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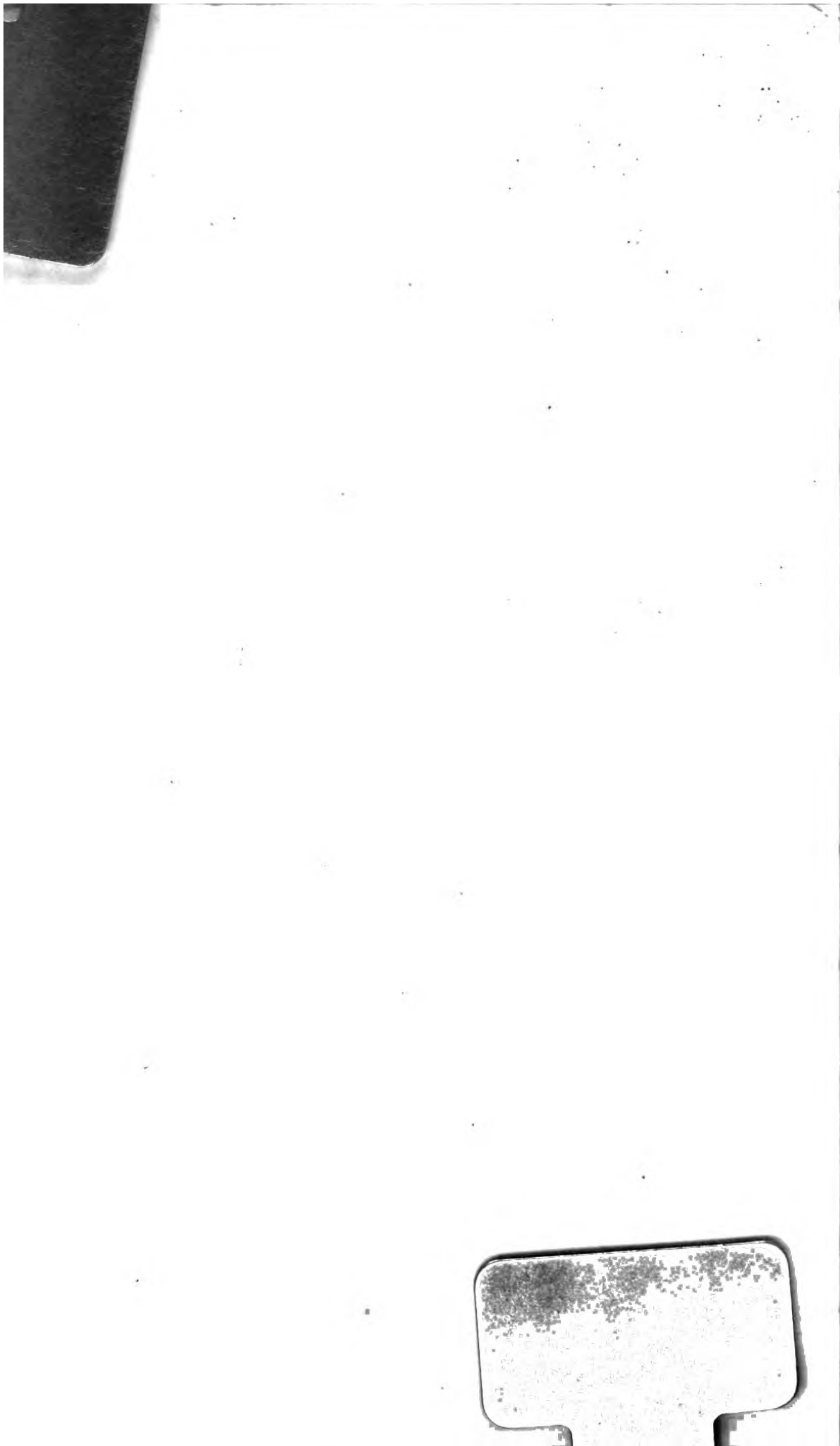
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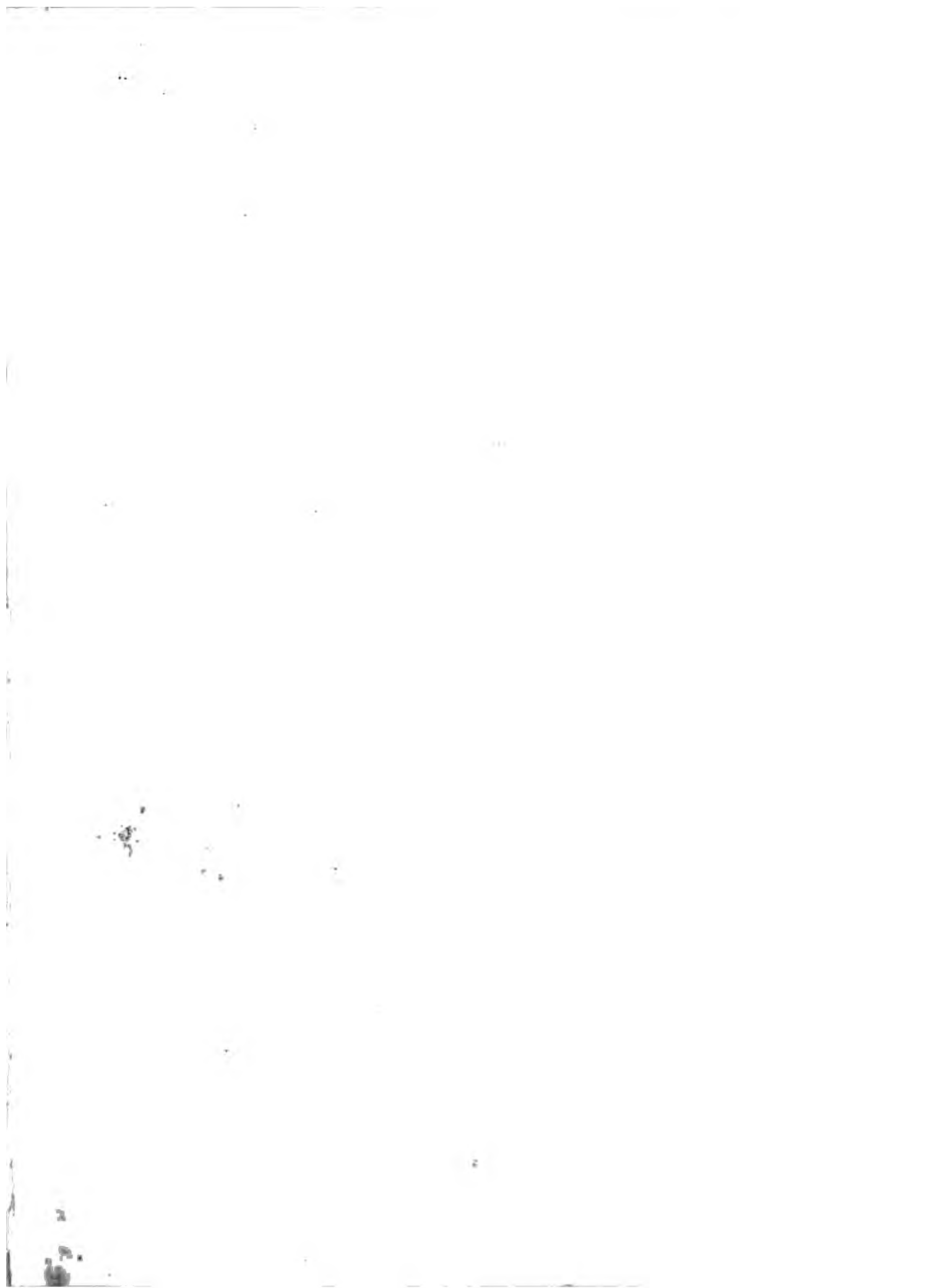
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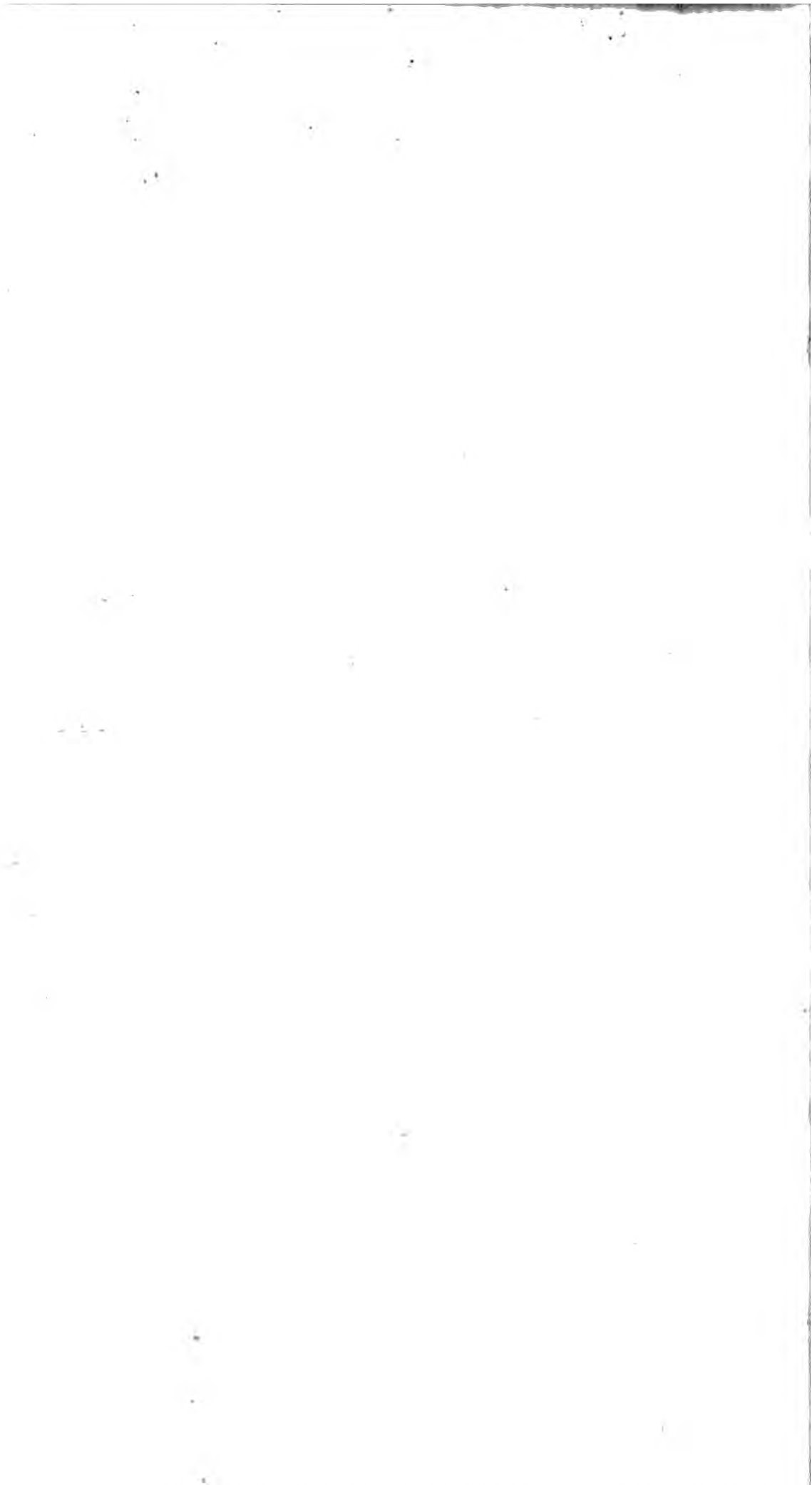


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THE writer of the following Stanzas begs leave to observe to the reader, that he had no intention of writing any thing upon the occasion which gave rise to them ; for, he was convinced, more than thirty years ago, of the truth of that old adage, “ Poeta nascitur, non fit.” But, at the request of a friend, he hastily penned down a few Stanzas on the morning of the day in which Mr. WESLEY’s remains were interred. These having been printed with his permission, though not by his desire, several friends requested that he would enlarge them to the following size ; to which request he has reluctantly consented. It is many years since he was convinced that there are scarcely any new thoughts or sentiments now in the world, which may not have occurred to the minds of, though variously expressed by, men in different ages, and in different climes. He, therefore, requests that judicious critics will pass by the following little piece, as being far beneath their notice : and as for *little* nibblers, who decry what they do not understand, he shall take little thought about them. If the friends, who have requested them, are in any wise gratified by the following Stanzas, the writer shall be entirely satisfied.

ELEGIAC STANZAS, &c.

BE still, ye winds; ye zephyrs, cease to blow;

Whilst music most melodious strikes my ear:

Let me, in silent rapture lull'd below,

The SONG of TRIUMPH, Dirge of Angels, hear.

Ye sons of *Tubal*, *Handels* of the day,

Who yearly meet to found a *Handel's* fame;

Oh! could ye hear this soft, enchanting lay,

How would ye hide your faces all for shame!

Oh! what are all your pipes, and thousand strings,

With various notes, which charm a monarch's ears;

Compar'd to this, the tune which *Uriel* sings,

This sound divine, this music of the spheres!

Transporting concert!—symphony complete!—

Shall human voices dare with this to vie?

Extatic concord!—Oh! 'tis passing sweet!—

To taste it fully, mortals, ye must die!

Yet *sometimes* men are favour'd, here beneath,

With this soft, soothing, sweet, cherubic sound;

When, near approaching to the stream of death,

The soul triumphant takes its final bound.

Some more than common cause, some great event,

Hath call'd these tuneful seraphs from on high:

They surely come, on heav'nly errand sent,

To 'tend some Prince, and bear him to the sky.

A Prince, indeed, this moment took his flight,

In *Britain* born, the poet of his day:

He left our camp to join the *saints in light*;

Prepare, ye heav'nly gates, to give him way!

The chariot now ascends beyond my view,
 My eyes of flesh can here no further go :
 The angels, mounting, pierce th' ethereal blue,
 And leave the sun and planets far below.

But yet my mental eye pursues them still,
 Where stars, as suns, in native lustre blaze ;
 Where other moons, perhaps, in orbits wheel,
 Or burning comets in eccentric maze.

Alas ! how narrow was poor *Ovid's* mind,
 When *Phaeton* he fung in *Sol's* bright car !
 A Christian's view is clearer, less confin'd,
 And carries him beyond each distant star.

But should my fancy take her utmost flight,
 And dare the angel-convoy's course to trace,
 She soon must drop ; for, even *Milton's* sight,
 Yea, *Milton's* line can't measure boundless space.

Suffice it then, that now th' angelic guard,
(Who only 'tend a soul that's pure from sin ;)
Cry to the *pearly* gates—" receive our ward ;
Let Him that *kept the truth* now enter in."

The gates unfold ; and (oh ! th' amazing scene !)
Ten thousand times ten thousand saints appear ;
All cloath'd in white, and *glorious all within* ;
For, such the spirits, that inhabit there !

These now exulting cry, as with one voice,
" Another soul has burst its earthen clod :"
Again the echo runs—" rejoice ! rejoice !
Another saint is come to dwell with God !"

I see, methinks, the whole harmonic band,
A *David, Asaph, Moses*, full of love ;
In eager expectation ready stand,
To welcome WESLEY to the courts above.

Perhaps a *Milton*, *Rowe*, a *Watts*, or *Young*,

Who, in their day, had grac'd this favour'd isle ;

Steps forth the foremost from the countless throng,

To greet the *British* poet with a smile.

But, shall I dare t' exclude these bright abodes

Each *Roman* poet, and each *Grecian* sage ;

Who, as they knew him, sung the GOD of gods,

And handed down their thoughts thro' ev'ry age ?

My charity forbids ; my heart o'erflows ;—

For, *some* from ev'ry clime a mansion share :

In *Homer's* Episodes some virtue grows ;

And, who can say that *Homer* is not there ?

Philosophers stand next to hail the man,

When once arriv'd on heaven's peaceful shore ;

Who try'd their ev'ry system, ev'ry plan,

And Truth had boldly ventur'd to explore.

A *Newton* now he meets, a *Locke*, or *Boyle*,

And thousands more of both the wise and great ;

Who, with amazing industry and toil,

Did here the works of God investigate.

But, oh ! what wonders can they now disclose,

Which far surpass the reach of mortals' ken ;

Which e'en their stretch of thought could not suppose,

Whilst clogg'd with flesh, and whilst they were but men.

In circling crowds see Prophets and Divines,

Evangelists, Apostles, Priests, and Kings :

In ev'ry face peculiar lustre shines,

And each to WESLEY now in ardor clings.

On one side see a *Paul*, a *James*, and *John* ;

Who all, in doctrine, sweetly harmonize ;

These now approve the man, who still press'd on,

Nor stopp'd on earth, till he obtain'd the prize.

they much applaud his great, judicious mind,
 A mind so taught by wisdom from above ;
 Because so justly, wisely, he defin'd
 That active faith, that faith which works by love.

behold a *Wickliff*, *Luther*, and the rest,
 Who boldly stood to stem the papal pow'r ;
 These all carefs the lately-landed guest,
 Who taught mankind the triune God t' adore.

See yonder *Leighton*, *Baxter*, and an *Owen* !
 A *Bedell*, and an *Usser* ! (happy pair !)
 Now party-zeal and bigotry are gone,
 For, even *Calvin* greets a WESLEY there.

thro' files of saints he forward bends his steps,
 (Whilst heav'n with angel-trumpets loudly rings ;)
 O'er streets of gold he lightly, humbly, trips,
 To pay his homage to the KING of KINGS.

'Tis only *Daniel*, or beloved *John*,

Whose pencil such a dazzling scene could draw ;
Describe the throne, and Him that sits thereon,
Before whom *Gabriel* falls with prostrate awe.

His *hair like wool* ; his *throne like burning flame* ;

His lengthen'd robes are *white as purest snow* :
His name *JEHOVAH*, or the great *I AM* ;
Whom angel-minds *in part* can only know.

Yet He, ev'n He, with condescending smile,

And eyes, whose brightness would eclipse the sun ;
Approves and cheers the man, who, free from guile,
Had fought the fight, and now the battle won.

That thund'ring voice, which earth and heaven shake

When God, for sin, corrects a guilty land ;
Is gentle now : the Father meekly speaks,
And, as he speaks, the hosts in silence stand.

Come hither, son, who boldly hast proclaim'd
 My name on earth; my free and saving grace :
 To speak the truth thou hast not been ashamed,
 But preach'd it freely to the fallen race.

Since thou hast overcome, and faithful stood,
 Despis'd a smiling world, nor fear'd its frown ;
 The promise which I made I'll now make good ;
 Receive from me this never-fading crown.

Since thou hast tun'd thy heart to songs of praise ;
 I here present thee with a golden lyre :
 Thou prais'd me, as thou could'st, in human lays ;
 Now take thy seat amid this tuneful choir.

Since gloomy prisons, regions of despair,
 Did often move thy sympathizing breast :
 Since widows' cries, and orphans were thy care,
 A mansion thou shalt have among the blest.

“ The blifs, which heaven yields, to thee I give,
 The pleasures, which are here, can never cloy :
 To dwell with me is heav'n : with me to live,
 Is boundless, endless, everlasting joy.”

Thrice happy soul !—no longer now the sport
 Of hurricanes, and storms, and ev'ry wind :
 Thou'rt safely landed, and hast gain'd the port,
 The peaceful haven, which we long to find.

We still are tofs'd on this tempestuous sea,
 Where rocks and quicksands lie on either hand :
 How strait the passage !—Oh ! what need have we
 Of faith and hope, to reach *Immanuel's* land !

By faith we see the sun, thro' all the clouds,
 When darkness intercepts, or hides the Pole :
 Yea, when the tempest shatters all our shrouds,
 And swelling billows, like to mountains, roll.

And tho', oftimes, amidst a wicked crew,
 Or noisy sons of *Belial*, we must fail :
 Yet still we're safe, if Christ we keep in view,
 And deeply cast our *hope within the veil*.

Ah! WESLEY! hast thou left us toiling here,
 Expos'd to storms, in such a world as this?
 Canst thou not drop a tender, friendly tear ;
 Tho' drinking in large draughts of endless bliss ?

Whilst thro' that peaceful ocean thou dost fail,
 Where fierce contending winds do never blow ;
 Methinks thy sympathizing heart can feel
 For tempted friends, whom thou hast left below.

If spirits see us, when they reach the goal ;
 If God himself yearns o'er his children here :
 Then sure thy soft, thy tender, loving soul,
 Can still for brethren shew some anxious care.

How often did the mourner hear his voice,
 Whilst pouring in the oil, and healing balm!
 How often did the sinner's heart rejoice,
 When JESUS bid the raging sea be calm!

What oft he did, like *Boanerges* loud,
 Denounce the thunders of a threat'ning law:
 Whilst consternation seiz'd the guilty crowd,
 And Devils stood aghast, or shrunk with awe.

As by the door himself had enter'd in;
 The word of God he rightly could divide;
 To comfort sinners, when convinc'd of sin,
 And point them to a Saviour's bleeding side.

But, when the harden'd rebels careless stood,
 Regardless of the sceptre, or the rod;
 When, like a torrent, he pour'd forth a flood
 Of all the threatnings in the word of God.

A master-builder, like to *Paul* of old,

He built on Christ, the chief, the corner-stone :

And, as a shepherd in the Christian fold,

He went before the sheep, and led them on.

In pastures green the flock he always fed,

And bid them drink the healing, cooling stream :

Yet still to more extensive fields he led,

For, Christ, he said, was mighty to redeem.

Was able still to free the greatest slave

From all his bondage, all his heavy chains :

Not only so ; but *to the utmost save* ;

And *cleanse* the soul from all its foulest stains.

The richest treasure from the word he brought,

Whilst food to all judiciously he dealt :

Believ'd the doctrines, which he humbly taught,

Nor spoke a truth, which he had never felt.

Natur'd by grace, exalted, and refin'd,
 His soul for happy climes was fitted here ;
 Celestial realms, to which his tow'ring mind
 Had often soar'd, beyond the starry sphere.

While this star, like diamonds in the mine,
 In unobserv'd and hidden lustre lay :
 Till by his Lord call'd forth at length to shine,
 And spread the glorious light of gospel-day.

At school the twig was bent in early youth,
 And form'd beneath a brother's * fost'ring hand :
 The tree sprung up with still increasing growth,
 And shed its genial virtues o'er the land.

When to the seats of learning he was sent,
 To improve and exercise his mental pow'rs ;
 His time in useful science there he spent,
 Nor loung'd away, like fools, his precious hours.

* His brother *Samuel*, who was then Usher of Westminster-School.

He cull'd what sweets old *Oxford* e'er could yield,

The honey fipp'd of academic lore :

Yet still he fought a more extensive field ;

His ardent soul still thirsted after more.

The fam'd *Parnassus*, oft, indeed, he trod,

And tasted all that *Helicon* could bring :

But, not content, he fought the Mount of God ;

And there with rapture drank a purer spring.

The sacred word with diligence he read,

Tho' not regardless of the classic page :

In holy writ he found substantial bread,

The manna which God sends in *ev'ry* age.

The truths divine which here he gather'd up,

As in a treasure he laid by in store :

Not at the silver mine content to stop,

He still dug deeper for the golden ore.

In seeking thus, a pearl, at length, he found,

A precious pearl, indeed, to *Adam's* race :

And, what he *knew*, he publish'd all around,

That fallen man is only fav'd by grace.

So ardently he wish'd this news to tell,

That, undismay'd, he brav'd th' *Atlantic* flood :

And, as a means, he long'd to save from hell

The untaught heathens in the *Indian* wood.

When to his native land again return'd,

His Master's work he faithfully pursu'd :

The truth he spoke ; tho' by the rabble spurn'd,

Who in his blood their hands almost imbru'd.

And, stranger still ! Oh ! *tell it not in Gath !*

The men of letters (*British* shepherds too !)

Oppose the man professing *England's* faith,

Who preach'd her doctrines, and believ'd them true

And tho' by such mistaken brethren scorn'd,
 And from their temples wantonly expell'd ;
 Yet still the Church he lov'd; yea, for her mourn'd,
 And with her close communion always held.

Yes, earnestly he fought her public weal,
 For, *England's* Church was always near his heart :
 He had an ardent, yet well-temper'd zeal,
 And kept 'till death a most *consistent* part.

In warning finners this bold Herald stood,
 And labour'd in the work to hoary hairs :
 His useful life he spent in doing good,
 A happy life of almost eighty years.

At last, when summon'd to resign his breath,
 His soul for flight was ready on the wing :
 With mind compos'd he smil'd, and welcom'd death ;
 For now the horrid monster lost his sting.

Yes, ev'ry subtle fiend now stood aloof;

Not *one*, he said, to buffet him did dare:

And hereby gave a most convincing proof,

That he, thro' Christ, had conquer'd in the war.

The conquest gain'd, without a painful fight

He fell asleep on JESU'S lovely breast:

His spirit disengag'd mounts up on high,

And enters its eternal, *glorious rest*.

Ah! can I e'er forget the briny tears,

Which he o'er *London* oft in pity shed:

His groans, his sighs, his most pathetic pray'rs,

Which he pour'd out for that proud city dead!

Yea, dead in sins, and glorying in her shame,

Tho' favour'd with the Gospel's brightest ray:

Audaciously rejecting JESU'S name,

The offers spurning of a gracious day!

Posterity shall hear, and babes rehearse,

The healing virtues of a Saviour's name :

Yes, babes unborn shall sing in WESLEY'S verse,

And still reiterate the pleasing theme.

Ah! *Britons!* will ye *now* revere his worth?

Your loss is surely his eternal gain!

The hymns he taught you, whilst confin'd to earth,

He sings with angels in a nobler strain.

O that a shred might from his mantle fall,

And some young *Briton* catch it, as he flies!

O that his spirit might descend on all,

And from his urn another Phoenix rise!

To copy him, may thousands still aspire;

The pattern follow, which they must approve!

O may their lips be touch'd with altar-fire,

And may their hearts be fill'd with humble love!

May none presume to run before they're sent,

To prophesy in JESU'S awful name!

May all resolve *to spend, and to be spent*;

And yet to merit never lay a claim!

May He, who holds the stars in his right hand,

And for his Church's welfare always feels;

Ambassadors send forth thro' ev'ry land,

And seal their office with ten thousand seals!

May God regard his servant's frequent sighs,

His long-repeated, yea, incessant wail!

“ May *England's* Church again in splendor rise,

Blossom, and bud, and fill the earth with fruit!”

Now whilst, amid the bright cherubic bands,

He tunes his harp to *Moses'* song above:

On heaven's battlements, methinks, he stands,

And seems to glance at us a look of love.

Ye faithful souls, who know, and *feel* your loss,
 Who mourn a father, shepherd, and a friend :
 To you he still cries out—" Sustain the cross,
 Make sure the crown, believing to the end.

" In tribulation tho' ye shall be try'd,
 And often must the crafty foe engage :
 Yet still there's one to help, and be your guide,
 To quench the darts of Satan's fiery rage.

" The world may frown, or treacherously smile ;
 A thousand things may tend your soul t' enslave ;
 But faith o'ercomes, and will the tempter foil ;
 That faith in Christ, which looks beyond the grave.

" Keep him in view by faith's internal eye ;
 Behold thro' this the *Sun of Righteousness* :
 And when, at God's command, ye come to die,
 Ye shall triumphantly depart in peace.

“ I’m safely landed now, this side the flood,

’Twas but a moment’s passage, calm, serene :

My JESUS led me o’er, and by me stood,

To cheer my heart, and give me peace within.

“ And, since the earthen clod is laid aside,

The face of God with extasy I view :

So, when ye pass o’er *Jordan’s* swelling tide,

Without a veil ye shall behold him too.

“ But, when ye make this happy, happy coast,

Your spirits I shall meet with rapt’rous joy :

Then, mingling with the blest triumphant host,

A whole ETERNITY in praise employ.”

F I N I S.

