

Verse in Manuscript Letters¹

This file gathers all known drafts of verse that Charles Wesley included in manuscript letters to family and friends. Specifically, it includes those instances where a hymn or poem appears in a letter prior to being published. Instances where Wesley quotes in a letter from either his own earlier published verse or published verse by other authors are not included.

Most of the drafts that appear below were incorporated into the body of the letter or enclosed in the letter on a separate single sheet. We have not attempted to show the occasional page breaks (moving from one side of the sheet to the other).

The drafts are organized chronologically, by date of the letter in which they appear.

Most of these letters are part of the collection in the Methodist Archive and Research Centre, with specific location indicated in footnotes. The transcriptions below are provided with permission of the Librarian and Director, The John Rylands Library, The University of Manchester (or other relevant holding location as noted).

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: July 10, 2012.

Table of Contents

January 20, 1728 — Letter to John Wesley	1
April 22, 1741 — in Journal Letter, April 15–26	2
January 16, 1746 — Letter to Elizabeth Witham	3–4
July 25, 1746 — in Journal Letter, July 1–26	5
July 29, 1746 — Letter to Ebenezer Blackwell	6–7
August 10, 1746 — in Journal Letter, July 27–August 10	8–9
February 25, 1747 — in Journal Letter, February 23–25	10–11
December 18, 1747 — Letter to Thomas and Sally Witham	12–15
March 1748 — Letter to Sarah Gwynne Jr.	16–17
August 9, 1748 — Letter to Sarah Gwynne Jr.	18–19
August 21, 1748 — Letter to William Lunell,	20
September 17, 1748 — Letter to Sarah Gwynne Jr.	21–22
October 10, 1748 — in Journal Letter, Sep. 26–Oct. 27	23
November 12, 1748 — Letter to Sarah Gwynne Jr. (two hymns)	24–25
November 15, [1748] — Letter to Sarah Gwynne Jr.	26
December 20, 1748 — Letter to Sarah Gwynne Jr. (three hymns)	27–29
December 27, 1748 — Letter to Sarah Gwynne Jr.	30–31
December 30–31, 1748 — Letter to Sarah Gwynne Jr.	32
January 5, 1749 — Letter to Sarah Gwynne Jr. (two hymns)	33–35
January 15, 1749 — Letter to Sarah Gwynne Jr. (two hymns)	36–38
January 26, 1749 — Letter to Sarah Gwynne Jr.	39–40
February 5, 1749 — Letter to Sarah Gwynne Jr.	41–42
March 1, 1749 — Letter to Sarah Gwynne Jr.	43–44
March 10–11, 1749 — Letter to Sarah Gwynne Jr.	45–48
April 8, 1749 — Letter to Ebenezer Blackwell	49–50
[Charles Wesley married Sarah Gwynne Jr. in April 1749]	
August 17, 1749 — Letter to Sarah Wesley	51
September 4, 1749 — Letter to Ebenezer Blackwell	52
October 12, 1749 — Letter to Sarah Wesley	53
April 3, 1750 — Letter to Sarah Wesley	54–55
September 10, 1751 — in Journal Letter, Aug. 13–Oct. 3	56–57
August 22, 1752 — Letter to William Lunell	58–59
May 1, 1753 — Letter to Sarah Wesley	60
September 21, 1753 — Letter to Sarah Wesley	61–62
January 7, 1755 — Letter to Sarah Wesley	63
May 17, 1755 — Letter to Sarah Wesley	64
September 13, 1755 — Letter to Sarah Wesley	65–66
December 22, 1755 — Letter to Sarah Wesley	67
April 5, 1760 — Letter to Sarah Wesley	68
July 3, 1764 — Letter to Sarah Wesley	69
November [4,] 1778 — Letter to Edward Walpole	70
June 12, 1780 — Letter to Sarah Wesley Jr.	71
September 17, 1782 — Letter to Sarah Wesley Jr.	72
March 23?, 1784 — Letter to John Langshaw	73

CW Letter to John Wesley, January 20, 1728¹

[Untitled.]

‘Nor yet from my dim Eyes THY form retires!’

(The cold empty starving Grate before me makes me add
the following disconsolate Line.)

Nor cheering image of thine absent Fires.
No longer now on Horrel’s² airy Van,
With Thee shall I admire the subject Plain,
Or where the sight in neighbouring shades is lost,
Or where the lengthned Prospect widens most:
While or the tunefull Poet’s (soothing³) song,
Or Truths Divine flow’d easy from thy Tongue.

¹Location: MARC, DDCW 1/1. The verse included is published posthumously in *Representative Verse*, 257; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:381. This is the earliest known extant piece of Charles Wesley’s verse. As Charles admits in the letter, it is an adaptation of some lines by his brother John Wesley (see MS Miscellany Verses, 39–43).

²“Hinxy’s” is written above “Horrel’s” as an alternative. Horrel is a plantation on a hill to the south of Stanton, Gloucestershire and Hinxy Hill is two miles south of Oxford.

³Word unclear, could be “something.”

CW Journal Letter, April 15–26, 1741¹

[Untitled.]

- 1 Come let us who in Christ believe
 With Saints and Angels join,
Glory, and Praise, and Blessing give,
 And Thanks to Grace Divine!

- 2 Our Friend in sure and certain Hope
 Hath laid her Body down;
She knew that Christ will raise her up,
 And give the Starry² Crown.

- 3 To All who His Appearing love
 He opens Paradise,
And we shall join the Hosts above,
 And we shall grasp the Prize!

- 4 Then let us wait to see His Day,³
 To hear the Welcome Word,
To answer, Lo! we come away,
 We die, to meet our Lord.

¹Location: a photocopy in Frank Baker papers; location of original autograph is unknown. Hymn found in entry for April 22; appears also in *MS Journal* (April 22, 1741). Published in *HSP* (1742), 131 (rendered for a male). Charles Wesley wrote this hymn on the death of Hannah Richardson. Note that Wesley's original letter misdates each day of the week in this journal letter by one (so the hymn is given in the section for April 21 in the original).

²In *MS Journal* Charles wrote "heavenly Crown," then suggested in the margin "starry."

³*MS Journal*: "the Day."

CW Letter to Elizabeth Witham, January 16, 1746¹

**The Widow's Hymn.
To the Tune of—O Son Divine!**

1. O Thou, who plead'st the Widow's Cause,
Who only canst repair my Loss,
And sweeten all my Woe,
Distrest, disconsolate, forlorn
Let me on thy dear Bosom mourn
Nor other Comfort know.
2. A Des'late Soul, Thou knowst, I am,
For Thou hast call'd me by my Name
Thy poor Afflicted One,
Hast in the Fiery Furnace tried,
And chose a Mourner for thy Bride
When all my Joys were gone.
3. The Soul whom more than Life I lov'd
Thy jealous Mercy hath remov'd
To make me wholly Thine,
With streaming Eyes The Hand I see,
And bow me to The Just Decree,
And bless The Love Divine.
4. Still would I pour my mournful Tears,
And all my solemn Days or Years
In sacred Sadness spend,
Instant in strong effectual Prayers,
Till Death release me from my Cares
And Faith in Vision end.
5. For This I in thy Spirit groan;
Forsaken, comfortless, alone
I would with GOD abide,
Cut off from Man to JESUS cleave,
And never for a Moment leave
My Heavenly Bridegroom's Side.

¹Location: MARC, DDCW 1/14a. The hymn included was published in *HSP* (1749), 2:195–96.

6.² Allow, dear Lord, the Widow's Plea,
And O! shut up my Soul with Thee
 Against the [nup]tial Feast,
Make ready for [that] glorious Day,
And then thy Sp[otles]s Bride convey
 To thine Eter[nal] Rest.

²The last four lines of the stanza have a hole in the paper so the missing text is shown in brackets.

CW Journal Letter, July 1–26, 1746¹

[Untitled.]

- 1 Glory, and Thanks, and Praise
 To him that hath the Key!
 Jesus, thy sovereign Grace
 Gives us the Victory,
Baffles the World and Satan's Power,
And open throws the Gospel Door.
- 2 Sin, only Sin cou'd close
 That Door of pard'ning Love,
 But spite of all our Foes
 Thou dost the Bar remove,
The Door again thou openest wide
And show'st Thyself the Crucified.
- 3 Thy Miracles of Grace
 We now repeated see.
 The Dumb sets forth thy Praise,
 The Deaf attends to Thee.
Leaps as a bounding Hart the Lame,
And shews the Powers of JESU'S Name.
- 4 The Lepers are made clean,
 The Blind their Sight receive,
 Quicken'd the Dead in Sin,
 The humble Poor believe
The Gospel of their Sins forgiven,
With GOD himself sent down from Heaven.
- 5 Thankful again we hear
 The all-restoring Sound,
 Again the Comforter
 Within our Coasts is found,
The Saviour at the Door is seen,
Lift up your Hearts and take him in.
- 6 Lord we the Call obey,
 In Thee alone confide,
 Rejoice to see thy Day
 To feel thy Blood applied,
Our Faith has made us whole we know,
And in thy Peace to Heaven we go.

¹Location: MARC, DDCW 6/15. Hymn included at entry for July 25. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:323–24.

CW Letter to Ebenezer Blackwell, July 29, 1746¹

[Untitled.]

- 1 Jesus, thou all-redeeming Lord,
Who preachest still the Gospel-Word
In these thy Spirit's Days,
My helpless Soul with pity see,
And set me now at liberty
By justifying grace.
- 2 Where two or three thy Presence claim,
Assembled in thy Saving Name,
Thy Saving Power is near:
Sure as thou art in heaven above,
Thou in the Spirit of thy Love,
And God in thee is *here*.
- 3 See then, with eyes of mercy see
My desperate Grief, and Misery,
My sore Distress, and Pain,
In all the Impotence of Sin
My Fallen Soul for years hath been,
And bound with Satan's Chain.
- 4 My strong propensity to Ill
My carnal Mind and crooked Will
To only evil prone,
My downward appetites I find,
My Spirit, Soul, and Flesh inclin'd
To earth, and earth alone.
- 5 Myself alas! I cannot raise,
Or lift my heart in Prayer, or Praise,
Or rectify my will,
I own, cut off from Human Hope,
To lift a fallen spirit up
With man Impossible.

¹Location: photocopy in Frank Baker papers; location of original autograph is unclear. Hymn included was published in *HSP* (1749), 1:96–98.

- 6 But O! Thou seest my desprate case:
Pronounce the word of Pardning Grace:
And call me, Lord, to Thee,
Inspeak the Power into my Heart,
And say this moment, "Loos'd thou art
From thine infirmity."
- 7 Lay but thine Hand upon my Soul,
And instantaneously made whole
My soul by faith shall rise,
Shall rise by faith and upright stand,
And answer all thy just command
With all its faculties.
- 8 Strait as the rule, the written Word,
My soul in righteousness restor'd
Thine image shall retrieve,
(That antient rectitude divine),
And bright in thy resemblance shine,
And to thy glory live.
- 9 A child of faithful Abraham I,
On thy Redeeming Love rely
For Life and Liberty;
And ought I not the grace t' obtain,
Releas'd from sin and Satan's chain,
Who trust on only thee?
- 10 Thine, Jesus, thine alone I am;
And *ought* I not my Lord to claim,
With all thy righteousness?
I ought, I DO, thy love receive,
And now thou DOST my sins forgive,
And bid my bondage cease.
- 11 The Sabbath of my soul I see,
The day of Gospel-Liberty,
No more inthrall'd, opprest;
And lo! In Holiness I rise,
To claim the rest of Paradise,
And Heaven's Eternal Rest!

CW Journal Letter, July 27–Aug 10, 1746¹

**After Preaching the Gospel
in Cornwall 1746.**

- 1 All Thanks be to God,
Who scatters abroad
Throughout every Place,
By the Least of his Servants his Saviour of Grace!
Who the Victory gave,
The Praise let Him have,
For the Work He hath done,
All Honour and Glory to Jesus alone.

- 2 Our Conquering Lord
Hath prosper'd the Word,
And made it prevail,
And mightily shaken the Kingdom of hell:
His Arm He hath bar'd,
And a People prepar'd,
His Glory to show,
And witness the Power of his Goodness below.

- 3 He hath open'd a door
To the Penitent Poor,
And rescued from Sin,
And admitted the Harlots and Publicans in:
They have heard the Glad Sound,
They have Liberty found
Thro' the Blood of the Lamb,
And plentiful Pardon in Jesus's Name.

- 4 The Opposers admire
The Hammer and Fire,
Which all things ore' comes,
And breaks the hard Rocks, and the Mountains consumes.
With quiet Amaze
They listen and gaze,
And insensibly join,
Constrain'd to acknowledge The Work is Divine!

¹Location: DDCW 6/16. Hymn appears in August 10 entry. The letter was sent to John Wesley on August 17. The hymn was published in *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 3–5. Charles records writing this hymn in his *MS Journal* (August 11, 1746), quoting the first stanza.

- 5 And shall *we* not sing
 Our Saviour and King?
 Thine Heritage we
With rapture ascribe our Salvation to Thee.
 Thou Jesus hast bless'd,
 And the Faithful increas'd,
 Who thankfully own
We are freely forgiven thro' Mercy alone.
- 6 Thy Spirit revives
 His Work in our Lives,
 His Wonders of Grace
So mightily wrought in the Primitive Days.
 O that all men might know
 His Tokens below,
 Their Saviour confess,
And embrace the glad Tidings of Pardon and Peace!
- 7 Thou Saviour of All,
 Effectually call
 The sinners that stray;
And O! Let a Nation be born in a Day!
 Thy Sign let them see,
 And flow unto Thee
 For Oil and for Wine,
For the blissful Assurance of Favour Divine.
- 8 Our Heathenish Land
 Beneath thy Command
 In Mercy receive,
And make us a Pattern to all that believe:
 Then, then let it spread
 Thy Knowledge and Dread,
 Till the earth is oreflow'd,
And the Universe fill'd with the Glory of GOD!

CW Journal Letter, February 23–25, 1747¹

Thanksgiving.

- 1 Worship, and Thanks, and Blessing
 And Strength ascribe to Jesus!
 Jesus alone
 Defends His own,
 When Earth and Hell oppress us.

Jesus with Joy we witness
Almighty to deliver,
Our Seal set to
That GOD is true,
And reigns a King forever.

- 2 Omnipotent Redeemer,
 Our ransom'd Souls adore Thee,
 Our Saviour Thou,
 We find it Now,
 And give Thee all the Glory.

We sing thine Arm unshortned,
Brought thro' our sore Temptation,
With Heart and Voice,
In Thee rejoice,
The Strength of our Salvation.

- 3 Thine Arm hath safely brought us
 A Way no more expected,
 Than when thy Sheep
 Pass'd thro' the Deep,
 By Chrystal Walls protected.

Thy Glory was our Reerward,
Thine Hands our Lives did cover,
And we, evⁿ we
Have walk'd the Sea!
And march'd triumphant over.

¹Location: MARC, DDCW 4/3a; letter in an unknown secondary hand but hymn (on pp. 6–7) in CW's hand. The hymn was published in *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 27–29. The contents of the journal letter are included in *MS Journal* (February 25, 1747). It is unclear if the hymn was written at this time, or written earlier. The journal letter is the first known evidence of the hymn.

4 Thy Work we now acknowledge,
Thy wondrous Loving-Kindness,
Which skreen'd Thine own
By Means unknown,
And smote our Foes with Blindness.

By Satan's Host surrounded
Thou didst with Patience arm us,
But wouldst not give
The Syrians Leave,
Or Sodom's Sons to harm us.

5 Safe as Devoted Peter
Betwixt the Soldiers sleeping,
Like Sheep we lay
To Wolves a Prey,
Yet still in Jesus Keeping.

Thou from th' Infernal Herod
And Jewish Expectation
Hast set us free:
All Praise to Thee,
GOD of our Salvation!

6 The World and Satan's Malice
Thou, Jesus, hast confounded,
And by thy Grace
With Songs of Praise
Our happy Souls surrounded.

Accepting our Deliverance
We triumph in thy Favour,
And for the Love
Which now we prove,
Shall praise thy Name forever.

CW Letter to Thomas and Sally Witham, December 18, 1747¹

On the Death of Mrs Witham.²

1. And is the happy Spirit fled,
And is She number'd with the Dead
Who live to God above?
Make hast My Soul her Steps pursue,
And fight like her thy Passage thro',
To yon Bright Throne of Love.
2. By her Example fir'd I Rise,
My Blissfull Manton in the Skies
Determin'd to Secure,
And if I Dare Believe the Word,
And follow her as She her Lord,
The Glorious Prize Is Shure.
3. The Speaking Saint Tho' Dead I hear,
Who pass'd her Time in Lowly Fear
Her chearfull Time below:
A Daily Death on Earth She died,
Her Jesus, and him Crucifyed
Resolv'd alone to know.
4. Since first She felt the Sprinkled Blood,
She Never lost her hold of God,
She Never Went Astray;
When Stronger Souls their Lord forsook,
And Shamelessly Threw off the Yoke,
And Cast his Cross away.
5. His welcome cross with Joy She Bore,
And trod the path He trod before
And close pursued the Lamb;
His faithful Confessor She Stood,
And Simply own'd the Dying God,
And Gloried in his Shame.

¹Location: MARC, DDCW 1/16. The hymn included was published in *HSP* (1749), 1:282–86.

²Elizabeth Witham was an early supporter of the Wesley brothers in London, serving as a band leader and often hosting them in her home. She died November 29, 1747. Wesley's letter is to two of her surviving children.

6. Regardless of their Smile, or³ frown,
She calmly on the world Look'd Down,
With Grief, and Wonder Mov'd
That Every Tongue Should Not Confess
And Every Heart Her Lord embrace
Whom More than Life She lov'd.
7. With all her heart She Cleave to God
Her Love by her Obedience shew'd
In all his Statutes Found,
In all the Channels of his Grace,
Her Soul Rever'd the Hallowed place
And kiss'd the Sacred Ground.
8. The New-born Babe Desir'd the Word,
She flew with Joy to Meet her Lord,
Assembled with his own;
In Vain the feeble Body fail'd,
The Soul it's tottring Clay uphel'd,
And liv'd by faith alone.
9. Before the Morning watch her Cry,
Prevail'd with God and from the Sky
Brought Showers of Blessings Down,
Her Treasure, Hart and life was there,
And all her Toil and all her Care
T' inshure the Heavenly Crown.
10. For this She Counted all things Loss,
And Still Took up her Master's Cross,
Her Master's Joy to know,
Above the Reach of Sense and Pride,
Conform'd to Jesus Crucify'd,
And Dead to all below.
11. Her Meat his Counsel to fulfill,
Her Whole Delight to Do his Will,
The Task of Love Sincere
With daily Transport to Repeat,
And wash his dear Disciples Feet,
And Serve his Members here.

³“And” is suggested as an alternate to “or.”

12. Her fervent Zeal What Tongue Can Tell?
Her Wise and Calm tho' fervent Zeal
Poor pretious Souls to win!
Her Artless Eloquence Constrain'd,
Her Simple Charity Unfeign'd
Compell'd them to Come in.
13. Resolv'd her House Should Serve the Lord
The Parent Unto Him Restor'd
The Children he had Given,
Her Care and them on God She Cast
The wife her husband Sav'd at last,
And follow'd him to Heaven.
14. Awhile She lay Detain'd beneath,
To Tryumph or'e Approaching Death,
The truth to Testifye:
To aid the Church With Mighty Prayers,
And Deal her Blessings to her Heirs,
And Teach us how to die.
15. More than Resign'd in Mortal Pain,
How joyfully did she sustain,
And Bless the welcome Load!
"Do what ye will with this weak Clay,
"But O! The soul ye cannot slay,
"Or keep me from my God.
16. "My God hath call'd me hence," she cried,
"The Lamb hath now prepar'd his Bride,
"And sign'd my soul's Release;
"I rest within the Arms Divine,
"He *is*, he *is* forever Mine,
"The Lord My Righteousness.
17. "In Life and Death I Bless his Name,
"Who sent his servants to proclaim
"To me his Gospel Word:
"That word hath sav'd Me from all Sin;
"And ye My Friends abide therein,
"And ye shall see *My* Lord.

18. “Obedient Faith in Jesu’s Blood,
“This is the way that leads to God,
“That saves your dying Friend,
“To Jesus and his servants cleave,
“His word and Ordinance receive,
“And Ye shall soon ascend.

19. “The Gate shall be display’d to you,
“The gate I now am passing thro’,
“My heavenly bliss to share:
“My mounting soul is on the wing,
“I hear the saints on Sion sing,
“I die to Meet them *there!*”

CW Letter to Sarah Gwynne Jr., March 1748¹

[Untitled.]

- [1] Thou wretched man of sorrow,
 Whose eyes all day o'erflow,
Indulge thy grief, and borrow
 The night for further woe;
In ceaseless lamentation
 The solemn moments spend,
And groan thine expectation,
 That pain with life shall end.
- 2 'Till then in fixt despair
 Of all relief I live,
My utmost burthen bear,
 And now retire to grieve,
To *taste* my *only* pleasure,
 In secret sighs complain,
Augment my mournful treasure,
 And aggravate my pain.
- 3 To pain, and grief inur'd
 I from the womb have been,
And all the rage endur'd,
 And all the shame of sin,
Wander'd my 40 years
 Throughout the Desert wide,
And in ten thousand fears
 Ten thousand deaths have died.
- 4 Eternal death's sad sentence
 I still, alas! receive,
With fruitless, vain repentance
 For final mercy grieve;
The torment of temptation
 I every moment feel,
As doom'd to desperation,
 As rushing into hell.

¹Location: MARC, DDCW 6/92f. The hymn included was published in *HSP* (1749), 2:66–68. This is a later copy of a letter sent mid March 1748 from Ireland to Sarah Gwynne. The original is apparently no longer extant.

- 5 My comforts all are blasted,
My comforter is gone:
The joy which once I tasted,
O that I ne'er had known!
The gourd which sooth'd my anguish,
Is wither'd o'er my head,
And faint with grief I languish
To sink among the dead!
- 6 From all I suffer here,
If God my sins forgive
From all I feel, and fear
I there redeem'd shall live:
No serpent to deceive me,
No sin to stain my thought,
No loss, or wrong to grieve me,
Where all things are forgot.
- 7 Of Paradise secure,
I shall no longer mourn;
The bliss is full, and sure,
The rose without a thorn,
No heart distracting passion
Is there to break my peace,
But joy without cessation,
And love without excess.
- 8 Safe on the happy shore,
My soul the storm defies,
Where pain afflicts no more,
And grief no longer cries:
In that celestial city
From all our toils we cease,
And lose our sighing pity
In universal peace.
- 9 In hope of that Salvation
I feel a moment's rest,
The calm of expectation
Has stole into my breast;
I weep at rescue near,
I struggle to be gone,
And joy is in the tear,
And GOD is in the groan.

CW Letter to Sarah Gwynne Jr., August 9, 1748¹

To the Tune of — “Thanks be to God Alone”

- [1.] Thou Heavenly LOVE, from whom
 All holy Passions come,
Hear my Faith's availing cry,
 Now² the peaceful answer send,
Author of the social Tie,
 Giver of my Bosom-Friend.
2. My Bosom-Friend receive,
 Whom back to Thee I give:
Strengthen'd by thy Spirit's Power,
 Her I chearfully resign,
Thankfully the Loan restore,
 Leave her — in the arms divine.
3. Far from the soul remov'd,
 Whom next to thee I lov'd,
Still I bear her on my Heart,
 To thy tenderest Care commend:
With us both if Now Thou art,
 Be our Everlasting Friend.
- 4 With us thro' Life abide,
 And to thy Glory guide,
Give us, Lord, if not below,
 Give us, Lord, to meet above,
All the Mystery to know,
 All the Heighth of Heavenly Love.
- 5 My longing³ Soul prepare
 To meet my daughter there;
Her to see at thy Right-hand,
 Fair with Loveliness Divine,
With her in thy Sight to stand,
 With her in thy Praise to join.

¹Location: MARC, DDCW 5/66. The hymn included appears also in MS Friendship I, 23–24; and MS Friendship II, 24–26. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:286–88.

²Ori., “And.”

³Ori., “happy.”

- 6 For this Immortal Hope
 I freely give her up:
Only keep her to that Day—
 Or if more I may request,
Let me First escape away,
 Let me gain an Earlier Rest.
- 7 My Residue of Years
 Cut short, and add to Hers:
Or if Mercy hath ordain'd
 Both at once should take our Flight,
Let us both at once ascend,
 Now obtain the Blissful Sight.
- 8 Now — or whene'er thy Will
 Shall call us to the Hill:
Only give us Hearts to pray
 Till thy Arms receive us home,
“Come, Redeemer, come away,
 Come away, to Judgment come.”

CW Letter to William Lunell, August 21, 1748¹

Epitaph

A Follower of the Bleeding Lamb
Her Burthen here laid down,
The Cross of Jesus' Pain and Shame
Exchanging for a Crown.

True Witness for her Pardoning Lord,
Whose Blood she felt applied,
She kept the Faith, obey'd the Word,
And lived a Saint, and died.

Reader, her Life and Death approve,
Believe thy Sins forgiven;
Be pure in Heart, be fill'd with Love,
And follow Her to Heaven.

¹Location: MARC, DDCW 1/17. The epitaph included appears also in MS Richmond, 89; and MS Six, 25. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:436. The epitaph is for Lunell's second wife, Anne (*née* Gratton), who died in August 1748.

CW Letter to Sarah Gwynne Jr., September 17, 1748¹

- [1.] Two are Better far than One
For Counsel or for Fight!.
How can One be warm alone,
Or serve his GOD aright?
Join we then our Hearts & Hands,
Haste my S[iste]r, D[aughte]r, Friend,
Run the Way of His Commands,
And keep them to the End.
2. Woe to Him, whose Spirits droop
To Him, who falls *alone*!
He has none to lift him up,
And help his Weakness on:
Happier We each other keep,
We each other's Burthen bear:
Never *need* our Footsteps slip,
Upheld by *mutual* Prayer.
3. Who of Twain hath made us One,
Maintains our Unity,
Jesus is the Corner-Stone
In whom we Both agree;
Servants of our Common Lord,
Sweetly of one Heart and Mind,
Who can break a Threefold Cord,
Or part whom GOD hath join'd?
4. Breaths as in us both One Soul,
When most distinct in Place,
Interposing Oceans roll
Nor hinder our Embrace:
Each as on *his* Mountain stands,
Reach our Hearts across the Flood,
Join our Hearts, if not our Hands,
And sing the Pardning GOD.
5. O that All with us might prove
The Fellowship of Saints!
Find supplied in Jesus Love
What every Member wants:
Gain we our high Calling's Prize,

¹Location: MARC, DDCW 7/49. The hymn included appears also in MS Friendship I, 33–34; and MS Friendship II, 44–45. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:309–310. A handy comparison of variants between the appearances is available in *Representative Verse*, 202–203.

Feel our Sins in Christ forgiven,
Rise, to all His Image rise,
And meet our Head in Heaven.

CW Journal Letter, Sept. 26–Oct. 27, 1748¹

Thanksgiving for Our Deliverance from Shipwreck

- 1 All praise to the Lord,
Who rules with a word
The untractable Sea,
And limits its Rage by his stedfast Decree:
Whose Providence binds,
Or releases the Winds,
And compels them again
At his Beck to put on the invisible Chain.

- 2 Even now he hath heard
Our cry, and appear'd
On the face of the Deep,
And commanded the Tempest its distance to keep:
His piloting Hand
Hath brought us to Land,
And no longer distrest,
We are joyful again in the Haven to rest.

- 3 O that all men would raise
Their tribute of praise,
His Goodness declare,
And thankfully sing of his fatherly care!
With rapture approve
His Dealings of Love,
And the Wonders proclaim
Perform'd by the virtue of Jesu[s]'s name!

- 4 Thro' Jesus alone
He delivers his own,
And a Token doth send
That his Love shall direct us, and save to the End:
With Joy we embrace
The Pledge of his Grace,
In a moment outfly
These Storms of Affliction, and land in the Sky.

¹Location: MARC, DDCW 6/23. Hymn appears in entry for October 10. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:235–36. Charles records the deliverance reflected in this hymn in his *MS Journal* (October 10, 1748).

CW Letter to Sarah Gwynne Jr., November 12, 1748¹

[Hymn 1]

To – Come to the Judgment, Come Away!²

- [1.] Gracious Lord, how long shall I
Tremble at thy Comforts nigh,
Taste with Fear my pleasant Food,
Start from every Creature-Good?
2. Kept in Awe by my own Heart,
Lest thy Gifts I still pervert,
Still thy Holy Things prophane,
Turn thy Blessings into Bane,
3. Never sure, was Heart like mine,
Heart so contrary to Thine,
None so wholly lost as me,
Lost in vile Idolatry.
4. Thus I from my Birth³ have been
Grace abusing into Sin,
Poorer for the Plenty given,
Wretched thro' the Smiles of Heaven.
5. But, my Lord, I cry to Thee,
Must it thus forever be?
Must I still thy Gifts abuse,
Lose them all, and more than lose!
6. Shall I force Thee, Lord, to take
Thy perverted Blessings back?
Blast with my infectious Breath,
Doom my *Fondled* Joys to Death?
7. Shall my most *suspected* Love
Hurtful to its Object prove,
Soon in double Ruin end,
Fatal to my dearest Friend!
8. Rather let my Soul depart,

¹Location: The original of this letter is apparently lost, but there is a copy in Charles Wesley's hand at the end of MS Acts (MARC, accession number MA 1977/555), 557–60.

²MS Acts, 559. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:300–301.

³Ori., “the W[omb].”

Stop the Panting of my Heart,
Speak again my Sins forgiven,
Sweep me off from Earth to Heaven!

[Hymn 2]

To — Jesus, God of my Salvation⁴

- [1.] GOD of Universal Nature,
Author of my Life and End,
My most merciful Creator,
Still thy weakest Child defend,
Guard thro' Life's important Hour,
Till my Eden I regain,
Quit the Desart for the Bower,
Die from Earth in Heaven to reign.
2. If I ever felt thy Drawing,
Give me, Lord, to feel it still,
Now to feel thy Love or' eawing
All the motions of my Will:
Now, when most I need Assistance,
Will my GOD his Ear avert?
Canst Thou keep an angry Distance,
Leave me to my wretched Heart?
3. If Thou gav'st the Piercing Fear
Which I every Moment find,
Lest my Heart should linger here,
Leave a single Wish behind;
Guide me by thy Love's Direction,
From all earthly Passions free,
Seize, O GOD, my whole Affection,
Swallow up my Soul in Thee.
4. Place me in that happiest Station,
Where I most may taste thy Grace,
Most advance my own Salvation,
Most display my Maker's Praise;
Chuse on Earth my whole Condition,
Only give my Spirit Rest,
Fill at last my Vast Ambition,
Take me, Father, to thy Breast!

⁴MS Acts, 559–60. Appears also in MS Courtship, 4; and MS Deliberative, 4. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:271–72.

CW Letter to Sarah Gwynne Jr., November 15, 1748¹

[Untitled]²

- [1.] Thou God of Faithful Mercies, hear!
If plainly now begin t' appear
 The Tokens of thy Will,
Our hearts prepare by just Degrees,
With calm Delight and perfect Peace
 Thy Pleasure to fulfil.
2. Refrain our Souls, and keep them low,
In every State resolv'd to know
 Our Jesus Crucified;
In simple childlike Purity,
Preserve us, Lord, alive to Thee
 And dead to All beside.³
3. Whene'er thy Providential Voice
Confirms our long-suspended Choice,
 And fixes our Estate,
Or let us *for the better* meet,
And fall adoring at thy Feet,
 And there forever wait.
4. We would, Thou knowst, *we* would be Thine,
In Jesus' Name and Spirit join
 Thy glory to display,
To chear and help each other on
Till Both appear before thy Throne
 Triumphant, at that Day!

¹Location: MARC, DDWes 4/52. The letter ends with Wesley saying that he is sure he does not need to tell Sarah the subject of the hymn. But no hymn is attached. The hymn that was included is almost certainly the looseleaf manuscript transcribed here.

²MARC, accession number MA 1977/594/2 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 5). Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:223–24.

³Ori., “below.”

CW Letter to Sarah Gwynne Jr., December 20, 1748¹

[Hymn 1]

To the Tune of – Jesus, dear departed Lord²

- [1.] Holy sanctifying Dove,
GOD of Truth, and GOD of Love,
On my feeble Soul descend,
On my dearest earthly Friend.
Come, and all our wants supply,
Now the Cleansing Blood apply
Now our Little Faith increase,
Fill us now with perfect Peace.

2. Lead us Thou our Constant Guide,
Witness in our hearts abide,
Earnest of the Joys to come,³
Make our Souls thy Glorious Home:
Every pretious Promise seal,
All the Depths of GOD reveal,
Keep us to that happy Day,
Bear us on thy Wings away.

3. If Thou didst the Grace impart,
Mad'st us of One Mind and Heart,
Still our friendly Souls unite
Partners in the Realms of Light;
Let us there together soar,
Meet above to part no more,
There our ravish'd Spirits join,
Mingled, lost in LOVE Divine.

¹Location: MARC, DDWes 4/53. The letter was written December 20–21 and postmarked December 23. It mentions three hymns that are enclosed. These are surely the three hymns written on a single manuscript page that are transcribed here.

²MARC, DDWes 1/39. Appears also in MS Friendship I, 22; and MS Friendship II, 22–23. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:285.

³Ori., “Every pretious promise seal.”

[Hymn 2]

To the Tune of – Father our hearts we lift⁴

- [1.] Father of mercies hear,
 And send the Blessing down,
In answer to this Fervent Prayer
 Presented thro' thy Son:
 The Friend, whom for his sake
 Thou hast on me bestow'd,
Into thy Arms, thy Bosom take,
 And fill her Heart with GOD.
2. Now now her Heart inspire
 With Wisdom from above,
And pure Delight, and chaste Desire,
 And everlasting Love:
 Her of thy Pardning Grace
 This moment certify,
And make her meet to see thy Face,
 And reign above the Sky.
3. Do for her, dearest Lord,
 Above what I can pray,
And keep, to all thy Charms restor'd,
 Thy Bride against that Day!
 To her with Glory crown'd
 The highest Throne be given,
But let me too in Heaven be found,
 Found at her Feet in Heaven!

⁴MARC, DDWes 1/39. Appears also in MS Friendship I, 25; and MS Friendship II, 32–33.
Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:291–92.

[Hymn 3]

To – The Lord my pasture shall prepare⁵

- [1.] Jesus, with kind Compassion see
Two souls that woud be One in Thee,
If now accepted in thy Sight,
Our childlike simple hearts unite,
Allow us, while on Earth to prove,
The noblest Joys of Heavenly Love.

2. Before thy Glorious Eyes we spread
The Wish that did from Thee proceed,
Our Love from earthly Dross refine,
Holy, Angelical, Divine
O let it its Great Author shew,
And back to the Pure fountain flow.

3. A Drop of That Unbounded Sea
O GOD, absorb it into Thee,
While both our souls with restless Strife
Spring up into Eternal Life,
And lost in endless Raptures prove
Thy whole Immensity of LOVE.

4. A Spark of That Etherial Fire,
Still may it to its Source aspire,
Intensely for thy glory burn,
To Heaven in every Wish return,
With both our Souls fly up to Thee,
And blaze thro' all Eternity!

⁵MARC, DDWes 1/39. Appears also in MS Friendship I, 1–2; and MS Friendship II, 9. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:274–75.

CW Letter to Sarah Gwynne Jr., December 27, 1748¹

[Untitled]

- [1.] And is there Hope for me
 In Life's distracting Maze,
And shall I live on Earth to see
 A few unruffled Days?
 A Man if Sorrows I,
 A sufferer from the Womb,
Twas all my Hope in Peace to die,
 And rest within my Tomb.
2. How then can I conceive
 A Good for me design'd
The greatest GOD Himself could give,
 The Parent of Mankind?
 A good by Sovereign Love
 To sinless Adam given
His joyous Paradise t' improve,
 And turn his Earth to Heaven.
3. GOD of unbounded Grace,
 If yet Thou wilt bestow
On me the Vilest of the Race
 Thy choicest Gift below;
 My drooping Heart prepare
 The Blessing to receive
And bid the Child of sad Despair
 With Confidence Believe.
4. My new and strange Distress
 To Thee I simply own,
Inur'd to Pain I start from Peace
 And dread a *Good* unknown:
 My Heart Thou seest it ache
 Its dearest Wish t' obtain
And know'st my Fear of measuring back
 My steps to Earth again.

¹Location: MARC, DDWes 4/56. The hymn included was published posthumously in *Representative Verse*, 266–68; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:231–33.

5. Assure my trembling Soul²
 Of thy decisive Will
My endless Doubts and Fears controul,
 And bid my Heart be still:
 Regard thy Servant's Call
 And shed thy Love abroad,
The Sign Infallible that all
 My Works are wrought in GOD.
- 6 Thou, Lord, direct my Ways,
 On all my Counsels shine
And lead by thine unerring Grace
 This feeble Soul of mine;
 Thy Pard'ning Love reveal
 In Proof of thy Decree,
And stamp Her with thy Spirit's Seal,
 The Friend *design'd* for me.
- 7 With stedfast Faith and Love
 Let me thy Creature take
As a good Angel from above,
 Sent down for Jesus' sake.
 Not to inthrall my Will
 Not to put out my Eyes
But fix my Heart and fire my Zeal
 And lift me to the Skies.

8

I have not time to finish: Your heart will say Amen to a prayer in which yourself are so nearly concerned. I make mention of you in every prayer; but want to pray without ceasing; or rather to offer up my last prayer, and then meet you at the throne, to join in the new everlasting song of praise to GOD and the Lamb!

L[ondo]n. Tues. Nt.”

²Ori., “Heart.”

CW Letter to Sarah Gwynne Jr., December 30–31, 1748¹

On the Death of Alexander White.

- [1.] O what a Soul-transporting Sight
Mine eyes to-day have seen,
A spectacle of strange Delight
To Angels, and to Men!
Nor Human Language can express,
Nor Tongue of Angels paint
The vast Mysterious Happiness
Of a Departing Saint!
- [2.] See there, ye Misbelieving Race,
The Wisdom from above!
Behold in that pale, smiling Face
The Power of Him we love.
How calmly through the Mortal Vale
He walks with Christ his Guide,
And treads down all the powers of Hell,
And owns The Crucified!

¹Location: MARC, DDCW 5/11. Wesley speaks of “beginning the hymn” in this letter, giving only the first two stanzas. The completed hymn with fourteen stanzas was later published in *HSP* (1749), 2:83–86. Charles also records writing this hymn in his *MS Journal* (December 31, 1748).

CW Letter to Sarah Gwynne Jr., January 5, 1749¹

I²

- [1.] The Lot, the Fatal Lot,
 Into the Lap is cast!
But God, whose Mercy changeth not,
 Shall order all at last;
 His Wisdom shall dispose
 The Intricate Event,
His glaring Providence disclose
 The Thing his Goodness *meant*.
2. Th' Imaginary Power
 Of Chance let Others fear,
We know, the GOD our Hearts adore,
 A GOD for ever near,
 Who suffers Impious Fools
 His Footsteps to blaspheme,
But kindly all th' Affairs orerules
 Of Those that trust in Him!
3. Great GOD of Truth and Love,
 We trust in Thee alone,
Led by the Wisdom from above
 In Paths we have not known:
 Blind helpless Children, we
 Would all thy Steps pursue,
But till Thou giv'st us Eyes to see,
 We know not what to do.
4. Yet, O Almighty Lord,
 Thy Power is on our Side,
Thy tender Love, and faithful Word,
 In which we still confide;
 Thou wilt for Us appear,
 Before thy Servants go,
And make the hidden Counsel clear,
 And make the Mountains flow.

¹Location: MARC, DDCW 5/15. The letter includes two hymns.

²Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:236–37.

5. Thine Arm Thou soon shalt bare,
Descending from above,
Our Work assign, our Way prepare,
And every Bar remove;
Thy Love's resistless Might
Shall burst the brazen Gate,
And turn the Darkness into Light,
The Crooked into Strait.
6. Of this we rest secure,
Thy Counsel must take place,
Thy Promise stands entire and sure
To all the Faithful Race:
And we with Joy receive
Whate'er thy love decree,
Who never wilt forsake or leave
The Souls that look to Thee.

II³

- [1.] How safe and happy we
Who dare in GOD confide,
Secure of full Prosperity
With Jesus on our Side:
If He the Counsel speed
We cannot lose our Pains,
For why, the Cause must needs succeed
Which GOD Himself maintains.
2. His Providential Will
Tho' Earth's whole Power oppose,
The Lord is King, and reigneth still,
Or'e all his restless Foes:
Shall Man abortive make
What GOD's Design hath done?
As well an Arm of Flesh might⁴ shake
The Everlasting Throne.

³Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:238.

⁴Ori., "may."

3. Here then, O Lord, we rest
 In thy Almighty Love,
Whate'er thy Will appoints is best,
 And must successful prove:
 Our Forwardness of Choice
 We cheerfully resign
And listen for the Secret Voice
 That whispers thy Design.

4. Thy great Design we know
 To save our Souls at last;
But order all our Life below
 Till all our Life is past;
 That let us do and be
 Which most delights thy Eyes
And chuse what brings us nearest Thee,
 Our Bridegroom in the Skies.

CW Letter to Sarah Gwynne Jr., January 15, 1749¹

[Untitled.]²

- [1.] Stop, foolish Tears! The GOD of Love
Who orders all in Heaven above,
 Who orders all beneath,
His Providence in on my³ Side,
And thro' a Wretched Life shall guide
 And thro' an Happy Death.

2. While in the Weeping Vale I stay,
Tho' rough and lonesome be my Way,
 To None but Mourners known,
One Sovereign Remedy remains,
To mitigate the Loser's Pains
 When all my Joys are gone.

3. A Remedy, that never fails,
But comforts, when the World prevails
 Two Bosom-Friends to part,
Still nearest at my greatest Need,
To banish all my Pain and Dread,
 And break this Pining Heart.

4. To that sure Refuge in Distress,
That Haven from Tempestuous Seas
 O may I calmly fly,
Forget my Loss, and Fear, and Shame,
And *joyous as a Bridegroom* claim
 My Priviledge *To die!*

5. To die in Christ is greatest Gain,
To die — is but to lose my Pain,
 To win a doubtful Race,
A weary Pilgrimage to end,
And grasp my Everlasting Friend,
 And see his loveliest Face.

¹Location: MARC, DDCW 5/20. The letter contains two hymns.

²Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:239–40.

³Ori., “thy.”

6. And shall I then lament and droop
As Heathens sorrowing without Hope
For Loss of Friends below,
Or rather loos'd from all I love,
More freely seek the Realms above,
And quit the House of Woe!
7. The House of Woe I soon shall quit,
Again my Friend, and Daughter meet
And claim her for my own,
Distinguish'd in the Virgin Throng⁴
And sing with her the Marriage-Song
Around the glorious Throne!

[Untitled.]⁵

1. Lord, we long to know thy Pleasure,
Lift our Eyes
To the Skies,
Humbly wait thy Leizure.
2. Fixt in solemn Expectation
We remain
To obtain
Thy Determination.
3. Bliss or Mis'ry never ending
On a Word
Of our Lord
Still we see depending.
4. Crush'd with heavy Grief and Fear
Till thy Will
Thou reveal,
All thy Counsel Clear.
5. Till thine Arm made bare before us
Fear remove;
Till⁶ thy Love
To thy Heaven restore us.
6. Calmest Peace and meekest Patience

⁴Ori., "An Heavenly Refuge will avail."

⁵Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:240–41.

⁶Ori., "To."

Now impart,
Either⁷ Heart
Fill with Supplications.

7. Pour on Both the Pleading Spirit,
Spirit to pray
Night and Day,
Bought by Jesus' Merit.
8. Let us in Continual Prayer
Cast on GOD
All our Load,
All our Grief and Care.
9. Thee in all thy Ways confessing
Gracious still,
In thy Will
Gladly acquiescing.
10. Blest with perfect Resignation
Till we prove
All thy Love,
All thy great Salvation!

⁷Ori., "Keep."

CW Letter to Sarah Gwynne Jr., January 26, 1749¹

[Untitled.]

- [1.] Father of Compassions, hear
 For Jesus sake alone;
 If we see thy Hand *appear*
 And mark thy Work *begun*,
 O confirm the Sacred Sign
And all thine outstretch'd Arm make bare,
 Send us down the Gift Divine,
 The Grace of Faith and Prayer.
2. Fain we would distinctly see
 The Counsel of thy Will,
 Hangs our trembling Soul on Thee,
 And waits thy Leizure still.
 Till the Perfect Light shall shine
And all thy Heavenly Mind declare,
 Send us down &c.²
3. Least³ we miss the dubious Way,
 Our wretched Souls deceive,
 Give us hearts to watch and pray,
 That Inward Witness give;
 Let Him Now attest us Thine,
The Objects of thy dearest Care,
 Send us down &c.
4. Power to ask, in Jesus' Name,
 We now *agree t'* implore,
 Grant the Benefit we claim,
 The Supplicating Power,
 Join us, in One Spirit join,
Tho' still distinct our Bodies are,
 Send us down &c.

¹Location: MARC, DDWes 1/40. The hymn included was published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:235–36.

²I.e., here and in the next three stanzas the last two lines of verse 1 are to be repeated.

³I.e. lest.

5. Give us Faith on Him to look
Whom we have pierc'd, and mourn
Him, who all our Sins has took,
And all our Sorrow born,
Him who did his Life resign,
That we his Life again might share,
Send us down &c.

6. Give the Double Blessing, Lord,
And O! persist to give,⁴
Till in Perfect Love restor'd
To Thee we wholly live,
Till that Heavenly Quire we join
And sing the Lamb's Espousals there,
Send us down the Gift Divine,
The Grace of Faith and Prayer.

⁴Ori.: 6. To thy mournful Servants, Lord
The double Blessing give,

CW Letter to Sarah Gwynne Jr., February 5, 1749¹

[Untitled.]

- [1.] O Thou, whose kindly constant Care
Hath saved me from the Adverse Power,
Preserv'd from many a Latent Snare,
And kept to this Important Hour,
In this Important Hour defend
And guard me to my Blissful End.
2. The Springs of Human Deeds to Thee,
The Issues all are fully known,
Thine Eyes our whole Duration see,
The Actions Past, the Work Undone,
Alike are Present in thy Sight,
Whose Wisdom orders all Things right.
3. Thou read'st the care that heaves my Breast,
The Dread Design I now pursue:
But is it good? but is it Best?
The Thing Thyself wouldst have me do,
Then let me all thy Pleasure feel,
Thy Love's Irrefragable Seal.
4. In sweet convincing Love come down,
My Father's Hope, my Soul's Desire,
Thou GOD that hear'st th' unutter'd Groan,
Thou GOD that answerest by Fire,
Bid all my Fears and Bodings cease
And fill my Heart with Prayer and Peace.
5. Send me not hence unless thy Love
In every Step my Soul attend:
I linger, till the Cloud remove,
I wait to see the Fire descend,
To lead me as thy Love sees best,
And bring to that Eternal Rest.

¹Location: MARC, DDCW 5/25. The hymn included was published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:241–42.

6. For this with childlike Awe I wait
 To catch th' Indubitable Sign,
T' accept from Thee my whole Estate,
 And prove the Perfect Will Divine;
Save *as* Thou wilt, but save Thine own,
My Leader to the Land unknown.

7. For this I unto Being came,
 For this I in the Flesh abide,
To know thy Will, to love thy Name,
 And walk to Heaven with Thee my Guide,
My Lord, and Counsellour, and Friend,
My Gracious Source, my Glorious End.

CW Letter to Sarah Gwynne Jr., March 1, 1749¹

Wrote Monday, Feb. 27,
in journeying from Garth to Bristol

- [1.] O GOD, my Refuge in Distress,
My Strength and Shield, my Rock and Tower,
Save me from seeming Happiness,
And rescue in the Prosperous Hour.
2. With childlike Awe, and humble Hope,
Help in the Prosp'rous Hour I claim,
Help on the Mighty One laid up,
For all who ask in Jesus name.
3. If taught by thy Intending Grace
The Littleness of Life I know,
And count aright my fleeting Days,
And long to leave this House of Woe;
4. Confirm in me the Pure Desire,
Nor let thy trembling Servant rest
Till Thou my weary Soul require,
And take me up into thy Breast.
5. Thou know'st my every Hope and Fear,
Thou seest my Heart without Disguise,
I would not have my Comfort *here*,
Or seek an *Earthly* Paradise.
6. I would not to thy Creature cleave,
Obtain the Drop, and lose the Sea;
Thou, Thou art all, and Thine receive
Their Happiness compleat in Thee.
7. But for Thou know'st my feeble Heart,
If *here* it *basely* chuse to stay,
Force me with all thy Gifts to part
And tear my lingring Soul away.

¹Location: MARC, DDCW 5/30. The hymn included was published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:243–44.

8. Behold me with thy Flaming Eyes,
My Idols all far off remove,
Or snatch me up beyond the Skies,
And there secure my Constant Love.
9. I can believe thy faithful Word,
That thou wilt *first* my Soul prepare,
Meet for the Presence of my Lord,
And strong thy Brightest Face to bear.
10. Come then, my Heavenly Bridegroom, come,
Or now the *mortal* Angel send,
Lead by the Chambers of the Tomb,
And bid my Days of Danger end.
11. In swift preventing Love appear,
Me from Myself this Moment save,
My only Chariot be the Bier,
My only Bridebed be the Grave.
12. Beyond the Grave my Views extend,
Above the Clouds my Hopes aspire,
Come, O my everlasting Friend
And wrap me to yon dazling Quire.
13. Thou art my glorious Calling's Prize,
My All in All Thou only Art,
Answer the Bride, who ever cries,
"O GOD — tis better to depart!"
14. Me, and my happy *Partner* seize,
Renew'd, and perfected in One,
Give us, hasten that Endless Bliss,
And now to meet — before thy Throne.

CW Letter to Sarah Gwynne Jr., March 10–11, 1749¹

Friday, 9 March, 1749²

1. O my GOD, my gracious GOD,
I seek for Help to Thee,
Crush'd beneath a Mountain-Load
Of sad Perplexity:
Thou alone canst grant me Ease,
And take the Mountain-Load away,
Help my deepest, last Distress,
And give me Power to pray.

2. Sore beset on every Side
With Dangers, Doubts and Snares,
Can I from my Saviour hide
The Weight my Spirit bears?
Still these cruel Fears oppress,
And fill my Soul with huge Dismay,
Help my deepest, &c.³

3. Least the Enemy prevail
And tear away my Hope,
While my Fate is in the Scale,
These feeble Hands lift up:
Least the World it Captive seize,
And Sense my softned Soul betray,
Help my deepest, &c.

4. Jealous for thy People be,
And for thy glorious Cause,
Leave them not, great GOD, thro' me
To suffer Shame or Loss;
Let not Sin thro' me increase,
But roll the dire Reproach away,
Help my deepest, &c.

¹Location: MARC, DDCW 5/33. The letter contains two full hymns and a fragment that Wesley struck out.

²Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:131–33.

³I.e., here and through stanza 7, the last two lines of stanza 1 are to be repeated.

5. If to me in Drawing Love
Thou didst of old appear,
Still attract me from above,
And keep my Heart sincere,
If thy Mercies never cease,
Support me in this evil Day
Help my deepest, &c.
6. Could I ask the promis'd Grace,
I should the Grace obtain,
Never Sinner sought thy Face,
And sought thy Face in vain;
Sure I am of full Success,
If Thou vouchsafe a Pitying Ray,
Help my deepest, &c.
7. Open, Lord, my willing Ear,
And my Obedient Heart,
Let my loosen'd Tongue declare
How wise and good Thou art;
That I may thy Praise express
Pronounce the sighing Ephphatha,
Help my deepest, &c.
8. Saviour, Friend of sinful Man,
I will not let Thee go,
Till the Secret Thou explain,
And all thy Counsel shew;
Never will I hold my peace
But still with struggling Anguish say,
See my deepest, last Distress,
And give me Power to pray.

[Untitled Fragment, struck out]⁴

~~Prophet Divine, who knowst alone
The dread Paternal Deity,
Who only canst to us make known,
Reveal his Will concerning me,
And guide~~

⁴Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:433.

[Untitled]⁵

- [1.] Searcher of Hearts, the Wise, the Good
Who knowst what is in Wretched Man,
Who bear'st the weary Sinner's Load,
And feel'st the anxious Mourner's Pain;
2. To Thee for Light we still apply
In thickest Clouds of Doubt and Fear,
And listen for the Midnight Cry
And long to see thy Face appear.
3. If now, O GOD, Thou hast begun
Thy secret Counsel to display,
Open, and make it fully known,
And shine upon our Certain Way.
4. O let it not our Lord displease,
That trembling still we ask a Sign,
Whose All of Hope and Happiness
Is centered in the Will Divine.
5. We ask (but not to tempt Thee, Lord)
Thy Will infallibly to know,
And led by One Decisive Word,
In Peace and Confidence to go.
6. Thy only Peace can be the Seal,
Our weak unsettled Hearts assure,
And ascertain thy welcome Will
And make us happily secure.
7. O by the Comforts of Thy Grace
The Counsel of thy Will declare,
Unveil the Brightness of thy Face
And fill our Hearts with Faith and Prayer.
8. With Love Divine our Wishes crown,
And sweetly speak our Sins forgiven,
Th' Abiding Comforter send down,
And bless us with a Sign from Heaven.

⁵Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:233–34.

9. Thyself with thy great Father come,
Come quickly to thy Human Shrine,
Enlarge our Hearts to make Thee room,
T' admit the Plenitude Divine.
10. Soon as thy lovely Face appears,
We *have* the Sign our Soul requires
To satisfy our endless Fears,
And crown our Infinite Desires.
11. But can we ask (when Thou art Ours,)
Or want each other's feeble Aid?
Possessors of the Heavenly Powers,
Again in all thy Image made!
12. Our all-sufficient Bliss Thou art,
All Fulness dwells in Thee alone,
Now, Saviour, now in either Heart
Erect thine everlasting Throne.
13. So shall we cheerfully forego
Our Comforts *here* for Those above,
Or pure in Heart with Angles know
The Dignity of Social Love.
14. So shall we meet in Jesus Name
And Hand in Hand at last ascend,
Fit for the Marriage of the Lamb,
And call'd to Joys that never end.

CW Letter to Ebenezer Blackwell, April 8, 1749¹

[Untitled.]

1. Come, thou everlasting Lord,
By our trembling Hearts ador'd,
Come thou heaven-descended Guest,
Bidden to the Marriage Feast;
Sweetly, in the midst appear,
With thy chosen followers here,
Grant us the peculiar grace,
Shew to all thy glorious face.
2. Now the veil of sin withdraw,
Fill our Souls with sacred awe,
Awe that dares not speak or move,
Reverence of humble love;
Love that doth its Lord descry,
Ever intimately nigh,
Hears, whom it exults to see,
Feels the Present Deity.
3. Let on us thy Spirit rest,
Dwell in each devoted breast,
Still with thy Disciples sit,
Still thy works of grace repeat:
Now the antient wonders show,
Manifest thy power below,
All our thoughts, exalt, refine,
Turn the water into wine.
4. Stop the hurrying spirit's haste,
Change the soul's ignoble taste,
Nature into grace improve,
Earthly into heavenly love:
Raise our hearts to things on high,
To our Bridegroom in the Sky,
Heaven our Hope, and highest aim,
Mystic Marriage of the Lamb.

¹Location: MARC, DDCW 1/19. The hymn included appears also in his *MS Journal* (April 8, 1749); and in MS Richmond, 4–5. Published in *Family Hymns* (1767), 172–73. This is the hymn Charles prepared to be sung at his own wedding to Sarah Gwynne.

5 O might each obtain a share,
Of the pure enjoyments there,
Now in rapturous surprize,
Drink the Wine of Paradise,
Own, amidst the rich repast,
Thou hast given the best at last,
Wine that cheers the Host above,
The Best Wine of Perfect Love.

CW Letter to (wife) Sarah Wesley, August 17, 1749¹

[Untitled]

- [1.] See, gracious Lord, with pitying Eyes,
Low at thy Feet a Sufferer lies,
Thy Fatherly Chastisement proves,
And sick She is whom Jesus loves.
2. Thy Angels plant around her Bed,
And let thy Hand support her Head;
Thy Power her Pain to Joy convert,
Thy Love revive her drooping Heart!
3. Thy love her Soul and Body heal,
And let her every Moment feel
Th' Atoning Blood by Faith applied,
The Balm that drops from Jesus Side.
4. [incomplete]

¹Location: MARC, DDCW 5/74. The hymn included was published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:403–404.

CW Letter to (wife) Sarah Wesley, October 12, 1749¹

[Untitled]

Day of everlasting Bliss,
Only happier than this
Make the Benefit Entire,
Let us both at once expire,
Both, our head together bow
Meet in thy Embraces Now!

¹Location: The letter was held at one point at Wesley College in Sydney, Australia; its current location is unknown, but a photocopy of the original is held at Duke University. The short stanza included was incorporated into a longer hymn found in MS Richmond, 1–2 (see stanza 4).

CW Letter to Ebenezer Blackwell, September 4, 1749¹

[Untitled]

- [1.] God of Faithful Abraham, hear
His feeble son and Thine,
In thy glorious power appear,
And bless my just design:
Lo! I come to serve thy will,
All thy perfect will to prove;
Fired with patriarchal zeal,
And pure primeval love.

2. Me and mine I fain would give
In sacrifice to Thee,
By the antient model live,
The true simplicity;
Walk as in my Maker's sight,
Free from worldly guile and care,
Praise my innocent delight,
And all my business prayer.

3. Whom to me thy goodness lends
Till Life's last gasp is o'er,
Servants, Relatives, and Friends,
I promise to restore;
All shall on Thy side appear,
All shall in Thy service join,
Principl'd with Godly fear,
And worshippers² divine.

4. Them, as much as lies in me,
I will thro' grace persuade,
Seize, and turn their souls to Thee
For whom their souls were made;
Point them to th' atoning blood,
(Blood that speaks a world forgiven,)
Make them serious, wise, and good,
And train them up for Heaven.

¹Location: MARC, DDCW 1/23. The hymn included also appears in his *MS Journal* (September 4, 1749). Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:401–402; and *Representative Verse*, 268. Charles mentions in *MS Journal* that he sang the hymn with his family.

²Ori., in *MS Journal*, “witnesses.”

CW Letter to Sarah Wesley, April 3, 1750¹

Hymn for April 8²

- [1.] Sweet Day, so cool, so calm, so bright!
The Bridal of the earth and sky!
I see with joy thy chearing light,
And lift my heart to things on high.
2. My grateful heart to Him I lift,
Who did the guardian Angel send
Inrich'd me with an heavenly gift
And bless'd me with a bosom-friend.
3. The mountains at his presence flow'd,
His Providence the Bars remov'd,
His grace my Better Soul bestow'd,
And join'd me to his well-belov'd.
4. 'Twas GOD alone which join'd our hands,
Who join'd us *first* in mind and heart,
By love's indissoluble bands
Which neither life nor death can part.
5. GOD of eternal power and grace
I bow my soul before thy throne,
I only live to sing thy praise,
I live and die to thee alone.
6. My more than life to thee I give,
My more than friend to thee restore,
(When summon'd with thyself to live,)
And fall, and silently adore.

¹Location: MARC, DDWes 1/42. The hymn included appears also in MS Richmond, 123–24 (with some variants). Published posthumously in *Representative Verse*, 271–72; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:270–71. The “letter” is essentially just the hymn, but Wesley wrote in the side margin: “I have barely time to transcribe an hymn for April 8, if we live so long, and commend you to the tender mercies of GOD in Christ Jesus!” It was postmarked April 3, mailed to Sarah at Ludlow.

²The title indicates that the hymn commemorates the first anniversary of Charles’s marriage to Sarah Gwynne. The first two lines are a quotation from George Herbert’s “Virtue,” from *The Temple*.

7. Yet if thy blessed will consent
 To spare her yet another year,
With joy I take whom Thou hath lent,
 And clasp her to my bosom here.
8. Her in the arms of faith I bring,
 And place before thy gracious throne,
Receive her, O thou heavenly king,
 And save whom thou hast call'd thine own.
9. Thy choicest blessings from above,
 The strongest consolations send,
And let her know thine utmost love,
 And freely talk with GOD her friend.
10. Keep up the intercourse between
 Our souls, our kindred souls and thee,
And fix our eye on things unseen,
 The glories of eternity.
11. O let us steadily pursue
 With strength combin'd the immortal prize,
And kindled by the nearer view,
 Together both invade the skies.
12. The crown with holy violence seize,
 The happy crown to conquerors giv'n,
And rise renew'd in righteousness,
 To share the marriage-feast in heaven.

CW Journal Letter, August 13–October 3, 1751¹

[Untitled.]²

- [1.] Arise, thou jealous GOD, arise,
Thy sifting Power exert,
Look thro' us with thy flaming eyes,
And search out every Heart.
2. Our inmost souls thy Spirit knows;
And let him now display
Whom Thou hast for thy Glory chose,
And purge the rest away.
3. Th' Apostles false far off remove,
The faithful Labourers own,
And give *us* each himself to prove,
And know as he is known.
4. Do *I* presume to preach thy Word,
By Thee uncall'd, unsend?
Am *I* the Servant of the Lord,
Or Satan's Instrument?
5. Is this, great GOD, my single Aim
Thine, wholly Thine to be?
To serve thy Will, declare thy Name,
And gather Souls for Thee?
6. To labour in my Master's Cause,
Thy Grace to testify,
And spread the Victory of thy Cross,
And on thy Cross to die?
7. I once *unfeignedly believ'd*
Myself sent forth by Thee:
But have I *kept* the grace receiv'd
In simple Poverty?

¹Location: MARC, DDCW 6/26. Hymn appears in entry for September 10. Appears also in MS Preachers Extraordinary, 1–3; and MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 109–111. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:404–405; and *Representative Verse*, 277–78.

²In the letter Wesley describes the hymn as sung at the Conference held in Leeds.

8. Still do I for thy Kingdom pant,
Till all its Coming prove,
And Nothing seek, and Nothing want
But more of Jesus Love?
9. If still I in thy Grace abide,
My Call confirm and clear,
And into thy whole Counsel guide
Thy poorest Messenger:
10. Unite my heart to all that bear
The Burthen of the Lord,
And let our spotless Lives declare
The Virtue of thy Word.
11. One Soul into us all inspire,
And let it strongly move,
In fervent Flames of calm Desire
To glorify thy Love:
12. And may we in thy Love agree
To make its Sweetness known,
Thy love the Bond of Union be,
And perfect us in One.

CW Letter to William Lunell, August 22, 1752¹

[Untitled.]

- 1 Father, Son, and Spirit come,
 Enter now thy human Shrine,
Take my offspring from the Womb;
 Mine he is not, Lord, but thine:
Thine this moment let him be,
Thine to all Eternity!

- 2 Seize, O seize his tender heart
 Beating to the Vital War;
Everlasting life impart,
 Sow the seed of glory there:
Grace be to my infant given,
Grace, the Principle of heaven.

- 3 Soon as reason's glimmering ray
 Feebly faint begins to shine,
Let the spark of life display
 Stronger influence divine,
All the life of sense controul,
Spread thro' all his new-born Soul.

- 4 Father, draw him from his birth
 With the cords of heavenly Love,
From the trivial joys of earth
 Raise his mind to joys above,
Gently lead thy favourite on,
Till thou giv'st him to thy son.

- 5 Rise the woman's conquering seed,
 In his ransom'd nature rise,
Bruiser of the Serpent's head,
 Give him back his paradise,
Nature into grace convert,
Grave thine image on his heart.

¹Location at time of transcription: Hagerstown, Maryland, Christian Heritage Museum. The hymn included was written on the occasion of the birth of the first son (John) to Charles and Sarah Wesley. Since Lunell had a nephew born on the same day, Wesley is sending the hymn to commemorate that birth as well. Published in *Family Hymns* (1767), 60–61.

- 6 Spirit of life, and love, and power,
The deep things of GOD reveal,
Seal him from his natal hour,
Him the heir of glory seal,
Strong with sevenfold energy
Stamp, and fit him for the Sky.
- 7 Father, Son, and Spirit come,
Enter now thy human shrine,
Take my Offspring from the Womb;
Mine he is not, Lord, but thine:
Thine this moment let him be,
Thine to all eternity.

CW Letter to Sarah Wesley, May 1, 1753¹

[Untitled.]

- [1.] Thou most Compassionate High-priest,
Thou Helper of the Poor Distrest,²
Behold with pitying Eye,
With human Sympathy behold
Our Exil'd Friend to Evil sold,
And at the point to die.
2. Is there no Medicine for her Wound,
Is there no kind Physician found
To mitigate her Smart?
Answer Thou heavenly Comforter,
If now thy Balmy Blood is near
To heal her broken Heart.
3. Her hunted Life in mercy spare,
And let our faithful fervent prayer
Both soul and body heal,
Arrest the spirit in its flight,
And sweetly to Thyself unite
In love ineffable.
4. The sweetness of thy pardning Love
Shall all her Griefs at once remove,
And soften every pain,
Shall sanctify her heaviest Cross,
And turn her momentary Loss
Into eternal Gain.

¹Location: MARC, DDCW 6/38. The hymn included appears also in MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 65–66. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:273.

²Ori., “Opprest.”

CW Letter to Sarah Wesley, September 21, 1753¹

Written on the Road to _____

- [1.] My leader, my Lord,
Thy call I obey,
Come forth at thy word,
I go on my way;
In mercy's direction
I heavenward move,
And bless the Protection
Of ransoming Love.
2. On GOD I attend
My strength to renew,
On GOD I depend
To carry me thro':
My gracious Creator
In Jesus I see;
The Weakness of Nature
He felt it for me.
3. His spiritual Want,
His Hunger I feel,
When weary, and faint
He dropt on the Well:
The Drink He required
I eagerly crave;
He only desired
A sinner to save.
4. O Jesus, Thou knowst
My Thirst is the same,
To save what is lost
Impatient I am;
Thou readst the strong Passion
That burns in my Breast:
Without *his* Salvation
I never can rest.

¹Location: MARC, DDWes 4/94. The hymn included was published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:265–67. A shorter version of the hymn appears in *MS Miscellaneous Hymns*, 50–52.

5. But canst Thou impart
What is not in Thee?
All pity Thou art
To Sinners like me:
Ah, lighten the Burthen
Of Him I bemoan,
And cheer by a Pardon
Thy sorrowful Son.
6. His forfeited peace
In mercy restore,
His comforts increase
Abundantly more.
Pronounce the glad Sentence
And give him to prove
The Life of Repentance
The Heaven of Love.
7. O make on his soul
Thy Countenance shine,
And he shall be whole,
And he shall be thine,
Restor'd to thy favor
He with his last breath
Shall sing of his Saviour
In life, and in death.
8. His sickness to heal
Thy servant prevent
And now let him feel
The Spirit's descent:
Come kindly to give him
His pasport of Love,
And then to receive him
Triumphant above.

CW Letter to Sarah Wesley, January 7, 1755¹

[Untitled]

- [1.] Hail the sad² memorable day
On which my Isaac's soul took wing!
With us he *would* no longer stay,
But soaring where Archangels sing,
Join'd the Congratulating Quire,
And swell'd their highest Raptures higher.
2. His soul, attun'd to heavenly Praise,
Its strong, celestial Bias shew'd,
And fluttering to regain its place,
He broke the Cage, and reach'd his GOD.
He pitch'd in yon bright realms above,
Where all is Harmony and Love. &c.

Imperfect [i.e., incomplete]

¹Location: MARC, DDCW 5/83. The hymn included was written on the first anniversary of the death of their firstborn son (John), aged one year, four months, and seven days. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:330.

²In the margin "glad" is written as an alternative to "sad."

CW Letter to Sarah Wesley, May 17, 1755¹

[Untitled.]

- 1 Lord, I magnify thy power,
Thy love and faithfulness,
Kept to my appointed hour
In safety and in peace:
Let thy providential care
Still my sure protection be,
'Till a living child I bear,
And give it back to thee.

- 2 Who so near the birth hast brought,
(Since I on thee rely)
Tell me, Saviour, wilt thou not
Thy farther help supply?
Whisper to my list'ning soul,
Wilt thou not my strength renew,
Nature's fears and pains controul,
And bring thy handmaid thro'?

- 3 Father, in the name I pray
Of thine incarnate love,
Humbly ask, that as my day
My passive strength may prove:
When my sorrows most increase,
Let thy strongest joys be given;
Jesus come *with* my distress,
And agony is heaven.

¹Location: Emory University, MARBL, Wesley Family Papers, Box 4, file 55. The hymn included is transcribed here with permission. Published in *Family Hymns* (1767), 53–54. Charles sent these stanzas “just as it came to my mind,” concerning the pending birth of their daughter Martha Maria. Sadly, the child died shortly after her birth.

CW Letter to Sarah Wesley, September 13, 1755¹

[Untitled]

- [1.] O Thou whose pitying Love relieves
The Traveller fallen among Thieves,
Stripp'd, wounded,² and half-dead;
To all the Life of Faith restore³
My Friend, who needs thy Aid the more,
The less⁴ he asks thy Aid.
2. Caught by the men who steal for GOD,
The Fiends in⁵ hunting souls employ'd,
Too long he slumbering Lay:
But Thou hast more than⁶ shared the Spoils,
Dissolved the Charms, and burst the Toils,
And claim'd thy lawful Prey.
3. Yet still unconscious of its Wound,
His⁷ Spirit is not quite unbound,
From *all* delusion free:
The Thieves have left their Prey behind,
Naked, insensible, and blind,
And destitute of Thee.
4. Robb'd in that dark Satanic hour,
Of all his Ministerial Power,
The Man who ran so well:
His Work alas hath suffer'd loss:
He is not, Lord, what once he was,
A Flame of heavenly Zeal.

¹Location: MARC, DDCW 7/83. The hymn included appears also in MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 146–48 (titled “For the Revd. Mr. Stonehouse”). Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:407–408.

²Ori., “naked.”

³Ori., “My Friend to proper Life restore.”

⁴Ori., “more.”

⁵Ori., “by.”

⁶“More than” is struck out, but no replacement suggested. It is left to preserve metre.

⁷Ori., “Θ.”

5. A Watchman in our Church he *was*,
Exceeding jealous for thy Cause,
 And for thy glorious Name.
A chosen Instrument of Heaven
To pluck poor⁸ Souls, by grace forgiven,
 From the *Eternal* Flame.
6. Rais'd up by Thee he seem'd to stand
Protector of a guilty Land:
 Our Hopes were built on Him,
As Equal to the "Righteous Ten,"
As planted in the gap between,
 Our Sodom to redeem.
7. How is the fervent Zeal grown cold,
The Wine with water mixt, the gold
 With Nature's base Alloy!
How hath thy Messenger denied
His heavenly Call, and turn'd aside,
 And cast his Sword away!
8. But⁹ Thou canst yet his Zeal revive,
Canst stir him up to fight and strive,
 As in those happy days,
To prove thy good and perfect will,
To own, and zealously fulfil
 The Counsels of thy Grace.¹⁰
9. O wouldst thou in this gracious Hour
Renew, and give him back his power,
 His Wisdom from above:
His simple Faith, and tender Fear,
His filial Piety for HER
 Whom more than Life I love.
10. O might by dearest Charge be his,
My ceaseless Prayer for Sion's peace.
 Now let it answer'd be!
Shepherd Divine, I ask no more,
This Pastor to our Church restore,
 And take my Soul to Thee.

⁸Ori., "the."

⁹Ori., "Yet."

¹⁰Ori., "Will."

CW Letter to Sarah Wesley, December 22, 1755¹

[untitled].

- [1.] How happy are the little Flock,
Who safe beneath their Guardian ROCK
In all Commotions rest!
When Wars and Tumult's Waves run high,
Unmov'd above the storm they lie,
They lodge in Jesus breast.
2. Such Happiness, O Lord, have We,
By Mercy gather'd into Thee,
Before the Floods descend:
And *while* the bursting Cloud comes down,
We mark thy vengeful Day begun,
And calmly wait the End.
3. The Dearth and Plague and Din of War
Our Saviour's sure² approach declare,
And bid our Hearts arise:
Earth's basis shook confirms our Hope,
Its Cities' Fall but lifts us up,
To meet Him³ in the skies.
4. Whatever Ill the World befall,
A Token of his Day we call,
A sign of JESUS near:
His Chariot will not long delay:
We hear the rumbling Wheels, and pray
Appear, great God, appear.

¹Location: MARC, DDWes 4/89. A longer version of the hymn included was published in *Hymns for the Year 1756*, 23–24.

²Ori., “near.”

³Ori., “Thee.”

CW Letter to Sarah Wesley, April 5, 1760¹

[Untitled]

- [1.] GOD, be mercifully near,
Object of my fatherly fear;
Me into thy Favour take,
Me preserve for Jesu's sake.
 2. With thy kind Protection blest,
Calm I lay me down to rest;
All I have to Thee resign,
Lodge them in the Arms Divine:
 3. Her, my dearest earthly Friend,
To thy guardian Love commend;
Day and night her Keeper be,
Knit her simple Heart to Thee.
 4. Make the Little ones thy care!
Bear them, in Thy bosom bear,
Mark'd with the good Shepherd's sign,
Keep my Lambs for ever thine.
- &c. [i.e., incomplete]

¹Location: MARC, DDCW 7/2. Charles comments that the hymn included is about his “dearest friends” (i.e., his family). Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:409.

CW Letter to Sarah Wesley, July 3, 1764¹

[Says he visited Sister Pearson in Moorfields on June 28. She was dying. He asked if she was afraid to die. She said “O no. I have no fear; death has no sting. Jesus is all in all.” To this Charles adds:]

How did I ev'n contend² to lay
My limbs upon that bed!
I ask'd the angels to convey
My spirit in her stead.

¹Location: MARC, DDCW 5/95. The brief verse included was published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:438.

²Ori., “desire.”

CW Letter to Edward Walpole, November [4], 1778¹

For the Magdalene

1. Blest Redeemer, bow thine ear,
 To our humble fervent prayer;
 Thus adoring,
 Thus imploring,
 Mercy bids us not despair.

2. Though our crimes of deepest die²
 Swell the aching heart and eye,
 Yet relying
 On the dying,
 Faith relieves the throbbing sigh.

3. By all-saving Grace we know
 Scarlet sins grow white as snow:
 Vain our merit,
 If thy Spirit
 Did not thro' repentance glow.

4. Freed from shame, reproach, and taunt,
 Lawless vice, & grinding want,
 Here accepted,
 Here protected,
 For celestial Bliss we pant.

¹Location: MARC, DDWes 7/83. Walpole had sent Charles Wesley a letter dated Nov. 3, which included a “small performance” (likely an organ setting) for Wesley’s sons to introduce to the organist at the chapel for Magdalene hospital. Wesley has transcribed a copy of his undated letter in response on the flyleaf of Walpole’s letter, and attached a hymn in his hand titled “For the Magdalene.” This is almost certainly a hymn by Wesley, and not a copy of Walpole’s “performance.” The hymn was published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:442.

²I.e., “dye.”

CW Letter to Sarah Wesley Jr., June 12, 1780¹

Written on Thurs. June 8, 1780.

- 1 Saviour, Thou dost their threatnings see
Who rage against our King and Thee,
Nor know, thy bridle in their jaws
Restrains the friends of Satan's Cause.
- 2 As in Religion's Cause they join,
And blasphemously call it thine,
The cause of blind fanatic zeal,
Rebellion, anarchy, and hell.
- 3 See, where th' impetuous Waster comes,
Like Legion rushing from the tombs!
Like stormy seas, that toss and roar,
And foam, and lash the trembling shore!
- 4 HAVOCK — th' infernal Leader cries!
HAVOCK — th' *associate* Host replies!
The Rabble shouts—the Torrent pours—
The City sinks—the Flame devours!
- 5 A general Consternation spreads,
While furious Clouds ride o're our heads;
Tremble the Powers Thou didst ordain,
And Rulers bear the sword in vain!
- 6 Our arm of flesh entirely fails,
The many-headed Beast prevails;
Conspiracy the state o' returns,
Gallia exults— and London burns!
- 7 Arm of the Lord, awake, put on²
Thy strength, and cast Apollyon down,
Jesus, against the murtherers rise,
And blast them with thy flaming eyes:
- 8 Forbid the Flood our Land t' o'erflow,
Tell it —Thou shalt no farther go—
Thy will be done, Thy word obey'd,
And here let its proud waves be stay'd!

¹Location: MARC, DDCW 7/42. The hymn included was published in *Tumult Hymns* (1780), 5–6.

²Ori., “arise.”

CW Letter to Sarah Wesley Jr., September 17, 1782¹

**From Sudden Death, good Lord
deliver us. Litany.**

- [1.] From sudden, unexpected death,
 Jesus, thy servant save,
Nor let me gasp my latest breath
 Unmindful of the grave;
Unconscious of the yawning deep
 And death eternal nigh;
Ah, do not suffer me to sleep,
 Till in my sins I die.
2. Warn'd of the sure-approaching day,
 Thy grace I now desire,
In mercy take my sins away,
 And then my soul require.
Thy favor, and thy image, Lord,
 O might I first retrieve,
And meet for my immense reward
 To thy great glory live.
3. Wise to foresee my latter end,
 With humble, loving fear
I woud continually attend
 The welcome Messenger;
And summon'd to the Mountain-top,
 Without a lingring sigh
Render my ransom'd spirit up,
 And to thy glory die.

¹Location: MARC, DDWes 4/62. The hymn included appears also in MS Preparation for Death, 20–21. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 7:409–410.

CW Letter to John Langshaw, March 23?, 1784¹

Written in March 1784

Who can deny the Patriots their praise?
All Order is inverted in our days;
“King, Lords, and Commons” is no more the thing
But Commons, Lords, and after that—The King:
We see the Subjects on their Sovereign tread
The Crown beneath the Mace, the RUMP above the Head!

¹Location: Emory University, Manuscript, Archives, and Research Library, Wesley Family Papers, Box 5, file 24. The hymn included is transcribed here with permission. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:392. See the related verse: MS Charles James Fox 1784; and MS Hymn for the King 1784.