

MS Cheshunt¹

In the fall of 1740 Selina Hastings, Countess of Huntingdon (1707–91), began attending the Foundry and building a relationship with John and Charles Wesley. In early 1741 she was instrumental in helping Charles overcome a brief attraction to the “stillness” doctrine of the Moravians.² This proved the beginning of a deepening friendship. Indeed, Charles was soon confiding in Lady Huntingdon as his “only friend.”³ He was also clearly sending her manuscript copies of his hymns, for she admonished him in a May 1742 letter: “We have no tunes to your last hymns. Don’t make any more in the same measure and send us a tune for these.”⁴

In an early 1744 letter to Charles Wesley, Lady Huntingdon requested: “When your time will let you, a few more hymns of the same kind of *Primitive Christianity* would suit me extremely and some for directions in all these works God has given you this your last journey.”⁵ It was likely in response to this request that Wesley produced MS Cheshunt. MS Cheshunt is a bound volume with pages about 4.0 x 6.0 inches in size. It originally contained about 110 leaves (220 pages). Pages 1–144 of this volume comprise a direct copy, in the hand of a scribe, of pp. 1–162 of MS Clarke. To this beginning is added, initially in the hand of another scribe but soon by Wesley himself, an additional seventy-four pages of verse, only parts of which appear in MS Clarke.⁶ The completed volume was sent to Lady Huntingdon. There is good reason to believe that it was sent by late 1744, because (false) accusations of impropriety made against Charles Wesley by Thomas Williams in May 1744 caused great concern to Lady Huntingdon and led to a fracture of her relationship with Charles Wesley that would not be healed until May 1751.⁷

MS Cheshunt originally contained 113 distinct items of verse, on 217 numbered pages.⁸ There is an index at the front in Charles Wesley’s hand that runs through page 199. Pages 189–198 have been torn from the manuscript, removing the four hymns listed on these pages in the index.

¹This document was produced by the Duke Center for Studies in the Wesleyan Tradition under the editorial direction of Randy L. Maddox, with the diligent assistance of Aileen F. Maddox. Last updated: October 2, 2010.

²See John Wesley’s *Journal* entries for January 18–February 12, 1741; his letter to Charles Wesley (April 21, 1741), *Works*, 26:55–57; and a letter from Lady Huntingdon to John Wesley (October 24, 1741), *Works*, 26:67–68. Cf. Charles Wesley’s hymn “Stillness, Written for Lady H[untingdon],” in *MS Shorthand Verse*, 25–40.

³So he describes her in his letter to Lady Huntingdon (July 9, 1743) copied in shorthand in MS Clarke, pp. 225–26.

⁴John R. Tyson with Boyd S. Schlenther, *In the Midst of Early Methodism: Lady Huntingdon and Her Correspondence* (Lanham, MD: Scarecrow, 2006), p. 55. Many of the hymns he sent were copied out of MS Thirty (see introduction).

⁵*Ibid.*, p. 70. *Primitive Christianity* was published in 1743.

⁶Pages 145–64, and 167–71 are in the hand of the second scribe. The remainder is in Wesley’s hand. Many of these hymns appear in MS Shent, in a later or more polished version.

⁷On the accusations by Williams, see the introduction to MS Address to a Friend. For glimpses of the tensions (and later healing) between Lady Huntingdon and Charles Wesley, see his *MS Journal* for the dates: Jan. 3, 1745; Jan. 27, 1745; May 23, 1745; and May 28–June 27, 1751.

⁸There is also a fragment of a poem by another author on p. 218.

Charles Wesley published all but four of the hymns in MS Cheshunt during his lifetime.⁹ Their place of publication is indicated in **blue font** in the Table of Contents, as well as in footnotes. One of the unpublished hymns (on p. 209) is found only in this collection.

MS Cheshunt draws its name from the fact that it is held in the collection of The Cheshunt Foundation, Westminster College, Cambridge, along with other papers of the Countess of Huntingdon. This foundation traces its roots to the college that Lady Huntingdon founded for training clergy in Trefecca, Brecknockshire, Wales in 1768. The college moved in the 1790s to Cheshunt, Hertfordshire and was known as Cheshunt College. It merged with Westminster College in 1905.

The transcription which follows is provided with the permission of Revd. Dr. Janet Tollington, Director of The Cheshunt Foundation.

⁹The unpublished hymns are found on pp. 62–63, 124, 209, and 215–16 below.

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Phil[ippians] 3. 13.¹

1. Come let us who to Christ are join'd
Forgetting still the things behind
This only Thing persist to do,
Our Calling's Glorious Prize pursue.
2. Our Works, and Gifts, and Graces past,
All, all behind our Back be cast,
This, only This remembred be,
Jesus hath lov'd, and died for me!
3. He died, that We to Him might live,
Might all His Righteousness receive,
Fulness of Love, and Health, and Power;
He died, that we might sin no more.
4. He shed His Blood to wash us clean,
From All Unrighteousness and Sin,
To save from All Iniquity,
Jesus hath lov'd, and died for me.
5. He died, that We might be made whole,
Holy in Body, Spirit, Soul,
Might do His Will like Those above,
Renew'd in all the Life of Love.
6. Lay the Foundation then no more,
Reach forth unto the Things before,
On to the Prize undaunted press,
And seize the Crown of Righteousness.
7. We shall the End of Faith attain,
The Uttermost Salvation gain,

¹Appears also in MS Clarke, 1–2. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:175–76.

(Our Gospel Hope, our Calling's Prize,
The Tree of Life in Paradise.)

8. Shall taste the Manna of His Grace,
And pure in Heart behold His Face,
Our Jesus shall Himself impart,
And cleanse, and fill the Sinless Heart:
9. His Nature to our Souls make known,
And write the Name in the White Stone,
We all shall All His Fulness prove,
And find the Pearl of Perfect Love.

Ephes[jians] 4. 8, 11, &c.²

1. Let all Mankind with me³ rejoice!
The Lord is ris'n 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 Spirit 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.

²Appears also in MS Clarke, 2–5. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:176–78.

³MS Clarke reads “with me.” The scribe copied correctly; Wesley then added “in Hope” above as an alternative.

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
Forever 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 Heav'en 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 forever 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'return 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.

Isaiah 6.⁴

1. I saw the Lord in Light array'd,
And seated on a lofty Throne,
Th' INVISIBLE on Earth display'd,
The Father's Coeternal Son.
2. The Seraphim, a glittering Train,
Around his bright Pavilion stood,
Nor could the Glorious Light sustain,
While all the Temple flam'd with GOD.
3. Six Wings each Heavenly Herald wore,
With twain he veil'd his dazzled Sight,
With twain his Feet he shadow'd or'e,
With twain he steer'd his even Flight.
4. One Angel to Another cried,
"Thrice holy is the Lord we own,
"His Name on Earth is glorified,
"And all things speak the great Three-One.
5. "The Earth is of his Glory full;
"Man in Himself his GOD may see,
"In his own Body, Spirit, Soul,
"May find⁵ the Tri-une Deity.^[7]
6. He spake; and all the Temple shook,
It's Doors return'd the Jarring Sign,
The trembling House was fill'd with Smoak,
And groan'd beneath⁶ the Guest Divine.
7. Ah woe is me! aghast I said,
What shall I do, or whither run?

⁴Appears also in MS Clarke, 5–10; and MS Shent, 2a–4a. Published in *MSP* (1744), 3:233–38.

⁵The scribe copied "find" (the apparent word in the text of the missing page in MS Clarke), and Wesley then added "trace" in the margin as an alternative. MS Shent adopted this alternative.

⁶Wesley added "to feel" above the line as an alternative, then rubbed it out.

Burthen'd with Guilt, of GOD afraid,
By Sin eternally undone!

8. A Man I am of Lips unclean,
With Men of Lips unclean I dwell,
And I the Lord of Hosts have seen,
The King of Heaven, and Earth, and Hell.
9. I cannot see his Face, and live;
The Vision must my Death forthshew—
A Seraph turn'd, and heard me grieve,
And swift to my Relief he flew.
10. Angel of Gospel-peace he came,
And signified his Lord's Design,
He bore the mighty Jesus' Name,
Type of The Messenger Divine.
11. Upon my Mouth he gently laid
A Coal that from the Altar glow'd,
Lo! this hath touch'd thy Lips, he said,
And thou art reconcil'd to GOD.
12. His Offering did thy Guilt remove,
The Lamb that on that Altar lay;
A Spark of Jesus' flaming Love
Hath purg'd thy World of Sin away.
13. Soon as I found my Heart set free,
I heard that All *might* be forgiven,
The Council of the Trinity,
The Sovereign Lord of Earth and Heaven.
14. I heard Him ask Whom shall I send
Our Royal Message to proclaim,

Our Grace and Truth which never end—
Lo! here, thy Messenger, I am!

15. Send me, my answering Spirit cried,
Thy Herald to the Ransom'd Race,
Go then, the Voice Divine replied,
And preach my free unbounded Grace.
16. Go forth, and preach my Word to All
To every Creature under Heaven,
They may obey the Gospel-Call,
And freely be by Grace forgiven.
17. They *may*, but will not All believe;
Yet go my Truth and Love to clear,
I know, they will not All receive
The Grace that brings Salvation near.
18. They me, I did not them pass by,
My Grace for Every Soul is free,
I would not have One Sinner die;
How dare they charge their Death on me!
19. Go tell the Reprobates their Doom,
Because they will not me receive,—
Ye will not to your Saviour come,
And therefore ye shall never live.
20. His Grace doth once to All appear,
Thro' which ye all may pardon'd be,
But having Ears ye *will not* hear,
But having Eyes ye *will not* see.
21. Ye hear, and will not understand,
And capable of GOD in vain
Rebel against His mild Command,
Ye will not let your Saviour reign.

22. Ye will not, what you see, perceive,
Ye will not with your Idols part,
Your Bosom-Sins ye will not leave,
Or tear them from your hardned Heart.
23. Ye fear to use the Grace ye have,
Ye dare not with your GOD comply,
Ye will not suffer Him to save,
But Salvable resolve to die.
24. Against the Truth ye stop your Ears,
Ye shut your Eyes against the Light,
And mock your Saviour's Cries and Tears,
And perish in His Love's Despight.
25. Yet O! my GOD (I said) how long
How long shall the self-hardned Race
Thy Justice dare, thy Mercy wrong,
And trample on Thy Patient Grace.
26. Until their Cities are destroy'd,
Until their Palaces lie waste,
Formless the Earth, and dark, and void—
The Penal Power of Sin shall last.
27. Yet all the Faithful shall not fail
Diminish'd from the Sons of Men,
The Gates of Hell cannot prevail,
Or make the Word of Promise fail.⁷
28. A Remnant shall be left behind,
A Tenth to hallow all the Race,
Faith upon Earth I still shall find,
Th' Election of Peculiar Grace.

⁷Wesley's decision to strike out "fail" and substitute "vain" in MS Clarke apparently took place after this hymn had been copied into MS Cheshunt.

29. As Trees that cast their Leaves retain
Their Substance in Themselves entire,
So shall the Holy Seed remain,
And flourish, and to Heaven aspire.
30. A Tenth shall still return, and grow,
And furnish Heaven and Earth with Food,
Till all Mankind to Jesus flow,
And Every Soul is fill'd with GOD.

Before Preaching.⁸
(To the Colliers of Coaloverton)⁹

1. Jesu, Thou All-redeeming Lord,
Thy Mercy we implore,
Open the Door to preach thy Word,
The great effectual Door.
2. Gather the Outcasts in, and save
From Sin and Satan's Power,
And let them now acceptance have,
And know their Gracious Hour.
3. O that to these poor Gentiles now
The Door were open'd wide!
O that their stiffneck'd Souls might bow
To Jesus Crucified!
4. Lover of Souls, Thou know'st to prize
What Thou hast bought so dear,
Come then, and in thy People's Eyes
With all thy Wounds appear.
5. The Stony from their Hearts remove,
And cast the Vail aside,

⁸Appears also in MS Clarke, 10–11a; and MS Shent, 102a–103a. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:316–19. Note that this transcription follows the original version of MS Clarke, without many of the longhand revisions or any of the shorthand additions, which were apparently done after the hymn had been copied into MS Cheshunt.

⁹I.e., Coleorton, Leicestershire. Wesley records preaching to the colliers there on May 24, 1743 in his *MS Journal*.

Shew them the Tokens of thy Love,
Thy Feet, thy Hands, thy Side.

6. Thy Feet tho' nail'd to yonder Tree
Shall trample down our Sin;
Thy bleeding Hands stretch'd out we see
To take thy Murtherers in.
7. Ready Thou art the Blood t' apply,
And prove the Record true,
Now all thy Wounds to Sinners cry
I suffer'd This for You.
8. Drunkards, and Whoremongers, and Thieves,
Before your Saviour fall,
Sinners the Man of Griefs receives,
He suffer'd once for All.
9. Ye Liars, and Blasphemers too
Who speak the Phrase of Hell,
Ye Murtherers all, He died for You,
He lov'd your Souls so well.
10. Haters of GOD, your Madness mourn,
And Jesus will forgive,
To Jesus, Friend of Sinners, turn
Who died that you might live.
11. The GOD of Love to Earth He came
That you might come to Heaven;
Believe, believe in Jesus' Name
And all your Sin's forgiven.
12. Believe that Jesus died for Thee,
And sure as He hath died,
Thy Debt is paid, thy Soul is free
And Thou art Justified!

**A Thanksgiving
for the Success of the Gospel.¹⁰**

1. Ye Neighbours and Friends
Of Jesus draw near;
His Love condescends
By Titles so dear
To call and invite you
His Triumphs¹¹ to prove,
And freely delight you
In Jesus's Love.
2. The Shepherd who died
His Sheep to redeem,
On every side
Are gather'd to Him
The Weary and Burthen'd,
The Reprobate Race,
And wait to be pardon'd
Thro' Jesus's Grace.
3. The Publicans all
And Sinners draw near,
They come at His Call
Their Saviour to hear,
Lamenting and mourning
Their Sin is so great,
And daily returning
They fall at his Feet.
4. The poor, and the Blind
The Halt, and the Lame
Are willing to find
In Jesus's Name
Their Help and Salvation;
Which still they receive:

¹⁰Appear also in MS Clarke, 12–15. Published as *Thanksgiving for Colliers* (London: Strahan, 1742); and *HSP* (1749), 1:310–12.

¹¹MS Clarke reads “Triumph” for “Triumphs”; Wesley let the MS Cheshunt transcription stand.

There's no Condemnation
For Them that Believe.

5. The Drunkards and Thieves,
And Harlots return,
For Him that receives
Lost Sinners they mourn;
The Common Blasphemer
On Jesus doth call,
His loving Redeemer
Who suffer'd for All.

6. The Outcasts of Men
Their Saviour pursue,
In Horror and Pain
The profligate Crew
Cry out for a Saviour,
A Saviour unknown,
And hope to find favour
Thro' Mercy alone.

7. They seek Him, and find,
They ask and receive
The Friend of Mankind
Who bids them believe:
On Jesus they venture,
His Gift they embrace,
And forcibly enter
His Kingdom of Grace.

8. The Blind are restor'd
Thro' Faith in His Name,
They see their dear Lord
And follow the Lamb;
The Halt they are walking,
And running their Race,
The Dumb they are talking
Of Jesus's Praise.

9. The Deaf hear His Voice
And comforting Word,
It bids them rejoice
In Jesus Their Lord,
“Thy Sins are forgiven
“Accepted Thou art”
They listen, and Heaven
Springs up in their Heart.

10. The Lepers from all
Their Spots are made clean,
The Dead by His Call
Are rais'd from their Sin;
In Jesus' Compassion
The Sick find a Cure,
And News of Salvation
Is preach'd to the Poor.

11. To Us, and to Them
Is publish'd the Word;
Then let us proclaim
Our Life-giving Lord,
Who now is reviving
His Work in our Days,
And powerfully striving
To save us by Grace.

12. O Jesus ride on
Till all are subdued,
Thy Mercy make known
And sprinkle thy Blood,
Display Thy Salvation,
And teach the New Song,
To Every Nation,
And People, and Tongue.

**Another
[A Thanksgiving
for the Success of the Gospel].¹²**

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 Thine 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.

¹²Appears also in MS Clarke, 15–18; and MS Shent, 135b–136b. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:312–14.

6. On Thee for Help I call;
 Without Thine Help I fall,
Fall a Final Castaway:
 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 Blessing I declare,
Taste the glorious Gospel-Grace
 Be from Sin forever free,
See in Holiness Thy Face,
 Live by Faith, and die in Thee.

8. O that the Hour were come
 That 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 welcom 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,
Heavenward 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,
 Feel 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,
Sav'd 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.

Isaiah 10. 24, &c.¹³

1. Thus saith the Lord, th' Almighty Lord,
 To Those that wait the Joyful Hour,
Abide, my People, in my Word,
 Nor tremble at th' Assyrian's Power.

2. Th' Oppressive Foe that dwells within
 Shall smite thee with an Iron Rod,
Lift up his Staff of Inbred Sin,
 And force thy Soul to groan for GOD.

¹³Appears also in MS Clarke, 18–20; and MS Shent, 7a–8a. Published in *MSP* (1744), 3:241–43.

3. Like as in Egypt's evil Day
When Pharaoh would not let thee go,
The Fiend shall hold thee fast, and say
There's no Perfection here below.
4. Yet will I all my Word fulfil,
I will, as in a Moment's Space,
The Doom of Sin, and Satan seal,
And all their last Remains erase.
5. My Love shall all your Foes controul,
Destroy their Being with their Power;
The poor, backsliding, fearful Soul
Shall fear, and fall, and sin no more.
6. The Anger shall not always last,
Ye soon shall gain the perfect Peace,
The Judgment then is all or'epast,
And Wrath and Sin forever cease.
7. The Sin mine Anger shall destroy,
The Sinner, whom my Mercies spare,
Shall sing the Song of endless Joy,
And Fruit unto Perfection bear.
8. Sinners, for full Redemption hope,
Believe, ye Prisoners of the Lord,
A Scourge He shall for Sin stir up,
And slay him with his two-edg'd Sword.
9. The Lord of Hosts His Rod shall raise,
His Rod that smote th' Egyptian Sea,
Revive the Work of antient Days,
And set His captive People free.
10. The Inbred Sin in that great Day,
The Load shall from thy Soul depart,

The Yoke shall all be born away,
The Sinner shall be pure in Heart.

11. Sin shall no more in Thee have place,
Freed by the Unction from above,
The Unction of thy Saviour's Grace,
The Unction of His Perfect Love.

Isaiah 11.¹⁴

1. Glory to GOD, and Peace on Earth!
A Branch shall spring from Jesse's Line,
Of Human, yet of Heavenly Birth,
And fill'd with all the Spi'rit Divine.
2. The Spi'rit of Wisdom from above
Shall dwell within his peaceful Breast,
On Him the Spi'rit of Power and Love
And Counsel shall forever rest.
3. The Spirit of Godly filial Fear
On Him for all Mankind shall stay,
And make his Senses quick and clear,
And guide him in the perfect Way.
4. Shall make Him apt to teach, and reign,
His Heavenly Mission to fulfil,
Judgment, and Justice to maintain,
And execute his Father's Will.
5. Not by the Hearing of the Ear
He judges, or by Reason's Light:
The Guilty He can never clear,
For all His Ways are just and right.
6. Yet will He plead the Sinner's Cause,
The poor and self-condemn'd release,

¹⁴Appears also in MS Clarke, 20–23; and MS Shent, 9a–11a. Published in *MSP* (1744), 3:243–47.

Freed by the Sufferings of his Cross,
And saved by his own Righteousness.

7. Their Sins He shall to Death condemn,
(They here shall find their final Doom)
Their Sins He shall destroy, not Them,
And by His Burning Spi'rit consume.
8. That Wicked One He shall reprove,
Throughout the Earth His Power display,
Cast out their Sin by perfect Love,
And speak, and all it's Relicks slay.
9. Truth is the Girdle of His Reins,
The Sanctifying Word is sure,
They shall be sav'd from Sin's Remains,
And pure as GOD Himself is pure.
10. O what a Change will soon ensue,
What sweet Tranquillity and Peace!
His People shall be Creatures New,
And Discord shall forever cease.
11. They all shall speak, and think the same,
Their Tempers, and their Heart be One;
The Wolf shall stable with the Lamb,
The Leopard with the Kid lie down.
12. The Lion with the Calf shall dwell,
The fiercest Spirits shall grow mild,
Gentle, and meek, and tractable,
And loving as a Little Child.
13. The Lion like the Oxe shall graze,
The Cow, and Bear together feed,
The Serpent's Enmity shall cease,
And Universal Love succeed.

14. The Sucking-Child shall safely then
 Within the Dragon's Covert stay,
And put his Hand upon his Den,
 And with the harmless Adder play.
15. My People shall in Dwellings sure
 And quiet Resting-places dwell,
Dwell in my holy Hill, secure
 From all the Powers of Earth and Hell.
16. Hidden their Life with GOD above,
 The dire Destroyer's Hour is or'e,
Secure they are in perfect Love,
 And Sin shall never touch them more.
17. Sin shall no more in Them have place,
 Their Earth in Righteousness renew'd
Is fill'd with every Heavenly Grace,
 Immeasurably fill'd with GOD.
18. That vast unfathomable Sea
 Shall swallow' up All of Adam's Line,
And every Soul of Man shall be
 Forever lost in Love Divine.
19. A Branch shall in that Gospel-Day
 Out of the Root of Jesse rise,
Stand as an Ensign, and display
 The Cross in all the Gentiles Eyes.
20. Thither the Gentile World shall flow,
 And hide them in their Saviour's Breast,
Rejoice His Pard'ning Love to know,
 And Holiness His Glorious Rest.

21. Then shall the Lord His Power display
His antient People to retrieve,
Gather the Hopeless Castaway,
And bid the House of Israel live.
22. Jehovah shall lay to His Hand,
Bring back His Sheep to Exile driven,
Scatter'd so long in every Land,
In every Nation under Heaven.
23. [incomplete]

[blank]

Isaiah 25.¹⁵

1. O Lord, Thou art my Lord my GOD,
Throughout the World I will proclaim
And spread thy wondrous Works abroad,
And magnify Thy Glorious Name.
2. Great are Thy Miracles of Grace,
Thee always faithful to thy Word,
Almighty, and All-wise I praise,
The true the everlasting Lord.
3. Thou hast made manifest Thy Power,
Thou hast Thy great Salvation shewn,
And shook the Heav'n-invading Tower,
And cast the mighty Babel down.
4. The City of Confusion now
A nameless Heap of Ruins lies,
Sin never more shall lift it's Brow,
It never more shall threat the Skies.
5. The Strong shall therefore fear Thy Name,
And tremble at Thy glorious Might,
Their weakness own, and bear their Shame,
And seek Salvation in Thy Right.
6. For Thou in His Distress hast been
The needy Sinner's Strength and Aid,
A Refuge from the Storm of Sin,
A calm Retreat, a cooling Shade.
7. When all the Rays of Vengeance beat,
And fiercely smote his naked Head,
Thy Merits cool'd the scorching Heat,
And all thy Father's Wrath allay'd.

¹⁵Appears also in MS Clarke, 25–29; and MS Shent, 13a–15a, and 12a. Published in *MSP* (1744), 3:255–61.

8. When Satan drove the furious Blast,
And urg'd the Law, and Death, and Hell,
Thou hid'st him till the Storm was past,
And gav'st him in Thy Wounds to dwell.
9. Nigh to Thy Wounds whoever draw,
In Thee shall sure Deliverance find,
A Shelter from the Fiery Law,
A Covert from the Stormy Wind.
10. Burthen'd with Guilt and Misery,
Lost in a dry and barren Place,
The Soul that feebly gasps to Thee
Shall feel thy sweet refreshing Grace.
11. Thy Grace, when Conscience cries aloud,
Shall bid it's guilty Clamours cease,
Shall, as the Shadow of a Cloud
Come down, and all the Soul be¹⁶ Peace.
12. Satan shall be at last brought low,
Despoil'd of all his dreadful Power,
Jesus shall slay the Inbred Foe,
And Sin shall never vex us more.
13. The Lord shall in this Mountain spread
A Table for the World his Guest,
Accept Mankind in Christ their Head,
And bid them to the Gospel-Feast.
14. A Feast prepar'd for All Mankind,
A Feast of Marrow and Fat Things,
Of Wines from earthy Dregs refin'd,
Ambrosia for the King of Kings.

¹⁶MS Clarke reads "is." The scribe copied correctly; Wesley then changed to "be."

15. A Feast, where Milk and Honey flow,
A Feast of never-failing Meat,
Dainties surpassing all below,
And Manna, such as Angels eat.
16. A Feast of holy Joy, and Love,
Of pure Delight, and perfect Peace,
Begun on Earth it ends above,
Consummated in Heavenly Bliss.
17. The World shall all His Call obey,
Tho' now they lie in deepest Night,
They soon shall see the Gospel-Day,
Emerging into Glorious Light.
18. That Covering or'e the People cast,
That Vail or'e all the Nations spread,
The Lord Himself shall rent at last,
And quite destroy in Christ their Head.
19. The Lord His Glory shall display,
The Veil of Unbelief remove,
And take it all in Christ away,
And manifest His Perfect Love.
20. Jesus again their Life shall be,
Shall recompense their Eden's Loss,
Swallow up Death in Victory,
The bleeding Vict'ory of His Cross.
21. That Living Death, that Sin which parts
Their Souls from GOD He shall destroy,
Dry up their Tears, and chear their Hearts,
And turn their Sorrow into Joy.

22. He shall by His Renewing Grace
Blot out the All-infecting Sin,
(That dire Reproach of Human Race)
And make a World of Sinners clean.
23. The Son shall make them free indeed,
The Earth in Righteousness renew;
And what His Mouth in Truth hath said
His own Almighty Arm shall do.
24. This is our GOD (they then shall say
Who trust to be thro' Christ made clean)
This is our GOD; we see His Day,
And He shall save us from All Sin.
25. Our Lord for whom we long did wait,
Shall purge our every guilty Stain,
Restore to our Orig'nal State,
Nor let one Spot of Sin remain.
26. For in this Holy Mount shall rest
The great Jehovah's sovereign Hand,
The Power Divine, in Christ exprest;
Who can the Power Divine withstand?
27. Jesus, to whom All Power is given,
Shall all his Strength for us employ,
Who cast th' Accuser out of Heaven,
Shall Him with all his Works destroy.
28. Moab shall first be trodden down,
The Child of Hell, the Serpent's Seed,
Sin, shall the Arm of Jesus own,
And we on all it's Strength shall tread.
29. Our Sins as Dunghill-Straw shall be,
Compell'd by Jesus to submit,

Satan with all his Powers shall flee,
And then be bruise'd beneath our Feet.

30. The Saviour shall spread forth His Hands,
To take the weary Sinners in,
T' or'eturn whate'er his Course withstands
And pull down the Strong-holds of Sin.
31. He shall the Pride of Man abase,
Humble each vain aspiring Boast,
Confound the Captives of His Grace,
And lay their Spirit in the Dust.
32. The Walls of Sin shall be laid low,
The lofty Citadel or'ethrown,
We all shall then His Fulness know
Forever perfected in One.

Isaiah 26.¹⁷

[Part I.]

1. The Day, the Gospel-Day draws near,
When Sinners shall their Voices raise,
Sing the New Song with Heart sincere
Triumphant in the Land of Praise.
2. Glory to GOD, they all shall cry,
Who is so great a GOD as Ours!
We have a City strong and high,
Salvation is for Walls and Towers.
3. Salvation to our Souls brought in,
Salvation from our guilty Stains,
Salvation from the Power of Sin,
Salvation from its last Remains.

¹⁷Appears also in MS Clarke, 29–38; and MS Shent, 16a–22a. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:3–11.

4. Secure from Danger as from Dread
 We never shall be put to shame
Who hither have for Refuge fled,
 For Jesus is our City's Name.
5. Open the Gates, and open wide,
 Let every Faithful Soul go in,
Open for all the Justified
 Who keep the Truth that frees from Sin.
6. Who hold the Truth in Righteousness,
 And hear their Lord's Commands and do,
Into the City-Gates shall press,
 And all in Christ be Creatures New.
7. They, who the Will Divine have done
 The Promise shall thro' Grace receive,
And gain their Calling's Glorious Crown,
 And free from Sin in Jesus live.
8. Yes, Lord, thy Word forever stands,
 And shall from Age to Age endure,
To Us who own thy mild Commands,
 To Working Faith the Word is sure.
9. Who Thee remembers in Thy Ways,
 And follows after Holiness,
Because on Thee his Mind he stays
 Him Thou wilt keep in perfect Peace.
10. Who trust to be redeem'd from Sin
 And all Thy holy Will to prove,
Thy open Arms shall take him in,
 And root, and stablish him in Love.

11. Trust in the Lord, ye Sons of Men,
The Lord Almighty to redeem,
Your Faith in Him shall not be vain
He saves whoever trust in Him.
12. His Saving Power no Limits knows,
In Strength and Goodness infinite,
Satan and Sin His Arm or'ethrows,
And bruises them beneath our Feet.
13. He brings them down who dwell on high,
Humbles each vain aspiring Boast,
Bulwarks and Towers that threat the Sky
He fells, and levels with the Dust.
14. He lays the lofty City low,
Or'eturns, and brings it to the Ground,
His Hands destroy the Inbred Foe,
And all the Strength of Sin confound.
15. That haughty Babylon within,
Shall to Believing Souls submit,
They shall not always strive with Sin,
But tread it down beneath their feet.
16. Satan's Strong-holds or'ethrown shall be,
The Poor shall on their Ruins tread,
Lead captive their Captivity,
From all their Sins forever freed.
17. This is the Triumph of the Just,
Whoe'er on Thee their Spirit stay
Shall find the GOD in whom they trust:
Perfection is their Shining Way.

18. Most holy, pure, and perfect Thou,
Just of Thyself, and good alone
Dost all thy Children's Paths allow
When cleans'd, and sanctified in One.

Part II.

1. Awaken'd by Thy Threatnings, Lord,
We long have seen our lost Estate,
And still we hang upon Thy Word,
And still for full Redemption wait.
2. 'Tis all our Soul's Desire, to know
Thy Loveliness, and to proclaim,
To perfect Holiness below,
And shew forth All thy Glorious Name.
3. Thee with my Spi'rit have I desir'd,
And mourn'd throughout the longlive Night,
To Thee my early Soul aspir'd;
And still I want thy blisful Sight.
4. Still do I languish for Thy Grace,
And groan in Pain to be renew'd,
And all within me seeks Thy Face,
And All I am cries out for GOD.
5. Thy awful Judgments first awoke,
And fill'd with Terrors from above,
We sunk beneath Thine Anger's Stroke,
And trembled, till we felt thy Love.
6. Sinners shall hear thy threatenng Rod,
Break off their Sins, and stand in Awe,

For when thy Judgments are abroad
The guilty World will learn Thy Law.

7. But neither Threats nor Smiles can move
The Wretch self-harden'd self-destroy'd,
Who slight¹⁸ thy Wrath will spurn thy Love
And make thy tender Mercies void.
8. He in the Land of Uprightness
Rejects the Grace he *might* receive,
He will not learn the Way of Peace,
He will not come to Thee, and live.
9. He will not taste thy pard'ning Grace,
Thy bleeding Love he will not see,
Behold his GOD in Jesus' Face,
Or own the Suffering Deity.
10. Lord, when thy Hand is lifted up,
They will not see, nor understand,
But they shall soon be forc'd to stoop,
And feel thy Sin-avenging Hand.
11. Who now their Hellish Malice shew,
And in Thy People Thee defy,
Malign Thy Little Flock below,
And touch the Apple of Thine Eye;
12. Confounded for their Envious Hate
They soon shall prove Thine Utmost Ire,
And tremble, and confess too late
That GOD is a Consuming Fire.
13. Judgment for Those that slight thy Grace,
But Peace Thou wilt for Us ordain,
Thou hast inclin'd us to embrace
Thyself, and bid our Fruit remain.

¹⁸MS Clarke reads "slights" for "slight"; Wesley let the MS Cheshunt transcription stand.

14. O Lord our GOD (when all-renew'd,
And perfected in Love, we say)
We were by other Lords subdued,
And basely yielded to their Sway.
15. Long did our Lusts and Passions reign,
And rul'd us with an Iron Rod,
But lo! we now their Yoke disdain,
And yield us Servants to our GOD.
16. Redeem'd from All Iniquity
Thine All-victorious Grace we own,
Worship and Power ascribe to Thee,
And live and die to Thee alone.
17. Thro' Thee Thy Goodness we proclaim,
We glory in Thy Gracious Power,
And boast us in Thine only Name,
And speak, and think of Sin no more.
18. Our old usurping Sins are dead,
Thou hast the lawless Tyrants slain,
Buried no more to lift their Head;
No, never shall they rise again.
19. No Spark of Sin is left alive,
No least Remains, or smallest Seed,
That they may never more revive
The Son hath made us free indeed.
20. Thou all their Memory hast eras'd,
Their Being utterly destroy'd,
Their Name eternally defac'd,
And fill'd our sinless Souls with GOD.

Part III.

1. GOD of all Truth, and Power,¹⁹ and Grace,
Thou hast increas'd the Holy Seed,
Thou hast increas'd the Chosen Race,
The Souls from Sin forever freed.
2. Thou in Thy Saints art glorified,
Thou hast in Them Thy Image shewn;
Shepherdless Souls, they wandred wide
Till call'd and perfected in One.
3. All we like Sheep have gone astray,
To Earth's remotest Bounds remov'd,
Till Jesus shew'd Himself The Way,
And kindly chastned whom He lov'd.
4. To Thee we in our Trouble turn'd,
Constrain'd thy Chastisements to bear,
We then our Sin and Folly mourn'd,
And pour'd out all our Soul in Prayer.
5. As Women, when their Time draws nigh,
Cry out in sore Distress and Pain,
So have we travail'd in Thine Eye,
And struggled to be born again.
6. In Anguish, Agony, and Grief
For years our lab'ring Souls have been,
Nor could we bring ourselves Relief,
Nor could we save ourselves from Sin.
7. Our Toil and Strife avail'd us not,
Abortive prov'd our Hope and vain,
For we have no Deliverance wrought,
For yet we were not born again.
8. The World did not before us fall,
We wanted still the Victory,

¹⁹MS Clarke reads "Power, and Truth" for "Truth, and Power"; Wesley let the MS Cheshunt transcription stand.

The Mighty Faith that conquers All,
And makes the Soul forever free.

9. But They, who sunk in Self-despair,
Death's Sentence in themselves receive,
The quickning Voice Divine shall hear,
And dead with Christ with Christ shall live.
10. The Spirit that rais'd Him from the Dead
My mortal Body shall inspire,
Shall raise us all with Christ our Head,
And hallow, and baptize with Fire.
11. Awake and sing ye Souls that dwell
Indignant in the Shade of Death,
Our Lord who burst the Gates of Hell
Shall bear you from the Gulph beneath.
12. As Herbs reviv'd by Vernal Dew
Spring from the Earth and flourish fair,
Ye all shall rise with Verdure new,
And Fruit unto Perfection bear.
13. The Hour shall come, the Gospel-Hour,
When all that wait His Power shall prove,
His Resurrections Glorious Power,
And live the Life of Faith and Love.
14. They from the Death of Sin shall rise,
Preventing here the General Doom,
When Christ the Lord shall bow the Skies,
And all Mankind to Judgment come.
15. The Earth shall then cast out it's Dead,
While all who perish'd Unforgiven
Horribly lift their guilty Head,
And rise to be shut out from Heav'n.

16. Come, little Flock (my People now,
My Israel if thy Heart be clean)
Enter into thy Chamber Thou,
Exclude the World, the Hell—of Sin.
17. Betake thee to the Secret Place,
Safe in my Tabernacle rest,
O hide thee for a little Space,
Be shelter'd in thy Saviour's Breast.
18. Rest, till the Storm is all or'epast;
For lo! the Lord from Heav'n shall come,
Judgment to execute at last,
And seal the guilty Sinner's Doom.
19. The Sea shall then it's Dead restore,
The Earth shall then disclose her Blood,
Shelter their Carkasses no more,
Nor skreen them from an Angry GOD.
20. Drag'd from their Graves, they then shall call
On Rocks their quickned Dust t' entomb,
And bid the burning Mountains fall,
To hide them from the Wrath to come.
21. The Wrath Is come, the Curse takes place,
The Slaves of Sin receive their Hire,
And punish'd from my Glorious Face
They sink into Eternal Fire.

Isaiah 27. 1, &c.²⁰

1. The Lord of Hosts th' Almighty Lord
Shall punish in that vengeful Day,
Shall with His Spirits two-edg'd Sword
The piercing crooked Serpent slay.

²⁰Appear also in MS Clarke, 38–40; and MS Shent, 23a–24a. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:11–13.

2. Leviathan, that Subtle Fiend,
That Soul-insinuating Foe,
Jesus shall make his Malice end,
And root out all our Sins below.
3. Jesus shall make us free indeed,
Redeem from All Iniquity,
And crush the hellish Serpent's Head,
And slay the Dragon in the Sea.
4. The Sea is calm'd, the Troubled Soul,
In which he did his pastime take,
The Sinner is by Faith made whole,
Nor ever can his GOD forsake.
5. Sing to the Church in that Glad Day
(The Church is join'd to Those above
When all their Sins are wash'd away,
And they are perfected in Love:
6. Partakers of the Life Divine
When Grace the full Salvation brings)
Sing ye A Vinyard of Red Wine,
A Vinyard for the King of Kings!
7. I keep it, I th' Almighty Lord
My Spirit every Moment pour,
Descends the Water and the Word,
The Gracious never-ceasing Shower.
8. I water it with Heavenly Dew,
Satan, and Sin I chase away,
I water it, and keep it too,
I watch my Vinyard Night and Day.
9. Fury is not in Me; to All
To All my Mercies freely move;

Who would resist my Gracious Call,
And spurn the Bowels of my Love?

10. Who against me would madly dare
To set the Thorns and Briers in fight,
Thro' all I would my Passage tear,
And trample on their feeble Might.
11. The Soul that will not taste my Love,
Shall perish by my righteous Ire,
My vengeful Indignation prove,
And feel me a Consuming Fire.
12. Or rather let him freely take
A Power from me to turn and live,
Peace with his GOD he then shall make,
And Christ into his Heart receive.
13. My Son from All who come to Him
Shall every Spot of Sin remove,
From All Iniquity redeem,
And root and stablish them in Love.
14. Grafted in Him they all shall share
The Life and Fatness of the Root,
And every Holy Temper bear,
And fill the World with Golden Fruit.
15. The Trees of Righteousness shall rise,
Watred each moment from above,
And bear the Fruits of Paradise,
The Glorious Fruits of Perfect Love.

Invitation to our absent Friends.²¹

1. Ye Followers of the Bleeding Lamb,
Before the²² Lord appear,
On You we call in Jesus' Name,
Be all in Spirit here.
2. Jesus with us assembled is,
Him in the midst we feel;
Come share with Us the Glorious Bliss,
The Joy unspeakable.
3. Come all the Members far and near,
To Christ our Head be join'd,
Jesus our Common Head is here,
Ye cannot stay behind.
4. The Body with the Head is nigh:
Let every faithful Soul,
Let every Joint it's Strength supply
To edify the whole.
5. 'Tis done: thro' Faith our Hands we join,
In Jesus' Love we meet,
And cloath'd with Righteousness Divine
The Body is compleat.
6. Then let us all at once aspire,
Our Common Saviour praise,
And higher raise our Hearts, and higher
In honour of His Grace.
7. His Grace which hath Salvation brought,
And rais'd us from our Fall,
His Grace which came to us unsought,
And freely comes to All.

²¹Appears also in MS Clarke, 40–42; and MS Shent, 72b–73a. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:326–27.

²²MS Clarke reads “your” for “the”; Wesley let the MS Cheshunt transcription stand.

8. GOD of all Grace, Thy Saving Name
We thankfully confess;
Let all the World adore the Lamb
The General Blessing bless.
9. Ye that in Strength Divine excel,
Ye first-born Church above,
Adore the Depth Unsearchable
Of All-redeeming Love:
10. Till we like You behold His Face,
Angels, on You we call,
Forever and forever praise
The Lamb that died for All.

Thanksgiving.²³

1. In Jesus's Name
On Sinners I call,
My Saviour proclaim
Who suffer'd for All;
My Friends and my Neighbours
Who pitied my Pain,
Rejoice that my Labours
Have not been in vain.
2. My Pain is reliev'd,
My Sorrow is past,
And I have receiv'd
The Blessing at last,
Recover'd His Favour
(So harass'd and tost)
And found in *my* Saviour
The Piece I had lost.

²³Appears also in MS Clarke, 42–43. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:231.

3. I lift up my Voice
 To Pardon restor'd,
And bid You rejoice
 In Jesus my Lord,
I call the Oppressed
 My Saviour to own,
I cannot be blessed
 And happy Alone.

4. Then let us agree
 Our Jesus to praise,
Come, triumph with me
 And tell of His Grace;
No Fear ye should stumble
 By doing His Will,
Be thankful and humble,
 But never BE STILL.

Luke 14. 16, &c.²⁴

1. Come, Sinners, to the Gospel-Feast,
Let every Soul be Jesus' Guest,
You need not One be left behind,
For GOD hath bidden All Mankind.

2. Sent by my Lord on You I call,
The Invitation is to All,
Come all the World; Come, Sinner, Thou,
All things in Christ are ready Now.

3. Jesus to You His Fulness brings,
A Feast of Marrow, and fat things,
All, all in Christ are freely given,
Pardon, and Happiness, and Heaven.

²⁴Appears also in MS Clarke, 43–47. Published in *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 63–66.

4. Do not begin to make excuse,
Ah do not You His Grace refuse;
Your worldly Cares, and Pleasures leave,
And take what Jesus hath to give.
5. Your Grounds forsake, your Oxen quit,
Your every earthly Thought forget,
Seek not the Comforts of this Life,
Nor lose your Saviour—for a Wife.
6. “Have me excus’d” why will ye say,
Why will ye for Damnation pray?
Have you excus’d—from Joy and Peace!
Have you excus’d—from Happiness!
7. Excus’d from Coming to a Feast!
Excus’d from being Jesus’ Guest!
From knowing *here* your Sins forgiven!
From tasting Now the Joys of Heaven!
8. Excus’d alas! why would you be
From Health, and Life, and Liberty,
From entering into Glorious Rest,
From leaning on the²⁵ Saviour’s Breast!
9. Yet must I, Lord, to Thee complain,
The World have made Thine Offers vain,
Too Busy, or too Happy They,
They will not, Lord, thy Call obey.
10. Go then, my angry Master, said,
Since These on all my Mercies tread,
Invite the Rich, and Great no more,
But preach my Gospel to the Poor.
11. Confer not Thou with Flesh and Blood,
Go quickly forth, invite the Croud,

²⁵MS Clarke reads “your” for “the”; Wesley let the MS Cheshunt transcription stand.

Search every Lane, and every Street,
And bring in all the Souls you meet.

12. Come then ye Souls by Sin opprest,
Ye restless Wanderers after Rest,
Ye poor, and Maim'd, and Halt, and Blind
In Christ an hearty Welcome find.
13. Sinners my Gracious Lord receives,
Harlots, and Publicans, and Thieves,
Drunkards, and all ye Hellish Crew,
I have a Message now to You.
14. Come, and partake the Gospel-Feast,
Be sav'd from Sin, in Jesus rest,
O taste the Goodness of our GOD,
And eat his Flesh, and drink his Blood.
15. Tis done; my All-redeeming Lord,
I have gone forth, and preach'd thy Word,
The Sinners to thy Feast are come,
And yet, O Jesus, there is Room.
16. Go then, my Lord, again enjoin'd,
And other wandring Sinners find,
Go to the Hedges, and High-ways,
And offer All my Pardning Grace.
17. The Worst unto my Supper press,
Monsters of daring Wickedness,
Tell them, my Grace for All is free,
They cannot be too lost for me.
18. Tell them their Sins are All forgiven,
Tell every Creature under Heaven,

I died to save them from their Sin;
And force the Rebels to come in.

19. Ye vagrant Souls on You I call,
(O that my Voice might reach you all!)
Ye all are freely justified,
Ye all may live, for GOD hath died.
20. My Message as from GOD receive,
Ye all may come to Christ, and live,
O let His Love your Hearts constrain,
Nor suffer Him to die in vain.
21. His Love is mighty to compel,
His Conque'ring Love consent to feel,
Yield to His Love's Victorious Power,
And fight against your GOD no more.
22. See Him set forth before your Eyes,
Behold the Bleeding Sacrifice,
His offer'd Love make haste t' embrace,
And freely now be sav'd by Grace.
23. Ye who believe His Record true
Shall sup with Him, and He with You;
Come to the Feast; be sav'd from Sin,
For Jesus waits to take you in.
24. This is the Time, no more delay,
This is the Acceptable Day,
Come in this Moment at His Call,
And live for Him who died for All.

**Epitaph
for Miss Fanny Cowper.²⁶**

- [1.] Stay, Thou Eternal Spirit stay,
And let the Dead point out thy Way;
Mark where a Christian's Ashes lie,
And learn of Her to live and die.
- [2.] A Virtuous Maid for twenty Years
She sojourn'd in the Vale of Tears,
The Father then His Love made known,
And in her Heart reveal'd His Son.
- [3.] Join'd to the Lord Her Righteousness,
Fill'd with Unutterable Peace
She felt on Earth her Sins forgiven,
That Glorious Antepast of Heaven.
- [4.] Not long for All her Heaven she stay'd,
Her Soul thro' Sufferings perfect made
With Joy forsook the Earthy Clod,
And sprang into the Arms of GOD.
- [5.] Go, Sinner, in her Footsteps tread,
Follow the Living, and the Dead,
Believe in GOD's Atoning Son,
And Heaven is All in Christ Thine own.

27

**To be sung over a Dying
Unconverted Sinner.²⁸**

1. And must thou perish in thy Blood
A wretched Soul, that knows not GOD
A Child of Satan Thou!

²⁶Appears also in MS Clarke, 47. Published in *MSP* (1744), 3:284–85.

²⁷Note that the hymn which appears on page 48 of MS Clarke in shorthand is not included in MS Cheshunt.

²⁸Appears also in MS Clarke, 49–51; and MS Shent, 145a–145b. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:64–66.

Thy Foes, and Fears, and Sins prevail,
Arrested by the Pains of Hell
Where is thy Refuge Now!

2. Caught in the Toils of Death Thou art,
All-unrenew'd and foul thy Heart,
And fill'd with guilty Fear;
See there! the King of Fears is come!
Prepare to meet thine Instant Doom,
Before thy GOD appear.
3. Vain are thy Tears, and late Remorse
The Tyrant sits on his pale Horse
Devourer of Mankind,
Attended by a ghastly Train,
Sorrow, Astonishment, and Pain,
And Hell comes close behind.
4. Ready to pierce thy trembling Heart,
The griezly Terror shakes his Dart,
And Hell expects it's Prey,
Ready a Troop of Devils stands
To take thee from the Monster's Hands,
And hurry thee away.
5. What Hope or Help remains for Thee,
Poor despe'rate Soul, and can it be
That Thou shou'dst Mercy find?
Ask him who spilt his pretious Blood
To buy, and bring thee back to GOD,
To ransom all Mankind.
6. Call, on the Name of Jesus call,
Ask, if He did not die for All
That All might turn and live?

Call on Him in this latest Hour,
Hell is not readier to devour
Than Jesus to forgive.

7. Sufficient is His Grace for Thee,
Straitned for Time He cannot be,
Thy dying Groan He hears,
Jesus is mighty to redeem,
A Day, a Moment's Space with Him
Is as a thousand Years.
8. Call on Him, and He yet shall save,
"Redeem my Spirit from the Grave,
"The Gulph that yawns beneath,
"Jesu, reverse my fearful Doom,
"O snatch me from the Wrath to come
"The Everlasting Death.
9. "Sprinkle thy Blood upon my Heart,
"One Drop, if Thou the Grace impart,
"Shall move my guilty Load,
"From every Spot of Sin set free;
"Speak, All-atoning Blood for me,
"Cry in the Ears of GOD.
10. "Father, if now Thou hear'st it cry,
"Now let it in my Heart reply
"And shew my Sins forgiven,
"Thou Canst, Thou Dost this instant save,
"Tis finish'd!—I my Passport have—
"Lead on, lead on to Heaven!^[1]

In Doubt.²⁹

1. Ah, woe is me! condemn'd to bear
 The living Death of lingring Hope,
In vain I labour to despair,
 To give my Life my Saviour up,
Still on the Rack of Doubt I lie,
Nor can I live, nor can I die.

2. Is there a Soul on this Side Hell
 So Fallen and so Foul as mine!
But O! tis Just whate'er I feel,
 I dare not at my Doom repine,
More I deserve, if more can be,
His Plagues are all too light for me.

3. Yet let me urge my One Request,
 Most foul and fallen as I am,
I ask not, Lord, Relief and Rest,
 But snatch, Or plunge me in my Shame,
Now, Saviour, now conclude the Strife,
And turn the Scale for Death or Life.

4. Ah! do not let me longer live
 Stretch'd on this Rack of Doubt and Fear,
Against or with me Sentence give,
 My Judge, or Advocate appear,
Now, let me Now thy Pleasure feel,
And rise to Heaven, or sink to Hell.

²⁹Appears also in MS Clarke, 53. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:68.

**Written
at leaving the Staffordshire Colliers.³⁰**

1. Lift up your Eyes ye Sons of Light,
Triumphant with my Lord and me,
Look on the Fields, and see them white,
Already white to Harvest see.
2. Mov'd by the Spirit's softest Wind
The Sinners to their Saviour turn,
Their Hearts are All as One inclin'd,
Their Hearts are bow'd as Waving Corn.
3. The Reaper too receives his Hire,
Fill'd with Unutterable Peace,
But farther still his Hopes aspire,
And labour for Eternal Bliss.
4. Till GOD the Full Delight reveals,
And All the Mighty Joy is given,
The Earnest in his Heart he feels,
A Glorious Antepast of Heaven.
5. The Ripest Fruit he gathers There,
The Fulness of his Vast Reward,
Ordain'd the Sower's Joy to share,
And reign triumphant with his Lord.
6. Herein the faithful Word is shewn,
It's just Accomplishment we see,
"Another reaps what One hath sown,"^[17]
The Proverb is fulfill'd in me.
7. Sent forth I am to reap the Field
On which I had no Pains bestow'd,
My Lord broke up the Ground, and till'd,
And sow'd it with the Seed of GOD.

³⁰Appears also in MS Clarke, 54–55; MS Shent, 134b–135a; and MS Thirty, 208–209. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:308–310.

8. Entred into His Work I am;
Not unto me the Praise is due,
Not unto me; I all disclaim;
GOD, only GOD is Kind, and True.
9. Who wrought the Work shall have the Praise;
Jesus hath labour'd for our Good,
He purchas'd all the Fallen Race,
He watred all the Earth with Blood.
10. His Grace hath brought Salvation nigh,
To All, and roll'd away the Stone,
And now He hears These Sinners cry,
And deeply for Redemption groan.
11. He hears, and He will soon Redeem;
Then let us all our Voices raise,
Worship and Strength ascribe to Him,
And Might, and Majesty, and Praise.
12. Honour, and endless Thanks, and Love,
And Glory be to Jesus given
By Saints below, and Saints above,
By All in Earth, and All in Heaven.

Another
[Written
at leaving the Staffordshire Colliers].³¹

1. Who are These that come from far,
Swifter than a Flying Cloud!
Thick as flocking Doves they are,
Eager in Pursuit of GOD!
Trembling, as the Storm draws nigh,
Hasting to their Place of Rest,
See them to the Windows fly,
To the Ark of Jesus' Breast.

³¹Appears also in MS Clarke, 55–56; and MS Shent, 137a. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:314–15. The opening stanza of this hymn is based on Isaiah 60:8; Charles records the incident of preaching at Swalwell that spawned this poem in a journal letter for September 23, 1742.

2. Who are These but Sinners poor,
 Conscious of their lost Estate,
Sinsick Souls who for their Cure
 On the Good Physician wait,
Fallen who bewail their Fall,
 Proffer'd Mercy who embrace,
Listning to the Gospel-Call,
 Longing to be sav'd by Grace.

3. For his Mate the Turtle moans,
 For his GOD the Sinner sighs;
Hear the Musick of their Groans!
 Humble Groans that pierce the Skies!
Surely GOD their Sorrows hears,
 Every Accent, every Look,
Treasures up their Gracious Tears,
 Notes their Sufferings in His Book.

4. He who hath their Cure begun,
 Will He now despise their Pain?
Can He leave His Work undone,
 Bring them to the Birth in vain?
No; we all who seek shall find,
 We who ask shall all receive,
Be to Christ in Spirit join'd,
 Free from Sin forever live.

Another
[Written
at leaving the Staffordshire Colliers].³²

1. See how great a Flame aspires
Kindled by a Spark of Grace!
Jesus' Love the Nations fires,
Sets the Kingdoms on a blaze.
To bring Fire on Earth He came:
Kindled in some Hearts it is:
O that All might catch the Flame,
All partake the Glorious Bliss!

2. When He first the Work begun,
Small and feeble was his Day:
Now the Word doth swiftly run,
Now it wins its larger Way,
More, and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail,
Sin's Strong-holds it now or'ethrows,
Shakes the trembling Gates of Hell.

3. Sons of GOD, your Saviour praise;
He the Door hath open'd wide,
He hath giv'n the Word of Grace;
Jesus' Word is glorified:
Jesus mighty to redeem,
He alone the Work hath wrought:
Worthy is the Work of Him,
Him who spake a World from Nought.

4. Saw ye not the Cloud arise
Little as an Human Hand?
Now it spreads along the Skies,
Hangs or'e all the thirsty Land!
Lo! the Promise of a Shower
Drops already from above,
But the Lord shall shortly pour
All the Spirit of His Love.

³²Appears also in MS Clarke, 57–58; MS Shent, 137b; and MS Thirty, 210–11. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:315–16.

In Doubt.³³

1. Still, O Lord, for Thee I tarry,
Full of Sorrows, Sins, and Wants;
Thee and all thy Saints I weary
With my sad but vain, Complaints;
Sawn asunder by Temptation,
Tortur'd by distracting Care,
Kill'd by Doubts severe Vexation,
Sorer Evil than³⁴ Despair!

2. Will the Fight be never over?
Will the Balance never turn?
Still 'twixt Life and Death I hover,
Bear what is not to be born;
Who can bear a Wounded Spirit?
Whither must my Spirit go?
Shall I Heav'n or Hell inherit?
Let me die my Doom to know.

3. All in vain for Death I languish,
Death from his Pursuer flies,
Still I feel the Knawing Anguish,
Feel the Worm that never dies;
Still in horrid Expectation
Like the Damn'd in Hell I groan,
Envy them Their Swift Damnation,
Fearful to enhance my own.

4. Jesu see Thy Fallen Creature,
Fallen at Thy Feet I lie;
Act according to Thy Nature,
Bid the Sinner live or die:

³³Appears also in MS Clarke, 58–59. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:68–69.

³⁴Ori., “then”; an error.

Of my Pain fill up the Measure,
If Thou canst no more forgive;
If Thou in my Life hast pleasure,
Speak, and Now my Soul shall live.

In Pain.³⁵

1. Pain, my old Companion Pain,
Seldom parted from my Side,
Welcome to thy Seat again,
Here, if GOD permits, abide:
Pledge of sure-approaching Ease,
Haste to stop my wretched Breath,
Rugged Messenger of Peace,
Joyful Harbinger of Death.
2. Foe to Nature as Thou art,
I embrace thee as my Friend,
Thou shalt bid my Griefs depart,
Bring me to my Journey's End;
Yes, I joyfully decay,
Homeward thro' thy Help, I haste:
Totters oft the House of Clay,
Surely it will fall at last.
3. Kind Remembrancer, to Thee
Many a chearful Thought I owe,
Witness of Mortality,
Wise thro' Thee my End I know,
Warn'd by every Pang I feel
Of my Dissolution near;
Pleas'd the lessening Hours I tell—
Yes, the Last shall soon be here.

³⁵Appears also in MS Clarke, 59–60; and MS Shent, 149a–149b. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:263–64.

4. Sacred, salutary Ill,
Thee tho' foolish Man miscall,
Mingled by my Father's Skill,
Sweet as Honey is thy Gall;
Who beneath thy Pressure groan,
Worst of Ills who reckon Thee,
Sin alas they ne'er have known;
Sin is Perfect Misery.
5. Free from Sin I soon shall live,
Free from Sin while here below,
Only Thou mayst still survive,
Till the Joys of Heaven I know
Of my Starry Crown possest;
All thy Office Then is o're,
When I gain The Glorious Rest,
Pain and Sufferings are no more.

“Come unto me—Learn of me” &c.
—Mat[t]. 11. [28–30].³⁶

1. Lovely Lamb, I come to Thee,
Thou hast oft invited me,
Surely now I would be blest,
Give me now the Promis'd Rest.
2. All my Business and Concern
Is of Thee my Lamb to learn;
Shew me thy First Lesson shew,
Now alas! I nothing know.
3. Gentle Thou and meek in Heart,
All Humility Thou art,

³⁶Appears also in MS Clarke, 61–62; and MS Shent, 133a–133b. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:161–62.

Full of Wrath and Pride I am,
How unlike my lowly Lamb!

4. But Thou canst my Soul transform,
Humble an aspiring Worm,
My Unbroken Spirit break,
Make the angry Leopard meek.
5. Thou art greater than my Heart,
Thou canst make me As Thou art,
Bend the Proud, and tame the Wild,
Change me to a Little Child.
6. Turn me, Lord, and turn me Now,
To thy Yoke my Spirit bow,
Grant me Now the Pearl to find
Of a meek and quiet Mind.
7. Calm, O calm my troubled Breast,
Let me gain That Second Rest,
From my Works forever cease,
Perfected in Holiness.
8. Soon, or later then remove,
Take me to thy Rest above,
All's alike to me, so I
In my Lord may live, or die!

Before any Work of Charity.³⁷

1. Jesu, by highest Heavens ador'd,
The Church's Glorious Head,
With humble Joy I call Thee, Lord,
And in Thy Footsteps tread.
2. Emptied of all Thy Greatness here,
Ignobly poor and mean,

³⁷Appears also in MS Clarke, 62–63; and MS Shent, 141a. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:213–14.

Thou woudst the Least of all appear,
And Minister to Men.

3. A Servant to thy Servants Thou
In Thy debas'd Estate,
How meekly did thy Goodness bow
To wash thy Follower's Feet!
4. And shall a Worm refuse to stoop,
His Fellow-worms disdain?
I give my vain Distinctions up,
Since GOD did wait on Man.
5. At Charity's Almighty Call
I lay my Greatness by,
The Least of Saints I wait on All,
The Chief of Sinners I.
6. Happy if I their Grief may chear,
And mitigate their Pain,
And wait upon the Servants here,
Till with the Lord I reign.

In the Work.³⁸

1. I come, O GOD, to do thy Will
With Jesus in my View,
A Servant of His Servants still
My Pattern I pursue.
2. My loving Labour I repeat,
Obedient to his Word,
And wash His dear Disciple's Feet,
And wait upon my Lord.

³⁸Appears also in MS Clarke, 63–64a; and MS Shent, 141b–142b. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:214–16.

3. I have my Saviour always near,
On Him I now attend,
I see Him in His Members here,
My Brother and my Friend.
4. Shivering beneath those Rags He stands,
Again expos'd and bare,
And stretches out his helpless Hands,
And asks my tender Care.
5. And shall I not Relief afford,
Put off my Costly Dress,
Tear it away to cloath my Lord
The Lord my Righteousness!
6. Drink to a thirsty Christ I give,
An hungry Christ I feed,
The Stranger to my House receive,
He here shall lay His Head.
7. Sick and in Prison will I find
And all his Sorrows chear,
Or bring him home, and doubly kind
Relieve, and tend him here.
8. In Sickness will I make his Bed,
The Cordial Draught prepare,
My Hands shall hold his fainting Head,
And all his Burthen bear.
9. Surely I now my Saviour see
In this poor Worm conceal'd,
Wounded he asks Relief of me
Who all my Wounds hath heal'd.
10. My needy Jesus I descry
And in this Object meet,

Sick and in Pain I see him lie,
And gasping at my Feet.

11. Paleness his dying Face o' respreads,
His Griefs I more than see,
My Heart at Jesus' Sufferings bleeds
With softest Simpathy.
12. I fill my Lord's Afflictions up,
His welcom Burthen bear,
And gladly drink his bitter Cup
And all his Sorrows share.
13. Yes, Lord, with Joy, and Grief, and Love
I now behold thy Face,
My GOD descended from above
To suffer in my Place.
14. Thy Visage marr'd with Tears and Blood
Mine Eyes of Faith survey,
As when on yonder Cross my GOD
A bleeding Victim lay.
15. Torn with the Whips, and Nails, and Spear
Thy Sacred Body was,
O might it now to all appear
As hanging on the Cross.
16. O that to Thee the World might bow,
And know thy Saving Name,
And see, and serve as I do now,
And love the Bleeding Lamb.

Looking unto Jesus.³⁹

1. Jesu, come, my Hope of Glory
Purify me that I
May with Saints adore Thee.

³⁹Appears also in MS Clarke, 65. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:155–56.

2. Big with earnest Expectation,
Still I sit At thy Feet,
Longing for Salvation.
3. My poor Heart vouchsafe to dwell in,
Make me Thine, Love Divine,
By Thy Spirit's Sealing.
4. Give me, Lord, Thine Holy Spirit,
Let me see All in Thee
All in Thee inherit.
5. Thou hast laid the sure Foundation,
O my Hope Build me up,
Finish Thy Creation.
6. From this Inbred Sin deliver,
Let the Yoke Now be broke
Make me free forever.
7. Partner of Thy Perfect Nature
Let me be Now in Thee
A New Sinless Creature.
8. Perfect when I walk before Thee,
Soon or late Then translate
To the Realms of Glory.
9. Then the Blisful Sight be given,
Still to gaze On Thy Face,
This be All my Heaven.

**Naomi and Ruth,
adapted to the Minister and People.⁴⁰**

1. Turn again, my Children turn,
Wherefore would ye go with me?
O forbear, forbear to mourn,
Jesus wills it so to be;

⁴⁰Appears also in MS Clarke, 66–68. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:327–28.

Why, when GOD would have us part
Weep ye thus, and break my Heart?

2. Go in peace, my Children go,
 Only Jesus' 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'st 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 di'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 Voice I feel,
Call'd with Thee to leave the Tomb,
Summon'd to our Heavenly Home.
9. GOD do so to me, and more
If from Thee, my Guide, I part,
Till the Mortal Pang is o're,
Will I hold thee in my Heart,
And when I my Breath resign,
Then Thou art forever Mine!

[Untitled.]⁴¹

1. Jesu, my Hope, my Joy, my Rest,
Indulge me in this one Request,
Thou knowst 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,

⁴¹Appears also in MS Clarke, 68–69; and MS Shent, 127a–127b. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:152–53.

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're,
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,
No nor thy Heavenly Happiness
But Purity within;
On Others, Lord, thy 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 Thy⁴² Second Rest
That Glorious Liberty,
And let me then my Soul resign,
Receiv'd into the Arms Divine,
Forever lost in Thee.

[Untitled.]⁴³

1. Sing we to our GOD above
Sav'd by His unwearied Love,
Kept throughout the Fiery Hour
Let us shew forth all His Power.
2. Join with me the Heavenly Quires,
Praise Him, praise Him in the Fires,
There He walks with You, and me;
See Him, in the Furnace see!

⁴²MS Clarke reads "that" for "Thy"; Wesley let the MS Cheshunt transcription stand.

⁴³Appears also in MS Clarke, 69–70. A shorter version, containing the first seven stanzas, appears in MS Richmond, 15–16; and MS Shent, 86a–86b. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:246–47.

3. Lo! th' Incarnate GOD appears!
Know Him by the Form He wears,
Wears for Us, and not in vain,
Son of GOD, and Son of Man.
4. Tempted Souls your Lord descry,
Still in your Temptation nigh,
Sin is nigh, but Christ is nigher,
Bids us walk unhurt in Fire.
5. Jesus doth with Us remain;
Satan heat thy Forge again,
Seven times hotter than before;
Jesus stays till all is o're.
6. He doth by His Presence arm,
Sin and Satan cannot harm,
Flames their Burning Power forget,
Quench'd by Jesus' Bleeding Feet.
7. Jesus holds us by the Hand,
Cover'd by His Power we stand,
Stand, and walk, and run, and fly,
Sin, the World, and Hell defy.
8. All their banded Powers we dare;
Faith the Fiery Test shall bear,
Shine, as Gold, when fully tried,
More than seven times purified.
9. Senseless now of all it's Heat,
We shall soon the Furnace quit,
Unconsum'd, unhurt appear,
Free from Sin and Satan *here*.
10. Sin could not (we then shall shew)
Hurt the Souls that Jesus know,

Could not ev'n our Cloaths impair,
Could not singe a Single Hair.

11. Far from all the Smell of Fire,
We shall then to Heaven aspire,
Live on Earth like Those above
Perfected in Sinless Love.

An Hymn for Children.⁴⁴

1. Let Children proclaim
Their Saviour and King—
To Jesus His Name
Hosanna's we sing,
Our best Adoration
To Jesus we give,
Who brought us Salvation
For All to receive.
2. The meek Lamb of GOD
From Heaven came down,
And purchas'd with Blood,
And made us His own,
He suffer'd to save us
From Hell and from Thrall;
And Jesus shall have us
Who ransom'd us all.
3. To Him will we give
Our earliest Days,
And thankfully live
To publish His Praise,
Our Lives shall confess Him
Who came from above,

⁴⁴Appears also in MS Clarke, 71–72; and MS Richmond, 47. Published in *Hymns for Children* (1763), 33.

Our Tongues they shall bless Him,
And tell of His Love.

4. In innocent Songs
His Coming we shout,
Should we hold our Tongues,
The Stones would cry out;
But Him without ceasing
We all will proclaim,
And ever be blessing
Our Jesus's Name.

[Untitled.]⁴⁵

1. Happy Soul, that safe from Harms
Rests within his Shepherd's Arms,
Who His Quiet shall molest,
Who shall violate his Rest?
2. Jesus doth His Spirit bear,
Jesus takes his Every Care,
He who found the wandring Sheep
Jesus doth securely keep.
3. Dogs and Wolves in vain appear,
Roaring Lions still are near,
Rav'ning Beasts unmov'd he sees
Howling in the Wilderness.
4. Calm he eyes them from above,
Safe in his Protector's Love,
There he rests—and undismay'd
Drops his Arms, and hangs his Head.
5. O that I might so believe,
Stedfastly to Jesus cleave,
On His only Love rely,
Smile at the Destroyer nigh.

⁴⁵Appears also in MS Clarke, 72–73; and MS Shent, 115a–115b. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:151–52.

6. Free from Sin and servile Fear
Have my Jesus ever near,
All his Care delight to prove,
All the Happiness of Love.
7. Jesu, seek thy wandring Sheep,
Bring me back, and lead, and keep;
Take on Thee my Every Care,
Bear me, on thy Bosom bear.
8. Let me know my Shepherd's Voice,
More and more in Thee rejoice,
More and more of Thee receive,
Ever in thy Spirit live.
9. Live, till all thy Life I know,
With and in my Lord below,
Gladly then from Earth remove,
Gather'd to the Fold above.
10. O that I at last may stand
With the Sheep at thy Right-hand,
Take the Crown so freely given,
Enter in by Thee to Heaven!

[Untitled.]⁴⁶

1. Griev'd with the Penal Want of Grace,
And banish'd from my Father's Face,
Far from the Paradice of Love,
O're the wide Wilderness I rove.
2. A wandring discontented Cain
I of my Punishment complain
Burthen'd with more than I can bear,
In all the Sadness of Despair.

⁴⁶Appear also in MS Clarke, 74–75. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:100–101.

3. For Years I have my Vileness seen,
A Man of Lips and Heart unclean,
Yet can I no Deliverance see,
No End of Sin and Grief for me.
4. Ah! what avails it now, that I
Could once to Christ my Lord draw nigh,
Knew He had born my Sins away,
And saw the Dawning of His Day!
5. That sudden Flash of Heavenly Light
Which once broke in upon my Night,
Has made my Darkness visible,
And left me to a Deeper Hell.
6. Ah what avail'd the shortliv'd Power,
The Triumph of One Lucid Hour!
Again enthrall'd, and doubly curst
I am, and viler than at first.
7. My Lusts have re-usurp'd the Sway,
And forc'd my struggling Soul t' obey,
My struggling Soul in Sin remains,
Indignant, as a King in Chains.
8. Ah! how shall I the Rebels shun,
Or whether for Deliverance run?
I neither can resist, nor fly:
O might I here sink down, and die!
9. O Thou who hast the Keys of Death,
Take back, take back my wretched Breath,
From all my Fears and Sins release,
And bid me now depart in Peace.
10. Before I all thy People shame
And scandalize thy hallow'd Name,

Redeem me from the Foul Offence,
And snatch—this Moment snatch me hence.

11. One only Good I here would have,
The Blessing of a Quiet Grave,
All my Requests are lost in one;
I ask for Death, and Death alone.
12. Eager I urge my sole Request,
I cannot, no I will not rest,
But evermore my Wishes breathe,
And spend my Soul in Groans for Death.
13. For This my streaming Eyes o' reflow
My Bosom heaves with endless Woe,
For This to Thee I ever cry,
Ah! Saviour, suffer me to die!
14. Receive my gasping spirit home,
O take me from the Ill to come,
Now, give me Now my Heart's Desire,
And let me at thy Feet expire.

Thanksgiving.⁴⁷

1. Join All in Earth, and All in Heaven,
The Saving Sovereign Name t' adore,
The Name to Dying Sinners given,
That All might live, and sin no more.
2. Bow every Soul at Jesus' Name,
At Jesus' Name ye Angels bow,
Extol the great Supreme I AM,
Praise Him thro' One Eternal Now.

⁴⁷Appears also in MS Clarke, 76. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:231–32.

3. Praise Him ye first-born Sons of Light,
With Shouts your glorious Monarch own,
We have in Him a dearer⁴⁸ Right,
For Jesus is our Flesh and Bone.
4. Wherefore on You we ever call,
T' adore the Name to Sinners given,
To praise the Lamb that died for All
Join all in Earth and all in Heaven.

**To be sung over an half-awakened
dying Sinner.⁴⁹**

1. Now, Sinner, now what is thy Hope?
Canst Thou with Confidence look up,
And see the Angel nigh?
Is Death a Messenger of Peace?
And dost Thou long for Thy Release?
And art Thou fit to die?
2. Say, if prepar'd for Death Thou art,
What means that Faultring of thy Heart,
That inly-stifled Groan?
Why shrinks thy Soul with guilty Fear,
And loudly warn'd of Judgment near
Starts from a GOD Unknown?
3. Whither, ah! whither must thou go?
Poor dying Wretch, thou dost not know,
Doubtful so near thine End;
Doubtful with whom Thou first shalt meet,
Who first thy parting Soul shall greet,
An Angel or a Fiend.

⁴⁸MS Clarke reads "Nearer" for "dearer"; Wesley let the MS Cheshunt transcription stand.

⁴⁹Appears also in MS Clarke, 77–80; and MS Shent, 143a–144a. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:61–64.

4. Where wilt thou Ease or Comfort take?
Now to thy harmless Life look back,
From outward Vices free,
Bring all thy Works and Seeming Good,
Balance with these thy guilty Load,
And let them plead for Thee.
5. Alas, they cannot buy thy Peace,
The Rags of thy own Righteousness
They cannot skreen thy Shame,
Full of all inward Sin Thou art,
Anger, and Lust, and Pride of Heart;
And Legion is thy Name.
6. Now let thy Best Endeavours plead,
Now lean upon that feeble Reed,
Thou who hast liv'd so well,
Thy dying Weight it cannot bear,
But breaks, and leaves thee to Despair,
And lets thee sink to Hell.
7. Now wilt thou mock the Sons of GOD,
Who felt the Saviour's sprinkled Blood,
And Own'd their Sins forgiven,
Tell them their Peace they cannot feel;
The Glorious Hope, the Spirit's Seal,
The Antepast of Heaven.
8. Hast Thou receiv'd the Holy Ghost?
Poor Christless Soul, undone and lost,
Already damn'd Thou art:
Now tell thy Lord, it Cannot be,
He did not buy the Grace for Thee
To dwell within *thy* Heart.

9. His Inspiration Now blaspheme,
And call it all a Madman's Dream,
That GOD in Man should dwell,
Th' Enthusiastic Scheme explode,
That Souls should here be fill'd with GOD;
Go laugh at Saints in Hell!
10. Ah no! thy Laughter ceases there;
Doom'd with Apostate Fiends to share
The Unbeliever's Hire,
There thou shalt die the Second Death,
And know thy Tongue, and gnash thy Teeth,
And welter in That Fire.
11. Alas thy gracious Day is past:
The Wrath is come: (what Hope at last
The Sentence to repeal?)
No longer thy Damnation sleeps,
The Soul from off thy quivering Lips
Is starting into Hell!
12. But if Thou nothing hast to plead,
Behold in this thy greatest Need
An Advocate is nigh;
Ask Him to undertake thy Cause,
The Man who hung upon the Cross,
And deign'd for Thee to die.
13. See Him between the dying Thieves
His Grace the Parting Soul relieves
Ev'n at his latest Hour,
Ask, and his Grace shall reach to Thee
"Jesu, my King, remember me
"Display thy Mercy's Power.

14. “Thee for my Lord, and GOD I own;
“With Pity see me from thy Throne,
 ^[4]And though my Body dies
“My Soul (if Thou thy Spirit give)
“My happy Soul with Thee shall live,
 “With Thee in Paradiſe.^[9]”

Psalm 80
(adapted to the Church of E.).⁵⁰

1. Shepherd of Souls, the Great the Good,
 Who leadeſt Iſrael like a Sheep,
Present to guard, and give them Food,
 And kindly in thy Boſom keep;
2. Hear thy afflicted People’s Prayer,
 Arise out of thy holy Place,
Stir up thy Strength, thine Arm make bare,
 And vindicate thy Chosen Grace.
3. Haste to our Help, Thou GOD of Love,
 Supreme Almighty King of Kings,
Descend all-glorious from above
 Come flying on the Cherubs Wings.
4. Turn us again, Thou GOD of Might,
 The Brightness of thy Face display,
So shall we walk with Thee in Light,
 As Children of the Perfect Day.
5. We all shall be thro’ Faith made whole,
 If Thou the Healing Grace impart,
Thy Love shall hallow every Soul
 And take up every Sinless Heart.

⁵⁰The earliest version appears in MS Clarke, 80–84. The hymn was then published, with some revisions, in *CPH* (1743), 14–17. A manuscript copy of the version in *CPH* (1743), by a scribe, is present in MS Psalms, 203–206. A handy comparison of the various versions can be found in *Representative Verse*, 161–65.

6. O Lord of Hosts, O GOD of Grace,
How long shall thy fierce Anger burn,
Against Thine own peculiar Race,
Who ever pray Thee to return!
7. Thou giv'st us plenteous Draughts of Tears,
With Tears Thou dost thy People feed,
We sorrow till thy Face Appears,
Affliction is our Daily Bread.
8. A Strife we are to All around,
By vile intestine Vipers torn,
Our bitter Houshold-foes abound,
And laugh our Fallen Church to scorn.
9. Turn us again, O GOD, and shew
The Brightness of thy lovely Face,
So shall we all be Saints below,
And sav'd, and perfected in Grace.
10. Surely, O Lord, we once were Thine,
(Thou hast for us thy Wonders wrought)
A generous and right noble Vine
When newly out of Egypt brought.
11. Thou didst the Heathen Stock expel,
And chase them from their quiet Home,
Druids, and all the Brood of Hell
And Monks of Antichristian Rome.
12. Planted by, Thine Almighty Hand,
Watred with Blood the Vine took Root,
And spread thro' all the happy Land,
And fill'd the Earth with golden Fruit.
13. The Hills were cover'd with her Shade,
Her Branching Arms extended wide

Their fair luxuriant Honours spread,
And flourish'd as the Cedar's Pride.

14. Her Boughs she stretch'd from Sea to Sea,
And reach'd to frozen Scotia's Shore,
(They once rever'd the Hierarchy,
And bless'd the Mitre's Sacred Power.)
15. Why then hast Thou abhor'd Thine own,
And cast thy pleasant Plant away,
Broke down her Hedge, her Fence o'rethrown
And left her to the Beasts of Prey.
16. All that go by pluck off her Grapes,
Our Sion of her Children spoil,
And Error in ten thousand Shapes
Would every Gracious Soul beguile.
17. The Boar out of the German Wood
Tears up her Roots with baleful Power,
The Lion roaring for his Food,
And all the Forest-Beasts devour.
18. Deists and Sectaries agree
And Calvin and Socinus join,
To spoil the Apostolic Tree
And Root and branch destroy the Vine.
19. Turn thee again, O Lord our GOD,
Look down with Pity from above,
O lay aside thy vengeful Rod,
And visit us with pard'ning Love.
20. The Vinyard which thine own Right Hand
Hath planted in these Nations see,
The Branch that rose at thy Command
And yeilded gracious Fruit to Thee.

21. Tis now cut down, and burnt with Fire,
Arm of the Lord, awake, awake,
Visit thy Foes in righteous Ire,
Vengeance on all thy Haters take.
22. Look on them with thy flaming Eyes,
The Sin-consuming Virtue dart:
And bid our Fallen Church arise,
And make us after thy own Heart.
23. To us our Nursing-Fathers raise,
Thy Grace be on the Great bestow'd,
And let the King shew forth thy Praise,
And gladly build the House of GOD.
24. Thou hast ordain'd the Powers that Be,
Strengthen thy Delegate below;
He bears the Rule deriv'd from Thee,
O let Him all thine Image shew.
25. Support him with thy guardian Hand,
Let all thy Mind be seen in Him,
King of a Re-converted Land
In Goodness as in Power Supream.
26. So will we not from Thee go back,
If Thou our ruin'd Church restore,
No, never more will we forsake,
No, never will we grieve Thee more.
27. Revive, O GOD of Power, revive
Thy Work in our degenerate Days,
O let us by thy Mercy live,
And all our Lives shall speak thy Praise.
28. Turn us again, O Lord, and shew
The Brightness of thy lovely Face,
So shall we all be Saints below,
And sav'd, and perfected in Grace.

[Untitled.]⁵¹

1. O Thou meek, and injur'd Dove
Wherefore dost Thou strive with me,
Me who still abuse thy Love,
Me who grieve, and fly from Thee?
Thee why should I longer grieve?
Leave me, Lord, the Rebel leave.
2. Well Thou know'st, if now my Heart
Melts to feel thy softning Grace
Ready am I to depart,
Thine to quit for Sin's Embrace;
Take thy Mercy back again,
Wherefore shou'dst Thou strive in vain?
3. O that I might never feel
One Desire or Drawing more,
Rather than provoke Thee still
Now let all the Strife be o're,
Drive me from thy Blisful Face,
Let me go to my own Place.
4. Or if thy unwearied Love
Will not yet thy Rebel leave,
Stronger let thy Influence prove,
Let me double Grace receive,
Give me more, or give me less,
Fix my Doom, or seal my Peace.

**A Prayer
for ~~Condemned Malefactors.~~**

Θ let &c.⁵²

⁵¹Appear also in MS Clarke, 84–85. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:159–60.

⁵²This is the title and beginning scripture reference for a hymn in MS Clarke, 87–89. It is likely that Wesley did not copy the hymn in full because it was already available to Lady Huntingdon in printed form, as *Hymn for Condemned Prisoners* (London: Strahan, 1742)—of which no printed copies have survived.

For a Friend.⁵³

1. See, Jesu see that much-lov'd Soul,
For whom thy pretious Life was given,
Haste to renew, and make her whole,
And fill her now with all thy Heaven.
2. Now, Saviour, now (if after GOD
We ask) the Second Gift impart,
And shed thy Glorious Love abroad,
And give her the pure sinless Heart.
3. Remove the Stumbling-block within
The Possible Offence remove,
Say to her Soul, Thou Canst not sin,
Forever sav'd by perfect Love.
4. Answer in Her Thine own Request,
Answer in Us thy Spirit's Groan,
Speak her into thy People's Rest,
And tell her Inmost Soul Tis done!
5. When Inbred Sin is all destroy'd
Long let her here thy Witness live,
In Love's Angelic Task employ'd,
And free what she receives to give.
6. Greatest of all O let her be,
And ever in thy Footsteps go,
And gladly minister to Thee,
A Servant of thy Church below.
7. Let her thro' Thine Almighty Name
A Mother in our Israel rise,
Cherish the Followers of the Lamb,
And nurse them till they reach the Skies.

⁵³Appears also in MS Clarke, 85–87; and MS Shent, 146a–146b. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:271–72.

8. Thus may she still her Faith approve,
And make the Lambs her tenderest Care,
The Little ones that lisp thy Love,
Delighted in her Arms to bear.
9. Jesu, fulfil her Heart's Desire,
And gather in thy Lambs and Sheep,
Bid them into thy Fold retire,
And far from Sin and Danger keep.
10. Far from the World a Place provide
Ev'n in this howling Wilderness,
And in thy Sanctuary hide
The Vessels of thy perfect Grace.
11. Who the good Fight of Faith have fought,
And found the Love that casts out Fear,
Within the Sacred Verge be brought,
And rest from all their Labours here.
12. In Answer to thy Spirit's Prayer,
Now let the polish'd Pillars rise,
Firm as the Throne of GOD, and bear
Thy glorious Temple to the Skies.

“This is the victory!”[—1 John 5. 4.]⁵⁴

1. Surrounded with an Host of Foes,
Storm'd with an Host of Foes within,
Nor swift to fly, nor strong t' oppose,
Single against Hell, Earth, and Sin,
Single, yet undismay'd I am,
I dare Believe in Jesus' Name!

⁵⁴Appears also in MS Clarke, 89–90. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:160–61.

2. What tho' ten thousand Fiends engage
Ten thousand Worlds my Soul to shake,
I have a Shield shall quel their Rage
Shall drive the Aliens⁵⁵ Armies back,
Pourtray'd it bears a Bleeding Lamb—
I dare believe in Jesus' Name.
3. Me to relieve⁵⁶ from Satan's Hands,
Me from this Evil World to free,
To purge my Sins, and loose my Bands,
And save from All Iniquity,
My Lord and GOD—from Heaven He came
I dare Believe in Jesus Name.
4. Salvation in His Name there is,
Salvation from Sin, Death, and Hell,
Salvation into Glorious Bliss,
How Great Salvation who can tell!
But all He hath for mine I claim;
I dare Believe in Jesus' Name.

⁵⁵MS Clarke reads "Alien" for "Aliens"; Wesley let the MS Cheshunt transcription stand.

⁵⁶MS Clarke reads "retrieve" for "relieve"; Wesley let the MS Cheshunt transcription stand.

**Epitaph
for Mrs. Susanna Wesley.⁵⁷**

1. In sure and stedfast Hope to rise,
And claim her Mansion in the Skies,
A Christian here her Flesh laid down,
The Cross exchanging for the Crown.
2. True Daughter of Affliction She
Enur'd to Pain and Misery
Mourn'd a long Night of Griefs and Fears,
A Legal Night of Seventy Years.
3. The Father then reveal'd His Son,
Him in the Broken Bread made known,
She knew, and felt her Sins forgiven,
And long'd for All her Inward Heaven.
4. Meet for the Fellowship above
She heard the Call "Arise my Love!
"I come!" her Dying Looks replied
And Lamblike as her Lord she died.

For a Sick Friend.⁵⁸

1. Most meek and tender-hearted Lamb,
Jesu, 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 distrest,
For GOD-with-us is Man.
2. Thou feelest all the Woes we feel,
A Sufferer in Thy Members still,
A Man of Griefs Thou art;
And now Thou dost the Sickness bear

⁵⁷Appears also in MS Clarke, 91. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:282.

⁵⁸Appears also in MS Clarke, 91–92; and MS Shent, 159a–159b. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:270–71.

Of Her for whom we make our Prayer,
And pour out all our Heart.

3. Still, gracious Lord delight to shed
Thy Blessings on her fav'rite Head,
Thy choicest Blessings shower,
Preserve her Mind in perfect Peace,
And when her Sufferings most increase
O let her Joys be more.
4. Give her thy meek and quiet Mind,
Patient, and perfectly resign'd
In all things let her 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's sake
Ah! do not now receive her back
To thy Celestial Quire;
A burning and a shining Light,
Detain her in our Land of Night
To set the World on Fire.
6. Jesu approach, and touch her Hand,
(In Faith we ask) and now command
The Fever to depart,
Now bid her in Thine Image rise,
Possess of her high Calling's Prize
A pure and Perfect Heart.

For One Fallen from Grace.⁵⁹

1. O how sore a Thing and grievous
Is it from our GOD to run!
When we force our GOD to leave us,
O how wretched and undone!

⁵⁹Appears also in MS Clarke, 93–94. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:98–99.

Are we not our own Tormentors
When from Happiness we flee?
Yes; our Soul the Iron enters,
Sin is perfect Misery.

2. I the Bitter Cup have tasted;
Still I drink th' unmingled Gall,
Still my Soul by Sin lies wasted,
Unrecover'd from it's Fall:
Still beneath His Frown I languish,
GOD, from whom I *would* depart,
Leaves me to my Grief and Anguish,
Gives me up to my own Heart.
3. Plague and Curse I now inherit,
Fears, and Wars, and Storms within,
Pain, and Agony of Spirit,
Sin chastizing me for Sin,
Weeping, Woe, and Lamentation,
Vain Desire, and fruitless Prayer,
Guilt, and Shame, and Condemnation,
Doubt, Distraction, and Despair.
4. Ye, who now enjoy His Favour,
Husband well the pretious Grace,
Never lose, like me, your Saviour,
Never break from His Embrace,
Do not by your Lightness grieve Him;
Youthful Lusts and Idols flee,
Little Children, never leave Him,
Never lose your GOD like me.
5. Punish'd after my Demerit,
Dives-like on You I call;
Least my Portion ye inherit,
Take example by my Fall;
Least your Joy be turn'd to mourning,
Least ye come into my Hell,

Listen to my solemn Warning,
Keep the Grace from which I fell.

6. Dead to Praise, and Wealth, and Beauty
Cast on Christ your Every Care,
Walk in all the Paths of Duty,
Praying, watching unto Prayer;
Pray; and when the Answer's given,
When ye find the Passage free,
When your Faith hath open'd Heaven,
Faithful Souls remember me!

Luke 1. 68, &c.⁶⁰

1. Blest be the Lord! by Earth and Heaven
Forever blest be Israel's GOD,
Himself He hath to Sinners given,
His Son He hath on All bestow'd.
2. GOD was in Christ, and dwelt with Men,
The Father sent His only Son
To bring us to His Arms again,
And make a Sinful World His own.
3. He to Himself hath reconcil'd
The Whole of Adam's Rebel Race,
The World by Sin destroy'd, defil'd,
May all be cleans'd, and sav'd by Grace.
4. Jesus for Us our GOD rais'd up,
Jesus Almighty to redeem
The Nation's Joy, Desire, and Hope,
Who All may now be sav'd thro' Him.
5. Salvation is in Jesus' Name,
The Lord of David, and His Son,
To save a World from Heaven He came,
To perfect all our Souls in One.

⁶⁰Appears also in MS Clarke, 94–97. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:156–58.

6. The Father hath his Word fulfill'd,
The Prophecies of antient Days,
Honour'd his Messengers, and seal'd
The Records of His Promis'd Grace.
7. He by the Holy Men of old
His Prophets since the World begun
The Great Salvation hath fortold,
Salvation in His Dying Son.
8. Salvation from our Foes within
From Death, and Hell, and Satan's Chains,
Salvation from the Power of Sin,
Salvation from its last Remains.
9. His Word forever shall endure,
His Word doth now on Us take place,
He made it to our Fathers sure
The Promise of His perfect Grace.
10. The Cov'nant of Redemption, He,
The faithful GOD hath call'd to mind,
The Cove'nant from All Sin to free
The captive Souls of all Mankind.
11. The Oath He hath to Abraham sworn,
That All Mankind should in His Seed
Be blest, and find a Power to turn,
And live from Sin forever freed.
12. Yes, with a Solemn Oath the Lord
Hath us, ev'n us engag'd to bless,
To free, and hallow by His Word,
And cleanse from All Unrighteousness:
13. From all our Foes, our Sins redeem,
The Possible Offence remove,
And make us pure and all like Him
Renew'd and perfected in Love.

14. Perfect in Love that casts out Fear,
 We here shall His Commands fulfil,
Walk in the Light, and see Him here,
 And answer All His Righteous Will.
15. In all His glorious Image bright
 We here shall serve Him all our Days,
And then with Saints in Heavenly Light
 Record His Everlasting Praise.

[Untitled.]⁶¹

1. O Thou that dost in secret see,
 Regard a Dying Sinner's Prayer,
Out of the Deep I cry to Thee;
 Save, or I perish in Despair.
2. Shorten the Days of Inbred Sin,
 Speak to my raging Passions Peace,
Allay this Hurricane within,
 Bid all my inward Conflicts cease.
3. When shall the Fiery Trial end,
 When shall I live, and sin no more?
Wilt Thou not, Lord, my Soul defend,
 Till all the Tyranny is o're?
4. Weeping to Thee I lift mine Eyes,
 Mine Eyes which fail with looking up,
For Thee my Heart laments and sighs,
 Sick with Desire, and lingring Hope.
5. A daily Death I die, thro' Fear
 That I no more shall see my GOD,
No more the Voice of Mercy hear,
 But faint, and perish in my Blood.
6. O that I could but surely know
 If I at last shall Mercy find!
To what am I reserv'd below?
 Tell me, Thou Saviour of Mankind!

⁶¹Appears also in MS Clarke, 97–98. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:72–73.

7. That Hope is in my End, declare;
And let me want Thy Chearing Grace,
For Seventy Years content I bear
The Hidings of thy Blissful Face.
8. Let Others walk with Thee in Light,
But bless me with one Glimmering Ray,
And e'er I close mine Eyes in Night,
Give me to see Thy Perfect Day.

“Come, for all things are now ready.”
[—Luke 14. 7.]⁶²

1. Sinners, obey the Gospel-Word,
Haste to the Supper of my Lord,
Be wise to know your Gracious Day,
All things are ready; Come away!
2. Ready the Father is to own,
And kiss his late-returning Son,
Ready your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for You His bleeding Hands.
3. Ready the Spirit of His Love
Just now the Stony to remove,
T' apply, and witness with the Blood,
And wash, and seal the Sons of GOD.
4. Ready for You the Angels wait
To triumph in your blest Estate,
Tuning their Harps they long to praise
The Wonders of Redeeming Grace.
5. The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Is ready with their Shining Host,
All heav'en is ready to resound
“The Dead's alive, the Lost is found!”⁶³

⁶²Appears also in MS Clarke, 98–100. Published in *Festival Hymns* (1746), 44–46; and *HSP* (1749), 1:259–60.

6. Come then, ye Sinners to your Lord,
In Christ to Paradise restor'd,
His proffer'd Benefits embrace,
The Plenitude of Gospel-Grace:
7. A Pardon seal'd with Sacred Blood,
The Favour, and the Peace of GOD,
The Seeing Eye, the Feeling Sense,
The mystic Joys of Penitence:
8. The Godly Grief, the pleasing Smart,
The Meltings of a Broken Heart,
The Tears that speak your Sins forgiven
The Sighs that waft your Souls⁶³ to Heaven.
9. The guiltless Shame, the sweet Distress,
Th' unutterable Tenderness,
The genuine meek Humility,
The Wonder "*Why such Love to me!*"
10. Th' o'rewhelming Power of Saving Grace,
The Sight that veils the Seraph's Face,
The speechless Awe that dares not move,
And all the Silent Heaven of Love!

**For the Day of the
National Fast.**⁶⁴

1. GOD of Infinite Compassion,
GOD of unexhausted Love,
To a Sinful Sinking Nation
Let thy yearning Bowels move;
Snatch us from the Jaws of Ruin,
See, thy guilty People see,
Death and Hell are close pursuing,
Save, O save us into Thee.

⁶³MS Clarke reads "Soul" for "Souls"; Wesley let the MS Cheshunt transcription stand.

⁶⁴Appears also in MS Clarke, 100–101. Published in *Hymns for Times of Trouble and Persecution* (1744), 6–7.

2. Have we not fill'd up the Measure
Of our daring Wickedness,
Challeng'd all Thy just Displeasure,
Quench'd the Spirit of Thy Grace?
Yes, our hainous Provocations
Loudly now for Vengeance cry,
We have wearied out Thy Patience
Forc'd Thy Love to let us die.
3. Why should not the dreadful Sentence
Now on all our Souls take place?
Why should not Thy speedy Vengeance
Swallow up the faithless Race?
How can we expect Thy Favour?—
Good, and gracious as Thou art,
O our Advocate and Saviour,
Find the Answer in Thy Heart!
4. Still, O mighty Mediator,
Plead the Cause of sinful Man,
Jesus save Thy Fallen Creature,
Do not bear That Name in vain,
From thy Father's Anger skreen us,
Suffer not His Wrath to move,
Stand Thou in the Gap between us,
Change his Purpose into Love.

[Untitled.]⁶⁵

1. A Guilty Soul, by Sin opprest,
Weary of wandring after Rest
Wretched, and bare, and poor, and blind
I now my Want of all things find.
2. All things I want; but One is nigh
My Want of all things to supply,
Pardon, and Peace, and Liberty,
Jesu, I all things have in Thee.

⁶⁵Appears also in MS Clarke, 101. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:94.

**At the Baptism of
Adults.⁶⁶**

1. Come Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Honour the Means Enjoin'd by Thee,
Make good our Apostolic Boast,
And own Thy Glorious Ministry.
2. We now Thy promis'd Presence claim
Sent to disciple all Mankind,
Sent to baptize into Thy Name;
We now Thy Promis'd Presence find.
3. Father in These reveal Thy Son,
In These for whom we seek Thy Face,
The hidden Mystery make known
The Inward, pure Baptizing Grace.
4. Jesu with us Thou always art,
Effectu'ate now the Sacred Sign,
The Gift Unspeakable impart,
And bless Thine Ordinance Divine.
5. Eternal Spirit descend from high,
Baptizer of our Spirits Thou,
The Sacramental Seal apply,
And witness with the Water now.
6. O that the Souls baptiz'd herein
May now Thy Truth and Mercy feel,
May rise, and wash away their Sin—
Come, Holy Ghost, their Pardon seal!

⁶⁶Appears also in MS Clarke, 102. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:245.

[blank]

“All things are possible to him that Believeth.”
[—Mark 9. 23.]⁶⁷

1. All things are Possible to Him
That can in Jesus’ Name believe:
Lord, I no more Thy Truth blaspheme,
Thy Truth I lovingly receive,
I Can, I Do believe in Thee;
All things are possible to me.
2. The most Impossible of all
Is, that I e’er from Sin should cease,
Yet shall it be, I know, it shall:
Jesu, look to Thy Faithfulness!
If nothing is too hard for Thee;
All things are possible to me.
3. I without Sin on Earth shall live,
Ev’n I, the Chief of Sinners I,
Thy Glory, Lord, to Thee I give,
O GOD of Truth Thou Canst not lie,
What Thou hast said shall surely be;
All things are possible to me.⁶⁸
4. Tho’ Earth and Hell the Word gain say,
The Word of GOD can never fail,
The Lamb shall take my Sins away,
Tis Certain, tho’ Impossible;
The Thing Impossible shall be;
All things are possible to me.
5. When Thou the Work of Faith hast wrought,
I here shall in Thine Image shine,
Nor sin in Deed, or Word, or Thought;
Let men exclaim, and Fiends repine

⁶⁷Appears also in MS Clarke, 104–105. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:158–60.

⁶⁸The scribe copied “Thee” from MS Clarke; Wesley then corrected to “me.” *HSP* (1749) shows “me.”

They cannot break the Firm Decree;
All things are possible to me.

6. Th' Unchangeable Decree is past,
The sure Predestinating Word,
That I, who on my Lord am cast
I shall be like my sinless Lord;
T'was fixt from all Eternity,
All things are possible to me.
7. Thy Mouth, O Lord, hath spoke, hath sworn
That I shall serve Thee without Fear,
Shall find the Pearl which Others spurn,
Holy, and pure, and perfect here
The Servant as His Lord shall be;
All things are possible to me.
8. All things are possible to GOD,
To Christ the Power of GOD in Man,
To me, when I am all-renew'd,
When I in Christ am born again,
After my Faith it then shall be;
All things are possible to me.

[Untitled.]⁶⁹

1. Are there not in the Labourer's Day
Twelve Hours, wherein He safely may
His Calling's Works pursue?
Tho' Sin and Satan still are near,
Nor Sin nor Satan can I fear
With Jesus in my View.
2. Nor all the Powers of Hell can fright
A Soul that walks with Christ in Light;

⁶⁹Appears also in MS Clarke, 106–107. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:212–13.

He walks and cannot fall,
Clearly he sees, and wins his Way
Shining unto the Perfect Day,
And more than conquers all.

3. Light of the World, thy Beams I bless,
On Thee, bright Sun of Righteousness,
My Faith hath fixt its Eye,
Guided by Thee thro' All I go,
Nor fear the Ruin spread below,
For Thou art always nigh.
4. Ten thousand Snares my Path beset,
Yet will I, Lord, the Work compleat
Which Thou to me has⁷⁰ given;
Superior to the Pains I feel
Close by the Gates of Death and Hell
I urge my Way to Heaven.
5. Still will I strive and labour still
With humble Zeal to do thy Will,
And trust in Thy Defence,
My Soul into Thy Hands I give,
And if he can obtain Thy Leave,
Let Satan pluck me thence.

[Untitled.]⁷¹

1. O that I could but pray!
How gladly should I bear
The Burthen of this Evil Day
With the Support of Prayer!
Happy, could I but tell
To GOD my inward Woe,
And all my Sinfulness reveal,
And all my Trouble shew.

⁷⁰MS Clarke reads "hast" for "has"; Wesley let the MS Cheshunt transcription stand.

⁷¹Appears also in MS Clarke, 108–11; MS Occasional Hymns, 64–67; and MS Shent, 81a–82a.
Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:31–33.

2. Alas! He knows it all,
 My whole of Sin and Grief:
Yet O! for Help I cannot call,
 I cannot ask Relief,
 Mountains on Mountains rise,
 And quite block up the Way;
O that I could but lift my Eyes
 O that I could but pray!

3. I struggle still, and fain
 I would throw off my Load,
Stir myself up, and strive again
 To apprehend my GOD:
 Farther He doth from me
 And farther still depart,
In vain I bow my feeble Knee,
 But not my stubborn Heart.

4. My Heart alas! is dead,
 Or unconcern'd it sleeps,
Or starts, of it's own Wish afraid,
 And contradicts my Lips;
 Or with Suggestions fraught
 Too horrible to bear,
Breaks off the Suit, to scape the Thought
 Of Blasphemous Despair.

5. Ah! whither or to whom
 Shall I for Succour fly?
My Saviour bids the Weary Come,
 Yet do I not draw nigh,
 I would (but all in vain)
 To Him my Wants display,
My Heart abhors the fruitless Pain;
 I cannot, Cannot pray.

6. But shall I then depart,
 And cast away my Hope,
Yield to a faithless, wretched Heart
 And give my Saviour up?
 No, no! that Killing Thought
 Is worse than all I feel,
Still let me wait tho' clean forgot,
 And seek my Saviour still.

7. Dead as I am to GOD,
 I will not Him forgo,
But patiently take up my Load,
 And suffer all my Woe,
 Forever will I lie
 Before His Mercy-seat,
Tho' not allow'd with Mary I
 To wash, and kiss His Feet.

8. In quiet calm Distress
 Will I my Cross sustain,
Content to sigh for Happiness,
 And strive to pray in vain—
 Unless He from his Throne
 The Speechless Mourner hear,
The deep unutterable Groan,
 The loudly-silent Tear.

9. He hears, He hears it Now
 The Anguish not-exprest,
The Struggle of my Soul to bow,
 And fall upon His Breast;
 Silence a Voice hath found,
 A Cry is in the Void,
Thro' Earth and Heaven my Woes resound
 And pierce the Ears of GOD.

10. Believing against Hope
I *will* expect His Grace,
Thro' all the Clouds of Sin look up,
And wait to see His Face;
Forgotten tho' I seem
He knows what I *would* say,
The Darkness is not dark to Him,
The Night is clear as Day.
11. I dare no longer doubt
His Readiness to save:
Will Jesus therefore cast me out,
Because no Good I have?
To Sinners truly poor
Will GOD Himself deny?
He Cannot cast me out—no more
Than He again can die!

[Untitled.]⁷²

1. Jesu, cast a pitying Eye,
Humbled at thy Feet I lie,
Fain within thy Arms would rest,
Fain would lean upon thy Breast,
Thrust my Hand into thy Side,
Always in the Cleft abide,
Never from thy Wounds depart,
Never leave thy Bleeding Heart.
2. Surely I have Pardon found,
Grace doth more than Sin abound,
GOD, I know, is pacified,
Thou for me, for me hast died!

⁷²Appears also in MS Clarke, 111–12; and MS Shent, 185a–185b. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:164–65.

But I cannot rest herein;
All my Nature still is Sin,
Comforted I will not be,
Till my Soul is all like Thee.

3. See my burthen'd sinsick Soul,
Give me Faith, and make me whole,
Finish thy great Work of Grace,
Cut it short in Righteousness;
Speak the Second Word⁷³ "Be clean,^[*]
Take away my Power to sin,
Now the Stumbling-block remove,
Cast it out by perfect Love.

4. Nothing less will I require,
Nothing else do I desire,
None but Christ to me be given,
None but Christ in Earth or Heaven.
O that I might now decrease,
O that all I am might cease!
Let me into Nothing fall,
Let my Lord be All in All!

[Untitled.]⁷⁴

1. O GOD, was ever Heart like mine!
So sick of every sore Disease,
So false, so Contrary to Thine,
So full of desp'rate Wickedness!

2. So weak, so impotent, so blind,
So earthly, sensual, devilish all!
What Words of Horror can I find
To picture out my Total Fall?

⁷³Wesley's decision to strike out "Word" and substitute "time" in MS Clarke apparently took place after this hymn had been copied into MS Cheshunt.

⁷⁴Appears also in MS Clarke, 112–14. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:168–69.

3. My Total Fall I never knew
Till I had tasted of thy Grace:
Thy Spirit then the Veil withdrew,
And shew'd the Inbred Monster's Face.
4. The Man of Sin, the Mystery
Of Wickedness Thou hast reveal'd,
(Sure Pledge of Good!) my Plague I see;
My Plague, I know, shall all be heal'd!
5. A perfect Soundness Faith shall give,
A perfect Holiness below;
Jesus, I in thy Blood believe,
Thy Blood shall wash me white as Snow.
6. The Loss I by the First sustain
The Second Adam shall repair,
I shall the Life of GOD regain,
The Image of the Heavenly bear.
7. Let Others from Themselves remove,
And chase Salvation far away;
But Thou Canst perfect *me* in Love,
Canst perfect me in Love *to day*.
8. Let Others madly hug their Chains,
Their Idol of Inbeing Sin,
I cannot plead for Sin's Remains
When Thou hast said Ye shall⁷⁵ Be clean.
9. If Thou hast Power and Will to save,
Sav'd to the utmost I shall be,
The Fulness of the Godhead have;
For All the Godhead is in Thee.

⁷⁵Ori., "~~spoke the Word.~~" Wesley changed to "said Ye shall."

For a Sick Friend.⁷⁶

1. O GOD thy Truth and Power declare,
We wait the Answer of our Prayer,
 We know it must be given:
The Prayer of Faith can never fail,
It enters now within the Vail,
 And shuts and opens⁷⁷ Heaven.
2. Lord, we believe the Promise true,
The Prayer of Faith can all things do,
 When guided by thy Will;
It stops the parting Spirits Flight,
Or brings it back from Realms of Light
 To serve thy Pleasure still.
3. In Faith we wrestle for that Soul;
Stir up thy Power, and make her whole,
 Protract her happy Days,
And let her all thy Goodness know,
A Guardian-Angel here below,
 A Vessel of thy Grace.
4. Long may She to thy Glory live,
Thy richest Promises receive,
 Wash'd by thy hallowing Word
From every Wrinkle, every Spot,
Sinless in Deed, and Word, and Thought,
 In all things like her Lord.
5. We know Thou wilt not long delay;
We have the things for which we pray,
 The Prayer of Faith is seal'd,
And she Thine utmost Truth shall prove,

⁷⁶Appears also in MS Clarke, 114–15; and MS Shent, 159b–160a. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:271–72.

⁷⁷Ori., “open”; an error.

Sav'd⁷⁸ with an Everlasting Love,
With all thy Fulness fill'd.

6. Author of Faith, thy Love we praise,
O! what Omnipotence of Grace
Hast Thou on Man bestow'd!
Thy Mouth, O Lord, hath strangely said
Concerning Those my Hands have made
Ye Worms, command your GOD!

⁷⁸MS Clarke reads "Lov'd" for "Sav'd"; Wesley let the MS Cheshunt transcription stand.

Psalm 137 Paraphrased.⁷⁹

1. Fast by the Babylonish Tide,
The Tide our Sorrows made o'reflow,
We dropt our weary Limbs, and cried
In deep Distress at Sion's Woe,
Her we bewail'd in speechless Groans
In Bondage with her captive Sons.
2. Our Harps no longer Vocal now
We cast aside untun'd unstrung,
Forgot them pendant on the Bough;
Let meaner Sorrows find a Tongue,
Silent we sat, and scorn'd Relief,
In all the Majesty of Grief.
3. In vain our haughty Lords requir'd
A Song of Sion's sacred Strain,
"Sing us a Song your GOD inspir'd"
How shall our Souls exult in Pain,
How shall the mournful Exiles sing
While Bondslaves to a foreign King?
4. Jerusalem, dear hallow'd Name!
Thee if I ever *less* desire,
If *less* distrest for Thee I am,
Let my Righthand forget it's Lyre,
All it's harmonious Strains forgoe
When heedless of a Mother's Woe.
5. O England's des'late Church, if Thee,
Tho' des'late, I remember not,
Let me, when lost to Piety,
Be lost myself, and clean forgot,
Cleave to the Roof my speechless Tongue,
When Sion is not all my Song.

⁷⁹Appears also in MS Clarke, 116–18; and MS Psalms, 334–36. Published in *CPH* (1743), 21–22.

6. Let Life itself with Language fail,
For Thee when I forbear to mourn;
Nay, but I will forever wail,
Till GOD thy captive State shall turn,
Let This my Every Breath employ,
To grieve for Thee be all my Joy!
7. O for the Weeping Prophet's Strains,
The Sacred Sympathy of Woe!
I live to gather Thy Remains,
For Thee my Tears and Blood shall flow,
My Heart amidst thy Ruins lies,
And only in Thy Rise I rise.
8. Remember, Lord, the Cruel Pride
Of Edom in our Evil Day,
Down with it to the ground, they cried,
Let none the tottering Ruin stay,
Let none the sinking Church restore,
But let it fall to rise no more.
9. Surely our GOD shall vengeance take
On Those that gloried in our Fall,
He a full End of Sin shall make,
Of all that held our Souls in Thrall:
O Babylon, thy Day shall come,
Prepare to meet thy final Doom.
10. Happy the Man that sees in Thee
The mystic Babylon within,
And fill'd with Holy Cruelty
Disdains to spare the Smallest Sin,
But sternly takes thy Little ones,
And dashes All against the Stones.

11. Thou in thy Turn shalt be brought low,
Thy Kingdom shall not always last,
The Lord thy Kingdom shall o' rethrow,
And lay the mighty Waster waste,
Destroy thy Being with thy Power,
And Pride and Self shall be no more.

[Untitled.]⁸⁰

[Part I.]

1. And hast Thou died, O Lamb of GOD,
To take away our Inbred Sin?
And shall we trample on thy Blood,
And say "It Cannot make us clean,
"The Truth on Earth we Cannot know,
"There's no Perfection here below!"
2. From All Iniquity to save,
To cleanse from All Unrighteousness,
Thy Life Thou hast a Ransom gave;
To make the First Transgression cease,
To finish Sin my Lord was slain,
But died (the Faithless cry) in vain!
3. "In vain was He in Flesh reveal'd,
"For Sin can never be destroy'd,
"We cannot by His Stripes be heal'd,
"We cannot *wholly* live to GOD;
"No, tho' He died to have it done,
"We Cannot live to GOD Alone.
4. "The Flesh is weak, and *Will* prevail;
"We All have our Infirmities:
"Live without Sin!—Impossible!
"With GOD Impossible is This:

⁸⁰Appears also in MS Clarke, 118–20; and MS Shent, 178a–179a. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:184–86.

“At least He *will* not sanctify,
“He *will* not cleanse us—*till we die.*”

5. Poor abject Souls! they tell Thee, Lord,
 Thou shalt not in their Lifetime save,
Thou never canst fulfil thy Word
 Before they drop into the Grave,
But when their Sins no more Can stay,
Thou then mayst take their Sins away.
6. The Great Salvation Thou hast wrought
 For All, they will not *now* receive,
Or bear th' Intolerable Thought
 While living without Sin to live,
They keep it to their latest Breath,
Sinners in Life, and Saints in Death.
7. Saints without Holiness are They,
 Elect without Election's Seal,
They Do, yet Cannot, fall away,
 In Christ, and yet in Sin they dwell,
Their Freemen are to Evil sold,
Their Creatures New are Creatures Old.
8. Sinners and Saints at once they are,
 They send forth bitter Streams and Sweet,
Good Trees, yet Evil Fruit they bear,
 And Christ in Them and Belial meet,
Their Pure in Heart are all unclean,
And born of GOD they Can't but sin.
9. No Promise can their Wisdom find
 Of Sinless Holiness below:
To Sin, and yet to Jesus join'd,
 And on they to Perfection go,

To what they never Can attain,
As GOD had bid them seek in vain.

10. Ah! foolish Man, where are thine Eyes
 To search for the Meridian Sun!
Thou canst not see thy Calling's Prize,
 Thou *wilt* not love thy GOD alone,
Blind thro' the Love of Sin Thou art,
And still the Veil is on thy Heart.
11. O that the Veil might now be rent!
 Give up your Sins, ye faithless Race,
To part with all for Christ consent,
 Accept the Offers of His Grace,
His Holy Will submit to prove,
And take the Crown of Perfect Love.

[Part II.]⁸¹

1. And must we then abide in Sin
 Nor hope on Earth to be set free!
Hath Jesus bled to wash us clean
 To save from All Iniquity,
And can He not His Blood apply,
And cleanse, and save us—till we die?
2. Alas! if Their Report be true
 Who teach that Sin must still remain,
If Sin we barely⁸² can *subdue*,
 But never Full Redemption gain,
Where is Thy Power, Almighty Lord,
Where is Thy⁸³ Everlasting Word?
3. Where is the Glorious Church below,
 From Every Spot and Wrinkle free?

⁸¹Appears also in MS Clarke, 121–22; and MS Shent, 179a–179b. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:186–87.

⁸²Ori., “~~only~~.” Wesley changed to “barely.”

⁸³MS Clarke reads “Thine” for “Thy”; Wesley let the MS Cheshunt transcription stand.

The Trees that to Perfection grow,
The Saints that blameless walk in Thee,
Adorn'd in Linnen white and clean,
The Born of GOD that cannot sin!

4. Where are in Christ the Creatures New
The Mon'ments of thy Saving Power,
The Witnesses, that GOD is true,
The Pillars that go out no more,
Th' Election of peculiar Grace,
The Chosen Priests, the Royal Race!
5. Where are the Spi'rits to Jesus join'd,
Freed from the Law of Death and Sin?
The Saviour's pure and sinless Mind
Th' Eternal Righteousness brought in,
The Heavenly Man, the Heart renew'd
The Living Portraiture of GOD!
6. The Spirit of Power, and Health, and Love,
The Pledge, the Witness, and the Seal,
Th' unerring Unction from above,
The Glorious Gift Unspeakable,
The Hidden Life, the wide-spread Leaven,
The Law fulfill'd in Earth and Heaven.
7. Can the Good GOD His Grace deny,
Th' Almighty GOD want Power to save,
Th' Omniscient err, the Faithful lie?
All, all His Attributes we have,
His Wisdom, Power, and Goodness join
To save us with an Oath Divine.
- 8.⁸⁴ Lord, we believe, and rest secure
Thine utmost Promises to prove,
To rise restor'd, and throughly pure,
In all the Image of thy Love,

⁸⁴This stanza is in Charles Wesley's hand. It appears there were only seven stanzas in MS Clarke at the time this hymn was copied by the scribe into MS Cheshunt. Wesley then added this stanza both here and in MS Clarke.

Fill'd with the glorious Life unknown
Forever sanctified in One.

**For One in a declining State
of Health—before using Means
of Recovery.**

[I.]⁸⁵

1. Virtue Divine, Balsamic Word,
All-quickning All-informing Soul,
By whom Bethesda's Waters stir'd
Could make the various Lazars whole;
2. Angel of Covenanted Grace,
Come, and Thy Healing Power infuse,
Descend in Thy own Time, and bless,
And give the Means their hallow'd Use.
3. Obedient to Thy Will alone,
To Thee in Means I calmly fly,
My Life, I know, is not my own,
To GOD I live, to GOD I die.
4. In Hea'ven my Heart and Treasure is;
Yet while I sojourn here beneath,
I dare not wish for my Release,
Or once indulge the *Lust* of Death.
5. Thy Holy Will be ever mine,
If Thou on Earth detain me still,
I bow, and bless the Grace Divine,
I suffer all thy Holy Will.
6. I come, if Thou my Strength restore,
To serve thee with my Strength renew'd;
Grant me but This (I ask no more)
To spend, and to be spent for GOD.

II.⁸⁶

1. Hail, great Physician of Mankind!
Jesus Thou art from Every Ill,

⁸⁵Appears also in MS Clarke, 124; and MS Shent, 151a. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:260–61.

⁸⁶Appears also in MS Clarke, 125; and MS MS Shent, 151a–151b. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:261–62.

Health in Thine only Name we find;
Thy Name doth in the Med'cine heal.

2. Thy Name the fainting Soul restores,
Strength to the languid Body brings,
Renews exhausted Nature's Powers,
And bears us as on Eagle's Wings.
3. Faith in Thy Sovereign Name I have,
And wait it's healing Power to know,
Assur'd, that It my Flesh shall save,
Till all thy Work is done below.
4. Then, Saviour, for my Spirit call,
My Spirit all-conform'd to Thine,
And let This Tabernacle fall
To rise rebuilt by Hands Divine.

III.⁸⁷

1. Jesus, was ever Love like Thine,
So strong, and permanent, and pure!
Strange Mys'try This of Love Divine
That Stripes should heal, and sickness cure.
2. How costly was the Med'cine, Lord!
The Med'cine which thy Wounds supplied;
That I might live⁸⁸ to Health restor'd,
My Lamb, my good Physician died.
3. My GOD, my All, O Christ, Thou art,
On Thee for Every Good I call,
Thy Death shall Life and Strength impart,
O Christ, Thou art my GOD my All.

⁸⁷Appears also in MS Clarke, 125–27; and MS Shent, 151b–152a. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:262–63.

⁸⁸Ori., “~~be~~.” Wesley changed to “live.”

4. Let Others to the Creature fly
I still betake me to thy Blood,
I on Thy only Blood rely,
For Life,⁸⁹ for Physic, and for Food.
5. Thy Blood did all my Sorrows calm,
And ease the Anguish of my Soul,
And when I ask for Gilead's Balm,
It still is near to make me whole.
6. Thy powerful Blood shall cloath again,
My feeble Flesh with Strength renew'd;
Sorrow, and Malady, and Pain
Shall fly before thy powerful Blood.
7. Whate'er my Heavenly Father wills
Thro' Faith in Thee I still receive,
Thy Blood my every Promise seals,
And quicken'd by thy Blood I live.
8. Thy Blood shall wash me white as Snow,
It now hath brought me near to GOD,
And all my Gifts and Blessings flow
Thro' the dear Channel of thy Blood.
- 9.⁹⁰ To buy, and make me free indeed
The Ransom of thy Blood was given,
For me thy Blood on Earth was shed,
And now it interceeds in Heaven.
10. It speaks to GOD, my GOD, for me,
For me obtains whate'er is best:
And lo! the Bleeding Lamb I see,
And in Thy Wounds forever rest.

⁸⁹The scribe left a blank as follows: "For [] for." Wesley added "Life," in the blank.

⁹⁰Stanza 9 has been added in Charles Wesley's hand. Since stanza 10 is in the hand of the scribe, this suggests that stanza 9 had not been completed yet in MS Clarke at the time this copy was made.

[Untitled.]⁹¹

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'rewhelm'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 Foul 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're the Griefs between,
And snatch the Death for which I call;
Or let me into Nothing fall,
 To 'scape the Hell of Sin.

⁹¹Appears also in MS Clarke, 127–29. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:111–112.

6. Struggles my Soul, and gasps for Ease,
In more than mortal Agonies,
 A living Death I bear,
I wish—I would—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 Water 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, spight of all, increase;
What then can make thy Burnings cease
 A Drop of Jesus' Blood.

For One fallen from Grace.⁹²

1. Fallen from Thy Pardning Grace
 How shall I for Mercy cry?
How presume to seek thy Face
 I, the deep Revolter I!
Harden'd in my Sins I am,
 Conscience I alas have none,
Lost my Sense of Guilt and Shame;
 All my Heart is turn'd to Stone.
2. Now I sin without Remorse,
 Greedily my Death drink down,

⁹²Appears also in MS Clarke, 129–32. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:102–104.

Now I as the headlong Horse
Violently in Sin rush on,
Shipwreck'd is my Faith and Hope,
All my Pangs, I find, are o're,
Doubly dead, and rooted up,
Godly Sorrow is no more.

3. Once I could lament my State,
At the Feet of Jesus cast,
Now my Sins have lost their Weight,
All that blessed Grief is past,
Conscience sear'd no longer cries;
Senseless I of Ruin near
See my Doom with Stony Eyes,
Eyes that cannot drop a Tear.
4. O that I at once had gone,
Singly damn'd to my own Place!
O that I had never known
Christ, The Way of Righteousness!
Less my Punishment had been
Had his Blood been ne'er applied,
Had I perish'd in my Sin,
Unconcern'd in Egypt died.
5. Desp'rate Soul, what must I do!
Damn'd I am, while here I breathe,
Who shall now deliver? who
Can redeem me from this Death?
Jesus, Thou art still the Way,
Now as yesterday the same,
Could I but for Mercy pray,
Coming as at first I came.
6. Fallen as I am, once more,
Friend of Sinners, look on me,

To my Lost Estate restore,
Let me know my Misery,
Let me now ev'n Now Begin,
As when first I sought thy Face,
See the Sinfulness of Sin,
Feel the Want of Pardning Grace.

7. Give me back my Guilty Load,
Give me back my earnest Moans,
Restless thirstings after GOD,
Deep unutterable Groans,
Plaintive Wailings, humble Fears,
Griefs which Tongue cannot declare,
All the Eloquence of Tears,
All the Prevalence of Prayer.

8. Saviour, Prince, enthron'd on high
Penitence and Peace to give,
Cast, O cast a pitying Eye,
Breathe, and these dry Bones shall live,
I shall at thy Word repent,
Let but thy good Spirit blow,
My hard Heart shall still relent,
Waters from the Rock shall flow.

9. Look with that Expressive Look
Full of Pity as Thou art!
Look, as when thy Pity broke
Poor unfaithful Peter's Heart;
Kindly for my Sin upbraid
Me who have my Lord denied,
Him who suffer'd in my stead,
Him who for his Murtherer died.

10. Jesus, Master, dying Lord,
Infinite thy Mercies are,
Let me be again restor'd,
Once again thy Mercies share;
And that I the Grace may keep,
Never more my Lord deny,
Bid, me Now, this Moment weep,
Weep, believe, and love, and die.

[Untitled.]⁹³

1. O All-loving Lamb,
A Sinner I am,
And come, as a Sinner, thy Mercy to claim.
2. With Joy I embrace,
The Pardon and Grace
Thy Passion hath purchas'd for all the Lost Race.
3. For Sinners like me
Thy Mercy is free;
O who would not love such a Saviour as Thee?
4. Yet long I withstood,
And fled from my GOD,
But Mercy pursued with the Cry of thy Blood.
5. It challeng'd it's Stray,
And forc'd me to stay,
And wash'd all my Sins in a Moment away.
6. I felt it applied,
And joyfully cried,
Me me Thou hast⁹⁴ lov'd, and for me Thou hast⁹⁵ died.

⁹³Appears also in MS Clarke, 132–33; and MS Shent, 120b–121a. Published in *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 62–63.

⁹⁴From MS Clarke, the scribe copied Wesley's alternate word "Thou" and correctly copied "hath"; Wesley then changed "hath" to "hast."

⁹⁵From MS Clarke, the scribe copied Wesley's alternate word "Thou" and correctly copied "hath"; Wesley then changed "hath" to "hast."

7. How mighty Thou art,
 O Love, to convert!
 Thou only could conquer so stubborn an Heart.
8. The Love of GOD-Man
 Alone could constrain
 And force such a Rebel to love thee again.
9. But surely at last
 Thy Goodness I taste,
 My Soul on thy Goodness forever I cast.
10. Thy Goodness I praise,
 I sing of thy Grace,
 And joyfully live out my few happy Days.
11. And when thy dear Love
 From Earth shall⁹⁶ remove
 O then I shall sing like the Angels above.
12. Yet there when I am,
 My Work is the same
 T' ascribe my Salvation to GOD and the Lamb.
13. Salvation to GOD
 Will I publish abroad,
 And make Heaven ring with the Cry of thy Blood.
14. The Lamb that was slain
 Lo! He liveth again,
 And I with my Jesus Eternally reign.

[Untitled.]⁹⁷

1. All ye that pass by
 To Jesus draw nigh;
 To You is it Nothing that Jesus should die?

⁹⁶Ori., “me.” Wesley changed to “shall.”

⁹⁷Appears also in MS Clarke, 134–35; and MS Shent, 120a–120b. Published in *Festival Hymns* (1746), 8–10; and *HSP* (1749), 1:87–88.

2. Your Ransom and Peace,
 Your Surety He is,
 Come, see if there ever was Sorrow like His!
3. For what you have done
 His Blood must atone,
 The Father hath punish'd for You His dear Son.
4. The Lord in the Day
 Of His Anger did lay,
 Our Sins on the Lamb; and He bore them away.
5. He answer'd for All;
 O come at His Call,
 And low at His Cross with Astonishment fall.
6. But lift up your Eyes
 At Jesus's Cries;
 Impassive He suffers, I[m]ortal He dies.
7. He dies to atone
 For Sins not His own;
 Our Debt He hath paid, and our Work He hath done.
8. Ye All may receive
 The Peace He did leave,
 He made Intercession My Father forgive!
9. For You and for me
 He pray'd on the Tree;
 The Prayer is accepted, the Sinner is free.
10. The Sinner am I
 Who on Jesus rely,
 And come for the Pardon GOD⁹⁸ cannot deny.
11. My Pardon I claim,
 For a Sinner I am,
 A Sinner believing in Jesus' Name.

⁹⁸Ori., "He." Wesley changed to "GOD."

12. He purchas'd the Grace
 Which now I embrace;
 O Father, Thou knowst He hath died in my Place.
13. His Death is my Plea;
 My Advocate see,
 And hear the Blood speak that hath answer'd for me.
14. Acquitted I was,
 When He bled on the Cross,
 And by losing His Life He hath carried my Cause.

[Untitled.]⁹⁹

1. My GOD I am Thine
 What a Comfort Divine¹⁰⁰
 What a Blessing to know that my Jesus is Mine.
2. In Thee my dear Lamb
 Thrice happy I am,
 My Heart it doth dance¹⁰¹ to the Sound of thy Name.
3. True Pleasures abound
 In the rapturous Sound;
 Whoever hath found it hath Paradise found.
4. My Jesus to know,
 And feel his Blood flow,
 'Tis Life Everlasting, 'tis Heaven below.
5. Yet onward I haste
 To the Heavenly Feast;
 That, that is the Fulness, but This is the Taste.

⁹⁹Appears also in MS Clarke, 136; and MS Shent, 121a–121b. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:219–20.

¹⁰⁰MS Clarke reads “What Comfort Divine.” The scribe copied correctly; Wesley then changed to “What a Comfort Divine.”

¹⁰¹Ori., “~~And dances~~ my Heart.” Wesley changed to “My Heart it doth dance.”

6. And This I shall prove
Till with Joy I remove,
To the Heaven of Heavens of Jesus' Love.

[Untitled.]¹⁰²

1. O Jesus, my Rest,
How unspeakably blest
Is the Sinner that comes to be hid in thy Breast!
2. I come at thy Call,
At thy Feet lo! I fall,
I believe, I confess thee my GOD and my All.
3. Thou art Mary's good Part,
The Thing needful Thou art,
The Desire of my Eyes, and the Joy of my Heart.
4. My Comfort and Stay,
My Life, and my Way,
My Crown of Rejoicing in that Happy Day.
5. Health, Pardon, and Peace
In Thee I possess;
I *can* have nothing more, I *will* have nothing less.
6. I stand in Thy Might,
I walk in Thy Light,
And all Heaven I claim in Thy GOD-giving Right.

[Untitled.]¹⁰³

1. My Jesus, my Lamb,
All Weakness I am,
But Strength and Salvation is found in thy Name.

¹⁰²Appears also in MS Clarke, 136–37; and MS Shent, 121b. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:220.

¹⁰³Appears also in MS Clarke, 137–38; and MS Shent, 181b–182a. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:223–24.

2. I come for the Grace
Thy Father did place
On Thee for myself, and for all the lost Race.
3. Be near to defend;
Continue my Friend,
I know Thou hast lov'd me; but love to the End.
4. My Safeguard Thou art,
And shou'dst Thou depart,
I fall, and am lost by my own Evil Heart.
5. But, I trust, Thou wilt stay,
Till I see the glad Day
When thy Blood shall have wash'd all my Evil away.
6. I have Faith in thy Blood,
It hath brought me to GOD,
And I in Thine Image shall soon be renew'd.
7. I shall throughly be clean,
And all-holy within;
Thine Image can harbour no Relicks of Sin.
8. Of Pardon possest;
Yet can I not rest
In this Gift; but earnestly covet the Best.
9. The Best I shall prove,
When perfect in Love
I serve Thee on Earth as the Angels above.
10. This, This is the Prize,
To Perfection I rise,
And walk before GOD, till I fly to the Skies.

[Untitled.]¹⁰⁴

1. My Saviour, and King,
Thy Conquests I sing;
Goliath is slain with a Stone and a Sling.
2. Thine Arm did or'ethrow
And laid my Sin low,
And now in thy Strength I can tread on the Foe.
3. The World and it's God
Are more than subdued;
I have Faith, O my Lamb, I have Faith in thy Blood.
4. Thy Blood makes us clean,
Both without and within,
It conquers the World, and the Devil, and Sin.
5. By the Blood of the Lamb
The Martyrs o'recame;
And its Virtue is now and forever the same.
6. It washes the Foul,
It makes the Sick whole
And hallows, and perfects the Penitent Soul.
7. I have felt it applied,
The Life-giving Tide
Hath brought me to GOD, and in GOD I abide.
8. I shall feel it again,
Washing out the Old Stain,
Then away with your Spots, for not One shall remain.
9. My Lord from above
Shall the Mountain remove,
And I then shall be sinless, and perfect in Love.

¹⁰⁴Appears also in MS Clarke, 138–39; and MS Shent, 182a–182b. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:224–25.

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Waiting for Redemption.¹

1. Brim full of all Evil, and void of all Good,
Heavy laden with Guilt, and o'rewhelm'd with the Load,
At Jesus's Feet a meer Sinner I lie,
A Sinner at Jesus' Feet Cannot die.

2. Sick of every Disease that a Spirit can know
I out of myself for a Remedy go;
The Remedy gushes from Jesus's Side,
And my Soul shall be heal'd when the Blood is applied.

¹Appears also in MS Clarke, 142. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:245; and *Representative Verse*, 179–80.

[Untitled.]²

1. Cover'd with guilty Shame
 O whither shall I fly?
Full of the Curse of Sin I am,
 With no Deliverance nigh;
 My Punishment is now
 Greater than I can bear,
Beneath the Weight I faint, and bow,
 And sink into Despair.

2. Drunken, but not with Wine,
 I stagger to and fro,
The bitter Cup of Wrath Divine
 Doth all my Soul o'reflow;
 Entangled in a Net
 As a Wild Bull I lie,
And struggle with my Pain, and fret,
 And wish in vain to die.

3. O who shall Help afford,
 Or ease my Misery?
Full of the Fury of the Lord,
 O who can pity me?
 The Sin-avenging Rod
 I every Moment feel,
The Arrows of Almighty GOD,
 The Antepast of Hell.

4. I lift my weary Eyes,
 And drop their Lids again,

²Appears also in MS Clarke, 143–44. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:109–111.

No Hope, or Answer from the Skies,
No Respite of my Pain;
Forever clos'd I see
The Door of Faith and Prayer,
Nothing alas! remains for me
But Torment and Despair.

5. I throw mine Eyes around,
That witness huge Dismay,
No secret Place for me is found
From Sin to 'scape away:
Ah! woe is me, constrain'd
With Human Fiends to dwell,
Held down, and horribly detain'd
Amidst the Toils of Hell.

6. O Earth, Earth, Earth attend
(Since Heaven rejects my Prayer)
Open thy Mouth, and kindly end
My Ag'onny of Despair,
Of Guilt, and Shame, and Sin,
Of Fear and Grief Unknown;
Open thy Mouth, and take me in,
And swallow up Thy own.

7. Cover, O Earth, my Blood,
And never more disclose,
A Wretch that flies to Thee, pursued
By Human Hellish Foes:
O that I could but fall,
And die out of their Power,
Die into Nothing Now—die All—
And sin—and Be no more!

Daniel 9.³

1. O GOD, the great, the fearful GOD,
To Thee we humbly sue for Peace,
Groaning beneath a Nation's Load,
And crush'd by our own Wickedness
Our Guilt we tremble to declare,
And pour out our sad Souls in Prayer.
2. Thee we revere, the faithful Lord,
Keeping the Cov'enant of thy Grace,
True to Thine Everlasting Word,
Loving to All who seek thy Face,
And keep thy kind Commands, and prove
Their Faith by their Obedient Love.
3. But we have only Evil wrought,
Have done to our good GOD despight,
Rebellious with our Maker fought,
And sinn'd against the Gospel-light,
Departed from His righteous Ways,
And fallen, fallen from His Grace.
4. We have not hearken'd to the Word,
Thy Prophets and Apostles spoke,
In Them we disobey'd their Lord,
Our Princes have cast off the Yoke,
Our Kings thy Sovereign Will withstood,
Our Fathers have denied their GOD.
5. The Rich and Poor, the High and Low
Have trampled on thy mild Command,
The Floods of Wickedness o'reflow,
And deluge all our⁴ guilty Land,

³Appears also in MS Clarke, 145–49. Published in *Hymns for Times of Trouble and Persecution* (1744), 3–6.

⁴MS Clarke reads “the.” The scribe copied correctly; Wesley then changed to “our.”

People and Priest lie drown'd in Sin,
And Tophet yawns to take us in.

6. Righteousness, Lord, belongs to Thee,
But Guilt to us and foul Disgrace,
Confusion, Shame, and Misery
Is due to all our faithless Race,
Scatter'd by Sin where'er we rove,
Vile Rebels 'gainst thy Pard'ning Love.
7. Confusion, Misery, and Shame
Our loudly-crying Sins require,
Our Princes, Kings, and Fathers claim,
Their Portion in Eternal Fire,
For All the downward Path have trod,
For all have sinn'd against our GOD.
8. But O! Forgivenesses are Thine,
Far above all our Hearts conceive,
The Glorious Property Divine
Is still to pity and forgive,
With Thee is full Redemption found,
And Grace doth more than Sin abound.
9. All may in Thee our Gracious Lord
Forgivenesses and Mercies find,
Tho' we Thy Warnings have abhor'd,
And cast thy Precepts all behind,
The Voice Divine refus'd t' obey,
And started from thy Plainest Way.
10. All Israel have transgress'd thy Law,
And therefore did the Curse take place,

Our Sins did all thy Judgments draw,
In Showers, on our devoted Race,
Thou hast fulfill'd thy Threatning Word;
We bear the Fury of the Lord.

11. Justly we all Thine Anger bear,
Chastiz'd for our Iniquity,
Yet made we not our humble Prayer,
Yet have we not return'd to Thee,
Renounc'd our Sins, or long'd to prove
The Truth of thy Forgiving Love.
12. Therefore the Lord, the jealous GOD
Hath watch'd to bring the Evil Day,
Bruis'd us with His Avenging Rod
Who would not His Still Voice obey,
Righteous is GOD in all his Ways,
We have refus'd His Pardning Grace.
13. Yet now, O Lord our GOD, at last
Our Sins and Wickedness we own;
We call to mind the Mercies past,
The antient Days of thy Renown,
The Wonders Thou for us hast wrought,
Thy Arm which out of Egypt brought.
14. O Lord, according to thy Love,
Thy utmost Power of Love we pray
Thine Anger, and thy Wrath remove;
Turn from Jerusalem away
The Curse and Punishment we feel,
Thou knowst, we are thy People still.

15. The Holy Mountain of our GOD,
The City Thou hast built below,
Thy People, tho' disperst-abroad,
A Proverb of Reproach, and Woe,
We have our Father's Sins fill'd up,
And drunk the bitter trembling Cup.
16. Now then acknowledge us for Thine,
Our GOD regard thy Servant's Prayer,
And cause on Us thy Face to shine,
The Ruins of thy Church repair,
O for the sake of Christ the Lord,
Let all our Souls be now restor'd.
17. My GOD, incline thine Ear, and hear,
Open thine Eyes our Wasts⁵ to see,
Thy fallen des'late Sion cheer,
The City which is nam'd by Thee,
Not for our Cry the Grace be shewn,
But hear, in Jesus hear Thine own.
18. All our Desert, we own, is Hell,
But spare us for thy Mercy's sake,
We humbly to thy Grace appeal,
And Jesus' Wounds our Refuge make,
O let us all thy Mercy prove,
The Riches of thy Pard'ning Love.
19. O Lord, attend, O Lord forgive,
O Lord, regard our Prayer, and do,
Haste, O my GOD, and bid us live,
The Fulness of thy Mercy shew,
Thy City and thy People own,
And perfect all our Souls in One.

⁵I.e., "Wastes."

[Untitled.]⁶

1. All Praise to the Lamb,
Accepted I am,
I am bold to believe in my Jesus' Name.
2. Strength and Righteousness,
And Pardon and Peace
In the Lord my Redeemer I surely possess.
3. In thy Blood I confide
Thy Blood is applied
For me Thou hast suffer'd, for me Thou hast died.
4. My Peace it is made,
My Ransom is paid,
My Soul on thy Bloody Atonement is stay'd.
5. Not a Doubt can arise,
To darken the Skies,
Or hide for a Moment my Lord from my Eyes.
6. In Thee I am blest,
I lean on thy Breast,
And lo! in thy Wounds I continually rest.
7. My Cup it runs o're;
I have Comfort and Power
I have Pardon: what can a poor Sinner have more.
8. He can have a New Heart,
So as never to start
From thy Paths; He may be in the World as Thou art.
9. He may be without Sin,
All holy, and clean
He may be as his Master, all-glorious within.

⁶Appears also in MS Clarke, 150–51; and MS Shent, 181a–181b. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:221–22.

10. Without Blemish, or Blot,
Without Wrinkle, or Spot,
Without Power to offend thee in Deed, Word, or Thought.
11. The Promise is sure,
It shall always endure,
And I as my GOD, shall be sinless and pure.
12. My Faith's Finisher
Again shalt appear,
And I in thy Love shall be perfected here.
13. I aim at the Prize,
It is now in my Eyes,
To Perfection I press, to Perfection I rise.
14. I seek and pursue;
I shall find the Pearl too,
My GOD who hath promis'd is faithful and true.
15. Thee, Lord, I receive,
And to me Thou shalt give
A Power without Sin in Thine Image to live.
16. Thine Image is Love,
And I surely shall prove
That Holy Delight of the Angels above.
17. Less cannot suffice
Than the Pearl of great Price;
Speak, Lord, and I now in thy Likeness shall rise.
18. I am sure it shall be,
I shall walk before Thee,
And be perfect in GOD, when my GOD is in me.

[Untitled.]⁷

1. O Saviour, whose Blood
For Sinners hath flow'd,
I believe Thou hast suffer'd to bring me to GOD.
2. My Goodness Thou art,
Impute and impart
Thy Virtue to quiet, and hallow my Heart.
3. The Infinite Store
Of thy Merits runs or'e,
For me Thou hast purchas'd Forgiveness and more.
4. I believe Thou hast died
To redeem me from Pride,
From Anger, Desire,⁸ and all Evil beside.
5. And shall I not live
In full Hope to receive
All the Graces and Blessings which Thou hast to give?
6. Can it anger the Lamb,
That I trust in thy Name
Jesus to the utmost, forever the same.
7. Do I injure thy Blood
When I trust, the pure Flood
Shall cleanse from All Sin, and then waft me to GOD?
8. Nay, nay but I feel
Tis after Thy Will,
That thy Goodness should all my Infirmities heal.
9. The Promise is sure
To the helpless and poor,
Their Souls, as their Bodies, Thou throughly canst cure.

⁷Appears also in MS Clarke, 152–53; and MS Shent, 182b–183a. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:225–26.

⁸MS Clarke reads “and Lust.” The scribe copied correctly; Wesley then changed to “Desire.”

10. Thou hast heal'd me in part,
 And ready Thou art
 To fill up my Faith, and possess all my Heart.
11. Thou art just to thy Word,
 And I shall be restor'd
 And holy, and perfect, and pure as my Lord.
- 12.⁹ In patience I wait
 For my GOD to create,
 And restore me on Earth to my Sinless Estate.
13. My Faith is not vain,
 I am sure to regain
 His Image, and Lord of His Creature to reign.
14. I to GOD shall be join'd
 In Heart and in Mind,
 And again in my Jesus my Paradice find!

⁹Stanzas 12–14 are in Charles Wesley's hand. It appears there were only 11 stanzas in MS Clarke at the time this hymn was copied by the scribe into MS Cheshunt. Wesley then added these stanzas both here and in MS Clarke with slight variation.

[Untitled.]¹⁰

1. O Lamb of GOD, to Thee
In deep Distress I flee,
Thou didst purge my guilty Stain,
Didst for All Atonement make,
Take away my Sin and Pain,
Save me for thy Mercy 'sake.
2. Thy Mercy is my Prop,
And bears my Weakness up,
Full of Evil as I am,
Fuller Thou of Pard'ning Grace,
Jesus is Thy Healing Name,
Saviour of the Sinful Race.
3. For thy own sake I pray
Take all my Sins away;
Other Refuge have I none,
None do I desire beside,
Thou hast died for All t' atone,
Thou for me, for me hast died.
4. Hast died, that I might live,
Might all thy Life receive,
Hasten, Lord, my Heart prepare,
Bring thy Death and Sufferings in,
Tare¹¹ away, my Idols tare,
Save me, save me from my Sin.
5. O bid it all depart
This Unbelief of Heart,
All my Mountain-sins remove,
Wrath, Concupiscence, and Pride,

¹⁰Appears also in MS Clarke, 154–55; and MS Shent, 117a–117b. Published in *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 33–34.

¹¹I.e., “Tear.”

Cast them out by perfect Love,
Save me who for me hast died.

6. This, this is all my Plea,
 Thy Blood was shed for me,
Shed to wash my Conscience clean,
 Shed to purify my Heart,
Shed to purge me from All Sin
 Shed to make me As Thou art.

7. O that the Cleansing Tide
 Were now, ev'n now applied,
Plunge me in the Crimson Flood,
 Drown my Sins in the Red-sea,
Bring me now, ev'n now to GOD,
 Swallow up my Soul in Thee.

[Untitled.]¹²

1. Still, O Lamb, to Thee I pray,
 I, the vile Backslider I,
Take, O take my Sins away,
 Haste thy Healing Blood t' apply,
Bid the Power of Sin depart,
Drop thy Blood upon my Heart.
2. Weary, weary, and opprest
 Shall I come to Thee in vain?
Wilt Thou, Lord, deny me Rest?
 Canst Thou leave me to my Pain
Crush'd by my own Misery
Perishing for Want of Thee!

¹²Appears also in MS Clarke, 155–56; and MS Shent, 118a. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:133–34.

3. Lord, I cannot let Thee go,
Till Thou give me back my Peace,
Wilt Thou not the Grace bestow
Wilt Thou not my Sins dismiss,
From the Guilt and Power set free;
Justify the Damn'd in me!

- 4.¹³ If Thou All Compassion art,
If to me thy Bowels move,
Trouble, and make soft my Heart,
Melt it by thy Pardning Love,
Now from all my Sins release,
Raise, and bid me go in Peace.

¹³This stanza is in Charles Wesley's hand. It appears there were only three stanzas in MS Clarke at the time this hymn was copied by the scribe into MS Cheshunt. Wesley then added this stanza both here and in MS Clarke.

[blank]

- 8.¹⁶ Father, Thou knowst He bought my Peace,
My Life, and Health, and Liberty,
My present and Eternal Bliss;
He purchas'd all Thou art for me.
9. Assur'd thy Fulness to receive,
With earnest calm Desire I wait,
For All Thou hast in Christ to give
The Glories of my First Estate.
10. I trust thy Image to regain,
Whate'er Thou hast to Sinners giv'n,
All, all I shall in Christ obtain
Pardon, and Paradiſe, and Heaven.

¹⁶Stanzas 8–10 are in Charles Wesley's hand. It appears there were only seven stanzas in MS Clarke at the time this hymn was copied by the scribe into MS Cheshunt. Wesley then added these stanzas both here and in MS Clarke with slight variation.

[Untitled.]¹⁷

1. Come, Lord, from above,
The Mountains remove,
Overturn all that hinders the Course of thy Love.
2. My Bosom inspire,
Inkindle the Fire,
And wrapp my whole Soul in the Flames of Desire.
3. I languish and pine
For the Comfort Divine
O when shall I say My Beloved is Mine!
4. I have chose the Good Part,
My Portion Thou art,
O Love, I have found Thee, O¹⁸ GOD, in my Heart.
5. For This my Heart sighs,
Nothing else can suffice:
O how shall I purchase this Pearl of great Price.
6. How should it be bought?
Thou knowst I have Nought,
Not an Action, a Word, or a truly good Thought.
7. But I hear a Voice say,
Receive it ye may
Without money, whoever have Nothing to pay.
8. The Blessing is free:
So, Lord, let it be,
I yield that thy Love should be given to me.
9. I freely receive
What Thou freely dost give,
And wait in thy Love, in thy Image to live.

¹⁷Appears also in MS Clarke, 160–61; and MS Shent, 113a–113b. Published (with one additional stanza) in *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 6–7.

¹⁸Ori., “with.” Wesley changed to “O.”

10. The Gift I embrace,
The Giver I praise,¹⁹
And ascribe my Salvation to Jesus's Grace.
11. He comes from above;
The Foretast I prove,
And I soon shall receive All thy Fulness of Love.

[Untitled.]²⁰

1. O GOD of all Grace,
Thy Goodness we praise;
Thy Son Thou hast given to die in our Place.
2. With Joy we approve
The Design of Thy Love;
Tis a Wonder on Earth, and a Wonder above.
3. Tongue cannot explain
That Love of GOD-Man
Which the Angels desire to look into in vain.
4. It dazzles our Eyes;
Thought cannot arise
To find out a Cause why The Infinite dies.
5. Him His Pity inclin'd
To die for Mankind;
But the Ground of His Pity what Seraph can find?
6. He came from above
Our Curse to remove;
The Saviour hath lov'd us, because He *Would* love.
7. Love mov'd Him to die,
And on This we rely;

¹⁹Ori., "bless." Wesley changed to "praise."

²⁰Appears also in MS Clarke, 161–62, 165; and MS Shent, 183b–184a (with one additional stanza). Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:226–28.

The Saviour hath lov'd us we cannot tell why.

8. But This we can tell,
He hath lov'd us so well
As to lay down His Life to redeem us from Hell.
9. He hath ransom'd our Race;
O how shall we praise,
Or worthily sing Thy Unspeakable Grace.
10. Nothing else will we know
In our Journey below,
But singing thy Grace to thy Paradise go.
11. Nay, and when we remove
To the Mansions above,
Our Heaven²¹ shall still be to sing of thy Love.
- 12.²² Thrice happy Employ!
We there shall enjoy
A Fulness of Pleasure which never shall cloy.
13. The Heavenly Quire
With us shall aspire,
And gladly our Loving Redeemer admire.
14. To tell of thy Grace,
The Angels shall raise
(Yet ever come short in) their Loftiest Lays.
15. Our Song shall commend
The Love of our Friend,
And always beginning it never shall end.

²¹Ori., "Employment." Wesley changed to "Our Heaven."

²²Stanzas 12–19 are in Charles Wesley's hand. It appears there were only 11 stanzas in MS Clarke at the time this hymn was copied by the scribe into MS Cheshunt. Wesley then added these stanzas both here and in MS Clarke with slight variation.

16. When Time is no more,
 Our Hearts shall adore,
 That Ocean of Love without Bottom or Shore.
17. For This do we wait:
 Come, Lord, and translate
 Our Souls to their perfectly-glorious Estate.
18. E'erlong we shall fly
 To the Regions on high,
 For Israel's Strength cannot vary, or lie.
19. He soon shall appear;
 He more than draws near,
 Our Jesus is come, and Eternity's here!

[Untitled.]²³

1. To whom but Thee, thou bleeding Lamb,
Should I for Help apply?
Still in the Toils of Death I am,
And Sin is always nigh.
2. But Thou, my Lord, art nigher still
Throughout the Fiery Hour,
To rescue me from my own Will
Till I Can sin no more.
3. O were thy Sufferings on the Tree
Into my Soul brought in!
O that thy Death might work in me
A perfect Death to Sin!
4. Me to Thy suffering Self conform,
The Mortal Power impart,
Pity a poor weak lab'ring Worm,
And wash my guilty Heart.
5. Thou knowst on Works, and Means, and Men,
No longer I rely,
I never never can be clean
Till Thou thy Blood apply.
6. My only Trust is in thy Blood
Which purges Every Stain:
Bring in, dear Lord, the purer Flood,
Nor let my Faith be vain.
7. Faith in thy Blood, Thou seest, I have,
For Thou the Grace hast given,

²³Appears also in MS Shent, 80a–80b. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:187–89. This is the first hymn in MS Cheshunt in the hand of the second scribe. This scribe is responsible for the hymns from this point through page 171 (except pp. 165–66).

Thy Blood from all my Sin shall save,
And speak me up to Heaven.

8. Thy Blood shall quench this Fire of Hell
Which now I feel within,
Thy Blood my sinsick Soul shall heal,
And wash out all my Sin.
9. In Hope believing against Hope
Till then I look to Thee;
I see Thee, Saviour, lifted up
For all Mankind, and me.
10. Determin'd Nothing else to know
But Jesus Crucified
I cannot from my Jesus go
Or leave thy Wounded Side.
11. Thou wilt not let me hence depart
Till all thy Death I prove,
Redeem'd from Sin, and pure in Heart,
And perfected in Love.
12. The Anchor of my stedfast Hope
Within the Veil I cast,
Thy dying Love shall hold me up
Till all the Storms are past.
13. Only because Thou di'dst for me,
I trust on This alone,
And look in Life and Death to be
With Thee forever One.

[Untitled.]²⁴

1. O Jesus, at Thy Feet we wait
Till Thou shalt bid us rise
Restor'd to our Unsinning State,
In Lov[e]'s sweet Paradise.
2. Saviour from Sin we The[e] receive
From all Indwelling Sin,
Thy Word we stedfastly believe,
Shall make us throughly clean.
3. Still we continue in Thy Word,
Our Faith by Works we shew,
Expecting to be as our Lord,
And all the Truth to know.
4. The Truth that makes us free indeed,
The Living Truth Divine
The Glorious fulness of our Head
Shall in His Members shine.
5. Lord we Believe and wait the Hour
That brings the Promis'd Grace
When born of GOD we sin no more,
But always see Thy Face.
6. Since Thou woudst have us free from Sin,
And pure as Those above,
Make haste to bring Thy Nature in
And perfect us in Love.
7. The Counsel of thy Grace fulfill
Come quickly, dearest Lord,

²⁴Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:189–90.

Be it according to Thy Will,
According to Thy Word.

8. According to our Faith in Thee
Let it to us be done,
O that we All Thy Face might see,
And know as we are known.
9. O that the Perfect Gift were given,
The Love diffus'd abroad;
O that our Hearts were All an Heaven
Forever fill'd with GOD.

[Untitled.]²⁵

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!

²⁵Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:117–19.

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 unrenew'd
To wish for Death—to meet my Doom
 And perish in my Blood!
 Ev'n now (but GOD denies
 My foolish Hearts Desire)
I should be lifting [up] mine 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 would, I would, 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 Dispair:
 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. [unfinished²⁶]

²⁶Stanza 8 is added in the version published in *HSP* (1749).

In Temptation.²⁷

- [1.] How oft shall I beseech Thee, Lord,
How long in Anguish pray
Be mindful of thy changeless Word,
And take my Sin away.
- [2.] The Thorn which in my Flesh I feel,
O bid it hence depart,
This inbred Messenger of Hell
Command it from my Heart.
- [3.] These cruel Buffetings of Sin
I can no longer bear,
I sink beneath this War within,
And perish in Despair.
- [4.] O save me, save me from this Hour,
The dying Sinner save,
Nor let the greedy Pit devour,
Nor let me see the Grave.
- [5.] The Grave of Hell stands open wide
To swallow up its Prey;
Jesu, preserve my Soul, and hide,
Throughout the Fiery Day.
- [6.] O send me from thy holy Place
The Help laid up on Thee,
Assure me that thy Saving Grace
Sufficient is for me.
- [7.] Sufficient to restrain²⁸ from Sin,
While fierce Temptations last,

²⁷Appears also in MS Shent, 78a–78b. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:183–85.

²⁸Ori., “~~restore~~.” Wesley changed to “restrain.”

To save me from the Storm within,
Till all the Storm is past.

[8.] Is not thy Power divinely shewn
In Man's Infirmary?
Make all thy great Salvation known,
Perfect thy Strength in me.

[9.] A weaker Worm did never yet
Thy promis'd Aid implore,
O hide me from the Storm and Heat,
Till Sin subsists no more.

[10.] Safe in the Lion's Den I lie,
If Thou their Rage restrain,
I pass thro' Floods, if Thou art nigh,
And in the Flames remain.

[11.] Unhurt I bear the Fiery Test,
And in the Furnace shine,
That upon me the²⁹ Power may rest,
The Power of Love Divine.

[12.] Surely I shall as Gold come forth,
When Thou my Faith hast tried,
Transform'd into my Saviour's Worth,
And seventimes purified.

[13.] A Sinner now condemn'd and lost
My Misery I confess,
Or rather will I gladly boast
Of my own Helplessness.

[14.] The GOD who doth from Sin restrain
Shall soon his Arm display,

²⁹Ori., "Thy." Wesley changed to "the."

His Presence shall with me remain,
The Glorious Shechinah.

[15.] Jesus shall pitch his Tent in me,
And never more remove,
And I shall as my Master be,
Renew'd in sinless Love.

[16.] Sure as I now his Cross sustain,
I soon³⁰ his Crown shall wear,
The Glory of my Lord obtain,
And reign forever there.

Another
[In Temptation].³¹

[1.] O GOD, thy Faithfulness I plead,
My present Help in Time of Need,
My great Deliverer Thou,
Haste to my Aid, thine Ear incline,
And rescue this poor Soul of mine,
I claim the Promise Now.

[2.] Thou wilt not leave me in the Snare,
Tempted above what I can bear,
With no Salvation nigh:
I *may* escape; Thou sayst I *may*;
I need not fall the Tempter's Prey,
I need not sin and die.

[3.] For thy own Truth and Mercy's sake,
Thou wilt with the Temptation make
A Way t' escape the Sin:
Thou wilt in Danger's latest Hour
Shew forth the Greatness of thy Power,
And bring thy Succours in.

³⁰Ori., "sure." Wesley changed to "soon."

³¹Appears also in MS Shent, 79a–79b. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:185–87.

- [4.] Where is the Way? Ah, shew me where,
That I the Mercy may declare
The Power that sets me free:
How can I my Destruction shun?
How can I from my Nature run?
Answer, O GOD for me.
- [5.] One only Way the erring Mind
Of Man, short-sighted Man, could find
From Inbred Sin to fly;
Stronger than Love (I fondly thought)
Death, only Death must cut the Knot
Which Love could not untie.
- [6.] But Thou, my Lord, art rich in Grace,
Thy Love can find a thousand Ways
To foolish Man unknown,
My Soul upon thy Love I cast,
I rest me, till the Storm is past,
Upon thy Love alone.
- [7.] Thy Mighty, wise, and faithful Love
Shall every Obstacle remove,
And make an open Way,
Thy Love shall burst the snares of Death,
And bear me from the Gulphs beneath
To everlasting Day.
- [8.] Lord, I believe Thee true and good,
My only Trust is in thy Blood,
I hear it speak for me;
And if my Soul is in thy Hands,
And if thy Word forever stands,
I cannot fall from Thee.

**Mat[t]. 5. 3–12.
The Beatitudes.³²**

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;
Tasts in every tainted Breath
Pride, and Self, and Sin, and Death! [10]

Who, ah, who deserves to feel
Never-ending Pains of 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 'twill cost,
More to save a Spirit lost.

What then wilt thou, Canst thou do?
Canst thou form Thyself anew?
Canst thou cleanse a spotted Heart,
Life to the dead Soul impart?
Canst Thou thy lost Powers restore,
Rise, go forth, and sin no more?

³²Appears also in MS Shent, 97a–99b. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:35–40.

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 Thee³³ the Kingdom given, [40]
Kingdom of an Inward Heaven,
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 thee³⁴ 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 unrenow'd,
Alien from the Life of GOD.

Mourn a while for GOD thy Rest,
GOD will soon pronounce Thee blest, [60]

³³Ori., "~~The~~." Wesley changed to "Thee."

³⁴Ori., "~~the~~." Wesley changed to "thee."

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 stedfast Peace,
Peace that never shall 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,
Entred 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,
Unrenew'd is still thy Heart, [90]
Still thy Heart is unrenew'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 all my³⁵ Heart renew,
“Take me now, possess me whole,
“Form the Saviour in my Soul,
“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.^[35]
Happy Soul, thy Suit is won,
As thou wilt it shall be done.

[100]

Happy Soul, who now renew’d,
GOD in Thee, and Thou in GOD,
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.

[110]

[120]

³⁵Ori., “my whole.” Wesley changed to “all my.”

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 in all things dost thou see,
GOD is All in All to Thee,
Heaven above, and Earth abroad
All to Thee is full of GOD.

Happy Thou, 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 Mourner 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]

Cast as Evil out thy Name,
Put thee to an open Shame;
Let Earth's Comforts be withdrawn,
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 Transports swell
Glorious and Unspeakable;
All in Earth well hast Thou given,
GOD is thy Reward in Heaven.

[160]

Primitive Christianity.³⁶

[Part I.]

- [1.] Happy the Souls who first believ'd,
To Jesus, and Each other cleav'd,
Join'd by the Unction from above
In Mystic Fellowship of Love.
- [2.] Meek simple Followers of the Lamb
They liv'd and spake, and thought the same,
Brake the Commemorative³⁷ Bread,
And drank the Spirit of their Head.
- [3.] On GOD they cast their every Care,
Wrestling with GOD in mighty Prayer
They claim'd³⁸ the Grace thro' Jesus given;
By Prayer they shut and open'd Heaven.
- [4.] To Jesus they perform'd their Vows,
A little Church in every House

³⁶Published in *Earnest Appeal to Men of Reason and Religion*, 2nd edn. (Bristol: Farley, 1743), 52–55; and *HSP* (1749), 2:333–36.

³⁷Ori., “Commemoratedive”; an error that was corrected.

³⁸Ori., “clam'd”; an error.

They Joyfully conspir'd to raise,
Their ceaseless Sacrifice of Praise.

[5.] Propriety was there unknown,
None call'd what he posses'd his own,
Where all the Common Blessing share,
No selfish Happiness was there.

[6.] With Grace abundantly indued
A Pure, Believing Multitude
They all were of one Heart and Soul,
And only Love inspir'd the whole.

[7.] O what an Age of Golden Days!
O what a Choice Peculiar Race!
Wash'd in the Lamb's all-cleansing Blood,
Anointed Kings and Priests to GOD.

[8.] Where shall I wander now to find,
The Successors they left behind?
The Faithful, whom I seek in Vain,
Seem minish'd from the Sons of Men.

[9.] Ye different Sects, who all declare
Lo! here is Christ, or Christ is There,
Your stronger Proofs Divinely give,
And *shew* me where the Christians live.

[10.] Your Claim alas! ye cannot prove,
Ye want the Genuine Mark of Love;
Thou only, Lord Thine own canst shew,
For sure Thou hast a Church below.

[11.] The Gates of Hell cannot prevail,
The Church on Earth can never fail:
Ah! Join me to Thy Secret Ones,
Ah! gather all Thy Living Stones.

- [12.] Scatter'd o're all the Earth they lie,
Till Thou collect them with Thine Eye,
Draw by the Musick of Thy Name,
And charm into a Beautious Frame.
- [13.] For This the Pleading Spirit groans,
And cries in all Thy Banish'd Ones,
Greatest of Gifts Thy Love impart,
And make us of One Mind and Heart.
- [14.] Join Every Soul who looks to Thee
In Bonds of perfect Charity³⁹
Now, Lord, the Glorious Fulness give,
And all in all forever live.

[Part] II.

- [1.] Jesus, from whom all Blessings flow,
Great Builder of Thy Church below,
If now Thy Spirit moves my Breast,
Hear and fulfil Thy own Request.
- [2.] The Few that truly call The[e] Lord,
And wait Thy Sanctifying Word,
And Thee their Utmost Saviour own—
Unite, and perfect them in One.
- [3.] Gather them in on every side
And in Thy Tabernacle hide,
Give them a Resting-place to find,
A Covert from the Storm and Wind.
- [4.] O find them out some calm Recess,
Some unfrequented Wilderness,
Thou Lord, the Secret Place prepare,
And hide and feed the Woman there.

³⁹The scribe originally copied lines two and three of stanza 14 reversed, but numbered them in the margin to show the order shown above.

- [5.] Thither collect Thy Little Flock
Under the Shadow of their Rock,
The⁴⁰ Holy Seed, the Royal Race,
The Standing Monuments of thy Grace.
- [6.] O let them All Thy Mind express
Stand forth Thy Chosen Witnesses,
Thy Power unto Salvation shew,
And perfect Holiness below:
- [7.] The Fulness of Thy Grace receive,
And simply to Thy Glory live,
Strongly reflect the Light Divine,
And in a Land of Darkness shine.
- [8.] In them let All Mankind behold
How Christians liv'd⁴¹ in Days of Old,
(Mighty their Envious Foes to move,
A Proverb of Reproach—and Love.)
- [9.] O make them of one Soul and Heart,
The All-conforming⁴² Mind impart,
Spirit of Peace and Unity,
The Sinless Mind that was in Thee.
- [10.] Call them into Thy wondrous Light
Worthy to walk with Thee in W[h]ite,
Make up Thy Jewels, Lord, and shew
The Glorious Spotless Church below.
- [11.] From Every Sinful Wrinkle free,
Redeem'd from all Iniquity,
The Fellowship of Saints make known
And O! my GOD, might I be One.

⁴⁰Ori., “Thee”; an error.

⁴¹Ori., “~~lov~~’d.” Wesley changed to “liv’d.”

⁴²Ori., “~~All-informing~~.” Wesley changed to “All-conforming.”

- [12.] O might my Lot be cast with These
The Least of Jesu's Witnesses!
O that my Lord would count me meet
To wash his dear Disciples Feet.
- [13.] This only Thing do I require,
Thou know'st 'tis All my Heart's Desire,
Freely what I receiv'd to give,
The Servant of Thy Church to live.
- [14.] After my lowly Lord to go,
And wait upon Thy Saints below,
Enjoy the Grace to Angels⁴³ given,
And serve the Royal Heirs of Heaven.
- [15.] Lord, if I now Thy Drawings feel,
And ask according to Thy Will,
Confirm the Prayer, the Seal impart,
And speak the Answer to my Heart.
- [16.] Tell me, (or Thou shalt never go)
"Thy Prayer is heard; It shall be so."
The Word has pass'd Thy Lips—and I
Shall with Thy People live and die.

⁴³Ori., "Angles"; an error.

**A Prayer
for the Seal of the Spirit.**⁴⁴

1. My Jesus, my Lamb,
I trust in thy Name,
And all thy unsearchable Riches I claim.
2. For me Thou hast died,
Thy Blood is applied,
I am come to the Fountain of Jesus's Side.
3. The Earnest I prove,
Thy Spirit doth move,
And melt my Hard Heart with a Spark of thy Love.
4. Yet can I not rest
Till perfectly blest
I lean Every Moment on Jesus's Breast.
5. Joy Unspeakable
In Believing I feel,
The Pledge, and the Witness: but where is the SEAL?
6. The Seal to secure,
And keep my Heart pure;
This, This is the Proof I shall always endure.
7. For This do I call
On my Jesus, my All
Ah tell me, in LOVE, that I never shall fall.
8. That I never shall sin;
O wash my Heart clean,
Now, Lord, thy Immoveable Kingdom bring in.

⁴⁴Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:162–64. This hymn is in Charles Wesley's hand.

9. Thy Nature impart
My Soul to convert,
And stablish the Thing Thou hast wrought in my Heart.
10. My Alpha is here;
Thou always art near,
But in me, my Lord, the Omega, appear.
11. Thy Benefits past
Behind me I cast;
The Beginning and First, be the End and the Last.
12. Now, now let me feel
Thou in me dost dwell,
To the Day of Redemption, O Comforter, seal.
13. Return from above
In the Spirit of Love,
And the Mountain of Sin by thy Presence remove.
14. For This do I pray,
Nothing else can I say,
But, Take the Occasion of Stumbling away.
15. Then shall I be clean,
And live without Sin,
Till the Life of my Jesus breaks out from within.
16. My Body that dies
With Advantage shall rise,
And be fashion'd like His, when we meet in the Skies.

17. In the Skies we shall meet;
Who am now at thy Feet,
I at thy Righthand in thy Kingdom shall sit.

18. I the Glory shall see
Thou hast purchas'd for me,
And inherit my Heaven of Heavens in Thee.

[Untitled.]⁴⁵

1. Who is the Trembling Sinner who
That owns Eternal Death his Due,
Waiting his fearful Doom to feel,
And hanging o're the Mouth of Hell?

[2.] Peace, troubled Soul, Thou need'st not fear,
Thy Jesus cries be of good cheer,
Only on Jesu's Blood rely;
He died that Thou might'st never die.

⁴⁵Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:94.

Isaiah 62.⁴⁶

1. For Sion's sake I will not cease
In Agony of Prayer to cry,
No never will I hold my Peace
Till GOD proclaim Salvation nigh.
2. Worthy in her great Saviour's Worth
Till Sion doth illustrious shine,
And as a burning Lamp goes forth
The Blaze of Righteousness Divine.
3. Thy Righteousness the World shall see,
The Gentiles on thy Beauty gaze,
And all the Kings of Earth agree
In wondring at thy glorious Grace.
4. Thy glorious Grace what Tongue can tell?
The Lord shall a New Name impart,
Th' Unutterable Name reveal,
And write it on his People's Heart.
5. Sion, for Thee thy GOD shall care,
And claim thee as his just Reward,
Thee for his Crown of Glory wear,
The Royal Diadem of thy Lord.
6. Outcast of GOD and Man no more,
No more forsaken and forlorn,
Thy desolate Estate is or'e,
For GOD shall comfort all that mourn.
7. The widow'd Church shall married be,
And soon a nume'rous Offspring bear:
Thy every Son shall comfort Thee,
And cherish with an Husband's Care.

⁴⁶Appears also in MS Shent, 40a–43a. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:30–34.

8. Thy duteous Sons to Thee shall cleave,
(The barren Woman⁴⁷ that keeps house,)
Nor ever more the Bosom leave
Of their dear Mother and their Spouse.
9. The Lord Himself thy Husband is,
He bought, and claims Thee for his own,
Thy GOD delights to call thee His,
Flesh of his Flesh, Bone of his Bone.
10. The Joy that swells a Bridegroom's Breast,
When glorying o're his long-sought Bride,
Shall swell thy GOD, of Thee possest,
Of Thee, for whom he liv'd and died.
11. Prophets to Thee thy Lord hath rais'd,
O holy City of our GOD,
Hath on thy Walls his Watchmen plac'd,
And with a Trumpets Voice endued.
12. They cry, and never hold their peace,
His Promise Day and Night they plead,
Till GOD from all thy Sins release,
And make thee⁴⁸ like thy Glorious Head.
13. Call on Him now, ye Watchmen call,
Cry ye Remembrancers Divine,
Give Him no Rest who died for All,
Till All in his pure Worship join:
14. Till GOD *appear*, the faithful GOD,
And make Jerusalem a Praise,
And spread thro' all the Earth abroad,
And stablish her with perfect Grace.
15. The Lord by his Right-hand hath sworn,
The Arm of his Almighty Power,

⁴⁷Ori., "Women"; an error.

⁴⁸Ori., "the"; an error.

No more shalt Thou to Sin return,
Thine En'emies shall no more devour.

16. Satan, the World, and Sin too long
Have robb'd the Children of their Bread,
Poor lab'ring Souls they⁴⁹ suffer'd Wrong,
Nor saw their Legal Toil succeed.
17. They sow'd the Ground, and did not reap,
Planted, and did not drink the Wine:
But I will comfort All that weep,
And fill the Poor with Food Divine.
18. No more shall strange Desires consume
Their holy, pure, and constant Joy,
The Waster Pride no more shall come,
Their Gifts and Graces to destroy.
19. Surely the Faithful Seed at last
The Labour of their Hands shall eat
Shall praise the Lord, and more than taste
The Heavenly Everlasting Meat.
20. They all shall sit beneath the Vine,
In calm inviolable Peace,
And drink within my Courts the Wine,
My Courts of Perfect Holiness.
21. Go thro' the Gates ('tis GOD commands,
Workers with GOD the Charge obey)
Remove whate'er his Work⁵⁰ withstands,
Prepare, prepare his People's Way.
22. Their even Course let nothing stop,
Cast up the Way, the Stones remove,
The High and Holy Way cast up,
The Gospel-Way of Perfect Love.
23. Lift up for all Mankind to see
The Standard of their Dying GOD,

⁴⁹Ori., "thy"; an error.

⁵⁰Ori., "Word"; an error.

And point them to the shameful Tree,
The Cross all-stain'd with hallow'd Blood.

24. The Lord hath glorified his Grace,
Throughout the Earth proclaim'd his Son,
Say ye to all the sinful Race,
He died for all your Sins t' atone.
25. Sion, thy Suffering GOD behold,
Thy Saviour and Salvation too,
He comes, He comes (so long foretold,)
Cloath'd with a Vest of bloody Hue!
26. Himself prepares his People's Hearts,
Breaks and binds up, and wounds and heals,
A Mystic Death, and Life imparts,
Empties the Full, the Emptied fills.
27. He fills whom first He hath prepar'd,
With Him the perfect Grace is given,
Himself is here their great Reward,
Their future and their present Heav'n.
28. They now the Holy People nam'd,
Their glorious Title shall express,
From All Iniquity redeem'd,
Fill'd with the Lord their Righteousness.
29. A Chosen, Sav'd, Peculiar Race,
Sion, with all thy Sons Thou art,
Elect thro' Sanctifying Grace,
Perfect in Love, and pure in Heart.
30. A People glorious all within,
Now, only now, and not before
Born from above Thou Canst not sin,
And GOD can never leave thee more.

**After a Recovery from
Sickness.⁵¹**

- [1.] GOD of my Life, Thy Love I praise;
What Riches of Restoring Grace
Hast Thou on me—on me bestow'd!
In Answer to thy People's Prayer,
My Body breaths this ambient Air,
My Soul is circumfus'd with GOD.
2. Thou, Lord, thy Promise hast fulfill'd,
The Prayer of Faith the Sick hath heal'd,
Thy Strength is in my Weakness shewn,
Thy Goodness here with Joy I see,
And give the Glory all to Thee,
Thine is the Work, and Thine alone.
3. Thou only didst the Souls incline
The Gracious Souls Thou callest Thine,
In my Distress to feel their Part;
Thy Love infus'd the tender Care,
And bad thy dearest Children bear
My Vileness on their faithful Heart.
4. Thy Spirit in their Hearts did cry;
Thy Spirit would not let me die
Till I had thy Salvation seen:
Thy Spirit shall the Grace impart,
And change, and purify my Heart,
And make me glorious all within.
5. *With* me He doth ev'n now reside,
And *in* me He shall soon abide,

⁵¹Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:273–74. The remainder of MS Cheshunt from this point is in the hand of Charles Wesley.

Spirit of Health, and Power and Love,
I shall obtain the Second Grace,
In Holiness behold thy Face,
And serve Thee like thy Hosts above.

6. The Earnest in my Heart I feel:
Spirit of Truth apply thy Seal,
And stamp me with the Stamp Divine;
Now, Lord, the Glorious Grace display,
And seal me to Redemption's Day,
And keep my Soul forever Thine.

For a Believer, in Pain.⁵²

1. And shall I, Lord, the Cup decline
So wisely mixt by Love Divine,
And tasted first by Thee?
The bitter Draught Thou drankst up,
And but this Single Sacred Drop
Hast Thou reserv'd for me.
2. Lo! I receive it at thy Hand,
And bear by thy Benign Command
The Salutary Pain;
With Thee to live I gladly die,
And suffer here, above the Sky
With Thee, my Lord, to reign.

⁵²Appears also in MS Clarke, 163; and MS Shent, 149b–150a. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:265.

3. Here only can I shew my Love,
By Sufferings mine Obedience prove;
 But when thy Heaven I share,
I cannot mourn for thy dear sake,
I cannot there thy Cross partake,
 I cannot suffer there.
4. Full gladly then for Thee I grieve,
The Honour of thy Cross receive,
 And bless the happy Load;
Who would not in thy Footsteps tread,
Who would not bow with Thee his head,
 And sympathize with GOD!

Another
[For a Believer, in Pain].⁵³

1. Jesus, thy sovereign Name I bless,
Sorrow is Joy, and Pain is Ease
 To Those that trust in Thee;
All things together work for Good,
To me, the Purchase of thy Blood,
 The much-lov'd Sinner me.
2. A feeble helpless Child of Man,
I suffer, and enjoy my Pain,
 Thy hidden Sweetness prove;
With pitying Eyes, and outstretch'd Hands
Before me still the Saviour stands
 The Majesty of Love.
3. Gladly I drink thy Mercy's Cup,
I fill my Lord's Afflictions up,

⁵³Appears also in MS Clarke, 164–65; and MS Shent, 150a–150b. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:265–67.

I now am truly great;
Exalted by thy kind Command,
By Sufferings plac'd at thy Right Hand
I in thy Kingdom sit.

4. With Thee, O Christ, on Earth I reign,
In all the awful Pomp of Pain,
But send my piercing Eyes
Th' Eternal things unseen to see,
The Crown of Life reserv'd for me,
And glittering from the Skies.
5. As sure as now thy Cross I bear,
I shall thy Heavenly Kingdom share,
And take my Seat above;
Celestial Joy is in this Pain;
It tells me I with Thee shall reign
In Everlasting Love.
6. The more my Sufferings here increase,
The greater is my Future Bliss;
And Thou my Griefs dost tell;
They in thy Book are noted down;
A Jewel added to my Crown
Is Every Pang I feel.
7. So be it then, if Thou ordain,
Crowd all my happy Life with Pain,
And let me daily die:
I bow, and bless the Sacred Sign,

And bear the Cross by Grace Divine
Which lifts me to the Sky.

In Recovering.⁵⁴

1. All hail, Thou Lengthner of my Days,
Thy dear preserving Love I praise,
And thankfully receive
The Present of my Life restor'd;
O may I spend it for my Lord,
And to thy Glory live.
2. No other End of Life I know,
I would not live one Hour below
But to shew forth thy Praise;
To suffer all thy Gracious Will,
And all thy Counsel to fulfil,
And blazon all thy Grace.
3. For this, my Soul exults in Hope,
Joyful to take her Burden up,
Her Fleshly Cross to bear,
Ready but now to take her Flight,
And spring into the Realms of Light,
And see thy Glory there.
4. Yet since thy Will ordains it so,
Saviour, I can awhile forgo,
Thy Heaven above for Thee,
Thy good and perfect Will to prove,
To do thy Will like Those above
Is Heaven enough for me.

⁵⁴Appears also in MS Clarke, 166. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:273.

**Hymns
on our Lord's Resurrection.**⁵⁵

[Hymn] I.⁵⁶

1. All ye that seek the Lord who died,
Your GOD for Sinners crucified,
Prevent the Earliest Dawn, and come
To worship at his Sacred Tomb.
2. Bring the sweet Spices of your Sighs,
Your contrite Hearts, and streaming Eyes,
Your sad Complaints, and humble Fears;
Come, and embalm Him with your Tears.
3. While thus ye long your Souls t' employ,
Your Sorrow shall be turn'd to Joy;
Now, now let all your Grief be o're,
Believe, and ye shall weep no more.
4. An Earthquake hath the Cavern shook,
And burst the Door, and rent the Rock,
The Lord hath sent his Angel down,
Lo! He hath roll'd away the Stone.
5. As Snow behold his Garment white,
His Countenance as Lightning bright,
He sits, and waves a flaming Sword,
And waits upon his Rising Lord.
6. The Third Auspicious Morn is come,
And calls your Saviour from the Tomb,

⁵⁵The version of Hymns on the Resurrection here is the predecessor to both MS Clarke and MS Shent, except #5 (p. 184), where MS Clarke comes first.

⁵⁶Appears also in MS Clarke, 185–87; and MS Shent, 138a–138b. Published in *Resurrection Hymns* (1746), 1–2.

The Bands of Death are torn away,
The yawning Tomb gives back its Prey.

7. Could neither Seal nor Stone secure,
Nor Men, nor Devils make it sure?
The Seal, and Stone are both cast by,
And all the Powers of Darkness fly.
8. The Body breaths, and lifts his Head,
The Keepers sink, and fall as dead,
The Dead restor'd to Life appear,
The Living quake, and die for Fear.
9. No Power a Band of Soldiers have
To keep One Body in it's Grave;
Surely it no Dead Body was
That could the Roman Eagles chase.
10. The Lord of Life is ris'n indeed,
To Death deliver'd in your stead,
His Rise proclaims your Sins forgiv'n,
His open Grave hath open'd Heav'n.
11. Haste then, ye Souls who first believe,
Who dare the Gospel-Word receive,
Your Loving Faith with Joy confess;
Be bold; be Jesus' Witnesses.
12. Go tell the Followers of your Lord,
Their Jesus is to Life restor'd,

He lives, that They his Life may find,
He lives to quicken All Mankind.

Hymn II.⁵⁷

- [1.] Sinners, dismiss your Fear,
 The Joyful Tidings hear!
This the Word that Jesus said,
 O believe, and feel it true,
Christ is risen from the Dead,
 Lives the Lord who died for You.
2. Haste, to his Tomb repair,
 And see the Tokens there;
See the Place where Jesus lay,
 Mark the Burial Cloaths He wore,
Angels near his Relicks stay;
 Guard the Dead who dies no more.
3. Why then, art Thou cast down,
 Thou poor afflicted One?
Full of Doubts, and Grievs, and Fears,
 Look into that Open Grave;
Died He not to dry thy Tears?
 Rose He not thy Soul to save?
4. Knowst Thou not where to find
 The Saviour of Mankind?
He hath born Himself away,
 He from Death Himself hath freed,
He on the Third Glorious Day
 Rose triumphant from the Dead.

⁵⁷Appears also in MS Clarke, 187–88; and MS Shent, 138b–139a. Published in *Resurrection Hymns* (1746), 3–4.

5. To purge thy guilty Stain
 He died, and rose again,
Wherefore dost thou weep, and mourn?
 Sinner, lift thine Heart and Eye,
Turn Thee, to thy Jesus turn,
 See thy loving Saviour nigh.

6. He comes His own to claim
 He calls thee by thy Name;
Drooping Soul, rejoice, rejoice,
 See Him there to Life restor'd,
Mary—know thy Saviour's Voice,
 Hear it, and reply My Lord!

Hymn III.⁵⁸

1. Happy Magdalene, to whom
 Christ the Lord vouchsaf'd t' appear,
Newly risen from the Tomb
 Would He first be seen by Her?
Her by Seven Devils possest,
 Till his Word the Fiends expell'd,
Quench'd the Hell within her Breast,
 All her Sins and Sickness heal'd.

2. Yes, to Her the Master came;
 First his well-known Voice she hears,
Jesus calls her by her Name,
 He the drooping Sinner cheers;

⁵⁸Appears also in MS Clarke, 188–90; MS John, 420–21; and MS Shent, 139a–139b, 74a.
Published in *Resurrection Hymns* (1746), 4–5.

Lets her the dear Task repeat,
While her eyes again run or'e,
Lets her wash his bleeding Feet,
Kiss them, and with Joy adore.

3. Highly favour'd Soul, to Her
Farther still his Grace extends,
Raises the glad Messenger,
Sends her to his weeping Friends:
Tidings of their Living Lord
First in Her Report they find;
She must spread the Gospel-Word,
Teach the Teachers of Mankind.

4. Who can now presume to fear,
Once, despair his Lord to see?
Jesus, wilt Thou not appear,
Shew Thyself alive to me?
Yes, my GOD, I dare not doubt,
Thou shalt all my Sins remove,
Thou hast cast a Legion out,
Thou wilt perfect me in Love.

5. Surely Thou hast call'd me Now,
Now I hear the Voice Divine,
At thy wounded Feet I bow,
Wounded by whose Sins but mine?
I have nail'd Him to the Tree,
I have sent Him to the Grave,

But the Lord is ris'n for me,
Hold of Him ev'n Now I have.

6. Here forever would I lie,
Didst Thou not thy Servant raise,
Send me forth to testify
All the Wonders of thy Grace.
Lo! I at thy Bidding go,
Gladly to thy Followers tell
They the Rising GOD may know,
They the Life of Christ may feel.
7. Hear, ye Brethren of the Lord,
(Such He You vouchsafes to call)
O believe the Gospel-Word,
Christ hath died, and rose for All:
Turn from all your Sins to GOD,
Haste to Galilee, and see
Him who bought you with his Blood,
Him who lives, to live in Thee.

[Hymn] IV.⁵⁹

1. Jesus, the Rising Lord of All
His Love to Man commends,
Poor Worms He blushes not to call
His Brethren, and his Friends.

⁵⁹Appears also in MS Clarke, 191; and MS Shent, 74a. Published in *Resurrection Hymns* (1746),

2. Who basely all forsook their Lord
In his Distress, and fled,
To These He sends the Joyful Word
When risen from the Dead.
3. Go, tell the vile Deserters? No:
My dearest Brethren tell,
Their Advocate to Heaven I go,
To rescue Them from Hell.
4. Lo! to my Father I ascend,
Your Father now is He,
My GOD, and yours, whoe'er depend
For endless Life on me.
5. Henceforth I ever live above
For You to interceed,
The Merit of my Dying Love
For all Mankind to plead.
6. Sinners, I rose again to shew
Your Sins are all forgiven,
And mount above the Skies, that You
May follow me to Heaven.

Hymn V.⁶⁰

1. Object of all our Knowledge here,
Our One Desire, and Theme below,
Jesus, the Crucified draw near,
And with thy sad Disciples go,

⁶⁰Appears also in MS Clarke, 192–94; and MS Shent, 74b–75a. Published in *Resurrection Hymns* (1746), 7–8.

Our Thoughts and Words to Thee are known,
We commune of Thyself alone.

2. How can it be our Reason cries,
That GOD should leave his Throne above?
Is it for Man th' Immortal dies?
For Man who tramples on his Love!
For Man, who nail'd Him to the Tree!
O LOVE, O GOD, He dies for me!
3. Why then, if Thou for Us hast died,
Dost Thou not yet Thyself impart?
We hop'd to feel thy Blood applied,
To find Thee risen in our Heart,
Redeem'd from All Iniquity,
Sav'd, to the utmost sav'd thro' Thee.
4. Have we not then believ'd in vain
By Christ unsanctified, unfreed?
In Us He is not ris'n again;
We know not but He still is dead;
No Life, no Righteousness we have,
Our Hopes lie buried in His Grave.
5. Ah Lord, if Thou indeed art Ours,
If Thou for Us hast burst the Tomb,
Visit us in thy Quickning Powers,
Come, to thy mournful Followers come,

Thyself to thy weak Members join,
And fill us with the Life Divine.

6. Thee, the great Prophet sent from GOD,
Mighty in Deed, and Word we own;
Thou hast on Some the Grace bestow'd
Thy Rising in their Hearts made known:
They publish Thee to Life restor'd
Attesting They have seen the Lord.
7. Alas for Us! whose Eyes are held!
Why cannot We Our Saviour see?
With us Thou art, yet still conceal'd:
O might we hear One Word from Thee!
Speak, and our Unbelief reprove,
Our Baseness to mistrust thy Love.
8. Fools as we are, and slow of Heart,
So backward to believe the Word!
The Prophets Only Aim Thou art:
They sang the Sufferings of their Lord,
Thy Life for Ours a Ransom given,
Thy Rising to ensure our Heaven.
9. Ought not our Lord the Death to die,
And then the Glorious Life to live?
To stoop; and then go up on high?
The Pain, and then the Joy receive?
His Blood, the Purchase-price lay down,
And bear the Cross, and claim the Crown.

10. Ought not the Members all to pass
 The Way their Head had pass'd before!
Thro' Sufferings perfected He was,
 The Garment dipt in Blood He wore,
That we with Him might die, and rise,
And bear His Nature to the Skies.

Hymn VI.⁶¹

1. Come then, Thou Prophet of the Lord,
 Thou great Interpreter Divine,
Explain thine own Transmitted Word;
 To teach, and to inspire, is Thine:
Thou only canst Thyself reveal,
Open the Book, and loose the Seal.
2. Whate'er the Antient Prophets spoke,
 Concerning Thee, O Christ, make known,
Sole Subject of the Sacred Book,
 Thou fillest all, and Thou alone;
Yet there our Lord we cannot see,
Unless thy Spirit lends the Key.
3. Now, Jesu, now the Vail remove,
 The Folly of our darken'd Heart;
Unfold the Wonders of thy Love,
 The Knowledge of Thyself impart,
Our Ear, our Inmost Soul we bow;
Speak, Lord; thy Servants hearken Now!

⁶¹Appears also in MS Clarke, 194–95; and MS Shent, 75a–75b. Published in *Resurrection Hymns* (1746), 9–10.

4. Make not as Thou wou'dst farther go,
Our Friend, and Counsellor, and Guide,
But stay, the Path of Life to shew,
Still with our Soul vouchsafe t' abide,
Constrain'd by thy own Mercy stay,
Nor leave us at our Close of Day.
5. Come in, with thy Disciples sit,
Nor suffer us to ask in vain,
Nourish us, Lord, with Living Meat,
Our Souls with Heavenly Bread sustain,
Break to us Now the Mystic Bread,
And bid us on thy Body feed.
6. Honour the Means Ordain'd by Thee,
The great unbloody Sacrifice,
The deep Tremendous Mystery;
Thyself in our enlighten'd Eyes
Now in the Broken Bread make known
And shew us Thou art all our own.

[Pages 189-198]

[Pages 189–198 have been torn from the volume, but their content is clear because the missing hymns appear in the table of contents at the front of the volume.]

190–[92] = *HSP* (1749), 2:261–63 = MS Clarke, 172–74

192–[94] = *HSP* (1749), 2:264–66 = MS Clarke, 169–71

195 = *HSP* (1749), 2:263–64 = MS Clarke, 175

196–98 = *MSP* (1744), 3:273–75 = MS Clarke, 197–98; MS Shent,
175a–175b

Another
[From the German].⁶²

1. Melt, happy Soul, in Jesus' Blood,
Sink down into the Wounds of GOD,
And there forever dwell:
I now have found my Rest again,
The Spring of Life, the Balm of Pain
In Jesus' Blood I feel.
2. Thirsty so long, and weak, and faint,
I here enjoy whate'er I want;
The sweet refreshing Tide
Brings Life and Peace to Dying Souls;
And still the Gushing Comfort rolls
From Jesus wounded Side.
3. Swift as the panting Hart I fly,
I find the Fountain always nigh,
And Heavenly Sweetness prove,
Pardon, and Power, and Joy, and Peace,
And pure Delight, and perfect Bliss,
And Everlasting Love.⁶³
4. The World can no Refreshment give;
Shall I its deadly Draughts receive
Scoup'd from the Hellish Lake?
Nay, but I turn to the pure Flood
Which issues from the Throne of GOD,
And Living Water take.

⁶²Appears also in MS Clarke, 199–201; and MS Shent, 176a–177a. Published in *MSP* (1744), 3:275–78. This is a very free paraphrase of #753 (by Christian Friedrich Richter) in Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, ed. *Das Gesang-Buch der Gemeine in Herrn-Huth* (Halle: Wäysenhaus, 1737), 681–82.

⁶³Ori., “Bliss.”

5. Soon as I taste the Liquid Life,
 Sorrow expires, and Pain and Strife
 And Suffering is no more:
 My inmost Soul refresh'd I feel,
 And fill'd with Joy Unspeakable
 The Bleeding Lamb adore.

6. I now the Broken Cisterns leave,
 My All of Good from GOD receive,
 And drink the Chrystal Stream,
 The Chrystal Stream doth freely flow
 Thro' Hearts which only Jesus know,
 And only pant for Him.

7. Jesus alone can I require;
 No Mixture of Impure Desire
 Shall in my Bosom move;
 I fix on Him my Single Eye,
 His Love shall all my Wants supply,
 His All-sufficient Love.

8. How vast the Happiness I feel,
 When Jesus doth Himself reveal,
 And his pure Love impart,
 Holy Delight, and Heavenly Hope,
 And Everlasting Joy springs up,
 And bubbles in my Heart.

9. He pours his Spi'rit into my Soul,
The thirsty Land becomes a Pool,
I taste the Unknown Peace,
Such as the World will not believe;
No Carnal Heart can e'er conceive
Th' Unutterable Bliss.
10. Light in Thine only Light I see,
Thee and myself I know thro' Thee,
Myself a Sinful Clod,
A worthless Worm without a Name,
A Burning Brand pluck'd from the Flame,
And quench'd in Jesus' Blood.
11. The Light of thy Redeeming Love,
Like Sunbeams darted from above,
Doth all my Sins display,
Countless as dancing Motes and small;
But O! the Love that shews them all,
Shall chase them all away.
12. The Sun of Righteousness shall rise,
Thy Glory streaming from the Skies
Shall in my Soul appear,
I know the cloudless Day shall shine,
And then my Soul is All-divine,
And I am perfect *here*.

Desiring to be dissolv'd.⁶⁴

1. Welcom Weariness and Pain
Pledges of Relief and Ease!
Loss of Strength to me is Gain,
Let my wretched Days decrease,
All my Days shall soon be past,
Pain and Death shall bring the last.
2. Tenant of my troubled Breast,
Yet a little longer sigh,
Death shall shortly give thee Rest;
Fluttering Heart, thy Rest is nigh,
Flutter, till the Strife is o're,
Beat a while, and beat no more.
3. Wakeful Eyes for your Repose
Yet a little longer weep,
Death your weary Lids shall close,
Seal them up in lasting Sleep;
Haste, your latest Sorrows pour,
Weep mine Eyes, and weep no more.
4. Tears, and Eyes, and Heart shall fail,
This my fainting Spirit cheers,
I have well-nigh pass'd the Vale,
Travell'd thro' my mournful Years,

⁶⁴Appears also in MS Clarke, 167–68; MS Richmond Tracts, 9–10; and MS Shent, 156a.
Published in *MSP* (1744), 3:266–67.

Glory to my Lord I give,
Here I have not long to live.

5. Grief hath shook the House of Clay,
 Grief hath sap'd the Ground of Life,
Grief hath hasten'd on the Day;
 Grief shall quickly end the Strife,
Grief shall Soul and Body part,
Grief for Sin shall break my Heart.

Another
[Desiring to be dissolv'd].⁶⁵

1. Soothing Soul-composing Thought,
 I shall soon my Haven gain,
Out of Mind, and clean forgot,
 Far from Trouble, and from Pain,
Of my quiet Grave possess,
I shall be with Those that rest.
2. Let me on the Image dwell—
 Glory in my mouldring Clay!
Feeble Limbs, ye soon shall fail,
 Life shall shortly pass away,
I shall yield my wretched Breath,
Sink into the Dust of Death.
3. Swift as Air my Moments fly,
 Less and less the destin'd Store,

⁶⁵Appears also in MS Clarke, 168–69; MS Richmond Tracts, 10–11; and MS Shent, 156b.
Published in *MSP* (1744), 3:267–68.

Time like me makes haste to die,
Time and Sin shall be no more,
Sin shall here its Period have,
Time be buried in my Grave.

4. Drooping Soul rejoice rejoice,
Here Thou hast not long to stay;
Listen for the Bridegroom's Voice,
Rise, my Love, and come away,
Hasten to thy Lord above,
Rise, and come away, my Love.
5. Lo! I at thy Summons come,
This frail Tabernacle leave;
Thou art my Eternal Home,
Now, O Lord, my Soul receive,
Take me to thy Loving Breast,
Take me to thy Heavenly Rest.

On the Death of a Child.⁶⁶

1. Wherefore should I make my Moan,
Now the Darling Child is dead?
Early He to Rest is gone,
He to Paradise is fled,

⁶⁶Appears also in MS Clarke, 210; and MS Shent, 162b. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:276.

I shall go to Him, but He
Never shall come back to me.

2. GOD forbids his longer Stay,
 GOD recalls the Pretious Loan;
He hath taken him away
 From my Bosom to His own:
Surely what He wills is best,
Happy in His Will I rest.
3. Faith cries out It is the Lord!
 Let Him do what seems him good;
Be thy Holy Name ador'd!
 Take the Gift a while bestow'd,
Take the Child, no longer Mine,
Thine He is, forever Thine!

Another
[On the Death of a Child].⁶⁷

1. Glory to GOD's Victorious Grace
 Thro' which a Worm can all things do,
I stand or'whelm'd with vast Amaze,
 And scarce believe the Wonder true;
'Tis more than Heart can e'er conceive,
I know my Child is dead—and live.

⁶⁷Appears also in MS Clarke, 211–13; and MS Shent, 163a–163b. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:276–78.

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 Life 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 or'e,
I stand to what I gave before.
6. I all have left for Jesus 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,
I shall with Him in Glory reign,
I, and the Children He hath given
Inseparably join'd in Heaven.

At the Meeting of Friends.⁶⁸

1. Jesus, we look to Thee,
Thy promis'd Presence claim,
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in thy Name:
Thy Name Salvation is
(Which now we come to prove)
Thy Name is Life, and Joy, and Peace,
And Everlasting Love.
2. Not in the Name of Pride
Or Selfishness we meet;
From Nature's Paths we turn aside,
And worldly Thoughts forget:
We meet the Grace to take
Which Thou hast freely given;

⁶⁸Appears also in MS Shent, 70a. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:322–23.

We meet on Earth for thy dear sake
That we may meet in Heaven.

3. Present we know Thou art,
But O! Thyself reveal:
Now, Lord, let every bounding Heart
The mighty Comfort feel:
O might thy Quickning Voice
The Death of Sin remove,
And bid our inmost Soul rejoice
In Hope of perfect Love.

4. Thou wilt to us make known
Thy Nature and thy Name,
Us who our Utmost Saviour own
From every Touch of Blame,
From every Word and Deed,
From every Thought unclean,
Jesus till all our Souls are freed
From all Remains of Sin.

“If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maranatha.”—1 Cor. 16. 22.⁶⁹

1. O terrible, but just Decree!
The Wretch that doth not love his Lord,
Worthy of every Curse is He,
Worthy to perish undeplor'd,
His Punishment in Hell to bear,
And howl Eternal Ages there.
2. That lost unloving Wretch am I;
My unbelieving Heart is Stone;
Beneath my heavy Curse I cry,
Beneath my Want of Love I groan,
I cannot bear, nor hide my Shame,
But damn'd, already damn'd I am.
3. Encompast by the Dogs of Hell,
Horror, Astonishment, and Pain,
The never-dying Worm I feel,
And weep, and tear my Flesh in vain,
A desp'rate Outcast from His Face,
I go, I rush to my own Place.
4. How thick this Outward Darkness lies!
In what a Depth of Sin I row!
Palpable Night hath seal'd mine Eyes,
The Wrath is dropt into my Soul,
These Arrows of Almighty GOD—
They drink up all my poison'd Blood.
5. Then let me, while I breathe my last,
In Jesus' Name on Sinners call,

⁶⁹Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:465–66.

Sinners, before your Day is past,
Love Him who lov'd and died for All,
This only Word I leave behind,
He lov'd, and died for All Mankind.

“The Flesh lusteth against the Spirit, *but* the Spirit against the Flesh (and these are contrary the one to the other) that ye *may* not do the things that ye would.”—Gal. 5. 17.⁷⁰

1. While Self and Pride remains within,
While aught of the Old Adam lives,
The Fleshly Principle of Sin
Against the Spirit lusts and strives,
We groan our Evil Heart to feel,
Children in Christ, and carnal still.
2. But GOD is to His Promise just,
And arms us with sufficient Grace,
The Spirit exerts a stronger Lust,
We need not once to Sin give place,
We do not yield to Flesh and Blood,
Or act the things which Nature wou'd.
3. Who in the Spirit walk and live,
Their fleshly Lusts shall not fulfil;
O GOD, thy Saying we receive,
And wait to prove thy perfect Will,
To Sin we will no longer bow,
It hath not the Dominion Now.
4. It shall not always vex us here,
But lose it's Being with its Reign,

⁷⁰Appears also in MS Shent, 91a–91b. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:154–55.

Thou, Lord, shalt in our Flesh appear,
And Sin shall then no more *remain*;
The Devil's Works destroy'd shall be
And all our Souls be fill'd with Thee.

Waiting for Redemption.⁷¹

1. Saviour of a rebellious Race,
My ever-loving Saviour,
How have I forfeited thy Grace,
Slighted thy Frown and Favour!
How have I rose against the Rod,
Strong in my Provocation,
Weary of waiting on my GOD,
Murmuring for Salvation.
2. O what an hardned Wretch was I
So to provoke and grieve Thee!
Threaten, if Thou delayd'st, to fly
Back to my Sins and leave Thee!
Lord, if thy Love had dwelt in me,
Could I have so offended?
No, but I then had look'd to Thee,
Till all the Storm was ended.
3. O that I could my Soul possess
In Humbleness and Patience,
Hoping in Wars for perfect Peace,
Joyful in Tribulations!
O might I for a Moment prove,
Some Token of thy Favour!

⁷¹Appears also in MS Richmond, 56–57. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:158–59.

[Wesley skipped the number 212 in numbering the pages]

Say to my Soul, Thou art my Love,
I am thy Constant Saviour.

4. Jacob of old to gain a Wife
Twice seven Years could tarry,
Chearful in Toil he pass'd his Life,
Labour'd, and was not weary:
And shall I count it long to stay
With GOD Himself before me!
Sure of the Lamb in that glad Day,
Sure of the Crown of Glory.
5. Jesus, tho' late I now submit,
Execute all thy Pleasure;
Weeping I fall before thy Feet,
Willing to wait thy Leizure:
What are a Sinner's Toils or Tears,
If he but hope to gain Thee?
Who would not serve a thousand Years,
Could he at last obtain Thee?

[Untitled.]⁷²

1. Help, O help, my great Creator,
Love the Soul Thyself hast made,
Burthen'd with a Sinful Nature,
Let me still on Thee be stay'd:
What I have to Thee commended,
Saviour, wilt Thou not secure,
Till the Fiery Trial's ended,
Till I as my GOD am pure.
2. Hear my earnest Supplication,
Keep me in this Evil Day;

⁷²Appears also in MS Shent, 90a. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:181–82.

With me in my strong Temptation,
O my kind Protector, stay.
I have no One to deliver,
No One to defend I have,
Ruin'd, and undone forever,
If my Lord refuse to save.

3. But it is thy Gracious Pleasure
To redeem me from All Sin:
Only let me wait thy Leizure,
Till Thou bring'st thy Kingdom in,
Pray, and serve Thee without ceasing,
Till the perfect Grace I prove,
Blest with all the Gospel-Blessing,
Fill'd with all the Life of Love.
4. Hear in this Accepted Hour,
Speak, and bid the Sun stand still,
Give me now the Constant Power
Over my own Carnal Will;
Stronger wax thy Love and stronger,
Let my Bosom-Sin give place,
Let the Elder serve the Younger,
Nature yield to Sovereign Grace.

[Untitled.]⁷³

1. Jesus, GOD of my Salvation,
Send the Promis'd Aid I claim,
Bring me thro' my sore Temptation,
Manifest thy Saving Name:
Art Thou not the same forever?
Do not I on Thee depend?

⁷³Appears also in MS Shent, 90b. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:182–83.

O continue to deliver,
Save me, save me to the End.

2. From thy feeble helpless Creature
Never, never, Lord, depart,
Shew Thyself than Satan greater,
Greater than my Evil Heart;
If the Fiend must vex me longer,
Buffet still my trembling Soul,
Jesu, shew Thyself the Stronger,
Keep me, till Thou mak'st me whole.
3. Let me, while my Faith is trying,
Rest in thy Atoning Blood,
Always bear about the Dying
Of my dear Redeeming GOD;
Till I all thy Life inherit,
Let me in thy Wounds abide;
Shelter there my weary Spirit,
Save me, who for me hast died.

In Temptation.⁷⁴

1. Jesus, to Thee I would look up,
Tost in a Storm of Passion,
Thou art the Anchor of my Hope,
Thou art my Strong Salvation:
Pity, and save a Soul distrest
Till I the Port recover;
O that I in thy Wounds might rest
Till all the Storm is over!

⁷⁴Appears also in MS Richmond, 49; and MS Shent, 91a. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:253; and *Representative Verse*, 180.

2. Great is the Storm that works within,
Jesus his Grace is greater,
Thou art above the Power of Sin
Thou art the GOD of Nature:
Speak; and at thy supream Command
Trouble, and Sin shall leave me,
Stir up thy Strength, stretch out thine Hand,
Say "It is I," and save me.
3. Give me this Hour thy Help to find,
Shew me the great Salvation,
So will I call on All Mankind
In loving Admiration,
"O what a Man, a GOD is This!
"Nature is still'd before Him,
"Lo! at his Word the Winds and Seas
"Suddenly calm'd adore Him!^[1]

Press toward the Mark!⁷⁵

- [1.] Come, let us arise,
And aim at the Prize,
The Hope of our Calling on this side the Skies!
2. By Works let us shew
That Jesus we know,
While steadily on to Perfection we go.
3. But may we not strive,
Yet never arrive
To be Saints, or to live without Sin while alive?

⁷⁵Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:178–80.

4. No, no, never fear,
If we look for Him here,
But our Uttermost Jesus in us shall appear.
5. We dare not believe
That GOD can deceive,
And never intend what He promis'd to give.
6. He hath said, From all Sin
Ye here shall be clean,
All-holy, all-pure, and all-glorious within.
7. We rest on his Word,
We shall here be restor'd
To His Image; the Servant shall be As his Lord.
8. Our Faith is not vain,
We are sure to regain
The Nature Divine of the Heavenly Man.
9. Then let us not stop,
But joyful in Hope
Continue, till All in his Image wake up.
10. His Purity share,
His Character bear,
And the Truth of his hallowing Promise declare.
11. Thus, thus let us stay,
And wait for the Day,
When the Angels are sent to conduct us away.
12. When with Joy we remove
To our Brethren above,
And fly up to Heaven in a Chariot of Love.

On the spring.⁷⁶

How chearful along the gay mead
The daisies and cows[lips appear]

⁷⁶These two lines, which are *not* in Charles Wesley's hand, are the beginning of a two-stanza hymn that appeared in *The Lilliputian Magazine* (London: T. Carnan, 1752), p. 57, attributed to "A Gentleman." In 1755 it was set to music by Thomas Arne as a Hymn of Eve in the oratorio *The Death of Abel* and is found as a single sheet that year, set to music, titled "The Favorite Hymn of Eve"; or by its first line. It also appears in *Judith, an Oratorio* (1764), p. 14. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:431.