

Assorted Looseleaf Manuscript Verse¹

This file gathers shorter looseleaf examples of Charles Wesley's manuscript verse that remain extant. The verse is organized alphabetically, by first line. Many of the items are single paged. Where page breaks are present, they are indicated. The pagination of the file itself is secondary, to facilitate location of individual texts.

All but three of the texts in this file are from the collection in the Methodist Archive and Research Centre (MARC). Their specific location within this collection, or other holding site, is provided in the initial footnote for each text. The transcriptions which follow are provided with permission of the Librarian and Director, The John Rylands Library, The University of Manchester; or of other holding sites as indicated in the notes.

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, and Dr. Timothy Underhill consulting on the shorthand. Last updated: June 19, 2012.

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Chaos¹

Adverse to Brothers, when we seem'd to stray
In wild excursions from the ancient² way,
Thy vigilant fidelity reprov'd,
And own'd us less than England's Church below'd

[Untitled.]³

1. Ah woe is me whom Thorns surround,
Who still with Briers and Scorpions dwell,⁴
With spiteful Men of c[rimes] profound
Whose T[houghts] are set on fear of Hell,⁵
Who use their Tongues as sh[arpened] Swords
And shoot as Darts their bitter Words.⁶
2. The Man who meek and upright seems
Is sharper than a two-edged Stake,
Himself he seeks, himself esteems,
And havoc of thy Faith would make,
His own importance to secure
And make his Gain and Party sure.

¹Location: MARC, DDCW 3/2. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:436. In addition to this longhand hymn, there are three distinct grouping of shorthand on the page. One section has been deciphered and appears below as “Thou wouldst not have cut off” The other two short sections have not been deciphered with any confidence.

²Below “ancient” the word “beaten” is written as an alternative.

³Location: MARC, DDCW 6/75. Written in shorthand on the back side of the manuscript, at the end of the hymn beginning “To Whom in peril” (see below). A more tentative transcription was published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:435.

⁴Cf. Ezekiel 2:6.

⁵The rendering of this line is tentative; Wesley abbreviated several of the words.

⁶Cf. Psalm 64:3.

For —⁷

- [1.] Call'd forth to earn my daily bread
From those who know not God
How shall I circumspectly tread
Nor miss the heavenly road?
2. How shall I walk as in thy sight,
And keep my conscience clean,
And minister to their delight
Yet never to their sin?
3. Who gavest me my work to do,
Do Thou point out⁸ my way,
And while my calling I pursue,
Thy Order I obey.
4. Perform the task thy laws ordain
As govern'd by thy word,
And whatsoe'er I do for man,
I do unto the Lord.

⁷Location: MARC, MA 1977/594/4, #2. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:224.

⁸“Direct” is written in the margin, as a suggested alternative to “point out.”

For Mrs. G.⁹

1. Christ the Lord, the woman's Seed,
Bruiser of the serpent's head,
Swift Avenger of thine own,
Listen to thy Spirit's groan.
2. Hear us for a chosen child,
Long by Satan's art beguil'd,
Fallen, yet insensible,
Easy in the toils of hell.
3. Wandring o're enchanted ground,
By a strong delusion bound,
Taking the Deceiver's part,
Left to trust her own weak heart.
4. Jesus, to her help descend,
Let the hour of darkness end,
Brought by faith's effectual prayer
Come, and break the hellish snare.
5. Lull'd in a Satanic dream,
While our common foes blaspheme,
While the sacrilegious croud
Scoff the truths and sons of God.
6. [unfinished]

⁹Location: MARC, MA 1977/583/32, #22a. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:245–46.

To be Sung at a Baptism.¹⁰

1. Come Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Reveal'd in the baptismal flood,
Joint Saviour Thou of sinners lost,
Descend, the one eternal God.
2. Now in Thy own appointed hour,
Thy own appointed means, appear,
That all may tremble at Thy power,
And own the triune God is here.
3. For these Thy ransom'd ones we claim
The grace which glorious life imparts,
Their souls baptize into Thy name,
And stamp Thine image on their hearts.
4. Into Thy fold this moment take,
True Witness of their sins forgiven,
And partners of Thy nature make,
And partners of Thy throne in heaven.

¹⁰Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:441. Osborn indicates that the manuscript source was then in the possession of C. H. Waring, esq. Its present location is unknown.

Hymn for the Rev. Mr. Whitefield and Mr. Wesleys.¹¹

- [1.] Come, Saviour, from above,
 Our dear redeeming Lord,
 And twist us by thy dying love
 Into a threefold cord;
 Friendship that shall endure
 Long as the life¹² of God,
 Indissolubly strong, and pure
 As Thy cementing blood.
- [2.] Thy love which passeth thought
 In every heart reveal,
 And by a common ransom bought
 We one salvation feel;
 We one salvation given
 To desperate sinners show,
 And preach the throne of God in heaven
 Set up in man below.
- [3.] For this raised up by Thee,
 And on Thy message sent,
 With primitive simplicity
 To the highways we went;
 Nor scrip nor purse we took,
 But cast the world behind,
 But cheerfully our all forsook,
 Our all in Thee to find:
- [4.] Our sole desire and aim
 Perishing¹³ souls to win,
 Collect the outcasts in Thy name,
 And force them to come in;
 As thunder's sons to rouse
 The dead that cannot die,
 And fill with guests the lower house,
 And fit them for the sky.

¹¹Location: MARC, MA 1977/594/15, #3. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:388–89. This is apparently a pull-out from a larger manuscript. It is numbered pages 5 & 6. Osborn suggests it was likely written in 1742–43.

¹²Ori., “~~throne~~.”

¹³Ori., “~~Poor pretious~~.”

[5.] For this we still remain,
By labours undeprest,
And feel the love revive again
That warm'd our youthful breast:
Thou dost the zeal revive,
The first uniting grace,
And bid us to Thy glory live
Our last and happiest days.

[6.] Thy mind we surely know,
In which we now agree,
And hand in hand exulting go
To final victory:
Obedient to Thy will,
We put forth all our fire,
Our ministerial work fulfil,
And in a blaze expire.

**“Let not my heart be inclined to
any evil thing.” Psalm [141:4, BCP]¹⁴**

- [1.] Father, my wretched heart I find
To every evil thing inclin'd:
Yet shall it be inclin'd to none
If Thou *herein*¹⁵ reveal thy Son.
2. Who made my peace, 'tis He, 'tis He
Must make an end of sin in me,
Finish th' original offence,
And take the sinful nature hence.
3. But while it doth in me remain,
Thy grace is able to restrain,
To quench at once the kindling fire,
And every spark of fond desire.
4. The moment I to sin incline,¹⁶
Thou canst with Energy divine
Its strong propensity controul,
And crush the rebel in my soul.
5. Wherefore to Thee with faith I cleave,
My soul into thy keeping give,
Till Thou thy Spirit's sword employ
And Christ the carnal mind destroy.
6. Then Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
I find in Thee what Adam lost,
The struggle's past, the Conflict o're,
And born of God, I sin no more.

¹⁴Location: MARC, MA 1977/594/3. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:450–51.

¹⁵Ori., “~~in our~~.”

¹⁶Ori., “~~if e'er my heart~~ to sin incline.”

Preparatory¹⁷

1. Father, Thou knowst I need
 Pardon and Purity
 To make me free indeed
 And meet thy Face to see,
Free from the guilt and stain of sin,
And saved, and glorious all within.

2. My double want supply
 For Jesus' sake alone,
 And make before I die
 Thy truth and mercy known;
Before I yield my fleeting breath,
Redeem my soul from endless death.

¹⁷Location: MARC, MA 1977/583/32, #4. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:72.

Epigram.¹⁸

Genevensis a Friend's inconsistency blames
For running with Paul, and yet holding with James,
This as knavish he notes in a free-willing brother,
Saying one thing to us, and *intending* another:
But how often have *we* at *their* honesty wondred,
We cry MERCY for all, and mean One in an hundred!

¹⁸Location: MARC, DDCW 6/81a. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:375. The epigram is responding to John Fletcher's *Logica Genevensis; or a Fourth Check to Antinomianism: In which St. James's Pure Religion is defended against the charges, and established upon the Concessions of Mr. Richard and Mr. Rowland Hill, in a Series of Letters to those Gentlemen* (Bristol: W. Pine, 1772).

To Miss Davis¹⁹

Gentle Inglisina, say
Can the smooth Italian Lay
Nature's ruggedness remove,
Soften Britons into love?

Yes; the stocks and stones draw near,
Thy enchanting Voice to hear
And all the Savages agree
In praise of harmony and Thee!

¹⁹This verse was found as a loose sheet in the Lamplough Collection of the Methodist Archives and published posthumously in both *Representative Verse*, 328; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:380–81. Its current location is unknown. Miss Cecilia Davies was one of the most popular vocalists of the eighteenth century, and was a great success in Italy where she was known as L'Inglesina. Wesley probably wrote these lines during a return visit to England in the 1770s, when she was thoroughly italianised.

- [1.] Great Guardian of thy Church below,
 Stretch out thine arm on Britain's side,
 The Sons of Babel to or'ethrow,
 Who deep as hell their counsels hide:
 Conceal'd from us with closest art
 They cannot hide them, Lord, from Thee,
 Whose flaming eyes look thro' the heart,
 And Hell without a Covering see.
2. Thou knowst, and canst to us make known
 Whate'er our craftiest foes devise;
 It shall be to thy Servant shewn,
 The least that on thy word relies:
 Things in the royal chamber said,
 (Like Syria's Plots in days of old)
 By ways invisible convey'd,
 Shall to thy meanest saint be told.
3. For this premonish'd from above
 We now the opening Seal attend,
 And trust thine all-disposing Love,
 That judgment shall in mercy end:
 The *bounded* wrath of furious man
 The glory of thy power shall raise,
 Advance thy Love's redeeming plan,
 And spread the Victory of thy grace.
4. What then have thine elect to dread²¹
 In general peril and dismay?
 We calmly to thy word give heed
 Prophetic of the perfect day:
 Led by thy word's unerring clue
 Wheel within wheel involv'd we see,
 Look all inferior causes thro',
 And wait the birth of thy Decree.
5. Lord, we behold thy mighty hand
 Stretch'd out or'e all the nations now!
 The counsel of thy Love shall stand,
 The world to thy sceptre bow;
 Demons and men shall blindly join,
 And Antichrist erect his throne,
 To execute thy grand Design,
 And bring thy glorious kingdom down!

²⁰Location: MARC, DDWes 4/54. Published as *Thanksgiving Hymns* (1759), 22–23.

²¹Ori., “fear.”

**Ode
On Handel's Birthday,
S. Matthias' Day, Febr. 24.²²**

Hail the bright auspicious Day
That gave Immortal Handel birth
Let every moment glide away
In solemn joy²³ and sacred mirth
Let every Soul like his aspire
And catch a glowing spark of pure ethereal fire.

²²Manuscript in E. T. Clark Collection, at the World Methodist Museum in Lake Junaluska, North Carolina (and transcribed here with permission). It is written on a wrapper addressed: "Revd. Mr. C. Wesley, Chesterfield Street, Marybone." Published posthumously in *Representative Verse*, 311; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:381.

²³Ori., "joyful."

[Untitled.]²⁴

1. Help of them that succour need,
Wilt Thou break a bruised reed?
Wilt Thou quench the smoaking tow?
Rather thy salvation show.
2. Listning to my feeble cry,
With balsamic virtue nigh,
Perfect in infirmity,
Manifest thy strength in me.
3. Healer of my languid soul
Thou canst make my body whole,
Nature's wasted powers repair,
All my sins and sorrows bear.
4. Jesus, on thy Saving Name,
Now as yesterday the same,
I for double health rely,
Sick in soul and body I.
5. Now my spirit's cure begin,
Binding up the wounds of sin;
Pouring in the balm Divine
Tell my heart that God is mine.

²⁴Location: MARC, DDCW 3/8. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:144–45.

**“Take away all iniquity, and
give good” Hosea 14[:2]²⁵**

- [1.] How long, how often shall I pray,
Take all iniquity away,
And give the comprehensive good,
Purchas'd by my Redeemer's blood,
Concupiscence and pride remove,
And fill my soul with humble love.
2. I take the words prescrib'd to me
And offer thy own prayer to Thee,
Thy kingdom come to root out sin,
And perfect holiness bring in,
And swallow up my will in Thine,
And human change into Divine.
3. So shall I render Thee thine own,
And tell the wonders Thou hast done,
The power and faithfulness declare
Of God who hears and answers prayer,
And sing the riches of thy grace
And spend my latest breath in praise.
4. O that the joyful hour were come
Which calls Thy ransom'd Servant home,
Unites me to the Church above,
Where angels chant the song of Love,
And saints eternally proclaim
The glories of the heavenly Lamb!

²⁵MARC, MA 1977/583/32, #19. Published posthumously in *Arminian Magazine* 11 (1788), 446; *Poetical Works*, 8:431–32; and *Representative Verse*, 252–53.

The Power of Sin.²⁶

1. How long, Thou awful God, how long
Shall I this conflict have?
Why am I thus, if Thou art strong,
If Thou art good to save?
2. No end of this intestine war,
No hope of peace I see,
Unless Thy love itself declare
And fix itself in me.
3. The unbelief that holds me still,
I never can remove,
Or change the bias of my will,
Or force my heart to love.
4. Throughout my fallen soul I find
It cannot, cannot be
That I should change the carnal mind,
Or subject it to Thee.
5. As soon a hellish fiend accurst
Might from his den arise,
His chains of massy darkness burst,
And re-ascend the skies.

²⁶Published posthumously and attributed to Charles Wesley in *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine* 21 (1842): 248; and *Poetical Works*, 13:281. No manuscript appears to survive.

*Wash thy heart, O Jerusalem, that thou
mayst be saved: how long shall thy vain thoughts
lodge within thee?—Jerem. [4:14].²⁷*

- [1.] How shall I wash my heart
 From every thought unclean?
I cannot from my nature part,
 From my besetting sin:
 The grief of threescore years
 Will not efface the stain:
And rivers flow, and seas of tears,
 But all alas, in vain!
2. Impossible commands
 Dost Thou, O God, injoin,
And mock the work of thy own hands,
 This feeble soul of mine?
 Thyself must wash my heart
 From all impurity
Or never, Lord, shall I have part,
 Or interest in Thee.²⁸

²⁷Location: MARC, DDCW 6/77. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:455.

²⁸At the bottom of the page is a draft of four more lines in shorthand. It is unclear how Wesley may have intended to incorporate them into this hymn.

 Though filled the fountain was
 To pay my actual sin,
Thy blood was shed upon the cross
 To make my nature clean.

Rev. 3:19,
Be Zealous, and Repent.²⁹

1. Humble, penitential Zeal
 Lord, Thou only canst bestow;
 Now with fear³⁰ my spirit fill,
 Sharp remorse and contrite³¹ woe,
 Self-reproach and self-despair,
 Shame too deep for life to bear.

²⁹Location: MARC, MA 1977/583/32, #3a. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:432.

³⁰Ori., “grief.”

³¹Ori., “sacred.”

“Him hath God exalted, &c.” Acts [5:31]³²

- [1.] Jesus, mighty Intercessor,
Saviour, Prince enthroned on high,
Plead the cause of a transgressor,
Save a soul condemned to die:
Second death’s most righteous sentence³³
While I in myself receive,
Bless me with sincere repentance,³⁴
Bid the gasping sinner live.
2. By thy passion’s exhibition³⁵
Into flesh the stony turn,
Then I feel the true contrition³⁶
Then I look³⁷ on thee and mourn,
Mourn with sorrow never-ceasing
Till the pardon Thou impart,³⁸
All my sins and fears dismissing,
Binding up my broken heart.
3. Who is This that comes from Edom
Glorious in his garments dyed?
Comes to buy my life and freedom,
Shews his bleeding hands and side!
Jesus, mighty to deliver,
Full of truth and full of grace
Live, O King, and reign for ever,
Theme of my eternal praise.
4. Thee let every ransomed Nation,
Their divine Redeemer greet
Shout the God of their Salvation,
Cast their crowns before thy feet.
[incomplete]

³²Location: MARC, MA 1977/594/14, #1. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:302–303.

³³Ori., “~~Death’s inescapable~~ sentence.”

³⁴Ori., “~~O vouchsafe the true~~ repentance.”

³⁵Ori., “~~By the spirit of~~ contrition.”

³⁶Ori., “~~Conscious of my lost~~ condition.”

³⁷Ori., “~~Bid me~~ look.”

³⁸Ori., “~~Till thy blood the life~~ impart.”

[Untitled.]³⁹

[1.] Jesus, who omnipresent art,
And dost thro' all things see,
Thou read'st the thoughts of every heart,
Thou read'st what is in me:
Long, long before my lips confess,
My wants to Thee are known:
Pity a Father's fond distress
For his beloved Son.

2 His dangers in this rugged road
Increasing with his years,
Augment my anxious spirit's load
And multiply my fears:
I tremble, lest his youth should slip
In paths he ought to shun,
Or rashly tempt the threatening steep
Where thousands are undone.

3.⁴⁰

³⁹Location: MARC, MA 1977/583/29, hymn two. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:302. This is the backside of a page that was clearly pulled out from a larger manuscript. The front side (noted in MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 259) is numbered "366" and this side is "367."

⁴⁰The space after the verse number is unfilled.

[Untitled.]⁴¹

Judgment is at thy house begun:
Our brethren once belov'd of Thee,
Thy followers in a world unknown
They scorn thy lifted Hand to see,
And rush on their own flesh and blood
To death pursuing—and pursued.

⁴¹Location: MARC, MA 1977/583/32, #5c. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:75. It is quite possible that this was intended to be stanza 4 of the hymn on page 32 below. It appears on the same page, following a space large enough for inserting one stanza (i.e., an unwritten stanza 3).

Come Boldly to &c. [Heb. 4:16].⁴²

1. Lord, Thou dost for ever live
The sinner's Cause to plead,
Rais'd by God's right hand to give
The blessings which we need.

2.

Still for grace and mercy cry
Till all my course is run;
Mercy which⁴³ the heavens transcends
And lands my happy soul above,
Grace that in full glory ends,
And crowns me with thy Love.

⁴²Location: MARC, MA 1977/583/32, #10. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:431–32. This is an incomplete poem that was intended to contain (at least) two 8-line stanzas. Above the title appears in shorthand, “Obadiah Chadwick.”

⁴³Ori., “that.”

Another [Epigram].⁴⁴

Martin woud have pluck'd out, we own,
His eyes, and given them once to John:
But [incomplete]

N.T.⁴⁵

Matthew, and Mark, and Luke, and John:
The Acts, and Romans follow on:
Cor. Galat. Eph. Philipp. Colo.
Thess. Tim. and Tit. and Philemo:
Heb. James and Peter, John and Jude,
With Revelation to conclude.

⁴⁴Location: MARC, DDCW 6/81a. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:438.

⁴⁵Location: MARC, DDCW 6/81b. Published posthumously in *Representative Verse*, 310; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:375. The poem is a mnemonic on the books of the New Testament written for his children to help them remember the order of the books.

1784⁴⁶

1. O God, who dost the motives know
From which our various actions flow,
 And what we now intend,
If Thee our Lawful Purpose please
Prevent, accompany, and bless
 With a successful end.

2. Unmov'd by avarice or pride
Things honest, Lord, we⁴⁷ woud provide
 According to thy will,
And, (while thy hand points out our way,)
The providential call obey
 And thy designs fulfil.

3. By thy paternal love decreed
To labour for our daily bread,
 Our business we pursue,
In every step look up to Thee,
And ask, with meek docility,
 What woudst Thou have us do?

- 4.⁴⁸ Who dost from man his purpose hide,
If from thy path we turn aside,
 Our wandring feet repress,
Stop us impatient to proceed,
Nor let us snatch with eager speed
 At dangerous success.

⁴⁶Location: MARC, MA 1977/583/32, #7. Appears also in MS Drew, 1–2. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:73–74.

⁴⁷Ori. “if Thou.”

⁴⁸Lines 1 and 2 of this stanza were originally written in the reverse order, then were numbered in the margin to switch as shown above.

5. Deceiv'd by each appearance fair,
The specious bait, the secret snare,
Thou know'st we cannot shun,⁴⁹
Unless we thy direction find,
Who promisest to bring the blind
A way we have not known.
6. But⁵⁰ thro' the world's insidious arts,
The labyrinth of human hearts,
Thou wilt thy children lead,
Who biddest us of men beware,
Thou wilt with kind continued care
Supply our every need.
7. Thee then we joyfully confess,
In all our purposes and ways,
Disposer of thine own,
And satisfied with God our Friend,
Soul, body, and estate commend
Into thy hands alone.
8. We trust our never failing Guide,
Thou wilt for all our wants provide,
And all our paths attend,
Giver of every gift and grace,
Till happily our earthly race
In life eternal end.

⁴⁹The first three lines of this stanzas were first written on the front page as follows, with the strikeouts and alternatives suggested in the margins. They were then rewritten in clean form at the start of the back page:

~~Thine eye perceives~~ the hidden snare,
~~Beneath a false~~ appearance fair,
~~Which yet~~ we cannot shun.

⁵⁰Ori., "Safe."

[Untitled.]⁵¹

- [1.] O my unsettled Soul
Why art Thou still distrest,
Why do these Thoughts tumultuous roll
In this desponding Breast?
Have I not ask'd His Aid,
And cast on Him my Care,
Whose goodness guards my naked Head,
And numbers every Hair.
2. How can I then mistrust
The Conduct of my Lord,
As GOD the Mericful, the Just
Would fail to keep his Word,
As GOD his Promis'd Grace
Would finally deny
And leave me in my last Distress
To faint, and sin and die.
3. Have I not heard, and known
His Truth, and Love, and Power,
Which all conspire to save His own,
In the Distressing Hour?
Hath He not ransom'd *me*
In all my Perils past,
And will the GOD of Mercy see
His Creature lost at last?
4. Jesus, to Thee I fly,
Mine agonizing GOD,
Who in thy Days of Flesh did[st] cry
And faint beneath thy Load;
For thy own Suffering'[s] sake
Thy sinking Servant hear,
And into thy Protection take
For O! Thou knowst, I fear.

⁵¹Location: MARC, DDWes 1/44. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:272–73.

5. I fear this Evil Heart
Least I myself deceive,
And from the Living GOD depart,
And to dumb Idols cleave,
I fear to drink my Bane,
My own Delusions chuse,
I fear a Fellow-Worm to gain,
And GOD forever lose.

6. O wouldst Thou condescend
In tender Love Divine
And shew Thyself the Sinner's Friend,
And let me ask a Sign,
To clear my doubtful Way,
And all my Fears remove,
Vouchsafe me Lord, a Power to pray,
A Taste of Pardning Love.

*Even to hoar hairs I will bear, and I will carry,
and I will deliver you.—Isai. [46:4].*⁵²

- [1.] Saviour, Thou hast to hoary hairs⁵³
My burthens and my manners borne,
Carried me thro' ten thousand snares,
And when I did to sin return,
With an high hand and outstretch'd arm
Redeem'd me from the mortal harm.
2. O let me still the⁵⁴ promise plead,
Thy kind continual help engage!
Thy help I every moment need,
In childhood, youth, and trembling age,⁵⁵
A sinner I on mercy cast,⁵⁶
By mercy sav'd from first to last.
3. Still, O thou patient God of love,
My soul's infirmity sustain,
Bear me on eagles wings, above
The world of sin, the vale of pain,
The flesh that weighs my spirit down,
And strives to rob me of my crown.⁵⁷
4. While hanging on thy faithful word,
My utter helplessness I feel,
Carry me in thy bosom, Lord,
Beyond the reach of earth and hell,
And on the margin of the grave,
Display thine utmost power to save.

⁵²Location: MARC, MA1977/594/8, #1. Published in *Preparation for Death* (1772), 10–11.

⁵³Ori., “Thou hast, ~~O Lord, born~~ hoary hairs.”

⁵⁴Ori., “thy.”

⁵⁵Ori., “In vig'rous youth, in feeble age.” Wesley first revised “vig'rous” to “childish” before deciding on “childhood.”

⁵⁶Ori., “~~By mercy sav'd thro' dangers past.~~” Wesley added “A sinner I on mercy cast” above the struck out portion of the line. Perhaps Wesley forgot to strike out “thro' dangers past,” or perhaps he left this portion as an alternative.

⁵⁷The last five lines of this stanza appear in a first draft at the bottom of the page in shorthand, which is then crossed out after they are expanded here.

5. Thou knowst the⁵⁸ trials yet behind,
 The strength of sin, the tempter's power:
Support my feebleness of mind,
 In every dark unguarded hour
Thine Servant mightily⁵⁹ defend,
And love and save me to the end.

6. Walk with me thro' the lion's den
 Walk with me thro' the floods and fires,
In form of man distinctly seen,
 And O! to crown my last desires,
In death my Guide and Saviour be,
My God thro' all eternity.⁶⁰

⁵⁸Ori., "my."

⁵⁹Ori., "own almighty to" changed to "Servant mightily."

⁶⁰Wesley originally had stanzas 5 and 6 reversed, but numbered them in the margin to show the order shown above.

Christmas Day⁶¹

1. Stupendous mystery!
GOD in our flesh is *seen*
(While angels ask, how can it be?)
And dwells with sinful men!
Our nature He assumes,
That we may his retrieve;
He comes, to our dead world He comes,
That all thro' Him may live.

2. The true, eternal Word
To us a Child is given,
The sovereign God, th' Almighty Lord,
Who fills both earth and heaven;
Our God on earth appears
To take our sins away,
And guide us thro' the vale of tears
To realms of endless day.

⁶¹Location: MARC, MA 1977/583/32, #3b. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:106–107.

Wrote by J. Hⁿ for C.W.⁶²

Thine wholly, thine alone I'll be,
My song shall always be of Thee:
My willing fingers ne'er shall move,
But on the Subject of thy love. [4]
My well-tun'd heart, touch'd by thy hand
Shall ready play at thy command;
Thy Spirit within shall form my lays,
And every breath of mine be praise. [8]
My love's soft tears shall sweetly flow,
Nor will I other passion know,
But endless strains of melody
Strike out, my dearest Lord, of Thee. [12]
I with the early lark will vie,
And mount to Thee my favrite Sky,
And ever, at the fall of night,
Impassion'd songs to Thee indite. [16]
Under the shelter of thy wing
Happily shall I sit and sing:
And when I in the night awake,
Thy love my sweetest Subject make; [20]
And when I die, or late or soon,
My last-fetch'd gasp shall be in tune.

⁶²Location: MA 1977/594/8, #2. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:445. The authorship of this hymn is uncertain. It is in Charles Wesley's hand, on pages with two other of his hymns. But the title suggests that it was composed by John Henderson, who traveled at times with Charles Wesley (cf. MS Henderson).

**“Thou art gone up on high, and thou hast led
captivity captive, and received gifts for men:
yet even for thine enemies, that the Lord God
might dwell among them.”—Psa. 68:18.⁶³**

- [1.] Thou art gone up on high,
 Our Saviour in the sky,
Principalities and powers
 Thou hast spoil'd and captive led,
Conquer'd all thy foes and ours,
 More than conquer'd in our stead.
2. Mysterious gifts unseen
 Thou hast receiv'd for men,
Gifts for a rebellious race,
 Streaming from thy throne above,
Contrite grief, and pardning grace,
 Humble fear, and purest love.
3. The Gift unspeakable,
 The Witness, Pledge, and Seal,
Heavenly Comforter Divine,
 Spirit of eternity,
Purchas'd by that blood of thine,
 Him,⁶⁴ Thou hast receiv'd for me.
4. For me obtain'd He is,
 For all thine enemies;
Jesus, Thou the Giver art;
 Now thy Father's name reveal
Now the Holy Ghost impart,
 God in man forever dwell!

⁶³This hymn appears in MS Acts, (unnumbered) p. 561. It is placed here because it was not related to that collection. The hymn was published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:72; though listed as on Eph. 4:8—which quotes the passage in Psalms.

⁶⁴Ori., “Lord.”

[Untitled.]⁶⁵

Thou wouldst not have cut off in Life's Decay
And cast me as a wounded Arm away;
His pitiful insinuating Art
Could tear me from thy Arms but not thy Heart.

⁶⁵Location: MARC, DDCW 3/2 (shorthand at bottom of sheet). Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:437.

Danger⁶⁶

1. To whom in peril and distress
While growing ills our land oppress,
Shoud we for refuge fly?
Jesus, from age to age the same,
We find, confiding in thy Name,
The Strength of Israel nigh.
2. Of wars and rumour'd wars we hear,
But thy command forbids our fear,
And unbelieving haste,
In Thee our quiet souls we hide
And safe beneath thy wings abide,⁶⁷
Till every storm is past.⁶⁸
- 3.⁶⁹ Our only care thy⁷⁰ grace to gain
And stedfast in the faith remain
Which sweetly works by love
To prove thine acceptable Will⁷¹
And all thy dear commands fulfil⁷²
As angels do above.

⁶⁶Location: MARC, DDCW 6/75. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:76–77.

⁶⁷Ori., “wings ~~w~~e abide.”

⁶⁸In the right-hand margin of the front page of this manuscript Wesley drafts in shorthand the following full stanza and first line of an additional stanza. He does not number them or indicate where they might fit in this hymn, though this would be a likely place. Instead, he ends up using a polished form of full stanza as stanza 2 of Hymn III in *MS Preachers 1779*. Cf. *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:77 note 40.

The self-exalting Worms abase
The Men who love the highest place
In their own Merits trust
On all their vain Devices frown
Their Luciferian Pride cast down
And down into the Dust.

Into the Dust but not to Hell
[unfinished]

⁶⁹Stanzas 3 & 4 are reversed in manuscript, but Charles indicates to transfer them as above.

⁷⁰Ori., “care ~~t~~o thy.”

⁷¹Ori., “~~Thine utmost counsel to fulfill.~~”

⁷²Ori., “~~And do thine acceptable will.~~”

4. Us, whom thy mind and Spirit arm
Nor sword⁷³ nor pestilence can harm
Nor earth nor hell annoy,
The plagues that on the wicked seize⁷⁴
Can never interrupt our peace,
Or rob us of our joy.
5. We thus to meet our God prepare
By constant watchfulness and prayer,⁷⁵
By toils of love renew'd,
Assured that all events shall join
Accomplishing⁷⁶ thy blest design
In our eternal good.
6. O Son of Man, O God most high
We on thy faithful word rely
For persevering⁷⁷ grace,
Till fully saved and counted meet,
We stand, in holiness compleat
Before thy glorious Face.

⁷³Ori., “war.”

⁷⁴Ori., “The plagues ~~which shall~~ the wicked seize.”

⁷⁵At the bottom of the front side of the manuscript, under the original stanza 3, appears the following alternative to these first two lines of stanza 5:

We thus to meet our God prepare,
Lab’ring and watching unto prayer.

⁷⁶Ori., “~~To effectuate.~~”

⁷⁷The words “all-sufficient” and “all-preserving” are written in the margin as alternatives to “persevering.”

[Untitled.]⁷⁸

1. Tremendous God, severely just,
 Beneath thy mighty hand we fall,
For mercy, prostrate in the dust,
 In Jesus' name for mercy call,
While humbly we our sins confess
And mourn our nation's wickedness.

2. The perilous, vindictive times,
 The long-impending plagues are come,
And Britain's complicated crimes
 Loudly demand her instant doom;
The vial bursts, the curse takes place
And swallows up our faithless race.

⁷⁸Location: MARC, MA 1977/583/32, #5b. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:74.
See the possible fourth stanza of this hymn above on page 20.

[Untitled.]⁷⁹

- [1.] What is the grace I fain would prove
When I for pardon⁸⁰ pray?
I want th' Omnipotence of Love
To take my sins away;
- [2.] I want a permanent release
From sin's malignant power;
I want in thy victorious peace
To go, and sin no more.
- [3.] Pardon itself would profit nought,
(If pardon Thou impart)
Unless the foul desire and thought
Be chased out of my heart;
- [4.] Unless Thou wash my heart with blood,
And make my nature clean,
And saved indeed, and born of God
I can no longer sin!
- [5.] Jesus, pronounce my spirit loosed
From its infirmity!
Now⁸¹ by thy love reveal'd, infus'd,
Effect the change in me.⁸²
- [6.] O cast not out my dying prayer,
But now the curse remove,
And from the gulph of sad despair
Redeem me by thy love.⁸³

⁷⁹Location: MARC, MA 1977/594/14, hymn #2. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:190–91.

⁸⁰Ori., “~~mercy.~~” There is also evident an even earlier version: “~~When mercy I implore.~~”

⁸¹Ori., “~~Save.~~”

⁸²Ori., “~~Or I forever die.~~”

⁸³There is a vertical line drawn through this stanza. A single stanza on the reverse side of the manuscript was likely intended as a replacement for this stanza (published separately in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:433).

Me, and my works canst Thou approve
All good, all gracious as Thou art?
What is Obedience without Love?
A sacrifice without an heart?

[7.] My fallen soul create anew,
And principled with grace
Henceforth I loath, abhor, eschew
My inbred wickedness.

[Untitled.]⁸⁴

1. While blackest clouds involve the skies,
And discord's maddest waves arise,
 Ah! whither shall we flee!
To whom for sure protection run,
Or how the dire contagion shun
 Of factious anarchy?
2. Thee, Jesus, Thee whoe'er confess,
Thine Israel's strength, thy people's Peace,
 From age to age the same,
A covert from the storm and wind,
A Tower impregnable we find
 In thy Almighty Name.
3. Who bow to thy supreme command,
The meek and quiet in the land,
 O may we still appear,
Our faith by our obedience show,
And in thy Delegate below
 The King of kings revere.

⁸⁴Location: MARC, MA 1977/583/32, #5a. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:75.

[Untitled.]⁸⁵

Would Peter's zeal have sold
His heav'nly powers for perishable gold?
At Mam[m]on's beck dispens'd etherial fire,
And made apostles for a wizard's hire?

⁸⁵This stanza was written by Charles Wesley on the back of a letter he received from "Bishop Erasmus" in 1762. This was the apparent bishop from Crete who had ordained some Methodist lay preachers for a fee. The letter is in MARC, DDCW 6/84. The stanza has not been published previously.