

MS Scriptural Hymns (1783) NT¹

MS Scriptural Hymns is a bound volume with pages 6.25 x 7.5 inches in size. The first section runs for 128 pages, containing 126 hymns devoted to texts in the Old Testament. This is followed by 139 pages that are filled with 128 hymns on texts in the New Testament. All of the verse in this volume is original, duplicating none of the content in either *Scripture Hymns* (1762) or the manuscript volumes on the Gospels and Acts.

The date “May 11, 1783” is inscribed on the flyleaf of the volume. On the first page of the New Testament section is a note: “Begun May 18, 1783.” At the bottom of the last page in the New Testament section Wesley wrote: “Finished May 26, 1783.” This would indicate that about a week was devoted to each section. The dates likely refer to the time spent copying them into a collected set, but may refer to the original composition of the hymns. In either case, the hymns date from Wesley’s later years, and many reflect his growing discomfort since the controversies of the 1760s with those who lightly claimed to have attained Christian Perfection.

For the convenience of current readers, we have adopted three modernizations for scripture references in this volume: excerpts of scripture used as titles have been placed in quotation marks (Wesley typically omits), colons have replaced periods in scripture citations (Wesley’s “Gen. 20. 6” becomes “Gen. 20:6”), and “ff” has been used to indicate multiple verses (Wesley uses “&c”). We have maintained the guidelines for the larger collection when transcribing Wesley’s actual verse.

Since Wesley uses independent numbering for the Old Testament and New Testament sections, they are transcribed separately in this collection.

MS Scriptural Hymns is held in the Methodist Archive and Research Centre, accession number MA 1977/576 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 3). The transcription below is provided with permission of the Librarian and Director, The John Rylands Library, The University of Manchester.

¹This document was produced by the Duke Center for Studies in the Wesleyan Tradition under the editorial direction of Randy L. Maddox, with the diligent assistance of Aileen F. Maddox. Last updated: January 21, 2011.

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Matthew.*

“Lead us not into temptation.”—[Matt.] 6:13.²

- [1.] Lead me not into temptation,
 Father, leave me not alone,
 Thou, to whom my every passion
 Every secret thought is known:
 If thy Providence forsake me
 In the dark, unguarded hour,
 Sin is sure to overtake me,
 Hell is ready to devour.

2. In the feebleness of nature
 Never from thy charge depart,
 Infinitely good, and greater
 Than the evil of my heart:
 Watch, and hold me back from sinning
 Self-inclin'd from Thee to stray,
 Stop me at the first beginning,
 Turn my tempted heart away.

3. With mine enemies surrounded,
 Sin, the world, and Satan's snare,
 Let me never be confounded,
 Tempted more than I can bear:

* Begun May 18, 1783.

²Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:184–85.

Rather from the dread occasion
Thy poor, helpless creature hide,
Bind the sinful inclination,
Turn my stronger foe aside.

4. Conflicts I cannot require,
Who myself can nothing do;
If Thou bring into the fire,
Surely Thou shalt bring me thro',
Shalt from every ill deliver,
That I may thy glory see,
Magnify thy name for ever,
Sav'd thro' all eternity.

**“Suffer little children to come unto Me, and
forbid them not.”—[Matt.] 19:14.³**

- [1.] Ah! Lord, we must with shame confess,
Tho' Thou art ready still to bless,
Few in their harmless infancy
Will let their babes be brought to Thee:
We tremble lest thy gracious touch
Shoud make them righteous over much,
Defeat our worldly hopes and aim
And brand them with their Master's shame.

³Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:323–24.

2. We fear, lest when thy grace or'epowers,
Our children shoud be thine, not ours,
Shoud unto God their hearts resign,
And only seek the things Divine:
We never shall devote our race,
Or yield them up to thine embrace,
Or'ewhelm'd with our own misery,
Unless we come ourselves to Thee.

Mark.

**“He hath done all things well: he maketh both
the deaf to hear, and the dumb to speak.”**

—[Mark] 7:37.⁴

Lord, I by faith my seal set to,
Thy miracles are ever new,
Thou makst the deaf to hear thy voice,
The dumb in songs of praise rejoice,
The lame to walk, the blind to see:
Thou hast done all things well—in me!

⁴Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:10.

John.

“Behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world.”—[John] 1:29.⁵

- [1.] The heart to creature-love inclin'd,
The sin of all our fallen kind
Cannot the Lamb of God remove,
And cast it out by purer love?
Didst Thou not bear it on the tree,
To bear it far away from me,
And pour the fountain of thy blood,
To wash out all my inbred load?
2. The sin that cleaves to Adam's race
Our burthen, plague, and dire disgrace
The beastly, and the devilish sin
The lust, and pride that works within,
Thou, Lord, on whom in faith I call,
Wilt conquer, and destroy it all,
Wilt take both root and branch away,
And unbelief for ever slay.
3. Thee I behold with stedfast eye,
And wait, till Thou thy blood apply,
Its purifying power impart,
And throughly wash my sprinkled heart:
Then shall I make thy mercy known,
And love my loving God alone,

⁵Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:325–26.

Answer thy passion's whole design,
And die, and live for ever thine.

“The night cometh, when no man can work.”

—[John] 9:4.⁶

- [1.] I know, most gracious Saviour,
My night approaches fast;
O may I by thy favor
Be found in peace at last,
My time of visitation
My latest hour improve,
And work out my salvation
And die renew'd in love.
2. What can I do but offer,
My dregs of life to Thee?
What can I do, but suffer
Whate'er Thou layst on me?
In manifold⁷ temptations
I at thy feet attend:
My duty now is patience,
Till pain with life shall end.

⁶Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:438–39.

⁷Ori., “manifest.”

“Without Me ye can do nothing.”—[John] 15:5.
[I.]⁸

- [1.] Join'd no longer to the Tree,
 I nothing good can do,
 Broken off, O Christ, from Thee,
 Can nothing ill eschew:
 Sever'd now thro' unbelief
The double impotence I feel,
 Overwhelm'd with sin and grief,
 And sinking into hell.
2. Pity, Lord, thy creature's pain,
 And challenging for thine,
 Graft me in on Thee again
 Thou true Immortal Vine;
 Graft me in to part no more,
Till love's maturest fruit I bear;
 Then I reach the heavenly shore,
 And bloom eternal there.

[“Without Me ye can do nothing.”—John 15:5.]
II.⁹

- [1.] I seem desirous to repent,
 But cannot, without Thee,
 Softens the stony, or lament
 My own obduracy:
 Gladly I woud thy word believe,
 My dear Redeemer know,

⁸Appears also in MS John, 309–10. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 12:21–22.

⁹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:78–79 (under Phil. 2:13).

But neither can rejoice, or grieve,
Till Thou the power bestow.

2. I woud, more sensibly distrest,
Throughout this evil day
Struggle to utter my request,
But cannot, cannot pray,
Until¹⁰ the Spirit from on high
His needful aid impart,
And raise a supplicating cry
Within my broken heart.

3. My want of thankfulness and love
And every grace I own,
Nor will the mountains e'er remove
Till Thou my God come down,
Till Thou thine own desires fulfil,
Thyself to sinners join,
And kindly work in me to will
And do the will divine.

¹⁰Ori., "Unless."

Acts.

“Let all the house of Israel know assuredly, that God hath made that same Jesus, whom ye have crucified, both Lord and Christ.”—[Acts] 2:36.¹¹

- [1.] Let the whole house of Israel know,
 Jehovah hath extol'd his Son,
 That Jesus crucified below,
 Who laid the general ransom down
 His Father hath supremely magnified,
 And rais'd him up to sit in triumph at his side.
2. All power He to the Man hath given
 That ye may surely know and praise
 The glorious Lord of earth and heaven
 Supreme in majesty and grace,
 Him Prophet, Priest, and King with rapture own
 And shout our God return'd to his eternal throne.
3. Jesus, if Thou the faith impart,
 Assur'd we of thy Godhead are,
 We find Thee praying in our heart
 We hear our heavenly Teacher there,
 Thy partners in celestial places sit,
 And reign with the Most high, adoring at thy feet.

¹¹Appears also in MS Acts, 553. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 12:150–51; and *Representative Verse*, 223.

“There is no other Name, whereby we must be saved.”—[Acts] 4:12.¹²

- [1.] No: there is no other Name,
Feelingly convinc'd I am,
Unredeem'd to Jesus cry
Help, or unredeem'd I die.
2. Sole Deliverer of thine own,
Help is laid on Thee alone;
Thine the power to pardon sin,
Thine, to bid my heart be clean.
3. Virtue still proceeds from Thee
Vital grace, and purity;
Thou the open Fountain art,
Wash with blood my filthy heart.
4. Hear a desperate sinner pray
Tear me from myself away,
Do what only Thou canst do,
Make my soul intirely new.
5. Save me, that I may proclaim
All the wonders of thy Name,
Live, by deeds to testify
Jesus is the Lord Most high:
6. Jesus is my Light within
Rooting out the Seeds of sin,
Is Salvation from above,
Peace, and Power, and perfect Love.

¹²Appears also in MS Acts, 553–54. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 12:172–73.

“Him hath God exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance unto Israel, and forgiveness of sins.”—[Acts] 5:31.¹³

- [1.] O could I mourn for God,
Obtain the grace I claim,
Purchas'd by my Redeemer's blood,
And publish'd in his name,
Promis'd to all that pray,
With patience persevere,
And offer'd in his gracious day
To every sinner here.
2. Saviour of men and Prince,
Thy mercy's power exert,
By a kind, pitying look convince,
And break my flinty heart;
Wound by thy Spirit's sword
One who so long has tried,
So often trampled on my Lord,
So often crucified.
3. O let thy love constrain
The murderer to submit,
And bring me down with shame, and pain,
And sorrow at thy feet,
To wash them with my tears
For mercy, mercy pray,
And, when thy smiling face appears,
To weep my life away.

¹³Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 12:192.

“God gave them the holy Ghost, purifying their hearts by faith.”—[Acts] 15:8–9.

[L.]¹⁴

- [1.] What but the Spirit of faith divine
Can purify an heart like mine,
The seat of every noisom lust,
Unclean, unholy, and unjust,
The sink of pride and vanity,
As Satan’s contrary to Thee.
2. Yet if in me thy Spirit dwell,
The Pledge, the Witness, and the Seal,
My heart shall lose its inbred stain
Holy, and just, and pure remain,
Free from concupiscence and pride
While God doth in his house reside.¹⁵
3. Thy presence makes the hallow’d place,
And keeps the vessel of thy grace,
Thy presence saves my soul from sin,
Which never more shall enter in,
When Thou art with thy Father come
To fill thine everlasting home.

¹⁴Appears also in MS Acts, 554–55, Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 12:301–2.

¹⁵Ori., “abide.”

["God gave them the holy Ghost, purifying their hearts by faith."—Acts 15:8–9.]

II.¹⁶

- [1.] If God the holy Ghost impart,
The living faith bestow,
His Spirit purifies the heart
And makes us white as snow;
The heart that in his Son believes,
Is purg'd from every stain,
And he who still to Jesus cleaves
Needs never sin again.

2. O woud my gracious God confer
The Spirit of faith on me,
A foul, desponding sinner chear
By peace and purity!
Father, in me reveal thy love
If reconcil'd Thou art,
And all the filth of sin remove,
And keep my sprinkled heart.

3. The heart which in thy Son confides
No longer is unclean,
Where Purity himself abides
It must be pure from sin:
O may he dwell by faith in mine
And thus himself explain
The real Holiness divine,
The perfect Love in man!

¹⁶Appears also in MS Acts, 306. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 12:301.

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Romans.

“Despisest thou the riches of his goodness and forbearance, and long-suffering? not knowing that the goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance?”—[Rom.] 2:4.¹⁷

- [1.] The riches of thy pardning grace
I have too long despis'd,
Nor husbanded the added space,
Nor every moment priz'd:
I harden'd by ten thousand falls
My unrepenting heart,
Withstood thy slighted Spirit's calls,
And forc'd him to depart.

2. But now inlighten'd from above
Thy kind intent I see,
And led by thy unwearied love
I come at last to Thee:
I know Thou hast so long foreborn
And kept me out of hell,
That I might to my Saviour turn,
And all thy goodness feel.

3. I from this instant now repent,
Beneath my vileness groan,
Renounce my idols, and consent
To live for God alone:

¹⁷Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:4.

But let me suffer on till death
 Tho' pardon'd and restor'd,
Lamenting with my latest breath
 That I have griev'd my Lord.

**“O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver
me from the body of this death?”—[Rom.] 7:24.**

[I.]¹⁸

What must I do, shut up alone,
And to this wretched Self confin'd?
Nothing but sin I call my own,
Naked, and destitute, and blind:
A gulph of darkness palpable,
A being infinite and void,
My nature's total fall I feel,
And all my painful¹⁹ want of God!

**[“O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver
me from the body of this death?”—Rom. 7:24.]**

II.²⁰

- [1.] In iron bondage bound,
In guilt and misery,
I shall repeat the doleful sound
Who shall deliver me?
Wretched as sin can make
Its struggling vassal here
Till He who did my sorrows take
In my behalf appear.
2. O thou redeeming God,
Regard my plaintive cry,
The soul for whom Thou shedst thy blood
Is at the point to die:

¹⁸Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:8.

¹⁹Ori., “desperate.”

²⁰Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:8–9.

Deaf to a sinner's groan,²¹
If Thou despise my pain,
I perish utterly undone,
And Thou hast died in vain.

3. But wilt Thou give me up,
Out of thy presence cast,
And quench my faintest spark of hope,
And cast me off at last?
O let thy bowels give
The answer to my prayer,
And if thy heart woud have me live,
In mine thy grace declare.

4. The grace of God in Thee,
The reconciling love,
I trust its all-sufficiency
My burthen to remove:
And truly justified,
From sin I soon shall cease,
Deliver'd by thy blood applied,
Restor'd to perfect peace.

**["O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver
me from the body of this death?"—Rom. 7:24.]**

III.²²

[1.] Born a sad heir of endless pain,
A sinful miserable man,
A vile transgressor from the womb,
I travel, burthen'd, to the tomb;

²¹Ori., "pain."

²²Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:9–10.

No refuge in myself have I,
No power²³ from my own heart to fly,
To help its plague incurable
Or quench the fire of inbred hell.

2. Who shall my soul deliver? who
Impossibilities can do?
My heart out of my body tear,
Or snatch me from extreme despair?
Guilty I must for ever die,
Unless that Lamb his blood apply,
Mov'd by himself to set me free,
And end my sinful misery.

3. As to a loathsom carcass join'd
My spirit link'd with sin I find,
And sink into the gulph beneath,
Dragg'd by the body of this death:
But Jesus suffer'd in my stead,
To part the living from the dead,
And freely pour'd out all that blood
Which brings me back, redeem'd to God.

4. O God in Christ, a soul behold,
By blood divine redeem'd of old,
Thro' Jesus' wounds the sinner see,
Father of mercies, look on me!

²³Ori., "help."

Extend thine arms to take me in,
Pardon'd, and separated from sin,
Just thro' Another's righteousness,
And altogether sav'd by grace.

“The carnal mind is enmity against God.”
—[Rom.] 8:7.²⁴

- [1.] This dire propensity to ill
Shall I, my God, for ever feel,
By nature to all sin inclin'd,
And born thy foe in heart and mind?
Is it thy holy will? and must
The flesh against the Spirit lust,
With all that Spirit's energy
Supprest, but not destroy'd, in me?
2. I hear thy feeble children cry
“Inbeing sin can never die,
“God will not take the root away,
“He never will its relicks slay:”
But let my Lord his counsel tell:
Must sin in saints for ever dwell?
Is this the glorious liberty,
The all of grace which is in Thee?
3. Thy Spirit in our inward parts,
Will He not purify our hearts,

²⁴Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:11–12.

A new, and sinless nature bring
Out of a foul, unholy thing?
Unless I have believ'd in vain,
Thy blood shall purge my every stain,
Shall sanctify thro' faith sincere
My body, soul, and spirit *here*.

4. Jesus, if such thy saving name,
Jesus, in every age the same,
Assert thy power, and truth, and love,
Th' enormous mountain to remove,
Up by its roots the tree to tear,
Our sins erase, our fall repair,
Thy welcome, perfect will make known
And reign in faithful hearts alone.

“The elder shall serve the younger.”
—[Rom.] 9:12.²⁵

- [1.] The Elder serves the Younger now,
If, Lord, I now believe;
To sin I need no longer bow,
Or passion's yoke receive:
Tempted, I never need give place,
But still from sin set free,
May witness, that thy pardning grace
Sufficient is for me.

²⁵Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:14–15.

2. Nature doth to thy gracious power
 In every conflict yield,
And battling my old conqueror
 I win the well-fought field,
Lead captive my captivity,
 While pride and self remain,
Tread down the lusts that trod down me,
 And o're th' oppressors reign.

3. If anger, vanity, desire,
 Or unbelief assail,
I find the succour I require
 And grace doth still prevail;
Daily I find my strugling will
 Into subjection brought,
And every tendency to ill,
 And every sinful thought.

4. But must I always feel within
 The flesh and Spirit's strife?
"Th' intestine war of grace and sin
 ^l"Can only end with life";
So all the world of liars cry,
 With Satan at their head;
But let thine oracles reply,
 And speak the truth indeed.

5. What saith the word infallible
 To terminate the doubt?

Thou wilt thy glorious arm reveal,
And cast the Elder out;
The bondwoman's base son shall be
Opprest, expel'd, destroy'd,
And all my soul's capacity
For ever fill'd with God.

**“I say to every man, not to think of himself more
highly than he ought to think.”—[Rom.] 12:3.**

[I.]²⁶

- [1.] To think more highly than you ought
Of your own gifts or grace,
Is it a crime, a real fault,
Or *perfect* harmlessness?
“Tis nature's innocent mistake,
“Which God will ne'er reprove,
“The chief of saints yourself to make,
“And perfected in love.
2. “Yourself or good, or perfect call
“There's no offence in this:”
Enthusiasts count the error small,
You only think amiss:
Call yourselves wholly sanctified,
No evil still they see,
No sin in what begins with pride,
And ends in blasphemy.

²⁶Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:458.

["I say to every man, not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think."—Rom. 12:3.]

II.²⁷

- [1.] When of themselves they thought
 More highly than they ought,
Adam lost his paradise,
 Lucifer as lightning fell,
Hurl'd by vengeance from the skies,
 Plung'd in the profoundest hell.
2. Thus in a gracious state
 Whoe'er themselves o'rrate,
Blinded with the proudest pride,
 Altars to themselves they raise
Lose the blessing magnified,
 Forfeit all their boasted grace.
3. And shall we scorn to fear
 The dire delusion near?
In our own persuasion trust
 In our own conceit secure,
Suddenly compleatly just,
 Pure at once, as God is pure!
4. Can we in Satan's mind
 No sin, or evil find?
Madness vindicates the fault
 Nature's arrogant offence,
"Vanity an harmless thought,
 "Pride is perfect innocence."

²⁷Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:459–60.

5. But taught, O Lord, of Thee,
 The dangerous rock I see,
Dare not trust my treacherous heart,
 Whispering—"all the work is done:"
Thou my sole discerners art,
 Thou art wise and good alone.
6. Ah! leave me not to dream
 Myself whate'er I seem:
Every towering thought restrain,
 Lest I shine in my own eyes,
Lest my faith's minutest grain
 To a fancied mountain rise.
7. My faith Thou dost bestow,
 Thou dost its measure know:
That I may the fulness find,
 Grace, and larger grace impart,
Bless me with a sober mind,
 Bless me with an humble heart.
8. Rather, O God, than I
 My grace should magnify,
Fall the tempter's wretched prey,
 Thou who dost my bliss desire,
Take me from the evil day,
 Let me at thy feet expire.

“If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men.”—[Rom.] 12:18.²⁸

- [1.] Saviour, Thou seest my heart's desire,
The wish Thou didst thyself inspire,
Thy word and tempers to receive,
In peace with all mankind to live:
Or if alas, it cannot be,
Yet O, destroy the bar in me;
In me let wars and fightings cease,
And all my soul be love and peace.
2. For universal peace I pine,
And breathing in the Spirit divine,
Meek love to furious hate oppose,
And conquer all my soften'd foes;
As brethren dear, the blood-bought race,
With cordial amity embrace;
And for one further blessing sigh,
In peace with all mankind to die.

“Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.”—[Rom.] 12:21.²⁹

- [1.] Vanquish'd by injurious ill
That we [may] never be,
Jesus, let thy followers feel
The love which is in Thee,

²⁸Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:19.

²⁹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:19–20.

Love that turn'd the other cheek,
Love that earth and hell o'recame,
Love unconquerably meek,
Eternally the same.

2. Arm us with thy patient mind
Which pride and wrath controuls,
Then the foe shall never find
A way t' afflict our souls,
Then to sin we shall not yield,
But evil overcome with good,
Keep the faith, and win the field
Resisting unto blood.

3. Now to every saint, and me
That perfect good impart:
Thus we gain the victory
By the meek, loving heart
Thus we bear th' opposers³⁰ down,
Till vanquish'd at thy feet they fall
Forc'd th' omnipotence to own
Of Love that died for all.

³⁰Ori., "oppressor."

[blank]

1 Corinthians.

“He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord.”
—[1 Cor.] 1:31.³¹

- [1.] Shall we glory in our grace?
 (Our grace is not our own)
 Deck'd with a few borrow'd rays
 From the eternal Sun,
 Shall we of our lustre boast?
Or dazled by the brighter Light,
 Sink o'rewhelm'd, eclips'd, and lost
 In our Redeemer's Sight?
2. Will the chief of saints declare
 “The chief of saints am I!”
 Perfect, his perfection dare
 In words to testify?
 Suffer worms to count him good?
Or humbled into nothing, own
 He who wash'd me in his blood
 My God, is good alone.
3. Are we justified by grace,
 And to his mind restor'd?
 Sinners still, we only praise
 And glory in the Lord;
 Christ our whole perfection call,
No excellence but Christ we see,
 Christ alone is all in all
 Thro' all eternity.

³¹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:23–24.

**“We have received the Spirit which is of God,
that we might know the things that are freely
given to us of God.”—[1 Cor.] 2:12.**

[I.]³²

- [1.] God hath on us his Spirit bestow'd,
That we his other gifts may know,
A pardon bought with Jesus blood,
A taste of glorious bliss below:
The Spirit our conscience certifies
That God to man hath freely given
Wine without money, without price,
Forgiveness, holiness, and heaven.

2. The Comforter assures our hearts,
Our Father to his children dear
Fresh strength continually imparts
To fight, o'recome, and persevere:
Our Father gave to Christ alone
Fulness of grace, and heavenly powers;
But hath on us confer'd his Son,
And Christ, and all in Christ is ours.

3. Yet God doth not his Spirit give
To nourish self-exalting pride,
That all, the moment they receive³³
His grace, may know his grace untried;
Nicely the Spirit's work explain,
Or boast their faith, before they prove,

³²Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:460–61. Stanzas 1–2 appeared in *Poetical Works*, 13: 24–25.

³³Ori., “believe.”

Or counting every measur'd grain,
Tell all the world how much they love.

**[“We have received the Spirit which is of God,
that we might know the things that are freely
given to us of God.”—1 Cor. 2:12.]**

II.³⁴

- [1.] The Lord to us who now believe
Hath the revealing Spirit given,
That, when the Witness we receive,
The Holy Ghost come down from heaven,
We may our Father's goodness know,
Who did on all his Son bestow.

2. Thou sendst his Spirit into my heart,
Of Christ the Lord to testify,
And conscious that my God Thou art,
I Father, abba Father, cry,
Assur'd th'Eternal Life divine,
And Christ, and all with Christ is mine.

3. The things thy free, unbounded love
Hath giv'n our dearly purchas'd race,
Are, Christ the Saviour from above,
With all his plenitude of grace,
The Gift which every gift implies,
Thy whole of good in earth and skies.

4. Thy Spirit in my heart explains
The heavenly Gift on me bestow'd,

³⁴Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:461–62. Stanzas 1–4 appeared in *Poetical Works*, 13:25–26.

He shows me what my Lord contains,
The peace, and portraiture of God,
The prize for ransom'd sinners won,
The glorious joy, th' immortal crown.

5. The earnest when Thou dost bestow,
I know the blessings I possess,
My faith's sincerity I know,
But not its infinite degrees,
I know, the grace I feel is true,
But not that I have more than you.

“The Lord of glory.”—[1 Cor.] 2:8.³⁵

- [1.] Father of all, we worship Thee!
The God of glory is thy Name:
Jesus the filial Deity
The Lord of glory we proclaim,
And the blest Spirit of holiness
The Spirit of glory we confess.
2. Each Person we alike adore
The sole, the self-existing God,
The God supreme for evermore,
Who hath on us himself bestow'd,
Who bids us in his image rise,
To share his glory in the skies.

³⁵Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:24.

**“Other foundation can no man lay than that
which is laid, which is Jesus Christ.”**

—[1 Cor.] 3:11.³⁶

- [1.] Christ is the one Foundation laid
 In the deep counsels of the Lord,
In promises to sinners made,
 In the inspir'd, Prophetic word,
In welcome news of peace divine,
In all his people's hearts, and mine.
2. Him Prophet, Priest, and King we own,
 Essential God, and real Man;
The church is built on Christ alone,
 Its doctrines, discipline, and plan,
Its duties, and its blessings rise
On Him, the Lord of earth and skies.
3. Rock of eternity, He stood
 Immoveable in stedfast grace,
Beneath the utmost wrath of God,
 Beneath the sin of Adam's race:
And still my faith's Support remains,
And still He all my load sustains.
4. Sole Basis of our faith and hope,
 We on his life, and death rely;

³⁶Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:26.

His death from hell shall lift us up,
His life shall bear us to the sky,
Intituled, fitted for the place
By Jesus blood, and righteousness.

**“If any man build upon this foundation, gold,
silver, precious stones; wood, hay, stubble;
every man’s work shall be made manifest.”**
—[1 Cor.] 3:12–13.³⁷

- [1.] But O, take heed, ye souls unskil’d,
What fabric on this ground ye raise!
Gold, silver, pearls on Jesus build,
True, solid, vital holiness,
Doctrines which may the test endure,
Actions, and words, and tempers pure.
2. Taught by the oracles of God,
The permanent materials chuse,
Doctrines which have for ages stood;
But every novel scheme refuse,
Nor on that One Foundation lay
The wood, the stubble, or the hay.
3. Wood, stubble, hay—of creeds untrue,
Traditions, miracles unknown,
Worship divine to saints undue,
The various ways for sin t’ atone,

³⁷Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:27.

The flames that venial sin consume,
And all the trash of modern Rome.

4. Wood, stubble, hay—of lifeless forms,
Of canons, rites, inventions vain,
Of precepts taught by erring worms,
Of laws which God did ne'er ordain,
Of fancy's dreams, and wild excess,
And instantaneous perfectness.

“Every man's work shall be made manifest: for the day shall declare³⁸ it, because it shall be revealed by fire, and the fire shall try every man's work, of what sort it is.”

—[1 Cor.] 3:13.³⁹

- [1.] Howe'er the labour'd Babels rise,
With plausible appearance fair,
Perfect in the fond bigot's eyes;
The day shall every work declare,
The great and final day unknown
Which brings our God to judgment down.
2. The process of that dreadful day
Discerning truth from specious lies,
Shall every principle display,
Shall every doctrine scrutinize,
If one with the unerring word,
The standard of our heavenly Lord.

³⁸Ori., “reveal.”

³⁹Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:462–63. Stanzas 2–4 appeared in *Poetical Works*, 13:27–28.

3. He comes triumphant from above,
His lightnings set the world on fire:
The fire shall every fabric prove,
And if midst flaming light intire
Midst burning heat, thy house remain,
Thou shalt a full reward obtain.

4. But if the fire thy work consume,
Thy labour's recompence is lost:
Yet rescued from th' apostate's doom
Who feebly didst on Jesus trust,
Thou shalt out of the burning fly,
And scarsely sav'd, attain the sky.

“I know nothing by myself, yet am I not hereby justified.”—[1 Cor.] 4:4.⁴⁰

- [1.] Tho' nothing by myself I know
Of outward, or of inward sin,
But smoothly on in duties go,
This does not prove my conscience clean,
By this, without thy blood applied,
Saviour, I am not justified.

2. Tho' in my sprinkled heart I feel
Nothing but pure, o'reflowing love,
I am not hence impeccable,
Or sure I never can remove,
Of finish'd holiness possest,
Inthron'd in everlasting rest.

3. My thoughts, O God, are not as thine:
My wound I may have slightly heal'd,
Beneath this flood of love divine,
The selfish root may lie conceal'd,
And nature whisper from within,
“I have all grace, I have no sin.”

⁴⁰Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:463.

“Your glorying is not good: know ye not that a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump?”

—[1 Cor.] 5:6.⁴¹

- [1.] Who glory in your ripest grace,
 Your holiest, purest, perfect love,
Yourselfes ye ignorantly praise,
 Yourselfes abundantly disprove,
Nor can by folly's fig-leaves hide
Your glaring nakedness of pride.
2. Impatient to be disbeliev'd,
 Is it for God alone ye speak?
Self-confident, and self-deceiv'd,
 Your own applause ye blindly seek,
When humble, not in heart, but word,
Ye seem to glory in the Lord.
3. The smallest spark of self-respect
 Of self-esteem, conceal'd within,
Doth all your boasted gifts infect,
 And turns your graces into sin:
Self-love and vanity the leaven
Which lifts your swelling souls to heaven.

⁴¹Published posthumously in *Representative Verse*, 246–47; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:464.

4. While there in fancied pomp ye reign
 Fond nature's pride in secret spreads,
With visions turns your heated brain,
 With gilded rays adorns your heads,
Till sunk at once ye lose your light
Ye lose your souls in endless night.

“Give none offence, neither to the Jews, nor to the Gentiles, nor to the Church of God.”

—[1 Cor.] 10:32.⁴²

- [1.] If bold the highest place I claim
 My own perfection testify,
Insist, that a pure saint I am
 And cannot fall, and cannot die
Is it a great mistake, or small?
A fault that stumbles none? or all?
2. I thus the pious Jew offend,
 Who trembles at a God unknown,
Darkness I make the heathen blend
 With light, and all condemn for one,
The weak I hurt, the lame mislead,
And grieve the Israelites indeed.
3. But chiefly thro' my pride of heart,
 Great God, I vex thy glorious eyes,

⁴²Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:34–35.

And force thy Spirit to depart,
Till cast, like Satan, from the skies,
I cry to Him that stain'd the tree,
To save incarnate fiends like me.

**“Be ye followers of me, even as I also am of
Christ Jesus.”—[1 Cor.] 11:1.⁴³**

- [1.] Farther th' Apostle dared not say
To souls begotten by his word,
“Mark how I walk in Christ the Way,
“And follow me, as I my Lord:
“But if I turn one step aside,
“In that desert your wandring guide.”
2. And shall the chief of every sect
Unlimited obedience claim
Infallibility affect,
The party call by his own name
As sworn in all his steps to tread,
Blind followers of their hasty head?
3. Jesus, rebuke our teaching pride
Our babel-battlements⁴⁴ o' rethrow,
And let whoe'er in Thee confide
After their perfect Pattern go,
Their sole unerring Leader trace,
In all the paths of righteousness.

⁴³Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:35.

⁴⁴Ori., “babe-battlements.” Wesley uses this in the current sense of “huge” battlements rather than “foolish” battlements.

- 4.⁴⁵ Give us our ministers to love
 And highly for their work esteem,
But cautious in their steps to move
 And simply follow Thee, nor them,
Till Thou, whom above all we prize,
Descend, and take us to the skies.

“No one can say Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost.”—[1 Cor.] 12:3.⁴⁶

- [1.] Unless thy Spirit the truth reveal
 That Thou the Lord Jehovah art,
And give me faithfully to feel
 Thy Godhead streaming thro’ my heart,
Thee, Jesus, Thee I cannot know
God over all, made flesh below.
2. But Thou, expiring on the tree,
 As very man, as very God,
Hast bought the Holy Ghost for me
 T’ apply, and witness with the blood,
And tell this bounding heart of mine,
The blood of sprinkling is Divine.
3. Fill’d with the Spirit of faith and love,
 The God supreme I Thee adore,
The one true God who reigns above,
 (But stain’d the cross with heavenly gore)

⁴⁵Ori., “2.”

⁴⁶Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:464–65. Stanzas 1–2 appeared in *Poetical Works*, 13:36.

Who was from all eternity
Who lives, for ever lives, in me.

**“In malice be ye children, but in understanding
be men.”—[1 Cor.] 14:20.⁴⁷**

- [1.] That childish ignorance of ill
I long continually to feel
With ripest understanding join'd
That judgment of the heavenly mind:
My absolute simplicity
I owe to none, O God, but Thee,
And blindly to thy will submit
Implicit, passive at thy feet.
2. On creatures I no more rely,
But cautiously the spirits try,
My best-inlighten'd reason use
The good to take, the bad refuse:
I dare not hastily believe,
I dare not aught unprov'd receive,
Or follow man, before I see
How far my leader follows Thee.
3. Ah, give me wisdom to discern
What I thro' instruments may learn;
Ah, give me, Lord, thyself to know,
And daily in thy grace to grow;
My faith and patient love increase,
My real life of holiness,

⁴⁷Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:36–37.

Till bright I with thy brightness shine
A perfect man, a man divine.

**“I am not meet to be called an Apostle, because I
persecuted the Church of God.”—[1 Cor.] 15:9.⁴⁸**

- [1.] A sinner, sav'd thro' Jesus grace,
 Will never his past sin forget,
Or claim the most exalted place,
 But humbled at his Saviour's feet
With deeper shame his vileness own,
And glory give to God alone.
2. If call'd his office to extol,
 Himself he cannot magnify;
The Lord, he cries, be all in all
 A sinner, and their chief, am I,
A Saul, a murtherer forgiven,
Worthy of hell, I sink—to heaven.

“Watch ye.”—[1 Cor.] 16:13.⁴⁹

- [1.] Lord, throughout our evil day
 Thy guardian grace bestow,
Constant power to watch and pray
 Against our threefold foe,
Lest we let the tempter in,
No longer by thy strength with-held,
Parly with the world and sin,
 And cast away our shield.

⁴⁸Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:37–38.

⁴⁹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:40.

2. Thou who gav’st the word to all,
 To us thy Spirit give,
 Ceaseless then on Thee we call,
 In Thee we walk and live,
 Enter that celestial rest,
 (If watching by our Master found)
 With thy endless blessing blest,
 And with thy glory crown’d.

“Stand fast in the faith.”—[1 Cor.] 16:13.⁵⁰

- [1.] Author of our faith, we look
 For stronger faith to Thee,
 Bless us, thou eternal Rock
 With thy stability:
 Stedfast, and unmoveable,
We then shall in thy love remain⁵¹
 Never faint, and never fail,
 And never sin again.
2. Kept by thine almighty hand
 We our Supporter own
 Humbly, confidently stand,
 Till perfected in one,
 Stand, till with thy saints in light
We see Thee pompously descend,
 Stand, till faith improve to sight
 And grace in glory end.

⁵⁰Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:41.

⁵¹Ori., “abide.”

“Quit yourselves like men, be strong.”
—[1 Cor.] 16:13.⁵²

- [1.] Tost too long by every wind,
And carried to and fro,
Jesus, in thy constant mind
The stablish'd state we know,
Mighty out of weakness made,
(If strength for us our God ordain)
Courage to our faith we add,
And babes grow up to men.
2. Strengthen'd by thy Spirit's might,
We now the world oppose,
Manfully maintain the fight
Against our hellish foes,
Trample sin beneath our feet,
Out of our hearts for ever cast,
Then the victory is compleat,
And death expires the last.

“Let all your things be done in charity.”
—[1 Cor.] 16:1[4].⁵³
[I.]⁵⁴

- [1.] When we all things do in love,
To man for Jesus sake,
Then the mind of Christ we prove
The nature we partake,

⁵²Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:41–42.

⁵³Ori., “16:13.”

⁵⁴Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:42–43.

Walk unblameable in white,
Fulfil whate'er his laws injoin
Comprehend the depth and height
Of holiness divine.

2. Father, send into our hearts
His Spirit from above,
Write it in our inward parts
The law of perfect love,
Hence let all our works proceed,
All our words and tempers pure,
Then in Jesus steps we tread,
And then our heaven is sure.

**["Let all your things be done in charity."
—1 Cor. 16:14].**

II.⁵⁵

- [1.] Let all be done in love!
That thus we all may do,
Jesus, the enmity remove,
Create our souls anew;
The Gift unspeakable
The grace to us impart,
And O, vouchsafe thyself to dwell
In every longing heart.
2. If Thou in us reside,
Who thy commands receive,

⁵⁵Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:43.

And stedfastly in Thee abide,
And in thy Spirit live;
Then, only then we prove
The perfect charity,
And all our works are wrought in love
When all are wrought in Thee.

**“If any man love not the Lord Jesus, let him be
Anathema Maran-atha.”—[1 Cor.] 16:22.⁵⁶**

[1.] To Christ a wretched stranger,
And long insensible,
My misery, sin, and danger
I now with sorrow feel;
Void of divine affection,
Accurst I still remain,
And dread extreme rejection
Into eternal pain.

2. A conscious unbeliever
Ah, whither shall I fly?
The death that lasts for ever
Worthy I am to die:
In bitterness of spirit
I own my crime abhor'd,
Bought by his dying merit
I do not love my Lord.

3. Thou universal Lover
Of helpless misery,

⁵⁶Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:44–45.

Thou only didst discover
My want of love for Thee,
Thou, Lord, my wish inspirest
To know thee as thou art,
To be what Thou desirest,
To give thee all my heart.

4. A token of thy favor
My burthen I receive;
My manifested Saviour
Thou wilt thy Spirit give,
My deeply-felt affliction
This unbelief remove,
This load of malediction
And bless me with thy love.

2 Corinthians.

“We have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us.”—[2 Cor.] 4:7.⁵⁷

- [1.] The treasure of celestial grace,
The riches of true holiness
In earthen vessels we receive,
When Jesus in our hearts doth live:
Yet when in us He lives alone,
His good we dare not call our own,
The vessel can no glory claim,
The earth continues still the same.
2. The power and excellence divine
In me reveal'd, is Christ's not mine:
His may it still to all appear,
Mine be the sinner's character:
I nothing have whereof to boast,
I, I woud sink intirely lost,
Shake off this vile, terrestrial clay,
And mingle with eternal day.

“Always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our body.”—[2 Cor.] 4:10.⁵⁸

- [1.] While in the flesh I languish,
And trace the Man of woe,

⁵⁷Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:45–46.

⁵⁸Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:46–47.

His most mysterious anguish,
His sharpest pangs I know,
I bear about the dying
Of Jesus on the tree,
To God my Father crying
“Thou hast forsaken me!”⁵⁹

2. The cause of separation
My sin, my sin I own:
Thy righteous indignation
Extorts the plaintive groan:
Chastis'd for sin's demerit
Its bitterness I prove,
And suffer in his Spirit
Who never griev'd thy love.
3. Beneath his dereliction
If Christ his mind impart,
I bear the full affliction
Till it has broke my heart,
I breathe my spirit wounded
In bleeding sympathy,
I bow with clouds surrounded,
I die, my Lord, like Thee.
4. Or'e sin⁵⁹ and death victorious,
Who share thy mortal pain,
In bliss divinely glorious
Are sure with Thee to reign:

⁵⁹Ori., “pain.”

Thy dead reviv'd shall praise Thee;
This body too shall rise,
And I fly up t' embrace thee
My Saviour in the skies.

**“God hath made him who knew no sin, to be sin
for us: that we might be made the righteousness
of God in him.”—[2 Cor.] 5:21.⁶⁰**

[1.] The Father from his bosom gave
His Partner, whole mankind to save,
The soul of his dear sinless Son
A sacrifice for sin he made
That in his righteousness array'd
We all might boldly come to the eternal throne.

2. Join'd to our Head in Christ we are,
His pure, unsinning nature share,
And glorious thro' his glory shine,
Chang'd into Him our souls adore,
Distinguishable now no more,
One spirit with the Lord our Righteousness Divine.

**“Come out from among them, and be ye separate,
saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing;
and I will receive you.”—[2 Cor.] 6:17.⁶¹**

[1.] Father, thy kind advice I take,
By thine Almighty Spirit led,

⁶⁰Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:50.

⁶¹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:52.

The world, the atheist world forsake
And let the dead intomb their dead,
Withdraw my heart from vanity,
And give it up intire to Thee.

2. I now come out from all their ways,
Their mad pursuits of bliss below,
Their honors mean, their pleasures base
Their riches false with joy forego,
As far as East from West remov'd
From all I priz'd, and all I lov'd.
3. Th' abominable thing unclean
Thro' faith resolv'd to touch no more,
I fly the neighbourhood of sin,
And kept by thy restraining power
Their evil and my own eschew,
Till Thou create my soul anew.
4. Father, into thy arms of love
Me for thy promise sake receive,
An hidden life with Christ above,
A life of holiest faith to live,
Till Jesus with his saints comes down
And claims the partner of his throne.

“Who is weak, and I am not weak?”
—[2 Cor.] 11:29.⁶²

- [1.] Is there a frailty of the saints
 I cannot call my own?
Partaker in their sad complaints,
 I answer groan for groan:
Tortur'd like them, with doubt and fear
 Out of the deep I cry;
And lest I should not persevere,
 Their daily death I die.

2. While tost about with every wind,
 And carried to and fro,
The turns of their unsettled mind
 Too sensibly I know:
Helpless (I often feel) and weak,
 As new-born babes they are
So feeble, that they cannot speak
 One word to God in prayer.

3. Tempted by their besetting sin,
 And forc'd almost to yield,
To sink whenever they begin
 And cast away their shield;
My conflicts past I call to mind,
 My own infirmity,

⁶²Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:53–54.

My littleness of faith, and find
Their unbelief in me.

4. O Thou, who didst our frailties bear
Our pains and sorrows feel,
And makst the lambs thy tender care
A present Saviour still,
Thy strength in man's infirmity
Be perfectly display'd,
And let us find laid up on Thee
Our all-sufficient aid.

5. Most feeble of the feeble throng
To Thee for help I cry,
The least of saints (whoe'er is strong)
The chief of sinners I;
Weakest I woud be, Lord, and least,
Till mark'd with thy new name:
And then I sink into that Rest
And then I nothing am.

“Who is offended, and I burn not?”

—[2 Cor.] 11:29.⁶³

[1.] The least of Jesus' little ones,
Let him offended be,
And lo, my soul indignant groans
Beneath the injury:

⁶³Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:466–67.

If worldlings, or enthusiasts turn
The lame out of the road,
I strait with just resentment burn
And bear the cause to God.

2. Now, O my God, the havock see
Which wild delusion makes,
Implunging blind credulity
In perilous mistakes;
Who boast their perfect holiness
They stumble the sincere,
And grieve the hearts that know thy grace
And pain the tingling ear.
3. Who of themselves too highly think
As wholly sanctified,
Till instantaneously they sink
Into the gulph of pride;
Who to the ladder's topmost round
By one short step ascend,
Their sober-minded brethren wound,
And all thy church offend.
4. The dire contagion is begun,
The mad, fanatic sect,
If Thou permit them to go on,
Will all thy flock infect:
Come Jesus, stand thyself between
The living and the dead,

Rebuke the Luciferian sin
And let the plague be stay'd.

5. The rock of error and offence
By faith unfeign'd remove,
By deep, perpetual penitence,
By pure, impartial love;
By true, substantial holiness
Take all our pride away,
And then in thy unclouded face
We see the perfect day.

“My grace is sufficient for thee &c.”
—[2 Cor.] 12:9.⁶⁴

- [1.] Jesus, thy grace suffices,
Thy gospel-grace alone,
When pride or nature rises,
To keep the evil down:
Above the strength of passion
If grace its strength exert,⁶⁵
It brings assur'd salvation
To this poor tempted heart.
2. Long as the flesh and Spirit
Against each other lust,
Asunder sawn, I bear it
Who in thy mercy trust:

⁶⁴Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:57.

⁶⁵Ori., “impart.”

The Spirit's lust is stronger
(I still with joy confess)
The elder serves the younger,
And nature bows to grace.

3. In each distressing hour
My Saviour's help I own,
Thy love's almighty power
Is in my weakness shown
[incomplete⁶⁶]

“When I am weak, then I am strong.”
—[2 Cor.] 12:10.⁶⁷

- [1.] Its weakness inconceivable
When Jesus grants my soul to feel,
In deeper poverty
I own my utter helplessness,
And find his plenitude of grace
Sufficient is for me.

⁶⁶The manuscript leaves blank room here for the remainder of the verse. Osborn adds in *Poetical Works* these lines to complete the verse (no source given):

And soon o'er death victorious
I shall thy joy receive,
And in my body glorious
Thy life eternal live.

⁶⁷Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:58.

2. When I am weak, then I am strong,
With power which doth to Christ belong,
And with his Spirit's might,
Then, then I feel my strength is his,
Take pleasure in infirmities,
And glory in his sight.
3. Ah, give me constantly to feel
My whole propensity to ill,
(Till Thou the root remove)
To feel my impotence to good,
Till in true holiness renew'd
In purity of love.
4. Tis then my faith attains its end,
While with all saints I comprehend
The holiest mystery,
Nor weak nor strong nor good nor wise
While self is swallow'd up, and dies
For ever lost in Thee.

“Nevertheless, being crafty, I caught you with guile?”—[2 Cor.] 12:16.⁶⁸

- [1.] No: the follower of that Lamb,
Worthy of the Christian name,
True disciple of his Lord
Craft and guile, like hell, abhor'd.

⁶⁸Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:59.

2. Every Israelite indeed
Is by the same Spirit led,
Far from false, infernal art,
Simple both in life and heart.
3. Such the man whom God forgives:
Happy man, by faith he lives;
All his hopes, and joys are one
All his aim is God alone.
4. Such may I delight to be,
Closely copying after Thee,
Heavenly Innocence Divine,
Such I am—if Thou art mine!

[blank]

Galatians.

“Barnabas also was carried away.”

—[Gal.] 2:13.⁶⁹

- [1.] How strong the stream of error ran,
To bear an old Apostle down!
What is the chief of saints? a man—
Who stands upheld by Christ alone:
But unsustain'd, the best I see
As weak, and fallible as me.
2. Let others then in man confide,
A worm their chosen favourite make
Thee, Jesus, Thee my faithful Guide
My only Oracle I take,
And following Thee, I cannot miss
My Way to everlasting bliss.

“Who loved me, and gave himself for me.”

—[Gal.] 2:20.⁷⁰

- [1.] He lov'd, and gave himself for me,
On this, on this alone I build
My hope of life and liberty
And all the promises fulfil'd:
His blood, that purges every stain,
Shall make me throughly clean and free,⁷¹

⁶⁹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:61.

⁷⁰Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:62–63.

⁷¹Ori., “pure.”

And I shall love my Lord again,
Who lov'd, and gave himself for me.

2. What may I not expect from Him
Who left for me his throne above?
He will from sin and death redeem
The object of his dying love,
He will restore me from my fall;
My pledge of heaven his passion is;
The bleeding cross hath promis'd all
And sworn my everlasting bliss.

**“Am I therefore become your enemy, because I
tell you the truth?”—[Gal.] 4:16.⁷²**

- [1.] Because his self-deceit I show,
Am I the self-deceiver's foe,
When on the pinnacle of pride
He sits, as wholly sanctified?
Or woud I rob him of his crown
Who gently bring the boaster down?
2. Ye great and good in your own eyes,
Who instantaneous saints arise,
Without the Spirit's throes or groans
Born babes, and full-grown men at once,

⁷²Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:468–69.

To God's own oracles attend,
The counsels of your heavenly Friend.

3. Deny yourselves, the cross embrace
And walk in all his righteous ways,
With lawful violence contend,
Thro' all the means expect the End,
From strength to strength go on to prove
The truth of grace is humble love.

**“Stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath
made us free.”—[Gal.] 5:1.⁷³**

- [1.] That liberty from sin
O when shall I attain?
Jesus, be manifest within,
And form my soul again;
Redemption thro' thy blood
I find by finding Thee;
And cannot sin, when born of God,
And God is born in me.
2. Jesus, thy word I plead,
Thy promise I embrace,
If Thou hast made me free indeed,
Confirm my heart with grace;

⁷³Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:64–65.

Supported by thy hand
O may I still remain,
Fast on the Rock of ages stand,
And never sin again.

3. If Thou my bonds hast broke,
My constant Saviour Thou
Preserve me, that to Satan's yoke
I never more may bow;
May never lose the power
Of faith and humble love,
But stand unshaken as the Tower
That hides my life above.

4. Confiding in thy name
To sin I need not yield,
But able thro' thy strength I am
To win the hard-fought field,
My freedom to maintain,
In all thine image rise,
The summit of perfection gain
And sink beyond the skies.

“If a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual restore such an one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted.”—[Gal.] 6:1.⁷⁴

- [1.] When I see my Brother's fault
In the toils of Satan caught,
Tempted, conquer'd by surprize,
Shall I dare his soul despise?
Leave him fallen in the snare,
Rashly of his rise despair,
Aggravate his heavy load,
Judge him quite cast off of God?
2. Rather let my bowels move
Touch'd with sympathy of love,
Let me for his misery groan,
Make his piteous case my own:
While in him myself I see,
Feel mine own infirmity,
Tremble at the trying hour,
Arm me, Saviour, with thy power.
3. Arm me with thy gracious mind,
That I may the wanderer find,

⁷⁴Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:67–68.

Soften the backslider's pain,
Bring him to thy fold again
Wrestling for his soul with Thee,
Till he feels the liberty,
Pardon, and recover'd power,
Goes in peace, and sins no more.

“If a man think himself to be something, being nothing, he deceiveth himself.”—[Gal.] 6:3.⁷⁵

- [1.] Who of himself as something thinks,
Himself he doth not know,
But from his lofty summit sinks
Into the gulph below;
A sinful nothing, he forgets
His sin and nothingness
Himself by vain presumption cheats,
And forfeits all his grace.
2. Woud Paul himself as quite secure,
As crown'd already, say
“I, I am holy, perfect, pure,
“And cannot err, or stray?”
The holiest doth himself disclaim,
The chief of sinners call,

⁷⁵Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:469.

“Less than the least, I nothing am,
“And Christ is all in all.”^[1]

**“Henceforth let no man trouble me for I bear
in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus.”**
—[Gal.] 6:17.⁷⁶

- [1.] What are those marks th’ Apostle bears?
Sad, sacred grief alone declares,
Grief from the Man of sorrows took,
Grief that I am of God forsook!
The nails, the thorns, the spear I feel,
The Saviour’s woe unspeakable,
Which, till my soul and body part,
Pierces my soul, and breaks my heart.⁷⁷

2. Henceforth let none attempt in vain
To aggravate my mournful pain,
To heighten my extreme distress;
The greater swallows up the less:
Can I regret a creature loss,⁷⁸
Or mourn beneath a worldly cross,
Or feel another misery,
When God conceals himself from me?

⁷⁶Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:69–70.

⁷⁷Verse 1 = *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:335 (NT, #[606]).

⁷⁸Ori., “I cannot mourn a creature loss.”

Ephesians.

“In whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins.”—[Eph.] 1:7.⁷⁹

- [1.] Jesus, suffering Son of God,
 Thy nature is to save,
 Let me pardon in thy blood,
 And with thy Spirit have:
 Full of mercy as Thou art,
Grant the pardon I implore,
 Peace to keep my faithful heart,
 And power to sin no more.
2. Liberty from my own sin
 Thou only canst bestow,
 Make my guilty conscience clean,
 And loose and let me go:
 If that blood divine was shed
The general liberty to buy,
 Come, and make me free indeed,
 Or bought by Thee, I die.
3. Longing in my gracious Lord
 Redemption to obtain,
 If I perish unrestor'd,
 Thyself hast died in vain:
 Saviour, now thy purchase seize,
Thou who hast laid my ransom down,
 Now from all my sins release,
 And seal me for thine own.

⁷⁹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:70–71.

“Walk, not as fools, but as wise redeeming the time.”—[Eph.] 5:15–16.

[I.]⁸⁰

- [1.] O that to me were given
The wisdom from above,
A candidate for heaven
My precious time t' improve,
To buy up every hour,
And every sinew strain,
And use mine utmost power
Eternal life to gain.
2. My God most high, most holy,
No more may I offend;
My life of impious folly
This moment let it end!
This moment, Lord, beginning
To taste thy pardning grace,
O bid me cease from sinning,
And start, and win the race.

[“Walk, not as fools, but as wise redeeming the time.”—Eph. 5:15–16.]

II.⁸¹

- [1.] O might I faithfully improve
The little life behind,
Resolv'd to ask my Saviour's love,
Till I the blessing find;

⁸⁰Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:74.

⁸¹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:74–75.

To wrestle on in mighty prayer,
Nor ever let him go,
Till God his secret name declare,
And all his glory show.

2. I woud the precious time redeem
By counting all things loss,
By offering up my life for Him
Whose blood distain'd the cross:
Thus woud I live, intirely thine
Who gav'st thyself for me,
And then my spotless soul resign
A sacrifice to Thee.

“Making melody in your hearts to the Lord.”
—[Eph.] 5:19.⁸²

- [1.] Howe'er untuneable the voice,
The heart doth most melodious prove,
When skill'd in Jesus to rejoice,
And glory in his dying love:
Exulting in its Saviour's grace,
The Lamb's triumphant song it sings,
Presents the quintessence of praise
As Music to the King of kings.

⁸²Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:75.

2. Hymn'd by the bright, angelic quires,
The King of kings approves their strain,
Hearing⁸³ amidst their sweetest lyres
The Spirit of his love in man:
Now, Father, now incline thine ear,
The music of thy Spirit own,
And in my heart delight to hear
The voice of thy acclaiming Son.

⁸³Ori., "Yet hear."

Philippians.

“Unto you it is given in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on him but also to suffer for his sake.”—[Phil.] 1:29.⁸⁴

- [1.] Glory ascribe and endless praise
To God the Giver of all grace,
Who hath on us a power bestow'd
To plunge in that all-cleansing blood,
With heart-felt faith to trust in Him
Whose death did every soul redeem.
2. Thanks upon thanks to God we owe
Who did a second gift bestow,
The grace in Jesus steps to tread,
And meekly suffer with our Head,
While gladly we our will resign,
And prove our patient faith, divine.
3. My double privilege I take
The trust, and pain for Jesus sake,
By faith I know my pardon sure,
By patience to the end endure,
Happy to live for Jesus I,
But happier still for Him to die.

⁸⁴Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:77–78.

“Be careful for nothing.”—[Phil.] 4:6.⁸⁵

- [1.] Most gracious Lord,
 Thy kindest word
 I joyfully obey,
 Hold fast my confidence restor'd,
 And cast my sins away.
2. No longer I
 Lament and sigh
 With guilty fear opprest,
 To me who on thy love rely
 Whatever is, is best.
3. In each event
 The kind intent
 Of Love divine I see,
 And mixt with joyful thanks present
 My humble prayers to Thee.
4. Then let thy peace
 My heart possess;
 By thy unspotted mind
 Preserve in perfect quietness
 A soul to Jesus join'd.
5. In Spirit one
 With Christ thy Son
 Henceforth his life I live,
 Till Jesus claim me for his own,
 And to his arms receive.

⁸⁵Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:81–82; and *Representative Verse*, 247–48.

Colossians.

“Christ in you, the hope of glory.”

—[Col.] 1:27.⁸⁶

- [1.] The gospel-mystery
 To ages past unknown,
Is manifest, O Christ, with Thee
 Inhabiting thine own:
 What tongue can ne'er express,
 The joy of saints Thou art,
The taste of glorious happiness
 In every faithful heart.
2. To this poor heart of mine,
 Jesus, thyself reveal,
The earnest sure of joys divine,
 And my salvation's seal:
 I only live for this,
 To know thy pardning grace,
Anticipate that heavenly bliss,
 And die in thy embrace.

“Ye are complete in Him.”—[Col.] 2:10.⁸⁷

What heart can e'er conceive
The gospel-mystery?

⁸⁶Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:85.

⁸⁷Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:85.

A sinner in myself, I live
Out of myself in Thee;
I as my own disclaim
Whate'er is good or great,
Yet while in Thee, O Christ, I am,
I am in Thee compleat.

“Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly.”
—[Col.] 3:16.⁸⁸

- [1.] O that the pure, ingrafted word
In us abundantly might dwell,
And mixt with faith in our dear Lord
The riches of his grace reveal,
Wealth which supports the thrones above,
And treasures of eternal love!
2. Jesus, assist us to believe,
And then the word thy wealth imparts,
The word which Thou art pleas'd to give,
Is life, and spirit in our hearts,
And fills with all the Deity
Inspoken, and inspired by Thee.

⁸⁸Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:89.

1Thessalonians.

**“This is the Will of God, *even* your
Sanctification.”—[1 Thess.] 4:3.⁸⁹**

- [1.] This the fruit of Jesus passion,
Peace, inviolable peace,
Present, uttermost salvation
Love, and finish'd holiness:
Jesus paid his life to buy us
From all sin and guilty fear,
Pour'd his blood to sanctify us,
Body, soul, and spirit here.
2. Jesus, Life of the believer,
Full of truth, and full of grace,
Gift of God, thyself the Giver,
Fill us with thy righteousness,
From all filth of flesh and spirit
Purify us by thy blood,
Then we live, and die t' inherit
All the glorious life of God.

“Be patient towards all men.”—[1 Thess.] 5:14.⁹⁰

- [1.] Patient to all that I may be,
Thy Spirit, Lord, implant in me,
Thy lowly gentleness of mind
Thy love for all the sinsick kind:

⁸⁹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:91.

⁹⁰Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:92–93.

Then shall I bear whoe'er oppose,
Or brethren false, or open foes,
The kiss, the scoff, the wounds receive,
And die myself, that they may live.

2. O might I now thy pity find
For sinners ignorant and blind,
Indure their contradiction still,
And strive with good t' o'recome their ill!
O could I view them with thine eyes,
While offer'd up in sacrifice,
For them pour out my tears and blood,
And bear till death the wrath of God!

3. I come by thy meek Spirit led
Jesus, in all thy steps to tread,
I come, if Thou my heart prepare,
The universal load to bear,
My life for every soul expend,
And bleed, and suffer to the end,
The rival of thy passion prove
And conquer all by patient love.

“Rejoice evermore. Pray without ceasing. In every thing give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you.”

—[1 Thess.] 5:16–18.⁹¹

- [1.] Is it thy will concerning me?
Then let thy will take place,
And help my soul's infirmity,
Omnipotent in grace:
Jesus, Thou art the Lord most high
The praying Spirit Thou art,
Enter, and Abba Father cry,
Incessant in my heart.

2. Essence of happiness, appear
Into my bosom given,
Come, and set up thy kingdom here
Thou Joy of earth and heaven:
Inviolable peace I have,
When Jesus I possess,
And when Thou dost persist to save
I dwell in perfect peace.

3. Jesus, reveal thy love to me,
And on thy breast reclin'd
Matter of thankfulness in Thee
I every moment find:

⁹¹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:93–94.

Whate'er occurs, thy hand alone
Dividing all my ways,
And good brought out of ill I own
With wonder, love, and praise.

4. If Thou my constant Saviour art,
And Thee I always know,
The prayerful, joyful, thankful heart
Thou always dost bestow;
I then my true Perfection boast
Resorb'd into the Sea,
As mixt, and swallow'd up, and lost
In thy Immensity.

2 Thessalonians.

**“The Lord direct your hearts into the love of
God, and into the patience of Christ.”**

—[2 Thess.] 3:5.⁹²

- [1.] Father, if mine in Christ Thou art,
Into thy love direct my heart,
 And plant in me the mind
Which in my patient Saviour was,
When meekly suffering on the cross,
 He purchas'd all mankind.
2. Fain woud I the compassion prove,
The strength of persevering love
 Which nail'd him to the tree,
Then shoud I every soul embrace,
And feel for all the sinsick race
 As Jesus felt for me.
- 3 That sea of love in me be found,
Without a bottom or a bound,
 That Sea which Jesus is,
And let me lose my raptur'd soul,
Long as eternal ages roll,
 In the Divine Abyss.

⁹²Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:98.

1 Timothy.

**“This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all
acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the
world to save sinners.”—[1 Tim.] 1:15.⁹³**

1. Jehovah manifest below
 Without thy robes of majesty,
 Thou camst into our world of woe,
 To save our sinful world, and me,
 Me, me out of the flames to save,
 And ransom from th’ infernal grave.
2. A Man of griefs Thou didst appear
 On earth, and pour out all thy blood,
 Me to redeem from guilty fear,
 From sin, the world, and Satan’s rod,
 To change my soul by grace forgiven,
 And snatch me quite from hell to heaven.
3. The faithful saying of my Lord
 With cordial gladness I embrace
 And wait t’ experience all thy word,
 Sav’d, to the utmost sav’d by grace
 While on the eagle-wings of love
 I mount, to take my place above.

⁹³Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:99.

“Of whom I am chief.”—[1 Tim.] 1:15.⁹⁴

He will not speak a greater word:
The aged follower of his Lord,
Ready for Jesus sake to die,
Declares “The chief of sinners I!”
But now we hear a youngling say
“Pardon’d, and perfect in a day,⁹⁵
“The instantaneous witness see,
“The chief of saints admire in me!”

**“Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth
out the corn.”—[1 Tim.] 5:18.⁹⁶**

- [1.] Doth the Lord for oxen care
 And will them to be fed,
 Thoughtless of his minister
 Who dies for want of bread?
 Jesus, pity my distress:
Thou knowst for Thee alone I pine,
 Hunger after righteousness,
 And thirst for love divine.
2. Nothing of desert I claim
 Who without comfort mourn,
 If by Thee employ’d I am
 For treading out the corn:

⁹⁴Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:469.

⁹⁵Ori., “perfected to day.”

⁹⁶Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:102.

O might I the grace receive
With which Thou dost thy Church supply,
Sharer of thy gospel live,
Or now accepted die!

“Supposing that gain is godliness.”

—[1 Tim.] 6:5.⁹⁷

A few may scruple to confess
That gain is the true godliness,
But all who know the world proclaim
That *good* and wealthy is the same.

⁹⁷Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:102.

2 Timothy.

“If we be dead with him we shall also live with him: If we suffer, we shall also reign with him.”
—[2 Tim.] 2:11–12.⁹⁸

- [1.] Our long-expected Jesus
 Ah, when wilt Thou appear
 From all our griefs release us
 From all our sufferings here?
 This mighty tribulation
 Shall in thy presence end,
 And partners of thy passion,
 We shall thy throne ascend.

2. Who on thy word relying
 Endure th' allotted pain,
 Distrest and daily dying
 We shall thy life obtain:
 The joy display'd before thee,
 Thou wilt on us bestow,
 Who on thy cross adore thee
 And share thy deepest woe.

3. In hope of the salvation
 Thou didst so dearly buy,
 With humble resignation
 Our latest death we die,
 Thy torment undiminish'd
 In patient love abide,
 Till Thou repeat Tis finish'd,
 And take us to thy side.

⁹⁸Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:106–7.

Hebrews.

“Are they not all ministring spirits sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?”—[Heb.] 1:14.¹

- [1.] Which of the petty kings of earth
Can boast a guard like ours,
Incircled from our second birth
With all the heavenly powers?
Myriads of bright Cherubic bands
Sent by the King of kings
Rejoice to bear us in their hands,
And shade us with their wings.

2. With them we march securely on
Throughout Immanuel’s ground,
And not an uncommission’d stone
Our sacred feet shall wound;
No enemy shall our souls insnare
No casual evil grieve,
Nor can we lose a single hair
Without our Father’s leave.

3. Angels, where’er we go, attend
Our steps, whate’er betide,
With watchful care their charge defend,
And evil turn aside:

¹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:118–19.

A sudden thought t' escape the blow,
A ready help we find,
And to their secret presence owe
The presence of our mind.

4. Their instrumental aid unknown
They day and night supply,
And free from fear we lay us down,
Tho' Satan's host be nigh:
Our lives the holy angels keep
From every hostile power,
And unconcern'd we sweetly sleep,
As Adam in his bower.
5. Jehovah's charioteers surround,
The ministerial quire
Incamp, where'er his heirs are found
And form our wall of fire:
Ten thousand offices unseen
For us they gladly do,
Deliver in the lions den
And safe escort us thro'.
6. But thronging round with busiest love
They guard the dying breast,
The lurking fiend far off remove
And sing our souls to rest:

And when our spirits we resign,
On outstretch'd wings they bear,
And lodge us in the arms Divine
And leave for ever there.

“Take heed, lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief, in departing from the living God.”—[Heb.] 3:12.²

- [1.] Lord, while I in thy name believe,
My power I over sin maintain:
But when to Thee no more I cleave,
I sink into myself again:
My heart, tho' sprinkled once with blood,
Becomes an evil, faithless heart,
And losing my sure trust in God,
I from the living God depart.
2. Soon, if I cease to watch and pray,
The unbelieving heart returns,
Rebels against thy gracious sway,
With pride, desire, or anger burns,
My heart, a cage of birds unclean,
Its old corrupt affections feels,
Its strong propensity to sin;
And God in me no longer dwells.

²Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:121–22.

3. O let me then thy warnings heed,
Throughout my pilgrimage below
With jealous, self-mistrust proceed,
And humbly in thy footsteps go:
And if I always watch and pray,
Who dost my evil heart remove,
Thou, Lord, will keep it far away,
Till quite destroy'd by perfect love.

**“To day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not
your hearts.”—[Heb.] 3:15.³**

- [1.] To day, while it is call'd to day,
My willing heart I bow,
I harden it no more, but pray,
And look for mercy now:
I look—till Thou my peace create,
My promis'd pardon seal,
And every solemn moment wait
Thy sprinkled blood to feel.
2. Jesus, thy sanctifying will
No longer I withstand,
But lie as clay, resign'd and still
And passive in thy hand:
To day, before tomorrow come,
I yield to be renew'd,

³Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:122–23.

My Saviour's mean, but constant, home
A temple fill'd with God.

3. Now, Saviour, now thy servant bless,
Who always ready art,
And fully from this hour possess
My unopposing heart:
But if Thou dost not now come in,
I am not fit for Thee—
Yet trust Thou wilt cast out my sin,
And fix thy throne in me.

**“The word preached did not profit them, not
being mixt with faith in them that heart it.”
—[Heb.] 4:2.**

[I.]⁴

- [1.] We preach a rest from sin and fear,
(A rest to careless minds unknown)
Experience of salvation here
By Christ bestow'd thro' faith alone
Peace which the world can never give,
And life, the same that angels live.
2. But the blind world their pardning Lord
Refuse by simple faith to gain,
Hardning their hearts against the word,
They hear the saving truth in vain

⁴Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:123.

They perish, with redemption nigh,
And ransom'd, in their sins they die.

**[“The word preached did not profit them, not
being mixt with faith in them that heart it.”
—Heb. 4:2.]**

II.⁵

- [1.] Whether the word be preach'd or read,
 No saving benefit I gain
From empty sounds, or letters dead,
 Unprofitable all and vain,
Unless by faith *thy* word I hear,
And see its heavenly character.

2. Unmixt with faith, the scripture gives
 No comfort, life, or light to me,
But darker still the dark it leaves,
 Implung'd in deeper misery,
Or'whelm'd with nature's sorest ills:
The Spirit saves, the letter kills.

3. Most wretched comforters are they
 Who bid “On the bare word rely!”
Physicians of no price, they say
 I must the promises apply,
And, destitute of inward sense,
Draw all my consolations thence.

4. Their counsels aggravate my grief,
 (But never move the heart of stone)

⁵Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:123–25.

Insult my helpless unbelief,
Who cannot find a God unknown,
While without eyes they bid me look
And read the seal'd, unfolded book.

5. If God inlighten thro' his word,
I shall my kind Inlightener bless:
But void, and naked of my Lord
What are all verbal promises?
Nothing to me, till faith divine
Inspire, inspeak, and make them mine.
6. Jesus, th' appropriating grace
Tis thine on sinners to bestow:
Open mine eyes to see thy face,
Open my heart Thyself to know,
And then I thro' thy word obtain
Sure, present, and eternal gain.

“Let us labour to enter into that rest.”
—[Heb.] 4:11.

[L.]⁶

Weary of life, with guilt opprest,
Labouring I come to Christ for rest:
Author of faith, *my* Lord appear
And bid me cease from sin and fear;
My restless diligence increase,
Till bid by Thee I go in peace,

⁶Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:125.

Thine utmost saving grace to know
And all the heaven of love below.

**["Let us labour to enter into that rest."
—Heb. 4:11.]**

II.⁷

- [1.] Rest to my soul I gasp to find
In Jesus meek and lowly mind,
In holy joy, and spotless love
That foretaste of the rest above!
But ah, my flesh doth oft complain,
Tired with the long, laborious pain,
And fainting in the vehement strife
I quit my hold of endless life.

2. Jesus, thy feeblest servant fill
With power to labour up the hill
With zeal toward the high prize to press,
With violent faith the crown to seize;
By Thee stir'd up I'll strive again,
I'll after full perfection strain
Instant in prayer's strong agony
Till pure in heart, thy face I see.

3. Then, then my soul with rapid speed
Shall labour up to grasp its Head:
All vigor, all activity
I live, not I, but Christ in me;
Passive, yet swift as light I fly
Fill'd with the Power, who fills the sky,
And draws me to that glorious throne
To rest, with God for ever one!

⁷Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:125–26.

[Numbering skips from p. 92 to p. 96; but no text appears to be missing]

**“He became the Author of eternal salvation
unto all that obey him.”—[Heb.] 5:9.⁸**

While I hang upon thy passion
Peace, and power in Thee I have,
Author now of my salvation,
Thou shalt to the utmost save:
Govern'd by the life of love
Freely in thy paths I move;
Thus constrain'd, a true believer
Must obey, and live for ever.

**“I will make a new covenant &c.”
—[Heb.] 8:8.⁹**

- [1.] Ingraven on my heart and mind
O that I could thy precepts find,
Begotten from above,
The nature contrary to sin,
Th' essential righteousness brought in
The perfect law of love!
2. The law of glorious liberty
When wilt thou, Lord, impart to me,
My soul divinely pure,
Again in holiness create,
Restore me to my first estate,
And make the covenant sure?

⁸Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:470.

⁹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:138.

3. Thy covenant of redeeming grace
Stablish with all the faithful race
Eternally forgiven,
Redeem'd from inward pravity,
In every point conform'd to Thee
And take us up to heaven.

**“Having our hearts sprinkled from an evil
conscience.”—[Heb.] 10:22.**

[L.]¹⁰

- [1.] Conscious of all that I have done,
Of evils to the world unknown,
My punishment I feel,
Driven out from my Creator's face,
A vagrant Cain, in every place
I carry my own hell.
2. Remembrance shakes her whip severe,
Her scorpion-whip of guilty fear
Of sad remorse and shame;
But from myself I cannot fly,
Or find one drop of comfort nigh
To cool this scorching flame.
3. Jesus, my only Hope Thou art;
Sprinkle thy blood upon my heart,
And make its troubles cease:

¹⁰Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:144–45; and *Representative Verse*, 248–49.

Thy blood the wounded conscience heals,
Thy blood the sinner's pardon seals,
And bids me die in peace.

4. Faith in thy blood if Thou bestow,
The sting of guilt no more I know
The self-tormenting mind;
I plunge me in th' oblivious floud,
I wash away my sinful load,
And leave myself behind.

5. Help then my desperate unbelief
Appear to end my sin and grief
With all thy wounds confest,
Thy love on Calvary display,
And bear my ransom'd soul away
To that eternal Rest.

**[“Having our hearts sprinkled from an evil
conscience.”—Heb. 10:22.]**

II.¹¹

[1.] Conscience of ill! how sharp the pain!
How deeply must a soul complain
With harrowing guilt opprest!
That pain, and deep complaint is mine,
A stranger to the blood divine,
And faith's internal rest.

¹¹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:145–46.

2. But say, thou all-atoning Lamb,
Expos'd to grief, and pain, and shame
 Extended on the tree,
Jesus, so lavish of thy blood,
Why didst thou pour that¹² precious floud,
 If not to sprinkle me?
3. Thy blood was shed for me in vain,
Unless, to purge my sinful stain
 Its virtue to exert,
Unless by living faith applied,
It speak me freely justified
 And purify my heart.
4. Come then, and by thy death release,
My troubled heart, which sighs for ease,
 For liberty, and love:
Touch me, and white as Salmon's snow,
And hallow'd by thy blood, I go
 To see thy face above.

**[“Having our hearts sprinkled from an evil
conscience.”—Heb. 10:22.]**

III.¹³

- [1.] Conscious of all that I have done
 Since first I *woud* from God depart,
I cannot bear, I cannot shun
 The dire reproach of my own heart,

¹²Ori., “thy.”

¹³Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:146–47.

The stings of grief, remorse, and fear,
Presaging death and judgment near.

2. Memory severe, and secret shame
 With scorpion-whips my spirit tear;
Caught in the toils of hell I am,
 The pit of bottomless despair:
The knowings of that worm I feel
Which only Jesus blood can kill.¹⁴
3. O that I could in Him believe,
 And find the fountain in his side!
O that I could his blood perceive,
 To this foul, faithless heart applied!
Saviour, from all my sins release,
And bid me now depart in peace.
4. Sprinkle, and make my conscience pure:
 For this alone on earth I stay,
And humbly of thy favor sure
 Would hasten to shake off my clay,
With joy my hallow'd soul resign
And plunge in depths of LOVE Divine!

¹⁴Ori., "heal."

“The just shall live by faith.”—[Heb.] 10:38.¹⁵

O that I might the power receive
The simple life of faith to live,
A stranger by the world unknown,
To live, shut up with Christ alone!
Jesus, my real Life Thou art
Inspire Thyself into my heart,
And fill'd with purity divine
I live, thro' endless ages thine.

**“Having seen the promises afar off, they were persuaded of them, and embraced them.”
—[Heb.] 11:13.¹⁶**

- [1.] We first behold the promise made
Far off, yet to believers sure;
Nor murmur at the bliss delay'd,
But hoping to the end endure,
And wait our pardon seal'd to prove,
Our souls renew'd in perfect love.
2. By faith persuaded more and more
That God his promise shall fulfil,
We see the peace and saving power
Nearer approach, and nearer still,
Till full partakers of his grace,
We, and the word¹⁷ in Christ embrace.

¹⁵Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:470.

¹⁶Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:150–51.

¹⁷Ori., “world.”

“Follow after holiness.”—[Heb.] 12:14.¹⁸

- [1.] That finish'd holiness
 My calling's prize I see,
 Consummate love, and perfect peace
 And spotless purity;
 The nature and the mind
 And image of my Lord,
I follow on with Christ to find,
 With paradise restor'd.
2. In all the works of faith
 My object I pursue,
 And strive in duty's narrow path
 To keep the prize in view;
 In sure and patient hope
 I grasp the crown above,
 And strain to reach the mountain-top
 In all the toils of love.
3. I urge the race begun,
 The cross of Jesus bear,
 And fight, and strive, and wrestle on
 In agony of prayer;
 In Jesu's footsteps tread,
 Hard following after God,
 Partake the travail of my Head,
 And sweat his sweat of blood.

¹⁸A loose-leaf copy of this hymn (with no variants) is also present at MARC: MA 1977/583/32, #20. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:159–60.

4. A thousand times I faint,
 Yet rise with spirit new,
With warmer zeal and keener want
 My Saviour to pursue;
 Saviour, my all Thou art,
 Enter this struggling breast,
And bid me now in peace depart
 To love's eternal rest.

“Ye are come to the blood of sprinkling.”
—[Heb.] 12:[22–]24.¹⁹

- [1.] O that I cou'd
 Approach the blood
Which quench'd his indignation
 Satisfied a righteous God,
And purchas'd man's salvation!
2. Sprinkled on me
 Now let it be
The blood that cries in heaven
 Loud as when it stain'd the tree,
And spake a world forgiven.
3. Faith is the grace
 Which gives access,
And thro' that open fountain
 Brings me to my Father's face
On the celestial mountain.

¹⁹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:161–62.

4. Faith lends an ear
The blood to hear
For sinners interceding,
Banishes my guilty fear
And gives me back my Eden.
5. In pity give
Me to believe,
Jesus, my faith's Beginner,
For thy own dear sake receive
A poor, despairing sinner.
6. O might the blood
Which speaks to God
With ceaseless intercession,
Now remove my sinful load,
And blot out my transgression!
7. Now, Lord, reveal
Thy love, the seal
Of all my sins forgiven
Then receive me up to dwell
And share thy throne in heaven.

“We seek a city.”—[Heb.] 13:14.²⁰

- [1.] Come, let us obey,
For He calls us away,

²⁰Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:162–63.

Who in mercy attends
And delivers his own, wheresoever he sends:
We have nothing to fear
With Jesus so near,
Our invisible Guide,
We are guarded by Him, and in Him we abide.

2. By sea and by land,
Conceal'd in his hand
From all dangers and snares
He covers our head, and he numbers our hairs:
We may sing as we go
Thro' the valley of woe,
For our lives are above,
And we rest in the arms of Omnipotent Love.

3. Till He knows it is best,
We are never distrest,
Till his pity ordain
We are never afflicted with sickness, or pain;
The terrible King
No alarum can bring,
His threats we defy,
Tho' his quiver is full, not an arrow can fly.

4. We are safe in his hands
Who all nature commands,
And hath numbred our days,
And will order our lives, as is most for his praise;
Will or'erule and defend,
Till our pilgrimage end,
And in Christ we remove,
With a flaming Escort, to our Country above.

[blank]

[blank]

James.

**“The wrath of man worketh not the
righteousness of God.”—[James] 1:2[0].²¹**

- [1.] The wrath of frantic man
 Is impotent and vain,
Serves for no religious use,
 Works no real righteousness;
Evil cannot good produce,
 Cannot cause th’effects of grace.
2. Then let me calmly flee,
 Meek Lamb of God, to Thee:
From the rage of inbred pride
 Thou my only refuge art;
Save me shelter’d in thy side
 In the centre of thy heart.
3. There, there in patient peace
 Let me my soul possess,
Hid from nature’s furious zeal,
 Buried in a sea of blood,
Fill’d with love unspeakable
 Arm’d with all the mind of God.

²¹Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:470–71. Stanzas 1–2 appeared in *Poetical Works*, 13:166. Wesley mistakenly referenced the verse as “1:21.”

“Is any merry? let him sing psalms.”
—[James] 5:13.²²

- [1.] In the Belov'd accepted,
For Jesus sake forgiven,
At²³ the word of a King
We merrily sing
The Delight of earth and heaven.

2. Triumphant in his favor,
With joyful acclamation
We thankfully raise
A full Anthem of praise
To the God of our salvation.

²²Published posthumously in *Representative Verse*, 249; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:471.

²³Ori., “It.”

1 Peter.

“Christ suffered, that he might bring us to God.”—[1 Pet.] 3:18.²⁴

Jesus, purge our foul transgression
In the Fountain of thy blood,
By thy powerful intercession
Bring me to my gracious God:
Sinner’s Friend, I humbly claim
Pardon, glory in thy name,
Pardon now, thy passion’s wages,
Glory thro’ eternal ages.

“If any man speak, let him speak as the oracles of God.”—[1 Pet.] 4:11.²⁵

- [1.] Let all who speak in Jesus name
To his submit their every word,
Implicit faith in Them disclaim
And send the hearers to their Lord,
Who doth his Father’s will reveal
The only Guide infallible.
2. Jesus, to me thy mind impart,
Be Thou thine own Interpreter,
Explain the scripture to my heart,
That when the Church thy servant hear
Taught by the oracles divine
They all may own, The word is thine.

²⁴Published posthumously in *Representative Verse*, 249; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:471.

²⁵Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:183.

“The righteous shall scarcely be saved.”
—[1 Pet.] 4:18.²⁶

- [1.] Witness thou righteous man,
 If now redeem'd from sin,
 What agony and pain
 It cost to enter in?
Didst thou not knock, and call, and wait,
And long besiege the sacred gate?

2. The heavenly way to find
 Didst thou not seek, and strive,
 And cast thyself behind,
 And rather die than live,
The fruits of sad repentance bear,
And sink at last in self-despair?

3. When thou hadst found the grace
 And gift unspeakable,
 All in a moment's space
 Woudst thou consent to sell?
Or didst thou toil, and suffer on
Before thou mad'st the pearl thine own?

4. When the old Adam was
 With Jesus crucified,
 Expiring on the cross
 What frequent deaths he died,
And feign'd himself intirely slain,
Yet soon reviv'd, and fought again?

²⁶Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:184–86.

5. The flesh and Spirit's strife
 Subsisting still within,
 The struggling after life,
 The strength of inbred sin
How did it to the utmost prove
Thy feeble faith and childish love!
6. By endless conflicts tried
 Thy patience seem'd to fail,
 Thy weary steps to slide
 And sin and hell prevail,
The tempter thrust at thee so sore,
So near each moment to devour.
7. Almost o'repower'd,²⁷ compel'd,
 Throughout the evil day,
 A thousand times to yield,
 And cast thy faith away,
Thy soul was ready to expire,
And scarcely sav'd as thro' the fire.
8. Now in the wilderness,
 Now in the garden pain'd,
 Thy Lord's extreme distress
 How oft hast thou sustain'd?
Thy soul perspir'd his bloody sweat,
And fainted at the Saviour's feet.
9. Didst thou at once spring up
 Into a sinless saint?

²⁷Ori., "empower'd."

Or on the mountain-top
Renew his deep complaint,
And cry in lingring misery,
Why hath my God forsaken me!

10. Down to the gates of hell
Times without number brought,
Thy spirit, as it fell,
In mercy's arms He caught,
And after countless falls restor'd,
And show'd himself thy God and Lord.
11. Thy trials yet behind,
Only to Him are known,
And when thy soul is join'd
To saints around the throne,
Thy soul shall sink with theirs above
Lost in astonishment, and love.
12. Thy God's mysterious grace
Thou wilt in heaven adore,
And wonder on and praise
His love's stupendous power,
The face of thy Redeemer see,
And gaze thro' all eternity.

**“Humble yourselves under the mighty hand of
God, that he may exalt you in due time.”**

—[1 Pet.] 5:6.

[I.]²⁸

- [1.] Myself I fain woud humble, Lord,
Under thy mighty hand:
I cannot bear the trying word,
Or in thy judgment stand.
2. Thy vengeful wrath’s resistless power
I tremble to confess,
And prostrate in the dust adore
Thy awful righteousness.
3. The body and the deathless soul
Thou canst destroy in hell,
Long as eternal ages roll,
Which I deserve to feel:
4. Myself to Tophet I condemn,
And now, if Thou require,
The rigid penalty extreme,
I sink into the fire.

**[“Humble yourselves under the mighty hand of
God, that he may exalt you in due time.”**

—1 Pet. 5:6.]

II.²⁹

- [1.] Humble myself? it cannot be,
But by a power deriv’d from Thee:
The power Thou dost to suplicants give,
Jesus, I woud from Thee receive;

²⁸Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:187.

²⁹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:187–88.

I woud my total evil feel,
Abhor, adjudge myself to hell,
And to my righteous doom submit,
If now thou slay me at thy feet.

2. With me how canst thou longer bear,
Who clog the ground, and taint the air:
Who strive, but never can express
The depth of my own wickedness;
Who as my just desert require
The fiercest wrath, the hottest fire,
Astonish'd at the fresh reprieve,
Amaz'd, that still on earth I live.

3. Thy patience forces me to hope
Mercy at last may lift me up,
May all its energy exert,
And break and change this desperate heart:
I dare not, yet I must confess
Thou canst restore, and seal my peace,
Exalt a fiend to joys above,
And save me thro' the fire of love.

2 Peter.

“They cannot cease from sin.”—[2 Pet.] 2:14.³⁰

- [1.] Stranger to holy joy and peace,
 And all the things above,
I never can from sinning cease,
 Till I begin to love:
My vows and promises are vain,
 And full of good desire,
When sin returns, I melt again,
 As wax before the fire.

2. Sinking at last in just despair
 Beneath the tyrant’s power,
No longer to resolve I dare;
 I fight with sin no more,
No more presume for help to call,
 Or fruitless prayers repeat,
But a meer, guilty sinner fall
 At the Redeemer’s feet.

3. Here will I ever, ever lie,
 And weep, and breathe my last,
Unless the God that stoop’d to die
 A look of pity cast;
See me expiring in my blood,
 And point me to his own,

³⁰Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:191–92.

Which quench'd the righteous wrath of God,
And speaks before the throne.

“The dog is turned to his own vomit again.”
—[2 Pet.] 2:22.³¹

- [1.] A dog, and worse alas, am I,
 Who to my vomit turn again,
A thousand times with sin comply,
 A thousand times repent in vain,
And then indulge my heart's desire,
And wallow in the brutish mire.

2. Jesus, my refuge in despair,
 While unconsum'd on earth I live,
If yet thou canst the sinner bear,³²
 Canst so abundantly forgive
This only once my peace restore;
But lift me up, to fall no more.

3. Pardon itself avails me not,
 Unless the pardon I retain;
My sins out of thy memory blot,
 Out of my soul erase the stain,
The root uptear, the mount remove,
And save me by thine utmost love.

³¹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:192–93.

³²Ori., “spare.”

“Account that the long-suffering of the Lord is salvation.”—[2 Pet.] 3:15.³³

- [1.] Astonish'd at thy patient love,
Which lets me load³⁴ the earth so long,
O could I from my sins remove,
Cease an indulgent God to wrong,
Answer thy merciful design,
And in my own salvation join.
2. Thou bidst me put my sins away,
But Thou must give th' obedient power,
And therefore doth thy Spirit stay,
Protract the acceptable hour,
Bestow the penitential space,
And lengthen out my evil days.
3. Year after year for this I live,
That by long-suffering love subdued,
I may at last thro' faith retrieve
The favor and the form of God,
May in true holiness arise,
Meet for a³⁵ throne above the skies.

³³Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:194.

³⁴“Clog” is written in the right margin, apparently as an alternative for “load.”

³⁵Ori., “my.”

[blank]

1 John.

“If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us.”

—[1 John] 1:8.

[I.]³⁶

- [1.] Before He purge my sin away,
 And make me truly free,
Is it a little thing to say
 “I have no sin in me?”
Is it no sin, to take my ease
 As wholly sanctified,
And slightly heal the sore disease,
 The loathsom plague of pride?

2. Perfection if I boldly claim,
 My own fond heart believe,
Myself (while full of sin I am)
 I fatally deceive:
Howe’er I boastingly profess
 My spotless purity,
Of real faith, and solid grace
 There is no truth in me.

3. No true humility, and love,
 No true repentance I,
No just, or holy tempers prove,
 But all I am ’s a lie:

³⁶Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:472.

And if incorrigibly proud,
Myself I still miscall
I stand a witness false for God,
Till into hell I fall.

**[“If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us.”
—1 John 1:8.]**

II.³⁷

- [1.] If we, believing our own hearts,
Presume to say *we* have no sin,
Truth is not in our inward parts,
The perfect grace is not brought in,
We our own wretched souls deceive,
And still the life of nature live.
2. But if ev’n we, the least of all,
Our lives’ and nature’s guilt confess,
The God in Christ on whom we call
Will speak in truth and righteousness,
Pardon with purity impart,
And stamp his image on our heart.
3. Thine image of true holiness
When on our hearts imprest we feel,
Sinners we still ourselves confess,
Dependant, helpless sinners still,
Sinners by Jesus sav’d, we own
Our Saviour-God is good alone.

³⁷Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:194–95.

“If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.”—[1 John] 1:9.³⁸

- [1.] Father of Jesus Christ our Lord,
Our sins we in his name confess,
Righteous, and faithful to thy word,
From actual guilt our souls release
And purge out all this filth within,
And make our inmost nature clean.
2. If still, when justified by grace,
Our general sinfulness we own,
Thou wilt on us thy name impress,
Reveal the nature of thy Son,
And write it on our inward parts,
And spread thine image thro' our hearts.
3. Wherefore thy goodness we implore
A deeper sense of sin to give,
That small in our own eyes, and poor
We may thy richest grace receive
May always in thy Son abide,
May always feel his blood applied.
4. Soon as we every moment feel
Ourselves vile nothings in thy sight,

³⁸Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:195–96.

In Christ we every moment dwell
Blameless we walk with Him in white,
His perfect purity retain,
And never soil our robes again.

“If we say, we have not sinned, we make him a liar, and his word is not in us.”

—[1 John] 1:10.³⁹

- [1.] Yet still the chief of saints below
Will ne'er his former sins forget,
But while his joyful eyes or'eflow,
Prostrate at his dear Saviour's feet,
The chief of saints will humbly cry,
Will feel “The chief of sinners I.”
2. Whoe'er their own perfection boast
“We have not sin'd,” they proudly say,⁴⁰
Demonstrate that their faith is lost,
Their shield is vilely cast away;
And who their God bely, blaspheme,
His word no longer is in Them.
3. Himself doth in his word declare
That all have sin'd, and lost his grace,
And tho' we truly pardon'd are,⁴¹
Our pardon'd sins we still confess,
In joy repent, in triumph grieve,
And cease at once to mourn, and live.

³⁹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:196.

⁴⁰Ori., “cry.”

⁴¹Ori., “And tho' thro' grace we truly pardon'd are.”

**“He that loveth his brother, abideth in the light,
and there is no occasion of stumbling in him.”**

—[1 John] 2:10.⁴²

- [1.] Thou God of my salvation,
 Implant thy mind in me,
T' uproot the dire occasion
 Of strife, and enmity;
By thine own Spirit humbling
 Out of my heart remove
The only ground of stumbling,
 The haughty selfish love.

2. This stubborn bent to evil
 Which in my soul I feel,
This nature of the devil,
 Here must it always dwell?
The criminal propension
 To sin's forbidden joy,
The pride that breeds contention
 Thou wilt at last destroy.

3. Thy kingdom come in power
 And joy and perfect peace,
To end the hellish hour
 Bring in thy righteousness:

⁴²Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:197–98.

The brightness of thy presence
Discover from above,
And cheer mine inmost essence
With the pure light of love.

4. To every ransom'd creature,
Like my Redeemer, kind,
I woud thy pitying nature
Thy yearning bowels find:
That charity fraternal
On me, dear Lord, bestow,
And chase the fiend infernal
To his own place below.
5. Long as thy love residing
Within my breast I feel,
In Thee, my God, abiding
In purest Light I dwell:
And if I now receive thee,
My God, my all in all,
Thou wilt not let me leave thee,
And then I cannot fall.

“I write unto you, little children &c.”
—[1 John] 2:12.⁴³

- [1.] The babes are weak, the youths are strong,
Yet pardon doth to both belong:

⁴³Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:198–99.

In youths th' ingrafted word abides,
The Witness constantly resides;
The babes with transient visits blest,
Sometimes enjoy their heavenly Guest.

2. Young men the victory have won,
And trod thro' Christ the tempter down;
The children the good fight maintain,
And battle after battle gain,
But still they grapple with the foe,
And conquering, on to conquer go.
3. The state of fathers who shall tell,
The depth and height of love reveal?
Nor saint, nor angel can explain
The plenitude of God in man,
But God, whom they so long have known,
He only searches out his own.
4. Not John himself presumes to trace
The full, unutterable grace,
The lineaments Divine imprest
On each mature disciple's breast,
But fathers shall the secret see
Explain'd thro' all eternity.

5. Yet children now partake the prize,
Before they into fathers rise,
They too have known the pardning God
They too have felt the cleansing blood,
And different in degree alone
The first and perfect love are one.

“I write unto you, fathers, because ye have known him that is from the beginning; I write unto you, little children, because ye have known the Father.”—[1 John] 2:13.⁴⁴

- [1.] Children, ye have as truly known
The God and Father of all grace,
As hoary saints, who long have run
And now are finishing their race:
That Spirit who his Son reveal'd
In them, hath your forgiveness seal'd.
2. Your humble confidence hold fast,
Till strong ye out of weakness rise,
And wholly sanctified at last
Ye too shall gain the glorious prize
Your zeal for Jesus shall improve,
And ripen into perfect love.

⁴⁴Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:199.

“He was manifested, to take away our sins.”
—[1 John] 3:5.

[I.]⁴⁵

- [1.] O Son of God, in vain
Wast Thou reveal'd below,
Unless Thou by thy Spirit again
Thyself to sinners show:
Before thy presence here
Unless my sins depart,
And Thou the pardning God appear
To this poor, guilty heart.
2. Answer the blessed end
Of thy stupendous grace,
And still in mercy condescend
To our distinguish'd race:
Tho' by all heaven ador'd,
Thy flesh with pity see,
And with thy great salvation, Lord,
Vouchsafe to visit me.
3. Didst thou not leave thy throne,
For a mean house of clay,
And put my feeble nature on,
To take my sins away?
Fulfil thy own design,
The hindring thing remove,

⁴⁵Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:201–2.

That God and man in Thee may join,
And I my Saviour love.

4. Come then, thou very God,
 In this accepted hour,
Partaker of my flesh and blood,
 Display thy Spirit's power:
 My weaknesses t' assume
 Who didst the heavens bow,
Be manifest again, and come
 To save a sinner now.

5. Now is salvation's day,
 Now is the time of love:
No longer, gracious Lord, delay
 Thy coming from above:
 The same Thou always art;
 Thyself to me make known,
Perform the counsels of thy heart,
 And let thy will be done.

6. It cannot be thy will
 That I unsav'd should live
Wretched in sin continue still,
 And still thy Spirit grieve;
 But till Thyself I know
 From sin I cannot cease:
Jesus, appear, thy mercy show,
 And bid me die in peace.

**["He was manifested, to take away our sins."
—1 John 3:5.]**

II.⁴⁶

- [1.] Love divine, thyself impart,
Manifested to my heart,
Jesus, show thyself within,
Enter, and extirpate sin;
Fulness of the Deity,
Sin cannot reside with Thee,
Sin, when Thou art always here
Must for ever disappear.
2. Come then, O my Saviour, come,
All this unbelief consume,
By the Spirit of thy grace
By the brightness of thy face:
That I may be clean in heart,
That I may be as Thou art,
Live, my spotless Purity,
Live, my perfect Love, in me.

**"Whosoever sinneth hath not known Him."
—[1 John] 3:6.⁴⁷**

- [1.] Lord, unto me the knowledge grant
Which, incompatible with sin,
Supplies my spirit's every want,
Brings the celestial nature in,
My heart renews and purifies,
And fills with life that never dies.

⁴⁶Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:202–3.

⁴⁷Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:203–4.

2. I want the faith in Jesus blood
Which pardon on my conscience seals,
Imparts the spotless mind of God,
The plague original expels,
Doth all my unbelief remove,
And sweetly work by perfect love.
3. I woud be of thy Spirit born,
And find, that I can sin no more:
My soul into thy likeness turn,
Wisdom of God, and Truth, and Power
Fulness of the Divinity,
Jesus appear, and dwell in me.
4. Then, only then my God I know,
Divinely taught, divinely pure,
Yet onward to perfection go,
And happy to the end endure
Till faith is swallow'd up in sight
In glorious, full, eternal Light.

“For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil.”—[1 John] 3:8.

[I.]⁴⁸

- [1.] Jehovah's Son appear
Expiring on the tree,

⁴⁸Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:204–5.

To scatter all my guilty fear,
T' abolish sin in me:
The living faith impart,
My Saviour and my God,
And cleanse this vile,⁴⁹ polluted heart
With thy atoning blood.

2. O for thy mercy sake
Thy dying love reveal,
Compassion on a sinner take
An helpless sinner still:
Thou camst from heaven in vain,
Unless I find thee nigh,
Unless Thou showst thyself again,
In unbelief I die.
3. From endless death to save,
Thou didst appear below;
And wilt preserve me from the grave
Till Thee I truly know:
Thou wilt redeem my soul
From all iniquity,
And make my wounded spirit whole
Because Thou diedst for me.
4. Come then my hope my rest,
Thy visage marr'd display,
And stand in all thy wounds confest
To take my sins away;

⁴⁹Ori., "poor."

To fill this boundless void
Present in me appear,
And sin shall always be destroy'd,
When Thou art always here.

**["For this purpose the Son of God was
manifested, that he might destroy the
works of the devil."—1 John 3:8.]**

II.⁵⁰

- [1.] But must my heart, to sin inclin'd,
Inclin'd to sin for ever be?
And can I no redemption find,
No hope of perfect liberty,
Condemn'd the rebel flesh to feel,
Nor ever see my troubles past,
Tormented with this inbred hell,
And saved by fire, if saved at last?
2. Most wretched of the fallen race,
I must, O Lord, that life abide,
If all thy blood cannot efface
Th' ingrafted filth of self and pride;
And if the dire original stain
In purest saints is always found,
Thy hallowing blood was shed in vain,
And sin doth more than grace abound.
3. But didst Thou not on earth appear,
To save from all iniquity,

⁵⁰Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:205–7.

To finish the transgression *here*,
And make an end of sin in me,
Sin to destroy both branch and root,
By famine's lingring death to kill,
That bringing forth the perfect fruit,
I then may all thy law fulfil?

4. What tho' the faithless world gainsay,
And mock the hungry soul's desire,
My God, for whom I humbly pray,
Is true, and every man a liar:
Ev'n those who know in part thy love,
But tasting once expect no more,
They cannot from my hope remove,
Or make me doubt thy utmost power.

5. What tho' ten thousand witnesses
Deceiving, and deceiv'd, arise,
Suborn'd by Satan to profess
"They *have* attain'd the glorious prize,^[*]
Who fancy sin at once destroy'd,
Subservient to the fiend's design,
They cannot make thy promise void,
Or falsify the Oath Divine.

6. Let them who will the truth oppose,
The truth of God for ever stands,
Redeem'd from all, from *all* my foes,
I shall perform thy just commands;

The faithful saying of my Lord
I with simplicity receive,
And saved in deed, and thought, and word
Shall soon in all thy image live.

“Believe not every spirit.”—[1 John] 4:1.⁵¹

But is it possible to find
Such weakness in an human mind?
But is the blind credulity,
The dotage natural to me?
Yes; if Thou didst not stand between,
Good God, I could believe the men,
Who, spite of all thy words, profess
Their instantaneous perfectness!

“This is the love of God, that we keep his commandments.”—[1 John] 5:3.⁵²

- [1.] Obedience is th' effect of love,
We see the fountain from above
In the pellucid stream,
The active principle receive
With Jesus manifest, and live
To serve, and honour Him.
2. But till the love of Christ we gain,
We promise, vow, and strive in vain,
And never can succeed:

⁵¹Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:473.

⁵²Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:209–10.

Our righteousness as rags unclean,
Our virtue is but splendid sin,
And our best works are dead.

3. Jesus, Redeemer of mankind,
Give me thy precious Self to find
In purest love reveal'd,
The love surpassing human thought,
The love which my salvation bought,
And speaks my pardon seal'd.
4. O might it now my heart or'eflow,
And bring me power in peace to go
Where'er my Pattern trod,
All the commandments to fulfil,
And execute the perfect will
Of a forgiving God!

“This is He that came by water and blood.”
—[1 John] 5:6.⁵³

By water He came, and by blood,
My God who on Calvary died,
A fountain of purity flow'd,
A river of life from his side:
The water it washes our hearts,
The blood for our sins did atone,
And when He his Spirit imparts,
We feel, the two currents are one.

⁵³Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:474.

“We know that the Son of God is come, and hath given us an understanding that we may know him that is true: and we are in him that is true, even in his Son Jesus Christ. This is the true God and eternal life.”—[1 John] 5:20.⁵⁴

- [1.] We know, by faith we surely know
The Son of God is come,
Is manifested here below,
And makes our hearts his home:
To us he hath in special love
An understanding given,
To recognize him from above
The Lord of earth and heaven.

2. The true and faithful Witness we
Jehovah’s Son confess,
And in the face of Jesus see
Jehovah’s smiling face:
In Him we live, and move, and are,
United to our Head,
And branches of the Vine, declare
That Christ is God indeed.

3. The self-existing God supreme
Our Saviour we adore,
Fountain of life eternal Him
We worship evermore,
Out of his plenitude receive
Ineffable delight,
And shall thro’ endless ages live
Triumphant in his Sight.

⁵⁴Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:210–11.

The Revelation.

“His wife hath made herself ready.”

—[Rev.] 19:7.⁵⁵

- [1.] Myself how shall I ready make?
Hold of thy strength, O Christ, I take,
By humble faith and love:
And while I in thy wounds abide,
Thy hallowing blood prepares the Bride
To share the feast above.
2. I yield to be by Thee prepar'd
For all that unconceiv'd reward
So dearly bought for me:
Thine image on my heart impress,
And God, and Glory in thy Face
I shall for ever SEE.

“Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.”

—[Rev.] 22:[2]0.⁵⁶

- [1.] Come, thou everlasting Son,
Jesus, King of saints, appear,
On the great refulgent throne,
Manifest thy Godhead here!
Lord of the new earth and skies,
Crown the venerable train,
Bid that final Empire rise,
Present with thine ancients reign.

⁵⁵Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:238.

⁵⁶Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:241–42. Wesley mistakenly referenced the verse as “22:30.”

2. Bridegroom of thy church, appear
 Swift descending on the sky,
Thy own mind's Interpreter
 Hear in thy own members cry!
Banish'd from thy face we mourn,
 Cannot in thine absence rest;
Bless us, Lord, with thy return,
 O receive us to thy breast.

3. Hast Thou not prepar'd the place,
 Fitted up the house for me,
Me, and all the dear-bought race,
 All who cleave by faith to Thee?
Are we not thy flesh and bone,
 Born out of our Husband's Side?
Come, and claim us for thine own,
 Quickly come to fetch thy Bride!

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