

## MS Patriotism (drafts)<sup>1</sup>

Much of Charles Wesley's poetry in the late 1770s and the turn to the 1780s revolved around the war in North America—criticizing the motives of the American rebels, chastising the British military leaders for their missteps, calling upon the British people to pray for God's forgiveness and renewed blessing of their righteous cause, and pleading the case of those who remained loyal to the monarchy in North America and at home. See in particular MS Howe, *Hymns for the Nation* (1781), *Hymns for the National Fast* (1782), and MS American Loyalists 1783.<sup>2</sup>

There are a number of looseleaf drafts of verse on these themes in the collection at the Methodist Archive and Research Centre. A couple are drafts of poems that Wesley published in the *Arminian Magazine* (shown in blue font in the TOC below). Most were not published during his life, but did find more polished form in MS Patriotism. We have gathered them here, even though they appear also in MS Patriotism because several provide good examples of Wesley's composition process, with multiple revisions. Manuscripts present in the Methodist Archives at The John Rylands University Library that are transcribed or indicated by annotation below include the following accession numbers:<sup>3</sup>

MA 1977/583/3  
MA 1977/583/13  
MA 1977/583/14, pp. 6–17  
MA 1977/583/27  
MA 1977/583/32 (#13, #14, #16, #17)  
MA 1977/583/33 (all 13 items)  
DDCW 3/14

In three instances, the looseleaf draft in the Methodist Archives is a more polished version of an earlier draft, which is held in the Special Collections of Wesley College in Bristol, England. In each case we give the transcript of the earliest version.<sup>4</sup>

The transcripts gathered here are arranged in the order they appear in MS Patriotism. Many of the manuscripts have no pagination. We have not reproduced page numbers where they do appear. They are presented instead with consecutive numbering, but reflecting manuscript page breaks.

The transcriptions below are provided with permission of the Librarian and Director, The John Rylands Library, The University of Manchester; and of Wesley College, Bristol.

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<sup>1</sup>This document was produced by the Duke Center for Studies in the Wesleyan Tradition under the editorial direction of Randy L. Maddox, with the diligent assistance of Aileen F. Maddox, and Dr. Timothy Underhill consulting on the shorthand. Last updated: August 19, 2010.

<sup>2</sup>See also Philip O. Beale, "Historical Introduction," in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:27–39.

<sup>3</sup>Specific identification is included in footnotes for each item.

<sup>4</sup>See below, pp. 5–8, 12–13, 14–15.

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

- [1.] The National Calamity  
With stony eyes can Britons see  
    With stupid carelessness?  
Nearer it draws, and nearer still,  
The dreadful Storm of public ill,  
    To swallow up our race.
  
2. Numberless hosts and fleets combin'd  
Rebellious Sects, and Aliens join'd  
    With dire, malicious joy  
Our navies and our trade to seize,  
Our church and government t' oppress,  
    Our country to destroy.
  
3. But worse than all, the factious throng,  
With furious opposition strong  
    Against the public weal;  
They set the nation in a flame,  
And with the patriot's sacred name  
    Their dark designs conceal.
  
4. Thousands of secret traitors wait,  
To aid the ene'mies of the state,  
    To aid th' invading foe:  
And let them show themselves, and rise;  
But blast them, Jesus, with thine eyes  
    And all their plots o'rethrow.

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<sup>5</sup>MARC, MA 1977/583/33, #7a. Appears also in *MS Patriotism*, 7–8. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:61–62.

5. By Thee if rightful Monarchs reign,  
Against a World of foes maintain  
    Our King's authority,  
And let him, held in thy right hand,  
Submit to only thy command,  
    And bow to none but Thee.
  
6. Our sovereign Lord by right divine,  
Thy Servant, challenge him for thine,  
    To govern in thy stead;  
And let the crown thy hand doth place  
Shine forth<sup>6</sup> with undiminish'd rays,  
    And flourish on his head.<sup>7</sup>
  
7. Thy will can every bar remove,  
It changes hatred into love,  
    And ill to good converts:  
Confound whoe'er his ruin seeks,  
Give him his adversaries necks  
    Give him his people's hearts.
  
8. Give them with other eyes to see  
The Copy of thy majesty,  
    The Image of thy power,  
And give of his illustrious race  
A Man to stand before thy face,  
    Till time shall be no more.

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<sup>6</sup>“Shine forth” has “Glitter” written in the margin as an alternative.

<sup>7</sup>Ori., “And flourish in on his head.”

[Untitled.]<sup>8</sup>

- [1.] God of infinite compassion,  
Israel's prayer  
Hear, and spare  
A devoted nation.
2. Stop th' exterminating sentence,  
Rich in grace,  
Grant us space  
For unfeign'd repentance.
3. Conscious of our lost condition  
Let us mourn,  
Rent and torn  
With sincere contrition:
4. Pierc'd our hearts with pungent sorrow,  
While we feel  
Present ill  
Trembling for tomorrow.
5. By the toils of hell or'etaken  
Must we be,  
Lord, by Thee  
Utterly forsaken?
6. Britain shall her foes devour  
Cast away,  
Left a prey  
To their cruel power?

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<sup>8</sup>MARC, MA 1977/583/33, #7b. Appears also in MS Patriotism, 9–10. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:63–64.

7. Whom Thou didst for ages cherish,  
Hear our call,  
Lord of all,  
Save us, or we perish.
8. From the gulph of desperation  
Raise us up  
Thro' the hope  
Of thy great salvation.
9. So will we exalt thy praises  
Who alone  
Savst thine own  
In our last distresses.
10. God almighty to deliver  
We proclaim  
Still the same:  
MERCY reigns for ever!

[Untitled.]<sup>9</sup>

[Part I.]

- [1.] Recall not, Lord, our sins to mind,  
Our Fathers' sins remember not,  
Whose dire effects we sadly find  
Ev'n to the Verge of ruin brought:  
The sins our Ancestors have done  
Punish'd on us, we justly bear  
Who make their every crime our own,  
And still persist thy wrath to dare.
  
2. Offensive to thy glorious eyes,  
Our Sins, a seeming godly race,  
Provok'd thy jealousy to rise,  
And vex'd the Spirit of thy grace;  
With lips unclean they call'd thee Lord,  
As only They belong'd to Thee  
The saints elect<sup>10</sup> whose deeds abhor'd  
Bewray'd their foul Hypocrisy.
  
3. In *Solemn League*<sup>11</sup> with death and hell,  
The saints against their King conspir'd  
With furious, fierce, fanatic zeal,  
With avarice and ambition fir'd,

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<sup>9</sup>The text and notes here follow a loose-leaf draft in the collection of Wesley College Bristol: D6/1, p. 166a. A more polished draft (with variants noted) is present in MARC: MA 1977/583/32, #14. The most polished draft is MS Patriotism, 11–14. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:64–66.

<sup>10</sup>Ori., “The elect of God.”

<sup>11</sup>The Solemn League and Covenant (1643) between the Scots and the English Parliament at the time of the English Civil War.

Or'eturned the government and laws  
The parent-state and church subdued,  
And *sought the Lord* in Satan's cause,  
And wash'd their hands in Royal Blood.

4. Thro'<sup>12</sup> hatred of the saintly sin,  
We then rejected thy command,  
A floud of wickedness broke in,  
And delug'd all the guilty land:  
Abandon'd to the last excess,  
The Profligates blasphem'd thy name  
The power, the form of godliness  
Threw off,<sup>13</sup> and gloried in their shame.

## Part II.

- [1.] We here the dire Occasion see,<sup>14</sup>  
That<sup>15</sup> urg'd us to cast<sup>16</sup> off thy fear,  
Begot the cool contempt of Thee  
Which marks our nation's character;  
Because we hypocrites condemn  
Without controul, without remorse,  
We rush into a<sup>17</sup> worse extream  
If hell itself can yield a worse.
2. Corrupt, and daringly profane  
From sin to sin we madly fall;  
And if a few the truth maintain<sup>18</sup>  
As hypocrites we brand them all:

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<sup>12</sup>Ori., "In."

<sup>13</sup>MA 1977/583/32, #14 strikes out "Threw off," substituting "Renounc'd."

<sup>14</sup>Ori., "The cause of all our ..."

<sup>15</sup>Ori., "Which."

<sup>16</sup>MA 1977/583/32, #14 substitutes "throw" for "cast."

<sup>17</sup>Ori., "the."

<sup>18</sup>MA 1977/583/32, #14 substitutes "retain" for "maintain."



We scorn and hate the good and just,  
By wicked deeds afflict and grieve,  
And woud out of our churches thrust,  
And hardly suffer them to live.

3. Religion pure is chas'd away,  
General ungodliness succeeds,  
And treason walks in open day,  
And unprovok'd Rebellion spreads;  
New Regicides their purpose own,  
And fierce, audacious threat'nings breathe  
To pluck our Monarch from his<sup>19</sup> throne,  
And doom to banishment or death.
4. The great thro' all restraints have broke,  
Regardless both of God and man;  
The people have cast off the yoke,  
And in a state of nature reign;  
The Priests to sin their sanction grant,  
From every decent rule set free,  
Disguise, the only fault they want,  
The only vice—Hypocrisy!

### Part III.

- [1.] Our manners and our crimes so long  
How could the God of patience bear?  
The high and low, an harden'd throng,  
For neither plagues nor blessings care;  
Blessings they slight, and plagues defy;  
The patriot's sacred name assume,  
O'rejoy'd to see the Scourge draw nigh  
Triumphant in their Country's doom.
2. As eagles hastning to the prey,  
While hosts approach on every side,  
The men who brought our evil day  
Their own calamities deride,  
As happy in their place below`  
With everlasting flames to dwell,  
So they their rivals may o'rethrow,  
And drag their Countrymen to hell.

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<sup>19</sup>Ori., "the."

3. But canst not Thou a difference make,  
If judgment must prevail at last,  
Into thy kind protection take  
The just, till every storm is past?  
Howe'er the reprobates are shook  
Like wither'd leaves into the fire,  
The substance of the British Oak,  
The holy Seed, remains intire.
  
4. When judgment has consum'd thy foes,  
The remnant shall again take root,  
Our Church shall blossom as the rose,  
And fill the earth with righteous fruit;  
In answer to thy people's prayers,  
Thy will throughout the earth is done,<sup>20</sup>  
And millions of salvation's heirs  
Salute thee on thy<sup>21</sup> azure throne.

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<sup>20</sup>Ori., "~~Thy kingdom appear, thy will be done.~~"

<sup>21</sup>MA 1977/583/32, #14 substitutes "thine" for "thy."

[Untitled.]<sup>22</sup>

- [1.] Whence come wars, and deadly feuds  
Slaughtering half the human race?  
Lust the social love excludes,  
Sets our passions in a blaze,  
Fills our hearts with fury blind,  
Arms us each against his kind.
2. From the lust of lawless power  
Now the fierce contention springs,  
Faction bids the sword devour  
Raising beggars into kings,  
Monarchs grasp at boundless sway,  
Subjects swell, and scorn t' obey.
3. Victims of ambitious pride  
Answering the Destroyer's call,  
See mown down on every side  
Thousands, and ten thousand fall!  
Win the field whoever will,  
Satan reaps the harvest still.
4. Who can stop his flowing tears,  
While our countrymen complain,  
While America appears  
Weeping o're her children slain,

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<sup>22</sup>MARC, MA 1977/583/33, #8. Appears also in *MS Patriotism*, 15–16. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:67–68.

Slain the countless multitude,  
Waste the land, and soak'd in blood.

5. Punish'd for their Leaders sin,  
    Scourg'd for madness not their own,  
By infernal arts drawn in,  
    Hear the loyal sufferers groan!  
Who shall bid their sufferings cease?  
Who shall give them back their peace?
6. Long on man their hopes were stay'd,  
    But the Reed beneath them broke:  
By their false Allies betray'd  
    Spoil'd, and outrag'd, and forsook,  
Where must they for refuge fly,  
Doom'd by foes, and friends, to die!
7. Helper of the poor opprest,  
    Vain is all relief but thine:  
Thy appointed time is best;  
    Thy benevolent Design  
Let them soon accomplish'd see,  
Succour'd, and redeem'd by Thee.

8. Jesus, end the bloody fray,  
    Changing hatred into love;  
Touching this in faith we pray,  
    Faith which mountains can remove,  
Nought too hard for God it sees,  
Mocks impossibilities.
  
9. Take their Cause into thy hand,  
    Save them in a way unknown,  
That the world may understand  
    Power belongs to God alone,  
Power surpassing human thought  
Things impossible hath wrought.
  
10. Cast the mighty from their thrones,  
    Thou Effectual Power Divine,  
Raise the weak and abject ones,  
    Then we cry “The work is thine<sup>[23]</sup>”  
God the universe sustains,  
Lord of<sup>23</sup> all Creation reigns!

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<sup>23</sup>“Lord of” has “God o’re” written under it as an alternative.

[Untitled.]<sup>24</sup>

- [1.]           While Heaven with angry frown  
                Doth on our land look down,  
Calls our foes on every side  
                Britain's ruin to compleat,  
How shall we his day abide,  
                How prepare our God to meet?
2.             Shall we in such a day  
                Feast, and rise up to play?  
Live in luxury and ease,  
                All our hours in pleasure spend,  
Sports, and riotous excess,  
                Till we meet a fearful end?
3.             Rather with humble fear  
                Of swift<sup>25</sup> destruction near,  
Let us to the ark repair,<sup>26</sup>  
                To the house of refuge fly,  
Seek his face in humble prayer,  
                Seek, and find a Saviour nigh.
4.             In trouble and distress  
                He bids us seek his face,  
Bids us call upon our Lord,  
                Faithfully in Him confide,  
Him, who from the vengeful sword  
                Promises our lives to hide.

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<sup>24</sup>The text and notes here follow a loose-leaf draft in the collection of Wesley College Bristol: D6/1 p. 154b. A more polished draft (with variants noted) is present in MARC: MA 1977/583/33, #9. The most polished draft is MS Patriotism, 17–18. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:69–70.

<sup>25</sup>Ori., “sure.”

<sup>26</sup>Wesley has struck out an alternative to “repair” that is now illegible.

5. God of redeeming Love,  
Our Hiding-place above,  
Into thy most gracious hands  
Soul<sup>27</sup> and body we commend;  
Thy eternal Purpose stands,  
Sure of this, we wait the end.
6. Thy counsel we regard  
For all events prepar'd,  
Servants of thy sovereign will,  
The<sup>28</sup> unconscious creatures join  
All<sup>29</sup> thy pleasure to fulfil,  
Execute thy whole design.
- 7 But who the End can see,  
Or fathom thy Decree?  
We, if call'd the friends of God,  
If<sup>30</sup> thy Spirit's mind we have;  
Thou to us the End<sup>31</sup> has show'd  
All thy purpose is—TO SAVE.
- 8 Thy whole design we know  
To fix thy throne below;  
Here Thou wilt once more<sup>32</sup> appear,  
Claim us by thy Father given,  
Reign before thine ancients here,  
Then transport thy saints<sup>33</sup> to heaven.

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<sup>27</sup>Ori., "~~We~~ Soul ...."

<sup>28</sup>Ori., "~~All~~."

<sup>29</sup>Ori., "~~Thy good~~."

<sup>30</sup>Ori., "~~We~~, if."

<sup>31</sup>MA 1977/583/33, #9 substitutes "thy will" for "the End."

<sup>32</sup>Ori., "~~wilt again~~."

<sup>33</sup>"Church" is suggested beneath as an alternative to "saints." MA 1977/583/33, #9 adopts the suggested change.

**To the Rebellious Among the  
Americans.<sup>34</sup>**

- [1.] Ye ministers of wrath divine,  
    Rais'd up by our offended Lord,  
Full well ye answer his design,  
    Jehovah's sin-avenging Sword,  
Full well your piety proclaim  
And scourge the land<sup>35</sup> from whence ye came.
  
2. Our children, whom we long have fed,  
    And carried in our friendly<sup>36</sup> arms,  
Nourish'd, and brought you<sup>37</sup> up and led,  
    Protecting from all hostile harms,  
Treasures immense on you bestow'd,  
And lavish'd seas of British blood.
  
3. Your unprovok'd rebellion brings  
    Our more disloyal deeds to mind,  
(Disloyal to the King of Kings)  
    In league against your country join'd,  
Ye our ingratitude reprove,  
Against our heavenly Father's Love.
  
4. To cherish an unthankful race  
    What could He<sup>38</sup> more for us have done?  
Riches of unexhausted grace  
    He freely gave us in his Son,  
Who, to secure our endless good,  
Expended all his sacred blood.

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<sup>34</sup>The text and notes here follow a loose-leaf draft in the collection of Wesley College Bristol: D6/1 p. 154a. A more polished draft (with variants noted) is present in MARC: MA 1977/583/33, #1. The most polished draft is MS Patriotism, 19–20. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:70–71.

<sup>35</sup>MA 1977/583/33, #1 strikes out “~~And scourge the,~~” replacing with “To the dear.”

<sup>36</sup>MA 1977/583/33, #1 suggests “fondling” in the margin, as an alternative for “friendly.”

<sup>37</sup>Ori., “~~him.~~”

<sup>38</sup>Ori., “What ~~more~~ could he.”



5. Ye vipers who your mother<sup>39</sup> tear,  
    And evil for our good requite,<sup>40</sup>  
Ye cannot yet with us compare,  
    Who do our loving Lord despite,  
His yoke reject, his cross disclaim,  
And put him to an open shame.
6. Wherefore we, humbled in the dust,  
    Our sin in our chastisement read,  
Confess our heavenly Father just,  
    And guilty at his footstool plead,  
Not worthy to be call'd his sons,  
Whom now his Providence disowns.
7. O might our Nation now repent  
    Of all our foul rebellious past,  
Meekly accept our punishment,  
    And reconcil'd to God at last  
The joy of social union prove,  
The blessing of fraternal Love!
8. Great Peacemaker 'twixt God and man,  
    Who God and man hast join'd in one,  
Turn and unite our hearts again,  
    That all Jehovah's work may own,  
And Britons thro' the world proclaim  
The wondrous powers of Jesus name.

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<sup>39</sup>MA 1977/583/33, #1 suggests "Parent" in the margin, as an alternative for "mother."

<sup>40</sup>MA 1977/583/33, #1 rewrites: "With evil all our good requite."

[Untitled.]<sup>41</sup>

[Part I.]

- [1.] Congress repeats its empty boasts,  
As favor'd by the Lord of hosts  
    Who vindicates the right,  
When rebels bold with one consent  
Throw off the legal government,  
    And for dominion fight.
2. Not by their own resistless powers,  
But by the treachery of ours  
    Whom faithless Chiefs command,  
By burnings, ravages, and rapes,  
And Villainy in a thousand shapes  
    The weak Usurpers stand.
3. But first by Heaven's permissive will  
Who basest instruments of ill  
    To punish ill employs;  
Whose awful righteousness is seen  
When by the wickedest of men  
    The wicked He destroys.
4. The wickedest of men, profane,  
And take his hallow'd name in vain,  
    As lords by his decree,

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<sup>41</sup>MARC, MA 1977/583/33, #2. Appears also in *MS Patriotism*, 21–24. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:72–75.

His executioners at first,  
Suffer'd to deal<sup>42</sup> his plagues and curst  
With long impunity.

5. As Cromwell<sup>43</sup> with his desperate crew  
Was *sent* three kingdoms<sup>44</sup> to subdue  
And crush beneath his yoke;  
Strugling to throw it off in vain,  
They could not break the tyrant's chain  
While by their God forsook.
6. Were they not heard for years to groan,  
Subjected to the will of One,  
A Parricide accurst,  
A Ruffian gorg'd with Royal blood,  
A Hypocrite with man and God,  
Of human fiends the worst.
7. When he was swept to his own place  
The saints prolong'd the reign of grace,  
And Congress kept their seat,  
The many bow'd before the Few,  
Who still their loyal brethren slew,  
Or trod beneath their feet.

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<sup>42</sup>Ori., "raise."

<sup>43</sup>Oliver Cromwell (1599–1658).

<sup>44</sup>I.e., England, Scotland, and Ireland.

8. Long the triumphant Villains cried,  
“The Lord himself is on our side,  
    “The cause of righteousness  
“By signs infallible he owns,  
“And justifies his chosen ones  
    “By permanent Success.<sup>[29]</sup>
  
9. But O, how suddenly cast down  
And scatter’d by an angry frown  
    Of our almighty Lord,  
The proud Usurpers were expel’d,  
And Britain with its King beheld  
    Prosperity Restor’d!
  
10. Thus shall the Lord his sway maintain  
And o’re th’ impatient Rebels reign  
    Who now their King disown,  
Their Country’s Enemies engage  
With an unnatural Faction’s rage  
    To prop their dunghill-throne.
  
11. Possesst of their ambitious hope  
When they have fill’d their measure up  
    Thou wilt exert thy power,

Dissolve their covenant with death,  
And pluck the prey out of their teeth,  
And bid the deep Restore.

12. The haven of the *Good old Cause*  
The Hate of kings, and church and laws  
Thou wilt, O God, expel;  
And then the kingdom of the fiend  
Shall come to a perpetual end,  
And sink again to hell.

**[Part] II.**<sup>45</sup>

- [1.] By faith we now the cloud look thro',  
With blest, anticipated view  
Of brighter days behind,  
When Jesus making wars to cease,  
Brings in an everlasting peace,  
To us, and all mankind.
2. Dispersing the infernal gloom  
His kingdom shall, as lightning, come,  
And shine from east to west,  
The trumpet of the gospel-word  
Shall then announce our glorious Lord,  
And lull the world to rest.

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<sup>45</sup>Part II also appeared in *Poetical Works*, 8:486–87.

3. The savage tribes, an injur'd race,  
Americans shall then embrace  
    Their God so long unknown;  
The servile Progeny of Ham  
Shall, prostrated at Jesus' Name,  
    Their dear Redeemer own.
  
4. The Crescent to the Cross shall yield,  
The Turks and Heathens be compel'd  
    Their Sovereign to confess,  
And Jews, who pierc'd his hands and side  
Discern Jehovah crucified,  
    Their true Messiah bless.
  
5. Then all religious Babels cease,  
And all into the kingdom press  
    Of God reveal'd below,  
And fountains open'd from above,  
In streams of pure celestial love  
    The new-made Earth o' reflow.

6. O, who when God doth this shall live?  
The man that dare<sup>46</sup> the truth receive  
The promise made to me  
Who trust to stand in that great day,  
When Christ his glory shall display,  
And God for ever See!

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<sup>46</sup>Ori., “Whoever dares” changed to “The man that dare.”

[Untitled.]<sup>47</sup>

[Part I.]

- [1.] Summon'd to put off my clay,  
Here I woud no longer stay  
Grant me but<sup>48</sup> my last request,  
Give my suffering<sup>49</sup> Country rest.
2. Let me only live to see  
Sion in prosperity,  
See the kingdom of my Lord,  
Justice, joy, and peace restor'd.
3. Cause of our calamities,  
O that all our sin might cease,  
All our enmity to God,  
All our scorn of Jesus blood.
4. Father, for his sake, convert  
A rebellious nation's heart,  
That we may thy grace implore  
Fight against our God no more.
5. That<sup>50</sup> we may thy mercy feel,  
Britain's wounds and breaches<sup>51</sup> heal,  
Raise out of the dust, and bless,  
Stablish us<sup>52</sup> in righteousness.
6. Then possest of my desire  
Thou my happy soul require,  
Happy with the Church above  
All dissolv'd, and lost in love.

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<sup>47</sup>MARC, MA 1977/583/33, #3. Appears also in MS Patriotism, 25–26. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:75–76.

<sup>48</sup>Ori., “~~Woudst Thou~~ grant” changed to “Grant me but.”

<sup>49</sup>Ori., “~~wounded.~~”

<sup>50</sup>Ori., “~~Then.~~”

<sup>51</sup>Ori., “~~breeches.~~”

<sup>52</sup>Ori., “~~Stablishing~~” changed to “Stablish us.”



**[Part] II.**

- [1.] Yet if Justice hath decreed  
Britons still for sin shoud bleed,  
If their woes are but begun,  
Father, let thy will be done.
2. Only me, in special love,  
Me, my gracious Lord, remove,  
Suffer'd to escape away,  
Taken from the evil day.
3. When Thou dost my soul release,  
Entring into perfect peace,  
Then I find my troubles o're,  
There the world afflicts no more.
4. There, repos'd among the blest,  
I in Abraham's bosom rest,  
Waiting for the general doom,  
Longing for my Lord to come.
5. Jesus, come, the Spirit cries,  
Jesus, come, the Bride replies,  
To the gazing nations shown,  
High on thy millennial throne.
6. Evil by thy presence chase,  
Wipe the tears from every face,  
Crown us then in<sup>53</sup> heaven with Thee  
Kings thro' all eternity.

---

<sup>53</sup>Ori., "Bear us then to" changed to "Crown us then in."

[Untitled.]<sup>54</sup>

- [1.] How can our wretched Nation see  
A period of their misery,  
When every day the evil grows,  
Augmented by domestic foes?
- [2.] Monsters unnatural, who dare  
Usurp the patriot's character,  
And every art and means employ  
Their dear-lov'd Country to destroy.
- [3.] Vile prostitutes, who write for bread,  
And treason and rebellion spread,  
Hir'd by a curst, assassin band  
To scatter firebrands thro' the land.
- [4.] The foulest falsehoods they invent  
To clog the wheels of government,  
Obstruct the public good, and fling  
The odium on their blacken'd King.
- [5.] They vent their fiercest rage on Him  
With daring insolence blaspheme,  
Their menaces in senates breathe,  
As They could put their King to death.

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<sup>54</sup>MARC, MA 1977/583/33, #4. Appears also in *MS Patriotism*, 27–28. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:76–78.

- [6.] The croud they into madness drive,  
And Satan's good old Cause revive,  
Lash'd on by the infernal host,  
And spirited by Cromwell's<sup>55</sup> Ghost.
- [7.] And must they not at last prevail  
The bandied powers of earth and hell  
To sink a nation lost as this,  
And plunge us in the dark abyss?
- [8.] We cannot from destruction fly,  
Unless the Lord, the Lord most high  
With a strong hand, and outstretch'd arm  
Redeem us from the mortal harm:
- [9.] Unless He at our greatest need,  
Hath left himself a faithful Seed,  
Before his fiery wrath consume  
To rescue us from Sodom's doom.
- [10.] Most gracious God, our hearts incline,  
Our broken hearts, with them to join,

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<sup>55</sup>Oliver Cromwell (1599–1658).

In powerful, penitential prayer,  
And urge thy clemency to spare.

[11.] Or if thy soul must vengeance take  
A merciful distinction make,  
Thy judgments on the wicked send,  
Consume, but make not a full end.

[12.] When states and kingdoms are o' rethrown,  
Thou knowst the way to save thine own  
And, purging out the rebel race,  
To plant the righteous in their place.

[13.] Thy judgments shall the earth devour  
But hid in that decisive hour,  
Cut off when multitudes expire,  
A Part shall be brought thro' the fire.

[14.] As gold from the refining flame,  
The saints shall then invoke thy Name,  
While Jesus answers to their call,  
And God, and Christ is all in all.

Written Febr[uary] 26, 1782.<sup>56</sup>

[Part I.]

- [1.] To whom but God shall we complain,  
Of cruel, false, flagitious men  
    Who Public Good profess,  
Resolv'd their Country to devour,  
Who glory in their baleful power,  
    And prosperous wickedness.
2. Against our Church the gates of hell,  
The sons of anarchy prevail  
    Against our sinking state;  
The sins of our forefathers, all  
Upon a guilty nation fall,  
    And crush us with the weight.
3. Our nation's and religion's foes,  
The authors of our endless woes,  
    No more their aim disown  
To spread confusion thro' the land,  
By Treason's and Rebellion's hand  
    T' or'eturn the British throne.

---

<sup>56</sup>MARC, MA 1977/583/33, #5. Appears also in MS Patriotism, 29–31. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:78–80. Wesley is responding to the vote of Parliament on 24 February 1782 to abandon further prosecution of the war against the American colonists.

4. But hide him, Lord, beneath thy wings,  
Of men the virtouousest, of kings  
    The mildest and the best,  
And by some sudden stroke remove  
Who hate the Object of thy love,  
    And curse whom Thou hast blest.
5. Thou never wilt our King forsake,  
Or let them thine Anointed take  
    In their infernal snares,  
But still thy Providential love  
Shall hide his precious life above,  
    And count his sacred hairs.
6. Joy of our eyes, our heart's Desire,  
Surround him as a Wall of fire,  
    With flaming Guards surround,  
Look thro' the cloud, disturb their host,  
When most secure, they threaten most,  
    And all his foes confound.
7. In<sup>57</sup> faith against their sin we pray,  
O take the parricides away,  
    The unrelenting fiends,  
But plant thy kingdom in his heart,  
The righteousness, and joy impart  
    And peace that never ends.

---

<sup>57</sup>Ori., "By."

8. Peace which the world can never give  
Peace which it never can conceive,  
    This moment, Lord, bestow,  
And let him long the Nations bless,  
And crown'd with joy and righteousness  
    To life eternal go.

**[Part II.]**<sup>58</sup>

- [1.] The humble prayers which pierce the skies,  
Mingled with Jesus Sacrifice  
    Will God refuse to hear,  
Who bids us for our Monarch pray,  
Honour, and chearfully obey  
    His awful Minister.<sup>59</sup>
2. His firmest friends, unbought, unknown,  
We pray Thee to support his throne  
    His Person to defend,  
For whom we in thy Spirit cry,  
Keep as the apple of thine eye,  
    Till all his troubles end.
3. His friends from principle increase:  
And when, exulting in success,  
    His foes their arrows shoot,  
Confounding their malicious joy  
The dire Conspirators destroy,  
    Destroy them branch and root.

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<sup>58</sup>This is titled "Another" in this draft, but rendered as Part II of the same hymn in MS Patriotism. We have preserved the continuity with MS Patriotism. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:245–46.

<sup>59</sup>Ori., "His dread Vicegerent here."

4. But let them have their judgment here  
And scape thine utmost wrath severe  
    If Thou their bodies slay;  
The dying Penitents<sup>60</sup> forgive,  
And bid<sup>61</sup> their Souls thro' mercy live  
    In that eternal day.

---

<sup>60</sup>Ori., "Parricides."

<sup>61</sup>Ori., "let."



**Jeremiah 5. 1.**<sup>62</sup>

- [1.] “Run to and fro, whoe’er proclaim  
“My word, throughout Jerusalem,  
“And if by strictest search ye can  
“Find in her streets one righteous man  
“Who doth to truth and justice cleave,  
“I for his sake will all forgive.”<sup>[1]</sup>
2. But ah! not one was found, to stay  
Thy hand, or turn thy wrath away,  
Wherefore thy heavy hand consum’d  
The sinners to destruction doom’d,  
And slain, or into exile driven  
They justly perish’d unforgiven.
3. Yet ev’n in these licentious days  
Of general, reigning wickedness,  
When millions rul’d by Satan’s will  
The measure of their crimes fulfil,  
All do not throng the spacious road,  
Or curse their King, or hate their God.

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<sup>62</sup>MARC, MA 1977/583/33, #10. Appears also in MS Patriotism, 31–32. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:80–81. Title ori., “~~2 Kings 23. 29,~~” which Wesley used for the next hymn.

4. A faithful Seed there yet remains  
Unspotted with the public stains,  
From worldly lusts and passions free,  
From sin, and Satan's tyranny,  
A people poor, to man unknown,  
Belov'd and priz'd by God alone.
  
5. To these, O God, thou hast regard  
Against our evil day prepar'd,  
Who in the gap for years have stood,  
And join'd their cry to Jesus' blood,  
Which speaks for those that caus'd his pain  
And nail Him to his cross again.
  
6. That righteous Man, that God supreme,  
*Is* found in our Jerusalem  
And thousands now unite their cries  
"Father, respect his Sacrifice,  
[<sup>c</sup>]Thy mercy, not thy wrath, make known,  
[<sup>c</sup>]And give us to thy Pleading Son."<sup>[s]</sup>

**“King Josiah went against him, and He slew him.”—2 Kings 23. 29.<sup>63</sup>**

- [1.] To our tremendous Lord  
What shall thy people say?  
The wicked scape thy scourge and sword,  
The just is swept away:  
Possess of inward peace,  
He falls a sacrifice,  
And for a nation's wickedness,  
The good Josiah dies.
  
2. We tremble at thy rod;  
We tremble at thy grace  
Who hast a virtuous King bestow'd  
On a rebellious race:  
Thy Gift the Rebels spurn,  
With enmity extreme  
His patience mock, his virtues scorn,  
And Thee reject in Him.
  
3. Virtue and Him they hate  
Implung'd in every vice,  
And vow t' or'eturn the British State,  
That they themselves may rise,  
May each his portion seize  
And call the land their own,

---

<sup>63</sup>MARC, MA 1977/583/33, #6. Appears also in MS Patriotism, 33–34. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:81–82.

Emerging from the people's lees,  
To fill the vacant throne.

4. But shall they, Lord, succeed  
And cast our Monarch down?  
And hast Thou, for our sins, decreed  
The Parricides to crown?  
Too good with Us to live,  
Wilt Thou our King remove,  
And in thy mercy's arms receive  
To share thy throne above?
5. For mercy sake suspend  
A guilty nation's doom:  
Visit, but make not a full end,  
Nor utterly consume;  
Secure from all his foes  
Thy Delegate detain,  
And let him, e'er to heaven he goes,  
Consent on earth to reign.
6. Preserv'd in perfect peace  
By Thee his only Lord,  
Till Britain's happiness he sees  
With harmony restor'd,

United in thy fear  
Till all his subjects join  
In GEORGE, (thine Image), to revere  
The Majesty Divine.

[Untitled.]<sup>64</sup>

- [1.] A State for judgment ripe as This  
And swiftly plunging in th' abyss,  
A Nation by our God forsook  
To whom shall we for succour look?  
No succour is in feeble<sup>65</sup> man;  
We trust an arm of flesh in vain.
2. In vain we causes false assign  
Of all these heavy plagues divine;  
They must remain, they must increase,  
Till we the real Cause confess,  
Our sins with deep repentance mourn  
And to our angry Smiter turn.
3. Th' immediate Authors of our woes  
Charge their own crimes upon their foes,  
And seizing on the Helm, declare  
That They our ruin will repair,  
The Ship they dash'd against the strand  
Refit, and bring us safe to land.

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<sup>64</sup>MARC, MA 1977/583/33, #13. Appears also in MS Patriotism, 35–36. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:83–84.

<sup>65</sup>“Feeble” has “faithless” written above it as an alternative.

4. We never can confide in Them;<sup>66</sup>  
But will not yet ourselves condemn,  
Or hear the Rod by Heaven employ'd  
On us, who have ourselves destroy'd,  
And reap, in our extreme distress,  
The fruits of our own wickedness.
5. O might we each distinctly grieve,  
Death's sentence in himself<sup>67</sup> receive,  
Before the measure is fulfil'd,  
Before the Nation's<sup>68</sup> doom is seal'd,  
And find relief in contrite prayer,  
And<sup>69</sup> hope emerging from despair!
6. "My sins have rais'd the stormy Sea,  
[<sup>66</sup>]It works, and roars, and yawns for me;  
[<sup>66</sup>]My sins have shook the shatter'd State,  
[<sup>66</sup>]And arm'd the Ministers of fate,  
[<sup>66</sup>]To wasters giv'n their wasting power  
[<sup>66</sup>]And made the slaughtring<sup>70</sup> sword devour.<sup>[<sup>67</sup>]</sup>"
7. While<sup>71</sup> humbly, thus,<sup>72</sup> our sins we own  
Which forc'd thy lingring<sup>73</sup> judgments down,

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<sup>66</sup>Ori., "We blame, but cannot ~~credit~~ Them," with "~~credit~~" changed to "trust in." Finally changed from "~~We blame, but cannot trust~~ in Them" to "We never can confide in Them."

<sup>67</sup>"Himself" has "ourselves" written above it as an alternative.

<sup>68</sup>"Nation's" has "general" written above it as an alternative.

<sup>69</sup>Ori., "~~In~~."

<sup>70</sup>"Slaughtring" has "greedy" written below it as an alternative.

<sup>71</sup>"While" has "When" written above it as an alternative.

<sup>72</sup>Ori., "~~Lord~~."

<sup>73</sup>"Thy lingring" has "great God thy" written above it as an alternative.

Our sins, which brought this evil day,  
In mercy<sup>74</sup> take them all away,  
And then our punishment remove  
In honor of thy pardning love.

8. If yet Thou mayst intreated be  
To change th' extirpating Decree  
The Virtue of that Name impart  
Which roots out sin from every heart,  
That all may bless thy Saving Power  
Thy Son, till time shall be no more.

---

<sup>74</sup>“In mercy” has “O woudst Thou” written above it as an alternative.



**For the King.**<sup>75</sup>

- [1.]       Father by all confest  
            On thy eternal throne,  
To Thee we make our<sup>76</sup> joint request  
            Thro' thy beloved Son:  
            The Man whom for thy sake  
            We loyally revere,  
Into thy kind protection take,  
            And in his cause appear.
2.           Stretch out thy mighty arm,  
            His enemies to quell,  
And let the men that seek his harm  
            Thy righteous anger feel,  
            Who dare their King oppose  
            With causeless enmity,  
Convince the rebels, that his foes  
            Are fighting against Thee.
3.           Let not their counsel stand  
            Which deep as hell they hide,  
But crush them by thy weighty hand  
            With Satan on their side:

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<sup>75</sup>MARC, MA 1977/583/33, #12. Appears also in MS Patriotism, 37–38. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:84–85.

<sup>76</sup>Ori., “I make ~~my~~” changed to “we make our.”

The dire Deceiver blast,  
But pluck out of his<sup>77</sup> teeth  
His<sup>78</sup> wretched slaves, redeem'd at last,  
And sav'd from Second death.

4. The poor, misguided croud,  
Who mad for liberty  
Insult their King, and threaten loud,  
With soft compassion see,  
Beguil'd by specious lies,<sup>79</sup>  
By black, infernal arts,  
Open, O God, their blinded eyes,  
And turn their simple hearts.
5. Thou canst perform the thing  
With man impossible  
Order out of confusion bring  
And all our breaches<sup>80</sup> heal,  
Canst in our darkest hour  
Thy glorious light display,  
For winds and seas confess thy power  
And earth and hell obey.
6. If Thou pronounce the word,  
Intestine strife shall cease,  
And Britons sheath the slaughtering sword,  
And meet again in peace:  
Reform'd we<sup>81</sup> then shall live  
Converted by thy rod,  
And honor to our Sovereign give  
And glory to our God.

---

<sup>77</sup>Ori., "their."

<sup>78</sup>Ori., "Their."

<sup>79</sup>Ori., "arts."

<sup>80</sup>Ori., "breeches."

<sup>81</sup>Ori., "Our nation" changed to "Reform'd we."

[Untitled.]<sup>82</sup>

- [1.]       Lost in an endless Maze,  
            By sin alas, undone,  
            For help on every side we gaze,  
            But help for us is none;  
            No period of our fears,  
            No hope of rescue nigh,  
            And not one ray of light appears  
            Throughout the darken'd sky.
2.         Tis time, O Lord, for Thee  
            Now to lay to thy hand,  
            And in our sad extremity  
            To save a sinking land:  
            Th' extirminating curse  
            We soon expect to prove,  
            Unless we find our last resource  
            In thy unfathom'd love.
3.         Cut off from every hope  
            From every help, but thine,  
            Beneath the mighty hand we stoop  
            The bruising hand divine:

---

<sup>82</sup>MARC, MA 1977/583/33, #11. Appears also in MS Patriotism, 39–40. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:86–87.

Our punishment is just,  
Thrust down to hell, we own,  
But fain we woud for mercy trust  
In thy Atoning Son.

4. O for his only sake,<sup>83</sup>  
Father, our doom repeal,  
And let us, while thy judgments shake  
Our guilty land, be still,  
Be still, and truly know  
That Thou art God most high,  
Who dost in Christ compassion show,  
And wilt not let<sup>84</sup> us die.
5. Our sins and woes to end,  
Thy Deity declare,  
By whom Thou wilt deliverance send,  
But thy own arm make bare,  
That thy redeeming grace  
We all may wondring see,  
And gladly give, with all the praise  
Our ransom'd lives to Thee.
6. Low at thy feet we bow,  
The blessing to receive  
With humble faith the When and how  
To thy great Wisdom leave:  
But make thy counsel known,  
Indubitably Thine,  
That Europe may with Britain own,  
It is the Work Divine!

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<sup>83</sup>Ori., "Son."

<sup>84</sup>Ori., "have."

[Untitled.]<sup>85</sup>

- [1.] Our gracious King and good  
O how shall we deplore  
By vile Conspirators subdued  
By sacrilegious power,  
Giv'n up into their hands  
Who triumph in his woes,  
And subjected to the commands  
Of his insulting foes.
2. Th' Anointed of the Lord  
Stript of his realms we see,  
Spoil'd of his Magisterial Sword  
And Royal Dignity,  
On scanty bread to live  
Brought by his subjects down,  
And from their bounty to receive  
A poor, precarious crown.
3. Their Monarch to requite  
They on his Person seize,  
Who made it all his soul's delight  
T' advance their happiness  
Their blessing to insure,  
In love to condescend,  
Of high and low, of rich and poor  
The Father and the Friend.
4. Of long-continued prayer  
The answer sad is this?  
Great God, thy ways and judgments are  
A bottomless Abyss,  
Thy Footsteps are not seen  
Thy mind is not exprest,  
Who sufferst thus the worst of men  
To trample on the best.

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<sup>85</sup>MARC, MA 1977/583/32, #13. Appears also in MS Patriotism, 41–42 (titled “For the King”).  
Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:143–45.

5. If still, his faith to try  
Thou dost our King abase,  
Thy patient Servant fortify  
With<sup>86</sup> all-sufficient grace  
With peace surpassing thought  
With joy and love unknown  
With hope of what thy blood hath bought  
His everlasting throne.
6. Be Thou his sure resource,  
And let Ahithophel<sup>87</sup>  
Conspire, or canker'd Shimei curse  
And Absalom rebel.<sup>88</sup>  
We trust thy faithful love  
To bless and hold him fast  
Till more than Conqueror he prove  
And more than sav'd at last.
7. Thou wilt our captive King  
Redeem from all his foes,  
And out of all his troubles bring  
The Man whom Thou hast chose,  
Stamp't with thy Spirit's Seal,  
Created as Thou art,  
A man according to thy will  
And after thy own heart.
8. In perfect power divine  
Then let thy kingdom come  
And all our tribes united join  
To bring their Monarch home  
Thee, the true David, Thee  
Let every heart receive,  
And Thou, great King, in them and me  
Thro' endless ages live.

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<sup>86</sup>Ori., "By."

<sup>87</sup>Ori., "Ahitophel."

<sup>88</sup>Cf. 2 Sam. 16–17.

**Party Loyalty,  
written in the year 1780.<sup>89</sup>**

The First and Second George were wise,  
And understood a Faction's Price,  
Little account of Those they made  
That from meer Principle obey'd, [4]

But purchas'd with an annual Bribe  
The Votes of the Dissenting Tribe,  
Who serv'd with flaming zeal and hearty  
The HEADS of their own favor'd Party. [8]

Why are they chang'd to George the Third,  
And never give him a good word?  
His Rebels why do they embrace  
And spit in a mild Monarch's face? [12]

“Because he slights his Father's friends,  
“And the three Kingdom's comprehends;  
“All Sects and Parties reconciles,  
“Alike on Whig and Tory smiles, [16]

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<sup>89</sup>MARC, MA 1977/583/27. Appears also in MS Patriotism, 45–46. Published in *Arminian Magazine* 4 (1781): 340. Frank Baker (*Representative Verse*, 339) suggests it was written shortly after 6 April 1780, when John Dunning secured passage in Parliament of a resolution calling for the power of the Crown to be diminished.

“Aims at impossibilities,  
“And studies all the world to please;  
“Because our Pensions he withdraws:—  
“And if he starve the Good old Cause,  
“And if he nothing more advance—  
“No longer pipe, no longer dance!”<sup>1</sup>]

[20]



**Written on a Late Declaration of Lord C\_\_\_\_\_,<sup>90</sup>  
that the Conquest of America by Fire and Sword  
is not to be Accomplished.<sup>91</sup>**

- [1.] True is the patriotic word,  
We never can by fire and sword  
The fierce Americans subdue;  
If we our General's steps pursue,  
Against his friends his sword who turns,  
And spoils, and plunders them, and burns..
2. The Loyal if he first invite  
For Britain and its King to fight,  
Promise to succour and protect;  
He then abandons to neglect,  
Or draws them in an easy prey,  
For their inveterate foes to slay.
3. Poor credulous slaves if he allure,  
By flattering hopes of refuge sure,  
Their cruel tyrants to desert;  
He then with an unfeeling heart

---

<sup>90</sup>Charles, Earl Cornwallis (1738–1805).

<sup>91</sup>MARC, MA 1977/583/3 (which is numbered pp. 3–5). Appears also in MS Patriotism, 47–49.  
Published during Wesley's life in *Arminian Magazine* 5 (1782): 500–502.

Leaves them, who on his faith rely,  
By hunger and disease to die.

4. Thousands, who unconsum'd remain,  
He drives out of his camp again;  
And while they trust his treach'rous words,  
Gives back the victims to their lords,  
To punish in the ling'ring fire,  
By varied torments to expire.
5. Such faithful Leaders we allow,  
Fit to succeed immortal H—,<sup>92</sup>  
Who fierce Americans subdu'd,  
And conquer'd them whene'er he wou'd;  
Too generous to pursue the blow,  
Or trample on a vanquish'd foe.
6. His vanquish'd foe full oft he rear'd,  
And kindly their despondence cheer'd:  
Too brave to take them by surprize,  
He saw their straits with pitying eyes;  
And put them out of all their pain,  
And gave them back their towns again.

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<sup>92</sup>MS Patriotism reads "Howe." I.e., Lieutenant General Sir William Howe (1729–1814).

7. Such Leaders never can aspire  
Rebels to quell with sword or fire;  
But without fire—another can  
Accomplish it—an honest<sup>93</sup> man  
Who truth and righteousness approves,  
And more than gold his country Loves.
  
8. A man for this great end design'd,  
We now at last expect to find,  
By Providential Love bestow'd,  
Whose Object is Britannia's Good,  
Britannia's Peace his only aim—  
And Carlton<sup>94</sup> is the Patriot's Name!

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<sup>93</sup>Ori., “other.”

<sup>94</sup>Sir Guy Carlton, who replaced Sir Henry Clinton as Commander-in-Chief of British forces as the war neared its end.

**On a late Vote**  
**Febr[uary] 22, 1782.<sup>95</sup>**

How furiously now do the Patriots strive,  
And on to the brink of the Precipice drive!<sup>96</sup>  
“No longer oppose: let the Rebels alone:  
“Give up the Dispute, and the Business is done. [4]  
“Our Commanders may then with impunity rest,  
“The matter be hush’d and Inquiry suppress,  
“While the men who so well understood Peculation,  
“And grew fat on the spoils of a Sacrific’d Nation [8]  
“Their own Villanies charge on their Rivals in power  
“Given up, for the Popular Beast to devour.

“Then a fig for the Old Constitution and Laws,  
“Set aside by the Rump and Republican Cause, [12]  
“Then in spite of a titular, obstinate King,  
“To justice we all the Delinquents shall bring;  
“Or set an impertinent Monarch aside,  
“The inheritance seize, and the kingdom divide, [16]  
“Our zeal for unlimited Liberty prove  
“And demonstrate, how dearly our Country we love.<sup>[97]</sup>

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<sup>95</sup>MARC, MA 1977/583/14, pp. 6–7. Appears also in MS Patriotism, 50. Published posthumously in *Representative Verse*, 346–47; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:145–46. Wesley is referring to a vote in the House of Commons on February 22, 1782, on a motion urging the king not to prosecute the war against the colonists in North America, seeking peace instead. The motion lost by one vote.

<sup>96</sup>Ori., “strive.”

Shall the war be abandon'd, or still carried on?  
(Now we come to the Point, and the day is our own) [20]  
Shall Britain exist as a Nation, or not?  
It exists by a single unfortunate Vote,  
But if Numbers of Votes we could gain by surprize,  
Over-reach half a Senate, and put out their eyes, [24]  
We shall surely prevail, if we bravely persist,  
The whole Parliament conquer—and do as we list.

[Written after the Next Vote.]<sup>97</sup>

- [1.] Come away to the Chase!—The Republican Pack,  
With a rabble of Livery-men at their back,  
Have started the Stag; and resolve to press on,  
Till the bloodthirsty Hellhounds have hunted him down,  
And worried to death, without mercy or pity,  
To make a magnificent Feast for the City.
- [2.] “The City so fam’d for their exquisite Taste,  
“In the present, as well as the Century past,  
“At their annual Club<sup>98</sup> who so greedily<sup>99</sup> feed,  
“And to Turtle itself prefer a *Calf’s Head*,  
“Shall be treated again with the Cannibal’s Food,  
“And royally drunk at a Banquet of Blood.<sup>[b]</sup>”
- [3.] So they promise and vow who triumphantly sing  
For their victory over their Country and King;  
Their King they have conquer’d, and routed his friends,  
In pursuit of their own diabolical ends,  
By hard struggling and lying their purpose attained,  
And by Treason at last—a majority gain’d.

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<sup>97</sup>MARC, MA 1977/583/14, pp. 8–9 (untitled). Appears also in MS Patriotism, 51–52 (with title above). Published posthumously in *Representative Verse*, 348–49; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:146–47. This would be the vote of Parliament on 24 February 1782 to abandon further prosecution of the war against the American colonists.

<sup>98</sup>In MS Patriotism Wesley identifies this annual feast as on “Jan. 30.” This would be the feast for the martyrdom of King Charles I.

<sup>99</sup>Ori., “eagerly.”

- [4.] With what madness and rage do they now lay about 'em,  
The old ministers threaten, and rage till they out 'em!  
“But the worst of them all, for whose horrible crime  
“His blood shall atone, is the Minister Prime,”  
In billingsgate language, and highwaymen's phrase,  
They command him to *Stand and deliver*—his Place!
- [5.] Our soldiers abroad they<sup>100</sup> forbid to oppose,  
Or molest, or annoy their innocent foes,  
But tamely to give all the Loyalists up  
To the Rebels, or French, to the Sword or the Rope,  
To keep out of harms way, and their weapons lay down,  
Till the Mob has secur'd their Republican Crown.
- [6.] But true Englishmen hope, that our Nation o'rereach'd  
Will recover their wits, and awake unbewitch'd;  
Then the Traitors at home, and the Agents of France  
Shall finish their course with a *sorrowful dance*,  
Then we all shall unite in defence of our King,  
And the Rebels at last, and the Patriots swing.

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<sup>100</sup>Ori., “to.”

*Pax quaeritur—Precibus!*<sup>101</sup>

The Men who nothing understand,  
 Woud make a Peace with Sword in hand,  
 But wiser Methods now are tried  
 By Those, that lay the Sword aside: [4]  
 They *sue* to Congress for<sup>102</sup> a peace,  
 And sue, *in forma pauperis*,  
 And meekly beg it—on their knees. ]

“Peace must be by Intreaty gain’d, [8]  
 “And not by bloody War obtain’d,”  
 Shall we then sheathe our useless swords,  
 And conquer Rebels by our words?  
 Had we the Rhetoric of Burk[e],<sup>103</sup> [12]  
 It woud not on their Passions work;  
 Had we the Modesty of Fox,<sup>104</sup>  
 It woud not soften stones and stocks,  
 Persuade them to give up their Prize [16]  
 To reprobate their French Allies,  
 Their Father-confessors to spurn,  
 And to their Country’s Arms return.

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<sup>101</sup>MARC, MA 1977/583/14, pp. 10–12. Appears also in MS Patriotism, 53–54. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:131–32. The title translates: “Peace is sought—by prayers.”

<sup>102</sup>Ori., “of.”

<sup>103</sup>Edmund Burke (1729–97).

<sup>104</sup>Charles James Fox (1749–1806), supporter in Parliament of American independence.



In this precarious situation [20]  
What saith the Wisdom of the Nation?  
With patriotic tenderness  
Our Legislators give us peace,  
The universal Wish allow, [24]  
But do not tell us when or how:  
“Hostile attempts we must forbear,<sup>[1]</sup>  
And only wage Defensive War:  
But if attack’d, our martial men [28]  
Have public Leave to fight again,  
And may resist (the Senate votes)  
When Yankies come—to cut their throats.

“Meantime by our pacific measures [32]  
“We save the Nation’s blood and treasures,  
“We save who squander’d both, the men  
“In league with us, from justice screen;  
“Our enemies at home or’erwhelm [36]  
“And thrust our Rivals from the Helm,  
“The State into subjection bring,  
“And turn our arms against the K[ing]  
“For if he refractory prove, [40]  
“And will not all his friends remove,

“With all his Ministers, with all  
“His friends—the K[ing] himself shall fall!<sup>[17]</sup> +

+ See a late Speech in the House.

**The Patriot's Address.**<sup>105</sup>

Sire,

with indulgent smiles receive  
The Nation's R[epresentative],  
Who humbly our requests make known,  
Low at the Footstool of your Throne: [4]  
Your C[ommo]ns, for the Public Weal  
Anxious, and full of loyal Zeal,  
With duteous modesty, we pray—  
Put your old Ministers away, [8]  
Your trusty Friends and Counsellors,  
Your Servants for a length of years,  
Let all who love you, we insist,  
Be instantaneously<sup>106</sup> dismiss; [12]  
Turn every man out of his place,  
Far from your Court, and Presence chase,

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<sup>105</sup>MARC, MA 1977/583/14, pp. 13–15. Appears also in *MS Patriotism*, 55–56. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:147–48.

<sup>106</sup>Ori., “Without exception” changed to “Be instantaneously.”

And to supply the Nation's need,  
Receive us Patriots in their stead. [16]  
Without reluctance, or delay,  
Let this be done, this very day,  
This very day let This be done—  
Or, Sire—we pluck you from your Throne. [20]

In vain against the stream you strive,  
Or talk of your Prerogative,  
As You coud Officers declare,  
And give us either Peace, or War: [24]  
In vain You stubbornly rebel  
Against the Power which can compel:  
Prosperous we sail with wind and tide,  
Who have the Rabble on our side. [28]  
Vested in Them dominion see,  
And bow to LEGION'S Majesty,  
A Servant of the people, know  
Your Masters have ordain'd it so: [32]

Allow the Patriots then their Hire,<sup>107</sup>  
Grant us the Places we require,  
Give us the Titles we demand,—  
And we permit your Throne to stand: [36]  
And while to us your court you pay,  
And meekly our commands obey,  
Subject to every Demagogue,  
We all cry out—GOD SAVE KING LOG!<sup>108</sup> [40]

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<sup>107</sup>Ori., “tide.”

<sup>108</sup>This alludes to Aesop’s fable, “The Frogs desiring a King.” Jupiter first threw them down a log of wood, but the frogs grumbled at so spiritless a king. He then sent them down a stork, which devoured them. So the desire is for a King who rules in peace and quietness, never exerting his power.

[Untitled.]<sup>109</sup>

The major part, the stronger side,  
On horseback set, will surely ride!  
“And wherefore shoud we not, they say,  
“If every dog must have his day, [4]  
“Infinite pains if we have took,  
“At nothing stopt, at nothing stuck,  
“But waded on thro’ thick and thin,  
“The saddle and the horse to win! [8]

“We now prescribe the peaceful law  
“And soon our forces shall withdraw,  
“And spare the nation’s farther pains  
“To quel the brave Americans. [12]  
“Conquer them, it appears, we coud not;  
“And reason good, because we woud not,  
“When to secure our private ends,  
“The war we trusted to our friends: [16]  
“Who full of zeal sincere and hearty  
“Their country sold, to serve their party  
“By all the arts of peculation  
“Spoil’d their allies, and fleec’d the nation [20]

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<sup>109</sup>MARC, MA 1977/583/14, pp. 16–17. Appears also in MS Patriotism, 57–58. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:148–49 (incorporated into the preceding hymn).

“Baffled the credulous Majority  
“And shelter took in the Minority.

“Why shoud we now renounce our ease  
“For a few paultry colonies? [24]

“Why vindicate our Monarch’s right,  
“Or for the Constitution fight?

“For King and Country what care we,  
“For George, or his Supremacy? [28]

“For Loyalists, or their distresses?  
“Our care is—to secure our places

“The brave Americans to crown,  
“And turn this kingdom upside down. [32]

“Our fixt Resolve we first declare  
“To end Germain’s<sup>110</sup> destructive war:

“But if both sides refuse to bend,  
“How shoud the quarrel have an end? [36]

“Then let us beg, or buy a peace,  
“The *high and mighty* States confess,

“Allow them to be Independent,—  
“And thus we make a glorious End on’t!<sup>[?]</sup> [40]

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<sup>110</sup>George Germain, 1st Viscount Sackville (1716–85); known as Lord George Sackville until 1770 and as Lord George Germain from 1770 to 1782.

**I. Written in 1782  
by an American in New York, 1782.<sup>111</sup>**

- [1.] And is our final Doom decreed?  
To hide our death-devoted head  
    Ah, whither shall we run?  
To whom for help or refuge flee,  
Sufferers for our Fidelity,  
    Abandon'd and undone?
2. By Foes oppress'd, by Friends betray'd,  
A Prey to every Spoiler made,  
    And slaughter'd all day long  
We did not of our Lot complain,  
Or shrink impatient from the pain  
    Or faint beneath the wrong.<sup>112</sup>
3. In vain our treacherous Brethren tried  
To force us from the Royal Side;  
    With faithfulness unmov'd,  
Our Country's Cause we still confess'd,  
Our much respected Monarch bless'd,  
    Whom more than life we lov'd.
4. Our latest Hope was fixt on Him  
In goodness as in power Supreme;  
    Of<sup>113</sup> his Protection sure,  
His wrongs we gloried to partake,  
And suffer all things for his sake,  
    And to the end endure.
5. We serv'd our King with warmest zeal:  
O had we serv'd our God so well  
    He woud not have despised,  
Or left us at our greatest need,  
By Traitors now condemn'd to bleed,  
    By Britons sacrific'd.

---

<sup>111</sup>MARC, MA 1977/583/13, #1 (where the entirety of the hymn appears on one side of a large page). Appears also in MS Patriotism, 74–75. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:136–37.

<sup>112</sup>Ori., “foad.”

<sup>113</sup>Ori., “On.”



6. Happy, if for our Doom prepar'd,  
We gain from God a full reward,  
    When this vile earth we leave,  
Exclaiming with our latest breath,  
Father, the Authors of our death  
    For Jesus sake forgive!

**II. Written in October 1782  
For the Loyal Americans.<sup>114</sup>**

- [1.] Father and Friend of the Opprest,  
Thy people's sorrowful Request  
    With pitying ear attend,  
Attend thy Son's prevailing prayer,  
And to our Brethren in despair  
    The swift Deliverance send.
2. The men who dar'd their loyal love,  
Their sworn Fidelity approve,  
    Their King and Country own,  
Where Treason and Rebellion reign,  
And perjur'd slaves their sway maintain  
    And Satan *keeps* his throne.
3. Hark! how they groan beneath the yoke,  
By their own Countrymen forsook  
    By their own earthly Lord,  
Cut off from all resource, or hope,  
Bound hand and foot, and given up  
    To the Destroyer's sword!
4. Thus we reward their faithful zeal  
Who lost their all from Principle  
    With their last drop of blood;  
Thus we the generous Martyrs praise,  
And a perpetual Mon' ment raise  
    Of England's gratitude!

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<sup>114</sup>MARC, MA 1977/583/13, #2 (where the entirety of the hymn appears on the backside of the same page as the preceding hymn). Appears also in MS Patriotism, 78–79. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:137–38.

5. But O thou God of boundless power,  
Of boundless mercy, from this hour  
    Avenge them of the foe:  
Suffice the countless thousands slain:  
O let the myriads that remain  
    Their only Saviour know.
6. Cut off from all dependance vain  
On any Prince, or Child of man,  
    In their extremity  
Give them to trust on Thee alone,  
Who never wilt the souls disown  
    That humbly cleave to Thee.
7. While helpless at thy feet they lie,  
Regard their penitential Cry,  
    Compassionately near;  
We cannot point thee out the way,  
But as Thou wilt thine Arm display  
    And in their Cause appear.
8. Redeem them in their last distress,  
That nations yet unborn may bless  
    The wonders of thy love,  
And finishing their Course below  
With songs of joy triumphant go,  
    To bless thy Name above.

**III. The American Refugees.**<sup>115</sup>

- [1.] So be it then! if God's Decree  
Ordains, or suffers it to be,  
    For wisest Ends unknown!  
The Land from which our Fathers came,  
Our native Soil we see, and claim  
    The Country for our own.
2. From dire Rebellion's rage we fled  
(Proscrib'd, and singled out to bleed)  
    And left our all behind,  
Wanderers and Emigrants once more  
On Britain's hospitable shore  
    A sanctuary to find.
3. But who with open arms receives,  
The poor, the loyal Fugitives,  
    Or generous Pity shows?  
The great will not incline their ear,  
The Happy cannot stop, to hear  
    The Annals of our woes.
4. Where all are Patriots, not One  
Will make the sufferers cause his own  
    Or succour our Distress:  
Zealous for liberty and right,  
Humane, they cast out of their sight  
    The sons of wretchedness.
5. We who for all a table spread  
Are forc'd to beg our bitter bread:  
    Which when we scarce obtain  
The scanty meat, the short relief,  
Is, to increase our pining grief,  
    Snatch'd from our mouth again.
6. But if the aids of life we need,  
And want a place to lay our head;  
    The latest boon we crave  
Our gracious King will not deny  
Our Country wilt the spot supply,  
    And hide us in the grave.

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<sup>115</sup>MARC, MA 1977/583/13, #3. A more polished draft appears below. Appears also in *MS Patriotism*, 73–74. Published posthumously in *Representative Verse*, 353–54; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:139–40.

[Untitled.]<sup>116</sup>

- [1.] How are the Mighty from their height  
    Fallen, and suddenly cast down,  
Who dared against their Maker fight,  
    Defied the great Jehovah's frown,  
Scorn'd his uplifted Hand<sup>117</sup> to see,  
And gloried in iniquity!
- [2.] Therefore the just, avenging Lord  
    Hath sold us into Traitors hands:  
Intrusted with the Nation's sword,  
    They led our hosts to foreign<sup>118</sup> lands,  
With power Assassins to suppress,  
And join us all in lasting peace.
- [3.] But careless of the Public Good,  
    The patriots only sought their own,  
Not enemies, but friends subdued,  
    Let loose their troops on friends alone  
To ravish, spoil, and rend,<sup>119</sup> and tear,  
And lengthen out the gainful war.
- [4.] Traitors at home with These conspir'd  
    Their desperate Partizans to raise  
And Britain's Sons by Gallia hired  
    Their ruin'd Country to abase

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<sup>116</sup>MARC, MA 1977/583/32, #17. Appears also in MS Patriotism, 80–81. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:132–34.

<sup>117</sup>Wesley suggests “outstretched arm” in the margin (in shorthand), as an alternative for “uplifted Hand.”

<sup>118</sup>“Distant” is written in the margin, most likely as an alternative to “foreign.”

<sup>119</sup>“Rend” has “burn” written above it as an alternative.

To tread their loyal Brethren down,  
And fix the rebels on their<sup>120</sup> throne.

5. Therefore the Lord hath given them up  
    Their own inventions to pursue,  
Curst with their Luciferian hope,  
    Suffer'd to found their Empire new,  
Their aim original t' attain,  
And Satan's Demagogues to reign.
6. Left to their hellish cruelty,  
    Beneath their saws and harrows torn,  
Britons their bleeding Brethren see,  
    Nor daign to sympathize or mourn,  
Till by the common doom they fall,  
And wrath divine destroys them all.
7. Righteous, O God, thy judgments are,  
    Which lay our sinful Nation low,  
Thy awful chastisement we bear,  
    Or'ewhelm'd with Epidemic woe,  
But humbly to our doom submit  
And sue for mercy at thy feet.
8. We with the faithful remnant sue,  
    And trust Thou wilt a difference make  
Pass by the blood-besprinkled Few,  
    And spare us for<sup>121</sup> our Saviour's sake,  
Till in the hollow of thy hand  
We scape the wreck, and reach the land.

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<sup>120</sup>“Their” has “a” written above it as an alternative.

<sup>121</sup>Ori., “And spare us ~~wi~~[th] for.”

[Untitled.]<sup>122</sup>

- [1.] How are the mighty from their height  
    Fallen, and suddenly cast down  
Who dared against their Maker fight,  
    Defied the great Jehovah's frown,  
Disdain'd his outstretch'd arm to see,  
And gloried in iniquity!
  
2. Therefore the just, avenging Lord  
    Hath sold us into Traitors hands:  
Intrusted with the Nation's sword,  
    They led our hosts to distant lands,  
With power Rebellion to suppress,  
And join us all in lasting peace.
  
3. But careless of the Public Good,  
    The Patriots only sought their own  
Not enemies, but friends subdued,  
    Let loose their troops on friends alone  
To ravish, spoil, and burn, and tear,  
And lengthen out the gainful war.
  
4. Traitors at home with These conspir'd  
    Their desperate Partizans to raise,  
And Britain's Sons by Gallia hir'd  
    Their ruin'd Country to abase  
To tread their loyal Brethren down  
And seat the Rebels on a throne.

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<sup>122</sup>MARC, MA 1977/583/32, #17. A rougher draft appears above. Appears also in MS Patriotism, 80–81. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:132–34.

5. Therefore the Lord hath given them up  
Their own inventions to pursue,  
Curst with their Luciferian hope,  
Suffer'd to found their Empire new,  
Their aim original t' attain,  
And Satan's Demagogues to reign.
6. Left to their hellish cruelty  
Beneath their Saws and harrows torn,  
Britons their bleeding Brethren see,  
Nor daign to sympathize, or mourn,  
Till by the common Doom they fall,  
And wrath divine destroys them all.
7. Righteous, O God, thy judgments are,  
Which lay our sinful Nation low;  
Thy awful Chastisement we bear  
Or'whelm'd with Epidemic Woe,  
But humbly to our doom submit,  
And sue for mercy at thy feet.
8. We with the faithful Remnant sue,  
And trust Thou wilt a difference make,  
Pass by the blood-besprinkled Few  
And spare us for our Saviour's sake  
Till in the hollow of thy hand  
We scape the wreck, and grasp the land.
9. [unfinished]<sup>123</sup>

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<sup>123</sup>Neither the first version of this MS (pp. 66–67 above) nor MS Patriotism, 80–81, indicate that Wesley was considering a stanza 9.

[Untitled.]<sup>124</sup>

- [1.] Can we with unconcern behold  
Our Brethren destitute of aid,  
By a flagitious Party sold,  
By a perfidious Chief betray'd,  
Out of our kind protection cast,  
And by their King disclaim'd at last?
2. Protection if allegiance draws,  
If Kings their subjects *shoud* defend,  
The Sufferers in their Country's Cause,  
May justly on our help depend:  
And must they who on us rely,  
By famine, sword, and gibbets die?
3. Who nobly for their Country stood,<sup>125</sup>  
Who nobly for their Country fell,  
Thousands have seal'd their faith with blood,  
Their King and us they lov'd so well,  
And myriads more that yet remain,  
To us stretch out their hands—in vain!
4. Whom rebels up to slaughter give,  
As rebels 'gainst their lawless power  
Shall Britons to the murtherer leave  
(While suppliant they our aid implore,)  
Or push them back into the fire  
By varied torments to expire?
5. Tell us of Punic faith no more,  
Of Rome's, or Gallia's Perfidy,

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<sup>124</sup>MARC, MA 1977/583/32, #16. Appears also (as Part II of the preceding hymn) in MS Patriotism, 81–84. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:134–36.

<sup>125</sup>Ori., “fou[ght].”



Whom in her arms so long she bore  
If Britain can her children see  
Cut off, abandon'd to despair,  
And massacred—for loving Her!

6. O dire Effect of party-zeal  
Which turns the softest heart to stone!  
Our stony hearts refuse to feel  
For those that made our Cause their own,  
As adverse Partizans we treat,  
And spurn them gasping at our feet.
- 7.<sup>126</sup> The Prize for which our Fathers fought,  
Which cost a Wolf<sup>127</sup> his richest blood,  
By countless lives and treasures bought,  
We sacrifice to private good,  
We throw whole Provinces away,  
And lose an Empire—in a day!
8. Millions of faithful Subjects lost  
With joy our modern Patriots see,  
And o're their King and Country boast  
A full, desisive<sup>128</sup> victory  
Force him to pull his kingdom down  
And pluck the jewels from his Crown.<sup>129</sup>
9. But will not God the just arise,  
The secret traytors to display,  
Scatter their evil with his eyes,  
Drag out the fiends in open day,  
Blast all the sons of wickedness,  
And save us in our last distress?<sup>130</sup>

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<sup>126</sup>Ori., “6.”

<sup>127</sup>I.e., James Wolfe (1727–59), who lead the British forces in a daring battle and reclaimed Quebec from the French in September 1759.

<sup>128</sup>Ori., “pernicious.”

<sup>129</sup>Ori., “throne.”

<sup>130</sup>At the bottom of the page is a line of shorthand, with several cross-outs, which cannot be deciphered with confidence. It does not appear to be a draft of any portion of the longhand poem. It may be the collection of short notes related to composing the verse.

10. Jesus, Almighty to redeem,  
    To us thy great salvation show,  
And O, be merciful to Them  
    Who neither truth nor mercy know,  
Whose crimes woud sink our shatter'd ship  
And plunge us all into the deep.
11. Let not the pit infernal close  
    Its mouth on its devoted prey  
But change our proud malicious foes  
    And take their sins not Them away,  
Our foes implacable forgive,  
And let the pardon'd murtherers live.
12. The hearts of all this nation turn  
    Ev'n as a single heart to Thee  
That of thy loving Spirit born  
    We all, with perfect harmony,  
(Born in a day of power and grace)  
May our dear Lord for ever praise.<sup>131</sup>

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<sup>131</sup>In shorthand at the bottom of the page is an earlier draft of the last four lines of stanza 10 and the first four lines of stanza 11.

**Written on the Peace, 1783.**<sup>132</sup>

1. Tremendous God, thy hand we see!  
Permitted by thy just Decree,  
    The woeful day is come!  
Kept off by a few righteous men  
Suspended by their prayers in vain,  
    We meet our fearful doom.
  
2. Allur'd, and bought with Gallic Gold,  
Our Statesmen have their Country sold,  
    While, deaf to misery's cries,  
Innocent millions they compel  
Oppression's iron yoke to feel,  
    Or fall a sacrifice.
  
3. Nations<sup>133</sup> who did in Treaties trust  
They leave, perfidious and unjust,  
    To fierce, fanatic zeal,  
To men athirst for guiltless blood,  
Who send, as offerings worthy God,  
    Poor Savages to hell.
  
4. They force their Country to receive  
A peace which only Fiends could give,  
    Which deadly feuds creates,

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<sup>132</sup>DDCW 3/14. John Wesley added a comment in his hand: "Verses on ye Peace, keen enough!". Appears also in *MS Patriotism*, 93–95 (as Part I of a longer hymn). Published posthumously in *Representative Verse*, 355–57; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:98–99.

<sup>133</sup>The Six Indian Nations.

Murders, and massacres, and wars;  
Peace which humanity abhors<sup>134</sup>  
And every Briton hates.

5. A peace, whose evils know no bounds,  
Which mercy, truth, and justice wounds,  
Our nation's curse and shame.  
Brands us, as long as time shall be,  
Orewhelms with loads of infamy  
And sinks the British name.
6. A peace which never could have been,  
But as the punishment of sin,  
Of riot in excess,  
Of falsehood, cruelty and pride,  
Of crimes the Great disdain to hide,  
Of General Wickedness.
7. Lost to all sense of shame or fear,  
We neither God nor man revere;  
All ranks and orders join  
To fill our sinful measure up,  
And claim th' intoxicating cup  
Of bitter wrath divine.

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<sup>134</sup>Ori., "A peace which ~~loyalty~~ abhors."

8. Yet unconcern'd the Many meet  
Their doom, and rush into the pit  
    By human fiends prepar'd,  
Those instruments of Public Ill  
Reserv'd the utmost wrath to feel  
    And gain a full reward.
  
9. When God awakes, the righteous God,  
And inquisition makes for blood,  
    Will he not call to mind  
Those Pests of our afflicted race,  
And thrust them down to their own place,  
    The murtherers of mankind.
  
10. Yet then, O God, thy Church shall see  
A gracious difference made by Thee  
    In favor of thine own,  
Preserv'd by thy redeeming love,<sup>135</sup>  
And safe with Christ their Life above  
    On thy eternal throne.

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<sup>135</sup>Ori., "grace."