 481-492.

46

After the Death of a Friend.

[Part I.]

- 1 O happy soul, thy work is done,
Thy fight is fought, thy course is run,
And thou art now at rest:
Thou here wast perfected in love,
Thou now art join'd to those above,
And numbred with the blest.
- 2 Thy sun no more goes down by night,
Thy moon no more withdraws its light;
Those blessed mansions shine
Bright with an uncreated flame,
Full of the glories of the Lamb,
Th' eternal light divine.
- 3 Our state if parted spirits know,
Thou pitiest now thy friends below
In this dark vale of tears,
Who still beneath our burthen groan,
Or griev'd with sorrows not our own,
Are living out our years.
- 4 Secure of the celestial prize,
Thou waitest now in paradise

- Till we are all convey'd
 By angels to our endless rest,
 Of thine and Jesu's joy possest,
 In Jesu's bosom laid.
- 5 O when shall I be taken home!
 O that my latest change were come
 For which I wait in pain!
 Weary of life thro' inbred sin!
 Speak Jesu, speak the sinner clean,
 Nor let my faith be vain.
- 6 O bid me live in thee and die:
 Why Saviour, let me ask thee, why
 Dost thou so long delay?
 A blessing hast thou not for me?
 O bid me live, and die in thee;
 My Jesus, come away.
- 7 Another and another goes
 Thro' the dark vale to his repose,
 And glad resigns his breath;
 But I alas! Must still remain,
 I cannot break my fleshly chain,
 Or overtake my death.
- 8 I live and suffer all my care,
 The bondage of corruption bear,
 And groan beneath my load,
 Struggles my spirit to get free,
 And pants for immortality,
 And reaches after God.
- 9 But O! My strivings all are vain,
 Inevitable is my pain,
 Incurable my wound,
 Till Jesus ends my inward strife,
 And speaks me into second life,
 And I in Christ am found.
- 10 See then I all at last resign,
 Thy will, O Lord, be done not mine,
 I give my murmurings o'er:
 Do with me now as seems thee meet,
 But let me suffer at thy feet,
 And teach my God no more.

Collection of Moral and Sacred Poems. 3 vols. (Bristol: Farley, 1744),
 261-263.

**After the Death of a Friend.
Part III.**

- 1 A wretched slave of sin, to thee
 Thou sinner's friend, I ever cry,
Pity, and end my misery,
 Forgive, renew, and let me die.
- 2 Ah! Let it not my Lord displease
 That I to thee my wishes breathe;
Hear, Jesus, hear, my soul release,
 And let me find an early death.
- 3 I groan to be redeem'd from sin;
 When shall the dear deliverance come!
Open thine arms, and take me in,
 Receive thy pardon'd exile home.
- 4 Alas for me! Constrain'd to dwell
 Among the horrid sons of night!
Snatch from this neighbourhood of hell,
 Translate me to the realms of light.
- 5 Eager I urge my sole request;
 Wilt thou not, Lord, therewith comply?
Take me into thy people's rest,
 And bid me get me up, and die.
- 6 Impatient for my change I wait,
 For death I sigh, for death I mourn;
Whom thou hast made, again create,
 And let my spirit to God return.
- 7 This vale of tears and misery,
 This earth, I know, is not my place:
O that I were dissolv'd in thee,
 O that I might behold thy face!
- 8 My life to thee I fain would give,
 And be where thou my Saviour art;
Better it is to die than live;
 O speak, and bid my soul depart.
- 9 Receive my soul which gasps for death,
 My soul redeem'd by thy own blood,
And let me now resign my breath,
 And sink into the arms of God!

Collection of Moral and Sacred Poems. 3 vols. (Bristol: Farley, 1744), 265-6. This hymn appears in *MS Thirty*, 80-81 with the following alteration (Lunn):

- 9 Receive a Soul, which gasps for Death,
 A Soul redeem'd by thy own Blood,
And let me now resign my Breath,
 And sink into the Depths of GOD.

**For a Dying Friend.
Part III.**

- 1 Triumphant soul, the hour is come
That calls thee to thy Saviour's breast,
The exile is returning home,
The weary entering into rest,
The angels for their charge attend,
And I must render up my friend.
- 2 My friend, how shall I let thee go,
How can I bear with thee to part!
Dearer than life and all below,
Wound in the fibres of my heart,
With thee my mingled spirits join,
My life is all wrapt up in thine.
- 3 And can I see thee die unmov'd,
In death so full of love to me?
Most loving soul, and most belov'd,
My sister, and my friend I see,
My first concern, my tend'rest care,
My child—the daughter of my prayer.
- 4 Labours for thee my struggling soul,
Thy pangs my bleeding bosom move;
Of complicated passion full,
Pity, and grief, and joy, and love
I feel thy last great agony,
And gasps my soul to die with thee.
- 5 Envious I view that faded cheek,
That cheek with deadly pale o'erspread,
Faulters thy tongue, and fails to speak,
And heaves thy breast, and droops thy head,
Glimmers the lamp of life, and dies—
And I am here to close thine eyes.
- 6 I wait to catch thy parting breath,
And feel the answer of thy prayer;
Bless me, ev'n me, my friend, in death,
And ask that I thy bliss may share,
May soon like thee my life resign;
O let thy latter end be mine!

Collection of Moral and Sacred Poems. 3 vols. (Bristol: Farley, 1744),
280-2.

On the Death of Mrs. Anne Cowper.

- 1 Saviour of all, our thanks receive!
 With thee their righteous spirits live
 Who liv'd and died in thee below:
 Purg'd while they liv'd from every stain,
 Sav'd when they died, from grief and pain,
 And snatch'd out of a world of woe.
- We bless thee for thy tender love,
 Which call'd our friend to joys above,
 And bad her stormy troubles cease;
 She now is harbour'd in thy breast,
 And there the weary are at rest,
 And there she reigns in glorious bliss.
- 2 Long in the mortal toils she lay,
 As hell were swallowing up its prey,
 Expos'd to all th' accuser's power:
 Who can the mystic woe reveal?
 Who can conceive but those that feel
 The darkness of that fiery hour?
- Med'cine prolong'd and edg'd her pains,
 And tore its way thro' all her veins,
 And shook her reason from its seat:
 Held on the rack she *tasted* death,
 And ground between the lion's teeth
 Shriek'd, as he shew'd the yawning pit.
- 3 Conform'd to an expiring God,
 Her spirit sweat his sweat of blood,
 And drank distraction's deepest cup,
 Higher the anguish rose and higher,
 While terribly baptiz'd with fire,
 She fill'd her Lord's afflictions up.
- Did she not to her Father look?
 Her Father still his own forsook,
 And left her bleeding on the tree:
 She sunk beneath her Saviour's load,
 And cried his cry, "My God, my God,
 Ah, why hast thou forsaken me!"
- 4 But ended is the grief unknown,
 'Tis done (ye saints rejoice) 'tis done!
 Her soul is spent in sacrifice!
 In life and death to Jesus join'd,
 Into her Father's hands resign'd
 She meekly bows her head, and dies.

She dies into the world above,
She lives the heavenly life of love,
And the new song of Moses sings;
She sees the God whom saints adore,
Whom angels hymn, and fall before,
And wrap their faces in their wings.

- 5 In rapture lost the heavenly quire
The dear Redeemer's love admire,
Which brought his suffering servant thro',
Loudly they sing his sovereign grace,
Wisdom, and power, and thanks, and praise,
And glory, are our Jesu's due.

This is the soul, with shouts they cry,
That did in Jesus live and die,
And wash'd her garments in his blood,
Thro' much distress, and toil, and pain,
Hither she comes with him to reign,
She stands before the throne of God.

- 6 With all that lov'd the bleeding Lamb,
She stands her great reward to claim,
Adorn'd with palm, and rob'd in white;
Shines with peculiar glories grac'd,
In God's eternal temple plac'd
To serve her Maker day and night.

Surely the high and lofty one
Jehovah sitting on his throne
Among these faithful souls shall dwell:
Their life of pain and want is o'er,
They hunger here, and thirst no more,
Nor heat, nor slightest suffering feel.

- 7 The Lamb that with his Father reigns,
Their happy happy spirits sustains,
With heavenly food delights to fill;
His saints he shall forever feed,
And by the living waters lead,
The springs of joy ineffable.

He now hath wip'd away their tears,
And each bright soul as God appears,
But waits till all are gather'd home:
Till all in one assembly meet,
All earth and heaven the cry repeat
"Come glorious God, to judgment come!"

Collection of Moral and Sacred Poems. 3 vols. (Bristol: Farley, 1744),
285-8.

50

V.

- 1 Lamb of God, we follow thee,
Willing as thou art to be,
Joyful in thy steps to go,
Suffering for thy sake below.
- 2 Taking up our daily cross,
Call'd to shame, and pain, and loss,
Well-contented to sustain
All the rage of cruel man.
- 3 Who thy lovely pattern knows
Cannot force with force oppose,
They that to thy fold belong
Dare not render wrong for wrong.
- 4 Bruis'd by the oppressor's hand
Evil they will ne'er withstand,
All that follow thee are meek,
Taught to turn the other cheek.
- 5 Jesu, in thy gracious power
Lo! We meet the fiery hour,
Calm, dispassionate, resign'd,
Arm'd with all thy patient mind.
- 6 After thee with joy we come
Sheep before our shearers dumb,
Answering not one angry word,
True disciples of our Lord.
- 7 Suffering here we threaten not,
Innocent in word and thought,
Harmless as a wounded dove,
Hatred we repay with love.
- 8 Turn, almighty as thou art,
Turn our persecutors' heart,
Let them to our faith be given,
Let us meet our foes in heaven.

Hymns for Times of Trouble and Persecution (London: Strahan, 1744), 29.

51

XIII.

- 1 And shall we now turn back,
To Satan's conquest yield,
The holy fellowship forsake,
And quit the well-fought field;

- No more with accord sweet
 Our Saviour's love adore,
 And see each other's face, and meet
 In Jesus' name no more!
- 2 We who have counted loss
 For Christ our greatest gain,
 Shall we refuse the crown and cross,
 And suffer all in vain?
 Caught in the tempter's snare,
 Shall we like Demas stop,
 Th' assembling of ourselves forbear,
 And give our brethren up?
- 3 No, never will we part,
 Or place to Satan give,
 But cleave to God with stedfast heart,
 And to each other cleave.
 Strengthen'd by his command,
 We for the faith contend,
 In Jesus' name together stand,
 And suffer to the end.
- 4 In vain the subtle foe
 Allures with proffer'd ease,
 We now his false devices know,
 And scorn his hellish peace:
 Thy faithful servants, Lord,
 We never will resign,
 Or buy the world's good-will and word
 By forfeiture of thine.
- 5 No, in thy strength we say
 To sinners and their god,
 Ye cannot tear our shield away,
 Who trust in Jesus' blood,
 Who to each other cleave,
 Your malice we defy;
 We *will* in Christ together live,
 We *will* together die.

Hymns for Times of Trouble and Persecution (London: Strahan, 1744), 37-8.

52

XVI.

- 1 Lord, we have all forsook
 Thy dying love to know,
 To bear thy light and easy yoke,
 And in thy foot-steps go;

- Pleasure, and goods, and fame,
We gladly have restor'd,
In pain, and poverty, and shame,
Partakers with our Lord.
- 2 Arm'd with thy strength alone,
We still our all resign;
Our lives, which once we call'd our own,
Are not our own, but thine:
Ready we always stand
In thine almighty power,
To yield them up at thy command,
And meet the fiery hour.
- 3 Where is the promise then,
The bliss thou hast prepar'd
For us before the sons of men,
Where is our great reward?
The hundred-fold increase
Of goods, and lands, and friends,
The sweet unutterable peace,
The joy that never ends!
- 4 Surely we *are* possest
Of thee our recompence,
Extacy fills our panting breast,
And pains our aching sense:
What hath the world like this!
The joy which now we know—
'Tis more than joy, or life, or bliss,
'Tis heaven begun below.
- 5 Yet O! We look for more
And mightier joys above,
The fulness of thy heavenly store,
Of thine eternal love:
Glory shall end the strife,
And in these bodies shine;
Jesu, our everlasting life,
Our flesh shall be like thine.
- 6 Chang'd by his mighty love,
We shall be as our Lord,
And sit upon our thrones above,
And bless his just award:
While trembling at the bar,
Devils and tyrants stand,
We shall with him their doom declare,
And shout at his right-hand.
- 7 Then every saint of his
Shall lean upon his breast;
The wicked there from troubling cease,
And there the weary rest:

Our sufferings all are o'er,
Our tears are wip'd away,
We only love, rejoice, adore,
Thro' one eternal day.

- 8 The rivers of delight
That there our souls embrace,
The glorious beatific sight
That veils the angels' face,
The joys ineffable
That from thy presence flow,
The fulness here we cannot tell,
But, Lord, we die to know.

Hymns for Times of Trouble and Persecution (London: Strahan, 1744), 41-2.

53

Hymn XXII.

- 1 Prince of life, for sinners slain,
Grant us fellowship with thee,
Fain we would partake thy pain,
Share thy mortal agony,
Give us now the dreadful power,
Now bring back thy dying hour.
- 2 Place us near th' accursed wood
Where thou didst thy life resign,
Near as once thy mother stood;
Partners of the pangs divine,
Bid us feel her sacred smart,
Feel the sword that pierc'd her heart.
- 3 Surely now the prayer he hears:
Faith presents the crucified!
Lo! The wounded Lamb appears
Pierc'd his feet, his hands his side,
Hangs our hope on yonder tree,
Hangs, and bleeds to death for me!

Hymns on the Lord's Supper (Bristol: Farley, 1745), 18.

54

Hymn CXXIV.

- 1 All hail, Redeemer of mankind!
Thy life on Calvary resign'd
Did fully once for all atone,
Thy blood hath paid our utmost price,
Thine all-sufficient sacrifice
Remains eternally alone:

Angels and men might strive in vain,
They could not add the smallest grain
T' augment thy death's atoning power,
The sacrifice is all-compleat,
The death thou never canst repeat,
Once offer'd up to die no more.

- 2 Yet may we celebrate below,
And daily thus thine offering shew
Expos'd before thy Father's eyes;
In this tremendous mystery
Present thee bleeding on the tree
Our everlasting sacrifice;
- Father, behold thy dying Son!
Ev'n now he lays our ransom down,
Ev'n now declares our sins forgiven:
His flesh is rent, the living way
Is open'd to eternal day,
And lo, thro' him we pass to heaven!

Hymns on the Lord's Supper (Bristol: Farley, 1745), 105.

55

Hymn CXXXIII.

- 1 O thou, who hast our sorrows took,
Who all our sins didst singly bear,
To thy dear, bloody cross we look,
We cast us on thy offering there,
For pardon on thy death rely,
For grace and strength to reach the sky.
- 2 We look on thee our dying Lamb,
On thee whom we have pierc'd, and mourn,
Partakers of thy grief and shame:
Thy anguish hath our bosoms torn,
For us thou didst thy life resign;
Was ever love or grief like thine!
- 3 O what a killing thought is this,
A sword to pierce the faithful heart!
Our sins have slain the Prince of Peace;
Our sins, which caus'd his mortal smart,
With him we vow to crucify;
Our sins which murder'd God shall die!
- 4 By faith we nail them to the tree,
Till not one breath of life remain,
But what we can present to thee,
(To thee whose blood hath purg'd our stain)
Conjoin'd to thy great sacrifice,
Well-pleasing in thy Father's eyes.

- 5 The sav'd and Saviour now agree
In closest fellowship combin'd,
We grieve, and die, and live with thee,
To thy great Father's will resign'd;
And God doth all thy members own
One with thyself, for ever one.

Hymns on the Lord's Supper (Bristol: Farley, 1745), 113-4.

56

Hymn CXLVI.

- 1 Father, if thou willing be,
Then my griefs a while suspend,
Then remove the cup from me,
Or thy strength'ning angel send;
Would'st thou have me suffer on?
Father, let thy will be done.
- 2 Let my flesh be troubled still,
Fill'd with pain or sore disease,
Let my wounded spirit feel
Strong, redoubled agonies,
Meekly I my will resign,
Thine be done, and only thine.
- 3 Patient as my great high-priest
In his bitterness of pain,
Most abandon'd and distrest,
Father, I the cross sustain;
All into thy hands I give,
Let me die or let me live.
- 4 Following where my Lord hath led,
Thee I on the cross adore,
Humbly bow like him my head,
All thy benefits restore,
Till my spirit I resign
Breath'd into the hands divine.

Hymns on the Lord's Supper (Bristol: Farley, 1745), 123-4.

57

Hymn CLVI.

- 1 All glory and praise
To the antient of days,
Who was born, and was slain to redeem a lost race.
- 2 Salvation to God,
Who carried our load,
And purchas'd our lives with the price of his blood.

- 3 And shall he not have
The lives which he gave
Such an infinite ransom forever to save.
- 4 Yes, Lord, we are thine,
And gladly resign
Our souls to be fill'd with the fulness divine.
- 5 We yield thee thine own,
We serve thee alone,
Thy will upon earth as in heaven be done.
- 6 How, when it shall be
We cannot foresee;
But Oh! Let us live, let us die unto thee!

Hymns on the Lord's Supper (Bristol: Farley, 1745), 130-1.

58

Hymn CLVII.

- 1 Let him to whom we now belong
His sovereign right assert,
And take up every thankful song,
And every loving heart.
- 2 He justly claims us for his own
Who bought us with a price:
The Christian lives to Christ alone
To Christ alone he dies.
- 3 Jesu, thine own at least receive,
Fulfil our heart's desire,
And let us to thy glory live,
And in thy cause expire.
- 4 Our souls and bodies we resign,
With joy we render thee
Our all, no longer ours, but thine
Thro' all eternity!

Hymns on the Lord's Supper (Bristol: Farley, 1745), 131.

59

Hymn I.

- 1 Ah, sister in Jesus adieu!
Thy warfare is happily o'er;
Thy spirit hath fought its way thro',
And pitch'd on the heavenly shore:
Thy course upon earth is all run,
The days of thy mourning are past,
The joys that above thou hast won
For ever and ever shall last.

- 2 O blessed estate of the dead,
 The dead that have died in the Lord!
 From trouble and misery freed,
 And sure of their endless reward:
 By sorrow no longer opprest,
 When join'd to the spirits above,
 With Jesus in glory they rest,
 They rest in the arms of his love.
- 3 O when will the Saviour extend
 The arms of his mercy to me!
 The days of my pilgrimage end,
 My soul from its prison set free?
 When will the dear moment arrive,
 Which long I have pin'd for in vain:
 And still I would die to revive,
 And suffer with Jesus to reign.
- 4 Ah! Give me to bow my faint head,
 My sorrowful soul to resign,
 From pain everlastingly freed,
 To sink on the bosom divine;
 My Saviour, why dost thou delay
 To call a poor wanderer home?
 Come quickly, and bear me away;
 The bride and the Spirit say, Come!

Funeral Hymns (London: Strahan, 1746), 2.

60

Hymn IV.

(For One Just Departing.)

- 1 O sister in Jesus, arise,
 And joyful his summons obey;
 He beckons thee up to the skies,
 In mercy he calls thee away:
 His pity hath sign'd thy release,
 Return to thy native abode,
 Make haste to the mansions of bliss,
 And fly to the bosom of God.
- 2 To waft from the valley of tears,
 To bear thee triumphantly home,
 The chariot of Israel appears,
 The convoy of angels is come!
 With envy we let thee depart,
 Thy happier spirit resign;
 The purchase of Jesus thou art,
 And God is eternally thine.

- 3 Go then to thy glorious estate,
 No longer our partner in woe,
 No longer oppress'd with our weight,
 To Jesus in paradise go:
 Redeem'd from a world of distress
 Thou hear'st the acceptable word,
 He bids thee depart in his peace,
 And die for the sight of thy Lord.
- 4 Escape to a country above,
 Where only enjoyment is found,
 And springs of extatical love,
 And rivers of pleasure abound:
 No dreadful alarums of war,
 No famine, or sorrows, or pains,
 No sound of the trumpet is there,
 But Jesus eternally reigns.
- 5 He reigns in the holiest place,
 He dwells in the midst of his own,
 And fully discovers his face,
 And fills them with raptures unknown;
 With bliss inexpressibly great
 Their glorified spirits o'erflow—
 Go, sister, and share their estate,
 To Jesus in paradise go.
- 6 O Saviour, her spirit receive,
 Which into thy hands we resign,
 And us from our sorrows retrieve,
 And us to our company join:
 Our number and glory compleat,
 With all that are landed before,
 With thee let us joyfully meet,
 To part and to suffer no more.

Funeral Hymns (London: Strahan, 1746), 5-6.

61

Hymn VII.

- 1 O when shall we sweetly remove!
 O when shall we enter our rest!
 Return to the Sion above,
 The mother of spirits distrest!
 That city of God, the great King,
 Where sorrow and death are no more,
 But saints our Immanuel sing,
 And cherub and seraph adore.
- 2 Not all the archangels can tell
 The joys of that holiest place,
 When Jesus is pleas'd to reveal
 The light of his heavenly face;

- Where caught in the rapturous flame
 The *sight beatific* they prove,
 And walk in the light of the Lamb,
 And bask in the beams of his love.
- 3 Who then upon earth can conceive
 The bliss that in heaven they share;
 Who then the dark world would not leave,
 And cheerfully die to be there?
 O Saviour, regard our complaints,
 Array'd in thy majesty come,
 Fulfil the desires of thy saints,
 And suddenly gather us home.
- 4 Thou know'st in the spirit of prayer
 We groan thy appearing to see,
 Resign'd to the burden we bear,
 But longing to triumph with thee.
 'Tis good at thy word to be here,
 'Tis better in thee to be gone,
 And see thee in glory appear,
 And rise to a share of thy throne.
- 5 To mourn for thy coming is sweet,
 To weep at thy longer delay;
 But thou whom we hasten to meet
 Shalt chase all our sorrows away:
 The tears shall be wip'd from our eyes
 When thee we behold in the cloud,
 And eccho the joys of the skies,
 And shout to the trumpet of God.
- 6 Come then to thy languishing bride,
 Who went'st to prepare us a place,
 Receive us with thee to abide,
 And rest in thy mercy's embrace.
 Our heaven of heavens be this
 Thy fulness of mercy to prove,
 Implung'd in the glorious abyss,
 And lost in the ocean of love.

Funeral Hymns (London: Strahan, 1746), 9-11.

62

Hymn XII.

(On the Death of Mrs. F. C.)

- 1 Thanks be to God alone
 Thro' Jesus Christ his Son!
 He who hath for all obtain'd,
 Gives our friend the victory;
 Sister, thou the prize hast gain'd,
 Died for him who died for thee.

- 2 The mortal hour is past,
 Thou hast o'ercome at last,
Freed from pain, for ever freed,
 Ended is thy glorious strife,
Death, the latest foe, is dead,
 Death is swallow'd up of life.
- 3 Thy lamb-like innocence
 Is soon departed hence,
From the world of sin and pain
 Thou art clean escap'd away,
Sav'd from sin's infectious stain,
 Taken from the evil day.
- 4 Stranger to guilty fears
 Thou liv'd'st thy twenty years,
From the great transgression free;
 Never did the poison spread,
Jesus, e'er it rose in thee,
 Jesus crush'd the serpent's head.
- 5 His Spirit's gentlest art
 Open'd thy simple heart,
The eternal gospel-word,
 Lydia-like thou didst receive,
Fall before thy bleeding Lord,
 Own him, and with ease believe.
- 6 Soon as thy heart did feel
 The pardon-stamping seal,
Heard thy soul the warning cry,
 "Here thou hast not long to stay,
Rise, my love, make haste to die,
 Rise, my love, and come away!"
- 7 Thy chearful soul obey'd,
 Thro' sufferings perfect made,
Perfect made in a short space,
 Thy resign'd, and Christ-like soul,
Started forth, and won the race,
 Reach'd at once the glorious goal.
- 8 Aloft the spirit flies,
 And gains her native skies!
Kindred souls salute her there,
 Springing from their azure throne,
All in shouts their joy declare,
 All their new-born sister own.
- 9 Th' angelic army sings,
 And clap their golden wings!
Harping with their harps they praise
 Him, thro' whom she all o'ercame,
Sharer of his richest grace,
 Closest follower of the Lamb.

- 10 From love's soft witchcraft free
Her spotless purity
Liv'd to only Christ below;
Higher now she reigns above,
Mightier joys advanc'd to know,
Honour'd with his choicest love.
- 11 Among the morning-stars
A brighter crown she wears,
With peculiar glories grac'd,
Seated on a loftier throne,
To superior raptures rais'd,
Nearest God's eternal Son.
- 12 Mixt with the virgin-train
She charms th' etherial plain,
With the Lamb for ever found;
Angels listen while she sings,
Catch th' inimitable sound,
Music for the King of kings.
- 13 O happy happy soul,
Thy heavenly joy is full!
Thee the Lamb hath made his bride,
Call'd thee to his feast above,
Thee he now hath glorified,
Taught thee the new song of love.
- 14 O that at last ev'n I,
Like thee might sweetly die!
Die, and leave a world of woe,
Die out of the reach of sin,
Die the joys of heaven to know;
Open, Lord, and take me in!
- 15 Give me thy bliss to share,
The meanest spirit there,
Only let me see thy face,
See with thee my happier friend,
At an awful distance gaze,
Taste the joys that never end.
- 16 Thou wilt cut short my years,
And wipe away my tears:
Lo! I wait thy leizure still,
Humbly at thy footstool lie,
Calm to suffer all thy will,
Glad in thee to live and die.

Funeral Hymns (London: Strahan, 1746), 17-19.

Hymn III.

Thanksgiving for the Success of the Gospel.

To: "Away with our fears."

- 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,
Hath made it prevail,
And mightily shaken the kingdom of hell:
His arm he hath bar'd,
And a people prepar'd,
His glory to shew,
And witness the power of his Passion below.
- 3 He hath open'd a door
To the penitent poor,
And rescu'd 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 o'ercomes,
And breaks the hard rocks, and the mountains consumes.
With quiet amaze
They listen and gaze,
And their weapons resign,
Constrain'd to acknowledge—the work is divine!
- 5 And shall *we* not sing
Our Saviour and King?
Thy witnesses, we
With rapture ascribe our salvation to thee.
Thou Jesus hast bless'd,
And believers encreas'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
Thy tokens below,
Our Saviour confess,
And embrace the glad tidings of pardon & peace!

7 Thou Saviour of all,
Effectually call
The sinners that stray;
And Oh! Let a nation be born in a day!
Thy sign let them see,
And flow unto thee
For the oil and the 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 o'erflow'd,
And the universe fill'd with the glory of God.

*Hymns for Those that Seek and Those that have Redemption in the
Blood of Jesus Christ (London: Strahan, 1747), 3-5.*

64

Hymn XXXVII.

To: "Thou Man of Grievs, I fain would be."

1 Help, Jesus, help against my foe,
Pity on thy captive shew,
Intangled in the snare,
The hellish snare of sin I lie;
O cast not out my plaintive prayer,
But save me, or I die.

2 With all my soul I seek thy face,
Give me thy restoring grace:
Mine agony of fear,
And guilt, and shame, and sorrow end;
Appear, my Advocate appear,
And shew thyself my friend.

3 O might I feel thy blood apply'd,
Nothing would I ask beside:
Thine only love be given,
I every other good resign,
Of all thou hast in earth or heaven,
Let love alone be mine!

*Hymns for Those that Seek and Those that have Redemption in the
Blood of Jesus Christ (London: Strahan, 1747), 47.*

**The Sixty-First Chap[ter] of Isaiah.
[Part I.]**

- 1 The Spirit of the Lord my God
 (Spirit of power, and health, and love)
My Father hath on me bestow'd,
 And sent me from his throne above.
- 2 Prophet, and priest, and king of peace,
 Anointed to declare his will,
To minister his pard'ning grace,
 And govern every soul I heal.
- 3 To sinners bruis'd, and meek, and poor,
 Good tidings of great joy t' impart,
Sinners incurable to cure,
 And bind up every broken heart.
- 4 The royal edict to proclaim,
 Redemption for the captives found,
Mercy for all in Jesu's name,
 And liberty to spirits bound.
- 5 Sinners, obey the heavenly call,
 Your prison-doors stand open wide,
Go forth, for I have ransom'd all,
 For every soul of man have died.
- 6 The Lord hath sent his only Son,
 To preach his acceptable year,
To make the joyful tidings known
 Of vengeance, and deliverance near.
- 7 T' avenge them of their tyrant-foe,
 From sin, and Satan's power to turn,
The gift of righteousness bestow,
 And kindly comfort all that mourn.
- 8 To help their grov'ling unbelief,
 Beauty for ashes to confer,
The oil of joy for abject grief,
 Confident joy for sad despair.
- 9 'Tis mine the drooping soul to raise,
 To rescue all by sin opprest,
To cloath them in the robes of praise,
 And give their weary spirits rest;
- 10 To make them trees of righteousness,
 The planting of the Lord below;
Planted in honour of his grace,
 They here shall to perfection grow.

- 11 They all shall spread the gospel-hope,
Soon as my righteousness they have,
Shall raise the guilty sinner up,
And sav'd themselves their brethren save.
- 12 Workers with God, they now shall rear
The church, that long in ruins lay,
Her desolate estate repair,
Her antient piety's decay.
- 13 With zeal, and heavenly wisdom fill'd,
The faithful labourers shall work on,
Build the old wastes, the cities build,
The souls by Satan broken down.
- 14 Strangers shall serve at your command,
Beneath your sacred burthens bow,
Labour for you, and till your land,
And gladly hold the gospel-plough.
- 15 The alien's sons your vine shall dress,
And feed your little flock and keep,
Themselves your little flock increase,
And play among your lambs and sheep.
- 16 Ye all my glory shall declare,
The chosen people of your God,
Mine image and inscription bear,
When wash'd from all your sins in blood.
- 17 A royal race of priests divine,
Ye all shall minister my grace,
In prayers and free-will-offerings join,
And sacrificial songs of praise.
- 18 To you the Gentile world shall flow,
Their glory and their wealth resign,
Lords are ye now of all below,
For all is yours, when ye are mine.
- 19 With me is full redemption found,
Ye more than justified shall be,
Much more than sin shall grace abound,
My people shall be all like me;
- 20 Shall glory in my saving name:
I will remove the foul disgrace,
And swallow up their guilty shame,
And all their sins with blood efface.
- 21 Their glory shall their shame exceed,
When sav'd from all indwelling sin,
Doubly redeem'd, and free indeed,
Their conscience, and their heart is clean.

22 They now of double grace possest,
Shall all their souls in thanks employ,
Receiv'd into my perfect rest,
And crown'd with everlasting joy.

Hymns and Sacred Poems Vol. 1 (Bristol: Farley, 1749), 25-7.

66

VIII.

The Beatitudes.

Matt[hew] v. 3–12.21

Who believes the tidings? Who
Witnesses that God is true?
Sees his sins and follies more
Than the sands upon the shore;
Sees his works with evil fraught,
All his life a constant blot;
Sees his heart of virtue void,
Alien from the life of God;
Tastes in every tainted breath
Pride, and self, and sin, and death! [10]

Who, ah, who deserves to feel
Never-ending pains in hell?
Conscious owns the just desert
Of his life, and of his heart?
Trembling views his long-sought hire,
Vengeance of eternal fire?
Who hath fruitless toil bestow'd
To appease the wrath of God?
Vain is all thy toil and care,
Vain all nature's treasures are, [20]
More to buy one soul it cost,
More to save a spirit lost.

What then wilt thou, canst thou do?
Canst thou form thyself anew?
Canst thou cleanse a filthy heart,
Life to the dead soul impart?
Canst thou thy lost powers restore,
Rise, go forth, and sin no more?

Never, never can it be,
God alone can set thee free! [30]
God alone the work hath done,
Fought the fight, the battle won:
God alone the price hath paid,
All thy sins on him were laid.
Happy soul, from guilt set free,
Jesus died for thee, for thee!
Jesus does for thee atone,
Points thee to th' eternal crown,
Speaks to thee the kingdom given,

Kingdom of an inward heaven, [40]
Glorious joy, unutter'd peace,
All victorious righteousness.

Why then do thy fears return?
Yet again why dost thou mourn?
Whence the clouds that round thee roll?
Whence the doubts that tear thy soul?
Why are all thy comforts fled?
"Sin revives, and I am dead."
Dead alas! Thou art within,
Still remains the inbred sin, [50]
Dead within thou surely art,
Still unclean remains thy heart;
Pride and self are still behind,
Still the earthly carnal mind,
The untam'd rebellious will,
Foe to good, enslav'd to ill;
Still the nature unrenov'd,
Alien from the life of God.

Mourn awhile for God thy rest,
God will soon pronounce thee blest, [60]
Soon the Comforter will come,
Fix in thee his constant home,
With thy heart his witness bear
Strong, and permanent, and clear:
All thy griefs shall then be gone,
Doubt, and fear no more be known,
Holy love thy heart possess,
Silent joy, and steadfast peace,
Peace that never can decay,
Joy that none can take away. [70]

Happy soul, as silver tried,
Silver seven times purified,
Love hath broke the rock of stone,
All thy hardness melted down,
Wrath, and pride, and hatred cease,
All thy heart is gentleness.
Let the waves around thee rise,
Let the tempest threat the skies,
Calm thou ever art within,
All unruffled, all serene: [80]
Thy sure anchor cannot fail,
Enter'd now within the veil;
Glad this earth thou canst resign:
The new heavens and earth are thine.

Why then heave again thy sighs,
Heir of all in earth and skies?
Still thou feel'st the root within,
Bitter root of inbred sin;
Nature still in thee hath part,
Unrenov'd is still thy heart, [90]

Still thy heart is unrenow'd,
Alien from the life of God:
Hence with secret earnest moans,
Deep unutterable groans,
Day and night thy ceaseless cries
To the mercy-seat arise;
"Come, thou holy God and true!
Come, and my whole heart renew;
Take me now, possess me whole,
Form the Saviour in my soul, [100]
In my heart thy name reveal,
Stamp me with thy Spirit's seal,
Change my nature into thine,
In me thy whole image shine:
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Fill me with thy fulness now."
Happy soul, thy suit is won,
As thou wilt it shall be done.

Happy soul, who now renew'd,
God in thee, and thou in God, [110]
Only feel'st within thee move
Tenderness, compassion, love,
Love immense, and unconfin'd,
Love to all of humankind,
Love, which willeth all should live,
Love, which all to all would give,
Love, that over all prevails,
Love, that never, never fails:
Stand secure, for thou shalt prove
All th' eternity of love. [120]

Happy soul, from self and sin
Clean, ev'n as thy Lord is clean,
God hath made thy footsteps sure,
Purified as he is pure.
God thou dost in all things see;
God is all in all to thee;
Heaven above, and earth abroad,
All to thee is full of God.

Happy soul, whose active love
Emulates the blest above, [130]
In thy every action seen,
Sparkling from the soul within:
Thou to every sufferer nigh,
Hearest, not in vain, the cry
Of the widow in distress,
Of the poor and fatherless!
Rayment thou to all that need,
To the hungry deal'st thy bread,
To the sick thou giv'st relief,
Sooth'st the hapless prisoner's grief, [140]
The weak hands thou liftest up,

Bid'st the helpless mourners hope,
Giv'st to those in darkness light,
Guid'st the weary wanderer right,
Break'st the roaring lion's teeth,
Sav'st the sinner's soul from death;
Happy thou, for God doth own
Thee, his well-beloved son.

Let the sons of Belial rage,
Let all hell its powers engage, [150]
Brand with infamy thy name,
Put thee to an open shame;
Let earth's comforts be with-drawn,
Parents, kindred, friends be gone;
Naked didst thou hither come?
Naked let them send thee home:
Happy, O thrice happy thou,
Seal'd unto redemption now!
Let thy soul with transport swell
Glorious and unspeakable; [160]
All in earth thou well hast given,
God is thy reward in heaven.

Hymns and Sacred Poems Vol. 1 (Bristol: Farley, 1749), 35-40.

67

XVII.

[Hymns for One Convinc'd of Unbelief.]

Hymn IX.

- 1 O thou of whom I oft have heard,
Heard with the hearing of the ear,
But never truly lov'd, or fear'd,
But never found thee present here,
Come to my poor, my faithless heart,
And kindly tell me who thou art.
- 2 A spirit dark, and damn'd I am,
Sorrow and sin and I are one,
Weigh'd down with grief, and guilt and shame,
Out of the deep I cry and groan,
Nor know I where relief to find;
Shew me thou Saviour of mankind.
- 3 No smallest motion can I make,
Toward heaven, and happiness, and thee;
But save me for thy mercy sake,
Thy mercy most divinely free
Be on this harden'd rebel shew'd,
In honour of the dying God.

- 4 The cause is all in thee alone,
 It lies within thy tender breast,
 To hell in anger send me down,
 Or give my lab'ring spirit rest,
 Redeem me from th' infernal grave,
 And shew forth all thy power to save.
- 5 Look not on me, a beast, a fiend,
 All-wrath, all-passion, and all-pride,
 But see thyself, the sinner's friend,
 The Son of man, the crucified,
 The God that left his throne above,
 The bleeding Prince of Peace, and love.
- 6 Why did thy love submit to die,
 If not to save apostate man,
 Ah! Let thy bowels answer, Why
 Made capable of mortal pain,
 Did God his precious life resign,
 If not from death to ransom mine!
- 7 Thy only dying love I plead,
 Stronger than death thy love to me:
 If thou couldst suffer in my stead,
 Thou canst from sin and misery
 My poor expiring soul lift up,
 And bid the chief of sinners hope.
- 8 Ev'n now thou bidst my fears depart,
 I hope to know my sins forgiven,
 I hope to find thee in my heart,
 And taste that antepast of heaven,
 I hope to feel thy blood applied,
 Since thou for me, for me hast died.

Hymns and Sacred Poems Vol. 1 (Bristol: Farley, 1749), 50-51.

68

XXIV.

[Desiring to Love.]

Hymn VI.

- 1 O thou, who hast redeem'd of old,
 And bidst me of thy strength take hold,
 And be at peace with thee,
 Help me thy benefits to own,
 And hear me tell what thou hast done,
 O dying Lamb, for me.
- 2 Out of myself for help I go,
 Thy only love resolv'd to know,
 Thy love my plea I make:
 Give me thy love; 'tis all I claim:
 Give for the honour of thy name,
 Give for thy mercy's sake.

- 3 Canst thou deny thy love to me?
Say, thou incarnate deity,
 Thou Man of Sorrows, say:
Thy glory why didst thou inshrine
In such a clod of earth as mine,
 And wrap thee in my clay?
- 4 Antient of days, why didst thou come,
And stoop to a poor virgin's womb,
 Contracted to a span?
Flesh of our flesh why wast thou made,
And humbly in a manger laid,
 The new-born Son of man?
- 5 Why didst thou in this vale of tears,
For more than thirty mournful years,
 A life of sufferings lead?
Why did thine eyes with tears o'erflow?
Why wouldst thou chuse to want below
 A place to lay thy head?
- 6 Love, only love, thy heart inclin'd,
And brought thee, Saviour of mankind,
 Down from thy throne above:
Love made my God a man of grief,
Distress'd thee sore for my relief:
 O mystery of love!
- 7 To fill my soul it emptied thee,
It made thee poor, that I might be
 Enrich'd with every grace:
Love made thee to thy Father cry,
And hid his face from thee, that I
 Might always see his face.
- 8 Quite from the manger to the cross
Thy life one scene of sufferings was,
 And all sustain'd for me:
O strange excess of love divine!
Jesus, was ever love like thine!
 Answer me from that tree!
- 9 If thou couldst stoop for me to die,
Surely thou wouldst that I, ev'n I,
 Thy death's effect should prove;
Then help me for thy mercy's sake,
To weep, believe, and pay thee back
 Thy dear expiring love.
- 10 Because thou lov'dst, and dy'dst for me,
Cause me, my Jesus, to love thee,
 And gladly to resign
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am;
My life be all with thine the same,
 And all thy death be mine.

Hymns and Sacred Poems Vol. 1 (Bristol: Farley, 1749), 59-61.

XXVIII.

Another [For a Sick Friend in Darkness].

- 1 O Lord, our strength and righteousness,
Our hope, and refuge in distress,
Our Saviour, and our God,
See here, an helpless sinner see,
Sick, and in pain he gasps to thee,
And waits to feel thy blood.
- 2 In sickness make thou all his bed,
Thy hand support his fainting head,
His feeble soul defend;
Teach him on thee to cast his care,
And all his grief and burthen bear,
And love him to the end.
- 3 If now thy will his soul require,
O sit as a refiner's fire,
And purge it first from sin;
Thy love hath quicker wings than death;
The fulness of thy Spirit breathe,
And bring thy nature in.
- 4 If in the vale of tears thy will
Appoints him to continue still,
O sanctify his pain,
And let him patiently submit,
To suffer as thy love sees fit,
And never once complain.
- 5 O let him look to thee alone,
(That all thy will on him be done
His only pleasure be)
Alike resign'd, to live, or die,
As most thy name may glorify,
To live or die to thee.

Hymns and Sacred Poems Vol. 1 (Bristol: Farley, 1749), 67.

LIX.

[Hymns for One Fallen from Grace.]

Hymn IX.

- 1 Poor, wretched heart, by sin opprest,
And wilt thou never be at rest,
And must thou always grieve!
Ah! Woe is me, I still complain,
And groan to bear my iron chain;
In sin, in hell I live.

- 2 Encompast by the dogs of hell
Sin, only sin without I feel,
 Sin only reigns within;
Sin always meets my blasted eyes,
Sin is the worm that never dies,
 And all my soul is sin.
- 3 O'erwhelm'd with horrible affright,
I shudder at the monster's sight,
 And know not where to fly;
O for thy pity's sake remove,
Take, seize me, Saviour, from above,
 And give me, now to die.
- 4 My vehement soul cries out for death!
Bury me in the depth beneath,
 Air, earth, or sea, or fire!
But save me from the great offence,
And let me keep my innocence,
 And without sin expire.
- 5 O that I could my soul resign,
And fairly lose whate'er is mine,
 Step o'er the griefs between,
And snatch the death, for which I call,
Or let me into nothing fall,
 To 'scape the hell of sin.
- 6 Struggles my soul, and gasps for ease
In more than mortal agonies,
 A living death I bear:
I wish—I strive—but cannot die;
Still in the flames of sin I lie,
 The Tophet of despair.
- 7 I need not fear the burning pool,
Already kindled in my soul
 The wrath divine I feel,
With not one drop of comfort nigh
To cool my tongue, I howl, and cry,
 Tormented in this hell.
- 8 O hell of sin! Thy fiery rage
Not many waters can assuage,
 Not all the ocean's flood,
Thy flames would, spite of all, increase:
What then can make thy burnings cease?
 A drop of Jesu's blood.

Hymns and Sacred Poems Vol. 1 (Bristol: Farley, 1749), 111-2.

[Hymns for One Fallen from Grace.]

Hymn X.

- 1 O take away thy rod,
A dying sinner spare!
My punishment Almighty God,
Is more than I can bear:
I haste to my own place,
From sin to sin I fall,
Abandon'd by restraining grace;
Yet I deserve it all.
- 2 My just desert is more,
If more on earth can be,
My sin requir'd it long before
That thou shouldst cast off me,
Shouldst take my pardon back,
Cut short my gracious day,
Forget; and utterly forsake,
And cast me quite away.
- 3 Jesus—but O! At last
He shuts his mercy's door;
My doom is fixt, my hour is past;
He answers me no more;
My days extinct, my hope
Cut off, my heart is stone,
The measure of my sin fill'd up,
And peace for ever gone.
- 4 The sin-avenging God
His fiery wrath darts in,
Adds woe to woe, and load to load,
And chastens sin with sin:
The pangs of hell I taste,
The bitter trembling cup;
His arrows in my soul stick fast,
And drink my spirits up.
- 5 O horrid, horrid state!
O depth of hopeless woe!
Why do I in this torture wait,
And not the utmost know?
Why do I lingring stand,
And not myself relieve?—
It must be God that stops my hand,
And forces me to live.
- 6 But is it possible
That God should care for me!
Then may he yet my doom repeal,
And end my misery.

- He may for Jesu's sake:
 Jesus, the sinner's peace,
 Into thy hands the matter take,
 And all my griefs shall cease.
- 7 Save me! I ask not how?
 But save me in this hour:
 O snatch me from destruction now,
 Nor let the foe devour:
 I ask not instant *rest*,
 But let me bear my load,
 And find at last my Saviour's breast,
 And sink into my God.
- 8 This is my utmost hope
 (When all thy wrath is past,
 When I have drunk the poison up,
 To taste thy love at last;
 When I have borne my shame,
 And suffer'd all my sin,
 Open thine arms, thou lovely Lamb,
 And take the sinner in.
- 9 If hope be in my end,
 I all things else resign:
 Yet on thy sufferings I depend,
 And not, O Lord, on mine.
 But let me hide my face,
 And sink into the dust,
 'Till thou at last restore thy grace,
 And freely save the lost.
- 10 The reconciling word
 I would not now receive;
 If I had call'd, and heard my Lord,
 I should not dare believe:
 No, no, it is not meet
 That I should comfort gain:
 Still let me lie at thy dear feet,
 And suffer all my pain.
- 11 Be it a vale of tears
 Where'er I live below,
 Throughout my evil days, or years,
 Still let mine eyes o'erflow.
 But e'er I end my race,
 Bid me thy mercy prove,
 And let my latest breath be praise,
 My latest passion love.

Hymns and Sacred Poems Vol. 1 (Bristol: Farley, 1749), 113-5.

LXI.

[Hymns for One Fallen from Grace.]

Hymn XI.

- 1 Why (in the dust I ask) O why,
 Good God, hast thou my soul forsook?
 Abandon'd me in sin to die,
 Blotted my name out of thy book,
 Cast out my unavailing prayer,
 And left me in the fowler's snare?
- 2 Did I not oft beseech thee, Lord,
 To take me from this evil day,
 To slay me with thy mercy's sword
 To sweep me far from earth away,
 And hide me in the quiet tomb,
 Where sin could never, never come!
- 3 Yet O! My enemy hath found,
 And forc'd his slave again to yield;
 My spirit feels the mortal wound,
 And all my hopes of death are kill'd;
 In sad despair of rest I grieve,
 And still I sin, and still I live.
- 4 Why did I not resign my breath,
 Before this last, this foul offence?
 Sin hath defrauded me of death,
 While God delay'd to snatch me hence;
 O God of love, the doubt explain,
 Why have I liv'd to sin again?
- 5 In judgment dost thou here reprieve,
 That I may all my sin fill up?
 A mon'ment of thy justice live?—
 Why am I then constrain'd to hope,
 Why do I still for mercy groan,
 And trembles still my heart of stone?
- 6 O this inexplicable doubt!
 My prayer was heard, and yet I fell:
 Thy judgments are past finding out,
 Thy ways are all unsearchable!
 This only do I know, 'Tis mine
 To sin; to pardon sin is thine.
- 7 Assist me then to come once more,
 And take the freely proffer'd grace,
 Me to thy favour, Lord, restore,
 Me with thine arms of love embrace,
 And hear me in thy bosom breathe
 My passionate desires of death.

- 8 Still do I urge my sole request,
 In horror of offending thee,
 Snatch me to my eternal rest,
 Before the evil day I see,
 Save from the more than mortal pain,
 Nor let me live to sin again.
- 9 Wouldst thou not rather have me fly
 From earth, than stay to lose thy love?
 Die, and not sin, than sin and die?
 O take me to thy rest above,
 Now, Lord, my struggling soul set free,
 Renew, and bid me die in thee.

Hymns and Sacred Poems Vol. 1 (Bristol: Farley, 1749), 115-7.

73

LXII.

[Hymns for One Fallen from Grace.]

Hymn XII.

- 1 O that my load were gone,
 That I my wish might have,
 Be sav'd from sin, and then sink down
 Into a quiet grave!
 Where grief and guilty care
 Can never more molest:
 The wicked cease from troubling there,
 The weary are at rest.
- 2 O that I now could find
 A place to lay my head;
 Be clean forgot, and out of mind,
 And free among the dead!
 O that the hour were come!
 That I my head might bow,
 And gain the harbour of the tomb,
 And yield my spirit now!
- 3 Who that hath ever known
 The bitterness of sin,
 Would not for full redemption groan,
 And die to be made clean?
 But all in vain our hope
 By death to be set free,
 Unless we after God wake up,
 And here his glory see.
- 4 How then dare I presume,
 Unchang'd, and unrenow'd,
 To wish for death—to meet my doom
 And perish in my blood!

- Ev'n now (but God denies
My foolish heart's desire)
I should be lifting up my eyes
In everlasting fire.
- 5 Ah! Gracious Lord, forgive
 My unbelieving haste;
My time is in thy hand, I leave
 It all to thee at last:
 I do at last comply,
 My stubborn will resign;
Chuse thou for me to live, or die,
 And let thy choice be mine.
- 6 Still hide from me thy face,
 But give me strength to bear
The guilty load, the dire disgrace,
 The sadness of despair:
 Still let me groan beneath
 A nature all unclean,
And drag the body of this death,
 And feel this hell of sin.
- 7 Why should a man complain,
 Beneath the vengeful rod!
'Tis all my due, the penal pain,
 The absence of my God;
 An heavier doom than this
 My sin deserves to feel,
The darkness of the great abyss,
 The hottest flames of hell.
- 8 With patience then I yield
 To bear my lighter doom,
And wait 'till all my time's fulfill'd,
 And my last change is come;
 Only when all is past,
 In pity think on me,
And save me as by fire at last,
 And let me die in thee.

Hymns and Sacred Poems Vol. 1 (Bristol: Farley, 1749), 117-9.

A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in *MS Cheshunt*, 148–50. (Maddox) The manuscript version of lines 5 and 6 of stanza 5 read (Lunn):

I would, I would, comply,
My stubborn will resign,

CVIII.
[In Temptation.]
Hymn VIII.

- 1 O God of love, to whom I pray,
 Wilt thou let me fall away
 And lose thy mercies past?
 Must I in vain for pardon cry,
 And perish in my sins, and die,
 Die, in my sins at last?
- 2 Were this thy will concerning me,
 Wherefore have I follow'd thee,
 And long'd thy love to know?
 Why hast thou from my earliest days
 Allur'd my soul to seek thy face,
 If made for endless woe?
- 3 Why did thy providential power
 Interpose in danger's hour,
 And still the victim save?
 So oft the mortal fever chide,
 And turn the dart of death aside,
 And mock the gaping grave?
- 4 Why didst thou in my youthful age
 Rescue me from passion's rage,
 And ev'ry dire offence?
 Why didst thou hide from worldly cares,
 And keep in twice ten thousand snares
 My heedless innocence?
- 5 Why didst thou gently draw me on,
 'Till I sunk despairing down
 In legal misery?
 And cried, by the commandment slain,
 Ah! Woe is me, a wretched man,
 What hope of heaven for me!
- 6 Why didst thou, Lord, my load remove,
 Shew me thy forgiving love,
 And speak me justified?
 If thou hast pleasure in my death,
 I had long since resign'd my breath;
 I had in Egypt died.
- 7 When I had forfeited my peace,
 Why in my extreme distress
 Was I so often heard?
 Thou brought'st the timely succours in,
 And sav'dst my tempted soul from sin,
 The sin I lov'd, and fear'd.

- 8 Why hast thou to thy people join'd
 Me, the vilest of mankind,
 In cordial charity?
 Why hast thou heard thy Spirit's groans
 Intreating in thy chosen ones
 For me, O God, for me?
- 9 Wouldst thou have stir'd them up to pray
 For an hopeless castaway,
 If such, alas! I am?
 If I must perish in my blood,
 Wrestle for me they never could,
 Or ask in Jesu's name.
- 10 A drop of love's eternal sea
 Is their kind concern for me;
 As such I must receive
 This token of my Father's grace,
 His heart o'erflows with tenderness,
 And God would have me live.
- 11 Me, Lord, thou never wilt forsake,
 Never let my soul turn back,
 To live the life of sense;
 To bring dishonour on thy name,
 But save me first from all my shame,
 And snatch my spirit hence.
- 12 I feel, I now divinely feel,
 Thou, O Lord, art with me still,
 And with me wilt abide:
 'Till life's extreamest ills are past,
 And I obtain a lot at last
 With all the glorified.

Hymns and Sacred Poems Vol. 1 (Bristol: Farley, 1749), 189-191.

75

[CLXVI.]

For a Sick Friend.

[Hymn I.]

- 1 Most meek, and tender-hearted Lamb,
 Jesus, we call on thy dear name,
 Nor shall we call in vain;
 In thee we have not an high-priest,
 Who cannot be like us distress,
 For *God-with-us* is man.
- 2 Thou feelest all the woes we feel,
 A sufferer in thy members still,
 A Man of Grievs thou art:
 And now thou dost the sickness bear
 Of him, for whom we make our prayer,
 And pour out all our heart.

- 3 Still, gracious Lord, delight to shed
 Thy blessings on his fav'rite head,
 Thy choicest blessings shower;
 Preserve his mind in perfect peace,
 And when his sufferings most increase,
 O let his joys be more.
- 4 Give him thy meek and quiet mind,
 Patient, and perfectly resign'd
 In all things let him be,
 Nothing desire above, beneath,
 Nor ease, nor pain, nor life, nor death,
 But to be all like thee.
- 5 Yet for thy des'late Sion sake,
 Ah! Do not now receive him back
 To thy celestial quire:
 A burning and a shining light,
 Detain him in our land of night,
 To set the world on fire.
- 6 Jesu, approach, and touch his hand,
 (We ask in faith) and now command
 The fever to depart;
 Now bid him in thine image rise,
 Possess of his high calling's prize,
 A pure and perfect heart.

Hymns and Sacred Poems Vol. 1 (Bristol: Farley, 1749), 270-71.

76

[CLXX.]

For a Sick Child.

- 1 Jesu, great healer of mankind,
 Who dost our sorrows bear,
 Let an afflicted parent find
 An answer to his prayer.
- 2 I look for help in thee alone,
 To thee for succour fly;
 My son is sick, my darling son,
 And at the point to die.
- 3 By deep distress a suppliant made,
 By agony of grief,
 Most justly might thy love upbraid
 My lingring unbelief.
- 4 But thou art ready still to run,
 And grant our heart's desire:
 Lord, in thy healing power come down,
 Before my child expire.

- 5 Surely if thou pronounce the word
 If thou the answer give,
 My dying son shall be restor'd,
 And to thy glory live.
- 6 Rebuke the fever in this hour,
 Command it to depart;
 Now, let me now behold thy power,
 And give thee all my heart.
- 7 O save the father in the son,
 Restore him, Lord, to me;
 My heart the miracle shall own,
 And give him back to thee.
- 8 I will, I will obey thy word,
 To thee my all resign,
 I, and my house will serve the Lord,
 And live forever thine.

Hymns and Sacred Poems Vol. 1 (Bristol: Farley, 1749), 275-6.

77

[CLXXII.]

[On the Death of a Child.]

Hymn II.

- 1 Glory to that victorious grace,
 Thro' which a worm can all things do!
 I stand o'erwhelm'd with vast amaze,
 And scarce believe the wonder true;
 'Tis more than heart could e'er conceive,
 I know my child is dead—and live!
- 2 Where is the passionate regret,
 The fond complaint, and lingring smart?
 Can I my sucking child forget,
 So freely with my Isaac part,
 So chearfully my all resign,
 And triumph in the will divine!
- 3 Son of my womb, my joy, my hope,
 He liv'd, my yearning heart's desire,
 Yet lo! I gladly yield him up,
 No longer mine, if God require,
 And with a sudden stroke remove,
 Whom only less than God I love.
- 4 Nature would cry, my son, my son!
 O that I now had died for thee!
 But faith replies, his will be done,
 Who lent the blessing first to me;
 Lent, and resumes, it is the Lord!
 His will be done, his name ador'd!

- 5 With all my soul, O Lord, I give
 The child thy love hath snatch'd away;
 On earth I would not have him live,
 With me I would not have him stay;
 The sacrifice long since was o'er,
 I stand to what I gave before.
- 6 I all have left for Jesu's sake,
 And shall I grieve to part with one!
 No, if a wish could call him back,
 I would not have my darling son
 Brought from his everlasting rest,
 Snatch'd from his heavenly Father's breast.
- 7 Pass a few fleeting days, or years,
 And I shall see my child again;
 When Jesus in the clouds appears,
 With him I shall in glory reign,
 I and the children he hath given,
 Inseparably join'd in heaven.

Hymns and Sacred Poems Vol. 1 (Bristol: Farley, 1749), 276-8.

78

[CLXXIII.]

Oblation of a Sick Child.

- 1 Father, thy will be done, not mine,
 Thy only will be done!
 To thee my Isaac I resign,
 I render up my son.
- 2 Without a murmuring wish I give
 The child thou gav'st to me;
 Or let him to thy glory live,
 Or let him die to thee.
- 3 I dare not deprecate the cross,
 Or of my loss complain,
 Assur'd my momentary loss
 Is his eternal gain.
- 4 I hear the providential word,
 I bless the will divine;
 Remove him from my bosom, Lord,
 And take him up to thine.

Hymns and Sacred Poems Vol. 1 (Bristol: Farley, 1749), 278.

[CLXXVII.]

On the Death of Mrs. Elisabeth Witham.

- 1 And is the happy spirit fled?
And is she number'd with the dead,
Who live to God above?
Make haste, my soul, her steps pursue,
And fight like her thy passage through,
To yon bright throne of love.
- 2 By her example fir'd I rise,
My blissful 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 sure.
- 3 The speaking saint, tho' dead, I hear,
Who past her time in lowly fear,
Her chearful time below:
A daily death on earth she died,
Her Jesus, and him crucified,
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 shamefully threw off his yoke,
And cast his cross away.
- 5 His welcome cross with joy she bore,
And trod the path he trod before,
And close pursu'd the Lamb:
His faithful confessor she stood,
And simply own'd the dying God,
And gloried in his shame.
- 6 Regardless of their smile, and 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 clave 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 hallow'd 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 its tottering 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' ensure the starry 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,
With Jesus fully crucified,
And dead to all below.
- 11 Her meat his counsel to fulfil,
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.
- 12 Her fervent zeal what tongue can tell?
Her wise, and meek, tho' fervent zeal
Poor precious 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 triumph in the toils of death,
The truth to testify,
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,
Yet, O! The soul ye cannot stay,
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
 The everlasting word:
 That word hath sav’d me from all sin;
 And O! 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 soon unfold 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,
 And die to meet them there!”

Hymns and Sacred Poems Vol. 1 (Bristol: Farley, 1749), 282-6.

80

[CLXXXIII.]

[Hymns for a Preacher of the Gospel.]

Hymn VI.

- 1 Shepherd of souls, if thou indeed
 Hast rais’d me up thy flock to feed,
 (Thy meanest servant me)
 O may I all their burthens share,
 And gently in my bosom bear
 The lambs redeem’d by thee.
- 2 Thy Spirit send me from above,
 Spirit of meek long-suffering love,
 Of all-sufficient grace;
 Endue me with thy constant mind,
 So good, so obstinately kind
 To our rebellious race.
- 3 A faithful steward of my Lord,
 Give me to minister thy word,
 And in thy steps to tread;
 By every sore temptation tried,
 By sufferings fully qualified
 Thy ailing flock to lead.

- 4 O may thy bowels yearn in me,
 Whene'er a wandring sheep I see,
 'Till thou that sheep retrieve,
 And let me in thy Spirit cry
 Why, sinner, wilt thou perish, why
 When Jesus bids thee live?
- 5 My bosom fill with soft distress,
 With sympathizing tenderness
 For every tempted soul:
 Still would I grieve, and suffer still,
 And all their pain and sickness feel,
 'Till thou hast made them whole.
- 6 But chiefly would I make my moan,
 And deep beneath the burthen groan
 Of those who did run well,
 But fainted in their evil day,
 And swerving from the narrow way
 By pride, or passion fell.
- 7 Here let me pour out all my tears,
 And spend in prayer my mournful years,
 That these may rise renew'd
 Who have, like me, their Lord denied,
 That these again may feel applied
 Thine all-atoning blood.
- 8 The love which brought thee from the skies,
 And made thy soul a sacrifice,
 Jesu, on me bestow;
 Or let me, Lord, my life resign
 That these, who once were counted thine,
 Again thy voice may know.
- 9 Shepherd, appear, the great the good,
 And O! Once more remove our load,
 Repeat our sins forgiven,
 And mark the sheep with thy new name,
 And ascertain our lawful claim
 To pardon, grace, and heaven.

Hymns and Sacred Poems Vol. 1 (Bristol: Farley, 1749), 291-3.

81

[CXCVIII.]

Another [After Preaching to the Newcastle Colliers].

[Hymn II.]

- 1 Glory to Christ be given
 By all in earth and heaven!
 Christ, my prophet, priest and King,
 Thee with angel-quires I praise,
 Joyful hallelujahs sing,
 Triumph in thy sovereign grace.

- 2 Thou hast the hungry fill'd,
 Thou hast thy arm reveal'd:
Thou in all the heathen's sight,
 Hast thy righteousness display'd,
Brought immortal life to light,
 Ransom'd whom thy hands have made.
- 3 Ev'n now, all-loving Lord,
 Thou hast sent forth thy word,
Thou the door hast open'd wide
 (Who can shut thy open door!)
I the grace have testified,
 Preach'd thy gospel to the poor.
- 4 Thy goodness gave success,
 And blest it with increase.
Not to me of Adam's race
 Worst and vilest; not to me!
Thine is all the work of grace,
 All the praise be paid to thee.
- 5 Still at thy feet I lie,
 The chief of sinners I:
Let me but acceptance find,
 Let me but thy love partake;
Save me, Saviour of mankind,
 Save me for thy mercy sake.
- 6 On thee for help I call,
 Without thy help I fall,
Fall a final cast-away:
 O forbid, forbid it thou,
Snatch me from the evil day,
 Save me, or I perish now.
- 7 O that ev'n I might share,
 The blessings I declare,
Taste the glorious gospel-grace,
 Rise from sin forever free,
See in holiness thy face,
 Live by faith, and die in thee!
- 8 O that the hour were come
 Which calls my spirit home!
O that I my wish might have,
 Quietly lay down my head,
Sink into an early grave,
 Now be numbred with the dead!
- 9 Give me that second rest,
 And take me to thy breast:
Only let me cease from sin,
 Then the welcome summons send:
Bid me now be pure within,
 Bid my useless warfare end.

- 10 A man of sin and strife
 I want no longer life:
 Heaven-ward all my hope aspires,
 Full of immortality,
 Jesus, thee my soul requires,
 Gasps to be dissolv'd in thee.
- 11 Yet do I this resign,
 Thy will be done, not mine:
 So I may but serve thy will,
 Lengthen out my wretched span,
 Let me bear my burthen still,
 Bear my sin, and drag my chain.
- 12 Still let me preach thy word
 The prisoner of the Lord,
 Fully my commission prove,
 'Till the perfect grace I feel,
 Saved and sanctified by love,
 Stamp'd with all thy Spirit's seal.
- 13 Then, Lord, when pure in heart,
 O let me then depart,
 With my children see thy face
 (Children whom the Lord hath given)
 Take above the meanest place,
 Least of all the saints in heaven.

Hymns and Sacred Poems Vol. 1 (Bristol: Farley, 1749), 312-4.

82

[CCVIII.]

Naomi and Ruth.

Adapted to the Minister and People.

- 1 Turn again, my children turn,
 Wherefore would ye go with me?
 O forbear, forbear to mourn,
 Jesus wills it so to be:
 Why, when God would have us part,
 Weep ye thus, and break my heart?
- 2 Go, in peace my children go,
 Only Jesu's steps pursue:
 He shall pay the debt I owe,
 He shall kindly deal with you;
 He your sure reward shall be,
 Bless you for your love to me.
- 3 Surely you have kindly dealt
 With the living, and the dead;
 You have oft my burthen felt,
 When my tears were all my bread:
 Jesus lull you on his breast,
 Jesus give you endless rest!

- 4 Lo! Thy sister is gone back
To her gods, and people dear;
Weeping soul, a wretch forsake,
Why shouldst thou my sorrows bear?
Turn, and let thy troubles cease,
Go, my child, and go in peace.
- 5 O intreat me not to leave
Thee my faithful guide and friend;
Let me to my father cleave,
Let me hold thee to the end:
Thy own child in Christ I am,
Following thee, as thou the Lamb.
- 6 Never will I cease to mourn,
'Till my Lord thy tears shall dry,
Never back from thee return,
Never from my Father fly:
Do not ask me to depart,
Do not break thy children's heart.
- 7 Where thou go'est, I still will go,
Thine shall be my soul's abode;
Thine shall be my weal or woe,
Thine my people and my God;
Where thou die'st with joy will I
Lay my weary head and die.
- 8 There will I my burial have,
(If it be the Master's will)
Sleeping in a common grave,
'Till the quickning trump I feel,
Call'd with thee to leave the tomb,
Summon'd to our happy doom.
- 9 God do so to me, and more,
If from thee, my guide, I part,
'Till the mortal pang is o'er,
Will I hold thee in my heart;
And when I my breath resign,
Then thou art forever mine.

Hymns and Sacred Poems Vol. 1 (Bristol: Farley, 1749), 327-8.

I.

The Trial of Faith.

[Hymn I.]

“Christ also suffered, leaving us an example.”

[1 Peter ii. 21.]

- 1 Come, O my soul, the call obey,
Take up the burthen of thy Lord!
His practice is thy living way,
Thy guide his pure unerring word,
The lovely perfect pattern read,
And haste in all his steps to tread.
- 2 What did my Lord from sinners bear?
His patience is the rule for me:
Walking in him I cannot err:
And lo! The Man of Grievs I see,
Whose life one scene of sufferings was,
Quite from the manger to the cross.
- 3 Here then my calling I discern,
(’Tis written in affliction’s book)
My first, and latest lesson learn,
For nothing here but sufferings look,
I bow me to the will divine,
To suffer *with* my Lord be mine.
- 4 To suffer *as* my Lord I come:
How did the Lamb his wrongs endure?
Clam’rous, and warm? Or meek, and dumb?
Did he by force his life secure?
His injur’d innocence defend;
Or bear his burthen to the end?
- 5 Did he evade the pain, and shame,
Impatient of unjust disgrace?
Did he throw off the imputed blame?
Did he from spitting hide his face?
Did he to man for succour fly;
Or offer up himself, and die?
- 6 When nature sunk beneath her load,
Would he the dreadful cup decline?
Prostrate, and bruis’d, and sweating blood,
“Father, thy will be done, not mine,”
He speaks, and meets his enemies,
And gives them power himself to seize.
- 7 The word, which struck them to the ground,
Could it not strike them into hell?
Whom all the hosts of heaven surround,
He will not force by force repel,
Put up, he cries, thy needless sword,
Nor stain the meekness of thy Lord.

- 8 He chides his rash disciple's zeal,
 Accepts nor man's nor angel's aid:
 Vouchsafes his wounded foe to heal:
 The hands, that had his murtherers made,
 He stretches out; he lets them bind
 The hands that could unmake mankind.
- 9 Doth he in deed or word gain-say,
 Or ask or struggle to be freed?
 They lead the speechless Lamb away:
 To scorn, and pain, and death they lead
 The speechless Lamb; resign'd unto
 The utmost earth and hell could do.
- 10 O that I might like him *withstand*,
 Like him mine innocency *clear*,
 Like him *resist* the ruffian-band,
 Like him *refuse* the cross to bear,
 Like him the persecutor *fly*;
 Like him submit to live, and die?

Hymns and Sacred Poems Vol. 2 (Bristol: Farley, 1749), 3-5.

84

XIII.

“And he said to (them) all, if any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me.” Luke ix. 23.

- 1 Master, I own thy lawful claim,
 Thine, wholly thine I long to be,
 Thou seest at last I willing am,
 Where'er thou go'est to follow thee,
 Myself in all things to deny;
 Thine wholly, thine to live and die.
- 2 Whate'er my sinful flesh requires
 For thee I chearfully forego,
 My covetous and vain desires,
 My hopes of happiness below,
 My senses and my passion's food,
 And all my lust of creature-good.
- 3 Pleasure, and wealth, and praise no more
 Shall lead my captive soul astray,
 My fond pursuits I all give o'er,
 Thee, only thee resolv'd t' obey,
 My own in all things to resign,
 And know no other will than thine.
- 4 Reason, blind leader of the blind,
 No more my sinking soul shall stay,
 The wisdom of the carnal mind
 That broken reed I cast away,
 And stand by trusting in thy might,
 And follow thy unerring light.

- 5 The beast, and devil I deny,
Sensual, and animal delight,
The wanton and the curious eye,
Be clos'd in everlasting night;
My learned lust be cast aside,
And all my filth of self and pride.
- 6 Henceforth I will not comfort take,
Or pleasure in myself but thee,
Myself I chearfully forsake,
From self I would at once get free,
I would not live, whate'er is (I,
But O! My God, must Isaac die!
- 7 My joy in thee, my pure delight,
So long desir'd, so late bestow'd,
The comfort of thy blissful sight,
The offspring and the gift of God,
The sweet refreshments of thy grace,
The glimpses of thy heavenly face!
- 8 O the insufferable loss!
To lay my gifts and comforts down,
To nail my Isaac to the cross,
Before thy feet to cast my crown,
Jesus, my Jesus to restore!
All earth and heaven can give no more.
- 9 Yet will I offer in thy might
This only offering worthy thee,
Give up my spiritual delight,
My taste of glorious liberty,
Thine to thyself I render back,
Thy all for thee I now forsake.
- 10 All power is thine in earth and heaven,
All fulness dwells in thee alone;
Whate'er I had was freely given,
Nothing but sin I call my own,
Other propriety disclaim,
Thou only art the great I AM.
- 11 Wherefore to thee I all resign,
Being thou art, and good, and power,
Thy only will be done, not mine;
Thee, Lord, let earth and heaven adore,
Flow back the rivers to their sea,
And let our all be lost in thee.

Hymns and Sacred Poems Vol. 2 (Bristol: Farley, 1749), 19-21.

85

XXI.

Another [For the Brotherhood].

- 1 Still, Lord, we ask, and urge thee still,
Ask according to thy will,
And urge our strong request:
Preserve thy little flock from sin,
And keep, 'till thou hast brought us in
To thine eternal rest.
- 2 Ah! Do not suffer us to stray,
Thee our Master to betray,
And shamefully deny:
But (for thou knowst our treacherous heart)
Command us sooner to depart,
And innocently die.
- 3 Be jealous for thy glorious name,
Never let the heathen blame
The truth for our offence;
But rather now confirm us thine,
And let us all our souls resign,
And fly this moment hence.
- 4 Canst thou despise our fear and pain,
Suffer us to cry in vain
Beneath the load we bear?
Our load of pain and fear remove,
And answer by the fire of love
Our agonizing prayer.
- 5 'Tis done! He hears his Spirit's cry,
Surely now we feel him nigh
To grant *his own* request:
We shall not live to fall away,
But taken from the evil day
With him forever rest.

Hymns and Sacred Poems Vol. 2 (Bristol: Farley, 1749), 28-9.

86

XXIX.

On the Loss of His Friends.

[Hymn I.]

- 1 Take these broken reeds away!
On the Rock of Ages I
Calmly now my spirit stay,
Now on Christ alone rely,
Every other prop resign,
Sure the sinners' friend is mine.

- 2 Fly, my friends, with treacherous speed,
 Melt as snow before the sun,
 Leave me at my greatest need,
 Leave me to my God alone,
 To my help which cannot fail,
 To my friend unchangeable.
- 3 O! How constant is my Lord,
 While I to his promise cleave!
 True, and faithful to his word,
 Me my Lord will never leave,
 None shall us by violence part,
 None shall tear me from his heart.
- 4 Keep me then, my Lord, my love,
 Keep me close to thy dear breast,
 'Till thou take me up above,
 'Till I gain the heavenly rest,
 Seated on thy glorious throne,
 With thyself forever one.

Hymns and Sacred Poems Vol. 2 (Bristol: Farley, 1749), 40.

87

XXXIX.

[On the Loss of His Friends.]

Hymn XI.

- 1 O 'tis enough! My God, my God,
 Thy hand with-hold, thy wrath forbear;
 Spare, for I hear the speaking rod,
 Thy prodigal in mercy spare,
 And in thy gracious arms embrace,
 And kiss the sorrow from my face.
- 2 My every idol I resign,
 By thy afflicting love compell'd;
 Jesu, the victory is thine,
 Hardly at last I yield, I yield
 With every creature-good to part,
 I give thee all this worthless heart.
- 3 With solemn dread my life, my fame,
 My friend I on thy altar lay,
 All human help, and hope disclaim,
 And meekly wait the welcome day,
 That shall my weary soul release,
 And lull me in eternal peace.

4 O might I now thy goodness taste,
And know the pardning God is mine,
Calmly lament, and groan my last,
Into thy hands my soul resign,
And plunge into the depths above,
The ocean of thy heavenly love!

Hymns and Sacred Poems Vol. 2 (Bristol: Farley, 1749), 51-2.

88

XLI.

[On the Loss of His Friends.]

Hymn XIII.

Thanksgiving to God for His Disappointments.

- 1 God of my life, how good, how wise
Thy judgments on my soul have been!
They were but mercies in disguise,
The painful remedies of sin:
How different now thy ways appear,
Most merciful when most severe!
- 2 Since first the maze of life I trod,
Hast thou not hedg'd about my way,
My worldly vain designs withstood,
And robb'd my passions of their prey,
With-held the fewel from the fire,
And cross'd my every fond desire?
- 3 Trouble, and loss, and grief, and pain
Have crowded all my forty years;
I never could my wish obtain,
And own at last with joyful tears
The man whom God delights to bless,
He never curses with success.
- 4 How oft didst thou my soul with-hold,
And baffle my pursuit of fame,
And mortify my lust of gold,
And blast me in my surest aim,
Withdraw my animal delight,
And starve my groveling appetite?
- 5 Thy goodness, obstinate to save,
Hath all my airy schemes o'erthrown,
My will thou wouldst not let me have;
With blushing thankfulness I own
I envied oft the swine their meat,
But could not gain the husks to eat.

- 6 Thou wouldst not let thy captive go,
 Or leave me to my carnal will,
 Thy love forbad my rest below,
 Thy patient love pursued me still,
 And forc'd me from my sin to part,
 And tore the idol from my heart.
- 7 Joy of mine eyes, and more below'd
 (Forgive me, gracious God) than thee,
 Thy sudden stroke far off remov'd,
 And stopp'd my vile idolatry,
 And drove me from the idol's shrine,
 And cast me at the feet divine.
- 8 But can I now the loss lament,
 Or murmur at thy friendly blow?
 Thy friendly blow my spirit hath rent,
 From every seeming good below;
 Thrice happy loss, which makes me see
 My happiness is all in thee.
- 9 How shall I bless thy thwarting love,
 So near in my temptation's hour!
 It flew my ruin to remove,
 It snatch'd me from my nature's power,
 Broke off my grasp of creature good,
 And plung'd me in th' atoning blood.
- 10 See then at last I all resign,
 I yield me up thy lawful prey:
 Take this poor, long-sought soul of mine,
 And bear me in thine arms away,
 Whence I may never more remove,
 Secure in thy eternal love.

Hymns and Sacred Poems Vol. 2 (Bristol: Farley, 1749), 53-5.

89

XLIII.

Another [Written, when under Reproach.]

- 1 Thou Man of Griefs, I fain would be
 Perfectly conform'd to thee:
 Bestow the patient power,
 The meekness of my injur'd Lamb,
 And arm me for the fiery hour
 Of suffering for thy name.
- 2 Unknown to men, and meanly born,
 Happy object of their scorn,
 Content to live obscure,
 And all things, but thy favour, need,
 And want, as my great Master poor,
 A place to lay my head.

- 3 When call'd to testify thy grace,
Set as adamant my face,
My stedfast heart prepare:
Rejected, and abhorr'd of men,
O might I all thy burthen bear,
And glory in thy pain.
- 4 Such honour all thy saints possess,
Sufferers for righteousness:
Such honour I have here;
But O! Thy righteousness I want,
I want t' endure 'till thou appear,
And never, never faint.
- 5 Give me to triumph in thy shame,
Branded with a madman's name,
A false, deceiving liar,
A wine-bibber, and glutton too,
I rise in sacred scandal higher,
And all thy steps pursue.
- 6 The world that mock'd, and slander'd thee,
Let them scorn and blacken me,
Pervert my good to evil,
(The lot my Lord did first receive)
And falsely cry he hath a devil,
And is not fit to live.
- 7 By bosom-friends betray'd, forsook,
Let me to my pattern look,
No human help desire,
But stand, secure without defence,
And force the heathen judge t' admire
My speechless innocence.
- 8 Let all in Satan's counsel join,
Jews and Gentiles both combine,
People and priests conspire
To drive me to my heavenly home,
And hoary Caiaphas require
The vile blasphemer's doom.
- 9 Happy, forever happy I,
Sentenc'd on thy cross to die!
But shall a sinner dare
Aspire to such a glorious grace?
Thou knowst I *would* thy passion share,
And die to see thy face.
- 10 I would for thee my life resign,
Suffer in the strength divine;
Thro' love's almighty power;
Would tread the path my Jesus trod,
And calmly meet the fiery hour,
Resisting unto blood.

- 11 Ah! Let it not my Lord displease,
That I long for my release!
Thy mind to me be given,
Thy Spirit breathe within my heart,
And let my soul, by violence driven,
Into thy arms depart.
- 12 Among the slaughter'd souls might I
Underneath the altar cry,
How long thou true, and holy,
Dost thou delay t' avenge our blood!
Come, Lord, and glorify us fully,
The martyr'd saints of God.

Hymns and Sacred Poems Vol. 2 (Bristol: Farley, 1749), 57-9.

90

L.

[Desiring Death.]

Hymn VII.

In Weariness.

- 1 Worn out with long fatigue, and pain,
Let my feeble flesh complain,
Or fail beneath its load,
My spirit shall superior rise,
Regaining swift her native skies,
And sooner reach her God.
- 2 Too long this corruptible clay
Clouded the ethereal ray,
And press'd my spirit down,
A gainer now by every loss,
I find in weariness a cross,
That lifts me to a crown.
- 3 Of pain I now advantage make,
Meekly bear it for his sake,
Who suffer'd death for me:
To suffer death for him I wait,
And pain shall open wide the gate
Of immortality.
- 4 O blessed hope of lasting peace!
Let me *lawfully* decrease,
And sensibly decay:
Welcome whate'er my Lord ordain,
Disease, or weariness, or pain,
To hasten me away.

- 5 I come, with eager joy I come
 To my everlasting home,
 Where toil and sorrow end,
 Where all my stores of grief shall fail,
 And I no more in groans bewail
 My poor departed friend.
- 6 In that Jerusalem above
 All is harmony and love,
 And joy without a sting:
 The tears are banish'd from our eyes,
 And not a single sigh can rise,
 Where saints forever sing.
- 7 O might I, from this dungeon freed,
 Now lay down my weary head,
 My mournful soul resign,
 This moment meet th' appointed day,
 And faint, and sink, and die away
 Into the arms divine.

Hymns and Sacred Poems Vol. 2 (Bristol: Farley, 1749), 69-70.

91

LXVI.

[Hymns of Intercession.]

Hymn VI.

For a Sick Friend.

- 1 See, Lord, with pity see
 The object of thy love,
 And help his soul's infirmity,
 And all his griefs remove,
 Support the tottering clay
 That weighs his spirit down,
 And lead him thro' this thorny way
 To that eternal crown.
- 2 Yet now in life detain
 His soul for Sion's sake,
 In mercy lift him up again,
 And to his friends give back:
 In answer to our cry,
 Thy chosen servant raise,
 And send him forth to testify
 The gospel of thy grace.
- 3 Regard thy faithful ones,
 Who all his burthen bear,
 And hear in us the earnest groans,
 The Spirit's silent prayer;

The prayer that oft hath stay'd
The saints in their remove,
And in the vale their souls delay'd,
T' inance their joy above.

- 4 According to thy will
If now thy Spirit prays,
The prayer of faith the sick shall heal,
And lengthen out his days:
Thou knowst the Spirit's mind
To us, O Lord, unknown;
But lo! We wait on thee, resign'd,
'Till all thy will be done.

Hymns and Sacred Poems Vol. 2 (Bristol: Farley, 1749), 95-6.

92

LXXIX.

[Hymns for the Persecuted.]

Hymn IV.

For One in Prison.

- 1 O Saviour of sinners distrest,
The sighs of thy captive attend,
And succour, and set him at rest,
And ransom his soul to the end:
Our brother, whose burthen we bear,
Whom into thy hands we resign,
Preserve with thy tenderest care,
And seal him eternally thine.
- 2 Afflicted, and hated of men,
Of thee, and thy servants belov'd,
We see him with pity and pain,
From all his companions remov'd;
Whom present in spirit we find,
Him absent in body we mourn,
And long to be perfectly join'd,
And pray for his happy return.
- 3 O Father, who hearest the prayer,
Presented in Jesus's name,
The peaceable answer declare,
Confirm'd in the blood of the Lamb;
We pray thee, for Jesus's sake
The prisoner of Jesus retrieve,
And give us his confessor back,
And all to thy glory receive.

Hymns and Sacred Poems Vol. 2 (Bristol: Farley, 1749), 113.

LXXXI.

[Hymns for the Persecuted.]

Hymn VI.

- 1 Hear, O thou strength of Israel, hear
 Thy poor, afflicted people's cry,
 From Satan, and his legions near,
 To thee our only help we fly;
 All human confidence resign,
 Nor trust in any arm but thine.
- 2 Not *one* of all the rich, or great,
 Or *noble*, on our side is *seen*,
 They shrink to bear thy cross's weight,
 They seek the praise that comes from men,
 Thine honour sell, to save their own,
 And leave us to our God alone.
- 3 Expos'd we seem to Satan's will,
 As sheep 'midst ravening wolves we lie,
 Our foes have learnt the *art* to kill,
 By *legal* wrong they doom to die
 The faithful followers of our Lord,
 And slay them as with Ammon's sword.
- 4 In haste to fill their measure up,
 And bring thy plague on all the race,
 Their ears against thy calls they stop,
 Reject the gospel of thy grace,
 Slaughter against thy people breathe,
 And drag thy messengers to death.
- 5 But wilt thou not thy cause maintain,
 Thy helpless, injur'd people right?
 Yes, Lord; our faith shall not be vain,
 Our faith in thy all-saving might
 Shall bring the promis'd succours down,
 And win the fight, and take the crown.
- 6 Thou wilt, we stedfastly believe,
 Thy glorious arm at last display,
 Out of the toils of hell retrieve,
 And take us for thy lawful prey,
 Call home thy flock to exile driven,
 And lead us to thy fold in heaven.

Hymns and Sacred Poems Vol. 2 (Bristol: Farley, 1749), 115-6.

94

CVII.

[Hymns for Those that Wait for Full Redemption.]

Hymn V.

- 1 Jesu, my hope, my joy, my rest,
Indulge me in this one request,
Thou know'st what I would say,
My every want to thee is known,
Thou hear'st th' unutterable groan,
Thou hear'st thy Spirit pray.
- 2 Give me the thing thou long'st to give,
The thing for which thou here didst live
A life of grief and pain;
Give me the dearly-purchas'd good,
Bought with thy heart's last drop of blood,
Nor live, nor die in vain.
- 3 Give me what God to thee did give,
The grace thou didst for me receive,
When all thy pangs were o'er;
Send down thy Spirit from above,
Spirit of power, and health, and love,
And let me sin no more.
- 4 I ask nor joy, nor life, nor ease,
I ask not earthly happiness,
But purity within;
On others, Lord, those gifts bestow,
But let me cease from sin below,
But let me cease from sin.
- 5 Hasten to grant my sole request,
Take me into that second rest,
That glorious liberty,
And let me then my soul resign,
Receiv'd into the arms divine,
Forever lost in thee.

Hymns and Sacred Poems Vol. 2 (Bristol: Farley, 1749), 152-3.

95

CXXVI.

[Hymns for Those that Wait for Full Redemption.]

Hymn XXIV.

Ephes[ians] iv. 8, 11, &c.

- 1 Let all mankind in Christ rejoice!
The Lord is risen for you, and me,
Ascending with a merry noise,
He captive led captivity.

- 2 Our Jesus is gone up on high,
And gifts he hath receiv'd for men,
He sends his Spi'rit to purify
Our souls from every sinful stain.
- 3 Teachers he gives our souls to feed,
The word of truth and grace t' impart,
Dispensers of the living bread,
And pastors after his own heart.
- 4 He makes them apt to teach, and guide
The flock with wisdom from above,
'Till all are wholly sanctified
Thro' faith, and perfected in love.
- 5 The glorious ministry divine
For this he did on earth ordain,
Nor can he miss of his design,
Or send his messengers in vain.
- 6 They, under him, his church shall build,
And lead his feeblest people on,
'Till all our souls with God are fill'd,
For ever sanctified in one.
- 7 Believing on our common Lord,
'Till we his image here regain,
Experiencing his utmost word,
And brought unto a perfect man.
- 8 'Till farther still by faith we go,
And nearer view the opening skies,
And more and more like Christ below,
To all his glorious stature rise.
- 9 That highest point of love divine,
To all that heaven we here arrive,
And then our parting souls resign,
And cease at once to grow, and live.
- 10 This is his acceptable will,
That we on earth should holy be,
The fulness of his Spirit feel,
And live from sin for ever free.
- 11 No more in our imperfect state,
Feeble, and babes in Christ no more,
But strong in him, and truly great,
And fill'd with all his love and power.
- 12 Children we liv'd, alas! Too long,
Tost to and fro with every wind,
And many a false, deceitful tongue
Subverted our unstable mind.

- 13 Carried about from God's own ways,
At every smooth seducer's will,
We left the channels of his grace,
And slothfully at last stood *still*.
- 14 With speeches fair, and glozing lies
They watch'd, and strove to cast us down,
Remove us from our calling's prize,
O'erturn our faith, and take our crown.
- 15 But let us now the promise prove,
And perfect holiness below,
Hold fast, and speak the truth in love,
And up to Christ in all things grow.
- 16 We all shall gain what we pursue,
Be pure in heart, and saints indeed,
Grafted in Christ, and creatures new;
The members shall be like their head.
- 17 From him the quickning Spirit flows,
And lo! The social members join,
The well-compacted body grows,
And swells with energy divine.
- 18 By that which every joint supplies
The whole doth still increase, and move,
'Till all compleat the body rise,
And perfectly built up in love.

Hymns and Sacred Poems Vol. 2 (Bristol: Farley, 1749), 176-8.

96

CLIX.

[Hymns for Widows.]

Hymn XX.

On the Death of Mrs. Anne Jenkins.

- 1 Happy soul, enjoy thy gain,
Thy greatest gain to die,
From our vale of grief, and pain,
Remov'd to worlds on high,
Thou the glorious fight hast won,
Ended well the doubtful race,
All th' allotted service done:
Thy works shall speak thy praise.
- 2 Ever careful to abound
In fruits of righteousness,
Still thou labour'dst to be found
In God's appointed ways,
Walking on with Christ in white,
Virtues thy companions were,
Praise thy permanent delight,
And all thy business prayer.

- 3 True to thy great Master thou,
 And zealous for his cause,
 Simply didst thy faith avow,
 And glory in his cross;
 By the loving Spirit led,
 By the sayings of thy Lord,
 Thou in all his steps didst tread,
 And keep his written word.
- 4 Long the wily soothing foe
 Thy steady virtue tried,
 Vainly urg'd thee to forego,
 And cast the means aside,
 Worship more refin'd and pure,
 Still the *silent* tempter shew'd,
 Still thy foot stood fast and sure
 In the old paths of God.
- 5 Never once wast thou betray'd
 Into the serpent's snare,
 While he labour'd to dissuade
So much of praise and prayer:
 "Friend be still (he softly cried)
 Outward praise your God offends:"
 "Friends sing on (thy zeal replied)
 The song that never ends."
- 6 Such thy fair example was,
 The same in life and death,
 Love's sweet task, and prayer, and praise
 Imploy'd thy latest breath,
 Prompt to succour the distress,
 Glad the tempted soul to cheer,
 Pity mov'd thy dying breast,
 And dropp'd thy latest tear.
- 7 Thou in Jesu's words and ways
 Exhortest us t' abide,
 Witness of the perfect grace,
 And wholly sanctified:
 All his promises fulfill'd,
 All his gifts to thee were given,
 Pardon'd here, renew'd, and seal'd,
 And fully ripe for heaven.
- 8 Pure into the hands of God
 Thou didst thy soul resign,
 Fitted for that high abode,
 And fellowship divine:
 Oh! How sweet thy parting word,
 Last of all thou spak'st below,
 "Keep me, keep me, dearest Lord,
 And never let me go!"

Hymns and Sacred Poems Vol. 2 (Bristol: Farley, 1749), 216-8.

CLXXV.

Written in Going to Wakefield to Answer a Charge of Treason.

- 1 Jesu, in this hour be near,
On thy servant's side appear,
Call'd thine honour to maintain,
Help a feeble child of man.
- 2 Thou who at thy creature's bar,
Didst thy deity declare,
Now my mouth and wisdom be,
Witness for thyself in me.
- 3 Gladly before rulers brought,
Free from trouble as from thought,
Let me thee in them revere,
Own thine awful minister.
- 4 All of mine be cast aside,
Anger, fear, and guile, and pride,
Only give me from above,
Simple faith, and humble love.
- 5 Set my face, and fix my heart,
Now the promis'd power impart,
Meek, submissive, and resign'd
Arm me with thy constant mind.
- 6 Let me trample on the foe,
Conquering, and to conquer go,
'Till above *his* world I rise,
Judge th' accuser in the skies.

Hymns and Sacred Poems Vol. 2 (Bristol: Farley, 1749), 239.

Charles records the incident that is behind this hymn in his *MS Journal* (March 15, 1744), (Maddox).

[CXCIV.]

[Hymns for Christian Friends.]

Hymn IV.

- 1 Author of friendship's sacred tie,
Regard us with a gracious eye,
Two souls whom thou hast join'd in one,
Join'd by the unction from above
In bonds of pure seraphic love,
United in thy love alone.

- Searcher of hearts unsearchable,
 To thee, great God, we dare appeal,
 To thee we dare our cause commend;
 Thou knowst our simpleness of heart,
 And as thou didst the grace impart,
 O keep us, keep us to the end.
- 2 Our friendship sanctify, and guide,
 Unmixt with selfishness, and pride,
 Thy glory be our single aim:
 In all our intercourse below
 Still let us in thy footsteps go,
 And never meet but in thy name.
 Fix on thyself our single eye;
 Oh! May we on thyself rely
 For all the help which each conveys,
 The help as from thy hands receive,
 And still to thee all glory give,
 All thanks, all might, all love, all praise.
- 3 Whate'er thou dost on one bestow,
 Let each the doubled blessing know,
 Let each the common burthen bear,
 In comforts, and in griefs agree,
 And wrestle for his friend with thee
 In all th' omnipotence of prayer.
 Our mutual prayer accept, and seal,
 In both thy glorious self reveal,
 Both with the fire of love baptize;
 Thy kingdom in our souls restore,
 And keep, 'till we can sin no more,
 'Till both in all thy image rise.
- 4 Witnesses of th' all-cleansing blood,
 Long may we work the works of God,
 And do thy will like those above,
 Together spread the gospel-sound,
 And scatter peace on all around,
 And joy, and happiness, and love.
 True yoke-fellows, by love compell'd
 To labour in the gospel-field,
 Our all let us delight to spend
 In gathering in thy lambs and sheep,
 Assur'd that thou our souls wilt keep,
 Wilt keep us faithful to the end.
- 5 And if it be thy sovereign will,
 Jesus, our heart's desire fulfil,
 Thou knowst, dear Lord, what we would say:
 To thee the matter we submit,
 But if thy wisdom deems it fit,
 Oh! Call us *both at once* away.

Let both at once the summons hear,
And bless the welcome messenger,
The angel of thy latest grace:
Let both at once our souls resign
Into those gracious hands of thine,
And see at once thy glorious face.

- 6 In thee together let us die,
Together mount above the sky,
Smooth-wafted on the angel's wings,
Together take the starry crown,
And sit with thee triumphant down,
Assessors of the King of kings;
Together on thy fulness feast,
In thee, and in each other blest,
The social joys of heaven improve,
Sing the new song which ne'er shall end,
And jointly in thy praises spend
An everlasting age of love.

Hymns and Sacred Poems Vol. 2 (Bristol: Farley, 1749), 264-6.

99

CXCVI.

[Hymns for Christian Friends.]

Hymn VI.

- 1 Fountain of good, from thee alone
Our every gift and comfort flows,
Whate'er we fondly call our own
Thy freely streaming grace bestows,
Thy blessings all thro' Christ descend,
Our heavenly and eternal friend.
- 2 Meanest of all thy sons, on me,
On me thou hast a gift bestow'd,
Dearer than life, or liberty,
And only less belov'd than God,
I take the friend thy grace has given,
And bless him, 'till we meet in heaven.
- 3 Thither he still points out my way,
And arms my soul with mighty prayers,
Stands by me in the evil day,
And all my griefs and burthens bears,
Blest minister of grace divine;
But all the glory, Lord, is thine.
- 4 Thou only dost the power transfer,
Thro' which a worm supports the weak,
Thou only dost my spirit cheer
By words which he *receives* to speak;
Thy secret hand in all I see,
And render all the praise to thee.

- 5 What tho' my every lucid hour,
 My every comfort here below,
 My all of hope, or peace, or power
 Thro' this, this only, channel flow,
 The help which on our earth is done
 Thou dost it, Lord, and thou alone.
- 6 Thou didst at first the grace impart,
 The tender charity divine,
 Will'd him to bear me on his heart,
 And love me with a love like thine,
 Pure heavenly love, on earth unknown,
 A stream that issues from thy throne.
- 7 And can I, dearest Lord, not love
 A soul thyself in dear'st to me?
 So like the blessed spirits above,
 So restless to be all like thee,
 So long desir'd, so late bestow'd,
 So honour'd, and belov'd of God!
- 8 But (for I know my wretched heart
 Would still thy noblest gifts abuse)
 A second benefit impart,
 And grant me grace thy grace to use,
 From all the dross of nature free,
 Give me to love that soul for thee.
- 9 O may I never, never seek
 My own delight, my own applause,
 Ready thy gifts to render back,
 To nail my Isaac to the cross,
 My all of comfort to resign,
 And say, Thy will be done, not mine.
- 10 Refrain my soul, and keep it low,
 Wean'd as a child from creature-good,
 Thee, only thee, resolv'd to know,
 My Jesus, and thy sprinkled blood:
 All other comforts I disdain,
 And more than all in thee I gain.
- 11 What are thy gifts, compar'd to thee!
 A beam from that bright-shining sun,
 A drop from that unfathom'd sea!
 Fountain of life, and love unknown,
 Into thy depths, O God, I fall:
 O God, thou art mine all in all.

Hymns and Sacred Poems Vol. 2 (Bristol: Farley, 1749), 269-271.

100

CCX.

[Hymns for Christian Friends.]

Hymn XX.

- 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,
 Him I cheerfully resign,
Him I thankfully restore,
 Leave him in the arms divine.
- 3 Far from the soul remov'd,
 Whom next to thee I lov'd,
Still I bear him 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 soon to meet above,
All the dignity to know,
 All the heighth of heavenly love.
- 5 My longing soul prepare
 To meet my brother there;
Him to see at thy right-hand,
 Fair in loveliness divine,
With him in thy sight to stand,
 With him in thy praise to join.
- 6 For this immortal hope
 I freely give him up:
Only keep us to that day—
 Or if more I may request,
Let me *first* escape away,
 Let me find an earlier rest.
- 7 My residue of days
 Add to his lengthen'd race:
Or if mercy hath ordain'd
 Both at once should take our flight,
Let us suddenly 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 thine arms receive us home,
Come, Redeemer, come away,
 King of saints triumphant, come.

Hymns and Sacred Poems Vol. 2 (Bristol: Farley, 1749), 286-8.

Charles sent this hymn to Sarah Gwynne with a letter dated August 9, 1748 (Maddox) In this version st.2, line 4 is altered to 'Her I cheerfully resign,' (Lunn).

101

CCXI.

[Hymns for Christian Friends.]

Hymn XXI.

- 1 Thou Son of God, whose flaming eyes,
Mark every wish and thought that rise
 In this poor troubled heart,
Disclose, drag out to open light
All things displeasing in thy sight,
 And bid them all depart.
- 2 Wretched, and void of God, and blind,
Wouldst thou that I should comfort find
 And ease in aught below?
Or rather bear my utmost load,
And shrink from every creature-good,
 And only Jesus know?
- 3 Spite of myself resolv'd t' obey,
I tear the dear right-eye away,
 If it my Lord offend;
I bow me to the will divine,
My life, and more than life resign,
 I give thee back my friend.
- 4 Thy will be done, whate'er it be,
Thy blessed will concerning me
 I awfully adore:
If thou demand my only prop,
I yield, I yield—to give him up,
 And see his face no more.
- 5 No more; 'till that thrice welcome day,
When earth and heaven shall pass away
 Before thy glorious face:
We then shall both to thee repair,
And catch each other in the air,
 And fly to thy embrace.

6 For this I part with him below,
Let us but meet above, and *know*
Each other in the throng,
Partake the heavenly bridal feast,
And sing reclining on thy breast
The Lamb's eternal song.

Hymns and Sacred Poems Vol. 2 (Bristol: Farley, 1749), 288-9.

102

CCXXIII.

[Hymns for Christian Friends.]

Hymn XXXIII.

- 1 And must I give him up?
And doth the Lord recall
My only joy, my latest prop,
My friend, my earthly all!
I must—I will—comply
With Jesus' just demand,
I *do* pluck out the dear right-eye,
Cut off the dear right-hand.
- 2 Wherefore should I complain
In pining discontent,
If God requires his own again,
Resumes the good he lent?
The potter, sure, has power
Over the passive clay,
And whom my God bestow'd this hour,
My God may take away.
- 3 'Twas on these terms alone
That first I call'd him mine,
And vow'd without a murm'ring groan
The blessing to resign:
And if my friend he claim,
And hold me to my word,
I bless and magnify his name,
And own him for my Lord.
- 4 The fatal blow I feel
Of his almighty hand,
My grief commanded to conceal,
I bow to his command.
But thou hast not forbid
My secret tears to flow,
And all my griefs, from mortals hid,
Thou dost with pity know.
- 5 Of this assur'd I rest
Thou wouldst not put to pain
(For me if anguish were not best)
This helpless child of man;

The griev'd thou wouldst not grieve,
Increase the sufferer's load,
Me of so great a good bereave
But for my greater good.

- 6 Or if, my faith to prove,
Thou dost resume thine own,
Thou shalt by a strange turn of love
Restore the rendred loan,
The offering father's hand
Shall drop the lifted knife,
And still thy merciful command
Shall save my Isaac's life.

Hymns and Sacred Poems Vol. 2 (Bristol: Farley, 1749), 302-3.

103

Hymn IV.

- 1 God of awful majesty,
Thy glorious name we praise!
Known are all thy works to thee
Of judgment, and of grace:
In thine only breast it lies
To raise or sink, revive or slay:
Wilt thou yet again chastise,
Or turn thy wrath away?
- 2 Vengeance on thy foes to take
Hast thou in anger sworn?
Sworn again our earth to shake,
And from its base o'erturn?
Surely then to Abraham's seed
Thou shalt reveal the wrath to come,
Speak the punishment decreed,
And warn us of our doom.
- 3 But if so thy will ordain
Its close design to hide,
Let us in thy work remain,
And in thy love abide;
Stand for all events prepar'd,
With reverence and godly fear;
Stand for ever on our guard,
'Till thy great arm appear.
- 4 Blessed are the servants, Lord,
Whom thou shalt watching find,
Hanging on thy faithful word,
And to thy will resign'd;
Safe amidst the darts of death,
Secure they rest in all alarms,
Sure, their Lord hath spread beneath
His everlasting arms.

5 Should the earth this moment cleave,
 And swallow up the just,
 Jesus would their souls receive,
 And guard their sleeping dust:
 Tho' their dust the whirlwind sweep
 To earth's profoundest center driven,
 Soon, emerging from the deep,
 They rise, they mount to heaven!

Hymns occasioned by the Earthquake, March 8, 1750 [Pt. I] (London: Strahan, 1750), 7-8.

104

AN
 EPISTLE
 TO THE REVEREND
 MR. JOHN WESLEY.

My first and last unalienable friend,
 A brother's thoughts with due regard attend,
A brother, still as thy own soul belov'd,
 Who speak to learn, and write to be reprov'd:
 Far from the factious undiscerning crowd,
 Distrest I fly to thee, and *think aloud*;
 I tell thee, wise and faithful as thou art,
 The fears and sorrows of a burthen'd heart,
 The workings of (a blind or heav'nly?) zeal,
 And all my *fondness for the Church* I tell, 10
 The Church whose cause I serve, whose faith approve,
 Whose altars reverence, and whose name I love.

But does she still exist in more than sound?
 The Church—alas, where is she to be found?
 Not in the men, however *dignified*,
 Who *would* her creeds repeal, her laws deride,
 Her prayers expunge, her articles disown,
 And thrust the filial Godhead from his throne.
 Vainest of all their antichristian plea,
 Who cry “The temple of the Lord are we!” 20
 “We have the Church, nor will we quit our hold.”—
 Their hold of what? The altar? Or the gold?
 The altars theirs, who will not light the fire,
 Who spurn the labour, but accept the hire,
 Who not for souls, but their own bodies care,
 And leave to underlings the task of pray'r?
 As justly might our christen'd heathens claim,
 Thieves, drunkards, whoremongers, the sacred name;
 Or rabble-rout succeed in their endeavour
 With *High Church, and Sacheverel for ever!* 30
 As Arians be for orthodox allow'd,
 For saints the sensual, covetous, and proud,
 And Satan's synagogue for the true Church of God. -

Then let the zealous *orthodox* appear,
And challenge the contested character:
Those, who renounce the whole dissenting tribe,
Creeds, articles, and liturgy subscribe;
Their parish church who never once have mist,
At schism rail, and hate a *Methodist*;
“The company of faithful souls” are these, 40
Who strive to ’stablish their own righteousness,
But count the faith divine a mad-man’s dream?
Howe’er they to themselves may pillars seem,
Of Christ, and of his Church they make no part:
They never knew the Saviour in their heart.

But those who in their heart have Jesus known,
Believers justified by faith alone, /
Shall we not them *the* faithful people own? -
In whom the power of godliness is seen,
Must we not grant the Methodists *the men*? 50
No: tho’ we granted them from schism free,
From wild enthusiastic heresy,
From ev’ry wilful crime, and moral blot,
Yet still the Methodists *the Church* are not:
A single faculty is not the soul,
A limb the body, or a part the whole.

Whom then, when ev’ry vain pretender’s cast,
With truth may we account the Church at last?
“All who have felt, deliver’d from above,
The holy faith that works by humble love, 60
All that in pure religious worship join,
Led by the Spirit, and the Word divine,
Duly the Christian mysteries partake,
And bow to governors for conscience sake:”
In these *the Church of England* I descry,
And vow with *these alone* to live and die.

Yet while I warmly for her faith contend,
Shall I her blots and blemishes defend?
Inventions *added* in a fatal hour,
Human appendages of pomp and power, 70
Whatever shines in outward grandeur great,
I give it up—*a creature of the state*,
Wide of the Church, as hell from heav’n is wide,
The blaze of riches, and the glare of pride,
The vain desire to be intitled *Lord*,
The worldly kingdom, and the princely sword.

But should the bold usurping spirit dare
Still higher climb, and sit in Moses’ chair,
Power o’er my faith and conscience to maintain,
Shall I submit, and suffer it to reign? 80
Call it *the Church*, and darkness put for light,
Falshood with truth confound, and wrong with right?
No: I dispute the evil’s haughty claim,
The spirit of the world be still its name,

Whatever call'd by man 'tis purely evil,
'Tis Babel, antichrist, and pope and devil!

Nor would I e'er disgrace the Church's cause
By penal edicts, and compulsive laws,
(Should wicked powers, as formerly prevail
T' exclude her choicest children from her pale) 90
Or force my brethren in her forms to join,
As every jot and tittle were divine,
As all her orders on the mount were given,

And copied from the hierarchy of heaven.
Let others for the shape and colour fight
Of garments short or long, or black or white;
Or fairly match'd, in furious battle join
For and against the sponsors and the sign;
Copes, hoods, and surplices *the Church* miscall,
And fiercely run their heads against *the wall*; 100
Far different care is mine; o'er earth to see
Diffus'd her true essential piety,
To see her lift again her languid head,
Her lovely face from ev'ry wrinkle freed,
Clad in the simple, pure, primeval dress,
And beauteous with internal holiness,
Wash'd by the Spirit and the word from sin,
Fair without spot, and glorious all within.

Alas! How distant now, how desolate,
Our fallen Sion, in her captive state! 110
Deserted by her friends, and laugh'd to scorn,
By inbred foes, and bosom vipers torn,
With grief I mark their rancorous despight;
With horror hear the clam'rous *Edomite*;
“Down with her to the ground,” who fiercely cries,
“No more to lift her head, no more to rise!
Down with her to the pit, to Tophet doom
A Church emerging from the dregs of Rome!
Can there in such a church salvation be? ,
Can any good come out of popery?” / 120
Ye moderate dissenters—come and see! -

See us, when from the papal fire we came,
Ye frozen sects, and warm you at the flame,
Where for the truth our host of martyrs stood,
And clapp'd their hands, and seal'd it with their blood!
Behold Elijah's fiery steeds appear,
Discern the chariot of *our* Israel near!
That flaming car, for whom doth it come down?
The spouse of Christ?—Or whore of Babylon?
For martyrs, by the Scarlet Whore pursu'd 130
Thro' racks and fires, into the arms of God.
These are the Church of Christ, by torture driv'n
To thrones triumphant with their friends in heav'n;
The Church of Christ (let all the nations own)
The Church of Christ *and England*—is but one!

Yet vainly of our ancestors we boast,
We who their faith and purity have lost,
Degenerate branches from a noble seed,
Corrupt, apostatiz'd, and doubly dead:
Will God in such a church his work revive! 140
It cannot be that these dry bones should live.

But who to teach almighty grace shall dare?
How far to suffer, and how long to spare?
Shall man's bold hand our candlestick remove,
Or cut us off from our Redeemer's love?
Shall man presume to say, "There is no hope:
God *must* forsake, for *we* have giv'n her up:
To save a church so near the gates of hell,
This is a thing—with God impossible!"

And yet this thing impossible is done, 150
The Lord *hath* made his power and mercy known,
Strangely reviv'd our long forgotten hope,
And brought out of their graves his people up.
Soon as we prophesied in Jesu's name,
The noise, the shaking, and the Spirit came!
The bones spontaneous to each other cleav'd, ,
The dead in sin his powerful word receiv'd, /
And felt the quickning breath of God, and liv'd. -
Dead souls to all the life of faith restor'd,
(The house of Israel now) confess the Lord, 160
His people and his Church, out of their graves
They rise and testify that Jesus saves,
That Jesus gives the multiplied increase,
While one becomes a thousand witnesses.

Nor can it seem to souls already freed
Incredible, that God should wake the dead,
Should farther still exert his saving power,
And call, and quicken twice ten thousand more,
Till our whole Church a mighty host becomes,
And owns the Lord, the opener of their tombs. 170

Servant of God, my yoke-fellow and friend,
If God by *us* to the *dry bones* could send,
By *us* out of their graves his people raise,
By *us* display the wonders of his grace,
Why should we doubt his zeal to carry on
By abler instruments the work begun,
To build our temple that in ruins lay,
And reconvert a nation in a day,
To bring our Sion forth, as gold refin'd, ,
With all his saints in closest union join'd 180
A friend, a nursing-mother to mankind? -
Surely the time is come, for God to rise,
And turn upon our Church his glorious eyes,
To shew her all the riches of his grace,
And make her throughout all the earth a praise:

For O! His servants think upon her stones,
 And in their hearts his pleading Spirit groans:
 It pitieth them to see her in the dust,
 Her lamp extinguish'd, and her gospel lost:
 Lost—till the Lord, the great restorer came, 190
 Extinguish'd—till his breath reviv'd the flame;
 His arm descending lifted up the sign,
 His light appearing bad her *rise and shine*,
 Bad her glad children bless the heavenly ray,
 And shout the prospect of a gospel-day.
 Meanest and least of all her sons, may I
 Unite with theirs my faith and sympathy!
 Meanest, and least—yet can I never rest,
 Or quench the flame enkindled in my breast:
 Whether a spark of nature's fond desire, 200
 That warms my heart, and sets my soul on fire,
 Or a pure ray from yon bright throne above,
 That melts my yearning bowels into love;
 Even as life, it still remains the same,
 My fervent zeal for our Jerusalem;
 Stronger than death, and permanent as true,
 And purer love, it *seems*, than nature ever knew.

For her, whom her apostate sons despise,
 I offer up my life in sacrifice,
 My life in cherishing a parent spend, 210
 Fond of my charge, and faithful to the end:
 Not by the bonds of sordid interest ty'd,
 Not gain'd by wealth or honours to her side,
 But by a *double birth* her servant born:
 Vile for her sake, expos'd to general scorn,
 Thrust out as from her pale, I gladly roam,
 Banish myself to bring her wanderers home.
 While the lost sheep of Israel's house I seek,
 By bigots branded for a schismatick,
 By real schismaticks disown'd, decry'd, 220
 As a blind bigot on the Church's side:
 Yet well content, so I my love may shew,
 My friendly love, to be esteem'd her foe,
 Foe to her order, governors, and rules:
 The song of drunkards, and the sport of fools;
 Or, what my soul doth as hell fire reject,
 A pope—a *Count*—and leader of a sect.

Partner of my reproach, who justly claim
 The larger portion of the glorious shame,
 My pattern in the work and cause divine, 230
 Say is thy heart as *bigotted* as mine?
 Wilt thou with me in the Old Church remain,
 And share her weal or woe, her loss, her gain,
 Spend in her service thy last drop of blood,
 And die—to build the temple of our God;
 Thy answer is in more than words exprest,

I read it through the window in thy breast;
In every action of thy life I see
Thy faithful love, and filial piety.
To save a sinking Church, thou dost not spare 240
Thyself, but lavish all thy life for her:
For Sion's sake thou wilt not hold thy peace,
That she may grow, impatient to decrease,
To rush into thy grave that she may rise,
And mount with all her children to the skies.

What then remains for us on earth to do,
But labour on with Jesus in our view,
Who bids us kindly for his patients care,
Calls us the burthen of his Church to bear,
To feed his flock, and nothing seek beside, 250
And nothing know, but Jesus crucify'd.

When first sent forth to minister the word,
Say, did we preach ourselves, or Christ the Lord?
Was it our aim disciples to collect,
To raise a party, or to found a sect?
No; but to spread the power of Jesus' name,
Repair the walls of our Jerusalem,
Revive the piety of antient days,
And fill the earth with our Redeemer's praise.

Still let us steadily pursue our end, 260
And only for the faith divine contend,
Superior to the charms of power and fame,
Persist thro' life, invariably the same:
And if indulg'd our heart's desire to see,
Jerusalem in full prosperity,
To pristine faith, and purity restor'd;
How shall we bless our good redeeming Lord,
Gladly into his hands our children give,
Securely in their mother's bosom leave,
With calm delight accept our late release, 270
Resign our charge to God, and then depart in peace!

An Epistle to the Reverend Mr. John Wesley (London: Strahan, for J. Robinson, 1755), 3-16.

Hymn XV.

On the Death of the Rev. Mr. John Meriton,
August 10, 1753.

- 1 And hath he bow'd his head,
And rendered up the ghost,
So *quietly* escap'd, and fled
To that immortal host?
With them our songs we join,
And solemnly proclaim
The victory of love divine,
The triumph of the Lamb.
- 2 The Lamb of God alone
Supplied his Spirit's might,
Thro' which our fellow-soldier won
The good tho' doubtful fight;
Thro' which th' *afflicted man*
On sovereign mercy cast,
Rode out the storm of sin and pain,
And landed safe at last.
- 3 Long was he tost below
On life's tempestuous sea,
Born to a double share of woe,
And weight of misery,
Tortur'd by cruel fears,
By flattering hopes deceiv'd,
He wandred thro' the vale of tears,
And rather died than liv'd.
- 4 The soul is now at rest,
The exile roams no more,
Of his inheritance possest
On that celestial shore:
A lot that cannot fade,
A life that cannot die,
An house by hands immortal made,
A mansion in the sky.
- 5 Jesus, take all the praise,
The praise is all thy due;
And save *us* by the word of grace,
And make us conquerors too:
The word thy servant spoke,
And found its saving power,
Let us believe, obey—and look
For death's triumphant hour.
- 6 O that we then like him
Might quietly resign
The souls thou sufferdst to redeem,
Into those hands of thine!

O that we then might prove
Like him, the crowning grace,
And join our glittering friends above
In everlasting lays.

Funeral Hymns (London: Strahan, 1759), 28-9.

106

Hymn XVII.
On the Death of Mrs. Anne Wigginton,
April 24, 1757.
[Part I.]

- 1 What shall we say? It is the Lord!
His name be prais'd, his will be done!
Bereav'd by his revoking word,
We meekly render him his own,
And faultless mourn our partner fled,
Our friend remov'd, our Dorcas dead.
- 2 A Christian good, without pretence,
A widow by her works approv'd,
A saint indeed is summon'd hence,
To triumph with her best belov'd,
In whom she found acceptance here,
And *shew'd* her faith by humble fear.
- 3 By works of righteousness she shew'd
The gracious principle within,
By reverence for the things of God,
By deadness to the world and sin,
By laying up her wealth above,
By all the toils of patient love.
- 4 Memorial of her faith unfeign'd,
As incense sweet, before the throne,
Did not her prayers and alms ascend,
And bring the heavenly herald down?
Did she not for the preacher call,
With news of pard'ning grace for all?
- 5 What tho' she in the desert pin'd,
And languish'd for the light in vain,
Her soul obedient and resign'd,
Did darkly safe with God remain,
Who led his trembling servant on,
And bless'd her in a path unknown.
- 6 Unconscious of the grace receiv'd,
She mourn'd, as destitute of grace,
A pattern to believers liv'd,
And labour'd on with even pace,
Possess of Mary's better part,
And Martha's hands, and Lydia's heart.

7 No noisy self-deceiver she,
No boaster vain of faith untry'd:
Her own good deeds she could not see,
But wrought, and cast them all aside;
And when her glorious race was run,
Complain'd, "She never yet begun."

Funeral Hymns (London: Strahan, 1759), 31-3.

107

Hymn XIX.

A Prayer for a Dying Child.

- 1 Father, Lord of earth and heaven,
Spare, or take what thou hast given;
Sole disposer of thine own,
Let thy sovereign will be done.
- 2 When thou didst our Isaac give,
Him we trembled to receive,
Him we call'd not ours, but thine,
Him we promis'd to resign.
- 3 Lo! We to our promise stand,
Lo! We answer thy demand,
Will not murmur or complain,
If thou claim thine own again.
- 4 Life and death depend on thee,
Just and good is thy decree,
Safe in thy decree we rest,
Sure whatever is, is best.
- 5 Meekly we our vow repeat,
Nature *shall* to grace submit,
Let him on the altar lie,
Let the victim live, or die.
- 6 Yet thou know'st, what pangs of love
In a father's bosom move,
What the agony to part,
Struggling in a mother's heart.
- 7 Sorely tempted and distress,
Can we make the fond request?
Dare we pray for a reprieve?
Need we ask that he may live?
- 8 God we absolutely trust,
Wise, and merciful, and just,
All thy works to thee are known,
All thy blessed will be done.

9 If his life a snare would prove,
Rob us of thy heavenly love,
Steal our hearts from God away;
Mercy will not let him stay.

10 If his life would matter raise
Of thine everlasting praise,
More his Saviour glorify;
Mercy will not let him die.

Funeral Hymns (London: Strahan, 1759), 34-6.

This prayer is for the first child of Charles and Sarah Wesley, John, born September 1752. He died in January 1754 (Maddox).

108

Hymn XXV.
[On the Death of a Child.]
Part VI.

- 1 'Tis finish'd! All his course of pain!
'Tis finish'd! All our task of care!
We turn us to our rest again,
In solemn praise, and humble prayer:
For lo! Our awful office ends,
For lo! Our sacred charge ascends!
- 2 The child, of whom we seem bereav'd,
Whom feeble flesh would still deplore,
Our heavenly Father hath receiv'd,
And kindly bids us weep no more,
But chearfully his loan resign,
And leave him in the arms divine.
- 3 Father, we make thy deed our own,
Submissive to thy wisest choice,
Tho' nature give a parting groan,
Our spirits *shall* in thee rejoice,
And thankfully at last approve
Th' appointment of eternal love.
- 4 'Twas love ordain'd so short a date,
So light a load of penal pain,
And hence the favourite of fate
Put on, and burst, his fleshly chain;
Receiv'd, and rend'ring up his breath,
Retir'd into the shades of death.
- 5 But we by faith's illumin'd eye
Beyond the cloud of death behold
A Sun in yon eternal sky,
Which gilds, and turns the cloud to gold;
And in that golden light I see
The child that owed his birth to me.

- 6 In a new world of light and bliss,
 An angel now our child appears,
 His joy hath made our sorrow cease,
 His looks have dried our selfish tears,
 His looks, where heavenly glories shine,
 And call us to the sight divine.
- 7 Father of lights, and God of love,
 Thy call we joyfully obey,
 And hasten to our friends above,
 Who for their old companions stay;
 Till all before thy face shall meet,
 And find in thee our heaven compleat.

Funeral Hymns (London: Strahan, 1759), 42-3.

109

Hymn XXVIII.

On the Death of Mrs. L[efevre], July 6, 1756.

[Part I.]

- 1 Ah! Lovely Christ-like soul adieu,
 Darling of every heart that knew,
 Thy short-liv'd excellence!
 Rest in the bosom of thy God,
 Who just to gazing mortals shew'd,
 And snatch'd the wonder hence.
- 2 Unworthy of her longer stay,
 Forbid to plead, forbid to pray,
 We mournfully resign,
 Our friend, so suddenly remov'd;
 We render to her best-belov'd,
 The heavenly loan divine.
- 3 But *need* we now our grief conceal,
 Forc'd in the tenderest nerve to feel
 The universal loss?
 We *cannot* curb our swelling sighs,
 Or stop the fountains of our eyes,
 Remembring what she *was*.
- 4 She *was* (let all her worth confess,
 Let all her precious memory bless,
 And after her aspire!)
 A burning, and a shining light
 She *was*—to gild our land of night,
 And set our world on fire.
- 5 She *was* (what words can never paint)
 A spotless soul, a sinless saint,
 In perfect love renew'd,
 A mirror of the deity,
 A transcript of the One in Three,
 A temple fill'd with God.

- 6 The witness of his hallowing grace,
Talk'd with her Maker face to face,
And mark'd with his new name
His nature visibly express'd,
While all her even life confess'd
The meekness of the Lamb.
- 7 Blest with his lowly loving mind,
One with the friend of human kind,
In all his steps she trod;
In doing good, and bearing ill,
Fulfill'd her heavenly Father's will,
And liv'd, and dy'd to God.
- 8 Eager to drink his deepest cup,
She fill'd her Lord's afflictions up,
Together crucified;
To nature's will entirely dead,
She languish'd till she bow'd her head,
And with her Saviour died.
- 9 Like him, her *thirty years and three*,
She finish'd on the sacred tree,
In sacrificial prayer,
Calmly without a lingring sigh,
Dismiss'd her spirit to the sky,
And clasps her Jesus there!

Funeral Hymns (London: Strahan, 1759), 46-8.

110

Hymn XXIX.

[On the Death of Mrs. Lefevre, July 6, 1756.]

Part II.

- 1 O that the child of heavenly light
Might drop her mantle in her flight,
Her lamb-like spirit leave!
On us let all her graces rest,
To meeken every troubled breast,
And teach us how to grieve.
- 2 Happy, could we the secret find,
Like her in all events resign'd
To gain by every loss;
Our sharpest agonies t' improve,
Esteem our Master's lot, and love,
And glory in his cross!
- 3 Master, on us, ev'n us bestow
Like precious faith thyself to know;
Fulfil our heart's desire,
Daily in all her steps to tread,
And let us in the garden bleed,
And on the mount expire.

- 4 Like her, who now supremely blest,
 Enjoys an everlasting rest,
 We fain on earth would be;
 As harmless as that gentlest dove,
 As simplified by humble love,
 As perfectly like thee.
- 5 O were it, Lord, on us bestow'd,
 The love that in her bosom glow'd,
 The love invincible;
 The love that turns the other cheek,
 The love inviolably meek,
 That bears and conquers all!
- 6 Made ready here by patient love
 For sweetest fellowship above
 With our translated friend;
 Give us thro' life her spirit to breathe,
 Indulge us then to die her death,
 And bless us with her end.

Funeral Hymns (London: Strahan, 1759), 48-9.

111

Hymn XXXIV.

[On the Death of Mrs. Mary Naylor,
 March 21, 1757.]
 Part V.

- 1 Free from that partial blind respect,
 Which marks the favourite of a sect,
 Implicitly resign'd;
 With *others* eyes she scorn'd to see,
 And stretch'd her arms of charity,
 Ingrasping all mankind.
- 2 In love, and every grace she *grew*,
 As nearer her departure drew;
 The active restless soul
 From strength, to greater strength went on,
 Swifter and swifter still she run,
 To reach the heavenly goal.
- 3 She liv'd a burning shining light,
 With never-fading lustre bright,
 With never-cooling love:
 Meet for the infinite reward,
 Expecting to receive her Lord
 And Bridegroom from above.

- 4 He came, and warn'd her to depart,
 He knock'd at her attentive heart,
 And fitted for the sky;
 She open'd to her welcome guest,
 With eager instantaneous haste
 She gat her up, to die.
- 5 *To die*, her only business then,
 The meed of all her toils to gain,
 Made ready long before
 She flies to lay her body down,
 And pain, and sin, and grief are gone,
 And suffering is no more.
- 6 "Nothing," she cries, "can shake my peace,
 My body, or my soul, distress,
 Or tempt me once to fear;
 My full salvation is wrought out,
 I cannot mourn, I cannot doubt,
 For Christ and heaven is here.
- 7 "Not in my helpless self I trust,
 But on my faithful Lord and just,
 In life and death depend;
 Secure of everlasting bliss,
 Into those gracious hands of his
 My spirit I commend."
- 8 She speaks, and bows her willing head
 She sinks among th' immortal dead,
 Without a ling'ring groan;
 Meek, as the Lamb of God, departs,
 And carries up our bleeding hearts
 To that eternal throne.

Funeral Hymns (London: Strahan, 1759), 56-7.

112

Hymn II.

- 1 Forth in thy strength, O Lord, we go,
 Forth in thy steps and loving mind,
 To pay the gospel-debt we owe,
 (The word of grace for all mankind)
 To sow th' incorruptible seed,
 And find the lost, and wake the dead.
- 2 The wand'ring sheep of England's fold
 Demand our first and tenderest care,
 Who under sin and Satan sold
 Usurp the *Christian* character,
 The Christian character prophane,
 And take thy *church's* name in vain.

- 3 Or shameless advocates for hell,
 Their crimes they Sodom-like confess,
 Or varnish'd with a specious zeal,
 An empty form of godliness,
 The power they impiously blaspheme,
 And call our hope a madman's dream.
- 4 Haters of God, yet still they cry,
 "The temple of the Lord are we!
 The church, the church!"—Who dare defy
 Thy self-existent deity,
 Proudly oppose thy righteous reign,
 And crucify their God again.
- 5 'Gainst these by thee sent forth to fight,
 A suffering war we calmly wage,
 With patience meet their fierce despite,
 With love repay their furious rage,
 Revil'd, we bless; defam'd, intreat;
 And spurn'd, we kiss the spurner's feet.
- 6 Arm'd with thine all-sufficient grace,
 Thy meek unconquerable mind,
 Our foes we cordially embrace,
 (The filth and refuse of mankind)
 We gladly all resign our breath,
 To save one precious soul from death.

Reasons against a Separation from the Church of England ... with Hymns for the Preachers among the Methodists (so called), 13-22 (London: Strahan, 1760), 14-15.

113

71.

**"Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and offer him for a burnt-offering."
 —[Gen.] xxii. 2.**

- 1 Tremendous oracle divine!
 Who can the harsh command obey!
 "That son, that only son of thine,
 That son belov'd, that Isaac slay!"
 Whoe'er the God of Abraham know,
 Their faith by like obedience prove,
 And offering up their Isaacs, shew
 The power supreme of Jesu's love.
- 2 Father, thou call'st me by my name,
 Thy sovereign pleasure to fulfil,
 And lo, thro' grace I ready am
 To answer all thy awful will,

By faith I climb the mountain-top,
Thy blessings cheerfully resign,
And yield my dearest comforts up
A bleeding sacrifice divine.

Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures Vol. 1
(Bristol: Farley, 1762), 23.

114

102.

“Jacob gathered up his feet into the bed, and yielded up the ghost, and was gathered unto his people.”

—[Gen.] xlix. 33.

Shrinking from the cold hand of death,
I too shall gather up my feet,
Shall soon resign this fleeting breath,
And die, my father’s God to meet;
Numbred among thy people, I
Expect with joy thy face to see,
Because thou didst for sinners die,
Thou wilt in death remember me.

Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures Vol. 1
(Bristol: Farley, 1762), 33.

115

205.

“At the commandment of the Lord they rested, and at the commandment of the Lord they journeyed.”

—[Num.] ix. 23.

- 1 Most gracious God, reveal
Thy will concerning me;
Whate’er I do, whate’er I feel,
I follow thy decree,
Myself, and all my ways
To thee I still resign,
Led by the Spirit of thy grace,
And by the word divine.
- 2 Jesus, I here abide,
Thy pleasure to fulfil;
My soul and all its motions guide
By thy most holy will;
The counsels of thy love
Be on my heart imprest,
It then shall at thy bidding move,
And at thy bidding rest.

- 3 Eternal Spirit, spread
 Thy love throughout my breast,
 Who did'st thine ancient people lead,
 And causedst them to rest:
 While thou my leader art,
 And mak'st me thine abode,
 I find the witness in my heart
 That I am born of God.
- 4 Father, thy will be done!
 To thee I all resign,
 The sole disposer of thine own,
 Dispose of me, and mine:
 At thy command I go,
 Or quietly attend,
 'Till all my rests, and toils below
 In rest eternal end.

Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures Vol. 1
 (Bristol: Farley, 1762), 64-5.

116

206.

“They kept the charge of the Lord.”
 —[Num.] ix. 23.

- 1 Lord, I thy charge obey
 Who bid'st my soul be still,
 Whose cloud doth on my body stay,
 And stops my acting zeal:
 But while with-held I am
 From labouring in thy cause,
 Thou bid'st me suffer for thy name,
 And glory in thy cross.
- 2 Whate'er my God ordain,
 Contented and resign'd,
 I wait, I watch, in ease, in pain,
 The tokens of thy mind;
 To labour on for thee,
 If thou appoint, I come;
 Or let the cloud remain on me,
 And sink me to the tomb.

Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures Vol. 1
 (Bristol: Farley, 1762), 65-6.

117

406.

“Whatsoever cometh to meet me, shall surely be the Lord’s: or, I will offer it up for a burnt offering.”

—[Judg.] xi. 31.

The beast that meets him shall be slain;
Resign’d to God the child of man,
A living sacrifice, restor’d
Entire, devoted to the Lord:
The Lord, he knows, so kind and good,
Hath no delight in human blood,
Or pleas’d accepts of one alone,
That offering of his slaughter’d Son.

Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures Vol. 1
(Bristol: Farley, 1762), 131.

118

444.

“Her countenance was no more sad.”

—[I. Sam.] i. 18.

Beneath a mountain-load of grief,
Subdued, submissive, and resign’d,
I find in prayer my sure relief,
Returning peace with Christ I find:
Soon as on him I cast my care,
My care doth all at once depart,
My visage can no more declare
The sadness of a broken heart.

Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures Vol. 1
(Bristol: Farley, 1762), 142.

119

451.

“The Lord killeth.”

—[I. Sam.] ii. 6.

When mortal man resigns his breath,
'Tis God directs the shafts of death,
Casual howe'er the stroke appear,
He sends the fatal messenger:
The keys are in that hand divine;
That hand must first the warrant sign,
And arm the death, and wing the dart,
Which doth his message to our heart.

Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures Vol. 1
(Bristol: Farley, 1762), 144.

120

517.

“I shall go to him.”

—[II. Sam.] xii. 23.

Stedfast in faith, I rest resign'd,
Joyful in hope my babes to find
For whom no more I grieve,
Assur'd I soon to them shall go,
Assur'd who infants died below
With God in glory live.

Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures Vol. 1
(Bristol: Farley, 1762), 163.

121

614.

“Thine are we, David, and on thy side, thou son of Jesse: peace, peace be unto thee, and peace be to thine helpers: for thy God helpeth thee.”

—[I. Chron.] xii. 18.

- 1 David's Son by heaven ador'd,
We for our King receive,
Unto thee our sovereign Lord
In life and death we cleave,
Loving, true allegiance bear,
And to thy will ourselves resign,
Thine without reserve we are,
Irrevocably thine.
- 2 Jesus come, thy kingdom here
Set up we long to see,
Forward on thy side t' appear,
O'erjoy'd to act for thee:
In thy word of righteousness
Ride on, thy royal right maintain,
Blest of God, and sent to bless
The nations with thy reign!

Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures Vol. 1
(Bristol: Farley, 1762), 192.

122

618.

“Let me fall into the hand of the Lord.”

—[I. Chron.] xxi. 13.

Gracious thou, when most severe:
Let me, Lord, myself resign,
(If I must be punish'd here)
Fall into the hands divine,

Hands that this frail creature made,
Hands that still my soul sustain,
Hands which for my folly bled;
Bled the balm that heals my pain.

Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures Vol. 1
(Bristol: Farley, 1762), 193.

123

632.

“He died full of days, riches, and honour.”
—**I. Chron. xxix. 28.**]

- 1 O 'tis enough! I ask no more,
Full of a few sad sinful days,
Sated with life, 'till life is o'er
I languish to conclude my race,
And silently resign my breath,
And sink into the shades of death.
- 2 This earth without regret I leave,
Impatient for my heavenly rest:
Saviour, my weary soul receive,
Take a sad pilgrim to thy breast,
Who only live, and die, to be
Restor'd, resorb'd, and lost in thee.

Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures Vol. 1
(Bristol: Farley, 1762), 197.

124

707.

**“The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of
the Lord.”**
—**[Job] i. 21.**

I cannot lose what is not mine,
I may to God restore his loan;
And chearfully I would resign,
When justly he revokes his own:
Ah, give me, Lord, with all to part;
And when thou dost my soul require,
To bless thee for a broken heart,
And calmly in thine arms expire.

Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures Vol. 1
(Bristol: Farley, 1762), 222.

125

712.

“Wherefore is life given to him that is in misery?”

—[Job] iii. 20.

- 1 To teach the wretched man,
From whence his miseries flow,
Discover sin the source of pain,
The cause of all our woe;
To shew his soul's disease,
Suppress his murmuring sighs,
And fit him for internal peace,
And life that never dies.
- 2 O for that gracious power,
My load of life to bear,
And watch for the appointed hour,
With never-slackning care!
Thy glorious house above,
Father, I fain would see;
But *how* thou wilt my soul remove,
And *when* I leave to thee.
- 3 O may I thus resign'd,
In every change and state,
The counsels of my Father's mind
With perfect patience wait,
Thy welcome will receive,
Alike indifferent I,
Or in the griefs of life to live,
Or in the joys to die.

Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures Vol. 1
(Bristol: Farley, 1762), 224.

126

800.

“Thou shalt hide them in the secret of thy presence.”

—[Psalm] xxxi. 20.

- 1 Thy presence is the secret place,
To which, thou know'st, I fain would fly;
Bring me into that wilderness,
With thee alone to live and die:
From all the miseries I fear,
From all the miseries I feel,
From my own memory severe
Thou only canst my soul conceal.
- 2 Come, Lord, thy glorious face display,
This world of woe and sin t' exclude,
Bear in thine hands my soul away,
Thyself my long-sought solitude:

I now into thy hands resign
My life to be conceal'd above,
As satisfied with light divine,
As quite absorb'd in heavenly love.

Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures Vol. 1
(Bristol: Farley, 1762), 257.

127

824.

“Thy loving kindness is better than life.”
—[Psalm] lxxiii. 3.

Thy favour and love I prefer
To life in its happiest hours,
Possess of a paradise here,
When mercy my spirit o'erpowers:
All earthly delights I forego,
All creature enjoyments resign,
When blest with the heaven, to know
My Jesus eternally mine.

Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures Vol. 1
(Bristol: Farley, 1762), 263.

128

861.

**“The Lord hath chastened and corrected me, but he hath not given me
over unto death.”**
—[Psalm] cxviii. 18.

- 1 My merciful God hath chasten'd his son,
His fatherly rod I thankfully own,
He hath not rejected, or left me to die,
But gently corrected, and laid the rod by.
- 2 O how shall I praise the goodness divine?
My remnant of days to him I resign,
My life to the giver I gladly restore,
And praise him for ever when time is no more.

Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures Vol. 1
(Bristol: Farley, 1762), 273.

129

902.

“Keep thy heart with all diligence.”
—[Prov.] iv. 23.

- 1 Shall I in thy care confide
As superseding mine;
Or, if watchful I abide,
Assume the praise divine?

- No; if now I use thy grace,
 The power of using is from thee,
 Thou dost work (I still confess)
 To will, and do in me.
- 2 Grace vouchsaf'd for Jesu's sake,
 O God, I now receive,
 Power continually to wake,
 And soberly to live:
 Thus I keep with utmost care
 The heart I every day resign,
 Every hour, by faith and prayer
 Into the hands divine.

Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures Vol. 1
 (Bristol: Farley, 1762), 284-5.

130

1088.

“Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? Let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God.”

—[Isa.] 1. 10.

- 1 Who is the weak believer, who
 Doth still his dreary way pursue,
 Inspir'd with true religious fear,
 And following Christ with heart sincere?
 Obedient to thy Saviour's voice,
 Yet canst thou not in him rejoice,
 Or taste the comforts of his grace,
 Or find a God who hides his face.
- 2 Jesus is vanish'd from thy sight,
 No glimpse of bliss, or gleam of light
 To cheer thee in the desert way,
 Or promise a return of day;
 No evidence of things unseen,
 But wars without, and fears within,
 No witness of thy sins forgiven,
 No ray of hope on this side heaven!
- 3 Poor, tempted soul, what canst thou do?
 Hope against hope, that God is true,
 His nature in his name confess,
 His wisdom, power, and righteousness;
 The Lord, whom now thou canst not see,
 Whate'er he is, he is for thee;
 Expect; and thou shalt surely prove,
 That God in Christ is perfect love.

4 Till then, on him thy spirit stay,
Whose death hath borne thy sins away,
Conform'd to Jesus in his blood,
With him cry out—"My God, my God!
My God, my God, I hold thee fast,
Till nature's latest pang is past,
Into thy hands my soul resign,
And then—thou art for ever mine."

Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures Vol. 1
(Bristol: Farley, 1762), 360-1.

131

1125.

"Then thou shalt see, and flow together, &c."
—[Isa.] lx. 5.

Afraid to think the vision true,
Thy heart with dubious joy shall beat,
Thy heart enlarg'd shall pant anew,
When forc'd the real bliss t' admit,
When hosts and fleets to thee resign
The fulness of the lands and floods,
And earth, and sea, and all is thine,
And thou art Christ's, and Christ is God's.

Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures Vol. 1
(Bristol: Farley, 1762), 375.

132

1211.

"I will give them an heart to know me, that I am the Lord, and they shall be my people, and I will be their God: for they shall return unto me with their whole heart."
—[Jer.] xxiv. 7.

1 True and faithful as thou art,
To all thy church and me
Give the new believing heart
That knows and cleaves to thee;
Freely our backslidings heal,
And by thy balmy grace restor'd,
Grant that every soul may feel
"Thou art my pard'ning Lord!"

2 Might we now with pure desire
Thine only love request,
Now with willing heart entire
Return to Christ our rest;

When we our whole heart resign,
Jesus, to be fill'd up with thee,
Thou art ours, and we are thine
Thro' all eternity.

Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures Vol. 2
(Bristol: Farley, 1762), 25.

133

1226.

“There is hope in thine end.”
—[Jer.] xxxi. 17.

I take thee at thy word:
Let it accomplish'd be:
According to thy promise, Lord,
In death remember me!
O seal it on my heart;
And when I life resign,
My hope if in my end thou art,
Thou art forever mine.

Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures Vol. 2
(Bristol: Farley, 1762), 30.

134

145.

“He shall not strive, nor cry, neither shall any man hear his voice in the streets.”
—[Matt.] xii. 19.

Not brawling, popular, and loud,
But silent, as the Man of Woe,
Instruct me to decline the croud,
And meekly after thee to go,
And quietly, like thee, resign
My soul into the hands divine.

Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures Vol. 2
(Bristol: Farley, 1762), 162.

135

253.

“Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me.”

—[Matt.] xxvi. 39.

A follower of thy suffering Son,
I would the bitter cup decline,
Yet let thy sovereign will be done,
My own I patiently resign,
And calmly rest, whate'er I feel,
Assur'd thou art my Father still.

Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures Vol. 2
(Bristol: Farley, 1762), 192.

136

509.

“The Holy Ghost hath made you overseers.”

—[Acts] xx. 28.

- 1 Who but the Holy Ghost can make
The genuine gospel-minister,
The bishop, bold to undertake
Of precious souls the awful care?
The Holy Ghost alone can move
A sinner, sinners to convert,
Infuse the apostolic love,
And bless him with a pastor's heart.
- 2 Not all the hands of all mankind
Can constitute one overseer;
But spirited with Jesu's mind,
The heavenly messengers appear,
They follow close with zeal divine
The bishop great, the shepherd good,
And cheerfully their lives resign
To save the purchase of his blood.

Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures Vol. 2
(Bristol: Farley, 1762), 273-4.

137

619.

**“I follow after, if that I may apprehend that for which also I am
apprehended of Christ Jesus.”**

—[Phil.] iii. 12.

- 1 Why hast thou apprehended me,
And held my struggling soul so fast?
What is the grace laid up in thee,
Which I shall apprehend at last,
The gospel-hope to which I press?
Is it not finish'd holiness?

2 Jesus, that perfect good unknown,
Restless, resign'd, I wait to gain:
But give me strength to follow on,
And strive, and labour, and sustain;
Nor ever from thine own depart,
'Till thee I love with all my heart.

Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures Vol. 2
(Bristol: Farley, 1762), 316-7.

138

623.

“I fill up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ.”

—[Col.] i. 24.

- 1 The sufferings which the body bears,
Are still the sufferings of the head,
While every true disciple shares
The cross on which his Saviour bled,
The members all his cup partake,
And daily die for Jesu's sake.
- 2 My calling now I clearly see,
And from the stock of sacred pains
Accept th' allotted misery,
The blessing which for me remains,
Hated, revil'd, afflicted live,
And with the Man of Sorrows grieve.
- 3 Whate'er the members must endure,
Resign'd thro' life I undergo,
Not grace or pardon to procure,
But Jesu's patient mind to shew,
And, all his saving virtue prove,
Thro' sufferings perfected in love.
- 4 As favours from my kindest Lord,
My deaths I joyfully sustain,
Indulg'd t' enhance my great reward,
When coming with his saints to reign,
I see, I meet the crucified,
I sit triumphant at his side!

Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures Vol. 2
(Bristol: Farley, 1762), 319-20.

139

636.

“In every thing give thanks.”

—[1 Thess.] v. 18.

Every moment we live
We a blessing receive,
And with thankful alacrity own:
We shall praise him in death,
And resigning our breath,
Give him thanks for a share of his throne.

Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures Vol. 2
(Bristol: Farley, 1762), 325.

140

658.

“If we suffer, we shall also reign, with him.”

—[2 Tim.] ii. 12.

- 1 Thou man of affliction and woe,
What is it, to suffer with thee?
Thy secret I languish to know,
Thy passion and death on the tree:
Thou, Jesus, alone canst explain,
And give me a sense of thy load:
Ah, shew me in darkness and pain
The heart of a crucified God.
- 2 If tempted in death, and forsook
Thy burthen unknowing I bear,
To God with astonishment look,
Nor find a return of my prayer;
Assure me, my anguish is thine;
This hope to a sinner afford,
And lo, I my spirit resign,
And chearfully die—with my Lord!
- 3 Or let me in sorrow remain,
So thou my Redeemer art nigh,
Thy marks in my body sustain,
And daily in agonies die,
Fill up thy afflictions below,
So thou to my conscience reveal
Thou dost my infirmities know,
My griefs thou art troubled to feel.
- 4 Sustain'd by the pity divine,
That pants in Immanuel's breast,
My sorrow uniting to thine,
In calm resignation I rest:

Thy word to the members is sure,
The joy is annex to the pain:
With thee to the end I endure,
With thee I in glory shall reign.

Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures Vol. 2
(Bristol: Farley, 1762), 334-5.

141

HEBREWS.

Hymn 676.

“Who being the brightness of his glory, and the express image of his person, and upholding all things by the word of his power, when he had by himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high.”

—**Heb. i. 3.**

- 1 Brightness of th' eternal glory,
Image of our God exprest,
Jesus, let thy works adore thee,
God supreme forever blest!
Still upheld by their Creator,
Heaven and earth thy power confess;
Lord of universal nature,
Take the universal praise.
- 2 From his heavenly throne descending
Son of God, and Son of man,
See him on a cross depending,
By his sinful creatures slain!
O the depth of love redeeming!
God his Spirit doth resign!
See the blood in pardons streaming,
Precious balm of blood divine!
- 3 Flow'd from him an open fountain
For the universal sin,
Wash'd away th' enormous mountain,
Made a world of sinners clean;
By his one compleat oblation,
Jesus did the ransom find,
Quench'd his Father's indignation,
Purg'd the guilt of all mankind.
- 4 After his few days of mourning,
Rose our Lord no more to die,
To his heavenly realms returning,
To his seat above the sky,
Where he sat supreme, before
One of all his works was made,
In full majesty and power,
Rested our triumphant head.

5 Object of their adoration,
Saviour, thee thine angel-train
Met with rapturous exclamation,
Welcom'd to thy courts again!
Still they shout, and fall before thee,
Thee their great Creator own,
Re-install'd in all thy glory,
Bright on thine eternal throne!

Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures Vol. 2
(Bristol: Farley, 1762), 345-6.

142

703.

**“Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many; and unto them that
look for him, shall he appear the second time, without sin, unto
salvation.”**

—[Heb.] ix. 28.

1 Jesus, thy bleeding love
Our thankful hearts approve:
Once a spotless victim slain,
Thou didst here thy life resign,
Bear for every child of man,
Pacify the wrath divine.

2 Our sins thy body bore,
And justice asks no more;
Thy sufficient sacrifice
Did for all mankind atone:
Now thou reign'st above the skies,
High on thine eternal throne.

3 But while for thee we mourn,
Thou wilt to us return,
Wilt the second time appear
Saviour of the faithful race;
I shall then behold thee near,
I shall see thy heavenly face.

4 God's everlasting Son
Shall on the clouds come down!
How unlike the Man of Woe,
Him that groan'd on Calvary!
Him that tasted death below,
Him that purchas'd life for me!

5 Come then our heavenly friend,
 Sorrow and death to end,
Pure, millennial joy to give,
 Now appear on earth again,
Now thy people sav'd receive,
 Now begin thy glorious reign!

Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures Vol. 2
(Bristol: Farley, 1762), 362.

143

717.

“Let us run with patience the race that is set before us.”

—[Heb.] xii. 1.

- 1 The moment we begin our race,
We must the Saviour's cross embrace,
Must daily take it up, and run
With patience, 'till the race is won,
Our nature's flattering hope resign,
In pomp of ghostly gifts to shine,
Nor dream, when sav'd from slavish fear,
We need no longer suffer here.
- 2 While after Jesus we proceed,
Patience we every moment need,
By a whole world of sinners tried,
Conform'd to Jesus crucified;
The patience of unwearied hope
Must bear our fainting spirits up,
Comfort, 'till all our deaths are past,
And give th' immortal crown at last.
- 3 Were all the race already run,
And one short step remain'd alone,
To take that one short step behind,
We need be arm'd with Jesu's mind;
For if we rest as now secure,
And do not to the end endure,
If patience fail, we fall from grace,
And drop the cross, and lose the race.
- 4 But thou on whom our souls depend,
Wilt keep us patient to the end,
And still with passive grace supply,
Daily with thee to bleed and die;
'Till strengthen'd by thy Spirit's power,
We meet that last decisive hour,
And mingle with th' immortal dead,
From pain and death forever freed.

Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures Vol. 2
(Bristol: Farley, 1762), 368-9.

144

720.

**“Who, for the joy which was set before him, endured the cross,
despising the shame, and is set down at the right-hand of the throne of
God.”**

— [Heb.] xii. 2.

- 1 Can it mercenary be,
Saviour, to endure like thee,
Thy example to pursue,
Thy reward to keep in view?
- 2 For thy glory in the sky,
Daily, Lord, with thee I die,
Fasten'd to thy cross I am,
Feel the pain, and slight the shame.
- 3 Thou by that immortal hope
Bear'st thy suffering servant up,
Thou at God's right-hand sat down,
Reachest out to me the crown.
- 4 Let me then thy cup receive,
With thy every sorrow grieve,
Share thy last severest load,
Languish for an absent God;
- 5 Dying to my Father look,
'Till my final hour forsook,
On the ignominious tree
Hang, and bleed to death with thee:
- 6 Sure, when I my soul resign,
Life, eternal life, is mine,
When into thine arms I fall,
Heaven will make amends for all!

Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures Vol. 2
(Bristol: Farley, 1762), 371.

145

728.

**“He chastened us for our profit, that we might be partakers of his
holiness.”**

—[Heb.] xii. 10.

- 1 Father, that we are truly thine,
By thine afflicting hand we know,
Enter into thy kind design,
Partakers with the Man of Woe,
And bear our lot of sacred pain,
Thy nature, and thy throne t' obtain.

- 2 Tho' slow of heart, we comprehend
 The gracious meaning of thy rod,
 Who dost in every stroke intend
 Our spiritual, eternal good:
 We bless thine acceptable will,
 Which scourges and afflicts us still.
- 3 The good, which we could never find
 Untroubled, unchastiz'd by thee,
 We feel, in pain and grief resign'd,
 The patient, meek humility,
 The mind which in our Saviour was,
 And all the bearers of his cross.
- 4 Then let us still his cross sustain,
 A Father's chastisements receive,
 And waiting thus the prize to gain,
 We shall the life divine retrieve,
 And put thy sinless image on,
 Pure members of thy perfect Son.

Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures Vol. 2
 (Bristol: Farley, 1762), 374.

146

729.

**“No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous:
 nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness,
 unto them which are exercised thereby.”**

—[Heb.] xii. 11.

- 1 Afflicted by a gracious God,
 The stroke I patiently sustain,
 Grievous to feeble flesh and blood;
 Unable to rejoice in pain,
 Beneath a Father's hand I bow,
 And groan to feel the chastening now.
- 2 But when he hath my patience prov'd,
 And sees me to his will resign'd,
 His heavy hand and rod remov'd
 Shall leave its blest effects behind,
 The sure, inviolable peace,
 The fruit of finish'd righteousness.
- 3 This pain, this consecrated pain,
 With which my soul and flesh are fill'd,
 His instrument if he ordain,
 The pure and perfect love shall yield;
 But by whatever means 'tis done,
 The work, and praise is all his own.

Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures Vol. 2
 (Bristol: Farley, 1762), 375.

147

770.

“Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow his steps.”

— [1 Pet.] ii. 21.

- 1 Jesus, thy blood hath purg'd my sin,
Thy blood shall wash me white as snow:
But shew me all thy sufferings mean,
Thy passion's utmost purport shew,
And teach my heart the mystery:
Why didst thou live, and die for me?
- 2 Thou didst not work, that I secure
In sloth might all the day remain,
Thou didst not unknown grief endure,
To supersede my needless pain:
Thy life requires my active zeal,
Thy death, that I should suffer still.
- 3 No follower after thee I am,
If nothing for thy sake I bear;
A stranger to thy grief and shame,
In vain to call thee mine I dare:
Thy suffering, Lord, doth mine imply,
And binds me on thy cross to die.
- 4 Then let me thee my pattern trace,
With thee cry out, and faint and bleed,
'Till partner of thy last distress,
I taste the gall, and bow my head,
Calmly my spotless soul resign,
And die into the arms divine.

Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures Vol. 2
(Bristol: Farley, 1762), 393.

148

811.

“I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in truth.”

—[3 John] 4.

- 1 Jesus, to me the joy impart,
Which fills a faithful pastor's heart,
While I my children see
Walk as the heirs to joys above,
Walk in the truth of holy love,
And genuine piety.

- 2 Then would I chearfully resign
My soul into the hands divine,
And sing, at my release,
Now letteth thou thy servant, Lord,
Depart, according to thy word,
In everlasting peace.

Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures Vol. 2
(Bristol: Farley, 1762), 407.

149

828.

“I know thy works.”

—[Rev.] ii. 2.

- 1 Happy the man, who poor and low,
Less goodness in himself conceives
Than Christ doth of his servant know;
Who sav'd from self-reflection lives,
Unconscious of the grace bestow'd,
Simply resign'd, and lost in God.
- 2 Himself he cannot perfect call,
Or to the meanest saint prefer,
Meanest himself, and least of all:
And when the glorious character
His spotless soul with Christ receives,
His state—to that great day he leaves.

Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures Vol. 2
(Bristol: Farley, 1762), 415.

150

853.

“Now is come salvation, &c.”

— [Rev.] xii. 10, 11, 12.

- 1 Now is the saint's salvation come,
The strength that slays that beast of Rome,
The kingdom of our God below,
The power of Christ against our foe,
Which forces Satan to submit,
Forever bruis'd beneath our feet.
- 2 Now the old dragon is o'erthrown,
Th' accuser of the saints cast down,
The grand deceiver of mankind,
Who brought their secret sins to mind,
And charg'd them at the bar of God,
'Till cover'd with their Saviour's blood.

- 3 But trusting in the martyr'd Lamb,
 The witnesses their foe o'ercame,
 The blood that calm'd their sprinkled hearts,
 By that they quench'd his fiery darts,
 And holding fast the sacred word
 They slew him with the Spirit's sword.
- 4 Arm'd with the dear Redeemer's mind
 Their lives they chearfully resign'd,
 Ambitious of the torturing flame,
 They shew'd the power of Jesu's name,
 Rejoic'd their faithfulness to prove,
 And paid him back his dying love.
- 5 Sing, ye inhabitants of heaven,
 The kingdom to Messiah given,
 T' extol the power of love divine
 Let all his saints and angels join,
 (While endless ages roll along)
 And shout the Lamb's triumphant song.

Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures Vol. 2
 (Bristol: Farley, 1762), 426-7.

151

Hymn XXII.

- 1 Thou, my God, art good and wise,
 And infinite in power,
 Thee let all in earth and skies
 Eternally adore:
 Give me thy converting grace,
 That I may obedient prove,
 Serve my Maker all my days,
 And my Redeemer love.
- 2 For my life, and cloaths, and food,
 And every comfort here,
 Thee, my most indulgent God,
 I thank with heart sincere,
 For the blessings numberless,
 Which thou hast already given,
 For my smallest spark of grace,
 And for my hope of heaven.
- 3 Gracious God, my sins forgive,
 And thy good Spirit impart,
 Then I shall in thee believe
 With all my loving heart,
 Always unto Jesus look,
 Him in heavenly glory see,
 Who my cause hath undertook,
 And ever prays for me.

- 4 Grace in answer to his prayer,
 And every grace bestow,
 That I may with zealous care
 Perform thy will below,
 Rooted in humility,
 Still in every state resign'd,
 Plant, Almighty Lord, in me
 A meek and lowly mind.
- 5 Poor, and vile in my own eyes,
 With self-abasing shame,
 Still I would myself despise,
 And magnify thy name:
 Thee let every creature bless,
 Praise to God alone be given;
 God alone deserves the praise
 Of all in earth and heaven.

Hymns for Children (Bristol: Farley, 1763), 20-21.

152

Hymn XXV.

- 1 Thee, Maker of the world we praise,
 The end of our creation own,
 Being thou gav'st the favourite race,
 That man might love his God alone,
 With knowledge fill'd, and joy, and peace,
 And glorious, everlasting bliss.
- 2 But man his liberty of will
 Abus'd, and turn'd his heart from thee:
 His fault on us intail'd we feel,
 While born in sin and misery,
 We from our God with horror fly,
 And perish, and forever die.
- 3 We must have died that second death,
 Had not the Son of God been man:
 Jesus for us resign'd his breath,
 For us reviv'd, and rose again,
 He purg'd our sin, he bought our peace,
 And fills us with his righteousness.
- 4 We now, by his good Spirit led,
 Our own desires and will forego,
 Delight in all his steps to tread,
 And perfect holiness below,
 Our ransom'd souls to God resign
 Fill'd up with peace and joy divine.

5 In Jesus join'd to God again,
To all thy saints in earth and heaven,
We triumph with the sons of men,
Thy utmost grace to sinners given
Sure at his coming to receive,
And blest with thee forever live.

Hymns for Children (Bristol: Farley, 1763), 23-4.

153

Hymn XXXIV.

- 1 Holy child of heavenly birth,
God made manifest on earth,
Fain I would thy follower be,
Live in every thing like thee.
- 2 Thou whom angels serve and fear,
Subject to thy parents here,
Didst to me the pattern give,
How with mine I ought to live.
- 3 Teach me then betimes t' obey
Those who under God bear sway;
Masters, ministers to love,
All their just commands approve.
- 4 Let me to my betters bend,
Never wilfully offend,
By my meek submissiveness
Strive both God and them to please.
- 5 Thy humility impart,
Give me thy obedient heart,
Free and chearful to fulfil
All my heavenly Father's will.
- 6 Keep me thus to God resign'd,
'Till his love delights to find
Fairly copied out on me
All the mind which was in thee.

Hymns for Children (Bristol: Farley, 1763), 29-30.

154

Hymn XXXVI.

- 1 The Lord he knows the thoughts of men,
That they are foolish all and vain,
'Till chastened by affliction's rod,
The sinners mourn, and turn to God.

- 2 O might his grace victorious prove,
And draw us with the cords of love
To seek him in the dawn of day,
And gladly from our hearts obey.
- 3 Father, the kind instruction give,
And let us now begin to live,
To live the life of piety,
To live like creatures born for thee.
- 4 Taught by the Spirit of thy grace
O may we rightly count our days,
To wisdom's rules our hearts apply,
And warm in life prepare to die.
- 5 And when our spirits we resign
Into those gracious hands of thine,
Thy new-born children, Lord, receive,
With thee eternally to live.

Hymns for Children (Bristol: Farley, 1763), 31-2.

155

Hymn XXXIX.

- 1 O Saviour of all,
We come at thy call,
In the morning of life at thy feet do we fall.
Thy mercy is free;
Our helplessness see,
And let little children be brought unto thee.
- 2 To us thy love shew
Who nothing do know,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven below:
O give us thy grace
In our earliest days,
And let us grow up to thy honour and praise.
- 3 But rather than live
Thy goodness to grieve,
Back into thy hands we our spirits would give:
O take us away
In the morn of our day,
And let us no longer in misery stay.
- 4 If now we remove,
Thy pity and love
Will certainly take us to heaven above:
With thee we shall dwell,
Who hast lov'd us so well:
For O, wilt thou send little children to hell?

- 5 We need not come there,
 But at death may repair
 To heaven, and heavenly happiness share:
 Us mercy shall raise
 To that happy place,
 And we shall behold with our angels thy face.
- 6 They now are our guard,
 And ready prepar'd
 To carry us hence to our glorious reward:
 Ere long it shall be;
 We are ransom'd by thee,
 And we our all-loving Redeemer shall see.
- 7 Our bodies are thine,
 Our souls we resign
 To be wholly employ'd in the service divine,
 Our spirits we give
 For thee to receive:
 O who would not die, with his Saviour to live!

Hymns for Children (Bristol: Farley, 1763), 34-5.

156

Hymn LXVI. Before, or In Their Work.

- 1 Let heathenish boys
 In their pastimes rejoice,
 And be foolishly happy at play;
 Overstock'd if *they* are,
 We have nothing to spare,
 Not a moment to trifle away.
- 2 Our minds to unbend,
 We need not offend,
 Or our Saviour by idleness grieve:
 Whatsoever we do,
 Our end is in view,
 And to Jesus his glory we live.
- 3 Recreation of mind
 We in exercise find,
 And our bodily strength is renew'd:
 New employment is ease,
 And our pleasure, to please
 By our labour a merciful God.
- 4 Our hearts and our hands
 He justly demands,
 And both to our Lord we resign,
 Overpaid, if he smile
 On our innocent toil,
 And accept as a service divine.

5 In our useful employ
We his blessing enjoy,
Whither clearing, or digging the ground,
With songs we proclaim
Our Immanuel's name,
And our angels attend to the sound.

6 The meadow and field
True pleasure doth yield,
When to either with Jesus we go,
Or a paradise find,
Like the head of mankind,
And our pains on a garden bestow.

7 Howsoever employ'd
In the presence of God,
We our forfeited Eden regain,
And delightfully rise
To our Lord in the skies,
In his fulness of glory to reign.

Hymns for Children (Bristol: Farley, 1763), 59-60.

157

Hymn XCIII.

1 Happy beyond description he,
Who in the paths of piety
Loves from his birth to run:
Its ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all its paths are joy and peace,
An heaven on earth begun.

2 If this felicity were mine,
I every other would resign
With just and holy scorn,
Chearful and blith my way pursue,
And with the promis'd land in view
Singing to God return.

Hymns for Children (Bristol: Farley, 1763), 80.

158

XXVIII.

1 Father, Son, and Spirit, come,
And with thine own abide;
Holy God, to make thee room,
Our hearts we open wide,
Thee, and only thee request
To every asking sinner given:
Come, our life, and peace, and rest,
Our all in earth and heaven.

- 2 Born again that thee we may
 In spirit and truth adore,
 Come, and in thy temples stay
 And never leave us more:
 Thee our faithful souls desire;
 Because we know thee now in part,
 Nothing less can we require,
 Than all thou hast, and art.
- 3 With resign'd simplicity
 And patient earnestness,
 Thee we seek; not thine, but thee
 We languish to possess:
 Come, and bring thy nature in,
 And let thy love unrival'd reign;
 Grace we then, and glory win,
 And all in Jesus gain.

Hymns for the Use of Families (Bristol: Pine, 1767), 29-30.

159

XLVI.

- 1 Save, Jesus, save! My hour is near
 Of sorrow and distress,
 And lo, I faint, opprest with fear
 Of my own helplessness:
 My littleness of faith I feel,
 And sink o'whelm'd again,
 Awed by the salutary ill,
 The pain-preventing pain.
- 2 But ah, thou know'st an heavier care
 Hath all my soul o'rspread,
 And pain and death are light to bear
 Compar'd with what I dread:
 My life I freely would resign,
 And lay this moment down,
 Rather than see a child of mine
 Eternally undone.
- 3 But wilt thou suffer me to bear
 A sad reverse of thee,
 A graceless, miserable heir
 Of endless misery;
 Expose it to the world's black wild,
 And sin's malignant power?
 And must I, Lord, bring forth a child
 For Satan to devour?
- 4 Rather resume the blessings lent,
 And stop thy creature's breath,
 And by a temporal prevent
 An everlasting death:

- Before it draws this tainted air,
 My harmless infant slay,
 Or let the sad Benoni tear
 My bleeding life away.
- 5 The keys of death and hell are held
 In thine almighty hand,
 And all the powers of nature yield
 To thy supreme command:
 Destroy the candidate for light,
 Or slay me in its stead,
 Childless among the living write,
 Or free among the dead.
- 6 Or let the sleeping babe remain
 In its maternal tomb,
 And safe from sin, and safe from pain
 For ever swell the womb;
 'Till waken'd by the trumpet's sound
 We both triumphant rise,
 And see our life with glory crown'd,
 And grasp him in the skies.

Hymns for the Use of Families (Bristol: Pine, 1767), 45-6.

160

XLVIII.

- 1 To whom should I for succour fly,
 While danger, pain, and death are nigh,
 And nature's fears return?
 Jesus, my only sure relief,
 I tell to thee my secret grief,
 And in thy bosom mourn.
- 2 I fear, lest in my trying hour
 The strength of pain should quite o'power
 My soul's infirmity,
 Lest, when my sorrows most prevail,
 My patience and my faith should fail,
 And leave me void of thee.
- 3 Ev'n now I faint o'rewhelm'd with dread,
 I tremble at my greatest need
 Lest thou should'st hide thy face,
 Afflict me more than I can bear,
 And then with-hold the aid of prayer,
 The power to sue for grace.
- 4 Yet tho' I am sometimes afraid,
 On thee my feeble mind is stay'd,
 My trust is in the Lord,
 I hold thee with a trembling hand,
 And borne above myself I stand,
 Supported by thy word.

- 5 In God my Saviour I confide,
 Whose truth and love are on my side;
 If now for help I pray,
 Thou in the depth of my distress
 Wilt send a word of heavenly grace,
 And save me thro' that day.
- 6 Thou wilt, I humbly trust, impart
 The sense of pardon to my heart,
 The witness of thy love:
 Thy love shall all my griefs controul,
 Thy love shall calm my fluttering soul,
 And hide my life above.
- 7 Arm'd with thy love and patient mind,
 I come, to thy blest will resign'd,
 For all events prepar'd,
 Soon as I know my pardon seal'd,
 Assur'd that Jesus is my shield,
 And infinite reward.

Hymns for the Use of Families (Bristol: Pine, 1767), 48-9.

161

LIV.

- 1 Cast on the fidelity
 Of my redeeming Lord,
 I shall his salvation see,
 According to his word:
 Credence to his word I give:
 My Saviour in distresses past
 Will not now his handmaid leave,
 But bring me thro' the last.
- 2 Better than my boding fears
 To me thou oft hast prov'd,
 Oft observ'd my silent tears,
 And challeng'd thy belov'd;
 Mercy to my rescue flew,
 And death ungrasp'd his fainting prey,
 Pain before thy face withdrew,
 And sorrow fled away.
- 3 Now as yesterday the same,
 In all my troubles nigh,
 Jesus, on thy word and name
 I stedfastly rely:
 Sure as now the grief I feel,
 The promis'd joy I soon shall have,
 Sav'd again to sinners tell
 Thy power and will to save.

- 4 To thy blessed will resign'd,
And stay'd on thee alone,
I thy perfect strength shall find,
Thy faithful mercies own,
Compass round with songs of praise
My all to my Deliverer give,
Spread the miracle of grace,
And for thy glory live.

Hymns for the Use of Families (Bristol: Pine, 1767), 54-5.

162

LXVIII.

- 1 Let Ishmael live
Devoted to God;
O Father receive
Whom thou hast bestow'd,
Hast purposely given,
That we may resign
The blessing of heaven,
The present divine.
- 2 Thy servants prepare
With wisdom for this
To bring up an heir
Of heavenly bliss:
By walking before thee
His steps let us guide,
And lead him to glory
Thro' Jesus's side.
- 3 The dotting excess
Of nature remove,
And graciously bless
Our labours of love,
Our sanctified cares
With favour allow,
And answer our prayers,
And answer them now.
- 4 The blessing we claim
Now, Father, impart,
Thy nature and name
Be on his young heart,
Our infant inspire
With life from on high,
And kindle the fire
That never shall die.

Hymns for the Use of Families (Bristol: Pine, 1767), 70-71.

[LXXIII.]

For a Child in the Small-Pox.

- 1 Father, by the tender name
 Thou for man vouchsaf'st to bear,
 We thy needful succour claim,
 We implore thy pitying care,
 For our stricken child distrest:
 Wilt thou not our load remove,
 Calm the tumult in our breast,
 Manifest thy saving love?
- 2 Love inflicts the plague severe,
 Love the dire distemper sends:
 Let thy heavenly messenger
 Answer all thy gracious ends:
 Give us power to watch and pray
 Trembling at the threaten'd loss:
 Tear our hearts from earth away,
 Nail them to thy bleeding cross.
- 3 Fain we would obedient prove,
 Here on rugged Calvary
 Render back the son we love,
 Yield our only son to thee:
 While he on the altar lies,
 We to thy decree submit,
 Offer up our sacrifice,
 Weep in silence at thy feet.
- 4 Human tears may freely flow
 Authoris'd by tears divine,
 'Till thine awful will we know,
 Comprehend thy whole design:
 Jesus wept! And so may we:
 Jesus suffering all thy will,
 Felt the soft infirmity;
 Feels his creature's sorrow still.
- 5 Father of our patient Lord,
 Strengthen us with him to grieve,
 Prostrate to receive thy word,
 All thy counsel to receive:
 Tho' we would the cup decline,
 Govern'd by thy will alone
 Ours we struggle to resign:
 Thine, and only thine be done.
- 6 Life and death are in thine hand:
 In thine hand our child we see
 Waiting thy benign command,
 Less belov'd by us than thee:

- Need we then his life request?
 Jesus understands our fears,
 Reads a mother's panting breast,
 Knows the meaning of her tears.
- 7 Jesus blends them with his own,
 Mindful of his suffering days:
 Father, hear thy pleading Son,
 Son of man for us he prays:
 What for us he asks, bestow:
 Ours he makes his own request:
 Send us life or death; we know,
 Life, or death from thee is best.

Hymns for the Use of Families (Bristol: Pine, 1767), 76-8.

164

[LXXV.]

Another [Thanksgiving for His Recovery].

- 1 Worship, and power, and thanks, and love
 To God, the gracious God and true,
 Whose faithfulness again we prove,
 And mercies every moment new:
 Jesus hath heard his people's prayer,
 Our child reviv'd, our son re-given:
 Let all his healing name declare,
 And spread his praise thro' earth and heaven.
- 2 Saviour, we at thy hands receive
 This pledge of greater good to come,
 And to thy wise disposal leave
 Whom thou hast ransom'd from the tomb:
 The child, no longer ours, but thine,
 Ev'n from his earliest infancy
 To thee we chearfully resign,
 A servant of thy church and thee.
- 3 While here our Samuel we present,
 With favour, Lord, accept the loan,
 To thee irrevocably lent,
 And bless and seal him for thine own:
 Devoted from his infant days,
 O may he in thy courts be found,
 Grow up to minister thy grace,
 And spread thro' earth the gospel-sound.

Hymns for the Use of Families (Bristol: Pine, 1767), 79-80.

165

[LXXVIII.]

A Mother's Act of Resignation on the Death of a Child.

- 1 Peace, my heart, be calm, be still,
Subject to 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
Thro' his last convulsive throes
Born into the true repose,
Born into the world above,
Glorious world of light and love!
- 3 Thro' the purple fountain brought,
To his Saviour's bosom caught,
Him in the pure mantle clad,
In the milk-white robe 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,
Then with all thy saints I meet,
Then my rapture is compleat.

Hymns for the Use of Families (Bristol: Pine, 1767), 82-3.

166

[LXXXI.]

Oblation of a Sick Friend.

- 1 God of love, with pity see,
Succour our infirmity;
Father, let thy will be done;—
Thine we say, but mean our own.
- 2 Can we of ourselves resign
The most precious loan divine?
With thy loveliest creature part?
Lord, thou seest our bleeding heart.
- 3 Whom thyself hast planted there,
From our bleeding heart to tear,
This, most sensibly we feel,
This we own impossible.

- 4 Dearest of thy gifts below,
Nature cannot let her go,
Nature, 'till by grace subdued,
Will not give her back to God.
- 5 But we *would* receive the power
Every blessing to restore,
Would to thy decision bow,
Would be meekly willing now.
- 6 If thou *wilt* thine own revoke,
Now inflict the sudden stroke,
Take our eyes' and heart's desire,
Let her in thine arms expire.
- 7 Stript of all, we trust in thee,
As our day our strength shall be,
Jesus, Lord, we come to prove
All the virtue of thy love.
- 8 When the creature-streams are dry,
Thou thyself our wants supply,
Thou of life the fountain art,
Rise eternal in our heart.

Hymns for the Use of Families (Bristol: Pine, 1767), 85-6.

167

[LXXXII.]

Another [Oblation of a Sick Friend].

- 1 Lover, friend of human kind,
Call thy days of flesh to mind,
When thou didst our sorrows bear,
All our sinless frailties share.
- 2 When thou didst converse below,
Every shape of human woe,
Every supplicant in pain
Could thy ready help obtain.
- 3 Melted by thy creature's tears,
Troubled with our griefs and fears,
Pity made thy Spirit groan,
Made our miseries thine own.
- 4 None applied in vain to thee,
Thy divine philanthropy
Chear'd the faint, the hungry fed,
Heal'd the sick, and rais'd the dead.
- 5 Hear us then, thou Man of Grief,
O make haste to our relief,
After thee for help we cry,
Come, before our sister die.

- 6 Jesus, evermore the same,
 Manifest thy saving name,
 Good Physician from above,
 Heal the object of thy love.
- 7 Humbly prostrate at thy feet,
 We our will to thine submit;
 Yet, before thy will is shown,
 Trembling we present our own.
- 8 'Till thy love's design we *see*,
 Earnest, but resign'd to thee,
 Suffer us for life to pray,
 Bless us with her longer stay.
- 9 Let the balm be now applied,
 Touch her, and the fever chide,
 Now command it to depart,
 Sprinkle now her peaceful heart.
- 10 Thou with equal ease and skill
 Canst the soul and body heal:
 Raise her, Lord, the vessel raise
 Of thine all-sufficient grace.
- 11 Let her long a witness live
 That thou canst on earth forgive,
 Live, thine utmost love to see,
 Live to serve thy church and thee.
- 12 Then, when all her work is done,
 Thou thy faithful servant crown,
 Take her, Jesus, to thy breast,
 Take us all to endless rest.

Hymns for the Use of Families (Bristol: Pine, 1767), 86-8.

168

LXXXIX.

- 1 No more amus'd by earthly things,
 Or worldly vanity,
 Father, my troubled spirit brings
 Its last distress to thee:
 Spare me, a little longer spare,
 In feeble age I cry,
 Thou God, who hear'st the faintest prayer,
 And all my sins pass by.
- 2 For this alone I wish to live,
 That I thy love may feel,
 Thy power a sinner to forgive,
 And all my sickness heal;

- To live, 'till I my strength regain
 Original, divine,
 Thy favour forfeited obtain,
 And in thine image shine.
- 3 This only blessing I implore,
 The gift unspeakable,
 The Spirit of life and health and power,
 The witness, pledge, and seal:
 Nought differing from a servant I,
 'Till thou thy Spirit impart,
 And hear him Abba Father cry
 In my poor broken heart.
- 4 Him as a Spirit of binding fear
 Thou hast on me bestow'd,
 Sure token of redemption near
 With Jesus' sprinkled blood:
 The blessed hope lifts up my head,
 While in thy Spirit I groan,
 And call out of the deep, and plead
 The passion of thy Son.
- 5 What Jesus' blood for me did buy
 May I not humbly claim?
 Thou canst not, Lord, my suit deny
 Who ask in Jesus' name:
 I ask what he hath made my right,
 A pardon full and free:
 And if thou dost in him delight,
 Thou art well-pleas'd with me.
- 6 Me, me for his dear sake alone
 Into thine arms receive,
 And let me feel the peace unknown,
 And consciously believe;
 By holy confidence divine
 Made ready to depart,
 I then my spotless soul resign,
 And see thee as thou art.

Hymns for the Use of Families (Bristol: Pine, 1767), 94-6.

169

XCII.

- 1 Most sensibly declining,
 Born to resign my breath,
 Why should I live repining
 At the approach of death?
 In peevish lamentation
 For life I cannot cry,
 Appointed to salvation,
 And joys that never die.

- 2 O were that point secured,
 My sorrows all would cease,
 O were my soul assured
 Of everlasting peace.
 Saviour, I want the witness
 Of my felicity,
 And languish for that meetness
 To share a throne with thee.
- 3 Thy Spirit's attestation
 Added, O God, to mine,
 Must be the confirmation
 That I am truly thine:
 With faith and love inspire
 Thy Spirit into my heart,
 And let the sanctifier
 Dispose me to depart.
- 4 Thy manifested favour
 Better than life I feel,
 When conscious that my Saviour
 Doth in his servant dwell:
 The rapturous sensation
 Restores my paradise,
 Prepares for my translation,
 And wafts me to the skies.
- 5 Come then my hope of glory,
 My unprecarious peace,
 My joy untransitory,
 My perfect righteousness,
 The kingdom of thy Spirit
 Establish, Lord, in me,
 And take me up t' inherit
 My heaven of heavens in thee.

Hymns for the Use of Families (Bristol: Pine, 1767), 98-9.

170

XCIV.

- 1 With sin and grief beginning,
 Must I with sorrow end
 A wretched life, and sinning
 Into the grave descend?
 Will mercy's arms receive me,
 When all my woes are past?
 Or God refuse to give me
 Pardon and peace at last!
- 2 No longer I endeavour
 Myself to justify,
 Convinc'd my Maker's favour
 I cannot, cannot buy:

No deeds or tempers virtuous
Have I wherein to trust:
If love will lose his purchase,
I am for ever lost.

- 3 But is there no salvation
For sinners lost as me?
But is there no compassion
In him who stain'd the tree?
Jesus, thou cam'st from heaven,
And pourd'st out all thy blood,
That I might die forgiven,
Might share the throne of God.
- 4 Soon as thy passion tells me
Hope in my end there is,
Soon as thy Spirit seals me
An heir of endless bliss,
The kingdom to inherit,
I would with joy resign
My disembodied spirit
Into the hands divine.

Hymns for the Use of Families (Bristol: Pine, 1767), 100-101.

171

XCVI.

- 1 Father, thy gracious warning
I thankfully receive,
And to thy arms returning
Prepare with thee to live:
Thy prisoner to unshackle
Soon as the angels come,
I quit this tabernacle
For my celestial home.
- 2 What is that preparation
For fellowship with thee,
For final full salvation,
But faith and purity,
The dire hand-writing blotted,
The peace and life of God,
The holiness unspotted
Which comes with Jesus' blood!
- 3 Its virtue sanctifying
O might I throughly know,
And on his death relying
To life eternal go!
Father send forth his Spirit
Into my hallow'd heart,
And meet thy throne t' inherit,
Meet am I to depart.

4 My head with Jesus bending,
 On his great sacrifice
I rest my soul, ascending
 To joy that never dies,
With Jesus' resignation
 With Jesus' perfect love
I finish my oblation,
 And take my seat above.

Hymns for the Use of Families (Bristol: Pine, 1767), 101-2.

172

XCIX.

- 1 Father, thy froward children spare,
 Who tempt thee by our daily prayer,
And while we say, thy will be done,
 Alas, we only mean our own.
- 2 Yet now permit the sad request
 Of parents for their son distrest,
Nature's infirmity forgive,
 If still we ask that he may live.
- 3 Prostrate before thy mercy-seat
 We ask; but would our will submit,
Whene'er thy sovereign will remove
 The child, whom next to thee we love.
- 4 We would our earthly bliss resign,
 Bestow'd, revok'd, by grace divine,
(If call'd with more than life to part,)
 And tear him from our bleeding heart.
- 5 But O, before the fixt decree
 Bring forth, may we not cry to thee,
Our weakness and reluctance own,
 And for the faith of Abraham groan?
- 6 We want our wishes to suspend,
 On thy decisive word t' attend,
Our wishes at thy feet we lay,
 And calmly weep, and humbly pray.
- 7 Yet shall, we Lord, our hearts disguise,
 Or hide from thy all-seeing eyes?
Our hearts, 'till we thy counsel know,
 Will deprecate the threaten'd blow.
- 8 Joy of our eyes, our heart's desire,
 Ah, do not now our child require:
Or taking whom thy mercy gave,
 Indulge *us* with a common grave.

- 9 There let our mingled ashes lie,
 Where no forlorn survivors sigh,
 Where none their ravish'd joys deplore,
 And Rachel weeps her loss no more.
- 10 There—but we know not what to say,
 Father, aright we cannot pray—
 But Jesus reads the troubled breast—
 O let his bowels speak the rest!

Hymns for the Use of Families (Bristol: Pine, 1767), 105-6.

173

C.

- 1 Saviour, 'till thou declare thy will,
 Thy providential mind reveal,
 And charge us to submit,
 May we not humbly persevere
 In pleading for a life so dear,
 In weeping at thy feet?
- 2 Foolish, and blind to what is best,
 We urge, yet check our fond request,
 With resignation cry,
 Save him—the vessel of thy grace,
 Save him—and for thy glory raise,
 While at the point to die.
- 3 Thou did'st not blame the father's prayer,
 Beseeching thee his son to spare
 Just gasping out his breath:
 Thy mercy hasten'd to his aid,
 Thy love the parting spirit stay'd,
 And rescu'd him from death.
- 4 Another in distress and pain,
 Did he apply to thee in vain,
 In vain for succour groan?
 Thy pity felt thy creature's grief,
 Remov'd his helpless unbelief,
 And gave him back his son.
- 5 Thou couldst not, Lord, thy help deny,
 Regardless of a mother's cry
 For her own child opprest:
 With pleasing importunity
 She wrestled, and obtain'd of thee
 Her violent request.

- 6 Thy mercy ever more the same
 For *our* afflicted child we claim
 Whose dying weight we bear,
 Unanswer'd still our suit repeat,
 And cry for mercy at thy feet
 In agony of prayer.
- 7 Thou dost not yet relief afford,
 Or speak one comfortable word
 In our extream distress,
 As seeming to condemn our fears,
 And frown in silence at our tears,
 And hide thy angry face.
- 8 Answer, thou suffering Son of man,
 May we not patiently complain,
 And feel our threatned loss,
 Under so huge a burthen stoop,
 Or deprecate the bitter cup,
 Or faint beneath the cross?
- 9 Thy mild humanity divine
 Shall help us meekly to resign,
 If thou resume thine own:
 We trust in that tremendous hour,
 To say, thro' love's almighty power,
 Thy sovereign will be done.
- 10 But if our cry hath reach'd thy heart,
 If still the Man of Griefs thou art,
 The friend of misery,
 Thou wilt restore our heart's desire,
 With strength to give him back entire
 A sacrifice to thee.

Hymns for the Use of Families (Bristol: Pine, 1767), 106-8.

174

CXIV.

- 1 Jesus, my faithful guide,
 For thy advice I stay,
 Who wilt not let me wander wide
 Of thy appointed way:
 'Till thou reveal thy will,
 In calm uncertainty
 I know not what to do, but still
 Mine eyes are fixt on thee.
- 2 'Till thou direction send,
 Delightfully resign'd
 I mark the openings, and attend
 The tokens of thy mind;

- What thou wouldst have me do
 By plainest signs to prove
 I wait; and step by step pursue
 The leadings of thy love.
- 3 Saviour, I would not take
 One step in life, alone,
 Or dare the smallest motion make
 Without thy counsel known:
 Thee I my Lord confess,
 In every thing I see,
 And thou by thine unerring grace
 Shalt order all for me.
- 4 Surely thou wilt provide
 The place thou knowst I need,
 The solitary place to hide
 Thy hoary servant's head;
 Where a few moments more
 Expecting my release,
 I may my father's God adore,
 And then depart in peace.

Hymns for the Use of Families (Bristol: Pine, 1767), 122-3.

175

CXXVI.

The Maiden's Hymn.

- 1 Holy child of heavenly birth,
 God made man, and born on earth,
 Virgin's Son, impart to me
 Thy unsullied purity.
- 2 In my pilgrimage below
 Only thee I pant to know,
 Every creature I resign,
 Thine, both soul and body, thine.
- 3 Fairer than the sons of men,
 Over me thy sway maintain:
 Perfect loveliness thou art,
 Take my undivided heart.
- 4 All my heart to thee I give,
 All thy holiness receive,
 Live to make my Saviour known,
 Live to please my God alone:
- 5 Free from low, distracting care,
 For the happy day prepare,
 For the joys that never die,
 For my Bridegroom in the sky.

6 Here betroth'd to thee in love
I shall see my Lord above,
Lean on my Redeemer's breast,
In thy arms for ever rest.

Hymns for the Use of Families (Bristol: Pine, 1767), 133-4.

176

CXXIX.

For an Unconverted Wife.

- 1 Restorer of the sinsick race,
Thy balmy power exert,
And turn by unresisted grace
My dear companion's heart:
One flesh whom thou hast made of two,
(For thy own nature's sake,
In proof that thou art good and true,
In thee one spirit make.
- 2 In every hour of near access
I bear her to the throne,
And wrestle on, 'till thou impress
On her thy name unknown:
An interest if in thee I have,
And feel thy Spirit's life,
O let the faithful husband save
The unbelieving wife.
- 3 Instruct me, Saviour, when to yield
With mitigated zeal,
And when by true affection steel'd
To stand invincible:
Arm'd with the meekness of my Lord,
The wisdom from above,
Give me to win without the word,
And conquer her by love.
- 4 Thy boundless charity divine
Into my bosom breathe,
And gladly I my life resign,
To save her soul from death;
Give up my residue of days,
That she may live forgiven,
And run with joy the Christian race,
And follow me to heaven.

Hymns for the Use of Families (Bristol: Pine, 1767), 137.

CXLIV.

- 1 With a believing master blest,
 His equal in the Saviour's eyes,
 His brother in the Lord confest,
 Shall I neglect him, or despise?
 Forget the difference of estate,
 And scorn at his commands to bow,
 As high and low, as small and great
 Were all upon a level now!
- 2 Rather I would with warmer zeal
 My just fidelity approve,
 Gladly perform his utmost will,
 And love whom God is pleas'd to love,
 Worthy of double honour deem
 The heir of joys that never end,
 And serve and cordially esteem
 Whom Jesus deigns to call his friend.
- 3 Giver of all good gifts, on me,
 On all who bear the yoke bestow
 The wisdom, and humility,
 Our station and ourselves to know,
 Our masters to obey and prize;
 Lest failing in allegiance here,
 We force the world with taunting cries
 To ask, Is this your godly fear!
- 4 If stubborn, insolent, and proud;
 We tempt ev'n heathens to exclaim,
 And urge the sacrilegious croud
 To vilify the Christian name:
 The faith which such as you profess
 Must error, or imposture be,
 A meer pretence for idleness,
 Or cover for hypocrisy.
- 5 But if the gospel we obey,
 Our will to God and man resign,
 All honour to our masters pay,
 And worship only not divine;
 His uncontested witnesses
 We praise the doctrine of our Lord,
 Prove to their hearts the truth of grace,
 And sinners save without the word.

Hymns for the Use of Families (Bristol: Pine, 1767), 152-3.

CLI.

- 1 My God and Lord, thy counsel shew,
What wouldst thou have thy servant do
 Before I hence depart?
How shall I serve thy church, and where?
The thing, the time, the means declare,
 And teach my listning heart.
- 2 Thrust out from them I serv'd so long,
I dare not strive against the wrong,
 But silently resign
The charge I never *could* forsake,
And give my dearest children back
 Into the hands divine.
- 3 Where first I preach'd the word of grace,
If now I have no longer place,
 By my own flesh unknown,
Thy secret hand in all I see,
Thy will be done, whate'er it be,
 Thy welcome will be done.
- 4 Free for whate'er thy love ordains,
I offer up my life's remains
 To be for thee employ'd:
My little strength can little do,
Yet would I in thy service true,
 Devote it all to God.
- 5 Wilt thou not, Lord, my offer take?
Canst thou in helpless age forsake
 The creature of thy will?
My strength is spent in the best cause:
Thy zealous messenger I was;
 I am thy servant still.
- 6 Master, be thou my might, my mouth,
And send me forth to north or south,
 To farthest east or west;
Be thou my guide to worlds unknown:
Rest to my flesh I covet none,
 But give my spirit rest.
- 7 My rest on earth to toil for thee,
My whole delight and business be
 To minister thy word,
For thee immortal souls to win,
And make the wretched slaves of sin
 The freemen of my Lord.

8 Witness and messenger of peace
I only languish to decrease
 In trumpeting thy name,
I only live to preach thy death,
And publish with my latest breath
 The glories of the Lamb.

Hymns for the Use of Families (Bristol: Pine, 1767), 160-62.

179

XXIX.

**“Then cometh the END, when HE shall deliver up the KINGDOM to
GOD, even the FATHER.”**

—1 Cor. xv. 24.

**“HE shall reign over the house of Jacob for ever; and of HIS
KINGDOM there shall be NO END.”**

—Luke i. 33.

- 1 The end of sin and death is near:
 The man shall then to God resign
His kingdom and dominion here,
 His exercise of grace divine,
The kingdom which his Father gave,
 The delegated power to save.
- 2 When all his friends are sav'd at last,
 And all his enemies destroy'd,
The Mediator's sway is past,
 His office and commission void,
The man's authority is o'er,
 And Christ for sinners pleads no more.
- 3 But Christ the God maintains his throne,
 No period shall his kingdom see,
By nature with his Father One,
 A King from all eternity,
The same Jehovah he remains,
 And o'er his saints for ever reigns.

Hymns on the Trinity (Bristol: Pine, 1767), 19-20.

180

XXXIX.

**“Call no man your father upon earth, for ONE is YOUR FATHER
which is in heaven.”**

—Matt. xxiii. 9.

- 1 Our heavenly Father is but One
 With that paternity
In which the Father and the Son
 And Holy Ghost agree:

- Each Person of the Tri-une God,
 May his own creature claim,
 For each impress'd the earthy clod
 With his own awful name.
- 2 Father, and Son, and Spirit join'd
 In the creating plan,
 Each is the Maker of mankind,
 And doth his work sustain:
 The Spirit breath'd his life into
 Our animated clay,
 And he begets our souls anew,
 And seals us to that day.
- 3 Our common head in Christ we see,
 Our heavenly Adam praise,
 The Father of eternity,
 And all the faithful race:
 His promise to the conqueror is,
 Who the good fight hath won,
 "His God, I will be always his,
 And he shall be my son."
- 4 Children of God who Christ receive,
 Our privilege we know,
 The resurrection's children live,
 The Saviour's seed below:
 "I am the resurrection, I
 The life eternal am!"
 And never shall his children die
 Who trust in Jesus' name.
- 5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
 We equal homage pay,
 And each in whom we wholly trust,
 Implicitly obey:
 Ourselves intirely we resign
 To the great Three in One,
 And worship properly divine
 Perform to God alone.

Hymns on the Trinity (Bristol: Pine, 1767), 26-7.

181

XLII.

"The HEAD of Christ is GOD."

—1 Cor. xi. 3.

- 1 The partner of our flesh and blood,
 As man, inferior is to God:
 The lower part of Christ, the heel
 Was bruis'd, and did our sorrows feel:

But though he would his life resign,
His part superior is divine,
And doth, beyond the reach of pain,
God over all for ever reign.

- 2 Great fountain-head of Deity,
Father of Christ, we worship thee,
Thy sovereign majesty maintain
As greater than the Son of man:
Yet thee, O Christ, of God the Son,
In essence, substance, nature One,
Thy Father's equal we proclaim
With God eternally the same.

Hymns on the Trinity (Bristol: Pine, 1767), 28.

182

LIII.

**“This is the blood of the TESTAMENT, which GOD hath enjoined
you.”**

—Heb. ix. 20.

**“Where a TESTAMENT is, there must also of necessity be the DEATH
of the TESTATOR.”**

—Ibid., v[er]. 16.

- 1 God did the testament injoin,
Which God confirm'd with his own blood:
The man who did his life resign,
Was proper, true, eternal God,
God indivisible, and One,
Jehovah's fellow, and his Son.
- 2 The nature, both of God and man
In Jesus' single person meet,
Never to be disjoin'd again;
So strict the union and compleat,
That what of one is said, is true,
If spoken of the other too.

Hymns on the Trinity (Bristol: Pine, 1767), 35.

183

LVI.

**“That ye may be sincere, and without offence, 'till the DAY of
CHRIST.”**

—Phil. i. 10.

“Looking for and hasting to the coming of the DAY of GOD.”

—2 Pet. iii. 12.

- 1 The day of Christ, the day of God
We humbly hope with joy to see,
Wash'd in the sanctifying blood
Of an expiring deity:

- Who did for us his life resign,
 There is no other God but One,
 For all the plenitude divine
 Resides in the Incarnate Son.
- 2 Spotless, sincere, without offence
 O may we to his day remain,
 Who trust the blood of God to cleanse
 Our souls from every sinful stain:
 Lord, we believe the promise sure:
 The purchas'd Comforter impart,
 Apply thy blood to make us pure,
 To keep us pure in life and heart.
- 3 Then let us see that day supreme,
 When none the Godhead shall deny,
 Thy sovereign majesty blaspheme,
 Or count thee less than the Most High;
 When all who thee their God believe,
 Who here thy last appearing love
 Shall thy consummate joy receive,
 And see thy glorious face above.

Hymns on the Trinity (Bristol: Pine, 1767), 37-8.

184

XCVII.

“Remember thy CREATOR (Heb., CREATORS) in the days of thy youth.”

—Eccles. xii. 1.

- 1 Remember thy Creators, God
 In Persons Three confest,
 Who rais'd thee up a breathing clod,
 And with his name imprest:
 The Persons Three in council join'd
 To make his earth-born son;
 And, stamp't with his immortal mind,
 He claims thee for his own.
- 2 He challenges thy youthful days
 Who did thy being give:
 Created for his only praise,
 For him rejoice to live;
 Transcript of holiness divine,
 The Tri-une God proclaim,
 And spirit, and soul, and flesh resign
 To glorify his name.

Hymns on the Trinity (Bristol: Pine, 1767), 63.

185

XIV.

To: "Jesus, we hang upon the word."

- 1 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Whom One all-perfect God we own,
Restorer of thine image lost,
Thy various offices make known,
Display, our fallen souls to raise,
Thy whole economy of grace.
- 2 Jehovah in Three Persons, come,
And draw, and sprinkle us, and seal
Poor guilty, dying worms, in whom
Thou dost eternal life reveal,
The knowledge of thyself bestow,
And all thy glorious goodness show.
- 3 Soon as our pardon'd hearts believe
That thou art pure essential love,
The proof we in ourselves receive
Of the Three Witnesses above,
Sure, as the saints around thy throne,
That Father, Word, and Spirit are One.
- 4 O that we now in love renew'd
Might blameless in thy sight appear,
Wake up in thy similitude,
Stamp'd with the Tri-une character,
Flesh, spirit, soul to thee resign,
And live, and die entirely thine!

Hymns on the Trinity (Bristol: Pine, 1767), 98-9.

186

XVII.

To: "Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord."

- 1 A thousand oracles divine
Their common beams unite,
That sinners may with angels join
To worship God aright;
To praise a Trinity ador'd
By all his host above,
And One Thrice holy God and Lord
Thro' endless ages love.
- 2 Triumphant host! They never cease
To laud and magnify
The Tri-une God of holiness,
Whose glory fills the sky;

Whose glory to this earth extends,
While God himself imparts,
And the whole Trinity descends
Into our faithful hearts.

3 By faith the upper quire we meet,
And challenge them to sing
Jehovah on his shining seat,
Our Maker, God, and King:
But God made flesh is wholly ours,
And asks a nobler strain,
The Father of celestial powers,
The friend of earth-born man.

4 Ye seraphs nearest to the throne,
With rapturous amaze
On us, poor, ransom'd worms look down,
For heaven's superior praise:
The King whose glorious face ye see,
For us his crown resign'd;
That fulness of the deity,
He died for all mankind!

Hymns on the Trinity (Bristol: Pine, 1767), 100-101.

187

AN ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. MR. GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

And is my Whitefield entred into rest,
With sudden death, with sudden glory blest?
Left for a few sad moments here behind,
I bear his image on my faithful mind;
To future times the fair example tell
Of one who lived, of one who died, so well,
Pay the last office of fraternal love,
And then embrace my happier friend above.

O thou who didst, in our degenerate days,
This chosen vessel for thy glory raise, 10
My heart with my companion's zeal inspire,
And touch *my* lips with the celestial fire,
That while thy servant's labours I record,
Sinners may see, and magnify his Lord,
Bow to the saving name, and thankful own
The good on earth perform'd is wrought by God alone.

His sovereign grace vouchsaf'd a worm to chuse,
The vessel fitting for the Master's use:
God from the womb set for himself apart
A pastor fashion'd after his own heart; 20
Infus'd the infant-wish, the warm desire,

To minister like that angelic quire,
And bad his simple soul to heaven aspire.

Awed, and delighted with a God unknown,
By glimpses of his face led gently on,
The powerful, sweet attraction he pursued,
And fear'd the croud, and sigh'd for solitude;
His sins and wants in secret to declare,
Or wait for blessings in the house of prayer,
Devotion by the altar-fire to raise, 30
And join the first-born church in solemn songs of praise.

But now the Lord, who sends by whom he will,
Ready his own great purpose to fulfil,
Inclin'd the creature's heart as passive clay,
And pointed out his providential way
To learning's seats, for piety design'd,
For knowledge sound, with pure religion join'd,
Schools of the prophets' sons, and well employ'd,
When training servants for the courts of God.

'Twas there he dared his father's God pursue, 40
Associating with the derided few,
(Who, newly started in the Christian race,
Were blindly following after righteousness,
Outcasts of men, and fools for Jesus' sake!)
He long'd their glorious scandal to partake,
Couragiously took up the shameful cross,
And suffering all things in the Saviour's cause,
Vow'd to renounce the world, himself deny,
And following on with them, with them to live and die.

Can I the memorable day forget, 50
When first we by divine appointment met?
Where undisturb'd the thoughtful student roves,
In search of truth, thro' academic groves,
A modest, pensive youth, who mus'd alone,
Industrious the frequented path to shun,
An Israelite without disguise or art
I saw, I loved, and clasp'd him to my heart,
A stranger as my bosom-friend caress'd,
And unawares receiv'd an angel-guest.

Mark'd for an angel of the church below, 60
Must he not first severe temptation know,
Fly from the flaming mount with guilty awe,
And quake to hear the thunders of the law,
Th' accuser's cruel buffetings sustain,
Still of unconquerable sin complain,
With cries, and tears that seem'd to flow in vain?
Long in the fire, long in the desert tried,
He daily languish'd, and he daily died,
Long by the spirit of fear in prison bound,
Groan'd for relief, yet no deliverance found; 70
Till quite forsaken both of man and God,

And fainting underneath corruption's load,
His fastings, prayers, and struggles he gave o're,
Sunk in despair, and gasp'd for help no more.

Then in the last extrem of hopeless grief,
Jesus *appear'd!* And help'd his unbelief,
Infus'd the faith which did his sins remove,
Assur'd his heart of God's forgiving love,
And fill'd with glorious joy, the joy of saints above.

Who but the souls that savingly believe, 80
The raptures of a faithful soul conceive?
The joy unspeakable, the love unknown,
The peace he felt is understood by none,
By none but those who know their sins forgiven
Thro' God the Holy Ghost come down from heaven.

Born of the Spirit now, divinely led,
He hastes in his dear Saviour's steps to tread,
Eager his faith's sincerity to prove
By all the works of piety and love;
Fruits of repentance first, and legal fear, 90
They now the genuine marks of grace appear,
Their own superior principle maintain,
And justify his faith to God and man;
While listning to forlorn affliction's cries,
Swift to assist on wings of love he flies,
Help to the sick, and needy prisoners gives,
And more than their external wants relieves;
Alarms the souls that sleep secure in sin,
Till urg'd the one great business they begin,
Instructs them how to 'scape the judgment nigh, 100
"Ye must be born again, or dead for ever die!"

Nor let the scrup'lous sons of Levi fear
He thus invades the sacred character:
Thus every candidate should first be tried,
In doing good, in Jesus' steps abide,
Then exercise aright the deacon's powers,
Son to his church, as Whitefield was to ours.

Moved by the Holy Ghost to minister,
And serve his altar, in the house of prayer,
Though long resolv'd for God alone to live, 110
The outward call he trembled to receive,
Shrunk from the awful charge, so well prepar'd,
The gift by apostolic hands confer'd,
And cried, with deep unfeign'd humility,
"Send, Lord, by whom thou wilt, but send not me."

Yet soon he bows before the will divine
Clearly demonstrating its own design,
Call'd by a prelate good, no more delays
T' accept with awe the consecrating grace,
And offers up, thro' the Redeemer's blood, 120
His body, spirit, soul, a sacrifice to God.

He now begins, from every weight set free,
To make full trial of his ministry,
Breaks forth on every side, and runs, and flies,
Like kindling flames that from the stubble rise,
Where'er the ministerial Spirit leads,
From house to house the heavenly fire he spreads,
Ranges thro' all the city-lanes and streets,
And seizes every prodigal he meets.

Who shall the will and work divine oppose? 130
His strength with his increasing labour grows:
Workman and work th' Almighty hath prepar'd,
And sent of God, the servant must be heard,
Rush thro' the opening door, on sinners call,
Proclaim the truth, and offer Christ to all.

“Sound an alarm, the gospel-trumpet blow,
Let all their time of visitation know;
The Saviour comes! (You hear his herald cry)
Go forth and meet the friend of sinners nigh!”
Rous'd from the sleep of death, a countless croud, 140
(Whose hearts like trees before the wind are bow'd,
As a thick cloud, that darkens all the sky,
As flocking doves, that to their windows fly,)
Press to the hallow'd courts, with eager strife,
Catch the convincing word, and hear for life.
Parties and sects their endless feuds forget
And fall, and tremble at the preacher's feet,
Prick'd at the heart, with one consent inquire
What must we do t' escape the never-dying fire?

Made apt to teach he points them out the way, 150
And willing multitudes the truth obey;
He lets his light on all impartial shine,
And strenuously asserts the birth divine;
The Spirit freely given to all who claim
That promis'd Comforter in Jesus' name;
The pardon bought so dear, by grace bestow'd,
Receiv'd thro' faith in the atoning blood.
While yet he speaks, the Lord himself comes down,
Applies and proves the gracious word his own,
The Holy Ghost to thirsty souls imparts, 160
And writes forgiveness on the broken hearts.

But lo! An ampler field appears in view,
And calls his champion forth to conquests new:
Nor toils, nor dangers can his zeal repress,
Nor crouds detain him by his own success:
In vain his children tempt him to delay,
With prayers and tears invite his longer stay,
Or ask, as sharers of his weal or woe,
To earth's remotest bounds with him to go:
He leaves them all behind, at Jesus' word, 170
He finds them all again in his beloved Lord.

See, where he flies! As if by heaven design'd,
T' awake and draw our whole apostate kind!
He takes the eagle's with the morning's wings,
To other worlds the great salvation brings,
As sent, with joyful news of sins forgiven,
To every ransom'd soul on this side heaven!

With ready mind th' Americans receive
Their angel-friend, and his report believe,
So soon the servant's heavenly call they find, 180
So soon they hear the Master's feet behind:
He comes—to wound, and heal! At his descent
The mountains flow, the rocky hearts are rent;
Numbers acknowledging their gracious day
Turn to the Lord, and cast their sins away,
And faint and sink, beneath their guilty load,
Into the arms of a forgiving God.
His Son reveal'd, they now exult to know,
And after a despis'd Redeemer go,
In all the works prepar'd their faith to prove, 190
In patient hope, and fervency of love.

How blest the messenger whom Jesus owns,
How swift with the commission'd word he runs!
The sacred fire shut up within his breast
Breaks out again, the weary cannot rest,
Cannot consent his feeble flesh to spare,
But rushes on, Jehovah's harbinger:
His one delightful work, and stedfast aim
To pluck poor souls as brands out of the flame,
To scatter the good seed on every side, 200
To spread the knowledge of the crucified,
From a small spark a mighty fire to raise,
And fill the continent with Jesus' praise.

What recompence for all his endless toil?
The Master pays him with a constant smile,
With peace, and power, and comforts from above,
Grace upon grace, and floods of rapt'rous love.
When often spent and spiritless he lies,
Jesus beholds him with propitious eyes,
And looks him back his strength, and bids arise, 210
Sends him again to run the lengthen'd race,
Prosper his work, and shines on all his ways.

The man of God, whom God delights t' approve
In his great labours of parental love,
Love of the little ones—for these he cares,
The lambs, the orphans, in his bosom bears;
Knowing in whom he trusts, provides a place,
And spreads a table in the wilderness,
A father of the fatherless, supplies
Their daily wants—with manna from the skies, 220
In answer to his prayer so strangely given,
His fervent prayer of faith that opens heaven.

What mighty works the prayer of faith can do!
The good of souls, and Jesus in his view,
He sees the basis sure, which cannot fail,
Laid by the true divine Zerubbabel;
The rising house built up by swift degrees,
The crowning-stone brought forth with shouts he sees:
The Lord hath finish'd what his hands begun,
Ascribe the gracious work to grace alone. 230

The house is built; and shall not God provide?
Plentiful help pours in on every side,
From hearts inclin'd the hungry lambs to feed
By him, who satisfies the poor with bread;
Whose blessing makes the earth her riches yield,
The wilderness become a fruitful field,
Bids golden harvests round his house arise,
And turns a waste into a paradise.

With heart enlarg'd, with confidence increas'd,
In all his purposes and labours bless'd, 240
The steward wise, and faithful to his trust,
Gives God the praise, and sinks into the dust,
And cries, o'whelm'd his Master's smile to see,
"O when shall I begin to live for thee!"

More grace is on the humble man bestow'd,
More work on him that loves to work for God;
By whose supreme decree, and kind command
He now returns, to bless his native land,
(Nor dreads the threatnings of the watry deep,
Or all its storms, with Jesus in the ship) 250
To see how the belov'd disciples fare,
Fruits of his toil, and children of his prayer,
A second gospel-benefit t' impart,
And comfort, and confirm the faithful heart.

So the first missionaries in Jesus' name,
Went forth, the world's Redeemer to proclaim,
The crucified, supreme, eternal God,
The general peace and pardon in his blood;
From clime to clime the restless heralds run,
To make their Saviour thro' the nations known, 260
Planted in every place, to serve their Lord,
A living church, and watred by the word,
While heaven was pleas'd their ministry to bless,
And God bestow'd the thousand-fold increase.

But shall my partial, fond presumption dare
A stripling with apostles to compare?
Their powers miraculous he dared not claim,
Though still his gospel, and his God the same.
Commission'd by his God, the word of grace
(Where'er the Lord an open door displays) 270
Freely as he receives, he freely gives,
And daily dying, by the gospel lives;

Renews his strength, renews his prosperous toil
In every corner of our favour'd isle,
And publishes salvation to the poor,
And spreads the joyous news from shore to shore.

For when the rich a proffer'd Christ reject,
And spurn the preacher with his odious sect,
Out of their temples cast, he strait obeys,
Goes forth to all the hedges and high-ways, 280
Arrests the most abandon'd slaves of sin,
And forces the poor vagrants to come in,
To share the feast for famish'd souls design'd,
And fill the house enlarg'd for all the sinful kind.

How beauteous on the mountain-tops appear
The feet of God's auspicious messenger,
Who brings good tidings of a world forgiven,
Who publishes a peace 'twixt earth and heaven,
And cries to Zion, "He that purg'd thy stains,
Thy Saviour-God and King for ever reigns!" 290

Soon as he thus lifts up his trumpet-voice,
Attentive thousands tremble, or rejoice:
Who faithfully the welcome truth receive,
Rejoice, and closer to their Saviour cleave:
Poor Christless sinners, wounded by the word
(Lively and sharper than a two-edg'd sword,
Spirit and soul almighty to divide)
Drop, like autumnal leaves, on every side,
Lamenting after him they crucified!
While God inspires the comfort, or the dread, 300
Wider, and wider still the cry is spread,
Till all perceive the influence from above,
O'rewhelm'd with grief, or swallow'd up in love.

What multitudes repent, and then believe,
When God doth utterance to the preacher give!
Whether he speaks the words of sober sense,
Or pours a flood of artless eloquence,
Ransacks the foul apostate creature's breast,
And shews the man half devil, and half beast;
Or warmly pleads his dear Redeemer's cause; 310
Or pity on the poor and needy draws:
"The deist scarce from offering can with-hold,
And misers wonder they should part with gold:"
Opposers struck the powerful word admire
In speechless awe, the hammer and the fire,
While Whitefield melts the stubborn rocks, or breaks,
In consolation, or in thunder speaks,
From strength to strength, our young apostle, goes,
Pours like a torrent, and the land o'erflows,
Resistless wins his way with rapid zeal, 320
Turns the world upside down, and shakes the gates of hell!

Such for a length of years his glorious race
He ran, nor e'er look'd back, or slack'd his pace;
Starting afresh, on this alone intent,
And straining up the steep of excellent,
Forgetting still the things already done,
And reaching forth to those not yet begun,
Eager he press'd to his high calling's prize,
By violent faith resolv'd to scale the skies,
And apprehend his Lord in paradise. 330

Thro' his abundant toils, with fixt amaze
We see reviv'd the work of ancient days;
In his unspotted life with joy we see
The fervors of primeval piety:
A pattern to the flock by Jesus bought,
A living witness of the truths he taught,
Meek, lowly, patient, wise above his years,
Redeem'd from earth, with all their hopes and fears,
Not to the vain desires of men he liv'd,
Not with delight their high applause receiv'd, 340
But prais'd the Lord for what his grace had done,
And simply liv'd to serve his will alone.

The heavenly principle of faith within,
The strong divine antipathy to sin,
The Spirit's law, the meek ingrafted word,
The vital knowledge of an heart-felt Lord,
The nature new, th' incorruptible seed,
Its power throughout his life and actions spread,
And shew'd the man regenerate from above,
By fraudless innocence, and childlike love. 350

For friendship form'd by nature and by grace,
(His heart made up of truth and tenderness)
Stranger to guile, unknowing to deceive,
In anger, malice, or revenge to live,
He liv'd, himself on others to bestow,
A ministerial spirit, while here below,
Belov'd by all the lovers of his Lord,
By none but Satan's synagogue abhor'd.

Nor did their fierce abhorrence always last:
When on the right the gospel-net he cast, 360
The powerful charms of soft persuasion tried,
And shew'd them their Redeemer's hands and side,
Love irresistible they could not bear,
Or stand against the torrent of his prayer,
By bleeding love their hatred he o'ercame,
And seiz'd the lawful spoils, in Jesus' name.

Betwixt the mountain and the multitude,
His life was spent in prayer and doing good:
To search the sacred leaves, his soul's delight,
And pray them o're and o're by day and night, 370
To wrestle on for faith, and faith's increase,

To follow after peace and holiness,
At Jesus' feet to catch the quickning word,
And into nothing sink before his Lord.

Though long by following multitudes admir'd,
No party for himself he e'er desir'd,
His one desire to make the Saviour known,
To magnify the name of Christ alone:
If others strove who should the greatest be,
No lover of pre-eminence was he, 380
Nor envied those his Lord vouchsaf'd to bless,
But joy'd in theirs as in his own success,
His friends in honour to himself prefer'd,
And least of all in his own eyes appear'd.

When crouds for counsel or relief applied,
No surly rustic he, with cruel pride
To bid the sorrowful intruders wait,
Or send the suppliants weeping from his gate;
But ever listning to the wretch's call,
Courteous, and mild, and pitiful to all. 390
No prophet smooth to men of high estate,
No servile flatterer of the rich or great,
Their faults he dared with freedom to reprove,
The honest freedom of respectful love,
And sweetly forc'd their consciences to own
He sought not theirs, but them, for Jesus' sake alone.

To all he rendred what to all he owed,
Whose loyalty from true religion flow'd:
The man of one consistent character,
Who fear'd his God, he *must* his king revere: 400
Fixt as a rock, for all assaults prepar'd,
No sly seducers found him off his guard,
But miss'd their aim to fix the factious brand
On faithful men, the quiet in the land.

Single his eye, transparently sincere
His upright heart did in his words appear,
His chearful heart did in his visage shine;
A man of true simplicity divine,
Not always as the serpent wise, yet love
Preserv'd him always harmless as the dove: 410
Or if into mistake thro' haste he fell,
He shew'd what others labour to conceal;
Convinc'd, no palliating excuses sought,
But freely own'd his error, or his fault,
Nor fear'd the triumph of ungenerous foes,
Who humbler from his fall, and stronger rose.

When Satan strove the brethren to divide,
And turn their zeal to—"Who is on my side?"
One moment warm'd with controversial fire,
He felt the spark as suddenly expire, 420
He felt reviv'd the pure etherial flame,

The love for all that bow'd to Jesus' name,
Nor ever more would for opinions fight
With men whose life, like his, was in the right.
His soul disdain'd to serve the selfish ends
Of zealots, fierce against his bosom-friends,
(Who urg'd him with his bosom-friends to part,
Might sooner tear the fibres from his heart)
He now the wiles of the accuser knew,
And cast him down, and his strong-holds o'rethrew, 430
With each partition-wall by men design'd
To put asunder those whom God had join'd.

How have we heard his generous zeal exclaim,
And load with just reproach the bigot's name!
The men by sameness of opinion tied,
Who their own party love, and none beside;
Or like the Romish sect infallible,
Secure themselves, and send the rest to hell!
Impartial, as unfeign'd, his love o'erflow'd
To all, but chiefly to the house of God; 440
To those who thought his sentiments amiss—
O that their hearts were half as right as his,
Within no narrow party-banks confin'd,
But open, and enlarg'd to all mankind!

Lover of all mankind, his life he gave,
Christ to exalt, and precious souls to save:
Nor age, nor sickness could abate his zeal,
To feed the flock, and serve the Master's will.
Though spent with pain, and toils that never ceas'd,
He labour'd on, nor ask'd to be releas'd; 450
Though daily waiting for the welcome word,
Longing to be dissolv'd, and meet his Lord,
Yet still he strangely lived, by means unknown,
In deaths immortal, till his work was done,
And wish'd, for Christ his latest breath to spend,
That life and labour might together end.

What after God he asks can God deny?
Ripe for the summons, "Get thee up, and die,"
Mature in grace, and ready to depart,
The Spirit cries all-powerful in his heart, 460
"O that to day might close my ministry!
O that I might to day my Saviour see!"

He speaks—and dies! Transported to resign
His spotless soul into the hands divine!
He sinks into his loving Lord's embrace,
And sees his dear Redeemer face to face!

O what a God is ours! So true, and just
To all that in his faithful mercies trust!
Our kind, omnipotent, eternal friend,
Who freely lov'd, and loves us to the end! 470
He now receives his honour'd servant up,

Nor lets us grieve, as heathen without hope,
Like them who *lose* their friends at death, like them
Who never knew our Lord and God supreme;
With whom the spirits of the righteous rest,
Till all the church are gathered to his breast.

Ev'n now the cordial hope my sorrow cheers,
And stops the current of these needless tears:
Shall I a momentary loss deplore,
Lamenting after him that weeps no more? 480
What though forbid by the Atlantic wave,
I cannot share my old companion's grave,
Yet at the trumpet's call my dust shall rise,
With his fly up to Jesus in the skies,
And live with him the life that never dies.

O could I first perform my Master's will,
Faithful in little, and his work fulfil,
Like him I mourn, a steward wise and good,
Pursuing him, as he his Lord pursued!
O had he dropt his mantle in his flight! 490
O might his spirit on all the prophets 'light!
But vain the hope of miracles to come;
There's no Elisha in Elijah's room.

Yet lo! The Lord our God for ever lives,
And daily by his word the dead revives;
His Spirit is not restrain'd, but striving still,
And carrying on his work by whom he will.
He wills us in our partner's steps to tread;
And call'd, and quicken'd by the speaking dead,
We trace our shining pattern from afar, 500
His old associates in the glorious war,
Resolv'd to use the utmost strength bestow'd,
Like him to spend, and to be spent for God,
By holy violence seize the crown so nigh,
Fight the good fight, our threefold foe defy,
And more than conquerors in the harness die.

Jesus, preserve, till thou our souls receive,
And let us in thy servant's spirit live!
Thy Spirit breath'd into his faithful breast,
Be it in every labourer's life exprest, 510
In all our works, and words, and tempers seen,
Unbounded charity to God and men,
The meek humility, the fervent zeal,
All-patient hope, and faith invincible,
Faith in its primitive simplicity,
Faith to walk on, 'till we depart, in thee.

Thro' thee approaching now the gracious throne,
Our instant prayer, an echo of thine own,
We offer up, with all the faithful race,
For all the foes, and strangers to thy grace, 520
The fallen church, in whose defence we stand,

To ward thy judgments from a guilty land,
 Till wrestling on, the praying few prevail,
 And life and mercy turn the hovering scale.
 O that the prayer of faith might now return!
 O that a nation, of thy Spirit born,
 Might rise thy witnesses in this their day,
 And multitudes of priests the truth obey,
 The last alas, in every age to bring
 Back to their hearts their long-neglected King! 530
 Yet now let all believe, at thy command,
 And spread the gospel-faith thro' every land,
 Till every heart and tongue thy name confess,
 And the whole earth's renew'd in righteousness,
 O'reflow'd with love, a paradise restor'd,
 For ever fill'd with thee, the GLORY OF THE LORD!

An Elegy on the late Reverend George Whitefield, M.A. (Bristol: Pine, 1771. Dublin: Kidd, 1771), 3-29.

188

Hymn VIII.

- 1 I come, at Jesus' call I come,
 Submissive to the general doom,
 The way of all the earth I go,
 And only wait my guide to know;
 Happy, if thou my steps attend,
 And bless me with a peaceful end.
- 2 While struggling in the toils of death,
 Convuls'd, I gasp my latest breath,
 O that my soul, reclin'd on thee,
 Serene in mortal agony,
 Might all the tyrant's darts defy,
 And shew the world how Christians die!
- 3 O could I then behold my God
 Arrayed in garments dipp'd in blood!
 As when thou didst the wine-press tread,
 And meekly bow thy dying head,
 That I my spirit may resign,
 Like thee, into the hands divine.

- 4 The grace thou didst for me procure,
Let it my final peace insure;
Implant thine image in my heart,
And then, made ready to depart,
I gladly to the sentence bow;
I die to see my Saviour now.

Preparation for Death, in Several Hymns (London, 1772), 12.

189

Hymn XI.

- 1 Giver, Lord, of life and death,
Disposer of thine own,
Ready to resign my breath,
Thou hear'st a sinner groan;
For this only thing I pray,
Indulg'd as with a last reprieve,
Take the sting of death away,
And then my soul receive.
- 2 Pass'd on all the sinful kind,
I own thy sentence just,
Earth to earth again consign'd,
And dust be mix'd with dust.
Nature's debt content I pay;
But, O! Before the flesh I leave,
Take the sting of death away,
And then my soul receive.
- 3 Father of compassions, show
Thy mercy to my heart,
That, when thee in Christ I know,
I may in peace depart:
Nothing here can court my stay,
If thou the prodigal forgive;
Take the sting of death away,
And then my soul receive.
- 4 If my threat'ning sins were gone,
How freely, Lord, would I
Lay the mortal body down,
As privileg'd to die;
God of love, no more delay
The grace, for which alone I grieve;
Take the sting of death away,
And now my soul receive.

Preparation for Death, in Several Hymns (London, 1772), 15-16.

190

Hymn XXIV.

- 1 Warn'd of my dissolution near,
As on the margin of the grave,
Jesus, with humble faith and fear,
I now bespeak thy power to save:
Thou who hast tasted death for me,
Indulge me in my fond request,
And let a worm prescribe to thee
The manner of my final rest.
- 2 My feeble heart's extreme desire,
If now thine eye with pity sees,
Whene'er thou dost my soul require,
O let me then be found in peace;
In active faith, and humble prayer,
Resign'd, yet longing to depart,
To rise, redeem'd from earthly care,
And see thee, Saviour, as thou art.
- 3 Suffice that more than threescore years
I have thine indignation borne;
Glad may I quit the vale of tears,
And, pardon'd, to thine arms return!
The tokens of thy pard'ning love,
The comforts sweet thro' life suspend;
But, while I from the flesh remove,
Let hope and peace be in my end.
- 4 Walk with me thro' the dreadful shade,
And, certified that thou art mine,
My spirit, calm and undismay'd,
I shall into thine hands resign:
No anxious doubt, no guilty gloom,
Shall damp whom Jesus' presence cheers;
My light, my life, my God, is come,
And glory in his face appears!

Preparation for Death, in Several Hymns (London, 1772), 26-7.

191

Hymn XXXIV.

- 1 Who shall that rapt'rous sight explain,
Which gracious souls departing gain,
The crown of all their grace?
Life cannot bear the bliss divine:
Then let me, Lord, my soul resign,
To see thy heavenly face.

- 2 This earth, I know, is not my home,
 Thro' which a banish'd man I roam,
 A weary pilgrim I,
 Till, at thy word, my wandrings cease,
 And, mounting from the wilderness,
 I to thy bosom fly.
- 3 O that I on the wings of love,
 The wings of thy celestial dove,
 Could from the valley soar;
 Escape to my Redeemer's breast,
 Recover there my endless rest,
 And never wander more!
- 4 Author, and end of my desires,
 Whom my imprison'd soul aspires
 As I am known to know,
 Come, and dissolve this fleshly chain,
 And take me to thine arms again,
 And all thy glory show.

Preparation for Death, in Several Hymns (London, 1772), 36-7.

192

Hymn XL.

- 1 Father of all, to thee I come!
 By thee supported from the womb,
 Thy providential charge and care;
 I magnify thy gracious power,
 Who dost to life's extremest hour
 My every grief and burthen bear:
- 2 Thou never wilt thine own forsake,
 Till pure I give my spirit back
 Into those blessed hands of thine;
 Thy name ineffable receive,
 An image of thy glory live,
 And with thy light for ever shine.
- 3 My deathless soul, my mould'ring dust,
 To God the merciful and just,
 Thro' Christ, I faithfully commend;
 Kept by my Advocate above,
 Told in a whisper of his love,
 That hope and heaven is in my end!
- 4 This, this is all my heart's desire,
 When mercy doth my soul require,
 By Jesus found mature in grace,
 In full conformity divine
 My spotless spirit to resign,
 And see my Saviour face to face.

Preparation for Death, in Several Hymns (London, 1772), 45-6.

**On the Death of Mr. [Ebenezer] B[lackwell],
who Died on Sunday, April 23, 1782.**

Part II.

- 1 On earth he drank the deepest cup
Of sharp, but consecrated pain,
And fill'd his mournful measure up,
And suffer'd with his Lord to reign;
Meekly the sudden call obey'd,
His willing spirit to resign,
And only for his Saviour stay'd,
To finish his own work divine.
- 2 The souls whom most he priz'd below,
The dearest partners of his heart,
Free, and detach'd, he let them go;
Resign'd, and ready to depart:
'Tis all his gasping soul's desire,
To find his place prepar'd above;
And keep, with that enraptur'd quire,
A sabbath of eternal love.
- 3 The pray'r is heard, and sav'd at last,
He drops the gross, corporeal clay,
The dreary, doleful vale is past,
And opens into glorious day;
Past are his days to feel and mourn,
Accomplish'd is his warfare here,
His Father wills him to return,
And Israel's flaming steeds appear!
- 4 Triumphant while the soul ascends,
By ministerial spirits convey'd,
The numbers whom his grateful friends,
He by th' unright'ous mammon made;
With kindr'd saints and angels bright,
In shining ranks expecting stand,
And all the shouting sons of light,
Receive, and welcome him to land.
- 5 Happy the souls he leaves behind,
If following him, as he his Lord,
As meek, and lowly, and resign'd,
They hear the last transporting word;
If ready through the Saviour's love,
When all the storms of life are o'er,
As safe and sudden they remove,
And grasp their friend, to part no more.
- 6 To ask his death shall I presume?
Saviour thyself in me reveal,
And grant me when my hour is come,
His penitence and faith to feel:

Thou seest the wish of this weak heart,
His cup of tortures to decline,
And let me then like him depart,
And let his final state be mine!

Arminian Magazine (1778–87) Vol. 6 (1783), 108–10, 164–6.

194

On the Death of Alexander Harford, who Departed This Life January 24, 1783.

- 1 And is the happy moment come,
When Jesus hath recall'd thee home,
And wip'd off ev'ry tear?
And must we part, no more to join,
Till all who tread the path divine,
Shall with their Lord appear?
- 2 Go happy saint, by Jesus bless'd,
Of all that happiness possess'd
Thy Saviour hath in store;
Thy conflicts now for ever past,
And thou from earth escap'd at last
Hast reach'd the heav'nly shore.
- 3 A blessing to the church below,
He long'd that all the truth might know,
And all its sweetness prove;
He by example spread around,
The precious faith himself had found,
The faith that works by love.
- 4 Long in affliction's furnace tri'd,
But still with heav'nly grace suppli'd,
He bow'd beneath the rod;
Resign'd to his Redeemer's will,
Desirous always to fulfil
The pleasure of his God.
- 5 He testifi'd to all around,
The happiness in Jesus found,
And prais'd his loving Lord;
While in excruciating pain,
Did heav'nly consolation gain,
Relying on his word.
- 6 Thus longing for the welcome word,
And wishing to behold his Lord,
The happy prisoner lay;
Till Jesus did his convoy send,
Who bore the spirit of our friend,
To realms of endless day.

7 Supported by the pow'r of grace,
May we behold the Saviour's face,
To wonder and adore;
From him receive the glorious prize,
And claim our mansion in the skies,
Where parting is no more.

Arminian Magazine (1778–87) Vol. 7 (1784), 59–60.

195

III

- 1 Father, thou know'st whate'er we need
Before our wants we own;
Nor wilt refuse thy children bread,
Or mock us with a stone;
If nature's gifts thou dost bestow
They speak the giver kind;
Not hurtful presents of a foe,
But for our good design'd.
- 2 The talents to my offspring lent
I thankfully confess;
O may they answer thy intent,
And use them for thy praise!
What to put on, and drink, and eat,
Hard toiling to procure,
But more laborious for the meat,
Which always shall endure.
- 3 Thou seest my fears lest thee their God
They should forget and slight;
Follow the unregenerate crowd,
And in the world delight;
To evil with the many run,
Fantastic man to please,
By lawful means, alas, undone,
And thro' their own success.
- 4 But thou can'st turn aside the ill,
And pluck them from the flame;
Can'st from their rash designs conceal
And blast their surest aim;
Or from, or in, the dangerous hour
Ready to save thou art;
To guard from pride and passion's power
Their unsuspecting heart.
- 5 The thing whose consequence unknown
I tremble to foresee,
Or let it in thy name be done,
Or let it never be.

To thee the matter I resign,
And in thy pleasure rest;
For order'd by the will divine,
Whatever is, is best.

MS Drew. Methodist Library of Drew University. Folder: 2135-6-4:13. Title: "60 Unpublished Hymns, Undated."

196

V.

Epistle

To the Revd. Mr. G[eorge] S[tonehouse], 1755.

But *has Almighty LOVE* vouchsaf'd to hear
His mournfull Servant's long-forgotten prayer?
Is the Snare broken, and the Danger past?
And *is* my S[tonehouse] clean escap'd at last?
The Dead to life restor'd? the Wanderer found?
The Captive freed—*almost* without a Wound?
Yet unassur'd of thy Return I seem,
And scarcely dare believe the pleasing Dream,
From deep Despair so suddenly caught up
Above the Height of my most sanguine Hope, 10
I faint beneath the Answer of my Prayer,
And own the Bliss too violent to bear.

The Joy within, the Passionate Surprize
Bursts from my Lips, and gushes from my eyes!
I see my Friend—sent back from Him above,
With eyes of wonder, and with Tears of Love.
I have, I have (when my last Hope was fled)
Receiv'd again my Isaac from the Dead;
Gone from my Arms, a tedious season gone, ,
But by a Miracle of Grace unknown / 20
Return'd with me to live, eternally my own.

Come then, old Comrade, to my Arms again,
And pay me in an Hour for years of Pain,
So wholly form'd for Friendship as Thou art,
Come to thy warmest Chamber in my Heart.
Where hast Thou been so long? estrang'd from me,
By Those with whom thy Soul could ne'er agree:
As soon might purest Light with Darkness dwell,
And Virtue match with Vice and Heaven with Hell,
As artless S[tonehouse] (tho' deceiv'd a while , 30
By feign'd Simplicity) abide with Guile, /
Or sell his Conscience for a Tyrant's Smile.

In vain his thousand wiles the Tyrant tried
To win thy stubborn Virtue to his side;
Preclude thy flight, cut off thy late Retreat,
Or drive thy harass'd Reason from its Seat:
The utmost Reach of human hellish Art
Could only bind, but not corrupt thy Heart.

Thy firm Integrity disdain'd to join
 Thy Country's Foe, or favour his Design: 40
 Let Others run to fetch him in his Prey,
 Or take his vile Commissions to betray,
 Thou woudst not be on Satan's Errands sent,
 Like G[ambold] turn a Tyrant's Instrument,
 Like G[ambold] gild *his* words, and spread *his* snare,
 Like G[ambold] to his *ipse dixit* swear.
 Or, as our Benefic'd decoying Brother,
 Paid by One Church, who labours for Another
 Traps his simple Flock with pious Fraud,
 And steals poor Souls for the Moravian God. 50

Thou never couldst the proud Oppressor brook,
 Or stoop submission to a foreign Yoke;
 Whoever bow the Neck, or crook the Knee,
 No Incense shall the *Pagod* have from Thee;
 Who after all his Pains to break, or bend
 Thy Roman Spirit to his slavish End,
 At last disclaims thee for *his* Minister,
 Too plain to flatter, and too brave to fear,
 Nobly unfit for Him, or His, to trust,
 So firmly good, so obstinately just! 60

While Thousands listen'd to his soft Command,
 "Close shut your eyes, and then give me your Hand,"
 While Thousands yielded to th' Usurper's Sway,
 Denied, and tamely cast their Faith away;
 He never could o're Thine dominion get,
 Or once confuse, and draw thee to his Net.
 The Gift of GOD woudst thou to Man resign?
 To Man give up the Oracles Divine?
 Renounce thy Reason, to be led by *his*,
 Or plunge Implicit in the dark Abyss? 70
 No, my brave Friend! the Hope of Thee was vain;
 Their base Designs provok'd thy just Disdain:
 Nor woudst thou lend an ear, or cast an eye
 On their low Rhymes, or barefac'd Ribbaldry,
 Whereby (when Reason and the Word are gone)
 Their Captives blind they lead securely on:
 They give them pois'nous Trash for wholsom Food,
 Ringing the Butcher's Change of "Wounds and blood"
 From Step to Step seduce their easy Prey,
 Their Love to Truth and Virtue purge away; 80
 The simplest Innocence with Guile infect,
 And fit them—for the Service of the Sect.

Yet have they mist for once their surest aim, ,
 Midst all their Craft to blind, and Power to tame, /
 Blunt, honest S[tonehouse] still remain'd the same:
 Single, yet unsubdued, his way he fought ,
 Thro' Earth and Hell combin'd, nor ever caught /
 The dire contagious Ill, or drank the deadly Draught.

So in Death's Capitol th' Athenian Sage
 Outbrav'd the Fever's pestilential Rage, 90
 Secure in Virtuous Health the Plague defied,
 Heaps upon heaps expiring at his side:
 (As that which made his Mind so firmly good,
 Had braced his Nerves, and purified his Blood,
 As Virtue, which so perfectly he knew,
 Immortaliz'd his Soul—and Body too:)
 On all beside the Putrid Air might seize,
 The Plague could never taint—A Socrates.

What was it then that *kept* thee in their hands,
 Foe to their Deeds, and deaf to their Commands? 100
 Why so late turn'd to thy old Friends again?
 May I the melancholy Cause explain,
 Disclose the recent Wound, the lingring Smart,
 And wake the Sorrows of thy bleeding Heart?
 Alas! Thou couldst not take thy flight *alone*,
 And break an Heart, far dearer than thine own,
 Thou couldst not *seem* to Innocence unkind,
 Or leave thy pretious Hostage still behind.
 T'was Love detain'd thee, generous, holy Love
 For One—who *sees* thee freed—and smiles above! 110
 Redeem'd at last from *her* Captivity—
 She lives!—but first she died—to ransom Thee!

Hail happy Soul! no more a Prisoner here,
 Thy glorious Change requires a joyfull Tear:
 Caught from the Toils, with kindred Saints to live
 Where none thy open Confidence deceive,
 Where every Soul by Intuition known,
 Transparent shines, and artless as thy own!
 Then I shall find thee with the white-robed Quire,
 Pure as Thyself, who SEE th' Eternal Sire, 120
 Part of *my* Crown, when from the Dust I rise,
 Rebuilt, and claim MY Daughter, in the skies.

O what a Conscience, what an Heart is theirs,
 Which Nature's tenderest Ties in sunder tears!
 How vile the Men, who means infernal find
 To part the Souls by GOD and Nature join'd!
 And can my Friend the treacherous Tribe forgive
 Who thrive by Falshood, and by Rapine live,
 Delight to torture whom they first inslave,
 Cruel as Hell, and greedy as the Grave! 130
 Forgive them still; but turn from such away, ,
 No more constrain'd with Hypocrites to stay, /
 Nor ever from thy old Companions stray.

Cleave to the Souls, who as thy own sincere,
 Temper their ardent Love with filial Fear,
 The *weightier matters* in their Lives express,
 Lovers of Mercy, Truth, and Righteousness;
 Spiritual Tyranny, like Thee, disclaim
 And bow to none, but the All-saving Name,

Far from insidious Guile, and cruel Zeal, 140
From Lust of Wealth and Power, as Heaven from Hell.

And O! if I might be so greatly blest
To *keep* my Station in thy Friendly Breast,
To have my lovely Pattern still in view,
And Thee, tho' with unequal Steps, pursue,
How should I then my few short Hours improve
To noblest Purposes of Christian Love,
Labour with Thee t' insure the glorious Prize,
And die, to meet my S[tonehouse] in the Skies;
Redeem'd from Earth, and finally forgiven, 150
And found triumphant at thy Feet in Heaven!

MS Epistles, 69-79. MARC, accession number MA 1977/557 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 2).

197

VI.

Epistle to the same.

S[tonehouse], my Answer'd Prayer, my Life restor'd,
Come, join with me to praise our common Lord,
Whose Love all-wise almighty to redeem,
Hath blest me with an Everlasting Theme;
Whose Blood (when Death on all my Hopes was writ)
Hath sent his Prisoner up out of the Pit!
The Lord alone *could* the Deliverance send,
The Lord alone could give me back my Friend,
Thy struggling Spirit from the Snare release,
And bid my happy Soul depart in peace. 10

With awe the Name tremendous I adore,
Which made the Deep refund, the Grave restore,
The Fire its burning Property forget,
The ravenous Lion lick his Servant's feet,
Reviv'd the Miracles of antient days,
Made bare his Arm, and magnified his grace,
That Earth and Heaven might in the Wonder join
"Was ever Power, was ever Love like Thine!"

How have I pin'd to see this joyfull Day,
And the proud Foe defrauded of his Prey! 20
The *German Nimrod*, skilfull to beset,
And hunt the Choicest Souls into his Net,
His more than Papal Tyranny maintain,
And Lord o're every tender Conscience reign.
How have I cried, What, no Redemption near!
Then let the Rocks relent, the Spoiler hear!
Hear, thou remorseless Plunderer of the Poor,
Of all thy Captives only One restore,
Give back my S[tonehouse] and I ask no more!

But when I ceas'd from Man in calm despair, 30
And left with GOD my unregarded Prayer,
When I had *quite* resign'd my Partner up,
Till both should meet the Lamb on Sion's Top,
The Rescue came! the GOD of truth and grace
Appear'd! the Mountains flow'd before his Face,
The Lord led captive thy Captivity,
And lo! my First of Friends—on *earth* I see!

Can I enough the outstretch'd Arm admire,
Which brought thy Soul uninjur'd thro' the Fire!
The Lord Himself, Jehovah, Jesus came, 40
The Son of Man walk'd with thee in the Flame:
The Flame had power to brighten and refine,
But not to kindle on the Charge divine:
So strangely thro' the purging Furnace brought,
Thy Spirit is not warm'd, or Garment caught,
As pure from Malice as from Guile thou art,
With not one Spark of Anger in thy Heart.

No red-hot Zealot Thou, whose furious Mind
Abhors the Party he has left behind,
Runs headlong to the opposite Extream, 50
Fierce to accuse, and eager to condemn:
Darkness and Light Thou canst not wildly blend,
The Foe to pure Religion, and the Friend,
Or tax alike the vilest and the best,
False and sincere, Oppressor, and Opprest.
The pitying Love a difference knows to make,
The Part of injur'd Innocence to take,
Those, who the Depths of Satan have not known,
Poor helpless Sheep, what Evil have they done?
Spoil'd of their Goods, and Friends, and Liberty 60
Yet taught to think that they *alone* are free,
That they *alone* have felt the Saviour's Blood,
And known Him very Man, and very GOD.
What tho' by cunning Craftiness misled,
They fondly follow their Designing Head
Yet do they closely walk with Christ in white,
Their Judgment wrong, their Life is in the right,
Their Hearts are principled with filial Fear,
If straitned, upright, and if blind, sincere.

Happy the Souls that can in Christ confide, 70
GOD, and his faithfull Promise on their side!
No Injury from Poison they receive,
They daily drink the deadly thing and live:
They visit undevour'd the Lion's Den,
And in the Furnace unconsum'd remain,
Secure amidst the Depths of hellish Art, ,
The Innocents take the Deceiver's Part, /
Yet love the Lord their GOD with all their heart. –

Hast thou not known them such, my rescued Friend,
Their Fellow-prisoner once, for years detain'd? 80

And wilt thou not their souls with pity see,
 And long, and labour for their Liberty?
 Yes; for the Friend of Liberty Thou art,
 And Mercy breaths her Spirit in thy Heart:
 Then hear her Whisper in thy generous Breast,
 And rise determin'd to relieve th' Opprest;
 Go to their Help, in perfect Meekness go,
 The Tyrant's open, sworn, eternal Foe,
 Detect his Wiles, unravel his Design,
 And vindicate the Work, and Cause Divine. 90

Canst thou in such a Cause *begin* to fear,
 Or startle at the Rage of Satan near?
 Surely the Foe will for his Kingdom fight,
 And tear the Men, who drag him into Light:
 But lo! the Lord, who circumscribes his power,
 And bounds his Agent's dark, delusive Hour,
 Shall skreen thee with the Buckler of his Hand,
 Shall like a Wall of Brass around thee stand,
 Till Thou hast spoil'd the Robber of his prey,
 The Tempter chas'd with his "*good Friend*" away, 100
 (So closely leagued unwary Souls to seize)
 And loos'd the Bands of powerfull Wickedness,
 Dissolv'd the Charm of hellish Sorcery,
 Burst every Yoke, and set the Captives free.

So shall the Captives freed with Songs return,
 And Thousands bless the Day that Thou wast born,
 Born to confound the Wisdom from beneath,
 Born to subvert the Realms of Hell and Death;
 So shall thy Lord, before his Host above, ,
 Thy faithfull Zeal with heavenly Smiles approve / 110
 And seat thee on his Throne of Everlasting Love.

MS Epistles, 81-7. MARC, accession number MA 1977/557 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 2).

198

[VIII.]

An Epistle

To the Rt. Hon. and Rt. Revd. C[ount] Z[inzendorf].

While envious Foes against thy Fame conspire,
 And by depressing raise thy Spirit higher,
 By stubborn Facts attempt their Charge to fix,
 By conjuring up the Ghosts of Hereticks
 Thy Virtue wrong, thy Dignity disgrace,
 And daub with thickest Dirt thy comely Face:
 Permit an humble Bard, inspir'd by Thee,
 To give thee back *thine own* Apology,
 In *thine own Words* thy praises to rehearse
 And paint *thy Hero* in heroic Verse, 10

Till all confess thy *Fascinating* Power,
And those who censure most, *admire* thee more.

There is a Time, when Merit is allow'd
To praise itself, magnanimously proud,
When conscious Virtue its Reward may claim;
Philosophers and Kings have done the same.
Tho' Criticks cold condemn the generous Boast,
And say, that "Honour, when assum'd, is lost";
Tis great, tis noble, and becomes thee well
To fetch from high thy glorious Parellel! 20
To whom shoudst Thou compare a Soul like thine,
But to a *Socrates* or *Antonine*?
Who but a Cesar his own Acts shou'd paint?
Who but a Z[inzendorf] record Himself a Saint?

Constrain'd at last, Thou dost Thyself display
And rise majestic into open Day,
Thou dost (with *Pain* no doubt, and huge Distress)
Give thy own Face a farther Comliness,
Shew us thy lovely Self, for All to ape,
Pure abstract Virtue in an human Shape. 30

And first *thy Person (with Thyself)* we own,
Perhaps, not every where alike unknown,
Not one extravagant, or ill design'd
To shadow forth the Vastness of thy mind:
Thy portly mein august, thy solemn Pace,
And Self-importance stamp't upon thy Face,
Must every Eye and every Heart engage,
And loudly speak the high-born Personage.
Or if they fail, the World shall learn from Thee,
In every Page thine antient Pedigree: 40
Thy Muster-roll *Lords, Dukes, and Burgraves* fill,
(*From Sovereigns too descended by the Spill.*)
In every Act Thou dost Thyself declare,
Like People of a public Character,
Thine Ancestors and Territories tell,
And *Titles* high, that to a Mountain swell.
Yet the *grand Monde* Thou dost long since forego,
Not without Means its Grandeurs all to know,
Yet hast thou cast thy *Riches all aside,*
Houses and Honours, Stateliness and Pride; 50
Howe'er thou mayst to reasning Minds appear
Thy own most despicable Trumpeter,
Vainest of all the Potsherds of the Earth,
Eternal Boaster of thy Rank and Birth,
Proud as a supercilious Worm can be,
Amazing *Preacher of Humility!*

Like others of thy Rank (like Kings that go
To foreign Courts) Thou *dwelst incognito:*
Like Persian Kings, conceal'd from vulgar Sight,
Thou livst in England a meer Anchorite 60
Lodg'd in thy garret, as an humble Cell,

And rarely by thy Subjects visible.
Thrice happy They, if suffer'd to draw near, ,
With meek Devotion, and religious Fear, /
They see thee in thy Palace once a year.

So in his Shrine the Indian Pagod sits,
And seldom his blind Worshippers admits,
Some crafty Bramin, rais'd above the rest,
Who knows the Crowd, and acts a God the best:
By Satan taught Divinity t' assume, 70
He darts his Glory thro' the sacred Gloom,
A living Image, sent them from the skies,
Solemn he waves his Hands, and rolls his eyes,
Affects to shake the Temple with his Nod,
And the whole Nation cries—Behold our God!

Yet is thy *Converse* (if Thyself we hear)
Open, and cordial, lively, and sincere:
Thy Cabinet too is open day and night,
And every *simple* Soul may get a sight:
Accessible thou art to great and small, 80
Fond to be broken in upon by all.
Find in his heart to censure Thee who can,
An happy, harmless, inoffensive Man!
So blith, and debonair, so frank, and free,
Thy very Servants are as great as Thee.

But well thou knowst thy Grandeur to maintain,
And take the Reins of Government again,
To make the servile Tools their distance keep,
Instructed when to run, and when to creep,
To watch the Motions of thy sovereign Will, 90
Fly at thy Nod, or tremble and be still,
With prostrate Awe thy praises to repeat,
And lick the Dust beneath thy sacred Feet.

So the grand Monarch lays his State aside,
And all the Trammels of Majestic Pride,
Bright Sun of Empire he shrinks in his rays,
And frolicksom amidst his Courtiers plays:
But at his Pleasure, when the Revel burns,
Tis quench'd at once: for lo! the King returns!
Messeurs orewhelm'd again with awe profound 100
Fall at the dazzling Sight, and kiss the ground,
The abject Souls cringe to their haughty Lord,
And L·O·U·is shines, by all his Slaves ador'd.

Nor art thou less benevolent than great,
Less good, than conscious of thy high Estate.
Thy Love, *thou sayst*, is vast and unconfin'd,
The Patron Thou, the *Titus* of Mankind.
Tho' rebel Methodists excite thy Passion,
And force thy Meekness to a *Deviation*,
To all beside thy Charity extends, 110
Papists and Protestants it comprehends:

Jews, Turks, and Infidels may lodge apart,
 Nor ever clash in thy capacious Heart.
 Thou knowst the blind Mahometan to please,
And hint his Wants with delicate Address:
 The Jews thou dost with kindest Smiles approve
And Thee, tis wonderful how much they love.
 “They love (but what of wonderful in this?)
 “One who betrays his Master with a Kiss,
 “Who spurns, and crucifies him every day[”] 120
 So some malignant Methodist wou’d say.

Yet spite of Envy, thy bewitching Smile
 The widest Contraries can reconcile:
 All sorts thou dost into thy Service take,
 Of all a wondrous Coalition make,
 Where Luther’s Partizans with Calvin’s join,
 And Orthodox and Heterodox combine,
 Together jumbled in a common Mass
 (Their Head at least of pure Corinthian Brass)
 Thy dear religious Tropus’s unite 130
 No matter which is wrong, and which is right,
 Suffice that in one Point they all agree
 To shut their eyes, and blindly worship Thee.

So when *Old Noll* our Church and State or’ethrew,
 The Saints into an holy League he drew,
 The various Sects alike cajol’d carest,
 And warm’d them in his large impartial Breast,
 Cherish’d with equal Favour and Esteem,
 (For all Religions were the same to Him)
 A Preacher now, and now a crophair’d Brother, 140
 Pray’d with one Party, and sung psalms with tother,
 He let their Tenets and their Heads alone,
 So all conspir’d to prop th’ Usurper’s Throne.

Thy Meekness next demands th’ applauding Song,
 So long attack’d, invincible so long,
 While from all Quarters shot, the Libels fly,
 But never tempt thee to a rash Reply:
 Nor greater Haste thy Gravity will make,
 Than Spaniard whipt, or Bruin at a stake.
 No lame Defence shall from thy mouth proceed, 150
 Thou wilt not answer, for Thou wilt not read;
 So tender to condemn, so loath to blame,
Or spoil thy Notion of a favourite Name!
 A thousand Stabs can scarcely make thee groan,
 Till Whitefield fetches out—*And Thou my Son!*
 Till Rimius gives us in an English Dress
 Thy *modest* Hymns, and *upright* Practices,
 Impertinently questions *Is it so?*
 And racks thy Conscience for a *Yes, or No.*

So be it then! the harmless Man of peace 160
 No longer mild, and meek to an Excess,
 By Foes (or clam’rous Followers?) compell’d,

His sevenfold Target grasps, and takes the field.
Great as La Mancha's Knight, with stately Pace
He issues forth, and shews his rueful Face.
He issues forth, his desperate Foes to find,
And trusty *Sancho* follows close behind.

Ah! lovely Pair, which shall we most admire
The Knight magnanimous, or gentle Squire? 170
Ah, lovely Pair! in whom combin'd we see
The lordly Boast, and low Scurrility!
Strange Contrast! in the self-same Page appear,
Th' illustrious Count, and quondam Bookseller!
We read transported: but we ask perplex,
Whose is the Comment, Friend, and whose the Text?
Our shrewd Suspicion, if the Truth were known
Text, Comment, Notes, and *Stile*—are all thy own.

And first, while pleas'd thy Principles to beg,
Thou bidst us only answer with our Leg, 180
And humbly hopst, thy Friends will be so just
As take thy every Saying upon trust.
Who call thee Rabbi, and Papa, and Lord,
Say black is white, they still will take thy word,
To reasoning Men thy Word is not enough,
Nor all thy Dogmata without their Proof;
Thy Word they doubt, thy Doctrines they deny,
And scorn with *ipse dixit* to comply,
And madly careless of thy gathering Frown,
Invite the Storm, and bring the Thunder down.

Woe to the Men, by whom thy Wrath is stirr'd, 190
Who take an angry Lion by the Beard!
Thy own Resentment skilful to conceal,
Thou rarely liftest up thy *desperate Heel*,
But dost thro' *Hutton's* Pen their faces claw,
And tear their eyes out with *Grimalkin's* Paw,
Who to impeach thy Character shall dare,
When dreadful *Hutton* threatens *not to spare*?
Spit out of thy own Mouth—! whose *borrow'd* Sword,
Whose deadly Pen draws blood at every Word. 200
Thy furious Foil, he shews how meek thou art,
And compliments Thee with the calmer Part,
The slower Thou to wrath, he runs the faster,
And cunning James plays booty with his Master.

How oft to save thy Modesty the Pain,
And covertly commend Thyself again,
Dost Thou thy Servant's various Talents try,
And teach him when to bully,—and to lie;
With nicest Flattery when to daub thy Face,
Loudly extol, and *violently praise*, 210
Publish both far and near thine high Desert,
How good, how great, how—everything thou art,
Repeat the Words deliver'd him from Thee,
And cry throughout the Nation—*This is He!*

This is the Man (the Man himself avers)
 Who public Weal to private Gain prefers!
 A Patriot, to his own entirely blind,
 Who freely serves the Interest of Mankind;
Servant of Servants! to no Country bound,
 Who deals his Blessings to the Nations round, 220
 (His Recipes for Souls, till now unknown,
 Nostrum's and grand Arcanum's of his own)
 Assures the World their only Good he seeks:
 And *Hutton* swears—Tis Gospel all he speaks!

Thus when the wonderful High-German Sage
 In pure Benevolence ascends the Stage,
 The generous Friend of Misery *appears*,
 And takes the Vulgar by five hundred Ears
 (His Med'cines rather bent to give than sell,
 So cheap, so rare, and all infallible;) 230
 Facetious *Andrew* holds the second Place,
 And loudly ecchoes what his Master says,
 Extols his Skill, extols his Remedies,
 Extols his public Spirit to the skies:
 The ductile Herd his powerful Rhetoric feels,
 And gapes—and swallows all the Doctor's Pills.

In Love to Man Thou dost thy Merits shew,
 In Justice to thine injur'd Virtue too,
 And still the more thy Libellers debase,
 The more Thou dost thine own Perfections praise.
 But shall I praise thy tardy bashful Friends 240
 For forcing thee to make Thyself amends?
 Thyself to clear th' Aspersion of thy Fame,
 And blaze the Glories of thy own great Name?
 What Pity tis, that such an humble Man
 Shou'd *seem* so haughty, arrogant, and vain,
 His own Exploits in swelling words declare,
 And father them upon *The Editor!*
 Wou'd no Ally thine Excellence proclaim,
 The Pencil snatch, and save thee from thy shame?
 Not one observe the old Defensive League, 250
 Nor steady C[ennick], nor judicious G?12
 What all forsake thee at thy greatest Need!
 Has Gambold too forgot to write and read?
 Or dost thou keep him ready at thy Beck
 As thy Sheet-Anchor, and thy latest Stake,
 And let that *Zani* in thy Cause appear
 To wipe thee with his sn____ Handkercher!
 A Champion worthy Thee! Equipp'd for fight,
 With neither Nails to scratch, nor Teeth to bite,
 Fit for his warm important Master's Use 260
 As hot and heavy as a Taylor's Goose,
 The dullest Scholar, and the poorest Tool,
 That ever issued from a Dutchman's School.

Then let me drop him; and with Wonder new
 My fav'rite Theme, my noble Count pursue,
 Who conscious of his Quality and Birth
 Treats, like a Sovereign, with the Lords of earth,
 Offers the Sceptre first, for Them to sway,
 Maker of Kings, and gives his Realms away.
 When all refuse the Triple Diadem, 270
 By Right divine it justly falls to Him,
 Head of the Church he then vouchsafes to be,
 Ascends the Throne, and founds his new Theocracy.

Servant of Servants hail!—but O! the words
 Give back, and let me greet thee Lord of Lords!
 For Lords, thou sayst, from every side resort,
 To swell the Grandeur of thy Papal Court:
 The Arbiters of Life and Death resign
 Their Power despotic, to be ruled by thine,
 And Princes absolute submit to Thee, 280
 Princes are proud to wear thy Livery,
 Like Sheba's Queen on all thy Greatness gaze,
 And learn thy sweet inimitable Lays.

But more than all thy Greatness I admire
 The heavenly Music of thine Infant Quire,
 Melodious Babes, who in exactest time
 Chaunt thy *well-suited* Hymns, and squall in Rhyme
 The cross-air-pigs, how prettily they squeak,
 And sing—or ever they have learn'd to speak,
 Charming to hear, and wondrous to behold 290
 Thy lovely Songsters—of a twelve month old!
 A Truth how like a legendary Tale,
 Where Fishes speak in Popish Miracle,
 Worthy to be receiv'd by such alone
 As bow to the sagacious Middleton,
 Who tells us, Men may breathe without their Lungs,
 Run without Legs—and *talk without their* Tongues.

Who now, when Z[inzendorf] a Fact has told,
 What Infidel can his Assent withhold?
Maxims howe'er thou modestly mayst call 300
 Thy words, thy Words are *Demonstrations* all.
Too great to scatter dust in prying eyes,
Thou scornst Evasion, Cunning, and Disguise
 And Guile, tis evident, can ne'er agree
 With all thy *natural Simplicity*.
Thou sayst it, and we need no longer fear
 The sly ecclesiastic Kidnapper,
 Who never didst a *Sister-Church* betray
Weaken, or steal her choicest Sons away.
 If Numbers left her, could it be thy Fault? 310
 'Twas Spangenberg *depriv'd her of her Salt*:
 Moulter or Böhler play'd the cunning Thief,
 And L·O·U·is came *too late* to her Relief:
 Constant t' *oppose* thy Agents, but in vain;

Thou couldst not give her back her Salt again;
Thou couldst not help it—or unlearn thy Skill
Of making Proselytes against thy Will:
But not a single Man, of high degree,
Or low, was taken from the Church by Thee.

And canst thou look us in the Face, and say 320
Thou never madst one Methodist thy Prey?
Thou never didst our easy Trust deceive,
Thou never didst or lie for GOD, or thief!
As truly might *thy own Cartouch* deny
He ever did one Act of Robbery,
And modestly his roguish Comrades blame,
For plundering all the Country—in his Name.
But say, what means this Bleating in my Ear?
Whence came the Lambs which in thy Fold I hear?
Who hath begotten These that own thy sway? 330
Let every sad deserted Pastor say:
Or if thou hast not quite put out his eyes,
Let G[ambold] answer that his Master lies.

Why should I hope thy Confidence to shame,
Or ask—Hast ever heard of W[esley]’s Name?
Of Wh[itefield] or the rest, who many a year
Brought forth their Children for the murderer?
Didst thou not track them by thy trusty Spies,
Claim the young Converts as thy lawful Prize,
Pursue the trav’ling Soul thro’ Desarts wild, 340
Like the Red Dragon watching for the Child?

But here thy Modesty insists again
“Thy Proselytes in their own Church remain.[?]”
Is Stonehouse then both out of mind and sight?
And *was* not G[ambold] *once* thy Proselyte?
“Yes; but except the Brethren qualified,
“Who separated by Law, the rest abide.”
Like Ferrets in the Boroughs (taught no doubt
By Thee) they stay to drive their Neighbours out:
And when conform’d entirely to thy mind, 350
They quit the Church—they leave their *Names* behind
We have their Names, and Thou eleven Parts,
Their Hands, their Heads, their Purses, and their Hearts.

Yet dost thou wipe thy Mouth and take thy Ease,
Confronted by a thousand Witnesses,
With steady Face the plainest Fact deny,
(*I never took them from the Church, not I !*)
Insult our Reason with thy proud Defence,
And bear us down by Dint of Impudence!—
Of Eloquence I mean—the hasty word 360
Escap’d, unworthy of so great a Lord,
Who on his own Integrity relies,
Superior to a World of Enemies,
Affects with cool Disdain his Foes to see
And glories in his unfelt Infamy.

With equal Modesty, and equal Grace,
Immortal *Henley* lifts his flinty Face,
Wraps himself up in his own Virtuous Mind,
And conscious of his Worth, defies Mankind,
He laughs at Shame, so far beyond its Power, 370
And piques himself, that he *can blush no more*.

But why should my degrading Fancy dare
A Sovereign with a low Buffoon compare?
A King without the Name, whose Statutes bind
The Conscience of his Slaves, and chain ye mind;
While absolute himself, he stoops to none,
Mixt with ye Lords of earth, and reigns alone.

Ye Lords of earth, for your own Interest wise,
Where'er he comes, your more than Subject prize,
Your mighty Guest with due Distinction greet, 380
And Z[inzendorf] as on a level meet.
For if you like him not, alas for You! ,
Alas for yours! He makes his threatenng true /
With cruel haste, and bids your Realms adieu.
Deaf to the Self-accuser's late Complaint, ,
Leaves you to feel your Loss, and mourn your Want, /
And envy happier Climes th' illustrious Emigrant.

But kindly first he bids you all beware
Mistakes, for Servitude he cannot bear
(Servant of Servants tho' Himself he call, 390
His meek Humility is verbal all)
Cannot against his mind your Laws receive,
Or tame Obedience on Compulsion give;
So truly great, a Slave he will not be,
Who to his Life prefers his Liberty.

How like those Worthies, in the Lists of Fame,
Who rais'd to highest Heaven the *Roman* Name!
Whose haughty Spirit untam'd, could never brook
The Power of Kings, or bear a Tyrant's Yoke.
Yet what they valued most, their Virtuous Pride 400
Their Justice tore from all the World beside.
With glorious Liberty supremely blest,
Foremost of men, they doom'd to chains the rest,
Gaul'd with their Fetters every freeborn Mind
The Scourge, the Pest, the Lords of all Mankind.

But what Thou art, *thou thinkst*, cannot be guest,
A Lord, or Cheat, a Blessing or a Pest:
Thy Character must still a Secret be,
Unriddled *in the present Century*.
Yet that succeeding Times may justly prize, 410
The Count beneficent, the Patriot wise,
The Prelate good, Thou leav'st a Copy fair,
A Sketch of thine immortal Character:
The Master-strokes Thou dost thyself supply,
Materials grand for thy own History;

The glorious Fact, that vindicates thy Fame,
 And sticks among the Stars thy deathless Name;
 So meekly good, so graciously inclin'd
 To sooth the Curious Passion of Mankind,
 Thou givst them all in every Age, to know 420
 The *noblest Deed* thou e'er performdst below.
 To latest Times recorded let it be
 The Proof supreme of human Dignity!
 Stand it in England's Chronicles confest,
 That Bishop Z[inzendorf], above the rest
 Inthron'd, and foremost of the Sacred Line,
 A Bishop with Authority Divine,
 Greatest and best of Men—What did he do?
 (Posterity will scarce believe it true)
 Worthy of all Posterity to note— 430
He walk'd on foot, and preach'd in a black Coat!

MS Epistles, 109-137. MARC, accession number MA 1977/557
 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 2).

199

I.

- 1 O for a spark of heavenly fire
 From the Redeemer's throne
 The pure, and permanent desire
 Of loving Him alone!
- 2 The pure desire unquenchable
 Ev'n now I seem to prove,
 But only Thou, my God, canst tell
 If Thee I wish to love.
- 3 A stranger to the blisful grace
 I hitherto have been:
 But must I end my wretched days,
 And die at last in sin?
- 4 A sinner hanging or'e the grave,
 Assuredly I know
 Thy grace alone my soul can save
 From never-ending woe.
- 5 When Thou hast wrought a will in me
 The blessing to receive,
 Thy hatred of iniquity,
 Thy sinless nature give;
- 6 Partaker of my flesh, impart
 Thy Spirit from above,
 And certify my happy heart
 That God in Thee is Love.
- 7 That I in Thee appeas'd may know
 The true, eternal God,

- Thou didst become a man of woe,
 And pour out all thy blood:
- 8 Travail'd thy soul, to ransom mine
 To make me love again,
 Nor woudst Thou, Lord, thy life resign,
 Or bleed, and die in vain.
- 9 Vouchsafe me then the wish sincere,
 The wish sincere fulfil,
 And stamp me with thy character
 According to thy will;
- 10 Accomplish'd see thy own desires,
 And O, be satisfied,
 When singing with th' immortal quires
 I triumph at thy side.

MS Hymns for Love, 41-2. MARC, accession number MA 1977/578
 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

200

III.

- 1 Jesus, my Lord, my God,
 Who didst thy life resign
 To buy with all thy sacred blood
 This worthless heart of mine;
 If now thy grace I feel,
 O may I always prove
 By pure antipathy to ill,
 That Thee I truly love!
- 2 With sin and wickedness
 I wage eternal war,
 And all vain thoughts, and all false ways
 I utterly abhor:
 My heart to my dear Lord
 I woud intirely give,
 I woud be govern'd by thy word,
 And in thy Spirit live.
- 3 I only live to win
 Thy pure and heavenly mind,
 Like Thee averse from every sin,
 To every good inclin'd:

O that I now with Thee
Thy nature might possess,
Thy hatred of iniquity,
Thy love of righteousness!

- 4 I will not let Thee go,
But wrestle on in prayer,
Till Thou the gracious token show,
Till Thou thy will declare:
And when thy will is done,
I live intirely thine,
For ever sav'd, for ever one
With Holiness Divine!

*MS Hymns for Love, 44-5. MARC, accession number MA 1977/578
(Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).*

201

V.

- 1 What shall I do to love Thee
Who perfect goodness art?
Let thy own nature move Thee
To tell my listning heart:
To Thee its pining anguish
Its every wish is known;
In life, in death I languish
To love my God alone.
- 2 Weary alas, of living
A stranger to my Lord,
Yet still, in darkness, cleaving
To thy most faithful word,
The blessing I implore
The gift of righteousness,
And knock at mercy's door,
And seek the promis'd grace.
- 3 Surrounded with temptations
I for thy coming stay,
Possess my soul in patience
And long to see thy day:
O when shall thy appearance
Bid all my troubles cease
And crown my perseverance
With true, eternal peace?
- 4 O coud I once behold thee
The joy of those above,
In arms of faith infold thee
The Object of my love,

With humblest adoration
I shoud my soul resign,
And glory in Salvation
Thro' endless ages mine!

MS Hymns for Love, 46-7. MARC, accession number MA 1977/578
(Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

202

VI.

- 1 Why shoud I live another day
Without my Saviour's love?
O take this heart of stone away,
This mountain-sin remove,
Whate'er retards thy faithful word,
And keeps me still unblest,
A stranger to my pardning Lord,
My soul's eternal Rest.
- 2 What can th' Omnipotent withstand,
Or cross thy sovereign will?
Thy own desire, thy own command,
Jesus, in me fulfil:
Who didst a Man of grief appear,
Who hast for sinners died,
The end of all thy sufferings here
See, and be satisfied.
- 3 Appear as crucified for me
The purchase of thy blood;
To get thyself the victory
Come, O my Lord, my God;
To make thy depth of mercy known
Thy Spirit now impart,
And break by thy expiring groan,
And take my broken heart.
- 4 It must, alas, continue whole,
Till I my Saviour see
As pouring out his spotless soul,
As dying on the tree:
That piteous spectacle alone
My flinty heart can move,
And turn to flesh the soften'd stone,
And melt me into love.
- 5 Come then, thou slaughter'd Lamb Divine,
Thy bleeding wounds display,
And seize to day this heart of mine
While it is call'd to day:

A time to Thee I woud not set,
Yet at thy cross I bow,
Restless, resign'd thy coming wait,
And long to meet thee Now.

- 6 Thou art not slack to keep thy word,
O help my unbelief,
Make haste to help thy servant, Lord,
And end my sin and grief:
This moment, if thy time is come,
Inspire the heavenly grace,
And take my loving spirit home
To see thy blisful face.

MS Hymns for Love, 48-9. MARC, accession number MA 1977/578
(Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

203

XII.

- 1 Thou, Sovereign Good for whom I groan,
Till Thou thy blisful Self impart,
Love of a dying God unknown,
Enter, and chear this wretched heart,
And witness with the sprinkled blood
That Thou art Christ, that Thou art God.
- 2 I must by faith behold Thee here,
Or cannot see thy face above;
Lover of souls, in mine appear,
Be manifest as pardning Love,
And fill me with the sweet surprize
Snatch'd to my Lord in paradise.
- 3 For this a dying life I live,
For this I in a dungeon mourn,
Till Thou the pure affection give;
And then I to thy arms return,
To Thee conform'd my soul resign,
And plunge in depths of Love Divine.

MS Hymns for Love, 55-6. MARC, accession number MA 1977/578
(Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

204

XXIV.

- 1 Before my soul and body part,
Saviour, to part my sin and me,
Thy love's omnipotence exert,
And re-unite my soul to Thee:

- 2 Thou knowst, for more than seventy years
I have for thy salvation stay'd,
And leaving now the vale of tears,
I mourn the blessing still delay'd.
- 3 Broke off from Thee, by passion griev'd,
Born to lament and suffer I
A stranger to thy love have liv'd;
And must I, Lord, a stranger die?
- 4 I must; unless thy yearning heart
With pure, spontaneous love or'eflow,
Unless thy nature Thou impart,
Whose blood was shed to save thy foe.
- 5 My hope I ground on this alone,
Thou never canst forget that tree,
Where MERCY groan'd his final groan,
Where LOVE himself expir'd for me.
- 6 Me to redeem from sin and hell,
Thou didst thy precious life resign,
My pardon in thy blood to seal,
And God and man again to join.
- 7 To buy for me th' uniting grace,
That I, to holiness restor'd,
Might in the arms of faith embrace,
And live one spirit with my Lord:
- 8 That I th' habitual, pure delight
Might in that vital union prove,
And comprehend the depth, and height,
And length, and breadth of Dying Love!

MS Hymns for Love, 71-2. MARC, accession number MA 1977/578
(Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

205

XXXIII.

- 1 Prone to ill, averse from Good,
Plagued by passions unsubdued,
My continual want of grace
Need I, Lord, to Thee confess?
- 2 Grace if Thou forbear to give,
Me if Thou one moment leave,
Well Thou knowst, I surely shall
Into sin that moment fall.
- 3 This alas, I always feel,
Till Thou dost the plague expel,
Stay the foes Thou dost controul,
Change the bias of my soul:

- 4 Make me thro' thy wondrous Name
 The reverse of what I am,
 Copy true of what Thou art,
 Lowly, meek, and pure in heart;
- 5 To thy only will resign'd
 One with Thee in heart and mind:
 Then matur'd for joys above
 Swallow up my soul in LOVE.

MS Hymns for Love, 81. MARC, accession number MA 1977/578
 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

Appears also (with an additional stanza) in *MS Miscellaneous Verse*
 1786, 18. (Maddox). In this version st.5 is also altered (Lunn):

- 5 Mould me to thy will resign'd
 One with Thee in heart and mind:
 Hide my life with God above
 Swallow up my soul in love.
- 6 Then, to terminate my race,
 Give me the last crowning grace,
 Wide display the heavenly scene,
 Take the heir of glory in!

206

III.

- 1 Father of Jesus Christ, and mine,
 Accept my humble prayer,
 And let thy child her will resign
 To thy paternal care:
 Weakest of all thy children me
 Into thy keeping take,
 And shelter my infirmity
 For my Redeemer's sake
- 2 Thou knowst with humble heart sincere
 My helplessness I own,
 And pierc'd with self-mistrusting fear
 I hang on Thee alone:
 Thou only canst in danger hide,
 And shield me with thy hand,
 Thro' life's rough sea the vessel guide,
 To that celestial land.
- 3 Thou art my confidence, and power,
 My unprecarious peace,
 My safeguard in the prosperous hour,
 And refuge in distress;
 Thee only wise I own, and true
 And rich in sovereign grace,
 And Thou, whose love I keep in view,
 Shalt order all my ways.

- 4 Then let the glittering world allure,
 My heart is safe above;
 Or if they frown, I rest secure
 In thy protecting love,
 With Thee to hold communion sweet
 From earthly joys I fly,
 Shut out the world, look up and meet
 My heavenly Father's eye.
- 5 Still may I in thy presence stay,
 Nor rove for rest abroad,
 My bliss supreme, to trust and pray,
 And praise, and love my God;
 To live, till Thou my soul demand,
 Delightfully alone,
 And die, to join the countless band
 That harp around thy throne.

MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 69-70. MARC, accession number MA 1977/556 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 2).

207

**Written After the Conference in Aug. 1780,
 The last which the Writer was present at.**

- 1 Why should I longer, Lord, contend,
 My last, important moments spend
 In buffeting the air,
 In warning those who will not see,
 But rest in blind security,
 And rush into the snare!
- 2 Prophet of ills why should I live,
 Or by my sad forebodings grieve
 Whom I can serve no more?
 I only can their loss bewail,
 Till life's exhausted sorrows fail,
 And the last pang is o're.
- 3 Here then I quietly resign
 Into those gracious hands divine
 Whom I receiv'd from Thee,
 My brethren and companions dear,
 And finish with a parting tear
 My useless ministry.
- 4 Detach'd from every creature now
 I humbly at thy footstool bow,
 Accepting my release,
 If Thou the promis'd grace bestow,
 Salvation to thy Servant show,
 And bid me die in peace.

MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 134-5. MARC, accession number MA 1977/556 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 2).

208

For One, under a prospect of Want.—Jan. 1753.25

[I.]

- 1 The Lord, the wise, almighty Lord
Hath given, and resum'd the grace:
For ever be his Name ador'd!
His name with all my heart I praise,
And cry, surrendring up his own,
Father, thy only will be done.
- 2 Hath not the heavenly Potter power
To mould at will the passive clay?
To raise, or sink his creature lower?
To give, or take his gifts away?
And who shall daringly reprove
The just decrees of Sovereign Love?
- 3 LOVE only doth the loss ordain,
Whate'er inferior Causes join,
Female revenge, or fraud in man:
To God, not Them, I all resign:
Let rapine seize, or avarice crave,
Or envy cruel as the grave.
- 4 I meet the Providential blow,
Whoe'er fulfils my God's command,
A seeming friend, or open foe,
A stranger's, or a brother's hand,
The fire from heaven, the spoiler's sword,
Whate'er afflicts—It is the Lord!
- 5 On Him I fix my faithful eye,
The baser instrument look thro',
On Him in all events rely;
The Lord his utmost pleasure show
His Name be own'd, his goodness blest;
Whatever is from God is best!

MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 141-2. MARC, accession number MA 1977/556 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 2).

209

Written before a Trial at Taunton, April—1767.

[I.]

- 1 Jesus, to Thee thy Church looks up,
And cannot pray in vain:
Forgive our fond, unwary hope
Redress from men to gain:

- From men to whom Thou art not known
What help can we receive?
The world will always love its own,
And only them believe.
- 2 But sufferers in a righteous cause
By persecuting power,
Protection from our Country's laws
May we not, Lord, implore;
To kings and magistrates appeal,
The men Thou didst ordain
Impartial equity to deal,
And peace and truth maintain?
- 3 Thy ministers of righteousness
To these we calmly flee,
Nor look for succour, or success,
Without a Nod from Thee:
Thou art the Judge supremely just;
And suitors at thy throne,
Not in an arm of flesh we trust,
But hang on Thine alone.
- 4 The hearts of all are in thy hand,
Defender of the poor;
And Thou dost by thy Servants stand,
From evil to secure;
Dost from unrighteous judges save,
And hide our life above:
And Truth our Advocate we have,
And all-commanding Love.
- 5 If such the counsel of thy will,
The world shall justice show,
And earth assist the Woman still,
Against her furious foe;
The sons of violence and pride
Shall bow to those they scorn,
And Justice roll her rapid tide
Too strong for them to turn.
- 6 In judgment then, great God, arise,
Assume thy power, and reign,
Sole Arbiter of earth and skies,
Thy people's Cause maintain:
Now let thine outstretch'd arm be shown,
In all the heathen's sight,
And force the alien host to own
Thou dost for Israel fight.
- 7 So shall the Church surround thy throne
With ceaseless songs of praise,
Extol the wonders Thou hast done,
And magnify thy grace:

“Thou givst to us the victory,[?]”
And we ourselves resign
A living sacrifice to Thee
Thro’ endless ages Thine.

MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 163-5. MARC, accession number MA 1977/556 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 2).

210

“Love your enemies.”

—Mat. 5:44.

- 1 Loving my friends, I freely pay
The debt that nature owes,
But how shall I thy word obey,
And love my mortal foes?
- 2 Hard struggling to comply in vain,
Throughout my soul I feel
This to an unregenerate man
Is quite impossible.
- 3 Doth Justice then to man injoin
The thing which cannot be?
It cannot, but thro’ grace divine,
Thro’ Jesus strength in me.
- 4 If Thou the power of faith impart,
Lord, I can all things do,
And love my foes with all my heart,
When Thou hast made it new.
- 5 If still my heart be unrenow’d,
The fault is all my own:
One drop of thy redeeming blood
Can melt the hardest stone:
- 6 The balm for every soul-disease
Ready Thou art t’ apply,
And when I call for grace and peace,
Thou answerest “Here am I!”
- 7 Come then with all thy wounds confest
My Saviour from above,
And pour into my vanquish’d breast
Thy sweet, forgiving love:
- 8 Then when I feel thy Spirit mine,
The mighty change I know,
And can, like Thee, my life resign,
To save my deadliest foe.

MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 213-4. MARC, accession number MA 1977/556 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 2).

211

["Take away all iniquity, and give good."
—Hosea 14:2.]

3.

- 1 As taught by Thee, O God, I pray,
Take all iniquity away,
Thou utmost Saviour of mankind,
Nor leave the least remains behind.
- 2 The guilt, and power of sin remove,
The worldly, and the creature-love,
The easily besetting sin,
The passion dominant within:
- 3 The lusting flesh, the carnal mind
To ill continually inclin'd,
Th' Original depravity,
Which never can submit to Thee.
- 4 Thy Spirit's energy exert,
To circumcise, and cleanse my heart
From wrath, concupiscence, and pride,
That Thou mayst in thy house abide.
- 5 Thy Spirit, Lord, can sin subdue,
Can utterly extirpate too,
His more than conquering power employ,
And root and branch the foe destroy.
- 6 Then, Jesus, then the good bestow,
Which none but the receivers know,
The constant joy, the perfect peace,
The everlasting righteousness:
- 7 The patient, meek, and heavenly mind
The lowly heart, the will resign'd,
The primitive simplicity,
The true, eternal Life in Thee.
- 8 All the good things which now I claim,
And ask the Father in thy Name,
The Gifts for men receiv'd above
O give me more than all in Love.
- 9 The Gift unspeakable confer,
The Holy Ghost, the Comforter
With Thee, and with thy Father one,
God over all, and Good alone.
- 10 Thou art THE THING my soul requires,
To fill my infinite desires,
Infinite Good, thyself impart,
With all Thou hast, and all Thou art!

MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 224-6. MARC, accession number MA 1977/556 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 2).

212

VI.

- 1 Father, who dost in secret see,
Or'ewhelm'd with anxious care
I cast my anxious care on Thee
In humble, pensive prayer:
The children by thy grace bestow'd
I unto Thee resign;
O may they fear, and serve their God,
And live for ever thine!
- 2 Thy servants in their youthful days,
Thy fear they surely show,
But still they do not taste thy grace
Or their Redeemer know;
The Man who suffer'd for their sake
Their sufferings to remove,
They never long'd to pay him back
His dear, redeeming love.
- 3 Surrounded with a world of ill
No ill alas, they fear,
No dread, or apprehension feel
Of vice, or error near:
By Satan, and his host beset
Expos'd on every side,
How can they 'scape the fowler's net
Or in thy fear abide?
- 4 Almighty God, be Thou their Shield,
Increase their sacred awe,
And shut them up from sin conceal'd
The prisoners of the law:
Keep, till Thou manifest the grace
Which sure salvation brings,
And hide them from all evil ways
Beneath thy mercy's wings.
- 5 Victorious o're the world and hell
The faith divine impart,
Which doth thy dying Son reveal,
And purifies the heart;
Thy Son set forth as crucified —
And then The grace they prove,
And then they feel the blood applied
Which turns their fear to love.

MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 255-7. MARC, accession number MA 1977/556 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 2).

213

X.

For the same, in great danger.

- 1 For the Object of my care
If I in thy Spirit pray,
As a bird out of the snare,
Let his soul escape away;
God almighty to redeem,
Break the snare, and rescue Him.
- 2 Him by wicked arts beguil'd
Hide beneath thy mercy's wings,
Keep my inexperience'd child,
Till thy grace salvation brings,
Manifests thy whole design,
Claims his ransom'd heart for thine.
- 3 Tho' he seems as left by Thee,
Left *to follow his own will*,
Still Thou dost the wanderer see,
Still pursue, and love him still,
Dost from passion's rage restrain,
Till his reason wakes again.
- 4 Why didst Thou at all depart?
Kindly to convince, and bless,
Show him what is in his heart,
All the pride and fond excess,
Then the evil to exclude,
Then to do him endless good.
- 5 Wake him now out of his dream,
(Dream of paradise below)
Sinking in his own esteem
Give him now himself to know,
Humbled at thy feet t' adore,
Trust his own weak heart no more.
- 6 Might I live to see him freed,
Nothing more woud I desire,
Glad to bow my hoary head,
Happy on thy cross t' expire,
Life and all my friends resign,
Leave them in the hands Divine.

MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 261-2. MARC, accession number MA 1977/556 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 2).

XI.

- 1 God, who only canst abase,
 Those that walk in stubborn pride,
 Slight the proffers of thy grace,
 Fondly in themselves confide,
 Whom on my sad heart I bear
 Give him to my faithful prayer.
- 2 *Wilful, ignorant, and blind,*
 Prone to take the tempter's part,
Tost about by every wind,
 Every smooth Seducer's art,
Compass with the toils of hell
 Still he sleeps insensible.
- 3 *Jealous, close, reserv'd, afraid*
 Of his best, his real friends,
 Who shall minister their aid,
 Save him from inticing fiends,
 From the snares of pleasing vice,
 From the latent precipice?
- 4 Whom his own *vain thoughts* expose
 Rash in error's maze to stray,
 Listning to Religion's foes,
 Left to infidels a prey,
 Led by passion, and by pride,
 Safe, he seeks no other Guide.
- 5 Giver of the humbling grace,
 Opener of the eyes and heart,
 Near in this most desperate case
 With thy needful aid Thou art,
 Friend of human misery,
 O command the blind to see.
- 6 Bid him now himself mistrust,
 Now begin himself to feel,
 Conscious that he is but dust,
 Wretched, frail, and fallible,
 Passion's slave, by pride subdued,
 Full of sin, and void of God.
- 7 While Thou dost the veil remove,
 Give the precious faith divine,
 Touch his heart with heavenly love,
 That he may his will resign,
 All his bliss from Thee receive,
 Only for thy glory live.

8 Witness of thy saving power,
Let him serve thy blessed will,
Till at death's triumphant hour
Call'd to the celestial hill,
Wing'd he takes his towering flight,
Mingles with the saints in light.

MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 262-4. MARC, accession number MA 1977/556 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 2).

215

“Delight thou in the Lord, and He shall give thee thy heart's desire.”

—Psa. [37:4, BCP].

- 1 O that I, Lord, in Thee alone
Coud seek my whole delight, and find!
Thy perfect will on me be done,
Who to thy perfect will resign'd
In faith for full salvation pray,
And for thy promis'd Coming stay!
- 2 Of all Thou hast in earth below,
Of all Thou hast in heaven above,
Wilt Thou whate'er I ask bestow?
I nothing ask, except thy love:
Thou knowst the secrets of my heart,
The Thing which I desire, Thou art.
- 3 Give then, Thyself, Jehovah, give
The glorious Partner of thy throne
In a poor, ransom'd worm to live,
That with thy Son, and Spirit One
One I may live with LOVE—with Thee,
And reign thro' all eternity.

MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 294. MARC, accession number MA 1977/556 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 2).

216

II.

- 1 Instruct me, Lord, with tenderest zeal
Another's weaknesses to feel,
With wisdom from above
A Father, for his good, to please,
By duty's kindest services
By all the toils of love.

- 2 My will I woud to his resign,
In things not contrary to thine,
And run without delay,
And fly, preventing his desires,
To do whate'er his heart requires,
And Thee in Him obey.
- 3 I woud not in a Parent see
Frailties, or faults, which Thou in me
Dost every day forgive,
But walk (if Thou the grace bestow)
And by my fair example show
How real Christians live.
- 4 If Thou my loving labour speed,
I prosper in the pious deed;
Commission'd by my Lord
A soul redeem'd from death and sin
A precious Soul for Thee I win
And win without the word.

MS Miscellaneous Verse 1786, 7-8. MARC, accession number MA 1977/594/17 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 5).

217

A Prayer for the Revd. Mr. La-Trobe, Given over by the Physicians.

- 1 Lord of life, thy people hear
For our dying Minister,
If he is not yet at rest,
Is not numbred with the Blest;
- 2 If his soul is on the wing,
Listning, as the Angels sing,
Mounting to the realms of light
Stop the Prophet in his flight:
- 3 Still his ready soul detain,
Bring him back to earth again,
Here to find his works prepar'd,
Gain a more than full reward.
- 4 If Thou mayst intreated be,
Hast not fixt the firm decree,
Let the prayer of faith prevail,
Turn for life the hovering scale.
- 5 Wait we now, resign'd and still,
Till Thou dost declare thy will:
Lord, not ours be done, but thine,
Execute thy own design:

6 But when Him Thou dost remove
Follow'd by his works of love,
Let the children Thou hast given,
All pursue their Guide to heaven.

MS Miscellaneous Verse 1786, 11-12. MARC, accession number MA 1977/594/17 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 5).

218

[Untitled.]

To the same [the Tune of—Ah woe is me &c.].

- 1 All-good, all-wise, almighty Lord,
Supremely just and true,
I cast me on thy faithful Word,
And wait thy Will to do:
Thy Will concerning me reveal,
Thy Heavenly Light impart,
And speak by Signs infallible
The Answer to my Heart.
- 2 Thee, Lord, in all my Ways I own
My Counsellor and Guide,
I hang upon thine Arm alone,
And in thy Love confide:
Ah! do not then my Soul reject,
But all my Paths attend,
But all my Works and Thoughts direct
To thine appointed End.
- 3 Thou readst th' unutterable Care
That labours in my Breast,
And knowst, till Thou thy Mind declare
I know not what is best.
A Sinner doubly dead and blind,
A foolish foolish Worm,
O how shall I the Secret find,
And all thy Will perform?
- 4 I would not my own Soul deceive,
My own Designs pursue,
I can no more an Heart believe
Which never yet prov'd true.
Death in the Error of my Life
I would not fondly find,
Declare, O Lord, to end the Strife,
The Thing by Thee design'd.
- 5 For thy Determining Command
I at thy Footstool lie,
Intent to mark the Pointing Hand,
To catch the Guiding Eye.

To Thee with meek submissive Fear
Th' important Doubt I leave
Till Thou in Heavenly Light appear,
Till Thou the Fiat give.

- 6 Jesus, thro' thy orepow'ring Grace
I every Wish resign,
Nor can I, till Thou shewst thy Face,
To this, or that incline:
Thy Face obscur'd, thy Mind unknown,
Preserve the Balance even,
And makes me cry Thy Will be done
On Earth as tis in Heaven.

*MS Occasional Hymns, 4-6. MARC, accession number MA 1977/563
(Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 2).*

219

[Untitled.]

- 1 GOD of my Life, I seek thy Face,
By Thee upheld throughout my Days,
By Thee sustain'd and fed,
Preserv'd from twice ten thousand Snares,
Mine inmost Soul thy Love declares,
And asks thy Present Aid.
- 2 My Father's Hope, my Father's Fear,
In this Important Hour appear,
And to my Rescue come;
Be Thou my Counsellor and Guide,
And with this Awful Doubt decide
My everlasting Doom.
- 3 On This depends our Weal or Woe,
Our All in Earth and Heaven, I know,
And dread to fix my Choice:
In just Anxiety I stand,
And see display'd on either Hand
Eternal Grievs, and Joys.
- 4 Merciful GOD, what shall I do?
The Counsel of thy Goodness shew,
And order Thou the whole;
Direct my Work, inspire my Thought
Or cut th' Inextricable Knot,
And now require my Soul.
- 5 By Death prevent the Evil Day,
Nor let me live to fall away,
Thro' this deceitful Heart,
But rather let it cease to beat,
Extinguish, Lord, the Vital Heat,
And bid me now depart.

- 6 I would not live to cross thy Will,
 And frowardly my own fulfil
 In Quest of Comforts here:
 With Pity see the Pangs I feel,
 And save me, save me from the Ill
 Which more than Hell I fear.
- 7 I can, I do the World resign,
 No Creature-Happiness be Mine,
 So Thou Thyself impart,
 Send down the Blessing from above,
 And let thine All-sufficient Love
 Engross and fill my Heart.
- 8 For This alone on Earth I wait,
 Till Thou to its Unsinning State,
 My newborn Soul restore,
 By Sufferings perfected beneath,
 Victorious brought thro' Life and Death
 To that Eternal Shore.

MS Occasional Hymns, 14-16. MARC, accession number MA 1977/563 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 2).

Appears also in *MS Courtship*, 5-6, where the variation of st.7, line 1 'I can thro' Thee the World resign,' appears (Lunn).

220

[Untitled.]

- 1 Merciful GOD, with pitying Eye
 See, as at the Point to die
 A Tempted Sinner see,
 An helpless gasping Soul befriend,
 And shew, if Hope is in my End,
 If Mercy is for me.
- 2 Long have I forfeited my Peace,
 In this lonesom Wilderness
 My Sin I long have borne,
 Stript of my Power to weep and pray,
 I cannot find the Living Way,
 Or to thy Arms return.
- 3 Still farther have I rov'd from Thee,
 Deep in Sin and Misery
 Immers'd, and deeper still,
 With not one Ray of Heavenly Hope
 To bear my sinking Spirit up,
 And stop my headlong Will.

- 4 Forgive me, O Thou injur'd GOD,
 If with Waves of Woe oreflow'd
 In my extream Distress
 Support from Man I hop'd to draw,
 And eager caught at every Straw
 Of Earthly Happiness.
- 5 With Shame my Wishes I recant,
 Thou alone art all I want,
 But Thee I cannot find;
 I strive alas! but still in vain,
 Thy blisful Favour to regain
 And cast the World behind.
- 6 O woudst Thou try me, Lord, once more
 Only once my Peace restore,
 My Curse of Sin remove:
 Then would I all with Joy forego
 And Nothing seek, and Nothing know
 But thy Extatic Love.
- 7 By Thine from Earthly Love set free,
 Lo! I plight my Faith to Thee,
 My Little All I give:
 I *will*, if Thou my Heart release,
 My Comfort, Joy, and Total Bliss
 From Thee *alone* receive.
- 8 Eternal GOD, be present now,
 Witness to my solemn Vow
 With all thy Host above!
 Accept, and answer me by Fire,
 And now my parting Heart inspire
 With pure Seraphic Love.
9. This only Happiness be mine,
 Every other I resign,
 Of thy pure Love possesst,
 Possesst of all those Heavenly Charms,
 I find within thy Mercy's Arms
 My everlasting Rest.

10 [unfinished]

MS Occasional Hymns, 16-18. MARC, accession number MA 1977/563 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 2).

Appears with an additional verse, st.10, in *MS Richmond*, 86-87 (Lunn)

- 10 To Thee espous'd, and Thee alone
 Thee my One Desire I own,
 Thine wholly Thine I am:
 And call'd thy Heavenly Feast to share,
 I hasten to the Marriage there,
 The Marriage of the Lamb.

221

Written in D[ublin].

To [the Tune of]—With pity, Lord &c.

- 1 Far from my native Land remov'd,
Far from all I priz'd and lov'd
In a bleak Wilderness,
I ask my Soul, What dost Thou here,
Thou poor afflicted Sojourner?
This Earth is not thy Place.
- 2 Nothing beneath my Heart commands,
Hope and I have shaken hands,
And parted long ago,
Inur'd to Pain, and Shame, and Grief
I ask, I look for no Relief,
For no Delight below.
- 3 Happy, forever happy I,
Suffer'd to escape, and fly
To that Eternal Shore
Where all the Storms of Life are past
And Exiles find their Home at last,
And Losers weep no more.
- 4 Come then, ye threatning Sons of Rome,
Kindly to my Rescue come,
And set my Spirit free,
Nor tremble at th' Avenger near,
No Justice is for Christians here,
For slaughter'd Sheep—or me.
- 5 An Outcast for my Master's sake
Haste, ye Ruffian Band to take
This mournful Life of mine,
A Life by Sin and Sorrow stain'd,
A Life, which I have long disdain'd
And languish'd to resign.

6 [unfinished]

MS Occasional Hymns, 77-8. MARC, accession number MA 1977/563 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 2).

222

[Hymn] XLII.

- 1 Jesus, my Life in death appear!
My mortal Enemy draws near,
And brandishes his dart:
To Thee my last distress I bring;
Disarm the monster of his sting,
And calm my fluttering heart.

- 2 Ah, suffer not my faith to fail,
 While passing thro' the dreadful vale
 This coward flesh I leave;
 But show thyself my heavenly Guide,
 With arms of love extended wide
 Thy purchase to receive.
- 3 The death Thou didst for me sustain,
 O let it sooth my dying pain,
 Or into bliss convert;
 Then as the Lamb of God resign'd,
 Rest to my weary soul I find,
 And joyfully depart.

MS Preparation for Death, 2-3. MARC, accession number MA 1977/578 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

223

[Hymn] XLIV.

- 1 Thy call to lay this body down,
 And venture on a world unknown
 Resign'd I woud attend,
 With humble thankfulness embrace
 My Saviour's kindly warning grace,
 And meekly meet my end.
- 2 I feel the fatal moment nigh,
 And tremble at the point to die
 A sinner unforgiven,
 Without that Witness of thy grace,
 Without that real holiness
 Which qualifies for heaven.
- 3 Oft have I for thy Spirit pray'd,
 Ten thousand times invok'd his aid,
 And found his presence near,
 Yet still unsav'd, and unrenew'd
 I want the sanctifying God,
 Th' indwelling Comforter.
- 4 That Spirit purchas'd by thy death
 Jesus, on me vouchsafe to breathe
 Before I hence depart:
 Now let him testify of Thee,
 And take, and show thy blood to me,
 And fill my sprinkled heart.

- 5 With all my heart I then shall love
My Friend, and Harbinger above
Who here unveils his face,
Who waits to catch my parting sigh,
Who bids me get me up, and die,
And die, in his embrace.

MS Preparation for Death, 5-6. MARC, accession number MA 1977/578 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

224

[Hymn] XLIX.

- 1 On the margin of the grave,
Father, I thy grace implore,
Pardon, and persist to save
God of love, and praise, and power,
Till my spirit I resign
Pure into the hands divine.
- 2 All the ill which I have done
If thy grace in Christ exceeds,
If He did for me atone,
If for me his death he pleads,
Now thy Son in me reveal,
Pardon on my conscience seal.
- 3 When I feel his blood applied,
When my sins are all remov'd,
Me a little longer hide
In the wounds of my Belov'd,
Hide, till every storm is past,
Then receive my soul at last.
- 4 Passing thro' the dreary vale
With sufficient strength supply,
While my flesh and spirit fail,
Hear my last expiring cry,
Dying more than death I dread,
Make in death my softest bed.
- 5 Stand omnipotently near,
When my soul and body part,
Chasing every doubt and fear,
Comforting my stedfast heart,
Reaching out the dear-bought prize
Joy, and bliss that never dies.

6 Let the sense of joys above
Quite o'repower my sense of pain,
Let unutterable love
Loose me from my body's chain,
Sweetly set the prisoner free
Swallow up my soul in Thee.

MS Preparation for Death, 12-14. MARC, accession number MA 1977/578 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

225

[Hymn] LXIV.

1 Thee I remember on my bed,
And waking lift my heart to Thee
Whose blood for dying sinners shed
Hath bought eternal life for me:
Thy precious blood did all procure,
The conscious sense of sin forgiven
The Spirit, and the nature pure,
And Love the antepast of heaven.

2 Still in the flesh for this I stay;
O were I, Lord, of love possest,
How gladly woud I drop my clay,
And find repose in thy dear breast!
My soul, thy own acknowledg'd right,
I woud into thy hands commend,
And entring into Rest tonight
Begin the life which ne'er shall end.

MS Preparation for Death, 28-9. MARC, accession number MA 1977/578 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

'Commend' st.2, line 6 ori., "~~resign~~." (Maddox)

226

[Hymn] LXXXI.

Spirit of love, thyself impart,
Before my Spirit I resign,
If bought for me with blood Thou art,
For me redeem'd by blood divine:
Meet for that blisful Vision make,
And then, to share thy joys above,
The partner of thy nature take,
The partner of thy heavenly love.

MS Preparation for Death, 44. MARC, accession number MA 1977/578 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

For a Widow Unassured of her Husband's Happiness.

- 1 Ah! woe is me, my Friend is gone
 Silent to a World unknown,
 Without a Token given:
 He did not witness for his Lord,
 Or bid me in one parting Word
 Come after him to Heaven.
- 2 O Depth of exquisite Distress!
 Is He entred into Peace,
 So suddenly remov'd?
 Who shall the Fatal Secret tell,
 The Welfare of a Soul reveal
 Whom as my own I lov'd?
- 3 My other Self, to Eden borne,
 Never, never to return
 I could with Thanks resign:
 But O! to doubt his Welcom there!
 Was ever heart-distracting Care,
 Was ever Grief like Mine!
- 4 Here is the Patience of the Saints!
 But my feeble Spirit faints
 Beneath so huge a Load:
 Some pitying Angel ease my Care,
 And tell me, if ye did not bear
 His Happy Soul to GOD?
- 5 Or rather (if thy GOD allow)
 O my Kinder Angel Thou,
 Forsake th' eternal Shore,
 Appear to thy poor anxious Mate,
 Assure me of thy blest Estate,
 And bid me weep no more.
- 6 Alas! I know not what I say—
 Lord, to Thee alone I pray,
 To Thee alone apply:
 If Best it is for me to know,
 The Doom of my Companion shew;
 Did he thy Servant die?
- 7 Bring all the Proofs into my Mind:
 Shew me why thy Goodness join'd
 That gentle Soul to me,
 But that we soon might meet above,
 And sing the Marriage-Song of Love
 Thro' all Eternity!

- 8 Why didst Thou in the worst of Times
 Save him from those horrid Crimes,
 Which stain the Lawless Great?
 His Soul disdain'd to sit with Them,
 Who from the Scorner's Chair condemn
 The Virtue which they hate.
- 9 Why didst Thou keep him all his days
 By a Miracle of Grace
 From Open Enmity?
 He never dar'd oppose thy Cause,
 Against Thee, Lord, who never was,
 O was he not *for* Thee?
- 10 Why didst Thou form him of a Mind
 Just, and generous, and kind
 To succour the Distrest?
 He chas'd the needy Orphan's Fears,
 And Pity at the Widow's Tears
 Resided in his Breast.
- 11 Did He not love the Poor and Good,
 All who for *their* Saviour stood,
 (To Him alas unknown!)
 And had he not their mournful Prayers?
 And can the Son of all those Tears
 Be finally undone?
- 12 For Him Thou didst the Spirit impart,
 Pleading in thy People's Heart
 With Groans unspeakable:
 Their fervent Prayer hath pierc'd the Sky,
 And Thou hast said, who canst not lie,
 It must, it must prevail.
- 13 I see the Opening Door of Hope!
 My Companion *is* caught up;
 For O! thy Word was past:
 I *have* Believ'd, Thou knowst, I have,
 And pray'd Thee oft in Faith to save
 His pretious Soul at last.
- 14 Thou heardst in me thy Spirit's Groans
 Heardst him in thy Secret Ones,
 The Life we ask'd is given:
 He never sinn'd the Sin to Death;
 And sure as Thou the Prayer didst breathe,
 He *is* with Thee in Heaven!

MS Richmond, 30-3. MARC, accession number MA 1977/551
 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 1).

228

“Into thy hands I commend my Spirit.”

—[Luke 23:46].

- 1 The Holy Jesus rests in Hope,
And calm in Death on GOD relies,
His parting Spirit He gives up
Into his Father’s Hands, and dies.
- 2 Meek, patient Lamb, for Us He gives
The Life which None could take away,
He lays it down, and GOD receives
His Soul into eternal Day.
- 3 O might I thus my Warfare end,
Meekly to GOD my Soul resign,
Into my Father’s Hands commend;
O Jesus, let thy Death be Mine.
- 4 I long with Thee to bow my Head,
Offer’d upon thy Sacrifice,
With Thee to sink among the Dead,
And in thy Life triumphant rise.
- 5 Father of Jesus Christ my Lord,
Conform me to thy Suffering Son,
And let my Spirit be restor’d
And let me breathe my latest Groan.
- 6 Now, let me Now give up the ghost,
Now let my Nature’s Life be o’re,
Now let me all in Christ be lost,
And die with Christ to die no more.

MS Richmond, 45-6. MARC, accession number MA 1977/551
(Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 1).

229

[Untitled.]

- 1 Ah woe is me, a man of woe,
A Mourner from the womb,
I see my Lot and softly go
Lamenting to the tomb.
- 2 In calm despair I bow my head,
The heavenly Loan restore,
For O! my latest Hope is dead,
And Friendship is no more.
- 3 Too happy in His Love I was,
I was—but I submit!
Irreparable is the Loss,
The Ruin is compleat.
- 4 O could I to the Desart fly
Till pain with life should end,

- And ah! my *faithless Brother* cry
 And ah! my faithless Friend!
- 5 The dearest Sharer of my heart,
 Ah! whither is he fled!
 My Friend, whom death could never part,
 To me is doubly dead.
- 6 In simple innocency drest
 The soft Ephesian's charms
 Have caught him from my honest breast
 To her bewitching Arms.
- 7 My other Self, but more belov'd
 In youth in manhood tried,
 Faithful for 30 winters prov'd—
 Is ravish'd from my side.
- 8 O what a mighty Loss is mine!
 The anguish who can tell,
 The more than anguish, to resign
 A Soul I lov'd so well!
- 9 But shall a sinful man complain
 Or murmur at the Rod?
 I yield, I yield him back again
 Into the Arms of GOD.
- 10 There let me find him in that day
 When all the Saints ascend,
 And lo! I weep my life away,
 For my Departed Friend!

MS Richmond, 142-3. MARC, accession number MA 1977/551
 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 1).

230

[Untitled.]

- 1 Why shoud I in unhallow'd pain
 My pretious Moments spend,
 Or fondly for the Loss complain
 Of every earthly Friend?
 How can I need if still possest
 Of Him my Friend above,
 If every Loss secures my rest
 In his Eternal Love.
- 2 How blind, and slow my heart to see
 Thy uniform Design!
 Who shedst thy blood to purchase me
 Wouldst have me wholly thine;

- Woudst have me let thy creature go,
 The broken Cisterns leave,
 And all my Happiness below
 From thee alone receive.
- 3 For this Thou hast hedg'd up my ways,
 My warmest wish withstood,
 While wandring or'e th' enchanted maze
 I one fair Shade pursued,
 The world and all its joys resign'd,
 Might I but apprehend
 The only good for which I pin'd,
 The blessing of a Friend.
- 4 The Blessing more than once bestow'd
 I grasp'd with joy extreme,
 And fondly made my friend my God,
 And sought my all from Him.
 Object of all my love and trust,
 I woud not let him stay,
 But forc'd the jealous GOD and just
 To snatch his gift away.
- 5 Or by the stroke of death remov'd
 My heart's desire I see,
 Or still he lives so dearly lov'd,
 But lives estrang'd from me.
 My Friend with me to live and die
 Before thy altar sworn,
 Is like a summer's brook past by
 And never shall return.
- 6 So be it, Lord! by thee decreed
 The sentence I adore,
 And lean upon the broken Reed,
 And trust in man no more.
 The stream of creature-love dried up,
 I still the Fountain see,
 And all my Joy, and all my Hope,
 And all my Heav'n in Thee.

MS Richmond, 144-5. MARC, accession number MA 1977/551
 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 1).

231

[Autobiographical Reflections]

[...]

Come then my Soul Thou restless Exile come,
 Suspend a while thy Languishings for Home,
 With back cast Eye the Maze of Life explore,
 An Age of Misery that returns no more,
 Lose thy incumbent Sufferings in the Past,
 And calmly wait the Hour that brings the Last.

Scarce had the Morn of op'ning Life began,
 When young in [devious Paths] of Ill I ran 8
 From Parents I with fatal Haste remov'd
 Unseiz'd for GOD thro' Nature's Wilds I rov'd;
 Where Vice with learning mask'd the Youth drink in,
 And Babel's Curse is taught and Babel's Sin, 12
 Where Reverend Sires their Labours well employ
 To Principle with Pride th' aspiring Boy:
 Eager he hears, pursues the glorious Goal,
 And Emulation poisons all his Soul. 16

Here first I learnt to catch an empty Name,
 To idolize Esteem and covet Fame,
 My own Renown on Others' fall to raise,
 And gasp insatiate for destructive Praise. 20
 Still in my inmost Soul the Fiend I find
 To Vanity's eternal Bonds consign'd;
 Still in my inmost Soul the Demon reigns,
 And holds me captive in a D[emon's] Chains; 24
 Thro' all my Thoughts and Words his Course pursues,
 Steals on my Verse and desecrates my Muse.
 From [Follies well descried] would rise to Fame,
 And glories in my aptly pictur'd Shame. 28

Farther yet farther from eternal Truth,
 Full of the heady Violence of Youth,
 O're pleasing Paths of various Vice I stray'd,
 As Lust impell'd me or as Fancy sway'd. 32
 Charm'd by the sweetly warbling wanton Lyre,
 I catch the Pagan's with the Poet's Fire,
 Or gaze on thundring fornicating Jove,
 Or loosely range thro' all the Art of Love: 36
 Deep sinks the Poison in my tender Mind,
 Nor Help from vain Mythology I find,
 While Sins the latter's nearer Influence fills,
 And Memory holds it in her d[amn'd] Seals. 40

Neglected lay th' unkindled Spark within,
 Nor ever struggles with congenial Sin:
 Careless my Soul slips on in Nature's Night,
 Unfelt the Darkness and unmist the Light; 44
 Ignobly sepulchr'd in Flesh remains,
 Nor knows its fall from GOD nor feels its Chains,
 Nor tames the Void, nor stirs the quick'ning Breath,
 But all is silent, calm and cold as Death. 48

Who then shall say whence second Life began,
 Who deign'd this Prospect of the heavenly Man?
 Unconscious of my Change I never knew
 To fix the Point from whence the Spirit blew, 52
 So imperceptibly the Stroke was given
 The Power divine that turn'd my Face to Heaven.

Sudden o'recome and plung'd in vast Delight,
 Eager I seem'd to grasp the Infinite! 56

With strange Expansion swell'd my ravish'd Breast
 And glow'd to full impress th' enticed Guest:
 Forever here I deem'd it good to stay
 Where florets (?) fair bestrode the narrow Way, 60
 The narrow Way with heedless Joy I trod,
 And gave my fond unwary Heart to GOD.

Scarce had my Soul fix'd her director Eye,
 And aim'd at Heaven, and vow'd to scale the Sky, 64
 When dire commenc'd the latent War within,
 And feeble Nature felt awakening Sin.
 Strong in ten thousand Lusts the Tyrant rose
 And storm'd my Bosom with ten thousand Foes, 68
 O'retook my Flight, mock'd my Resistance vain,
 Subdu'd and gall'd me with an Iron Chain,
 Refus'd omnipotent to set me free,
 And thought and acted, reign'd and liv'd in me. 72

Nor yet retir'd the Principle divine,
 Nor quite forgot th' ethereal Spark to shine,
 Quicken'd by these I still renew'd the Strife,
 And groan'd for GOD, and struggling long'd for Life: 76
 Constrain'd to yield, yet strengthen'd to rebel,
 Oft with alternate Pangs I rose and fell,
 Sunk and resisted in unequal Fight,
 Th' indigent Slave of grovelling Appetite. 80

Stronger at length the heavenly Instinct grew,
 And just Despair brought infinite Hope in view:
 I own'd that in my Flesh Sin only liv'd,
 And Death's sad Sentence in myself receiv'd. 84
 By strong Temptation suffer'd to respire
 Then first I felt relax'd the plaguing Fire,
 Then in my humbled Soul the Woman's Seed
 Victorious woke and bruis'd the Serpent's Head, 88
 Bade inbred Sin its cruel Power suspend,
 And in a Moment's Peace th' internal Conflict end.

But O how short my Interval of Woe,
 How fierce the Pangs I next am doom'd to know; 92
 Pleas'd with the Calm as down I sunk to rest,
 Nor fill'd with Life divine my vacant Breast,
 In stronger Gusts a mightier Tempest rose
 (In vain would Flight avoid or Force oppose 96
 Nor wish'd I to resist, nor car'd to fly)
 It spreads, it mounts and gains upon the Sky;
 Headlong I fell by Passion's Whirlwind driv'n
 Swept from the Margin of remoter Heav'n, 100
 Down to profoundest Hell my Hopes it hurl'd,
 Tore me from GOD, and interpos'd a World!

O what avail'd it that from Sins got free,
 I gain'd a scarcely tasted Liberty! 104
 In vain does Appetite her Web remove ,

Severest (?) Change of Punishment I prove /
 More surely chasten'd by the Scorpion Love.

Distant at first my Danger I survey, 108
 Now idly with the nearer Ruin play;
 Refusing now the pleasing Bane to shun,
 I sink, I yield deliberately undone,
 Gladly deceiv'd and sensibly betray'd 112
 While sweetly listening smil'd the docile Maid,
 Wisely admir'd the Poet's sacred Song,
 And caught the Counsel falling from my Tongue.

Nor yet would treacherous Reason's timely Care 116
 The unstill'd Mischief from my Bosom tear,
 My Bosom soon by Reason self thrown wide
 Receiv'd the vile Affection's total (?) Tide;
 Fed by the Stream of fond Benevolence, 120
 And swiftly rising with the Torrent sense,
 Resistless now th' impetuous Waters roll,
 O'erpass their Bounds and deluge all my Soul.

But O could Longing paint the deep Distress, 124
 The idolizing Passion's just excess!
 Description flags, the languid Colours fail—
 Cease then thy labour Muse, and draw the Veil—
 No! be the Veil forever cast aside, 128
 May no false Art the genuine Maiden hide,
 Forever stand expos'd my fond Design
 T' augment the Plenitude of Love divine,
 To swell th' essential, all-sufficient Bliss 132
 With the poor Drop of creature Happiness.
 Hear ye Adulterers my warning Call,
 Who low before your Maker's Image fall,
 With caution'd (?) Soul the gradual Tale pursue 136
 Of one that languish'd, griev'd, and lov'd like you;
 A God behind the Infinite requir'd;
 Attend and mark the Rock where shipwreck'd Faith expir'd.

Vainly at first my labouring Bosom strove 140
 To heed the Pain of unsuspected Love,
 The sad Discovery lingring I delay'd
 Lest shy Reserve should arm the alter'd Maid,
 The Lover manifest supplant the Friend, 144
 And Friendship's Offices in coldness end.
 Scarce could my rising Grievs at last prevail,
 Or wild Despair extort the written Tale,
 Scarce could my trembling Hand perform its Part 148
 And give the Token of my pleading Heart.
 Guiltless she read: I mark'd her conscious Eyes,
 Eager I saw the flutt'ring Spirits (?) rise:
 Soon the fair Prophetess my Anguish guess'd, 152
 Sudden broke off, and fear'd to read the Rest,
 Gently refus'd the full (?) Case to explore
 "I dare pursue your fatal (?) Tale no more"
 She sigh'd and sigh'd: I begg'd and urg'd in vain; 156

Compell'd at last th' unfinish'd Lines t' explain,
Hardly I spoke, with doting (?) Transport mov'd;
And blush'd; and wondring told her that I lov'd!

Who then can paint her soft confus'd Distress, 160
Her sweet Surprise and pitying Tenderness!
The lovely Soul transparent from within
In every Motion, Word, and Look was seen.
With kindest Sympathy for me she griev'd, 164
For me she wept "Unhappily deceiv'd,
To think so mean a Creature worth my Care,
To prize or love or ever sigh for her!
Rather she hop'd my Soul from Passion free 168
Miscall'd its own exalted Charity,
A generous Warmth mistook for low Desire,
And only glow'd with Friendship's heavenly Fire."

Mistaken Comforter! could Tears remove, 172
Could soft Compassion's Balm extinguish Love?
Her good Concern increas'd my tender Care,
And check'd and combated my just Despair.
Restless I follow'd the relenting Maid, 176
Call'd Tears and Sighs and Letters to my Aid,
In softest Accents prov'd my growing Flame,
And weeping kiss'd the lov'd Arpasia's Name.

Nor long enjoy'd my Soul the pure Relief 180
Of patient Love and calmly pensive Grief;
Rous'd by fierce Jealousy's corroding Smart,
And all its Vipers fast'ning on my Heart,
The helpless Maid I saw with blasted Eyes, 184
By kindred Hands dragg'd out to sacrifice;
Ar[pasia] sentenc'd to be vilely sold
Ar[pasia]'s Happiness exchang'd for Gold.
In horrid League the venal Tribe combin'd 188
With lust of Wealth to taint her purer Mind,
Prepar'd the only Good themselves desir'd,
By Avarice they and curst Ambition fir'd:
Ungenerously they urg'd their dear Pretence 192
"Kind Guardians of her Orphan Innocence,
The proffer'd (?) Benefit she needs must own,
Requite their Care, and yield to be undone."
In vain her Tears their Pity strove t' engage, 196
In vain she started from obtruded Age,
Trembling renew'd her oft-rejected Plea
Th' eternal Bar of fixt Antipathy,
Which scarcely could his irksome Form behold 200
Tho' Wealth had touch'd their Lover into Gold.
Basely they bore her weak Resistance down,
And specious Friendship help'd the Ruin on;
{trs} {d} {t} {w.s} torment good (?) prevail'd, 204
Bound to their Force the feeble Victim fail'd;
Yielding she sunk, to worse than Death pursu'd;
O strange Excess of fatal Gratitude!

Love, only Love their Purpose dar'd t' oppose, 208
 A single Succour 'gainst a World of Foes.
 Inspir'd by Love I started to her Aid,
 I flew to rescue the devoted Maid,
 'Twixt Fate and her resolv'd to stand alone, 212
 And guard a Safety dearer than my own.
 I begg'd her stay conjur'd herself to spare,
 With all the labouring Vehemence of Prayer.
 I warn'd her and encourag'd by my Fears, 216
 Arm'd her with Groans and fortified with Tears.
 Oft as she mark'd my heaving Bosom rise,
 And genuine Sorrow bursting from my Eyes,
 She gently sooth'd my wildly frantic Grief, 220
 And prest my trembling Hand and sigh'd Relief:
 To comfort me resolv'd her Fate to shun,
 Nor yet consent, nor haste to be undone.
 Again she strove by generous Pity still'd, 224
 And dar'd her Kinsmen's Rage and scorn'd to yield;
 Her generous Pity stopp'd the dire Decree,
 And sav'd the Victim but it ruin'd me.

Could Friendship self so deep concern express, 228
 So strange an Height of melting Tenderness!
 Surely she wept by more than Friendship mov'd,
 Surely I deem'd th' infected Virgin lov'd.
 Fir'd with the Thought I chid my hasty Fears, 232
 Again gave up my Heart, and hop'd for hers,
 Hop'd the dear Maid would feel an answering Care,
 And watch'd her artless Soul to find it there.
 Once as her Innocence I warmly prest 236
 To own my tender Interest in her Breast,
 To grant the only Bliss I liv'd to prove,
 Some small Return for all my Waste of Love—
 She sigh'd, she blush'd—confess'd my Passion true: 240
 "The worthless Love you ask is all your Due,
 Yet O," she cried, "in vain you claim a Part,
 Too late you claim it—I have lost my Heart!"

Here if Thou dar'st severe Remembrance tell 244
 What more than Tortures did my Bosom feel!
 What more than Fires or Racks did I sustain,
 What sad Vicissitude of smarting Pain!
 How oft my strugling Spirit groan'd to bear 248
 The strong Conflict of extreme Despair!
 How oft with sense of softer Anguish mov'd
 For her I wept and trembl'd, pray'd and lov'd!
 How oft to lonesome Woods in fancy ran 252
 And hid me from the hated Sight of Man;
 How oft impatient of continu'd Breath,
 Idly I call'd, and rav'd, and gasp'd for Death!
 To catch her feeling Soul would Life resign, 256
 Rush to the Grave and die to call her mine,

As if to me by Fate would soon be given
First to assert Propriety in Heaven!

When thus my Bosom torn by raging Love 260
Had long with the remorseless Passion strove,
At length I yielded all; at length gave o're
The Contest vain and combated no more,
But madly sunk beneath th' unequal Load 264
Disclaim'd my Reason, and threw off my GOD.

No longer now my drooping Hands I rear,
Or force my stubborn Heart to irksome Prayer,
Toward the celestial Prize no longer press, 268
Plung'd in the Gulf of gloomy Recklessness:
My Calling's Hope indigent I resign,
A willing Alien from the Life divine,
While down the Stream of headlong Nature driven 272
Nor Earth I wish'd to hold nor aim'd at Heaven;
While from my Centre loos'd, and dead within,
I only tend and move and live to sin,
So dear th' Effect of an abandon'd Will, 276
So deep the fatal Curse of Passion's utmost Ill!

Why then to Heaven do I desire to bow,
Why deprecate th' Almighty's Anger now?
Whence this imperfect Wish my Sin to mourn, 280
These faint Endeavourings toward a full Return?
Still can Remorse this flinty Bosom move?
O wondrous Proof of unexhausted Love!
O Saviour, once again to Thee I call, 284
Bring back my Struglings and retrieve my Fall!
If Prayer can yet find favour in thy Sight,
And stop thy Spirit's everlasting Flight,
Regard ev'n Man, forget the Outrage past, 288
Accept my Groans, or let me breathe the Last.

If while this Principle for Thee remains
Clogg'd and entangl'd in corporeal Chains,
It haply be thy Will to make me free 292
Rais'd to thy Children's glorious Liberty,
From now triumphant King thy Ties controul,
And plant thine Interest in my newborn Soul,
Thro' all its Pores renew'd from now appear, 296
From instant now set up thy Kingdom here,
Thy hidden Sweetness give my Heart to know
And taste the Eden of thy Love below.

But if thy sovereign Will, severe yet just 300
Still leaves me dark and humbl'd in the Dust,
There let me bless thy just severe Decree,
And in thy (?) secret Tongues belong to Thee!
Disgust of Life no more my Eye repine, 304
But bear my Nature till exchang'd for thine;
In calm Despair live out my wretched Span,
Nor once depart, or strugle with my Pain.

No—let me never to thy Creatures flee, 308
Or seek or taste a Joy distinct from Thee.
Tho' still condemn'd to mourn my Eden's Loss,
Uncheer'd my Grief uncomforted my Cross,
Yet grant me Strength to bear the penal Load, 312
To want, and ever wail my absent GOD.

So when thy Waves and Storms are all pass'd o're,
When Pain torments and Guilt distracts no more
Let my Eye find in Thee my long-sought Heaven 316
My Warfare ended and my Sin forgiven;
Be Thou my all my final Passion Thou,
Of this secur'd I live—I welcome Judgment now.

*MS Shorthand Verse, 1-10. MARC, accession number MA 1977/565
(Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 2).*

232

The Prayer of One Seeking the Truth (Written June 26, 1784)

- 1 O Thou that dost in darkness shine,
With clearest evidence divine
Inform my willing heart,
Appear the true, and living Way,
That Thee I simply may obey,
And love with all my heart!
- 2 This earnest wish if Thou bestow
Thy nature and thy will to know,
With heavenly wisdom bless,
That taught by thy unerring light
To serve, and worship God aright,
I may my Maker please.
- 3 A thousand different paths I view,
But which to shun and which pursue
Still unresolv'd I stand
Till Thou thy secret counsel show,
Direct me after Thee to go,
And reach me out thy hand.
- 4 Thou know'st my feebleness of mind,
My will perverse, my passions blind,
My reason immature;
But Thou, O God, if Thee alone
My Guide infallible I own,
Shalt make my footsteps sure.

- 5 Wherefore in self-mistrust I flee,
 My Guide Infallible, to Thee,
 To Thee my soul resign,
 And while for light I humbly pray,
 Thou wilt not let me miss my way
 Who would be led in thine.
- 6 Or if thro' self-presuming pride,
 I have mistook, and turn'd aside,
 Misled by my own will,
 I now thy Spirit's voice would hear
 Till following Him with faith sincere
 I reach the heavenly hill.

*MS Prayer for Truth, 1-2. MARC, accession number MA 1977/583/25
 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 4).*

233

III

- 1 Farewell, my all of earthly hope,
 My nature's stay, my age's prop,
 Irrevocably gone!
 Submissive to the will divine
 I acquiesce, and make it mine;
 I offer up my Son.
- 2 But give I God a sacrifice
 That costs me nought? my gushing eyes
 The answer sad express,
 My gushing eyes and troubled heart
 Which bleeds with its belov'd to part,
 Which breaks thro' fond excess.
- 3 Yet since he from my heart is torn,
 Patient, resign'd, I calmly mourn
 The darling snatch'd away:
 Father, with thee thy own I leave;
 Into thy mercy's arms receive,
 And keep him to that day.
- 4 Keep (for I nothing else desire)
 The bush unburnt amidst the fire,
 And freely I resign
 My Child for a few moments lent
 (My Child no longer!) I consent
 To see his face no more.
- 5 Receive me! and accept my pain!
 Nor let him view my parting scene
 Or catch my parting breath!
 Nor let the hast'ner of my end,
 Th' unconscious Parricide, attend
 To trouble me in death!

6 But hear my agonizing prayer
And O, preserve him, and prepare
 To meet me in the skies
When thron'd in Bliss the Lamb appears,
Repairs my loss and wipes the tears
 For ever from my eyes!

*MS Samuel Wesley, R.C., 3-4. MARC, accession number MA
1977/583/12 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 4).*

234

IX

- 1 Still for my Son Thou hearst me pray;
With him in his temptation stay,
 Who always ready art
To seek, and save a wandring sheep;
Watch over him, O Lord, and keep
 The issues of his heart.
- 2 Thy power be in his weakness seen,
Nor let him the commands of men
 Rashly mistake for thine,
Nor heed to lying wonders give,
Or legendary tales receive
 As oracles divine.
- 3 Preserve, that he may never know
Those doctrines of the hellish foe
 Which contradict thy word,
Subvert the truth of holiness,
Or supersede the work of grace,
 The presence of his Lord.
- 4 Free from the partial, blind respect,
The shibboleth that marks his Sect
 Implicitly resign'd,
Give him thine only word t' obey,
And in the true, unerring Way
 His heavenly Teacher find.
- 5 Not like the simple croud misled,
Who leaning on a broken reed,
 Refuse a pardon *given*,
But hope the grace by works to *buy*;
Or on a friar's Cowl rely
 To carry them to heaven.
- 6 Pierc'd with his want of purity,
Convinc'd, thy face he cannot see,
 Or know Thee as Thou art,
Without an inward change intire;
O may he after this aspire,
 This holiness of heart.

- 7 Till wash'd, and thro' thy blood applied,
 Of wrath, concupiscence and pride,
 His soul is emptied here,
 He cannot in the judgment stand,
 Mixt with the sheep at thy right-hand,
 Or in thy sight appear.
- 8 But if Thou here his Saviour art,
 Possesst of Mary's better part,
 Attentive at thy feet,
 If humbly he thro' life remain,
 Thou wilt receive him up to reign,
 The partner of thy seat.

MS Samuel Wesley, R.C., 13-15. MARC, MA 1977/583/12 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 4).

235

Funeral Hymns.

[I.]

**On the Death of Lady Hotham,
 June 30, 1756.**

[Part] I.

- 1 Father, thy righteous will be done!
 To make thy righteous will our own,
 We patiently resign
 The Object of our softest care,
 The daughter of our faith and prayer,
 The dearest gift divine.
- 2 Unworthy of the blessing lent,
 Her from our bleeding bosom rent
 For ours no more we claim,
 (Whom mortals could not duely prize)
 Join'd to her kindred in the skies,
 And married to the Lamb.
- 3 Her lovely excellence is fled,
 And leaves the dead t' intomb the dead
 T' embalm them with our tears:
 And lo, with softly pensive pace
 We measure out our mournful days
 Till Israel's Car appears.
- 4 The Car that carried up our Friend,
 The flaming host shall soon descend
 Our spirits to remove,
 Then we again our Friend shall find,
 In love indissolubly join'd
 To Her who reigns above.

- 5 Thro' Him who call'd her up to reign,
 We too th' immortal crown shall gain
 On patient faith bestow'd;
 We trust the Lamb to bring us thro',
 And hasten to the Blisful View
 Of a redeeming God.
- 6 Till then disdaining all relief,
 And brooding o're our sacred grief,
 We quietly endure
 The pangs of loss, the lingring smart,
 The anguish of a broken heart
 Which only Heaven can cure.
- 7 Help us, Thou heavenly Man of woe,
 Unwearied in thy steps to go,
 To mix our tears with thine,
 To drink thine agonizing cup,
 To fill thine after-sufferings up
 And die the death Divine.
- 8 We only fear to *lose our loss*;
 The burthen of our heaviest cross
 Thro' life we fain woud bear,
 Woud feel the ever-recent wound,
 And weeping at thy feet be found,
 And die lamenting there.

MS Funeral Hymns (1756–87), 1-3. MARC, accession number MA 1977/578 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

236

III.

**On the Death
 of Mr John Matthews, Dec. 28, 1764.
 Part III.**

- 1 O that a portion of his grace
 Might on his old companions rest,
 Who the same precious Christ embrace,
 With pardon, and salvation blest!
 O that his meek and lowly mind,
 His wise, discerning love were given
 To men, instructors of the blind,
 Our patterns, and our guides to heaven!
- 2 We want the Spirit of humble fear
 Our fleshly confidence to stay,
 Lest swift to speak, and slow to hear
 We swerve from the celestial way,
 In error's endless mazes rove,
 As fancy, self, and Satan guide,
 And take our grace for perfect love,
 When Jesus sees it perfect pride.

- 3 Jesus, thy ministers inspire,
 Thy people, with the knowing zeal,
 We then shall quench wild nature's fire,
 And Satan's flaming darts repel,
 Retract our confidence in men
 (The men we worship'd heretofore)
 No more on Verbal Goodness lean,
 And trust to broken reeds no more.
- 4 O that we might our faith sincere
 By doing, not by talking, show,
 (While all the fruits of grace appear,
 And tell the tree on which they grow:)
 Our Saviour, not ourselves commend,
 His sole perfections testify,
 Or bid the world our works attend,
 And hearken to our life's reply.
- 5 Partakers of thy nature made,
 Thy tempers, Lord, we long t' express,
 And show throughout our lives display'd
 The power of real godliness,
 As followers of the silent Lamb
 To breathe thy meek humility
 And always feel "I nothing am
 "But a poor worm redeem'd by Thee."
- 6 What have I else whereof to boast?
 A sinner by myself undone,
 And still without thy mercy lost,
 I glory in thy cross alone;
 Conform'd to my expiring Head,
 I share thy passion on the tree;
 And now I to the world am dead,
 And now the world is dead to me.
- 7 As pilgrims to the world unknown,
 Acknowledg'd by the sinner's Friend,
 Jesus, the Lover of thine own,
 Wilt Thou not love us to the end?
 No help in our weak selves we have,
 But in thy strength and yearning zeal,
 Mere sinners by thy blood to save,
 And stamp us with thy Spirit's seal.
- 8 In lowly confidence divine
 That Thou wilt never let us go,
 We now into thy hands resign
 Our souls so dearly bought below;
 With Thee we trust them to that day
 When summon'd, from the flesh we part,
 And drop our corruptible clay,
 And soar to see Thee as Thou art.

MS Funeral Hymns (1756–87), 29-31. MARC, accession number MA 1977/578 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

237

Another
[Funeral Hymn.
For Hannah Butts].

- 1 Most gentle of all the soft kind,
I cannot allow Thee to part,
So deeply ingraven I find
Thy form on my desolate heart!
Still, still the Desire of my eyes,
The bright apparition I see—
It beckons me up to the skies,
It waits—to be happy with me!
- 2 Thy voice ever-sounding I hear:
The harmony lulls me to rest;
It speaks my deliverance near,
It calms my tumultuous breast,
It bids me a moment endure,
Resign'd in affliction and pain,
To make my inheritance sure,
A share of her glory to gain.
- 3 O could I attain to the grace
That richly resided in Thee,
A number of sorrowful days
Woud seem but a moment to me;
So swiftly I then shoud remove,
Where sorrow, and sighing are o're,
And find my companion above,
And meet to be parted no more.
- 4 O Jesus, in pity appear,
Thy peace to a mourner impart,
Thy kingdom of righteousness here,
And whisper it into my heart;
Partaker at last of my hope,
With mercy a sinner embrace,
And out of the valley take up,
And bless with the Sight of *thy* face.

MS Funeral Hymns (1756–87), 34-5. MARC, accession number MA 1977/578 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

238

VI.
On the Death of Mrs Elizabeth Blackwell,
March 27, 1772.
Part III.

- 1 For converse form'd by art divine
For friendship delicate and pure
Did she not all with ease resign,
To make Another's bliss secure?

- On Him by heavenly grace bestow'd,
 Her generous heart intire she gave,
 And charg'd with the behests of God,
 She only liv'd his soul to save.
- 2 As born her earthly lord to please,
 Studious of his content alone,
 Dispersing virtuous happiness,
 She made his every wish her own
 As in their heavenly Bridegroom's sight,
 The Church their vows with rapture pay,
 Her duty ministred delight,
 Her joy and glory was T' obey.
- 3 God's image she in man rever'd,
 And honour'd all the ransom'd race
 Thrice happy soul, who always fear'd,
 Whose love did the whole world embrace!
 So humble, affable, and meek,
 Her gentle, inoffensive mind,
 None ever heard that Angel speak
 A railing speech, or word unkind!
- 4 Upright she walk'd in open day,
 Free as the light, on all she shone,
 In sight of Him whose eyes survey
 The secret wish to man unknown:
 Whene'er her pleasing voice we heard,
 We saw her thoughts spontaneous rise
 Whose heart in every word appear'd,
 Whose generous soul abhor'd disguise.
- 5 Even as life, the heavenly flame
 In all her words and actions burn'd,
 While still invariably the same
 Her sweetness all estates adorn'd:
 Strangers with loving awe confess'd
 The ministerial spirit below,
 Who every charm'd spectator bless'd,
 And liv'd, and died without a foe.

MS Funeral Hymns (1756–87), 53-5. MARC, accession number MA 1977/578 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

239

VI.

**On the Death of Mrs Elizabeth Blackwell,
 March 27, 1772.**

Part IV.

- 1 Soon as th' appointed sickness came,
 And *promis'd* her departure near,
 She welcom'd death in Jesus name,
 Nor weakly dropt a lingring tear:
 Let those lament with conscious dread

- Who teach "Ye must in darkness die:"]
 She knew her Advocate had sped,
 Her place was ready in the sky.
- 2 "How can I doubt my blisful end,
 "How can I tremble to remove,
 "When Jesus, my almighty Friend,
 "Is the great God of faith and love?
 "Him God supreme for ever blest,
 "Sole self-existing God I own,
 "Who purchas'd my eternal rest,
 ["]And calls me up to share his throne.
- 3 ["]Surrounded by his power I stand
 ["]Whom day and night his mercies keep,
 ["]He holds me in his chastning hand,
 ["]He gives to his beloved sleep;
 ["]While in his mercies I confide,
 ["]He keeps my soul in perfect peace
 ["]He comforts me on every side,
 ["]And pain is lost in thankfulness.
- 4 ["]Who for so poor a creature care
 ["]My friends are with his kindness kind,
 ["]My burthens for his sake they bear;
 ["]The Fountain in the stream I find;
 ["]I magnify my Saviour's name,
 ["]I praise Him with my parting breath,
 ["]And sinking into dust, proclaim
 ["]The everlasting Arms beneath.["]
- 5 In words like these the dying saint
 Her humble confidence exprest,
 Or calmly sigh'd her only want
 And languish'd for that endless rest:
 Rest after toil and pain how sweet
 To souls whose full reward is sure,
 Who their last wish, like her, submit,
 Like Jesus, to the end endure.
- 6 Induring, with that patient Lamb
 Th' appointed years of sacred woe,
 She comes, as gold out of the flame,
 To triumph o're her mortal foe:
 Sweet peace, and pure, celestial hope,
 And humble joy the bride prepare,
 While waiting to be taken up,
 She whispers soft her final prayer.
- 7 The witness which thro' life she bore,
 When now made ready to ascend,
 Loving, and meek, resign'd, and poor
 She bears consistent to the end;

No sudden starts with nature mixt,
No violent extacies of grace,
Her eye on Him, her heart is fixt,
And silence speaks her Saviour's praise.

- 8 Exempt from nature's agonies,
Who now is able to conceive
What with her closing eyes she sees,
She cannot bear the Sight and live:
In sweet communion with her God,
She glides insensibly away,
Quietly drops the smiling clod
And mingles with eternal day!

MS Funeral Hymns (1756–87), 55-7. MARC, accession number MA 1977/578 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

240

XII.

On the Death of Mrs Elizabeth Vigor.

- 1 Farewell, my best, my happiest Friend,
Resign'd I let thee go before,
I see the flaming host descend
Thy convoy to the heavenly shore,
And LOVE supports thy languid head,
And Jesus smooths thy dying bed.
- 2 Go, claim thy full immense reward
In mansions of eternal rest,
With transport find thy place prepar'd,
And lean on thy Redeemer's breast,
And sink in the Divine embrace
And see the glories of his Face.
- 3 I trust *thy* utmost Saviour's love
Shall soon to me the victory give,
While thou, and all my friends above
Your partner sav'd with shouts receive,
And mixt with that angelic band
Conduct, and welcom me to land.
- 4 Come Thou, our longing hearts' Desire,
The number of thy saints compleat,
To raise their speechless raptures higher,
To fall triumphant at thy feet,
With Father, Son, and Spirit one
To reign on thy eternal throne.

MS Funeral Hymns (1756–87), 73. MARC, accession number MA 1977/578 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

241

Prayer for her Murderer at his Execution, April 19, 1779.

- 1 Jesus, was ever love like thine!
Jesus, remember Calvary!
Who didst thy precious life resign,
Who didst, expiring on the tree,
Pity the men that nail'd thee there,
And save them by thy dying prayer.
- 2 A Ruffian drench'd in guiltless blood
Thy utmost strength of grace requires:
From all the righteous wrath of God
From inextinguishable fires
Redeem him at this dreadful hour,
Thou Infinite in saving power!
- 3 The one unpardonable sin
Great God, if he hath never done,
We ask that blood to wash him clean,
Which did for murderers atone;
Wash'd in that blood his soul require,
And save him—save him—as by fire!

MS Funeral Hymns (1756–87), 82-3. MARC, accession number MA 1977/578 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

The context of the hymn is no. XVII. 'On the murder of Miss Ray.'
(Lunn)

242

Prayer, for the Mother, of a Son in the Small-pox.

- 1 Jesus, regard a Mother's sighs!
Her Isaac on the altar lies,
Her lov'd and only Son
As struggling in the toils of death
He lies—as gasping out his breath,
His last, expiring groan!
- 2 With pity mark her silent tears,
Her pious prayers, and tender fears
T' oppose the Sovereign will;
Her wish with meekness to submit,
And weep, afflicted, at thy feet,
Till Thou thy mind reveal.
- 3 Obedient to the word divine,
She woud her more than life resign,
If Thou her Son demand,
Forbid on earth his longer stay,
And take him from the evil day
To that celestial land.
- 4 If Thou hast work prepar'd for him,
Thou canst, almighty to redeem,

- Both soul and body save,
 Canst stop the Spirit in his flight,
 Arrest him at the gates of light,
 And snatch him from the grave.
- 5 Now, Lord, a gracious token give,
 And let us with the Parent grieve,
 Resign'd to thy decree,
 Calmly, like her, expect to prove
 Th' appointments of Almighty love,
 And leave our all to Thee.
- 6 Thy love must send whate'er is best;
 Grant, or deny her fond request;
 O give her back her Son,
 Or to thy mercy's arms receive,
 And bid him in thy glory live
 Partaker of thy throne.

MS Funeral Hymns (1756–87), 93-4. MARC, accession number MA 1977/578 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

243

XXII.

**On the Death of Mr Thomas Waller,
 in his thirtieth Year—May 11, 1781.**

[Part I.]

- 1 Th' Eternal mind at last is known,
 The will Omnipotent obey'd,
 The Father hath call'd home his Son
 And numbred with th' Immortal Dead!
 Redeem'd from earth, th' unspotted Youth
 Hath join'd the Virgin-quire above,
 And SEES unveil'd the God of truth,
 And triumphs in his Saviour's love.
- 2 Not of the world, while here he liv'd,
 A stranger to its hopes and fears,
 With reverence he rejoic'd, and griev'd,
 Resign'd throughout his thirty years:
 From vice, and every great offence
 By grace miraculous secur'd,
 He kept his childish innocence,
 And faithful unto death endur'd.
- 3 A daily death thro' life he died
 In weakness, weariness, and pain,
 By many a sharp affliction tried
 His faith did every cross sustain:

- What but th' Invisible display'd
 Coud bear him thro' the fiery test,
 While still he look'd to God for aid,
 And God in all his ways confest?
- 4 So modest, diffident, and meek,
 So small and mean in his own eyes,
 Did not his life and actions speak
 An humble soul without disguise?
 Let Others of their virtue tell,
 Their knowledge, or superior grace,
 His good he studied to conceal,
 And only sought his Maker's praise.
- 5 Religion undefil'd and true
 In works of charity is shown:
 'Twas thus his loving heart we knew,
 Who made the sufferer's griefs his own,
 So swift to succour the distress,
 So wise, and tender to reprove—
 He clasp'd a Sister to his breast
 With more than a Paternal love.
- 6 His soul in pure affection flow'd
 To all by nature's ties endear'd
 Freely he paid the debt he owed,
 The friend in every act appear'd;
 The warmth of piety unfeign'd,
 The flame of love unquenchable
 That in his grateful bosom reign'd
 Let an afflicted Parent tell.
- 7 For her a suffering life he liv'd,
 For her a daily death he died,
 With all her pains and sorrows griev'd,
 On all her crosses crucified;
 Willing for her on earth to stay,
 And want his place above prepar'd,—
 But call'd at last, he drops his clay,
 And mounts, and gains a full reward.

MS Funeral Hymns (1756–87), 94-7. MARC, accession number MA 1977/578 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

Appears also in two looseleaf drafts: *MS Death of Thomas Waller* (Maddox). St.2, line 4 in the first draft read 'Compos'd throughout his thirty years', Charles subsequently changed 'compos'd' to 'resign'd'. (Lunn).

244

Epitaph for Mr Richard Kemp.

Fond of his King, and to his Country true,
He paid to Cesar, and to God their due;
And soon experiencing the Saviour's grace,
Fought the good fight, and won the Christian race;
In every state, in every duty shin'd
Generous, and just, beneficent and kind
Friend of distress, and Father to the poor,
Active to do, and patient to endure,
No injuries his stedfast soul coud move,
Abate his zeal, or weary out his love:
A Steward wise, a Doer of the word,
An humble, faithful follower of his Lord,
Close in his dear Redeemer's steps he trod,
Took up his daily cross, and liv'd for God,
Till summon'd to compleat his sacrifice,
And claim his purchas'd Mansion in the skies,
He more than Conqueror in death appear'd,
And trampled on a Foe he never fear'd!
O that I might, like Him, my life resign
O might his soul's eternal state be mine!
C.W.

MS Funeral Hymns (1756–87), 114. MARC, accession number MA 1977/578 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

245

[Untitled.]

- 1 [Worthy i]s the slaughter'd Lamb
[Prais]e and blessing to receive!
[Who for] us the world or'ecame,
Doth the grace victorious give:
Grace and goodness infinite
He hath to a sinner shown,
Numbred with the saints in light,
Caught her up to share his throne.
- 2 Yielding to an early call,
Him she oft on earth pursued,
Willing made to give up all,
Sigh'd to feel th' atoning blood,
Tasted the good word of grace,
Earnest of celestial joys,
Sat in humble Mary's place,
Long'd to hear the Bridegroom's voice.

- 3 But she soon unfaithful prov'd,
 Forfeited her joy and peace,
 Far from her Redeemer rov'd
 O're the barren wilderness;
 To the things of earth inclin'd,
 To the world, her Saviour's foe:
 Yet, unconquerably kind
 LOVE refus'd to let her go.
- 4 Jesus sent a messenger,
 (Bent his purchase to regain,)
 Kindest when he seem'd severe,
 Hedg'd her round with sacred pain:
 While she frowardly r[ov'd on]
 He her broken reeds r[emov'd]
 Brought by pining sickness [down]
 Chasten'd whom he dearly lo[v'd].
- 5 Shaking the weak house of clay,
 Blasting every earthly hope,
 Sickness tore her strength away,
 Forc'd the fugitive to stop:
 Then her troubled soul awoke,
 Then she heard th' appointed rod,
 Sunk beneath his mercy's stroke,
 All renounc'd, to find her God.
- 6 All her happiness below,
 Pleasure, wealth, and power, and praise,
 Now she doth for Christ forego;
 All her works, and righteousness:
 Stript and blind and truly poor,
 Only sin she calls her own,
 Weeping lies at Mercy's door,
 Languishing for Christ alone.
- 7 Oft the dreadful king was seen,
 Justly by the guilty fear'd,
 But the Friend of sinful men
 Always with his foe appear'd:
 Both she saw approaching fast,
 Ready to resign her breath,
 But she gladly own'd at last
 "LOVE has quicker wings than Death!
- 8 "O how pretious is his blood
 "In a dying sinner's eyes![""]
- ...

MS Baker. World Methodist Museum, Lake Junaluska, North Carolina.

On the Death of W[illiam] Hitchens,
Oct. 29, 1773.

- 1 Rejoice, who bow to Jesus' Name!
The righteous man by God approv'd
Meek follower of the patient Lamb,
If from our Vale of tears remov'd;
His days of pain and grief are o're:
Rejoice for Him who weeps no more.
- 2 Void of offence toward God and man
With care he kept his Con[science] here,
Good works industrious to maintain,
A simple Israelite sincere
Thro' life he Israel's King confess'd
God over all for ever blest.
- 3 Faithful to death he own'd his Lord,
An heir of sure salvation seal'd,
The kingdom to his soul restor'd
The earnest in his heart reveal'd
By more than words he testifies,
And gasps for Jesus in the skies.
- 4 Come my beloved Saviour, come,
Thou seest me to thy will resign'd
Made ready for my heavenly home
Lover of Thee and all mankind,
Conqueror of hell and death and sin,
Open thine arms and take me in.
- 5 Bright kindred saints around his bed
To catch his parting spirit stay,
Angels their golden pinions spread
And Jesus beckons him away:
I come, I come, with smiles he cries
[] dies!
- 6 He lives to God he greatly lives,
And thro' the merits of his Lord
According to his works receives
The labourer's hire, the full reward,
The promis'd crown, the purchas'd Grace
The Heaven of heavens—in Jesus Face.

MS Death of William Hitchens, 1-2. MARC, accession number MA 1977/583/32 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 4).

St.4, line 2 ori., "~~R~~eeive me to thy will resign'd." Wesley wrote shorthand in the margin to change the line to that found above. (Maddox)

On the Death of Mrs. Mary Horton, May 4, 1786,
Aged 34 year[s], a month, and 11 days.

III.

[Draft 2]

- 1 Say, ye companions of her youth
With what alacrity and truth,
How free from fear, or shame,
Christ, and his members she confess'd,
And thro' a blameless life express'd
The tempers of the Lamb.
- 2 How did she put his bowels on,
And answer every plaintive groan
Of poverty and pain!
In sad variety of grief
The Wretched sought from Her relief,
Nor ever sought in vain.
- 3 She flew, preventing their request,
To seek, and succour the distress,
The reconciling word
The balm of Gilead to pour in,
Comfort, and sooth the bruis'd by sin,
And lead them to her Lord.
- 4 Guide to her Natural Allies,
Indear'd yet more by gracious ties,
She stirr'd them up to show
Their faith by every righteous deed,
And in the shining Steps to tread
Of God reveal'd below.
- 5 From them who did her Father's will
A thought she knew not to conceal,
Incapable of art,
Blest with a child's simplicity,
While chearful as the light and free
She pour'd out all her heart.
- 6 When call'd the Mystery to explain
Of Two in Christ, no longer twain,
An emblem of his Bride,
The meaning of the Nuptial Sign
The bond of charity Divine
She show'd exemplified.
- 7 To whom her plighted faith she gave
She with intire affection gave,
Nor e'er resum'd a part,
Yet Jesus above all ador'd,
Still rendring to her heavenly Lord
An undivided heart.

8 When God, to prove her faith sincere,
A Sacrifice than life more dear,
Did for her children call,
Her children freely she resign'd,
Bereav'd, yet happy still to find
That Christ was all in all.

MS Death of Mary Horton, 5-7. MARC, accession number MA 1977/583/19 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 4).

248

For Mrs. B[ulgin].

- 1 Lord, in whom I fain woud trust,
Nearest Them who need thee most,
See, thy helpless Creature see,
Touch'd with my infirmity:
- 2 While I sensibly decline,
Unassur'd that Thou art mine,
Sick of life, of death afraid
Let me feel thy present aid.
- 3 Calmly and submissive mourn
For the Comforter's return,
For the Reconciling Kiss
Seal of my eternal bliss.
- 4 When his Coming from above
Certifies me of thy Love
Stamps thine image on my heart
Ready am I to depart:
- 5 Or, if so my Lord ordain
Still I in the flesh remain
Neither life, nor death request
Sure, whate'er Thou wilt is Best.
- 6 Till thy welcom will is done,
I hang on my Lord alone,
Happy Thine in life to be,
Happier still to die in Thee.

MS Sarah Bulgin, 1. MARC, accession number MA 1977/583/24 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 4).

St.3, line 1 ori., "~~in thy bosom.~~" Next changed to "and resign'd I," and finally changed to "and submissive." (Maddox).

**The Revolution.
Part I.**

Happy the days in which we see
 Restor'd the reign of liberty,
 Of constant faith which nought can move,
 Of generous, patriotic love; 4
 When anxious for the public weal,
 With pure, disinterested zeal,
 The brave, the noble, and the great,
 Magnanimous, themselves forget; 8
 No vile emoluments regard,
 (For Virtue is its own reward)
 No mercenary self-respect,
 Which doth degenerate souls infect, 12
 These fathers of their Country know,
 But the true, Roman Virtue show;
 And having from the jaws of fate
 Their Country snatch'd, and saved the State, 16
 Like Quintius, or immortal Howe,
 Return contented to the plow.

Have they not for a length of years
 Baited those venal Ministers, 20
 (Those tools of arbitrary power,
 Locusts that did the land devour)
 Their efforts and designs withstood,
 Pretended for the nation's good, 24
 Defeated all their wicked plans
 T' inslave the brave Americans,
 And by concluding the dispute
 To make our Monarch absolute. 28

Have they not took the Sufferers side,
 With every needful help supplied,
 With arms to stand on their defence,
 With counsel, and intelligence, 32
 With means to cast off kingly sway,
 And force the Tories to obey,
 With British, and with French Allies,
 And power to grasp the glorious prize? 36

Who can enough admire and praise
 The Patriots exquisite address
 The great ones in their toils to take,
 The people's leas their own to make, 40
First against traitors to exclaim,
 And on their Rivals cast the blame!
 "Their Rivals, not the Noble Pair,
 "Prolong'd the dire destructive war; 44
 "The ministers Burgoigne betray'd,
 "And captives all his army made;
 "By blunders and egregious follies

“They sacrific’d the bold Cornwallis,
“Our lives and treasures cast away,
“And lost us all America.” 48

Mob undiscerning took their word,
And *turn them out* with fury roar’d, 52
Both the great Vulgar and the small,
“Turn, turn them out, discard them all
“Who lost America,” they cried,
And let their places be supplied 56
With men the multitude can trust,
Men public-spirited, and just,
Who never will their charge betray,
Or their dear Country serve *for pay*, 60
To public good prefer their own,
Or cring before a Monarch’s throne,
But from the tyrant’s yoke set free,
Adore the people’s Majesty. 64

How have they persever’d in good,
And stubborn George at last subdued,
By cogent arguments compel’d
Their refractory King to yield, 68
Himself into their hands to give,
His Crown and his Prerogative!
In vain he begs what can not be,
“But One of all his Ministry, 72
“But One of all his friends to spare—”
Deaf to a suppliant Monarch’s prayer,
Sternly they urge He must comply
For power, compulsive power, is nigh, 76
He must his last reserve forego,
Majestic Mob will have it so,
And if he longer pause, they swear
To ship him off—for Hanover. 80

Thrice happy we, and all that live
To see the good old Cause revive,
When liberty unbounded reigns
And binds rebellious Kings in chains, 84
Till every humbled Monarch know
From whence his regal honors flow,
And prostrate in the dust adore
That awful Origin of power; 88
Till subject to the Many’s rule
The Royal Shade, the Fashion’s Tool,
Resigns his sceptre and his globe,
And shouts for ever live KING MOB!

MS Patriotism, 63-6. MARC, accession number MA 1977/559
(Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 2).

American Independancy.

IV.

- 1 Before Jehovah's awful throne
 Prostrate, and humbled in the dust,
 Th' immortal Potentate, we own,
 The universal Judge is just!
 He hath on earth destruction brought,
 Hath from their seats the mighty driven,
 And, setting up the things of nought,
 The Kingdom to the Basest given.
- 2 A thousand different causes join'd
 T' accomplish, Lord, thy strange Decree,
 T' effect what all our foes design'd
 In vain, unless ordain'd by Thee,
 Unless our sinful measure fill'd
 Had mark'd our race of Heaven abhor'd,
 Apollyon's dread Commission seal'd,
 And left us to the slaughtering sword.
- 3 Our brethren, countrymen, and friends
 WE forc'd to feel the Tyrant's rod,
 Expos'd them to relentless fiends
 Tho' drunk, yet thirsting for their blood:
 Haters of kings, and kingly sway,
 And every Sect except their own,
 They triumph in their prosperous day
 As fixt on a perpetual throne.
- 4 Swoln with the insolence of power,
 Like furious beasts they madly rage
 Like lions greedy to devour
 They roar, and spare nor sex nor age;
 The dogs of hell, let loose on all,
 The pests and scourges of mankind,
 Push'd on by proud, insidious Gaul
 To leave nor root nor branch behind.
- 5 Yet ev'n where Satan keeps his seat,
 Thou hast reserv'd a chosen Few,
 Who wash with tears their Saviour's feet,
 And day and night for mercy sue;
 Cast out, cut off from human hope
 Who on th' Almighty arm depend,
 Thro' the infernal cloud look up
 Resign'd, and meekly wait the end.
- 6 We add our vehement suit to theirs,
 With souls beneath the altar cry,
 The answer of our faithful prayers
 Expecting from the Lord most high,
 Holy, and true, O Lord, how long
 Dost Thou as unconcern'd remain,

- Slow to regard our Monarch's wrong,
 T' avenge our guiltless brethren slain?
- 7 Cruelly mock'd, and scourg'd, and bound,
 In dungeons, and in mines conceal'd,
 No mercy upon earth they found
 Whom tortures could not force to yield:
 True to their King, and Country's laws,
 They fear'd an oath, they fear'd a God,
 And adverse to Rebellion's Cause,
 They strove, resisting unto blood.
- 8 Jesus, avenge us of the Foe,
 But Satan's instruments forgive,
 Their throne iniquitous o'rethrow,
 But let the *weak* Usurpers live,
 Live to repent of hellish crimes,
 Good out of their own ill to bring,
 And warn and teach succeeding times
 To dread their God, and prize their King.

MS Patriotism, 114-5. MARC, accession number MA 1977/559
 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 2).

251

**“It is not for you to know the times or the seasons, which the Father
 hath put in his own power.”**

—[Acts 1,] v. 7.

- 1 I would not, Lord, thy Spirit bind,
 Or rashly bold prescribe to Thee,
 But wait submissive and resign'd
 Thy kingdom when Thou wilt to see:
 The seasons of thy grace are known,
 The times of love, to Thee alone.
- 2 Thy promis'd grace, I dare not say,
 Thou wilt, thou *must* this instant give,
 But humbly for thy coming stay,
 My misery with thy mercy leave,
 Thy wisdom trust, and truth, and power,
 Which sets the day, and sees the hour.
- 3 No more presumptuous to foretell
 Or fix th' Appearing of my Lord,
 Till Thou these heavy clouds dispel,
 Darkly I hang upon thy word,
 Each moment for thy presence sigh,
 Whose glory fills both earth and sky.

4 Surely if Thou direct my heart
 Into the expectation true,
Thou wilt to me thy grace impart,
 Thy Spirit's power in season due,
The forfeited dominion give,
And King in all thy subjects live.

MS Acts, 4-5. MARC, accession number MA 1977/555 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 1).

252

“As the lame man which was healed, held Peter and John, all the people ran together unto them in the porch which is called Solomon's, greatly wondring.”

—[Acts 3,] v. [11].

1 Thro' the ministry of man
 Whoe'er their cure receive,
Fondly they at first detain,
 And to the preacher cleave:
Farther taught by grace divine,
The Author of all good they own,
Every instrument resign,
 And cleave to Christ alone.

2 Lord, in these thy Spirit's days
 Thou dost thy work renew,
Daily miracles of grace
 On helpless sinners shew:
O might all the thoughtless croud
With wonder struck my change to see,
Flock into the courts of God,
 And run for faith to Thee!

MS Acts, 43. MARC, accession number MA 1977/555 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 1).

253

“Put off thy shoes from thy feet.”

—[Acts 7,] v. 33.

Would we attend the Voice Divine,
 Jehovah's gracious counsels know,
We must the things of earth resign,
 Put off thy thoughts of all below,
With deep humility draw near,
 Call'd by his Spirit from above
The great redeeming God to hear,
 Who turns our terror into love.

MS Acts, 123. MARC, accession number MA 1977/555 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 1).

254

“The Most-high dwelleth not in temples made with hands &c.”

—[Acts 7,] v. 48, 49.

- 1 Who can compass or contain
The glorious Infinite?
Ask that heaven-descended Man
In whom He takes delight:
Only one immortal Shrine
Jehovah Self is pleas'd to own,
Worthy of the Sire Divine—
The Body of his Son!
- 2 One the Body Mystical
Is with its heavenly Head,
Therefore God vouchsafes to dwell
In all the faithful seed,
In the heart of man t' abide
When throughly cleans'd by Jesus blood,
By the Spirit sanctified,
And all resign'd to God.

MS Acts, 130-31. MARC, accession number MA 1977/555 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 1).

255

“The vessel was received up again into heaven.”

—[Acts 10,] v. 16.

Of heavenly origin divine,
Of water and the Spirit born,
We shall our spotless souls resign
And to our native place return:
Expecting our immense reward
On earth we a few moments live,
And when He hath his bride prepar'd
The Lord shall to himself receive.

MS Acts, 191-2. MARC, accession number MA 1977/555 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 1).

256

“Then prayed they him to tarry certain days.”

—[Acts 10,] v. 48.

- 1 If Christ his servant bless
And seal by him our peace,
Peace which speaks our sins remov'd,
Then we know not how to part,
For his Master's sake below'd,
Hold him in our grateful heart.

2 We wish his longer stay
 Till call'd by Christ away,
Him we patiently resign;
 Closer then to Jesus cleave,
Sure our Comforter Divine
 Never will his people leave.

MS Acts, 205. MARC, accession number MA 1977/555 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 1).

257

**“I have found David, the son of Jesse; a man after mine own heart,
which shall fulfil all my will.”**

—[Acts 13,] v. 22.34

1 Jesus, of Jesse's line,
 We sing thy birth Divine:
God's substantial character
 (Thou the real David art)
Thou dost all his glory bear,
 Fashion'd after his own heart.

2 Thou, Lord, and Thou alone
 His utmost will hast done
Subject to thy Father made,
 Him Thou never didst displease,
Hast in every point obey'd,
 Wrought a perfect righteousness.

3 With Thee we put it on,
 And bold approach the throne;
We have done what God hath will'd,
 Whole in thy integrity,
We have all his law fulfill'd,
 Dear to God as one with Thee.

4 Ev'n I thro' thy desert
 Am after God's own heart,
Other merit I disclaim,
 Other title I resign,
Justified by Jesus Name,
 Sav'd by righteousness Divine.

MS Acts, 250. MARC, accession number MA 1977/555 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 1).

258

“They assayed to go into Bithynia, but the Spirit suffered them not.”

—[Acts 16,] v. 7.15

1 Supremely wise, supremely kind
God doth not act by fancy blind
 And most refuse to call:
The reasons of his choice are known

- To his omniscient Spirit alone
 Who loving is to all.
- 2 But men are blind, presumptuous men
 Who would th' Unsearchable explain
 And prove his mercy free:
 In vain they cloak their partial pride,
 And forge, (their ignorance to hide,)
 The *horrible decree*.
- 3 The friends whom most we wish to save
 No power to serve their souls we have,
 Nor know the reason why;
 But know the reason cannot be
 That God from all eternity
 Had sentenc'd them to die.
- 4 Here then we humbly, Lord, confess
 Our folly and shortsightedness,
 For resignation pray;
 Suffice it now, that Thou art Love,
 And wilt, O God, the veil remove
 In that decisive day.

MS Acts, 309-310. MARC, accession number MA 1977/555 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 1).

259

“Come over to Macedonia, and help us.”
 —[Acts 16,] v. 9.

- 1 Thee I cannot seek in vain
 With resign'd simplicity:
 Thou hast various ways t' explain
 What thy love designs for me:
 Patient if I wait to know,
 Thou thy purpose shalt reveal,
 Teach me when and where to go,
 Manifest thy perfect will.
- 2 If Thou thwart my best design,
 My submission, Lord, approve;
 Then by clearest light divine
 Shew th' intention of thy love,
 Then the gospel-door display,
 Fill'd with active knowing zeal
 Send me all thy words t' obey,
 All thy counsels to fulfil.

MS Acts, 310. MARC, accession number MA 1977/555 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 1).

260

“Saying, that there is another King, one Jesus.”

—[Acts 17,] v. 7.

- 1 Yes; another King we own,
Him the Sovereign Lord maintain:
Rais'd, upheld by Him alone,
Earthly potentates, ye reign:
We by his authority
Cesar's due to Cesar give,
Subjected to man's decree
Subjected to Jesus live.
- 2 Cloth'd with majesty Divine
We the King of kings adore,
All our hearts to Him resign
Ruled by love's resistless power:
What his kingdom is we know,
Who our Lord's afflictions bear:
Reigning by his cross below,
We his heavenly throne shall share.

MS Acts, 335. MARC, accession number MA 1977/555 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 1).

St.2, line 3 'resign' ori., "~~resign'd.~~" (Maddox)

261

**“When he had thus spoken, he kneeled down, and prayed with them
all.”**

—[Acts 20,] v. 36.

Worthy the great Apostle's zeal
The solemn Valediction shows
A pastor how to bid farewell,
When from his weeping flock he goes:
O might I thus my love declare,
My pious friends, like Paul, resign,
Commend to Christ in faithful prayer,
And leave them in the hands Divine!

MS Acts, 421. MARC, accession number MA 1977/555 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 1).

262

**“We came to Ptolemais, and saluted the brethren, and abode with them
one day.”**

—[Acts 21,] v. 7.

- 1 Tis all our joy, while here below,
As sojourners we rove,
To visit those that Jesus know,
And our Redeemer love;

Refreshment sweet in them we find,
And faith and strength renew'd,
And cast the evil world behind,
And closer cleave to God.

- 2 A while in Jesus' servant blest,
How short soe'er his stay,
We chearfully resign our guest
Who tarries but a day;
We travel on with warmer zeal
Till all our toils are o're,
And meeting on that heavenly hill
Embrace, to part no more.

MS Acts, 426-7. MARC, accession number MA 1977/555 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 1).

263

“What mean ye to weep and to break my heart? for I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus.”

—[Acts 21,] v. 13.27

- 1 The chief of saints may well express
A sympathizing tenderness,
And blameless sorrow show:
The faithful soul with Jesus one,
Has put his Saviour's bowels on,
And feels the common woe.
- 2 Yet with the mind of Jesus steel'd
He cannot to intreaties yield,
Or leave the bleeding Lamb,
Warn'd by the Spirit's clearest call,
For Jesus' sake to give up all,
And suffer for his name.
- 3 From all the power of passion free,
Against the soft infirmity
Immoveable he stands;
No cross, no suffering he declines,
But chearfully his life resigns,
When Christ his life demands.
- 4 O'rejoy'd his faithfulness t' approve,
And pay him back the bleeding love
Display'd on Calvary,
Paul could not speak a greater word
Than—here I am, my gracious Lord,
Ready to die for Thee!

MS Acts, 428-9. MARC, accession number MA 1977/555 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 1).

264

“When they saw the chief captain and the soldiers, they left beating of Paul.”

—[Acts 21,] v. 32.

- 1 The wretch so impious and profane,
Abandon'd to outrageous men,
 A martyr'd saint appears,
A victim in the sight Divine,
Who freely would his life resign,
 To save his murderers.
- 2 They vow he shall no longer live:
His friends can no assistance give:
 But when his Saviour wills,
A Pagan sent to interpose,
Rescues the Christian from his foes,
 And the decree fulfils.

MS Acts, 437. MARC, accession number MA 1977/555 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 1).

265

“After three months we departed.”

—[Acts 28,] v. 11.

- 1 Did not each soul throughout the isle
 (While Jesus' fervent messenger
Labour'd with unremitted toil)
 Glad tidings of his Saviour hear?
And might they not their Lord embrace,
And freely all be saved by grace?
- 2 The word of grace and truth and power
 Empty could not return or void;
And when his ministry was o're,
 And when, no more for Christ employ'd,
The parting saint his charge resign'd,
 Surely he left his Lord behind.

MS Acts, 540. MARC, accession number MA 1977/555 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 1).

266

“He must increase, but I must decrease.”

—[John 3,] v. 30.

- 1 I would be less and less
 That Jesus may increase,
Would myself renounce, despise,
 Till on earth no longer seen,
Least of all in my own eyes,
 Least of all esteem'd by men.

2 A voice, and nothing more,
 I only go before;
Jesus' poorest instrument,
 Jesus' harbinger I am,
Live to spend and to be spent,
 Live to glorify his name.

3 My life is not my own,
 Bestow'd for Him alone;
Ready at the Master's call
 Every blessing I resign,
Fame, and strength, and life, and all,
 Die, to serve the cause Divine.

MS John, 46-7. MARC, accession number MA 1977/573 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

267

“He that believeth on the Son, hath everlasting life: but he that believeth not the Son, shall not see life: but the wrath of God abideth on him.”

—[John 3,] v. 36.

1 Jesus, believing on thy name
Rais'd from the dead in sin I am,
My true, eternal Life Thou art
By faith residing in my heart;
Thy nature, Lord, in Love I know,
Imparted to thy saints below,
Anticipate th' immortal prize
And live the life of Paradise.

2 But born in sin and misery
He still is dead, who knows not Thee,
Who still thy gospel disobeys,
A stranger to the life of grace,
True happiness he cannot prove,
Or see the blisful life above,
Under the curse his wretched breath
He yields, and dies the second death.

MS John, 50-51. MARC, accession number MA 1977/573 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

St.2, line 8 ori., “~~Resigns~~” changed to “He yields.” (Maddox).

268

“Therefore doth my Father love me, because I lay down my life, that I may take it again. No man taketh it from me &c.”

—[John 10,] v. 17, 18.

1 Submissive to thy Father's will,
Jesus, Thou didst thy life lay down,
Didst of thine own accord fulfil
The strange design of love unknown

- Obedient to his love's decree,
 Thou didst the general ransom pay:
 Thy deed was absolute, and free,
 And yet Thou couldst not disobey.
- 2 Love only did my Lord constrain
 Thy life so freely to resign,
 A sacrifice for guilty man;
 A grateful sacrifice divine:
 Love would, not let my Saviour rest,
 Sole cause of the stupendous deed,
 It drew thee from thy Father's breast,
 It made the Man of sorrows bleed.
- 3 Deserving in thy proper right
 Thou hence obtain'st thy Father's love,
 And rais'd by thy own Spirit's might,
 Appear'st our Advocate above;
 Great Patron of the ransom'd race,
 Well-pleas'd He always is with Thee:
 And Thou hast merited his grace,
 And Thou hast bought his love for me.

MS John, 199-200. MARC, accession number MA 1977/573 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

269

“And I am glad for your sakes that I was not there, to the intent ye may believe.”

—[John 11,] v. 15.

- 1 Thy mercy grants the sinner's prayer;
 Thy greater love doth oft defer
 The promis'd good to give,
 That help'd in the most desperate case
 We thy transcendant power may praise,
 And perfectly believe.
- 2 Thy presence bids our troubles cease;
 Thy absence makes our faith increase,
 While patient and resign'd
 We humbly for thy coming stay,
 Till fitted thro' our Lord's delay
 Thine utmost love we find.

MS John, 213. MARC, accession number MA 1977/573 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

270

“I speak not of you all; I know whom I have chosen: but that the scripture may be fulfilled. He that eateth bread with me hath lift up his heel against me.”

—[John 13,] v. 18.

- 1 With such tranquillity of mind,
So mild, dispassionate, and meek,
So calm, and perfectly resign'd
I would of my betrayers speak:
And what Thou in thyself hast done,
Thou wilt repeat in all thy own.
- 2 Thou David after God's own heart,
Strengthen me with thy Spirit's aid,
Thy lowliness of love impart,
And lo, by bosom-friends betray'd,
I come, thy portion here to find
Rejected, spurn'd by all mankind.

MS John, 265. MARC, accession number MA 1977/573 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

271

[“These things have I spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.”

—John 16, v. 33.]

II.

- 1 Away with our fears!
The Almighty appears
Our Captain and Head!
We are all to infallible victory led:
He hath singly subdued
The world with their god,
And he bids us “Pursue,”
And He speaks to our hearts “I have conquer'd for you![]”
- 2 In his Spirit alone,
We are bold to go on,
His victory share,
And by patience o'come the afflictions we bear:
No storms of distress
Can ruffle our peace,
While we aim at the prize,
And on Jesus his cross to his kingdom arise.
- 3 Our implacable foe
We daily o'rethrow,
To the evils submit,
And the goods upon earth we tread under our feet;

With Jesus endure,
Till for glory mature
Our souls we resign,
And ascend, to partake of the triumph Divine.

MS John, 350-51. MARC, accession number MA 1977/573 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

272

**“As Thou hast given him power over all flesh, that he should give
eternal life to all whom thou hast given him.”**

—[John 17,] v. 2.

Full power to Thee thy Father gave,
Supreme authority to save
Whoe'er their proffer'd Lord embrace:
All flesh is now by purchase thine,
Who didst thy precious life resign
To ransom the whole fallen race:
Thou woudst on every soul bestow
The faith thro' which thy people know
Eternal life on earth reveal'd:
Thou dost thy quickning Spirit give
To all who lovingly believe,
And find their blood-bought pardon seal'd.

MS John, 353. MARC, accession number MA 1977/573 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

273

“If therefore ye seek me, let these go their way.”

—[John 18,] v. 8.

1 Anxious thy followers' lives alone
To save, forgetful of thine own,
Thou dost by thy command
Strike down whoe'er their God oppose,
Or secretly restrain thy foes,
And rule the ruffian band.

2 Thy servants, Lord, they must dismiss,
They cannot thine Apostles seize
Prohibited by Thee,
Who freely dost thy life resign
A bleeding sacrifice divine
For all mankind, and me.

MS John, 376-7. MARC, accession number MA 1977/573 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

274

“Put up thy sword into the sheath: the cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?”

[John 18,] v. 11.

1 Who furious for the truth contend,
Christ with an arm of flesh defend,
The world with its own weapons fight,
And oft your fellow-servants smite,
Put up the controversial sword,
Nor stain the meekness of your Lord.

2 Let heathens force by force repel,
Let bigots boast their fiery zeal,
The cup which God to Christ did give,
Ye followers of the Lamb, receive,
(The cup to all his members given)
And die on earth, to reign in heaven.

3 Jesus, I would with joy embrace
Thy portion here, thy patient grace,
Meekly my nature's will resign,
Accept the precious gift divine,
Thy sacred cup of grief unknown,
Thy cross, which mounts me to thy throne.

MS John, 378-9. MARC, accession number MA 1977/573 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

275

“The Jews said unto him, It is not lawful for us to put any man to death. That the saying of Jesus might be fulfilled, which he spake, signifying what death he should die.”

—[John 18,] v. 31, 32.

1 A criminal they could not doom,
They might an innocent release,
Permitted by imperious Rome
To hear and try the witnesses:
But lo, the rage of Jewish zeal
Conspires with Roman policy,
Thy sure prediction to fulfil
And nail thee, Saviour, to the tree.

2 And shall thy followers complain,
Who in thy steps profess to go,
Condemn'd by rash, oppressive man,
Entreated like Thyself below?

Or rather patiently receive
The treatment which confirms us thine,
And when pronounc'd unfit to live,
Our spirits on thy cross resign!

MS John, 389. MARC, accession number MA 1977/573 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

276

—[John 19,] v. 30.

- 1 Jacob gather'd up his feet,
Expiring in the bed,
Jesus doth to death submit,
And freely bows his head,
Willingly the ransom pays,
Gives himself a sacrifice,
Pleas'd to suffer in our place
He bows his head, and dies.
- 2 All the sins of all mankind
On Jesus head were laid;
Now he hath his life resign'd,
And our whole debt is paid;
Now we may our parting breath
Into our Father's hands commend,
Live forever thro' the death
Of our expiring Friend.

MS John, 413-4. MARC, accession number MA 1977/573 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

277

“He saith unto him again the second time, Lovest thou me?”

[John 21,] v. 16.

[I.]

- 1 No: my sin and shame I own,
Burthen'd with an heart of stone,
Conscious of my misery,
Destitute of love to Thee.
- 2 But I can to Thee appeal,
Thee who lov'dst my soul so well,
Fain I would the grace obtain,
Love my loving Lord again.
- 3 Till the Crucified appears
Scattering all my griefs and tears,
Humbled in the dust I cry,
Give me love, or else I die.

4 Thou who freely didst resign
Thy own life to ransom mine,
Manifest the mystery,
Shew thy bleeding love for me.

5 Only thy expiring pain
Can my stubbornness constrain;
But if Thou thy death reveal,
Then the riven rock shall feel;

6 Then I shall to Thee reply
(Vanquish'd by thy passion I)
See the love thy wounds impart,
Read it, Saviour, in my heart.

MS John, 453-4. MARC, accession number MA 1977/573 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

278

["Feed my lambs: feed my sheep."]

—John 21, v. 15, 16.]

II.

1 Words cannot prove
That Thee I love
My soul's eternal Lover;
Actions must the doubt remove.
And all my soul discover.

2 Fill'd may I be
With charity,
And carry in my bosom
The dear lambs redeem'd by thee,
And rather die than lose 'em.

3 By pangs extreme
Thou didst redeem
The flock of thine election:
Let me give this proof supreme
Of my unfeign'd affection.

4 By thee renew'd,
Thou Shepherd good,
I can thy cross endure,
Strive resisting unto blood
With love divinely pure.

5 Arm'd with thy mind
I come resign'd
A rival of thy passion,
Lose my life with joy, to find
The God of my salvation.

6 Now, dearest Lord,
Let fire or sword
My soul and body sever,
Give me but that parting word
“I love my God forever!”

MS John, 455-6. MARC, accession number MA 1977/573 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

279

“Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it unto me according to thy word.”

—[**Luke 1,**] v. 38.

1 God of Israel, see
Thy servant in me,
Who humbly approve,
Tho’ I cannot conceive, the design of thy love,
With obedience sincere
Thy will I revere,
And expect from thy word
The mystical life of my heavenly Lord.

2 The birth of thy Son
To sinners made known,
Manifested in man,
Manifested in me, shall the secret explain,
While made willing by Thee
To thy work I agree,
And intirely resign
My whole soul to be fill’d with the fulness Divine.

MS Luke, 8-9. MARC, accession number MA 1977/575 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

280

“When they had brought their ships to land, they forsook all, and followed him.”

—[**Luke 5,**] v. 11.

How shall I thank thy love
Which hath such wonders done?
I’ll set my heart on things above,
And live for God alone:
I would be wholly thine
Who gav’st thyself for me,
My all with grateful joy resign,
And die, to follow Thee.

MS Luke, 67. MARC, accession number MA 1977/575 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

281

“They besought him that he would suffer them to enter into the swine.”

—[Luke 8,] v. 32.

If gratified in his request,
He, for the pleasures of a beast
Would all besides resign,
Abandon'd to his carnal will,
With sordid husks his senses fill,
And wallow with the swine.

MS Luke, 114-5. MARC, accession number MA 1977/575 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

282

**“There be some standing here which shall not taste of death, till they see
the kingdom of God.”**

—[Luke 9,] v. 27.

- 1 O were it in my heart made known,
Before I lay this body down,
That I shall surely see
The power of thy victorious grace,
The joy, and peace, and righteousness,
The kingdom fixt in me!
- 2 How gladly then should I resign
My soul into the hands Divine,
To meet my Lord again,
To see the God of boundless love,
And worship at thy throne above,
And triumph in thy train.

MS Luke, p130-31. MARC, accession number MA 1977/575 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

283

**“Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man
hath not where to lay his head.”**

—[Luke 9,] v. 58.

- 1 Saviour, how few there are
Who thy condition share,
Few who cordially embrace,
Love, and prize thy poverty,
Want on earth a resting-place
Needy and resign'd like Thee!

2 I dare not ask thy pain
And sorrow to sustain:
But if Thou vouchsafe me power
Thee by want to glorify,
Blest with love I ask no more,
Poor I live, and patient die.

MS Luke, 144. MARC, accession number MA 1977/575 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

284

“I cast out devils and do cures to day, and tomorrow, and the third day I shall be perfected.”

—[Luke 13,] v. 32.

1 Jesus, if Thou thy Spirit give,
We all the serpent’s wiles perceive,
Faithful and firm perform thy will,
Our ministry with joy fulfil,
Give up our all, and win the prize
When death compleats our sacrifice.

2 The office we from Thee receive
For this a few short days we live,
We only live the fiends to chase,
And minister thy healing grace,
And then our willing souls resign,
By sufferings perfected, like thine.

MS Luke, 206-7. MARC, accession number MA 1977/575 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

285

“The rich man also died, and was buried. And in hell he lift up his eyes being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom.”

—[Luke 16,] v. 22, 23.

1 Gripp’d by th’ arresting hand of death,
The glutton too resigns his breath,
Lodg’d in a stately tomb!
His carcass leaves its bliss behind,
His soul with tort’ring fiends confin’d
Receives its fearful doom.

2 Below, he lifts his haggard eyes,
Curst with a glimpse of paradise,
And sees the beggar there:
The loss of heavenly happiness
Doth all his raging pangs increase,
And deepens his despair.

3 Thou epicure not yet in hell,
Thy danger now submit to feel
While thy damnation stays:
Awake out of thy worldly dream,
Lift up thine eyes in prayer to Him
Who offers all his grace.

4 Thou need'st not feel th' infernal woe,
Or to that place of torment go,
That endless misery:
Repent, renounce thy wealth and ease,
Sell all for Jesus love, and seize
The heaven prepar'd for thee.

MS Luke, 238-9. MARC, accession number MA 1977/575 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

286

“They could not take hold of his words.”

—[*Luke 20,*] v. 26.

In Thee, O Lord, is all my trust,
When men by speeches fair
Urge me to speak, and seeming just
Would in my words insnare:
To turn the tempter's tools aside,
Thou wilt my wisdom be,
Thou wilt direct my tongue, and guide
My heart resign'd to Thee.

MS Luke, 292. MARC, accession number MA 1977/575 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

287

**“I will give you a mouth and wisdom which all your adversaries shall
not be able to gainsay.”**

—[*Luke 21,*] v. 15.

Other wisdom I disclaim
Than that Thou dost bestow;
Eloquent enough I am,
If I my Saviour know:
None can stand against my word,
To Thee when I my all resign,
Join'd to an Almighty Lord,
And arm'd with Love Divine.

MS Luke, 299. MARC, accession number MA 1977/575 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

288

“I am among you as he that serveth.”

—[Luke 22,] v. 27.

- 1 Lord of souls He truly was
Who himself their servant made,
Bore their sorrows on the cross,
Bow'd beneath their load his head,
Them to serve his life resign'd,
Died the Ransom of mankind.
- 2 And shall I his lot refuse,
Greater than my Master be?
Master, I thy portion chuse,
Partner in thy ministry
Stoop alike to great and small,
Live, and die the least of all.

MS Luke, 315. MARC, accession number MA 1977/575 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

289

“He delivered Jesus to their will.”

—[Luke 23,] v. 25.

Abandon'd to the will of man,
Jesus, Thou dost for me obtain
A power my spirit to resign
Intirely to the will Divine.

MS Luke, 336. MARC, accession number MA 1977/575 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

290

**“It was Mary Magdalen ... and other women which told these things
unto the Apostles.”**

—[Luke 24,] v. 10.

More courageous than the men,
When Christ his breath resign'd,
Women first the grace obtain
Their living Lord to find,
Women first the news proclaim,
Know his resurrection's power,
Teach th' Apostles of the Lamb
Who lives to die no more.

MS Luke, 350. MARC, accession number MA 1977/575 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

291

“Whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel’s, the same shall save it.”

—[Mark 8,] v. 35.

[I.]

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

MS Mark, 93. MARC, accession number MA 1977/574 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

292

“Take heed to yourselves: for they shall deliver you up &c.”

—[Mark 13,] v. 9.

Be this, dear Lord, our constant care,
Not how the destin’d cross to fly,
But meekly in thy Spirit to bear,
The truth with zeal to testify,
To tremble at the wrath Divine,
Regardless of a mortal’s frown,
And calm, like Thee, our lives resign,
And grasp thro’ death the martyr’s crown.

MS Mark, 142. MARC, accession number MA 1977/574 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

293

“My soul is exceeding sorrowful unto death: tarry ye here and watch.”

—[Mark 14,] v. 34.

1 A Christian should with Christ remain,
Contemplate that mysterious pain
Which we could never know,
If Christ did not in love reveal,
And give the tempted soul to feel
A portion of his woe.

2 The drop Thou didst to me bequeath
I taste; thy sorrow unto death,
 It breaks my mournful heart:
But let me breathe my soul like Thee,
And with resign'd tranquillity
 Into thy arms depart.

MS Mark, 161-2. MARC, accession number MA 1977/574 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

294

“Jesus cried with a loud voice, and gave up the ghost.”
[Mark 15,] v. 37.

1 Our sins against the Saviour cry,
 Our sins inflict his mortal pain,
His death forbids that we should die,
 Or brings the dead to life again,
Our souls from death eternal saves,
And millions calls out of their graves.

2 When God resigns his parting breath,
 All nature should at once expire,
But to prevent the sinner's death,
 He doth the death of sin require,
He wills that sin should lose its power,
And move, and live, and be no more.

3 O that it now might breathe its last,
 Transfixt with Jesus on the tree!
Saviour, on Thee my soul is cast,
 To suffer all thy pangs with Thee,
Participate the death Divine,
And live thro' endless ages thine.

MS Mark, 180-81. MARC, accession number MA 1977/574 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

295

**“Joseph came, and went in boldly unto Pilate, and craved the body of
Jesus.”**
—[Mark 15,] v. 43.

1 That blood Divine had bought the grace
 Which fill'd his soul with power unknown,
And bold his Saviour to confess,
 He claims a God whom all disown,
A single champion in the cause
Of Jesus lifeless on the cross.

- 2 Like him, with confidence of love
 (Love which excludes the servile fear)
I come my loyalty t' approve,
 Boldly before the world appear,
Who did for me his life resign,
My Lord, I challenge him for mine.

MS Mark, 182-3. MARC, accession number MA 1977/574 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

296

“When ye pray, use not vain repetitions.”

—[*Matt. 6,*] v. 7.

- 1 Prayer is the language of the heart,
 By humble faith to Heaven address,
Above the studied rules of art,
 And more in groans than words exprest,
Groans by the wrestling Spirit bestow'd,
Groans which affect the heart of God.
- 2 Father, the prayer Thou dost require
 Thro' Jesus I present to Thee,
In vehemence of inflam'd desire,
 In faith's resign'd simplicity,
In hope thy promis'd grace to prove,
In speechless eloquence of love.

MS Matthew, 47-8. MARC, accession number MA 1977/577 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

297

“Jesus saw a man named Matthew, sitting at the receipt of custom: and he saith unto him, Follow me: And he arose and followed him.”

—[*Matt. 9,*] v. 9.

- 1 Vanquish'd by the word Divine,
 Drawn by One they never knew,
Worldlings still their gains resign,
 Still our heavenly Lord pursue;
Hate the money-getting vice,
 Only for salvation care,
Seek a kingdom in the skies,
 Lay up all their treasure there.
- 2 Jesus, evermore the same,
 Nothing is too hard for Thee;
Thro' the virtue of thy name
 Wonders wrought we daily see,

Sinful souls of every kind
Come at thine Almighty call,
Blest with faith in Thee they find
Grace, sufficient grace for all.

MS Matthew, 98. MARC, accession number MA 1977/577 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

298

["That take, and give unto them for me and thee."]

—Matt. 17, v. 27.]

II.

The condescending grace Divine,
The mind of Jesus who receive,
Their rights into his hands resign,
And by his meek example live:
O could I gain his liberty,
O could I his obedience prove,
By faith from every creature free,
But subjected to all by love!

MS Matthew, 209. MARC, accession number MA 1977/577 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

299

S. Matthew XX.

"The kingdom of heaven is like unto a man that is an householder, which went out early in the morning to hire labourers into his vineyard."

—[Matt. 20,] v. 1.

- 1 Out of himself the God of love
Went forth in his creating grace:
Again he left his throne above,
Made flesh to save our fallen race:
He came from heaven, on earth to reign,
That we might his salvation know,
And hires the ransom'd sons of men
To serve him in his church below.
- 2 The church his Spirit's kingdom stands,
Where God is known, rever'd, ador'd,
Where all submit to Love's command,
And bow before their heavenly Lord:
The church his fruitful vineyard lies,
By day and night its Planter's care,
Each moment water'd from the skies;
And all are call'd to labour there.
- 3 The soul of man is Jesus' due,
And should to Him itself resign,
His vineyard and his kingdom too,
We live t' obey the will Divine,
To work out our salvation here,

And labour on with restless pain,
With active zeal, and humble fear,
That Jesus in our hearts may reign.

- 4 He promises in life's short day,
Our bountiful almighty Lord,
No servile, sublunary pay,
But heaven's unspeakable reward:
He calls so loud, that all may hear,
(When reason first exerts its power,)
To work with simple heart sincere:
And childhood is the earliest hour.

MS Matthew, 229-30. MARC, accession number MA 1977/577
(Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

300

["Jesus went into the temple of God, and cast out all them that sold and bought in the temple, and overthrew the tables of the moneychangers."]

—Matt. 21, v. 12.]

II.

- 1 Who avarice with religion veil
Our Saviour's indignation raise,
Who trade in spirituals, and sell
And buy, as in the holy place;
The altar touch with hands impure,
Present, collate, resign, restore,
Employments in the church procure,
And change and barter less for more.
- 2 Servants of souls, they take the pay
Rapacious, but the work refuse;
They steal, (while meaner hirelings pray,)
And rob the church, whose goods they use:
We read their sacrilege profane
Recorded in the sacred leaves,
Who make the house of God a den
Of R[everend] and R[ight] R[everend] thieves!

MS Matthew, 243-4. MARC, accession number MA 1977/577
(Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

301

“Behold, your house is left unto you desolate. For I say unto you, Ye shall not see me henceforth, till ye shall say, Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord.”

—[Matt. 23,] v. 38, 39.

- 1 “*Your* house; no longer mine,
“Lo, to yourselves I leave,
“My flock forsake, my charge resign,
“And to destruction Give!”
The desolating curse
Doth still alas, take place,
And hunts throughout the universe
The long-rejected race.
- 2 But O, they shall once more
Their slighted Saviour see,
With joyful hearts at last adore,
And own that Thou art He!
Come, Lord, and quickly come,
The vagabonds to find,
And call thine ancient people home,
To quicken all mankind.

MS Matthew, 280-81. MARC, accession number MA 1977/577
(Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

302

[“They cried out the more saying, Let him becrucified!”

—Matt. 27, v. 23.]

II.

- 1 With full indignation fir’d
Now my hateful sins I see,
Sins that Jesus’ death requir’d,
Sins that nail’d him to the tree:
All the sins which I have done
Call’d and clamour’d for his blood:
Dying, by his blood alone
God could quench the wrath of God.
- 2 Shall I suffer them to live
Jesus murtherers abhor’d?
No; to daily death I give
Sins that crucified my Lord:
Let the fleshly Adam bleed,
Nature, self, its life resign,
Till I rise intirely dead,
Fill’d with purest life Divine.

MS Matthew, 346. MARC, accession number MA 1977/577 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

303

["Jesus when he had cried again with a loud cry, yielded up the ghost
(Gr., dismissed his spirit)."]

—Matt. 27, v. 50].

II.

Beneath my sins He bow'd his head,
My sins, and those of all mankind!
His soul a victim in our stead
Into his Father's hands resign'd!
Th' immortal God, he breath'd his last!
The sight all earth and heaven amaz'd:
Their silent harps aside they cast,
And angels trembled as they gaz'd.

MS Matthew, 356. MARC, accession number MA 1977/577 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

304

Psalm XC.

- 1 Thou, Lord, our Dwelling-place hast been,
Thy faithful People rest within
Thine everlasting Arms secure,
Them Thou hast kept in Ages past,
And still their Guardian Rock stands fast,
Thy Mercies like thy Self endure.

E'er at thy Word the Mountains rose,
Or Nature felt her earliest Throes,
Or all things out of nothing came,
Thou wast from all Eternity,
Thou art the GOD, and Still shalt be
To all Eternity the Same.
- 2 Thy Word dispenses Life and Death:
The Creature, rendring up his Breath
Obeys thy Summons to return:
Again, Thou say'st, Ye Sons of Men
Rise! and behold they rise Again
Into the World of Spirits born.

For thou hast Immortality,
Thou Everliving GOD, to Thee
A Thousand Years are as a Day
Less than a Watch of our Short Night,
And Time as nothing in thy Sight
With all its Ages fleets away.

3 Born down th' Irremiable Tide,
Mortals by thy Appointment glide
From Earth to the Eternal shore,
Their Life a Bubble on the Stream,
A short uneasy waking Dream;
The Bubble breaks, the Dream is o're.

Man is a Creature of a Day:
The Grass is Green, the Flower is gay,
When in our Morn of Life we rise,
But soon arrives the Evening Hour,
Withers away the Human Flower,
Mown down as Grass the Mortal dies.

4 Beneath thine Anger, Lord, we droop,
We languish by thy Wrath parch'd up,
A fallen Sinsick, wretched Race,
For Thou our secret Sins hast known
Thine Eye hath never pass'd by One,
All, all are set before thy Face.

Shortned our Days by Wrath Divine,
Our Breath we hasten to resign,
And own the Mortal Sentence just:
Our Years are spent, the Fable ends,
The Tale is told, the Spirit ascends
To GOD, the Dust returns to Dust.

5 Our Age is Threescore Years and ten,
Beyond is Sorrow all and Pain,
And meer laborious Misery;
Our longest Life so soon is past,
The Vapour vanishes so fast,
So Swift from Earth the Shadows flee.

But who regards the Wrath Divine,
Or knows that dreadful Hand of Thine,
In all its just vindictive Weight!
Worse than the worst that Sinners fear
Thy Wrath Eternally severe,
Consigns them to their Hellish State.

6 Instructed by thy Heavenly Grace
To count the Fewness of our Days,
O might we all our Hearts apply
T' attain the Wisdom from above;
And learn, before we hence remove,
Our One great Business is to die.

How long shall thy fierce Anger burn?
Now to reverse our Doom return,
Thy Mercy to thy Servants shew,
Fill us with Love, and Peace, and Joy,
And let us all our Days employ
In publishing thy Praise below.

7 Comfort, and make thy Sufferers glad,
For Days and Years distrest and sad,
And bruis'd by thy afflictive Rod,
O let us now thy Goodness see,
For Days and Years rejoice in Thee,
The GOD, of Love, the Pardning GOD.

Let Mercy bring Salvation near,
Let all thy Works of Grace appear
To those that would thy Will obey,
To all their Seed, who yield t' embrace
The Gift Divine, in Jesu's Face,
Thy Glorious Majesty display.

8 O put us on our Beautious Dress,
Adorn us with thine Holiness,
Thine Image to our Souls restore,
In us let all thy Nature Shine
Fill us with Righteousness Divine
And Sin shall never enter more.

[unfinished]

MS Psalms, 222-4. MARC, accession number MA 1977/553 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 1).

305

["Who can bring a clean *thing* out of an unclean? not one."

—Job 14:4.]

II.

1 Not one of our polluted race,
Not one of the angelic kind
Can man's ingratitude efface,
Or change the filthy, carnal mind:
Such power belongs to Him alone
Who heal'd the leper at his feet;
He can in me his grace make known,
He can the cleansing word repeat.

2 My hope of spotless righteousness
I build on his omnipotence:
He now my prostrate spirit sees,
He soon my evil heart shall cleanse:
Confiding in his gracious will
Who did for me his life resign,
I wait, the sovereign touch to feel,
I catch the purity divine.

MS Scriptural Hymns (1783) OT, 22. MARC, accession number MA 1977/576 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

“O tarry thou the Lord’s leizure: be strong, and he shall comfort thy heart, and put thou thy trust in the Lord.”

[Ps.] 27:16 [BCP].

[I.]

- 1 I woud attend thy leizure,
 Nor name a time for Thee,
 Assur’d that thy good pleasure
 Shall make me truly free:
 But give me strength to bear
 Whate’er thy love ordains,
 And wrestle on in prayer
 While pride and self remains.
- 2 Arm’d with thy patient Spirit,
 I stand the fiery hour,
 Take up my cross, and bear it
 Thro’ thy supporting power,
 Mighty in supplication,
 In faith, and in the word,
 To see that great salvation,
 I wait upon the Lord.
- 3 After I have attended,
 And suffer’d out thy will,
 After my work is ended,
 I shall the promise feel:
 Into my heart returning
 With all thy purity,
 To end my sin and mourning,
 Thyself wilt comfort me.
- 4 Thou in the time appointed
 Wilt set[t]led peace bestow,
 And by thy grace anointed,
 Thy hallowing will I know
 The thing my soul requires
 I in thy presence prove,
 And all my vast desires
 Fulfil’d by perfect love.
- 5 Up to my Saviour given,
 I live for God alone,
 My steady course and even
 With glorious freedom run;
 Nor life, nor death can sever,
 When I my all resign,
 And trust in Thee for ever,
 And live for ever thine.

MS Scriptural Hymns (1783) OT, 38-9. MARC, accession number MA 1977/576 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

307

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

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

MS Scriptural Hymns (1783) OT, 55. MARC, accession number MA 1977/576 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

308

“I will heal thy backslidings, I will love thee freely.”
[Hosea] 14:4.

- 1 O that his wrath were turn’d aside
O could I know him pacified,
Again with pardon blest,
How gladly then should I resign
My soul into the hands divine,
And trust him for the rest!
- 2 Jesus, my sprinkled heart assure
Thou didst my life by death procure
Didst buy the sinner’s peace
That I to sin intirely dead
From every thought of evil freed,
Might live to righteousness.
- 3 Now in the sense of cancel’d sin
Thy sanctifying work begin,
Pour in the balm of grace,
My wounds bind up, my peace restore,
And sent by Thee, I sin no more
But walk in all thy ways.

MS Scriptural Hymns (1783) OT, 124. MARC, accession number MA 1977/576 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

309

“Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not.”
[Matt.] 19:14.

- 1 Ah! Lord, we must with shame confess,
Tho’ Thou art ready still to bless,
Few in their harmless infancy
Will let their babes be brought to Thee:

We tremble lest thy gracious touch
Shoud make them righteous over much,
Defeat our worldly hopes and aim
And brand them with their Master's shame.

- 2 We fear, lest when thy grace or'epowers,
Our children shoud be thine, not ours,
Shoud unto God their hearts resign,
And only seek the things Divine:
We never shall devote our race,
Or yield them up to thine embrace,
Or'ewhelm'd with our own misery,
Unless we come ourselves to Thee.

MS Scriptural Hymns (1783) NT, 2-3. MARC, accession number MA 1977/576 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

310

["Walk, not as fools, but as wise redeeming the time."]

—Eph. 5:15–16.]

II.

- 1 O might I faithfully improve
The little life behind,
Resolv'd to ask my Saviour's love,
Till I the blessing find;
To wrestle on in mighty prayer,
Nor ever let him go,
Till God his secret name declare,
And all his glory show.
- 2 I woud the precious time redeem
By counting all things loss,
By offering up my life for Him
Whose blood distain'd the cross:
Thus woud I live, intirely thine
Who gav'st thyself for me,
And then my spotless soul resign
A sacrifice to Thee.

MS Scriptural Hymns (1783) NT, 69-70. MARC, accession number MA 1977/576 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

311

Philippians.

**"Unto you it is given in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on him
but also to suffer for his sake."**

—[Phil.] 1:29.

- 1 Glory ascribe and endless praise
To God the Giver of all grace,
Who hath on us a power bestow'd
To plunge in that all-cleansing blood,

- With heart-felt faith to trust in Him
Whose death did every soul redeem.
- 2 Thanks upon thanks to God we owe
Who did a second gift bestow,
The grace in Jesus steps to tread,
And meekly suffer with our Head,
While gladly we our will resign,
And prove our patient faith, divine.
- 3 My double privilege I take
The trust, and pain for Jesus sake,
By faith I know my pardon sure,
By patience to the end endure,
Happy to live for Jesus I,
But happier still for Him to die.

MS Scriptural Hymns (1783) NT, 72. MARC, accession number MA 1977/576 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

312

2 Timothy.

“If we be dead with him we shall also live with him: If we suffer, we shall also reign with him.”

—[2 Tim.] 2:11–12.

- 1 Our long-expected Jesus
Ah, when wilt Thou appear
From all our griefs release us
From all our sufferings here?
This mighty tribulation
Shall in thy presence end,
And partners of thy passion,
We shall thy throne ascend.
- 2 Who on thy word relying
Endure th’ allotted pain,
Distrest and daily dying
We shall thy life obtain:
The joy display’d before thee,
Thou wilt on us bestow,
Who on thy cross adore thee
And share thy deepest woe.
- 3 In hope of the salvation
Thou didst so dearly buy,
With humble resignation
Our latest death we die,
Thy torment undiminish’d
In patient love abide,
Till Thou repeat Tis finish’d,
And take us to thy side.

MS Scriptural Hymns (1783) NT, 84. MARC, accession number MA 1977/576 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

Hebrews.

“Are they not all ministring spirits sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?”

—[Heb.] 1:14.

- 1 Which of the petty kings of earth
Can boast a guard like ours,
Incircled from our second birth
With all the heavenly powers?
Myriads of bright Cherubic bands
Sent by the King of kings
Rejoice to bear us in their hands,
And shade us with their wings.
- 2 With them we march securely on
Throughout Immanuel’s ground,
And not an uncommission’d stone
Our sacred feet shall wound;
No enemy shall our souls insnare
No casual evil grieve,
Nor can we lose a single hair
Without our Father’s leave.
- 3 Angels, where’er we go, attend
Our steps, whate’er betide,
With watchful care their charge defend,
And evil turn aside:
A sudden thought t’ escape the blow,
A ready help we find,
And to their secret presence owe
The presence of our mind.
- 4 Their instrumental aid unknown
They day and night supply,
And free from fear we lay us down,
Tho’ Satan’s host be nigh:
Our lives the holy angels keep
From every hostile power,
And unconcern’d we sweetly sleep,
As Adam in his bower.
- 5 Jehovah’s charioteers surround,
The ministerial quire
Incamp, where’er his heirs are found
And form our wall of fire:
Ten thousand offices unseen
For us they gladly do,
Deliver in the lions den
And safe escort us thro’.
- 6 But thronging round with busiest love
They guard the dying breast,
The lurking fiend far off remove
And sing our souls to rest:

And when our spirits we resign,
On outstretch'd wings they bear,
And lodge us in the arms Divine
And leave for ever there.

MS Scriptural Hymns (1783) NT, 85-7. MARC, accession number MA 1977/576 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

314

“To day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts.”

—[Heb.] 3:15.

- 1 To day, while it is call'd to day,
My willing heart I bow,
I harden it no more, but pray,
And look for mercy now:
I look—till Thou my peace create,
My promis'd pardon seal,
And every solemn moment wait
Thy sprinkled blood to feel.
- 2 Jesus, thy sanctifying will
No longer I withstand,
But lie as clay, resign'd and still
And passive in thy hand:
To day, before tomorrow come,
I yield to be renew'd,
My Saviour's mean, but constant, home
A temple fill'd with God.
- 3 Now, Saviour, now thy servant bless,
Who always ready art,
And fully from this hour possess
My unopposing heart:
But if Thou dost not now come in,
I am not fit for Thee—
Yet trust Thou wilt cast out my sin,
And fix thy throne in me.

MS Scriptural Hymns (1783) NT, 88-9. MARC, accession number MA 1977/576 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

315

“Having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience.”

Heb. 10:22.]

III.

- 1 Conscious of all that I have done
Since first I *woud* from God depart,
I cannot bear, I cannot shun
The dire reproach of my own heart,
The stings of grief, remorse, and fear,
Presaging death and judgment near.

- 2 Memory severe, and secret shame
 With scorpion-whips my spirit tear;
 Caught in the toils of hell I am,
 The pit of bottomless despair:
 The knowings of that worm I feel
 Which only Jesus blood can kill.
- 3 O that I could in Him believe,
 And find the fountain in his side!
 O that I could his blood perceive,
 To this foul, faithless heart applied!
 Saviour, from all my sins release,
 And bid me now depart in peace.
- 4 Sprinkle, and make my conscience pure:
 For this alone on earth I stay,
 And humbly of thy favour sure
 Would hasten to shake off my clay,
 With joy my hallow'd soul resign
 And plunge in depths of LOVE Divine!

MS Scriptural Hymns (1783) NT, 99-100. MARC, accession number MA 1977/576 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3).

316

CW Letter to Sarah Gwynne Jr., January 5, 1749

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.
- 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.

Verse in Manuscript Letters, 34-5. MARC, DDCW 5/15.

317

[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
Now impart,
Either 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!

Verse in Manuscript Letters, 37-8. MARC, DDCW 5/20.

318

CW Letter to Sarah Gwynne Jr., January 26, 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 Leisure still.
Till the Perfect Light shall shine
And all thy Heavenly Mind declare,
Send us down &c.
- 3 Least 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.
- 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 Sorrow born,

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,
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.

Verse in Manuscript Letters, 39-40. MARC, DDWes 1/40.

319

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.

&c. [i.e., incomplete]

Verse in Manuscript Letters, 68. MARC, DDCW 7/2.