

MS Occasional Hymns¹

MS Occasional Hymns is a bound volume, inscribed with the title “Hymns on Several Occasions.” It contains 48 items on 88 pages (3.5 x 6.0 inches in size). The hymns included date from the 1740s. Wesley incorporated most of them in his two-volume *Hymns and Sacred Poems* (1749)—places of publication are indicated in [blue font](#) in the Table of Contents. There is some overlap with several other manuscript collections. Of the manuscript verse that Wesley left unpublished, three items are found only in this volume.² Textual variants suggest that MS Occasional Hymns was one of the earliest collections, with material copied from there into MS Richmond, for example.

MS Occasional Hymns is part of the collection in the Methodist Archive and Research Centre, accession number MA 1977/563 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 2). The transcription below is provided with permission of the Librarian and Director, The John Rylands Library, The University of Manchester.

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: August 1, 2010.

²See below pp. 30–31 and 70–74.

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**Hymns
On Several Occasions.**

For Seriousness.³

1. Thou GOD of glorious Majesty,
To Thee, against myself, to Thee
 A Worm of Earth I cry,
An half-awaken'd Child of Man,
An Heir of endless Bliss or Pain,
 A Sinner born to die.

2. Lo! on a Narrow Neck of Land
'Twixt Two unbounded Seas I stand,
 Secure, insensible!
A Point of Life, a Moment's Space
Removes me to that Heavenly Place,
 Or shuts me up in Hell.

3. O GOD, mine inmost Soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful Heart
 Eternal Things impress,
Give me to feel their solemn Weight,
And tremble on the Brink of Fate
 And wake to Righteousness.

4. Before me place in dread Array
The Pomp of that tremendous Day
 When Thou with Clouds shalt come,

³Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:34–35.

To judge the Nations at thy Bar:
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a Joyful Doom?

5. Be This my One great Business here,
With serious Industry and Fear
My future Bliss t' insure
Thine utmost Counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous Will,
And to the End endure.
6. Then, Saviour, then my Soul receive,
Transported from the Vale, to live
And reign with Thee above,
Where Faith is sweetly lost in Sight,
And Hope in full supream Delight,
And everlasting Love.

For a Tender Conscience.⁴
To [the Tune of]—Ah woe is me &c.

1. Almighty GOD of Truth and Love,
In me thy Power exert,
The Mountain from my Soul remove,
The Hardness from my Heart;
My most obdurate Heart subdue
In Honour of thy Son,
And now the gracious Wonder shew,
And take away the Stone.

⁴Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:230–31.

2. I want a Principle within
Of jealous godly Fear,
A Sensibility of Sin,
A Pain to feel it near,
I want the First Approach to feel
Of Pride or fond Desire,
To catch the Wandrings of my Will
And quench the kindling Fire.

3. From Thee that I no more may part,
No more thy Goodness grieve,
The Filial Awe, the Fleshly Heart,
The Tender Conscience give.
Quick as the Apple of an Eye
My Tender Conscience make⁵
Awake my Soul, when Sin is nigh,
And keep my Soul awake.

4. If to the Right or Left I stray,
That Moment, Lord, reprove,
And let me weep my Life away
At having griev'd thy Love
Give me to feel an Idle Thought
As actual Wickedness,
And mourn for the minutest Fault
In Exquisite Distress.

⁵Ori., "keep."

5. O may the least Omission pain
My well-instructed Soul,
And drive me to the Blood again
Which makes the Wounded whole.
More of this Tender Spirit, more
Of this Affliction send,
And spread the Moral Sense all o're,
Till Pain with Life shall end.

[Untitled.]⁶

To the same [the Tune of—Ah woe is me &c.].

- [1.] All-good, all-wise, almighty Lord,
Supremely just and true,
I cast me on thy faithful Word,
And wait thy Will to do:
Thy Will concerning me reveal,
Thy Heavenly Light impart,
And speak by Signs infallible
The Answer to my Heart.
2. Thee, Lord, in all my Ways I own
My Counsellor and Guide,
I hang upon thine Arm alone,
And in thy Love confide:
Ah! do not then my Soul reject,
But all my Paths attend,
But all my Works and Thoughts direct
To thine appointed End.

⁶Appears also in MS Courtship, 1–2; and MS Deliberative, 1–2. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:217–18.

3. Thou readst th' unutterable Care
That labours in my Breast,
And knowst, till Thou thy Mind declare
I know not what is best.
A Sinner doubly dead and blind,
A foolish foolish Worm,
O how shall I the Secret find,
And all thy Will perform?
4. I would not my own Soul deceive,
My own Designs pursue,
I can no more an Heart believe
Which never yet prov'd true.
Death in the Error of my Life
I would not fondly find,
Declare, O Lord, to end the Strife,
The Thing by Thee design'd.
5. For thy Determining Command
I at thy Footstool lie,
Intent to mark the Pointing Hand,
To catch the Guiding Eye.
To Thee with meek submissive Fear
Th' important Doubt I leave
Till Thou in Heavenly Light appear,
Till Thou the Fiat give.
6. Jesus, thro' thy orepow'ring Grace
I every Wish resign,

Nor can I, till Thou shewst thy Face,
To this, or that incline:
Thy Face obscur'd, thy Mind unknown,
Preserve the Balance even,
And makes me cry Thy Will be done
On Earth as tis in Heaven.

The Backslider.⁷
[Part I.]

1. How happy are They
 Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their Treasure above
 Tongue cannot express
 The sweet Comfort and Peace
Of a Soul in its earliest Love.

2. That Comfort was Mine,
 When the Favour Divine
I first found in the Blood of the Lamb,
 When my Heart it believ'd,
 What a Joy I receiv'd,
What an Heaven in Jesus's Name.

3. Twas an Heaven below
 My Jesus to know
The Angels could do Nothing more
 Than fall at his Feet
 And the Story repeat,
And the Lover of Sinners adore.

⁷Appears also in MS Shent, 63a–63b. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:123–26. The variants between the published version and this manuscript text are noted in *Representative Verse*, 102–103.

4. Jesus all the Day long
 Was my Joy and my Song;
O that all his Salvation might see!
 He hath lov'd me, I cried,
 He hath suffer'd and died
To redeem such a Rebel as me?

5. On the Wings of his Love
 I was carried above
All Sin, and Temptation, and Pain:
 I could not believe
 That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.

6. I rode on the Sky,
 Freely Justified I,
Nor envied Elijah his Seat:
 My Soul mounted higher
 In a Chariot of Fire,
And the Moon it was under my Feet.

7. O the Rapturous Height
 Of that holy Delight
Which I felt in the Life-giving Blood!
 Of my Saviour possess
 I was perfectly blest,
As if fill'd with the Fulness of GOD.

Part II.

- [1.] Ah! where am I now!
 When was it or how
 That I fell from my Heaven of Grace?
 I am brought into Thrall,
 I am stript of my All,
 I am banish'd from Jesus's Face.
2. Hardly yet do I know
 How I let my Lord go,
 So insensibly starting aside;
 When the Tempter came in
 With his own subtle Sin,
 And infected my Spirit with Pride.
3. But I felt it too soon,
 That my Saviour was gone
 Swiftly vanishing out of my Sight,
 My Glory and Boast
 On a sudden were lost,
 And my Day it was turn'd into Night.
4. Only Pride could destroy
 That Innocent Joy,
 And make my Redeemer depart;
 But whate'er was the Cause,
 I lament the sad Loss,
 For the Veil is come over my Heart.

5. Ah! Wretch that I am!
 I can only exclaim
Like a Devil tormented within:
 My Saviour is gone,
 And has left me alone
To the Fury of Torturing Sin.

6. Nothing here can relieve,
 Without Comfort I grieve,
I have lost all my Peace and my Power,
 No access do I find
 To the Friend of Mankind,
I can ask for his Mercy no more.

7. Tongue cannot declare
 The torment I bear
(While no end of my troubles I see)
 Only Adam could tell
 On the day that he fell,
And was turn'd out of Eden like me.

8. Driven out from my GOD,
 I wander abroad,
Thro' a Desart of Troubles I rove:
 And how great is my Pain
 That I cannot regain
My Eden of Jesus's Love!

9. I never shall rise
 To that First Paradise,
Or come my Redeemer to see—

But I feel a faint Hope
That at last He will stoop,
And his Pity shall bring Him to me.

Another
[The Backslider].⁸

- [1.] Jesu, let thy Pitying Eye
 Call back a wandring Sheep,
False to Thee like Peter, I
 Would fain like Peter weep:
Let me be by grace restor'd,
On me be all Longsuffering shewn:
Turn, and look upon me, Lord
 And break my Heart of Stone.
2. Saviour, Prince, entron'd above
 Repentance to impart,
Give me thro' thy Dying Love
 The humble contrite Heart:
Give what I have long implor'd,
A Portion of thy Grief unknown:
Turn, and look &c.⁹
3. In restoring Love again
 O Jesus, visit me,
Give me back that Pleasing Pain,
 That blessed Misery;
Now thy tendering Grace afford,
And make me thine Afflicted One:
Turn, and look &c.

⁸Appears also in MS Shent, 58a–59a. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:121–23.

⁹I.e., Wesley is abbreviated the last two lines of stanza 1 here and in the following stanzas.

4. Harder than the Flinty Rock
My stubborn Heart remains,
Till I feel thy Mercy's Stroke
I only bite my Chains,
Sinning on, tho' self-abhor'd
As Devils in their Chains I groan,
Turn, and look &c.
5. For thine own Compassion sake
The gracious Wonder shew,
Cast my Sins behind thy Back
And wash me white as Snow:
If thy Bowels now are stir'd,
If now I would myself bemoan,
Turn and look &c.
6. See me, Saviour, from above,
Nor suffer me to die,
Life, and Happiness, and Love
Drop from thy gracious Eye;
Speak the Reconciling Word,
And let thy Mercy melt me down;
Turn and look &c.
7. Look, as when thine Eye pursued
The First Apostate Man,
Saw him weltring in his Blood,
And bad him rise again;
Speak me by thy Grace restor'd,
Redeem me by thy Grace alone,
Turn and look &c.

8. Look, as when thy Pity saw
 Thine own in a strange Land,
 Forc'd t' obey the Tyrant's Law,
 And feel his heavy Hand:
 Speak the Soul-redeeming Word,
And out of Egypt call thy Son:
 Turn, and look &c.

9. Look, as when thy weeping Eye
 The Bloody City view'd,
 Those who ston'd and doom'd to die
 The Prophets with their GOD:
 I deserve their sad Reward,
But This my gracious Day I own:
 Turn, and look &c.

10. Look, as when thy Grace beheld
 The Harlot in Distress,
 Dried her Tears, her Pardon seal'd,
 And bad her go in Peace;
 Foul like Her, and self-abhor'd
I at thy Feet for Mercy groan:
 Turn and look &c.

11. Look, as when condemn'd for Them
 Thou didst thy Followers see,
 Daughters of Jerusalem,
 Weep for yourselves, not me!
 Am I by my GOD deplor'd,
And shall I not myself bemoan?
 Turn, and look &c.

12. Look, as when thy Closing Eye
 Beheld and bad us live:
 Father (at the Point to die
 My Saviour gasp'd Forgive!)
 Surely with that Dying Word
 He turns, and looks, and cries Tis done!
 O my Loving Bleeding Lord,
 Thou breakst my Heart of Stone.

[Untitled.]¹⁰

To [the Tune of]—Happy Magdalene.

1. Heavenly Counciller Divine
 Waiting for thy Will I stand,
 Both mine Eyes, Thou knowst, are Thine,
 Reach me out an Helping Hand:
 Thou my faithful Pilot be,
 While these threatenng Billows roar,
 Guide thro' Life's tempestuous Sea,
 Land me on the Happy Shore.
2. In this howling Wilderness
 Lo! I trust on Thee alone,
 Thee in all my Ways confess,
 Sole Disposer of Thine own:
 Sure to err without thy Light,
 Sure to contradict thy Will,

¹⁰Appears also in MS Courtship, 2–3; and MS Deliberative, 3–4. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:218–19.

Guide my wandring Footsteps right,
Bring me to thy holy Hill.

3. Wilt Thou, Lord, Thine own forsake,
Stop thine ears against my Cry,
Let me fatally mistake,
Who on Thee for Light rely?
Canst Thou (while for Help I pray,
While on Thee my Soul I cast)
Turn the Blind out of the Way,
Leave me to Myself at last.
4. Surely, Lord, the Fear is vain;
Thou art merciful and true,
Thou shalt make thy Counsel plain,
Thou shalt teach me what to do;
On my Heart the Answer seal,
Signify thy Love's Decree,
Shew me all thy Blessed Will—
When, and How I leave to Thee.

[Untitled.]¹¹

1. GOD of my Life, I seek thy Face,
By Thee upheld throughout my Days,
By Thee sustain'd and fed,
Preserv'd from twice ten thousand Snares,
Mine inmost Soul thy Love declares,
And asks thy Present Aid.

¹¹Appears also in MS Courtship, 5–6; and MS Deliberative, 9–10. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:219–21.

2. My Father's Hope, my Father's Fear,
In this Important Hour appear,
 And to my Rescue come;
Be Thou my Counsellor and Guide,
And with this Awful Doubt decide
 My everlasting Doom.
3. On This depends our Weal or Woe,
Our All in Earth and Heaven, I know,
 And dread to fix my Choice:
In just Anxiety I stand,
And see display'd on either Hand
 Eternal Grievs, and Joys.
4. Merciful GOD, what shall I do?
The Counsel of thy Goodness shew,
 And order Thou the whole;
Direct my Work, inspire my Thought
Or cut th' Inextricable Knot,
 And now require my Soul.
5. By Death prevent the Evil Day,
Nor let me live to fall away,
 Thro' this deceitful Heart,
But rather let it cease to beat,
Extinguish, Lord, the Vital Heat,
 And bid me now depart.

6. I would not live to cross thy Will,
And frowardly my own fulfil
 In Quest of Comforts here:
With Pity see the Pangs I feel,
And save me, save me from the Ill
 Which more than Hell I fear.
7. I can, I do the World resign,
No Creature-Happiness be Mine,
 So Thou Thyself impart,
Send down the Blessing from above,
And let thine All-sufficient Love
 Engross and fill my Heart.
8. For This alone on Earth I wait,
Till Thou to its Unsinning State,
 My newborn Soul restore,
By Sufferings perfected beneath,
Victorious brought thro' Life and Death
 To that Eternal Shore.

[Untitled.]¹²

1. Merciful GOD, with pitying Eye
 See, as at the Point to die
 A Tempted Sinner see,
An helpless gasping Soul befriend,
And shew, if Hope is in my End,
 If Mercy is for me.

¹²Appears also in MS Deliberative, 25–27; and MS Richmond, 86–87. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:263–64.

2. Long have I forfeited my Peace,
 In this lonesom Wilderness
 My Sin I long have borne,
Stript of my Power to weep and pray,
I cannot find the Living Way,
 Or to thy Arms return.
3. Still farther have I rov'd from Thee,
 Deep in Sin and Misery
 Immers'd, and deeper still,
With not one Ray of Heavenly Hope
To bear my sinking Spirit up,
 And stop my headlong Will.
4. Forgive me, O Thou injur'd GOD,
 If with Waves of Woe oreflow'd
 In my extream Distress
Support from Man I hop'd to draw,
And eager caught at every Straw
 Of Earthly Happiness.
5. With Shame my Wishes I recant,
 Thou alone art all I want,
 But Thee I cannot find;
I strive alas! but still in vain,
Thy blisful Favour to regain
 And cast the World behind.
6. O woudst Thou try me, Lord, once more
 Only once my Peace restore,
 My Curse of Sin remove:

Then would I all with Joy forego
And Nothing seek, and Nothing know
But thy Extatic Love.

7. By Thine from Earthly Love set free,
Lo! I plight my Faith to Thee,
My Little All I give:
I *will*, if Thou my Heart release,
My Comfort, Joy, and Total Bliss
From Thee *alone* receive.
8. Eternal GOD, be present now,
Witness to my solemn Vow
With all thy Host above!
Accept, and answer me by Fire,
And now my parting Heart inspire
With pure Seraphic Love.
9. This only Happiness be mine,
Every other I resign,
Of thy pure Love possest,
Possest of all those Heavenly Charms,
I find within thy Mercy's Arms
My everlasting Rest.
10. [unfinished]

[Untitled.]¹³

1. Thou righteous GOD, whose Plague I bear,
Whose Plague I from my Youth have born
Shut up in Temporal Despair,
Ordain'd to suffer, and to mourn;
2. If now I had forgot to grieve
As every Penal Storm were or'e,
Forgive, the senseless Wretch forgive,
And all my Chastisement restore.
3. Asham'd of having hop'd for Rest,
Or ask'd for Comfort here below,
Lo! I revoke the rash Request,
And sink again in desperate Woe.
4. Submissive to the Stroke again
I bow my faint devoted Head,
Till Thou discharge the latest Pain
And write me free among the Dead.
5. Ah! what have I to do with Peace
Or Converse sweet, or Social Love?
From Man, and all his Help I cease,
From Earth, and all her Goods remove:
6. Waking out of my Dream of Hope
I see the fond Delusion end,
And give the whole Creation up,
And live and die—without a Friend.

¹³Appears also in MS Deliberative, 23. Published posthumously in *Representative Verse*, 265–66; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:145.

[Untitled.]¹⁴

1. Great Author of my Being,
 Who seest mine inward Care,
The Ills of thy decreeing
 Enable me to bear,
The Justice of thy Sentence
 With meekest Awe to own,
And spend in deep Repentance
 My last expiring Groan.

2. The Grief beyond expressing
 To me, to me impart,
I ask this only Blessing,
 An humble broken Heart:
The Spirit of Contrition
 O might I now receive,
Since all my Soul's Ambition
 Is worthily to grieve.

3. In sacred Melancholy
 I would thro' Life abide
And wail my Days of Folly,
 My Years of Sin and Pride,
Far from the Paths of Pleasure,
 Disdaining all Relief,
Would count my mournful Treasure,
 And hug my Hoard of Grief.

4. Be This my Constant Care
 From all Delight to flee,

¹⁴Appears also in MS Deliberative, 29–31. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:62–64.

And suffer None to share
My sacred Misery:
No Succour or Compassion
Of feeble Man I crave,
No Earthly Consolation,
Or Refuge—but the Grave.

5. The Friend, whom once I wanted
To mitigate my Woe,
Revok'd as soon as granted
I calmly now forego;
My latest Strife is over
The fleeting Good to stay,
Nor would I, Lord, recover
Whom Thou hast snatch'd away.

6. Thou knowst, my Heart's Desire
Is only to be gone,
And silently retire,
And live and die *alone*:
No sweet Companion near,
To catch my latest Sighs,
My dying Words to hear,
Or close these weary Eyes.

7. Only Thou GOD of Power,
Thou GOD of Love attend,

In that decisive Hour,
When Pain with Life shall end,
Thou only bear my Burthen,
And help my last Distress,
And give me back my Pardon,
And bid me die in Peace.

8. O for thy Jesus' merit
The Forfeiture restore,
And land my fainting Spirit
On yonder happy Shore,
In Safety waft me over
And harbour in thy Breast,
And let me there recover
Mine everlasting Rest.

[Untitled.]¹⁵

1. Peace, troubled Heart, be calm, be still,
Till thy DESIRE appears!
The Lamb shall all my Sorrows heal,
And wipe away my Tears.
2. This Horror of offending Him
It shall not always last,
The Pain of Life's uneasy Dream
Is in a Moment past.
3. The Grief and Fear shall hasten on
The End of Fear and Grief,

¹⁵Appears also in MS Richmond, 72–74. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:258–61.

This Load shall quickly weigh me down
And bring its own Relief.

4. The Cruel Loss, the grievous Wrong,
Too great alas! to name,
I shall not live to suffer long,
But die from all my Shame.
5. The kind Release, the Fatal Blow
Is given by a Friend,
And soon by surest Signs I know,
My various Day shall end.
6. Entering on Life's Meridian Stage
I see the Shades appear,
And feel Anticipated Age,
Death's welcome Harbinger.
7. The Object of my tenderest Cares
Whom most I toil'd to save
Brings down my grey, tho' youthful hairs
With Sorrow to the Grave.
8. Blest be the Hand, forever blest,
Which guided, Lord, by Thine
Pushes into an Earlier Rest
This weary Soul of mine.
9. JESU, my Residue of years¹⁶
On Her, on Her bestow,
But let Her thro' the Vale of Tears
Without my Sorrows go.

¹⁶Ori., "Days."

10. Hide Thou her pretious Life above
The Reach of Sin and Pain,
In perfect Peace, and perfect Love
Her happy Soul sustain.
11. Her as the Apple of an Eye
In every Danger keep,
Nor let her from the Shepherd fly,
Or straggle from the Sheep.
12. The Fulness of thy Blessings grant,
The Mind that was in Thee,
Nor ever suffer Her to want,
My useless Ministry.
13. Above what I can ask or think
Let Her of Thee receive,
And deep into thy Spirit drink,
And in thine Image live.
14. From every Touch of Evil guard,
And Sense of Misery,
Nor let her Joy be e'er impair'd
By once remembering me.
15. Avert the vain relenting Thought,
The needless Grief avert,
And O! my sad Memorial blot
With me out of her Heart.
16. Suffice that at my latest Hour
I thy Compassion find,

And die out of th' Accuser's Power
And leave my Load behind.

17. Beneath that Load I now stand up,
And wait the End to see,
Hold fast my Comfortable Hope
Of Immortality.
18. On Earth I shall not always live
Afflicted and opprest,
My Saviour will at last receive
His Mourner to his Breast.
19. Here then I rest my fainting Soul,
And calm expect the Day,
That speaks my Suffering Measure full,
And summons me away.
20. Patient of Life for thy dear sake
Who livdst and diedst for me,
Lo! from thy Hand the Cup I take,
And live and die for Thee.

A Midnight Hymn.¹⁷

1. At this solemn Noon of Night,
Lo! I rise to sing thy Praise,
All thy Judgments, Lord, are right,
True and holy all thy Ways,
Dark and grievous though they be,
Just are all thy Ways to me.

¹⁷Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:47–48.

2. Glory to the GOD unknown!
Chasten'd from my infant Years,
Thy Afflictive Love I own,
Mingle Praises with my Tears,
Bless Thee for my Troubles past,
Calmly wait to feel the last.
3. Thee I awfully adore,
Bruis'd by thy severest Rod;
Strengthen me to suffer more,
Aggravate my heaviest Load,
Child of Sorrow from the Womb
Send me weeping to the Tomb.
4. Still in Weariness and Pain
Will I a sad Vigil keep,
Lift my mournful Eyes again,
Only wake to pray and weep,
To my midnight Task return,
Bless Thee for my Power to mourn.
5. O how Gracious is thy Love
Thus to strip me of my Joy,
All my Comforts to remove,
All my Idols to destroy,
Forc'd by Stress of Misery
Happiness to seek in Thee.
6. Wounded in the tenderest Part,
Spoil'd of all my Friends below,

Can I thank Thee from my Heart
Bless the Hand that deals the Blow?
Lord, beneath thy Hand I bow—
What Thou dost I know not now.

7. Yet I can thy Mercy praise,
Doom'd my Chastning *here* to feel,
That I with thy godless Race
May not be adjudg'd to Hell;
Lord, for This my Thanks receive,
Wretched—out of Hell—I live.
8. Of his Earthly All bereft
Should a Living Man complain?
Or have I a Blessing left?
Take that Blessing back again,
Now my latest Good remove,
Give me but at last thy Love.

[Untitled.]¹⁸

- [1.] O bitter bitter Loss!
My Bosom-Friend is gone,
My Life and Comfort was
Wrapt up in Him alone:
My Eyes and Heart's Desire is fled,
The Intercourse is or'e,
My Bosom-Friend to me is dead,
He loves my Soul no more.

¹⁸Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:49–50.

2. To Satan's Malice left,
 By Human Furies torn,
 Of all my Joys bereft,
 For none but This I mourn
As Rachel obstinately grieve
 Disconsolate in Woe,
Nor will I ever more receive
 Comfort from Things below.

3. I lift my broken Heart
 To Him that reigns above;
 O would He once impart
 The Med'cine of his Love!
His only Love can be my Balm,
 My wounded Spirit ease,
His only Voice the Storm can calm
 And bid my Sorrows cease.

4. O woudst Thou, Lord appear,
 And answer to my Cry,
 Thy hopeless Mourner cheer,
 Thy balmy Blood apply;
From Thee the GOD of pardning Love
 I never would depart,
But seek my whole Delight above,
 And give Thee all my Heart.

5. Were I from all my Pain
 Miraculously freed,
 Might I receive again
 My Isaac from the Dead,

He still should on thine Altar lie
Till both translated were,
And met Each Other in the Sky,
And met the Saviour there.

Desiring to be Dissolved.¹⁹

1. My wretched Life, O Lord, receive,
Can I to thy Glory live?
Alas the fond Desire
Is blasted by the Dragon's Breath:
Then let me from the World retire,
And praise Thee by my Death.
2. The Fiend hath laid mine Honour low,
Mangled by a deadly Blow,
My Race of Glory's or'e:
O that my Race of Shame were past!
O might I bear my Sin no more,
But weep and groan my last!
3. Why should I live in fruitless Pain,
Suffering on, and all in vain?
Why as an Evil-doer
Should I to shame thy People stay?
Now, Lord, my sinsick Spirit cure,
And call me hence away.
4. Speak, Saviour, speak the welcome Word,
Pardon, and receive me, Lord,
Cut short my mournful Years,

¹⁹Appears also in MS Richmond, 121–22; and MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 75–76. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:123–24.

From all my Sins and Sorrows save,
And let me quit this Vale of Tears,
And rush into a Grave.

5. O might I now lay down my head
Weary sink among the Dead,
Beyond the Tempter's Power,
Escap'd from Life's tempestuous Sea,
O might I gain the Happy Shore
Of calm Eternity.
6. Jesu, regard my earnest Cry,
Hallow, Lord, and let me die;
In Answer to my Prayer
The Death-presiding Angel send,
And let my Pain, and Grief, and Care
In Life Eternal end.

[Untitled.]²⁰

- [1.] O how are They increas'd
That vex and trouble me!
By Men and Fiends distress'd
I cry, O Lord, to Thee:
They persecute with cruel Hate
Whom Thou hast wounded sore,
Till Nature faints beneath the Weight,
And Life can bear no more.
2. Why then dost Thou detain
My fleeting Spirit here,

²⁰Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:137.

And hold me still in Pain
With lasting Ease so near?
O woudst Thou now renew my Heart,
From all my Sins release,
And bid me quietly depart,
And bid me die in Peace!

At laying down.²¹

1. When shall I lay down my Head
On my softest Earthen Bed,
Have the Rest I fain would have,
Sink into the Quiet Grave!
2. When shall I my Haven find
Leave my Cares and Griefs behind,
Gain the Good for which I weep,
Close mine Eyes in lasting Sleep!
3. Might I now escape away,
Quit the Tenement of Clay,
Take my unsuspected Flight,
Steal into the World of Light.
4. Only This do I desire,
Change, and O! My Soul require,
Come, my Lord, and Saviour come,
Now prepare and take me home.
5. Now pronounce the welcom Word,
Pardon, and receive me, Lord,
Now the hallowing Blood apply,
Bid me lay me down, and die.

²¹Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:65–66.

6. Work a sudden Work of Grace
Cut it short in Righteousness,
Liken'd to the Saints in Light,
Call me²² hence this happy Night.
7. Save me now from all my Fears,
Let me pour my latest Tears,
Ee'r I see th' approaching Morn
Bid my Spirit to GOD return.
8. Breathless leave this heavy Clod,
Faint into the Arms of GOD,
Glide in blissful Dreams away,
Wake in Everlasting Day.

[Untitled.]²³

1. O sorrowful Soul,
Thy Measure is full,
Thy Cup it runs or'e,
On Earth Thou canst sorrow and suffer no more.
2. My Comfort is fled,
My Joy is all dead,
Extinguish'd my Hope,
And never again I on Earth shall look up.
3. In patient Distress
From the Creature I cease
Disdain the Relief
Which can neither remove, nor diminish my Grief.

²²Ori., "us."

²³Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:60–62.

4. From the Things that are seen
From the Children of Men
To the Comforts I fly,
To the Joys and the Pleasures that never shall die.
5. From the World I remove
To a City above,
Whose Basis stands fast,
And long as the Heavenly Founder shall last.
6. No mournful Complaints
In a City of Saints,
No Evil or Sin,
No Want or Temptation can ever break in.
7. No Curse to annoy,
No Death to destroy,
No Trouble or Care,
No Anguish, or Sorrow, or Crying is there.
8. The King of the Place
Shall shew me his Face,
The Rapturous Sight
Shall fill me with pure and unfading Delight.
9. O thrice blessed Hope,
Even now it lifts up
My Soul to the Skies,
And wipes for a Moment the Tears from my Eyes.
10. The Vale I look thro'
To the Glory in view,

That Eternal Reward
For All who endure to the End with their Lord.

11. For that Heavenly Prize,
The Cross I despise,
Till with Life I lay down
The Burthen, thro' which I inherit the Crown.

Jonah's Gourd.²⁴

1. Where is the Gourd that sudden rose
To skreen a weary Pilgrim's Head,
T' assuage the Violence of my Woes,
And bless me with its Cooling Shade,
Make all my Cares and Sorrows cease,
And turn my Anguish into Ease.
2. A Worm hath smote my Verdant Bower
And lo! how soon it fades away!
It could not stand the Morning Hour,
Or bear the Scorching Heat of Day,
My wither'd Joy alas is fled,
My Fence is gone, my Friend is dead.
3. Dead, dead are all my Hopes below,
On Earth I look for no Relief,
No Pause, or Interval of Woe,
No Respite or Suspense of Grief,

²⁴Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:50–51. Cf. Jonah 4:5–8.

My shortliv'd Happiness is ore,
And Human Friendship is no more.

4. The Fiery Sun's directest Ray,
The vehement Wind's severest Blast
Beat on me in this Evil Day:
O might I now complain my last,
Now, now lay down my fainting head,
And weary sink among the Dead.
5. Better for me to die than live
An useless Life of Grief and Pain:
O woudst Thou, Lord, my Spirit receive,
But purge it first from every Stain
From all my Foes, and Friends set free
And then receive me up to Thee.

[Untitled.]²⁵

- [1.] O tis enough! my GOD, my GOD,
Thy Hand withhold, thy Wrath forbear,
Spare, for I hear the Speaking Rod,
Thy prodigal in Mercy spare,
And in thy gracious Arms embrace
And kiss the Sorrow from my Face.
2. My every Idol I resign,
By thy afflictive love compel'd,
Jesus, the Victory is Thine,
Hardly at last I yield, I yield,
With every Creature-Good to part;
I give Thee all this worthless Heart.

²⁵Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:51–52.

3. With solemn Dread my Life, my Fame,
My Friend I on Thine Altar lay,
All human Help and Hope disclaim,
And meekly wait the welcom Day,
That shall my weary Soul release,
And lull me in Eternal Peace.
4. O might I now thy Goodness taste,
And know the Pardning GOD is mine,
Calmly lament, and groan my last,
Into thy Hands my Soul resign,
And plunge into the Depths above,
The Ocean of thy heavenly Love.

[Untitled.]²⁶

1. Disconsolate Tenant of Clay,
In solemn Assurance arise,
Thy Treasure of Sorrow survey,
And look thro' it all to the Skies:
That Heavenly House is prepar'd
For All who are Sufferers here,
And wait the Return of their Lord,
And long for his Day to appear.
2. Who suffer in Jesus's Shame,
Shall triumph in Jesus's Love;
A Child of Affliction I claim
My sure Habitation above,
My Seal of Election is This,
His Marks in my Spirit I bear,

²⁶Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:41–43.

My Fulness of infinite Bliss,
My Crown of rejoicing is there.

3. There all the Tempestuous Blast
Of bitter Affliction is or'e,
The Spirit is landed at last,
And Sorrow and Shame are no more,
Temptation, and Trouble are gone,
The Trial is all at an end—
And there I shall cease to bemoan
The loss of my credulous friend.
4. Tis there I shall meet Her again
Whose Burthen thro' Life I must bear,
No longer the Cause of my Pain,
No longer a Fugitive there:
Here only the World could divide,
Here only the Tempter could part,
And turn the Unwary aside,
And poison the Innocent Heart.
5. Then let me with Meekness attend
The Word that shall summon me home,
The Days of my Pilgrimage end,
And bury my Griefs in the Tomb;
The Tears shall be wip'd from mine Eyes,
When Her I behold with the Blest,
Who hasten'd my Soul to the Skies,
And follow'd me into my Rest.

In Weariness.²⁷

1. Worn out with long Fatigue, and Pain,
Let my feeble Flesh complain,
Or fail beneath its Load,
My Spirit shall superior rise,
Regaining swift her native Skies,
And sooner reach her GOD.
2. Too long this Corruptible Clay
Clouded the Etherial Ray,
And press'd my Spirit down;
A Gainer now by every loss,
I find in Weariness a Cross
That lifts me to a Crown.
3. Of Pain I now advantage make,
Meekly bear it for His sake
Who suffer'd Death for me:
To suffer Death for Him I wait,
And Pain shall open wide the Gate
Of Immortality.
4. O blessed Hope of Lasting Peace!
Let me *lawfully* decrease,
And *sensibly* decay;
Welcom whate'er my Lord ordain,
Disease, or Weariness, or Pain
To hasten me away.

²⁷Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:69–70.

5. I come, with eager Joy I come
 To my Everlasting Home,
 Where Toil and Sorrow end,
Where all my Stores of Grief shall fail,
And I no more in Groans bewail
 My poor Departed Friend.

6. In that Jerusalem above
 All is Harmony and Love,
 And Joy without a Sting;
The Tears are banish'd from our eyes,
And not a single Sigh can rise
 Where Saints forever sing.

7. O might I from this Dungeon freed
 Now lay down my weary Head,
 My mournful Soul resign,
This Moment meet the 'pointed Day,
And faint, and sink, and die away
 Into the Arms Divine.

[Untitled.]²⁸

1. Jesu, help thy Fallen Creature!
 Conqueror of the World Thou art,
Stronger than the Fiend, and greater
 Than this poor rebellious Heart:
Power, I know, to Thee is given,
 Power to sentence or release,
Power to shut, or open Heaven,
 Thou alone hast all the Keys.

²⁸Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:70–71.

2. Open then in great Compassion
Open Mercy's Door to me,
Out of mighty Tribulation
Bring me forth thy Face to see;
O cut short my Days of mourning
Quickly to my Rescue come,
Let me suddenly returning
Reach my everlasting Home.

3. Hear me, Lord, myself bemoaning,
Banish'd from my native Place,
Languishing for GOD, and groaning
To appear before thy Face:
From this Bodily Oppression
Set my earnest Spirit free,
Give me now the full Possession,
Let me now thy Glory see.

4. If Thou ever didst discover
To my Faith the Promis'd Land,
Bid me now the Stream pass over,
On that Heavenly Border stand,
Now surmount whate'er opposes,
Into thy Embraces fly,
Speak the Word Thou spakst to Moses,
Bid me get me up, and die.

[Untitled.]²⁹

1. Weary World of Sin and Anguish
How I long from Thee to fly!
Restless for Relief I languish,
Fainting³⁰ thro' Desire to die,
O my Life, my only Treasure,
Let me cast it all behind,
Now fill up my mournful measure
Now my Heavenly Canaan find.

2. Never shipwreck'd Mar'iner wanted
More to reach the distant Shore,
Never wandring Exile panted
For his native Country more:
Hear my earnest Supplication,
Thou who only canst release,
Shew me now thy full Salvation,
Let me now depart in Peace.

3. Hear me, Lord, my Suit redouble,
Till the Promise I obtain,³¹
Cease from all my Grief and Trouble,
Everlasting Comfort gain:
Can it be to Thee displeasing
That I fain thy Face would see,
Eager for the mighty Blessing
All on fire to die for Thee.

4. Present with me in Temptation
Thou my troubled Soul hast known,

²⁹Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:71–72.

³⁰Ori., “Dying.”

³¹Ori., “regain.”

All my Sorrow and Vexation,
All my Fear to Thee I own;
Lord, I would not live to grieve Thee,
Would not from thy Bosom stray,
Place me, where I cannot leave Thee,
Now transport my Soul away.

[Untitled.]³²

1. O might the Gracious Hand
Which into Being brought
Transport me to that Quiet Land,
Where all things are forgot!
That Land of settled Rest,
Where Fear and Grief is or'e,
And Loss and Pain no more molest,
And Sin torments no more.
2. This Mountain-Load of Care,
This Bitterness of Shame,
This Mem'ry—I shall lose it there,
With all I feel and am:
In sweet oblivion drown'd,
My Sorrows all shall cease;
There only Peace for me is found,
A sure eternal Peace.
3. I dare not hope to see
My Sufferings end below,
But wait the Hour that sets me free
From Life and all its Woe:

³²Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:72–74.

No Gleam of Joy shall steal
Into this wretched Heart,
Till GOD his perfect Love reveal,
And bid me hence depart.

4. Harden'd in just Despair
I hug the destin'd Cross,
The Wound incurable I bear,
Th' irreparable Loss:
The Pangs thro' which I groan
On Earth shall never end,—
For O! Eternity alone
Can give me back my Friend.
5. O happy happy Hope!
(My only Hope of Bliss)
I, even I shall there look up,
And see my Troubles cease;
Beyond the cruel Power
Of Sin I there shall be,
I, even I shall reach the Shore
Of Calm Eternity.
6. Come then, my friendly Foes,
With kindest Violence come,
Fill up the Measure of my Woes,
Hasten my Spirit home,
Let Grief, and Loss, and Shame
With Men and Devils join
To drive a Wretch—without a Name
Into the Arms Divine.

[Charles numbers two consecutive pages “43”]

On the Death of _____.³³

1. Farewell, Thou once a Sinner,
My poor afflicted Friend!
Thy Lord, thy Faith's Beginner,
Is now its glorious End:
The Author of thy Being
Hath summon'd Thee away,
And Faith is lost in Seeing,
And Night in endless Day.
2. Thy Days of Pain and Mourning,
Thy Punishment is past,
And to thy GOD returning
Thy Soul is sav'd at last:
Sav'd from a World of Evils,
With Jesus Christ shut in,
Beyond the Range of Devils,
Beyond the Reach of Sin.
3. No more orewhelm'd with Terrors,
Or rack'd with Doubts Thou art,
No more th' Almighty's Arrows
Transfix thy bleeding Heart:
No more thy wounded Spirit
Faints under its full Load,
Or cries, What Man can bear it,
The heavy Wrath of GOD!
4. The Waves and Storms of Passion
Are all past or'e thy Head,

³³Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:76–77.

From Trouble and Temptation
Thou livst forever freed:
No Loss of Friends shall grieve thee,
While all thy Eden share,
They cannot, cannot leave thee,
Thy kind Companions there.

5. With Those that went before thee,
The Saints of antient Days,
Who shine in Sacred Story
Thy Soul has found its Place:
Acquainted with their Sadness
While in the Weeping Vale,
Thou sharest now their Gladness,
And Joys that never fail.
6. Thine earthly Course is ended,
Thou hast obtain'd the Prize,
Triumphantly ascended
To GOD in Paradise:
From all thy Care and Sorrow
Thou art escap'd to day—
And I shall mount tomorrow,
And I shall soar away.
7. Jesus, my Hope of Glory,
I owe it to thy Grace,
That I shall soon adore thee,
And see thee Face to Face:
Fulfil my Expectation,
And O! to take me home

With all thy great Salvation
This happy Moment come!

Another
[On the Death of _____].³⁴

1. All Worship and Love
To the Father above,
Who hath summon'd Another his Glory to prove,
Who in Pity and Grace
Hath shortned his Race,
And caught up a Worm to the Sight of his Face.
2. Our Friend is at rest,
In a Paradice blest,
Which Sorrow and Satan can never molest:
He hath shook off his Clay,
He is wafted away,
And escap'd to the Regions of Permanent Day.
3. Thrice happy Remove
To a Country above,
Where All are employ'd in the Triumph of Love:
We thitherward tend,
We too shall ascend,
And begin the Enjoyment which never shall end.
4. For this do we mourn,
Till by Angels upborn
We again to our Heavenly Border return;

³⁴Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:81–83.

Caught up in the Air,
We soon shall be there,
And our happy unfading Inheritance share.

5. What Joy shall abound,
 When our Brethren around
The Throne of our Glorious Redeemer are found,
 When our Comrades in Pain
 We embrace them again,
And in Jesus's Bosom eternally reign.

6. With Loving Surprize
 The whole Company cries
How strangely at last are we met in the Skies!
 What a Wonder of Grace
 Transcending our Praise
That *We* should be seen in this Holiest Place!

7. Poor Sinners below,
 Acquainted with Woe,
How heavily once with our Load did we go!
 In Trials severe
 How oft did we fear
We should never hold out, we should never come here.

8. Fellow-prisoners beneath
 Our sorrowful Breath
We wasted in passionate Wishes for Death;
 Our Evils so rife,
 So painful our Strife,
And so long did it seem the sad Moment of life.

9. That Moment is past:
 We are landed at last,
We are safely arriv'd where our Anchor was cast,
 On Immanuel's Land
 With a numberless Band
Of Cherubs and Seraphs exulting we stand.

10. For a Moment of Pain
 We on Earth did sustain,
An Eternal Reward we in Heaven obtain:
 Who governs the Skies
 Hath banish'd our Sighs,
And the Lamb He hath wip'd all the Tears from our eyes.

11. No uneasy Alloy
 Shall sully our Joy,
While our Harps in Imanuel's Praise we employ,
 Not a dissonant String
 Shall be heard, while we sing
With the Chorus of Angels our Saviour and King.

12. Our Saviour we own
 Who sits on the Throne,
Salvation ascribe to the Father and Son!
 We are sav'd by the Lamb,
 Let all Heaven proclaim,
Let all Heaven bow down to the Wonderful Name.

13. Our Jesus surround
 With Majesty crown'd,
And Amen to our Praises ye Seraphim sound!

Lo! He shews us his Face!
Ye Seraphim gaze
Or fall, and adore in the Spirit of Praise.

14. Thus, thus let us lie,
Till uprais'd by His Eye
Hallelujah, again Hallelujah we cry;
Progressively move,
And in Rapture improve,
And Eternity spend to the Praise of his Love.

[Untitled.]³⁵

- [1.] Come on my Partners in Distress,
My Comrades thro' the Wilderness
Who still your Bodies *feel*,
Forget with me your Griefs and Fears,
And look beyond the Vale of Tears
To that celestial Hill.
2. Beyond the Bounds of Time and Space,
Look forward to that happy Place
The Saints secure Abode;
On Faith's strong Eagle Pinions rise,
And force your Passage to the Skies,
And scale the Mount of GOD.
3. See where the Lamb in Glory stands,
Incircled with his radiant Bands
And join th' Angelic Powers,
For all that Height of Glorious Bliss
Our everlasting Portion is,
And all that Heaven is Ours.

³⁵Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:29–31.

4. Who suffer for our Master here,
We shall before his Face appear,
 And by his Side sit down;
To Patient Faith the Prize is sure,
And all that to the end endure
 The Cross, shall wear the Crown.

5. Thrice blessed bliss-inspiring Hope!
It lifts the fainting Spirit up,
 It brings to life the Dead:
Our Conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last
 To triumph with our Head.

6. That great Mysterious Deity
We soon with open Face shall see:
 The Beatific Sight
Shall fill the Heavenly Courts with Praise,
And wide diffuse the Golden Blaze
 Of everlasting Light.

7. The Father shining on his Throne,
The glorious coeternal Son,
 The Spirit One and Seven
Conspire, our Rapture to compleat,
And lo! we fall before his Seat,—
 And Silence heightens Heaven.

8. In Hope of that extatic Pause,
Jesus, we now sustain thy Cross,
 And at thy Footstool fall,

Till Thou our hidden Life reveal,
Till Thou our ravish'd Spirits fill
And GOD is All in All.

[Untitled.]³⁶

To [the Tune of]—Jesus, let thy Pitying Eye.

- [1.] Jesus hear, my GOD my All,
An helpless Sinner's Cry,
Sore perplex'd to Thee I call,
To Thee for Succour fly:
O resolve the Painful Doubt,
And lead me by a Way unknown,
Cut the Knot of Life,—and cut
Ten thousand Knots in One.
2. Dark alas! and doubly blind
My Path I cannot see,
Labring all in vain to find
Thy Will concerning me:
End this Agony of Thought,
And let thy secret Will be shewn,
Cut the Knot of Life and cut
Ten thousand Knots in One.
3. Lost, distracted I inquire
The Pleasure of the Lord,
Uninform'd by Light, or Fire,
Or Vision, or the Word;

³⁶Appears also in MS Deliberative, 21–22. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:252–54.

Still, O Lord, Thou answe'rest not,
As deaf to my Continued Groan,
Cut the Knot of Life, and cut
Ten thousand Knots in One.

4. Lo! I seem to take the field
Like sad devoted Saul,
Grasp, to cast away my Shield
And only stand to fall;
To the Fatal Mountain brought,
I rush to certain Ruin on,
Cut the Knot of Life &c.³⁷
5. Wherefore should I stay to shame
The Souls in Jesus join'd,
Stay to leave on Them my Name,
To leave a Curse behind?
Rather let me die forgot
Unmark'd, unpitied, and alone,
Cut the Knot of Life &c.
6. GOD, the GOD that hearest Prayer
Thou hast rejected mine,
Left as in extream Despair
I feel the Frown Divine,
See the Door of Mercy shut,
And faint, and sink despairing down
Cut the Knot &c.

³⁷I.e., Wesley is abbreviating the last two lines here and in the following stanzas.

7. O for Mercy sake restore
The Comfort of thy Grace,
Saviour, let me die, once more
To see thy Smiling Face,
Purge away my Sinful Blot,
And then take home thy Banish'd One,
Cut the Knot &c.

8. Horror of offending Thee
Extorts the sad Request,
End the Fearful Misery,
And take me into Rest,
Now bind up whom Thou hast smote
Revive, and raise me to thy Throne,
Cut the Knot of Life, and cut
Ten thousand Knots in One.

[Untitled.]³⁸

- [1.] Christ, my Life, my only Treasure,
Thou alone
Mould Thine own
After thy good pleasure.
2. Thou who paidst my Price shalt have me:
Thine I am,
Holy Lamb,
Save, and always save me.
3. Order Thou my whole Condition,
Chuse my State,
Fix my Fate
By thy wise Decision.
4. From all earthly Expectation
Set me free,
Seize for Thee
All my Strength of Passion.
5. Into absolute Subjection
Be it brought,
Every Thought
Every fond Affection.
6. That which most my Soul requires
For thy sake,
Hold it back;
Purge my best Desires.
7. Keep from me thy Loveliest Creature,

³⁸Appears also in MS Deliberative, 5–6. Published posthumously in *Representative Verse*, 264–65; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:248–49.

Till I prove
Jesus Love
Infinitely sweeter.

8. Till with purest Passion panting
Cries my Heart,
“Where Thou art,
[“Nothing more is wanting.”]
9. Blest with thy Abiding Spirit,
Fully blest,
Now I rest,
All in One³⁹ inherit.
10. Heav’n is now with Jesus given;
Christ in me,
Thou shalt be
Mine Eternal Heaven.

³⁹In the margin “Thee” is written as an alternative to “One.”

**For the Spirit of
Grace and Supplication.⁴⁰**

1. O Thou Father of Compassions,
O Thou GOD of Mercies hear,
Send the Spirit of Supplications,
Send the Gracious Comforter;
Have respect to Jesus' Merit,
To thy Church the Gift impart,
Send Him Now, the Pleading Spirit
Pour into thy People's Heart.

2. If we have thro' Him found favour,
If for Us He ever prays,
Now in Honour of our Saviour
Grant the All-commanding Grace,
Stir us up to Prayer unceasing,
Let us all the Promise claim,
Wrestle for the mighty Blessing
For the New Mysterious Name.

3. Send our long-desir'd Messiah,
Us to teach thy perfect Way:
Faithful, fervent as Elias,
Let us in the Spirit pray:
Let the Power to us be given
(Weak and helpless as we are)
Power to shut, and open Heaven,
All th' Omnipotence of Prayer.

⁴⁰The first three stanzas published in *HSP* (1749), 2:35.

4. That Thou wilt The Gift outpour
Let us now a Sign obtain,
Token of the Largest Shower,
Sound of the Abundant Rain,
If the Prayer be seal'd in Heaven
If Our own thro' Christ Thou art,
Let the Sp'irit this Moment given
Groan the Answer in our Heart.

Another
[For the Spirit of
Grace and Supplication].⁴¹

1. Jesus, Thou sovereign Lord of All
The same thro' one Eternal Day
Regard thy feeblest Followers Call,
And O! instruct us how to pray,
Pour out the Supplicating Grace,
And stir us up to seek thy Face.
2. We cannot think a gracious Thought,
We cannot feel a good Desire,
Till Thou who call'dst a World from Nought,
The Power into our Hearts inspire,
And then we in thy Spirit groan,
And then we give Thee back Thine own.
3. Proceeds from Thee the Wish to pray,
The secret Wish which now we feel,
But O! we know not what to say,
We would, but cannot, Lord, reveal

⁴¹Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:35–37.

The Load our fainting Spirits bear,
Or tell Thee all our Wants in Prayer.

4. Lost in a Labyrinth of Sin,
 Long have we wandred to and fro,
 The Wilderness hath shut us in,
 And only Faith the Way can shew,
 And only Prayer can lend the Clue
 To guide our weary Footsteps thro'.
5. Tormented, destitute, distrest,
 Scatter'd in the dark cloudy Day
 We labour for that Farther Rest,
 And fain would force our Hearts to pray,
 And pant, and strive with endless Care
 To heave away the Mountain-Bar.
6. Dost Thou not, Lord, our Trouble see
 Our sore unprofitable Pain?
 A thousand times we bow the knee,
 Approach Thee with our Lips in vain
 Present with lifted Hands and Eyes
 A formal heartless Sacrifice.
7. A thousand times orewhelm'd with Woe
 We groan impatient at thy Stay,
 Ready to let the Promise go,
 Ready to cast our Shield away,
 The fruitless Labour to forbear,
 And fold our Arms in sad Despair.

8. Jesus, regard the joint Complaint,
Of all thy Tempted Followers here,
And now supply the Common Want,
And send us down the Comforter,
The Spirit of ceaseless Prayer impart,
And fix thy Agent in our Heart.
9. To help our Soul's Infirmary,
To heal thy sinsick People's Care,
To urge our bold prevailing Plea
And make our Heart an House of Prayer,
That Promis'd Intercessor give,
And let us Now Thyself receive.
10. Come in thy Pleading Spirit down
To us who for thy Coming stay;
Of all thy Gifts we ask but One,
We ask the constant Power to pray,
Indulge us, Lord, in this Request,
And, if Thou canst, withhold the rest.

[Untitled.]⁴²

1. O Father of All,
On Thee let me call,
On Thee let me wait, till uprais'd from my Fall:
My Burthen of Pain
With meekness sustain,
And never rebel, or provoke Thee again.

⁴²Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:78–80.

2. Meer Mercies they are,
 The Judgments I bear,
If sav'd from the Gulph of eternal Despair,
 All Thanks be to Thee,
 In my End if there be
Any Hope of Acceptance, and Pardon for me.

3. In patient Distress
 My Soul I possess,
Till Life and Affliction together shall cease,
 Till the Anguish and Smart
 Hath broken my Heart,
And the Mourner is suffer'd in Peace to depart.

4. Till then I forego
 All Comfort below,
And no other Companion but Sorrow will know;
 My Companion and Guide
 With me shall abide,
And only in Death shall be torn from my Side.

5. A Stranger to Hope
 I the Measure fill up,
And drink the last Dregs of the Penitent Cup,
 In Trouble's Excess
 My Wishes suppress,
My pining Desires of a Speedy Release.

6. If such be my Doom,
 To suffer I come,
To suffer an Age within Sight of a Tomb,
 To sorrow and fear,
 With Comfort so near,
And live out the Days of my Punishment here.

7. Accepting my Pain
 I no longer complain,
But wait till at last I thy Favour regain,
 Till the Storm is blown or'e,
 And Afflicted no more
On a Plank of the Ship I escape to the Shore.

[Untitled.]⁴³

- [1.] Will the Pardning GOD despise
 A poor Mourner's Sacrifice,
 One, who brings his All to Thee,
 All his Sin and Misery.

2. Saviour, see⁴⁴ my troubled Breast
 Heaving, panting after Rest,
 Jesus, mark my hollow Eye,
 Never clos'd, and never dry.

3. Listen to my plaintive Moans,
 Deep uninterrupted Groans,
 Keep not silence at my Tears,
 Quiet all my Griefs and Fears.

⁴³Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:75–76.

⁴⁴Ori., “save.”

4. Good Physician, shew thine Art,
Bind Thou up my broken Heart;
Akes it not for Thee, my GOD,
Pants to feel thy balmy Blood?
5. Gushing from thy wounded Side
Might I feel it now applied!
Woudst Thou in my last Distress
Heal, and bid me die in Peace!
6. Jesus, answer all thy Name,
Save me from my Fear and Shame,
Sunk in desperate Misery,
Sinner's Friend, remember me.
7. By thy Bonds my Soul release,
By thy Pain my Anguish ease,
By thy bloody Sweat I pray,
Wash my inbred Sin away.
8. Quicken by thy parting Breath,
By thy life-inspiring Death,
Save me by thy Burial save,
Hide me in thy quiet Grave.
9. Skreen my faint devoted Head,
Write me free among the Dead,
With thy pardning Mercy blest
Take me to my Endless Rest.

[Untitled.]⁴⁵

1. O Jesus, my Hope
When wilt Thou lift up
A [lost⁴⁶] Sinner that lies at thy Feet?
If Thou cast out my Prayer,
I shall die in Despair,
And sink into the bottomless Pit.
2. Thou knowst my sad Case,
I am fallen from Grace,
And possest by a Spirit unclean,
I have lost all my Power,
I am every Hour
Dropping into the Tophet of Sin.
3. How weak was my Heart
With my Saviour to part,
Who had sprinkled me once with his Blood!
Yet I throw'd off his Yoke,
And presumptuously broke
From the Arms of a Merciful GOD.
4. Now I languish in vain
Thy Love to regain,
But find for Repentance no Place;
Thou hast left me to mourn,
And I cannot return,
Or recover thy forfeited Grace.
5. Ah! what shall I say?⁴⁷
I have squander'd away
My Portion of Mercy Divine,

⁴⁵Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:127–28.

⁴⁶While it is missing in the manuscript, Wesley added “lost” in the published form to establish the correct metre for the line.

⁴⁷Ori., “do.”

I have sinn'd in thy Sight,
I have done Thee despite,
And gone back to my Husks and my Swine.

6. Nothing is there in me
 Thy glory can see,
But the Fulness of Passion and Pride,
 My Heart is unclean,
 My whole Nature is Sin,
In the Confines of Hell I abide.
7. O how shall I move
 Thy Compassion and Love
To consider my desperate Grief?
 I can only confess
 My Sin and Distress,
And go out of Myself for Relief.
8. To the Fountain I go,
 Which so freely did flow
In Pardons from Jesus's side;
 O my Saviour and GOD,
 Let the Water and Blood
Be again to my Conscience applied.
9. Do not look upon me
 But as ransom'd by Thee;
Remember, O Lord, what Thou art,
 A meer Sinner I am,
 But I call on thy Name,
I appeal to thy Pitiful Heart.

10. Now, now let me die,
At thy Feet while I lie,
Delight, if Thou canst, in my Death,
But I surely shall feel,
Ee'r I drop into Hell,
That the Arms of thy Love are beneath.

[Untitled.]⁴⁸

- [1.] O that I could but pray!
How gladly would I bear
The Burthen of this evil Day
With the Support of Prayer!
Happy, could I but tell
To GOD mine inward Woe,
My Depth of Wickedness reveal,
My Height of Trouble shew.
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:

⁴⁸Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 93–96; MS Clarke, 108–11; and MS Shent, 81a–82a. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:31–33.

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,
And unconcern'd it sleeps,
Or starts of its 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,
Yeild to a wretched faithless Heart,
And give my Saviour up?
No, no: that killing Thought
Is worse than all I feel,
Still let me seek, tho' clean forgot,
And *want* my Saviour still.

7. Dead as I am to GOD;
 I will not Him forgoe,
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 unexpressed,
The Struggle of my Soul to bow,
 And fall upon his Breast!
 Silence a Voice has found,
 A Cry is in the Void,
Thro' Earth and Heaven my Woes resound
 And pierce the Heart 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.]⁴⁹

1. Lord, I know not how to pray,
Help mine Infirmary,
Tell me, Father, what to say,
And I will speak to Thee;
Wretched, poor, and helpless I
Would fain be taken to thy Breast,
Abba Father, hear my Cry,
And lull my Soul to rest.
- 2.⁵⁰ Ee'r I utter my Complaint,
My Wants to Thee are known,
Need I tell Thee that I want
The Spirit of thy Son?

⁴⁹Appears also in MS Shent, 84a–85a. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:174–76.

⁵⁰In the manuscript stanza 3 comes before stanza 2, but then Charles changes the numbering to show the order reflected here. The page break came half way through stanza 2 (renumbered 3).

Still alas! for this I sigh,
Forlorn, forsaken, and distrest,
Abba Father &c.

3. Once I knew Thee reconcil'd,
 And saw thy Smiling Face,
 Loving as a little Child
 I lisp'd my Father's Praise:
 Now I cannot find Thee nigh
By Clouds of Sin and Grief opprest,
 Abba Father, hear my Cry,
 And lull my Soul to rest.

4. Ever hoping against Hope
 I struggle to believe,
 Till thy Mercy lift me up,
 Contentedly I grieve:
 Weeping at thy Feet I lie,
That I have so my GOD displeas'd;
 Abba Father &c.

5. Tho' Thou seem to cast me out
 And leave me still to mourn,
 Yet Thou wilt, I dare not doubt,
 Thou wilt at last return:
 Thou canst not Thyself deny,
Of Thee I shall be repossesst;
 Abba Father, hear my Cry,
 And lull my Soul to rest.

6. To chastize me for my Pride
Thou hast withdrawn thy Grace,
When my Will is crucified,
I shall review thy Face;
Pain shall at thy Presence fly,
Again I shall in Thee be blest,
Abba Father &c.
7. Let me from this Moment give
My fond Complaining's o're,
Unto Thee the Matter leave,
And teach my GOD no more,
When, and as Thou wilt comply,
But grant, O grant me my Request,
Abba Father &c.
8. Perfect what Thou hast begun,
And love me to the End,
Send, because I am thy Son,
To me thy Spirit send,
On the Promise I rely,
Thy Manner and thy Time is best,
Abba Father, hear my Cry,
And lull my Soul to rest.

[Untitled.]⁵¹

1. O how sore a Thing and grievous
Tis to make
GOD forsake,
And to Satan leave us!
2. None can tell but Those that bear it
All the Pain
We sustain
In a Wounded Spirit!
3. How for Grace in vain we languish,
Pine away,
And decay
Thro' the knawing Anguish;
4. Fear, and Grief, and sore Temptation;
Guilty Care,
Sad Despair,
Finish the Vexation.
5. Doom'd to late but vain Repentance
Can we feel
Out of Hell
A severer Sentence?
6. Yes, an heavier Curse besets us;
Who fulfil
Our own Will
GOD in Anger *lets us*.
7. Suffers us our Sin to cover,
Dark, and void,
Dead to GOD,
While He gives us over.

⁵¹Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:146–48.

8. Senseless of its lost Condition
Sleeps the Soul,
Seems as whole,
Needs not a Physician.
9. Neither asks, nor looks for Healing,
Nought afraid,
Doubly dead,
Past remorse and feeling.
10. Conscience sear'd by Sin's hot Iron,
Nothing knows
Of the Woes
That our Soul environ.
11. Now our Heart again is harden'd,
GOD is lost,
Vain our Boast
That we once were pardon'd.
12. Such a desperate⁵² Self-deceiver
I have been,
In my Sin
Seem'd a True Believer.
13. But the Lord once more hath shook me,
Ee'r I fell
Into Hell
And with Thunder woke me.
14. Me He hath not quite rejected,
But with Pain
Once again
Dreadfully corrected.

⁵²This was an alternative spelling for "desperate" in Wesley's day.

15. Conscious of my Condemnation
Now I wou'd
Turn to GOD,
Hope for his Salvation.
16. Fain I would retrieve his Favour,
Taste the Grace,
See the Face
Of my injur'd Saviour.
17. Would, but O! I want the Power,
Sigh in vain
To regain
That Accepted Hour.
18. Whether I shall ee'r regain it
Only HE
Knows, for me
Who expir'd t'obtain it.

[Untitled.]⁵³

1. Teacher, Guide of helpless Sinners,
Us receive into thy School,
Gently lead the young Beginners,
All our Works and Thoughts orerule,
Every Appetite and Passion,
Every Sense exalt, refine,
Order all our Conversation,
Seal our Souls forever Thine.
2. Choose for Us our whole Condition,
In our Pilgrimage below,

⁵³Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:211–12.

All that stands in competition
With thy blessed Will overthrow,
Tear away the Rival Creature,
Till we fully taste and see
Good the Gift, but Thou art better,
Happiness is all in Thee.

3. What we think would bring us nigher
To Thyself, we now submit,
Every seeming good Desire
Lo! we lay it at thy Feet:
Lord our Hearts no longer falter,
Take our costliest Sacrifice,
See our Isaac on the Altar,
At thy Word He bleeds and dies.

4. Standing to thy wise Decision
Chuse we for Ourselves no more,
With unfeign'd entire Submission
We our darling Joy restore;
Now to yonder fatal Mountain
We our dearlov'd Isaac lead,
Offering up, yet still accounting
Thou canst raise Him from the Dead.

5. From the Dead, if such thy Pleasure,
We our Isaac shall receive,
Find again our buried Treasure,
Meet on Earth in Thee to live:

Thee to taste in Every Blessing,
Joyfully on Thee to call,
Sweetly at thy Feet confessing
Thou, O GOD, art all in all!

The True Use of Musick.⁵⁴

- [1.] Listed into the Cause of Sin
Why should a Good be Evil?
Musick alas! too long has been
Prest to obey the Devil;
Drunken, or loose, or light the Lay
Flow'd to the Soul's Undoing,
Widen'd, and strew'd with Flowers the Way
Down to eternal Ruin.

2. Who on the Part of GOD will rise,
Innocent Sound recover,
Fly on the Prey, and take the Prize,
Plunder the Carnal Lover,
Strip him of every moving Strain,
Every melting Measure,
Musick in Virtue's Cause retain,
Rescue the Noble Pleasure!

3. Come let us try if Jesus' Love
Will not as well inspire us;
This is the Theme of Those above,
This upon Earth should fire us:

⁵⁴Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:253–55. A revised form of this hymn appears in *MS Miscellaneous Poems*, 9–10. *Representative Verse*, 118–21, provides a handy comparison of the two versions.

Say, if your Hearts are tun'd to sing,
Is there a Subject greater,
Harmony all its Strains may bring,
Jesus's Name is sweeter.

4. Jesus the Soul of Music is:
His is the Noblest Passion,
Jesus's Name is Joy and Peace,
Happiness and Salvation:
Jesus's Name the Dead can raise,
Shew us our Sins forgiven
Fill us with all the Life of Grace,
Carry us up to Heaven.
5. Who hath a Right like us to sing
Us, whom his Mercy raises?
Merry our Hearts, for Christ is King,
Chearful are all our Faces:
Who of his Love doth once partake
He evermore rejoices,
Melody in our Hearts we make,
Ecchoing to our Voices.
6. He that a sprinkled Conscience hath,
He that in GOD is merry,
Let him sing psalms, the Spirit saith,
Joyful and never weary,
Offer the Sacrifice of Praise,
Hearty, and never ceasing,

Spiritual Songs and Anthems raise,
Honour and Thanks and Blessing.

7. Then let us in his Praises join,
Triumph in his Salvation,
Glory ascribe to Grace Divine,
Worship and Adoration:
Heaven already is begun,
Open'd in Each Believer:
Only Believe, and still sing on,
Heaven is Ours forever.

**For a Minister
at his Coming.⁵⁵**

Glory, Lord, to Thee we give,
Who hear'st thy People's Prayer,
Thankful at thy Hands receive
Thy welcome Messenger:
Thee we praise, on Thee we call;
Jesus, with thy Servant come,
Fix in Him, in Us, in All
Thy everlasting Home.

**For the same,
at his Departure.⁵⁶**

Forth in thy Name, O Jesus, send
The Man we to thy Grace commend,
Our faithful Minister secure,
And make him to the Day endure,

⁵⁵Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:302.

⁵⁶Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:302.

When all the Flock shall meet in One,
Triumphant round thy Glorious Throne.

Written in D[ublin].⁵⁷
To [the Tune of]—With pity, Lord &c.

1. Far from my native Land remov'd,
Far from all I priz'd and lov'd
In a bleak Wilderness,
I ask my Soul, What dost Thou here,
Thou poor afflicted Sojourner?
This Earth is not thy Place.
2. Nothing beneath my Heart commands,
Hope and I have shaken hands,
And parted long agoe,
Inur'd to Pain, and Shame, and Grief
I ask, I look for no Relief,
For no Delight below.
3. Happy, forever happy I,
Suffer'd to escape, and fly
To that Eternal Shore
Where all the Storms of Life are past
And Exiles find their Home at last,
And Losers weep no more.
4. Come then, ye threatning Sons of Rome,
Kindly to my Rescue come,
And set my Spirit free,

⁵⁷Appears also in MS Richmond, 67–68. Published posthumously in *Representative Verse*, 263–64; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:128–29. The poem would appear to date from 1747–48, when Charles Wesley often faced mobs in Ireland.

Nor tremble at th' Avenger near,
No Justice is for Christians here,
For slaughter'd Sheep—or me.

5. An Outcast for my Master's sake
Haste, ye Ruffian Band to take
This mournful Life of mine,
A Life by Sin and Sorrow stain'd,
A Life, which I have long disdain'd
And languish'd to resign.
6. [unfinished]

[Untitled.]⁵⁸

1. To the Fountain of thy Blood
With trembling Haste I fly,
Wash me, O my pardning GOD
From Crimes of deepest Die,
Purge my every crimson Stain,
And give my burthen'd Conscience Ease,
Turn me to my Rest again;
And bid me die in Peace.

2. None of all thy Gifts below
Do I, O Lord, desire,
Grant me but thy Love to know,
And quietly expire
From my Sin's, my Body's Chain
This weary wretched Soul release,
Turn me to my Rest again;
And bid me die in Peace.

3. If thou Canst, the Whole remit
Of what I feel, or fear,
Send me up out of the Pit
Of Temporal Despair:
All the sad Arrears of Pain
Discharge by thy own Righteousness,
Turn me to my Rest again;
And bid me die in Peace.

⁵⁸Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:64–65.

4. Let the Punishment suffice
I have already borne,
Wipe the Sorrow from my Eyes,
And bid me now return,
Me a wretched Sinful Man
Redeem from all my Sinfulness,
Turn me to my Rest again;
And bid me die in Peace.

5. Weak and coward as I am,
I dare no longer live,
Hide me from my Grief and Shame,
And to Thyself receive:
Might I now the Port obtain;
Might all these Storms and Sorrows cease!
Turn me to my Rest again;
And bid me die in Peace.

6. Plunge me in the Purple Tide
Of thy Atoning Blood,
Take me, Lord, into thy Side,
And bring me pure to GOD;
If Thou hast not died in vain,
The Purchase of thy Passion seize,
Turn me to my Rest again;
And bid me die in Peace.

[Untitled.]⁵⁹

- [1.] What shall I say, Preserver Lord
Of all the helpless Sons of Men?
Shall I presume to plead thy Word,
Or sue for Pardning Grace again?
2. Is it in all thy Depths of Love
To cover such a World of Sin,
So huge Destruction to remove
And wash so foul a Leper clean?
3. The Infinite of Grace Divine
In vain I labour to conceive,
Thy Ways and Thoughts are not like mine,
If me Thou ever Canst forgive.
4. It seems Impossible, that Grace
Should save a Wretch so lost as me,
Or all thy purging Blood efface
The Stain of mine Iniquity.
5. If Yesterday Thou canst recall,
Or save a Soul shut up in Hell,
Then may thy Love repair my Fall
And make me as I ne'er had fell.
6. But O! my tortur'd Conscience cries
Thy Justice must reject my Prayer,
Thou must abhor my Sacrifice,
And leave me to extreme Despair.

⁵⁹Appears also in MS Richmond, 78–79; and MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 56–57. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:151–52.

7. Alas! I dare no longer hope
The Door is shut, the Day is past,
Mercy itself has giv'n me up,
To perish in my Blood at last
8. Yet for thy Cause and People's sake
Indulge me in this One Request,⁶⁰
Take me away, in Judgment take,
But let me silently expire.
9. Prevent the proud Philistine's Boast,
The Ruin, Lord, be all my own,
Bring me with Sorrow to the Dust,
A Wretch unpitied and unknown.
10. Soon as on Earth I disappear,
O might I all-forgotten be,
Perish my sad Memorial here,
And let my Name be lost with me.

[Untitled.]⁶¹

1. O my GOD, my GOD forbear
Thine utmost Wrath to shew,
Spare, the Chief of Sinners spare,
Nor give the Final Blow;
Weeping in the Dust I lie,
If haply yet there may be Hope,
Let thy yearning Bowels cry,
"How shall I give thee up!"

⁶⁰"Desire" is written as an alternative above "Request."

⁶¹Appears also in MS Richmond, 79–80; and MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 58. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:152–53.

2. By reiterated Crimes
I have thy Spirit griev'd,
Twice ten thousand thousand times
Forgiven, or repriv'd;
None of our Apostate Race
Can match my vile Apostasy;
None hath so abus'd thy Grace,
And dar'd thy Wrath as me.

3. Yet for thy Compassion sake
And never-failing Love
Call the Storms of Vengeance back
The bitter Cup remove,
Once again in Jesus' Name
For Pardon, and Release I cry
Sav'd from all my Sin and Shame
O let me love—and die.

Written in N[orth] W[ales], 1748.⁶²

1. Thou GOD, to whom alone I live
For whom my All I spend,
Thy Servant graciously forgive,
And let my Labours end.

2. Weary alas! Thou knowst I am,
Of this sad Vale of Tears,
Restless to die from all my Shame,
From all my Griefs and Fears.

⁶²Appears also in MS Richmond, 80–81; and MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 24–25. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:354–55. “N. W.” probably designates North Wales, since Charles Wesley was twice in North Wales during the latter part of 1748, traveling to and from Ireland.

3. Evil and few my Days have been,
And still Thou hearst me groan
Impatient at my People's Sin,
Impatient at my own.
4. Oft have I sunk or'whelm'd opprest
Beneath the double Load,
And languish'd for that Land of Rest
Th' Inheritance of GOD.
5. Oft have I groan'd my Lot to bear
A Man of Grief and Strife,
And struggled to throw off the Care,
And burst the Bars of Life.
6. One only Wish detains me still
In this bleak Wilderness,
Till mounted on thy Holy Hill
I cannot die in Peace.
7. O might I now with calmest Haste
From all my Griefs remove,
Go up at once, and more than taste
Thy Fruit of perfect Love.
8. I pray Thee let me pass the Flood
To yon fair Coast unknown,
And see that pleasant Land and good,
That lovely Lebanon.
9. [unfinished]

[blank]

At Going a Ship-board.⁶³

- [1.] Lord, whom Winds and Seas obey,
Guide us thro' the Watery Way,
In the Hollow of thy Hand
Hide, and bring us safe to Land.
2. Jesu, let our faithful Mind
Rest, on Thee alone reclin'd,
Every anxious Thought repress,
Keep our Souls in perfect Peace.
3. Keep the Souls whom now we leave,
Bid them to each other cleave
Bid them walk on Life's rough Sea,
Bid them come by Faith to Thee.
4. Save, till all these Tempests end
All who on thy Love depend,
Waft our happy Spirits or'e
Land us on the Heavenly Shore.

⁶³Appears also in MS Richmond, 83. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:263–64.

[Untitled.]⁶⁴

- [1.] O the Blood, the Pretious Blood
That streams from yonder Tree!
Glory to th' Incarnate GOD,
Who suffers Death for me!
Me to save from endless Pain,
Me to mount above the Skies,
GOD becomes a Mortal Man,
And bows his head, and dies!
2. Him as on the Altar laid
Ev'n now by Faith I view,
Suffering in the Sinner's stead
The Death to Sinners due:
Say not ye the Deed is *past*,
Now his Mortal Pang I *feel*,
Still He pants, and groans his last,
He dies for Sinners still.
3. Close beneath the Cursed Wood
My prostrate Soul remains,
Gasping for the Balmy Blood
That starts from Jesus Veins:
Wilt Thou not one Drop afford?
Yes, Thou *dost* the Comfort give:
O my bleeding loving Lord,
Thou diest that I may live.
4. Rivers of Salvation flow,
And Springs of Life from Thee,

⁶⁴Appears also in MS Richmond, 82–83. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:183.

Sav'd from Sin, I live, I know
Thy Blood hath ransom'd me;
Now I catch the Healing Tide,
Now I taste how good Thou art,
Now I feel the Blood applied
The Pardon to my Heart.