

APOSTATE WILL

Thomas Chatterton

a poem

written April 14, 1764

published in *Poems by Thomas Chatterton*, page 50-52
London : Charles Griffin, 1865

THE
PROUD READER

theproudreader.com

©2021 Keygen Ltd LLC

IN days of old, when Wesley's power
Gather'd new strength by every hour,
Apostate Will, just sunk in trade,
Resolved his bargain should be made;
Then strait to Wesley he repairs,
And puts on grave and solemn airs.
Then thus the pious man addressed:
"Good sir, I think your doctrine best;
Your servant will a Wesley be,
Therefore the principles teach me."
The preacher then instructions gave
How he in this world should behave.
He hears, assents, and gives a nod—
Says every word's the word of God;
Then, lifting his dissembling eyes,
"How blessed is the sect!" he cries;
"Nor Bingham, Young, nor Stillingfleet
Shall make me from this sect retreat."
He then his circumstances declared,
How hardly with him matters fared,
Begg'd him next morning *for* to make
A small collection for his sake.
The preacher said, "Do not repine,
The whole collection shall be thine."
With looks demure, and cringing bows,
About his business strait he goes.
His outward acts were grave and prim,—
The Methodist appear'd in him;
But, be his outward what it will,
His heart was an apostate's still.
He'd oft profess an hallow'd flame,
And every where preach'd Wesley's name:
He was a preacher, and what not,
As long as money could be got;
He'd oft profess, with holy fire,
The labourer's worthy of his hire.
It happen'd once upon a time,
When all his works were in their prime,
A noble place appear'd in view;
Then——to the Methodists adieu—

A Methodist no more he'll be,
The Protestants serve best for *he* .
Then to the curate strait he ran,
And thus address'd the reverend man:
"I was a Methodist, 'tis true—
With penitence I turn to you.
Oh that it were your bounteous will
That I the vacant place might fill!
With justice I'd myself acquit,
Do every thing that's right and fit."
The curate straightway gave consent—
To take the place he quickly went.
Accordingly he took the place
And keeps it with dissembled grace.



This document is released under the
Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-NoDerivatives 4.0 International license.

The written work contained in this document is in the public domain.
You are free to copy its text and reuse it without permission.

You are free to share this document in its entirety—be it in print or digitally—
but you are not authorized to modify it, sell it, or use it in any way commercially.

For more written works and free audiobooks, visit our website,
and follow us at the social media sites below.

Official Website

theproudreader.com

Listen to The Proud Reader

YouTube: youtube.com/channel/UCHnUg4W9wkn2ISDoCxucd_A

Bitchute: bitchute.com/theproudreader

Rumble: rumble.com/c/TheProudReader

Odysee: odysee.com/@TheProudReader:c

Follow The Proud Reader

Minds: minds.com/theProudReader

Gab: gab.com/theProudReader

Parler: parler.com/profile/TheProudReader

Subscribe & Donate

Patreon: patreon.com/theproudreader

SubscribeStar: subscribestar.com/theproudreader

PayPal: paypal.com/biz/fund?id=5GFSVWEHUPK66