

*tunes*  
of Glory

Compiled by  
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## Introduction

Welcome to *Tunes of Glory*; a collection of hymns, songs, their stories, lyrics, and settings for the Great Highland Bagpipe. What began as a search for a requested hymn to be played at a funeral has resulted in this compilation of 67 tunes. The title is derived from a 1960 film by the same name starring Alec Guinness and John Mills directed by Ronald Neame, based on the novel by James Kennaway, centering on events in a Scottish Highland military barracks in the period following World War II.

Most of the arrangements are my transcriptions of piano scores found at HymnSite: <http://hymnsite.com/>. HymnSite is an online index that includes information from the 1989 edition of *The United Methodist Hymnal*, the 1964 edition of *The Methodist Hymnal*, and *The Cokesbury Worship Hymnal*.

The primary source of biographies and stories associated with each of the tunes came from The Cyber Hymnal: <http://www.cyberhymnal.org/>. The site has over 6,800 Christian hymns & Gospel songs from many denominations. Here you'll find lyrics, scores, MIDI files, pictures, history, and more.

I hope you enjoy the collection.

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Dr. Peter L. Heinman". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a large initial "D" and "P".

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## Abide with Me



Henry F. Lyte

"**Abide with Me**" is a Christian hymn composed by Henry Francis Lyte in 1847, though the lyrics are usually sung to William Henry Monk's melody "Eventide" rather than Lyte's original music. Lyte wrote the words to his poem while he lay dying from tuberculosis, and lived only three weeks after its completion. The song is popular across many denominations, and was said to be a favorite of King George V and Mahatma Gandhi. It was sung at both the wedding of King George VI and that of his daughter, who would go on to become Queen Elizabeth II. It is also often sung at Christian funerals.



William H. Monk

Henry Lyte was the pastor of a little seaside congregation for more than twenty-four years. The members of the church, at Lower Brixham, Devonshire, on England's south coast, were husky, hardy, seafaring men; well used to the ravages of wind and weather. At length it was suggested that a change of climate would be of benefit, and accordingly, he prepared to move to the sunny shores of southern Europe. The doctor gave him the grim news that he had the dreaded 'consumption,' and advised him, 'soak up all the sun you can; it's your only hope of recovery'.

With more than a heavy heart the Reverend Lyte prepared for his journey. Now ministers become attached to their pulpits; and well nigh addicted to the ministry of the Word of God. Henry Francis Lyte was no exception and so, on the Sunday before he was due to depart, in September 1847, he ascended the pulpit steps once more. His people wondered if he would have the strength to stand behind the sacred desk: or if he would have the voice to speak. However, with determination he rallied his remaining energies and addressed his beloved people thus:

*'I stand among you today as alive from the dead, that I may hope to impress upon you to prepare for that solemn hour which must come to us all, by a time acquaintance with the death of Christ.'*

At home, that same evening, anguish poured from his grief-stricken soul and in search of solace he penned the words of his now famous hymn. He died on November 20<sup>th</sup>, 1847.

### *Lyrics by Henry Lyte*

Abide with Me; fast falls the eventide;  
The darkness deepens; Lord with me abide.  
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away;  
Change and decay in all around I see;  
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word;  
But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord,  
Familiar, condescending, patient, free.  
Come not to sojourn, but abide with me.

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,  
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings,  
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea—  
Come, Friend of sinners, and thus abide with me.

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile;  
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,  
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee,  
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour.  
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?  
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.  
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?  
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;  
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies.  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;  
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

**Abide with Me**                      **Slow Air**                      **Henry F. Lyte**

The image displays the musical score for the hymn 'Abide with Me' by Henry F. Lyte. The score is written in treble clef, with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. It consists of four staves of music. The first staff begins with a repeat sign. The melody is characterized by a slow, steady pace, with many notes beamed together in groups of six, reflecting the 6/8 time signature. The music concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

## Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed



Isaac Watts

**Isaac Watts** (July 17, 1674 – November 25, 1748) is recognized as the "Father of English Hymnody", as he was the first prolific and popular English hymn writer, credited with some 750 hymns.

Watts' father was Nonconformist imprisoned twice for his religious views. Isaac learned Greek, Latin, and Hebrew under Mr. Pinhorn, Rector of All Saints, and headmaster of the Grammar School in Southampton. Isaac's taste for verse showed itself in early childhood, and his promise caused a local doctor and other friends to offer him a university education, assuming he would be ordained in the Church of England. However, Isaac declined and instead entered a Nonconformist Academy at Stoke Newington in 1690, under the care of Thomas Rowe, pastor of the Independent congregation at Girdlers' Hall; Isaac joined this congregation in 1693.

Watts left the Academy at age 20 and spent two years at home; it was during this period that he wrote the bulk of his *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*. They were sung from manuscripts in the Southampton Chapel, and published 1707-1709.

The next six years of his life were again spent at Stoke Newington, working as tutor to the son of eminent Puritan John Hartopp. The intense study of these years is reflected in the theological and philosophical material he subsequently published.

Watts preached his first sermon at age 24. In the next three years, he preached frequently, and in 1702 was ordained as pastor of the Independent congregation in Mark Lane. At that time he moved into the house of a Mr. Hollis in the Minories. His health began to fail the next year, and Samuel Price was appointed as his assistant in the ministry. In 1712, a fever shattered his constitution, and Price became co-pastor of the congregation, which had moved to a new chapel in Bury Street. It was at this time that Isaac became the guest of Sir Thomas Abney. He lived with Abney (and later Abney's widow) the rest of his life, mainly at Theobalds in Hertfordshire, then for 13 years at Stoke Newington.

The words are set to the tune, Martyrdom, attributed to Hugh Wilson. Wilson was born in 1766, Fenwick (near Kilmarnock), Ayrshire, Scotland. Wilson taught mathematics and music, led the local choir, and made sun dials. In 1800, he moved to the town of Pollokshaws, and later to Duntocher.

### *Lyrics by Isaac Watts*

Alas! and did my Savior bleed  
And did my Sovereign die?  
Would He devote that sacred head  
For sinners such as I?  
*[originally, For such a worm as I?]*

#### *Refrain*

*At the cross, at the cross where I first saw the light,  
And the burden of my heart rolled away,  
It was there by faith I received my sight,  
And now I am happy all the day!*

Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, Thine—  
And bathed in its own blood—  
While the firm mark of wrath divine,  
His Soul in anguish stood.

Was it for crimes that I had done  
He groaned upon the tree?  
Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
And love beyond degree!

Well might the sun in darkness hide  
And shut his glories in,  
When Christ, the mighty Maker died,  
For man the creature's sin.

Thus might I hide my blushing face  
While His dear cross appears,  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt my eyes to tears.

But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe:  
Here, Lord, I give my self away  
'Tis all that I can do.

### Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed

Hugh Wilson, arr. P Heineman



## All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name



Edward Perronet

"All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name" is a popular hymn sung by many Christian denominations. The hymn is often called the "National Anthem of Christendom." The lyrics, written by Edward Perronet while he served as a missionary in India, first appeared in the November, 1779 issue of the *Gospel Magazine*, which was edited by the renowned author of *Rock of Ages*, Augustus Toplady. The text has been translated into almost every (if not every) language in which Christianity is known. There are two well known tunes that are most popular with the hymn: "Coronation" and "Miles Lane"; but there are also a number of others including "Diadem", which is most often sung as a choir number.

Edward Perronet (1726 - January 2, 1792) was the son of an Anglican minister, who worked closely with John and Charles Wesley for many years in England's Eighteenth century revival.

Born in Sundridge, Kent, England, Perronet was the descendant of a French Huguenot family which fled first to Switzerland and then to England to escape religious persecution. At the time, persecution of Methodists was common. John Wesley once noted in his diary that Edward himself "was thrown down and rolled in mud and mire" at Bolton. Though considered a capable preacher, Perronet was uneasy about doing so in front of John Wesley, despite Wesley's persistent urging. After wearying of his requests, Wesley simply announced one day that Brother Perronet would speak. Edward cleverly managed to escape Wesley's sly intention by mounting the pulpit, declaring



he would deliver the greatest sermon ever preached, and proceeding to read Christ's "Sermon on the Mount"; after which, he immediately sat down. During his life, Edward published three volumes of Christian poems, including a poetic rendering of the Scriptures. Shortly before he died, January 2, 1792 in Canterbury, Kent, England, he uttered these last words: "Glory to God in the height of His divinity! Glory to God in the depth of his humanity! Glory to God in His all-sufficiency! Into His hands I commend my spirit." His body is buried in the Canterbury Cathedral, Kent, England.

*Lyrics by Edward Perronet*

All hail the power of Jesus' name!  
 Let angels prostrate fall;  
 bring forth the royal diadem,  
 and crown Him Lord of all.  
 Bring forth the royal diadem,  
 and crown Him Lord of all.

Let every kindred, every tribe  
 on this terrestrial ball,  
 to Him all majesty ascribe,  
 and crown Him Lord of all.  
 To Him all majesty ascribe,  
 and crown Him Lord of all.

Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
 ye ransomed from the Fall,  
 hail Him who saves you by His grace,  
 and crown Him Lord of all.  
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace,  
 and crown Him Lord of all.

Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,  
 who from His altar call;  
 extol the Stem of Jesse's Rod,  
 and crown Him Lord of all.  
 Extol the Stem of Jesse's Rod,  
 and crown Him Lord of all.

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
 the wormwood and the gall,  
 go spread your trophies at His feet,  
 and crown Him Lord of all.  
 Go spread your trophies at His feet,  
 and crown Him Lord of all.

O that with yonder sacred throng  
 we at His feet may fall!  
 We'll join the everlasting song,  
 and crown Him Lord of all.  
 We'll join the everlasting song,  
 and crown Him Lord of all.

**All Hail The Power Of Jesus' Name** Hymn



## All Praise to Thee, My God, This Night



Thomas Ken

The lyrics to “**All Praise to Thee, My God, This Night**” were written by Thomas Ken. Ken trained at Winchester and New College, Oxford, and was ordained an Anglican priest in 1662. In 1663, he became Rector of Little Easton, and Rector of Woodhay and Prebendary of Winchester in 1669. He published a *Manual of Prayers*, for the use of the scholars of Winchester College, in 1674. He was briefly chaplain to Princess Mary, and later to the British fleet. He became Bishop of Bath and Wells in 1685. He was one of several bishops imprisoned in the Tower of London for refusing to sign James II’s “Declaration of Indulgence” (hoping to restore Catholicism in England); he was tried and acquitted. Ken wrote much poetry, published posthumously in 1721.



Thomas Tallis

The music was written by Thomas Tallis. Tallis (c. 1505 – 23 November 1585) was an English composer who flourished as a church musician during the often stormy 16th century in England. He occupies a primary place in anthologies of English church music, and is considered among the best of its earliest composers. Tallis has been said to be one of the most important composers of his time and is honoured for his original voice in English musicianship.

Little is known about his early life, but there seems to be agreement that he was born in the early 16th century, toward the close of the reign of Henry VII. His first known appointment to a musical position was as organist of Dover Priory in 1530-31, a Benedictine priory at Dover (now Dover College) in 1532. His career took him to London, then (probably in the autumn of 1538) to the Augustinian abbey of Holy Cross at Waltham whose London residence stood nearby, until the abbey was dissolved in 1540; then he went to Canterbury Cathedral, and finally to Court as Gentleman of the Chapel Royal in 1543, composing and performing for Henry VIII during which he wrote music for the Protestant Church of England, Edward VI (1547-1553), Queen Mary (1553-1558), and Queen Elizabeth I (1558 until he died in 1585). Throughout his service to successive monarchs as organist and composer, Tallis avoided the religious controversies that raged around him.

### *Lyrics by Thomas Ken*

All praise to Thee, my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light!  
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,  
Beneath Thine own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,  
The ill that I this day have done,  
That with the world, myself, and Thee,  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed.

Teach me to die, that so I may  
Rise glorious at the judgment day.

O may my soul on Thee repose,  
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close,  
Sleep that may me more vigorous make  
To serve my God when I awake.

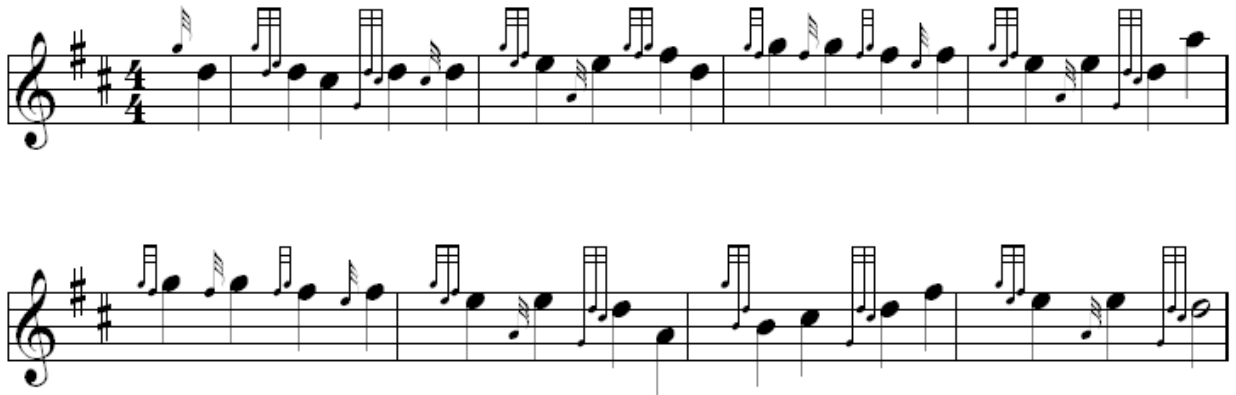
When in the night I sleepless lie,  
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;  
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,  
No powers of darkness me molest.

O when shall I, in endless day,  
For ever chase dark sleep away,  
And hymns divine with angels sing,  
All praise to thee, eternal King?

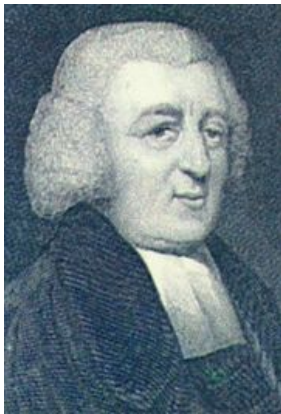
Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow;  
Praise Him, all creatures here below;  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

### All Praise to Thee, My God, This Night

Thomas Tallis, arr. P. Heineman



## Amazing Grace



"Amazing Grace" is a well-known Christian hymn. The words were written c. 1772 by John Newton. Newton was born in Wapping, London, the son of John Newton, a shipmaster in the Mediterranean service. His father had planned to send him to take up a position at a sugar plantation in Jamaica but, on his way in 1743, he was pressed into naval service, and became a midshipman aboard the HMS *Harwich*. Having attempted to desert, Newton was recaptured, put in irons and reduced to the rank of a common seaman, and was destined for a long voyage to the East Indies when, as his ship was getting supplies for the journey at Madeira, he was exchanged and transferred to a merchant ship engaged in the African slave trade and bound for west Africa.

It was six months later that he sought to stay on the coast of Guinea, with the intention making his fortune as a trader in the islands close to Sierra Leone but, instead, became servant and found himself brutally used by his master, suffering starvation, illness and exposure.

It was this period that Newton later remembered as the time he was a "once an infidel and libertine, a servant of slaves in Africa." Eventually, his fortunes improved and he was found by a ship's captain who had been asked by Newton's father to look out for him on his next voyage.

*Lyrics by John Newton*

Amazing grace how sweet the sound  
That saved a wretch like me.  
I once was lost, but now I'm found;  
Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear  
And grace my fear relieved.  
How precious did that grace appear  
The hour I first believed.

Through many dangers, toils and snares,  
We have already come.  
'Twas grace that brought us safe thus far,  
And grace will lead us home.

When we've been there ten thousand years,  
Bright shining as the sun.  
We've no less days to sing God's praise  
Than when we first begun.

The Lord has promised good to me,  
His Word my hope secures.  
He will my shield and portion be  
As long as life endures.

And when this heart and flesh shall fail  
And mortal life shall cease,  
I shall possess within the veil  
A life of health and peace.

**Amazing Grace**

**Hymn**

**Trad.**

The musical score for 'Amazing Grace' is presented in five staves of music. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is written in a single voice line. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a 3/4 time signature. The music consists of a series of eighth and quarter notes, with some notes beamed together and others separated by rests. The melody is simple and memorable, with a clear cadence at the end of each line. The score is arranged in a traditional hymn format, with five staves of music.

## Be Thou My Vision

“**Be Thou My Vision**” is a traditional Christian hymn, which can be traced to Ireland but is now sung in English-speaking churches around the world. The text (*Rop tú mo baile*) is often attributed to Dallan Forgaill in the 8th century. Saint Dallan Forgaill (Dallan Forchella; Dallan Forgaill; Dallan of Cluain Dallain; Eochaidh) was a Christian Irish Poet. Dallan was born around 530 AD in Magh Slécht, County Cavan, Ireland, and studied so intensively that he literally became blind from writing poetry and studying. He was a first cousin of Saint Mogue. Dallan was martyred in 598, when pirates broke into the island monastery of Inniskeel, Donegal, where he is buried, and was beheaded. It is also said that God reattached his head to his body after being martyred.

Dallan was widely known as the chief poet of Ireland. He reformed the Bardic Order, thus helping preserve the Gaelic language and literature. He is best known for eulogies attributed to him, on the subject of contemporaneous Irish saints, namely the *Amra Choluim Chille* on St. Columba, 'Amra Senain' on St. Senan, and "Amra Connail" for St. Connall. The poems, rarely translated, were of such obscure language that subsequent scribes included copious glosses on the poems.

The text had been a part of Irish monastic tradition for centuries before the hymn itself was written. It was translated from Old Irish into English by Mary E. Byrne in “Eriú,” *Journal of the School of Irish Learning*, in 1905. The English text was first versified by Eleanor H. Hull in 1912, and this version of the lyrics is the most common. However, slight variations of these lyrics are sometimes seen.

Thus, the English translation of the hymn itself is fairly recent and the Elizabethan vocabulary and structure is somewhat an anachronism. *Be Thou My Vision* has become the quintessential Irish hymn in English-speaking churches and is often sung around St. Patrick's Day.

*Lyrics by Dallan Forgaill (translated from the Irish by Mary E. Byrne, Versified by Eleanor H. Hull)*

Be Thou my Vision, O Lord of my heart;  
Naught be all else to me, save that Thou art.  
Thou my best Thought, by day or by night,  
Waking or sleeping, Thy presence my light.

Be Thou my Wisdom, and Thou my true Word;  
I ever with Thee and Thou with me, Lord;  
Thou my great Father, I Thy true son;  
Thou in me dwelling, and I with Thee one.

Be Thou my battle Shield, Sword for the fight;  
Be Thou my Dignity, Thou my Delight;  
Thou my soul's Shelter, Thou my high Tower:  
Raise Thou me heavenward, O Power of my power.

Riches I heed not, nor man's empty praise,  
Thou mine Inheritance, now and always:  
Thou and Thou only, first in my heart,  
High King of Heaven, my Treasure Thou art.

High King of Heaven, my victory won,  
May I reach Heaven's joys, O bright Heaven's Sun!  
Heart of my own heart, whatever befall,  
Still be my Vision, O Ruler of all.

## Be Thou My Vision

Air

Trad. Arr. Cunningham



## Bow Ye the Trumpet, Blow



Charles Wesley

*Lyrics by Charles Wesley*

Blow ye the trumpet, blow!  
The gladly solemn sound  
Let all the nations know,  
To earth's remotest bound:

*Refrain*

The lyrics for **"Blow Ye the Trumpet, Blow"** were written by Charles Wesley. Charles Wesley wrote over 6,000 hymns. The words are set to the tune, *Lenox* which was written by Lewis Edson.

The early American composer, Lewis Edson (1748-1820), wrote three of the most popular tunes of his time - Bridgewater, Lenox and Green Field. In 1763 Edson began working as a blacksmith, but by 1769 he was also a singing master and eventually became quite well known as a singer. Edson married in 1770 and in 1776 the family moved to the Berkshires in New York, perhaps because they were Tories. It was in New York where Edson began composing. His three well known tunes were published in 1782 in a publication named the "Choristers Companion". After the American Revolution, he taught singing in Massachusetts, New York, and Connecticut. He moved to Woodstock, Connecticut, in 1817.

*The year of jubilee is come!  
The year of jubilee is come!  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.*

Jesus, our great high priest,  
Hath full atonement made,  
Ye weary spirits, rest;  
Ye mournful souls, be glad:

*Refrain*

Extol the Lamb of God,  
The sin atoning Lamb;  
Redemption by His blood  
Throughout the lands proclaim:

*Refrain*

Ye slaves of sin and hell,  
Your liberty receive,  
And safe in Jesus dwell,  
And blest in Jesus live:

*Refrain*

Ye who have sold for naught  
Your heritage above  
Shall have it back unbought,  
The gift of Jesus' love:

*Refrain*

The Gospel trumpet hear,  
The news of heavenly grace;  
And saved from earth, appear  
Before your Savior's face:

*Refrain*

### **Blow Ye the Trumpet, Blow**

Lewis Edson, arr. P. Heineman

The musical score consists of four staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is written in treble clef. The first staff contains the first four measures, the second staff the next four, the third staff the next four, and the fourth staff the final four measures. The music features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and quarter notes, with some triplet markings.

## By Cool Siloam's Shady Rill



William Gardner

The pre-Israelite settlement of Siloam is now the Arab community of Silwan in East Jerusalem, south of the Old City. The ancient community that was built around the "serpent-stone", Zoheleth, where Adonijah gave his feast in the time of Solomon, is the site of the Pool of Siloam, where Jesus healed a man blind from birth as described in the *Gospel of John*, and of the legendary Tower of Siloam, whose collapse is an admonitory omen mentioned in the *Gospel of Luke*. The melody is by William Gardner (1750-1853) with words by Reginald Heber (1783-1826).



Reginald Heber

### *Lyrics by Reginald Heber*

By cool Siloam's shady rill  
How fair the lily grows!  
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,  
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

Lo! such the child whose early feet  
The paths of peace have trod,  
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,  
Is upward drawn to God.

By cool Siloam's shady rill  
The lily must decay;  
The rose that blooms beneath the hill  
Must shortly fade away.

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour  
Of man's maturer age  
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power  
And stormy passion's rage.

O Thou Whose infant feet were found  
Within Thy Father's shrine,  
Whose years with changeless virtue crowned,  
Were all alike divine.

Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,  
We seek Thy grace alone,  
In childhood, manhood, age, and death  
To keep us still Thine own.



BY COOL SILOAM'S SHADY RILL

Hymn

/JHP



## Children of the Heavenly Father



Karolina Wilhelmina Sandell-Berg

Lina was the daughter of Jonas Sandell, pastor of the Lutheran church in Fröderyd. At age 26, she accompanied her father on a boat trip across Lake Vättern to Göteborg, during which he fell overboard and drowned before her eyes. The tragedy profoundly affected Lina and reportedly inspired her to write hymns. Known as the Fanny Crosby of Sweden, she wrote 650 hymns. She married Stockholm merchant C. O. Berg in 1867, but continued to initial her hymns "L. S."

The lyrics were translated from Swedish to English by Ernst William Olson.



Oskar Ahnfelt

Olson's family emigrated to America in 1875. He attended Augustana College in Rock Island, Illinois. He worked for Swedish newspapers, and for a publisher in Chicago, and then became editor of the Augustana Book Concern (1911-1949). He wrote four original hymns, and translated almost 30 more. He was a member of the Augustana Hymnal Committee, which published its *Hymnal and Order of Service* in 1925, and was a member of the Joint Commission on a Common Hymnal, which led to the publication of the *Service Book and Hymnal* in 1958. In 1948, the King of Sweden made Olson a knight of the Royal Order of Vasa.

The melody is *Tryggare Kan Ingen Vara*, a Swedish melody, arranged by Oskar Ahnfelt (1813-1882). Sweden's "Spiritual Troubadour," Ahnfelt composed or arranged the music for all of Lina Sandell's hymns. Like Sandell, he was a Pietist and traveled throughout Scandinavia singing her hymns, accompanying himself with a 10 string guitar. The state church opposed pietistic hymns and ordered Ahnfelt to sing them before King Karl XV. After hearing them, the king said, "You may sing as much as you desire in both of my kingdoms." He sang them so much that Sandell wrote, "Ahnfelt has sung my songs into the hearts of the people." Jenny Lind, the Swedish Nightingale, was also a Pietist and popularized Sandell's hymns in America and wherever she sang. She also financed the first edition of Ahnfelt's songs, consisting mostly of Sandell's hymns.

*Lyrics by Lin Sandell*

Children of the heav'nly Father  
Safely in His bosom gather;  
Nestling bird nor star in Heaven  
Such a refuge e'er was given.

Though He giveth or He taketh,  
God His children ne'er forsaketh;  
His the loving purpose solely  
To preserve them pure and holy.

God His own doth tend and nourish;  
In His holy courts they flourish;  
From all evil things He spares them;  
In His mighty arms He bears them.

Lo, their very hairs He numbers,  
And no daily care encumbers  
Them that share His ev'ry blessing  
And His help in woes distressing.

Neither life nor death shall ever  
From the Lord His children sever;  
Unto them His grace He showeth,  
And their sorrows all He knoweth.

Praise the Lord in joyful numbers:  
Your Protector never slumbers.  
At the will of your Defender  
Ev'ry foeman must surrender

**Children of the Heavenly Father**

Trad. Swedish, arr. P. Heimeman



## Christ for the World We Sing



Samuel Wolcott

Samuel Wolcott wrote the words to **“Christ for the World We Sing”** while a minister at the Plymouth Congregational Church in Cleveland, Ohio:

*The Young Men’s Christian Association of Ohio met in one of our churches with their motto in evergreen letters over the pulpit: “Christ for the World, and the World for Christ.” This suggested the hymn “Christ for the world we sing.” It was on my way home from this service in 1869, walking alone through the streets, that I put together the four stanzas of the hymn.*



Felice de Giardini

Wolcott attended Yale College (AB 1833) and Andover Theological Seminary, and served as a missionary in Syria (1841-1842). He returned to America and pastored in Belchertown, Massachusetts; Providence, Rhode Island; Chicago, Illinois; and at the Plymouth Congregational Church, Cleveland, Ohio. Later, he was secretary to the Ohio Home Missionary Society. Over 200 hymns are attributed to him.

The tune is by Felice de Giardini. De Giardini was a well known violinist, composer and director. He sang as a choir boy in Milan, Italy, and studied music in Turin. In the 1730s, he began playing the violin in orchestras, and toured Europe in the 1750s. He then moved from Italy to London where he was involved with the opera. He also worked as music master for the Duke of Gloucester. In 1796, de Giardini moved to Moscow, but died in poverty shortly after.

### *Lyrics by Samuel Wolcott*

Christ for the world we sing,  
The world to Christ we bring, with loving zeal,  
The poor and them that mourn, the faint and  
overborne,  
Sin sick and sorrow worn, whom Christ doth heal.

Christ for the world we sing,  
The world to Christ we bring, with fervent prayer;  
The wayward and the lost, by restless passions tossed,  
Redeemed at countless cost, from dark despair.

Christ for the world we sing,  
The world to Christ we bring, with one accord;  
With us the work to share, with us reproach to dare,  
With us the cross to bear, for Christ our Lord.

Christ for the world we sing,  
The world to Christ we bring, with joyful song;  
The newborn souls, whose days, reclaimed from  
error’s ways,  
Inspired with hope and praise, to Christ belong.

## Christ for the World We Sing

F. De Giardini, arr. P. Heineman



## Christ Is Risen

Brian Wren is a hymnwriter whose work appears in hymnals from all denominations and traditions throughout the English-speaking world. Born in London in 1936, Brian Wren studied at Oxford, taking degrees in Modern Languages and Theology, including a D. Phil for work on the Hebrew prophets. After ordination, he was minister of a Congregational church in Essex, served as consultant to the British Council of Churches, and worked in the student-based world poverty campaign, Third World First.



Brian Wren

Since 1983, Brian has followed a freelance ministry, helping worshippers, ministers, educators and musicians to improve skills, and deepen spirituality. Now living in the USA, Brian is on the United Reformed Church roll of ministers as *servicing overseas*.

When the committee who planned the 1989 *United Methodist Hymnal* was considering this text to still another tune, Wren suggested using *w zlobie lezy*, a Polish tune that is often sung to the Christmas text "Infant Holy, Infant Lowly." *w zlobie lezy* has "reflective qualities and musical connection of Christ's nativity and resurrection, a tune that aptly expresses the metaphors of a tree growing in the desert with 'healing leaves of grace'".

### *Lyrics by Brian Wren*

Christ is risen! Shout Hosanna! Celebrate this day of days.  
Christ is risen! Hush in wonder, all creation is amazed.  
In the desert all surrounding, see, a spreading tee has grown.  
Healing leaves of grace abounding ring a taste of love unknown.

Christ is risen! Raise your spirits from the caverns of despair.  
Walk with gladness in the morning. See what love can do and dare.  
Drink the wine of resurrection, not a servant, but a friend;  
Jesus is our strong companion joy and peace shall never end.

Christ is risen! Earth and heaven never more shall be the same.  
Break the bread of new creation where the world is still in pain.  
Tell its grim, demonic chorus: "Christ is risen! Get you gone!"  
God the First and Last is with us. Sing Hosanna everyone.

### Christ Is Risen

Polish Carol, arr. P. Heineman

The musical score is written on four staves in treble clef. The key signature consists of two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is characterized by a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, often grouped in pairs or triplets. The accompaniment is a simple bass line of quarter notes. The piece concludes with a final cadence on the fourth staff.

## Close To Thee



Fanny Crosby

The words to “**Close To Thee**” were written by Fanny Crosby and included in *Songs of Grace and Glory*, 1874.

*Toward the close of a day in the year 1874 I was sitting in my room thinking of the nearness of God through Christ as the constant companion of my pilgrim journey, when my heart burst out with the words.*

The tune was composed by Silas Jones Vail. Vail was born in Long Island, New York on October 6, 1818. Vail was a hatter by trade, but wrote a large number of songs for Phillip Phillips, who was the first to publish Vail’s compositions.

### *Lyrics by Fanny Crosby*

Thou my everlasting Portion, more than friend or life to me,  
All along my pilgrim journey, Savior, let me walk with Thee.  
Close to Thee, close to Thee, close to Thee, close to Thee,  
All along my pilgrim journey, Savior, let me walk with Thee.

Not for ease or worldly pleasure, nor for fame my prayer shall be;  
Gladly will I toil and suffer, only let me walk with Thee.  
Close to Thee, close to Thee, close to Thee, close to Thee,  
Gladly will I toil and suffer, only let me walk with Thee.

Lead me through the vale of shadows, bear me over life’s fitful sea;  
Then the gate of life eternal may I enter, Lord, with Thee.  
Close to Thee, close to Thee, close to Thee, close to Thee,  
Then the gate of life eternal may I enter, Lord, with Thee.

## Close to Thee

Silas J. Vail, arr. P. Heineman



## Come, Let Us Join Our Friends Above

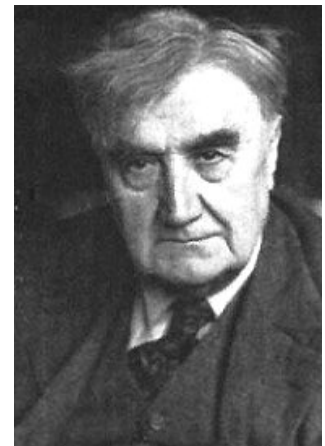


Charles Wesley

“Come, Let Us Join Our Friends Above” is a funeral hymn first published in 1759. The words are by Charles Wesley and the tune is based on the traditional English melody, *Forest Green*, arranged by Ralph Vaughan Williams.

Vaughan Williams was an influential English composer of symphonies, chamber music, opera, choral music, and film scores. He was also an important collector of English folk music and song.

Ralph Vaughan Williams was born in Down Ampney, Gloucestershire, where his father, the Rev. Arthur Vaughan Williams, was vicar.



Ralph Vaughan Williams

Following his father's death in 1875 he was taken by his mother, Margaret Susan Wedgwood (1843–1937), the great-granddaughter of the potter Josiah Wedgwood, to live with her family at Leith Hill Place, the Wedgwood family home in the North Downs. He was also related to the Darwins, Charles Darwin being a great-uncle. Ralph



(pronounced "Rayf") was therefore born into the privileged intellectual upper middle class, but never took it for granted and worked tirelessly all his life for the democratic and egalitarian ideals he believed in.

As a student he had studied piano, "which I never could play, and the violin, which was my musical salvation."

In 1904, Vaughan Williams discovered English folk songs, which were fast becoming extinct owing to the increase of literacy and printed music in rural areas. He travelled the countryside, transcribing and preserving many himself. Later he incorporated some songs and melodies into his own music, being fascinated by the beauty of the music and its anonymous history in the working lives of ordinary people. His efforts did much to raise appreciation of traditional English folk song and melody.

Vaughan Williams's music has often been said to be characteristically English, of the same genre as the works of Gustav Holst, Frederick Delius, George Butterworth, William Walton, and others.

### *Lyrics by Charles Wesley*

Come, let us join our friends above, who have obtained the prize,  
And on the eagle wings of love to joys celestial rise.  
Let saints on earth unite to sing with those to glory gone,  
For all the servants of our King in earth and heaven are one.

One family we dwell in Him, one church above, beneath,  
Though now divided by the stream, the narrow stream of death;  
One army of the living God, to His command we bow;  
Part of His host have crossed the flood, and part are crossing now.

Ten thousand to their endless home this solemn moment fly,  
And we are to the margin come, and we expect to die.  
His militant embodied host, with wishful looks we stand,  
And long to see that happy coast, and reach the heavenly land.

Our old companions in distress we haste again to see,  
And eager long for our release, and full felicity:  
Even now by faith we join our hands with those that went before;  
And greet the blood besprinkled bands on the eternal shore.

Our spirits too shall quickly join, like theirs with glory crowned,  
And shout to see our Captain's sign, to hear His trumpet sound.  
O that we now might grasp our Guide! O that the word were given!  
Come, Lord of Hosts, the waves divide, and land us all in Heaven.

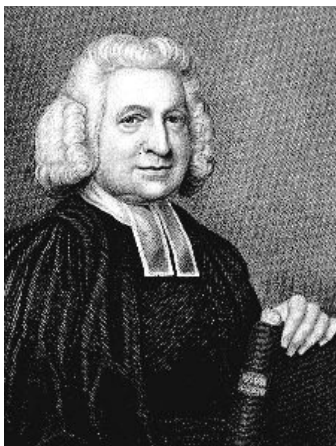


## Come, Let Us Join Our Friends Above

Trad. English, arr. P. Heineman



## Come, Thou Almighty King



Charles Wesley

Some sources show the author of this tune as "anonymous." Others credit Charles Wesley, 1757. The words appeared in George Whitefield's *Collection of Hymns for Social Worship*, 1757.

De Giardini wrote the music specifically for this hymn where it appeared in *The Collection of Psalm and Hymn Tunes Sung at the Chapel of the Lock Hospital*, 1769.



Felice de Giardini

In the days of the American Revolution a congregation of patriotic colonists were worshipping in their church on Long Island when the service was interrupted by the arrival of a company of Hessian troops. The captain stalked up

the aisle and commanded the people to sing "God Save the King." The organist started the tune that we call "America"; but the people, true to the cause of the American colonies and to their God, sang this hymn.

*Lyrics by Charles Wesley*

Come, Thou almighty King,  
Help us Thy Name to sing, help us to praise!  
Father all glorious, o'er all victorious,  
Come and reign over us, Ancient of Days!

Jesus, our Lord, arise,  
Scatter our enemies, and make them fall;  
Let Thine almighty aid our sure defense be made,  
Souls on Thee be stayed; Lord, hear our call.

Come, Thou incarnate Word,  
Gird on Thy mighty sword, our prayer attend!  
Come, and Thy people bless, and give Thy Word success,  
Spirit of holiness, on us descend!

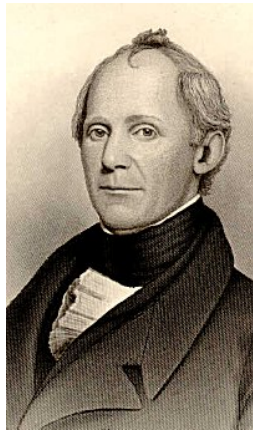
Come, holy Comforter,  
Thy sacred witness bear in this glad hour.  
Thou Who almighty art, now rule in every heart,  
And ne'er from us depart, Spirit of power!

To Thee, great One in Three,  
Eternal praises be, hence, evermore.  
Thy sovereign majesty may we in glory see,  
And to eternity love and adore!

**Come, Thou Almighty King**

Felice De Giardini

## Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing



Asahel Nettleton

“Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing” is a Christian hymn composed by the 18th century Methodist pastor and hymnist Robert Robinson. The hymn is set to an American folk tune known as *Nettleton*, by attribution to the evangelist Asahel Nettleton who composed it early in the nineteenth century. Robinson penned the words at age 22 in the year 1757.

As the story goes, turning to the young Robert Robinson, the bleary-eyed gipsy fortune-teller pointed a quivering finger and said, “And you, young man, you will live to see your children and your grandchildren.”



Robert Robinson

“If I’m going to live to see my children and grandchildren,” he thought, “I’ll have to change my way of living.” That very night, half in fun and half seriously, he took his gang to an open air revival service nearby where the famous evangelist, George Whitfield, was preaching. “We’ll go down and laugh at the poor deluded Methodist,” he explained. Two years and seven months after hearing that sermon, twenty-year-old Robert Robinson made his peace with God, and “found full and free forgiveness through the precious blood of Jesus Christ.” Joining the Methodists, and feeling the call to preach, the self-taught Robinson was appointed by John Wesley to the Calvinist Methodist Chapel, Norfolk, England. And there, for the celebration of Pentecost (Whitsunday), in 1758, three years after his marvelous conversion, he penned his spiritual autobiography in the words of this hymn.

### *Lyrics by Robert Robinson*

Come, Thou Fount of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;  
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,  
Call for songs of loudest praise.  
Teach me some melodious sonnet,  
Sung by flaming tongues above.  
Praise the mount! I’m fixed upon it,  
Mount of Thy redeeming love.

Sorrowing I shall be in spirit,  
Till released from flesh and sin,  
Yet from what I do inherit,  
Here Thy praises I’ll begin;  
Here I raise my Ebenezer;  
Here by Thy great help I’ve come;  
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,  
Safely to arrive at home.

Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God;  
He, to rescue me from danger,  
Interposed His precious blood;  
How His kindness yet pursues me

Mortal tongue can never tell,  
Clothed in flesh, till death shall loose me  
I cannot proclaim it well.

O to grace how great a debtor  
Daily I’m constrained to be!  
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,  
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.  
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,  
Prone to leave the God I love;  
Here’s my heart, O take and seal it,  
Seal it for Thy courts above.

O that day when freed from sinning,  
I shall see Thy lovely face;  
Clothed then in blood washed linen  
How I’ll sing Thy sovereign grace;  
Come, my Lord, no longer tarry,  
Take my ransomed soul away;  
Send thine angels now to carry  
Me to realms of endless day.

## Come, Thou Fount Of Every Blessing Hymn

Psalms 68:19



## Come, Thou Long Expected Jesus



"Come Thou Long Expected Jesus" is based on the tune "Hyfrydol" written by Rowlan Prichard. Prichard (January 14, 1811-January 25, 1887) was a Welsh musician. A native of Graienyn, near Bala, he lived most of his life in the area, serving for a time as a loom tender's assistant in Holywell, where he died. In 1844 Prichard published *Cyfaill y Cantorion (The Singer's Friend)*, a song book intended for children.

Hyfrydol (Welsh for *cheerful*) appears in a number of Christian hymnals in various arrangements. Prichard composed this hymn tune before he was twenty years old. The words to "Come Thou Long Expected Jesus" were penned by Charles Wesley and published in *Hymns for the Nativity of Our Lord* (London: William Strahan, 1745), number 10.

*Lyrics by Charles Wesley*

Come, Thou long expected Jesus  
Born to set Thy people free;  
From our fears and sins release us,  
Let us find our rest in Thee.  
Israel's Strength and Consolation,  
Hope of all the earth Thou art;  
Dear Desire of every nation,  
Joy of every longing heart.

Born Thy people to deliver,  
Born a child and yet a King,  
Born to reign in us forever,  
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.  
By Thine own eternal Spirit  
Rule in all our hearts alone;  
By Thine all sufficient merit,  
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

**Come, Thou Long Expected Jesus** Hymn HYFRYDOL - Rowland H. Prichard

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Come, Thou Long Expected Jesus'. It consists of six staves of music written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, featuring a mix of quarter and eighth notes. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

## Come, We That Love the Lord



Isaac Watts

**Isaac Watts** (July 17, 1674 – November 25, 1748) is recognized as the "Father of English Hymnody", as he was the first prolific and popular English hymnwriter, credited with some 750 hymns. Many of his hymns remain in active use today and have been translated into many languages.

Born in Southampton, Watts was brought up in the home of a committed Nonconformist — his father had been incarcerated twice for his controversial views. Watts, unable to go to either Oxford or Cambridge due to his Nonconformity, went to the Dissenting Academy at Stoke Newington in 1690.

His education led him to the pastorate of a large Independent Chapel in London, and he also found himself in the position of helping trainee preachers, despite poor health. Taking work as a private tutor, he lived with the nonconformist Hartopp family at Fleetwood House, Abney Park in Stoke Newington, and later in the household of Sir Thomas and Lady Mary Abney at Theobalds, Cheshunt, in Hertfordshire, and at their second residence, Abney House, Stoke Newington.

Though a nonconformist, Sir Thomas practiced occasional conformity to the Church of England as necessitated by his being Lord Mayor of London 1700–01. Likewise Isaac Watts held religious opinions that were more nondenominational or ecumenical than was at that time common for a nonconformist; having a greater interest in promoting education and scholarship, than preaching for any particular ministry.

On the death of Sir Thomas Abney, Watts moved permanently with widow, Lady Mary Abney, and her remaining daughter, to their second home, Abney House, at Abney Park in Stoke Newington - a property that Mary had inherited from her brother along with title to the Manor itself. The beautiful grounds at Abney Park, which became Watts' permanent home from 1736 to 1748, led down to an island heronry in the Hackney Brook where Watts sought inspiration for the many books and hymns written during these two decades. He died there in Stoke Newington and was buried in Bunhill Fields, having left behind him a massive legacy, not only of hymns, but also of treatises, educational works, essays and the like. His work was influential amongst independents and early religious revivalists in his circle, amongst whom was Philip Doddridge who dedicated his best known work to Watts. On his death, Isaac Watts' papers were given to Yale University; an institution with which he was connected due to its being founded predominantly by fellow Independents (Congregationalists).

### *Lyrics by Isaac Watts*

Come, we that love the Lord,  
and let our joys be known;  
join in a song with sweet accord,  
and thus surround the throne.

Let those refuse to sing  
who never knew our God;  
but children of the heavenly King  
may speak their joys abroad.

The hill of Zion yields  
a thousand sacred sweets  
before we reach the heavenly fields,  
or walk the golden streets.

Then let our songs abound,  
and every tear be dry;  
we're marching through Emmanuel's ground,  
to fairer worlds on high.



## Come, We That Love the Lord

Aaron Williams, arr. P. Heineman



## Faith of Our Fathers



Frederick William Faber (June 28, 1814 - September 26, 1863), British hymn writer and theologian, was born at Calverley, Yorkshire, where his grandfather Thomas Faber, was vicar. He attended the grammar school of Bishop Auckland for a short time, but a large portion of his boyhood was spent in Westmorland. He afterwards went to Harrow and Balliol College, Oxford. In 1835, he obtained a scholarship at University College. In 1836, he won the Newdigate prize for a poem on "The Knights of St John," which elicited special praise from Keble. Among his college friends were Dean Stanley and Roundell 1st Earl of Selborne.

In January 1837, he was elected fellow of University College. Meanwhile, he had given up the Calvinistic views of his youth, and had become an enthusiastic follower of John Henry Newman. In 1841, a travelling tutorship took him to the continent; on his return, he published a book called *Sights and Thoughts in Foreign Churches and among Foreign Peoples* (London, 1842), with a dedication to his friend the poet Wordsworth.

He accepted the rectory of Elton in Huntingdonshire, but soon after went again to the continent, in order to study the methods of the Roman Catholic Church. After a prolonged mental struggle, he joined the Catholic Church in November 1845. He founded a religious community at Cotton Hall, also known as St. Wilfrids', in the Archdiocese of Birmingham, called Wilfridians (which ultimately merged in the oratory of St Philip Neri, with John Henry Newman as Superior). In 1849, a branch of the oratory—subsequently independent—was established in London, first in King William Street, and afterwards at Brompton, over which Faber presided until his death. In spite of his weak health, an almost incredible amount of work was crowded into those years. He published a number of theological works, and edited the *Oratorian Lives of the Saints*.

This hymn was sung at the funeral of American president Franklin Roosevelt, held in the East Room of the White House in Washington, DC. The tune is *St. Catherine* arranged by James G. Walton.

*Lyrics by Frederick Faber*

Faith of our fathers, living still,  
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword;  
O how our hearts beat high with joy  
Whenever we hear that glorious Word!

Refrain

Faith of our fathers, holy faith!  
We will be true to thee till death.

Faith of our fathers, we will strive  
To win all nations unto Thee;  
And through the truth that comes from God,  
We all shall then be truly free.

Refrain

Faith of our fathers, we will love  
Both friend and foe in all our strife;  
And preach Thee, too, as love knows how  
By kindly words and virtuous life.

Refrain

**Faith of Our Fathers**

Hymn

Henri F. Hemy - ST. CATHERINE

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Faith of Our Fathers'. It consists of three staves of music written in treble clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is written on a single staff, with the first staff starting with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a time signature of 3/4. The music is a simple, rhythmic melody with a mix of eighth and quarter notes. The second and third staves continue the melody, with the third staff ending with a double bar line.



## For the Beauty of the Earth

The words to “**For the Beauty of the Earth**” were penned by Folliot Sandford Pierpoint (1835-1917). Pierpoint graduated from Queen’s College, Cambridge University, in 1857, and later taught classics at Somersetshire College. He later lived at Babbicombe, Devonshire, and elsewhere, and occasionally taught

The music is by Conrad Kocher (1786-1872). Kocher studied piano and composition in St. Petersburg, Russia, in the early 1800’s. He went to Rome, Italy, for further study in 1819, and then returned to Germany in 1820. In 1821, he founded the School of Sacred Music in Stuttgart. He also served as organist in the Stiftskirche there.



Conrad Kocher

### *Lyrics by Folliot Sandford Pierpoint*

For the beauty of the earth  
For the glory of the skies,  
For the love which from our birth  
Over and around us lies.

#### *Refrain*

*Lord of all, to Thee we raise,  
This our hymn of grateful praise.*

For the beauty of each hour,  
Of the day and of the night,  
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,  
Sun and moon, and stars of light.

#### *Refrain*

For the joy of ear and eye,  
For the heart and mind’s delight,  
For the mystic harmony  
Linking sense to sound and sight.

#### *Refrain*

For the joy of human love,  
Brother, sister, parent, child,  
Friends on earth and friends above,  
For all gentle thoughts and mild.

#### *Refrain*

For Thy Church, that evermore  
Lifteth holy hands above,  
Offering up on every shore  
Her pure sacrifice of love.

#### *Refrain*

For the martyrs’ crown of light,  
For Thy prophets’ eagle eye,  
For Thy bold confessors’ might,  
For the lips of infancy.

#### *Refrain*

For Thy virgins’ robes of snow,  
For Thy maiden mother mild,  
For Thyself, with hearts aglow,  
Jesu, Victim undefiled.

#### *Refrain*

For each perfect gift of Thine,  
To our race so freely given,  
Graces human and divine,  
Flowers of earth and buds of Heaven.

#### *Refrain*

## For the Beauty of the Earth

Conrad Kocher, arr. P. Heineman



## Go to Dark Gethsemane



James Montgomery

The lyrics to “Go to Dark Gethsemane” were written by James Montgomery (1771-1854). When Montgomery was five years old, his family moved to the Moravian settlement at Gracehill, near Ballymena, County Antrim. Two years later, he was sent to the Fulneck Seminary in Yorkshire. He left Fulneck in 1787 to work in a shop in Mirfield, near Wakefield. Soon tiring of that, he secured a similar position at Wath, near Rotherham, only to find it as unsuitable as his previous job. A trip to London, hoping to find a publisher for his youthful poems, ended in failure. In 1792, he gladly left Wath for Sheffield to be assistant to Mr. Gales, auctioneer, bookseller, and printer of the *Sheffield Register*.



Richard Redhead

In 1794, Gales left England to avoid political prosecution. Montgomery took the *Sheffield Register* in hand, changed its name to the *Sheffield Iris*, and continued to edit it for 32 years. During the next two years he was imprisoned twice, first for reprinting a song in commemoration of the fall of the Bastille, then for giving an account of a riot in Sheffield.

The editing of his paper, the composition and publication of his poems and hymns, the delivery of lectures on poetry in Sheffield and at the Royal Institution, London, and the advocacy of foreign missions and the Bible Society, gave great variety, but very little of stirring incident in his life, though he did find time to write 400 hymns. In 1833, Montgomery received a royal pension of £200 per year.

The music was written by Richard Redhead and published in *Church Hymn Tunes, Ancient and Modern* (London: 1853). Redhead began his musical career as a chorister at Magdalen College, Oxford. He went on to play the organ at Margaret Chapel, London (later named All Saints Church, Margaret Street). In 1864, he moved to St. Mary Magdalene, Paddington, where he served as organist for 30 years.

*Lyrics by James Montgomery*

Go to dark Gethsemane, ye that feel the tempter's power;  
Your Redeemer's conflict see, watch with Him one bitter hour,  
Turn not from His griefs away; learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

See Him at the judgment hall, beaten, bound, reviled, arraigned;  
O the wormwood and the gall! O the pangs His soul sustained!  
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss; learn of Christ to bear the cross.

Calvary's mournful mountain climb; there, adoring at His feet,  
Mark that miracle of time, God's own sacrifice complete.  
"It is finished!" hear Him cry; learn of Jesus Christ to die.

Early hasten to the tomb where they laid His breathless clay;  
All is solitude and gloom. Who has taken Him away?  
Christ is risen! He meets our eyes; Savior, teach us so to rise.

**Go to Dark Gethsemane**

Richard Redhead, arr. P. Heineman

The image displays a musical score for the hymn 'Go to Dark Gethsemane'. It consists of three staves of music, all written in treble clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The music is a single melodic line with a steady, rhythmic accompaniment. The first staff contains the first four measures, the second staff contains the next four measures, and the third staff contains the final four measures. The melody is characterized by a mix of quarter and eighth notes, with some rests and a final cadence in the last measure.

## God of Grace and God of Glory



Harry Fosdick

**Harry Emerson Fosdick** (May 24, 1878-October 5, 1969) was an American clergyman. He was born in Buffalo, New York. He graduated from Colgate University in 1900, and Union Theological Seminary in 1904. While attending Colgate University he joined the Delta Upsilon Fraternity. He was ordained a Baptist minister in 1903. Fosdick was the most prominent liberal Baptist minister of the early 20th Century. Although a Baptist, he was Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church on West Twelfth Street and then at the historic, interdenominational Riverside Church in New York City.



John Hughes

Fosdick became a central figure in the conflict between fundamentalist and liberal forces within American Protestantism in the 1920s and 1930s. While at First Presbyterian Church, on May 21, 1922, he delivered his famous sermon "Shall the Fundamentalists Win?", in which he defended the modernist position. In that sermon, he presented the Bible as a record of the unfolding of God's will, not as the literal Word of God. He saw the history of Christianity as one of development, progress, and gradual change. To the fundamentalists, this was rank apostasy, and the battle lines were drawn.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, U.S.A. (Northern) in 1923 charged his local presbytery to conduct an investigation of his views. A commission began an investigation, as required. His defense was conducted by a lay elder, John Foster Dulles, whose father was a well-known liberal Presbyterian seminary professor. Fosdick escaped probable censure at a formal trial by the 1924 General Assembly by resigning from the pulpit in 1924. He was immediately hired as pastor of a Baptist church whose most famous member was John D. Rockefeller, Jr., who then funded the Riverside Church in Manhattan's Morningside Heights area overlooking the Hudson River, where Fosdick became pastor as soon as the doors opened in October 1930.

The melody is by John Hughes.

### *Lyrics by Harry Fosdick*

God of grace and God of glory,  
On Thy people pour Thy power.  
Crown Thine ancient church's story,  
Bring her bud to glorious flower.  
Grant us wisdom, grant us courage,  
For the facing of this hour,  
For the facing of this hour.

Lo! the hosts of evil 'round us,  
Scorn Thy Christ, assail His ways.  
From the fears that long have bound us,  
Free our hearts to faith and praise.  
Grant us wisdom, grant us courage,  
For the living of these days,  
For the living of these days.

Cure Thy children's warring madness,  
Bend our pride to Thy control.  
Shame our wanton selfish gladness,  
Rich in things and poor in soul.  
Grant us wisdom, grant us courage,  
Lest we miss Thy kingdom's goal,  
Lest we miss Thy kingdom's goal.

Set our feet on lofty places,  
Gird our lives that they may be,  
Armored with all Christ-like graces,  
In the fight to set men free.  
Grant us wisdom, grant us courage,  
That we fail not man nor Thee,  
That we fail not man nor Thee.

Save us from weak resignation,  
To the evils we deplore.  
Let the search for Thy salvation,  
Be our glory evermore.

Grant us wisdom, grant us courage,  
Serving Thee Whom we adore,  
Serving Thee Whom we adore.

### God of Grace and God of Glory

John Hughes, arr. P. Heineman



### Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah



John Hughes

The words to “**Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah**” were penned by William Williams, Pantycelyn (also known as Williams Pantycelyn and Pantycelyn) (1717 – January 11, 1791).

Williams is generally acknowledged as Wales's most important hymn writer. He was also one of the key leaders of the 18th century Welsh Methodist revival along with Daniel Rowland and Howell Harris. As a poet and prose writer he is today considered to be one of Wales's greatest writers.



William Williams

Williams was born in the parish of Llanfair-ar-y-bryn, Carmarthenshire, early in 1717. His family were nonconformists. He was educated locally and intended to become a doctor. This changed when he had a religious conversion while listening to Howell Harris, the evangelical reformer, preaching in Talgarth in 1737. He took deacon's orders in the Church of England in 1740 and was appointed curate to Theophilus Evans (1693-1767) in the parishes of Llanwrtyd, Llanfihangel Abergwesyn and Llanddewi Abergwesyn. Because of his Methodist activities he was refused ordination as a priest and from then on he committed himself entirely to that movement. He travelled throughout the country preaching and establishing *seiadau*, local fellowships of Methodist people, for the converts he won. He died in 1791.

John Hughes, 1907. Hughes wrote this tune in Tonteg (near Pontypridd), Wales, to commemorate a music festival held in nearby Capel Rhondda, Hopkinstown. It was first performed November 1 that year to Welsh words by Ann Griffiths; in the early days it was simply known as Rhondda, but within a year he changed the name to Cwm Rhondda, used Peter Williams' translation, and the rest is history.

This hymn was sung, in Welsh, in the Academy Award winning movie *How Green Was My Valley* (1941). It was sung in English at the funeral of Diana, Princess of Wales, in Westminster Abbey, London, September 6, 1997.

### *Lyrics by William Williams*

Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,  
[or Guide me, O Thou great Redeemer...]  
Pilgrim through this barren land.  
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;  
Hold me with Thy powerful hand.  
Bread of Heaven, Bread of Heaven,  
Feed me till I want no more;  
Feed me till I want no more.

Open now the crystal fountain,  
Whence the healing stream doth flow;  
Let the fire and cloudy pillar  
Lead me all my journey through.  
Strong Deliverer, strong Deliverer,  
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield;  
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.

Lord, I trust Thy mighty power,  
Wondrous are Thy works of old;  
Thou deliver'st Thine from thralldom,  
Who for naught themselves had sold:  
Thou didst conquer, Thou didst conquer,  
Sin, and Satan and the grave,  
Sin, and Satan and the grave.

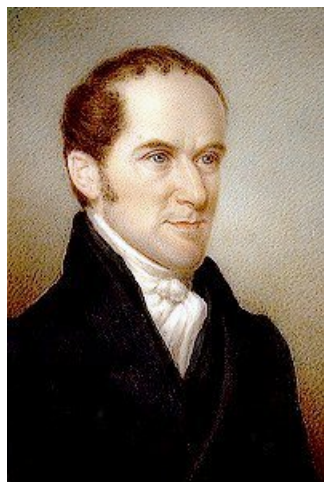
When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside;  
Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,  
Land me safe on Canaan's side.  
Songs of praises, songs of praises,  
I will ever give to Thee;  
I will ever give to Thee.

Musing on my habitation,  
Musing on my heav'nly home,  
Fills my soul with holy longings:  
Come, my Jesus, quickly come;  
Vanity is all I see;  
Lord, I long to be with Thee!  
Lord, I long to be with Thee!





## Happy the Home When God Is There



Henry Ware, Jr.

Henry Ware, Jr. (1794-1843) wrote the lyrics to **“Happy the Home When God Is There”** which was published posthumously in *Selection of Hymns and Poetry for Use of Infants and Juvenile Schools and Families*, third edition, 1846.

Son of a Unitarian minister, Ware attended Harvard and became an assistant teacher at Exeter Academy in New Hampshire. In 1815, the Boston Unitarian Association licensed him to preach, and in 1817, he was ordained and became pastor of the Second Church in Boston, Massachusetts. He was Professor of Pulpit Eloquence and Pastoral Care at the Harvard Divinity School, 1829-1842. He also edited the *Christian Disciple* (later re-named the *Christian Examiner*), and ran the Society for Religious Improvement at Harvard University (his father was on the faculty there, as well). A two volume *Memoir* and a four volume *Works* were published three years after his death.



John B. Dykes

The words are set to the tune St. Agnes, by John B. Dykes first published in *Hymnal for Use in the English Church*, by John Grey, 1866.

### *Lyrics by Henry Ware, Jr.*

Happy the home when God is there,  
And love fills every breast;  
When one their wish, and one their prayer,  
And one their heav'nly rest.

Happy the home where Jesus' Name  
Is sweet to every ear;  
Where children early speak His fame,  
And parents hold Him dear.

Happy the home where prayer is heard,  
And praise each day does rise;  
Where parents love the sacred Word  
And all its wisdom prize.

Lord, let us in our homes agree  
This blessed peace to gain;  
Unite our hearts in love to Thee,  
And love to all will reign.

### Happy the Home When God Is There

John Dykes



### He Leadeth Me

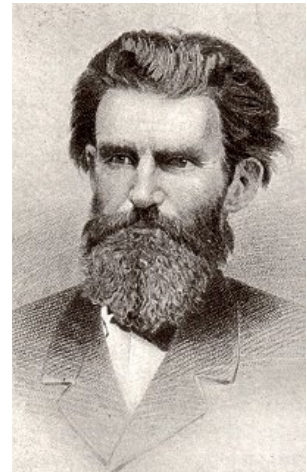


Joseph Gilmore

Joseph Henry Gilmore (1834-1918) wrote the lyrics for “He Leadeth Me.”

Joseph, son of New Hampshire Governor Joseph A. Gilmore, graduated in arts from Brown University, and in theology from Newton Theological Institution. From 1863-1864, he was his father’s assistant while he was governor; during that period, he also edited the Concord, New Hampshire, *Daily Monitor*.

In 1865, Gilmore became pastor at the Second Baptist Church in Rochester, New York. He later pastored in Fisherville, New Hampshire. In addition, he directed the English Department at the University of Rochester, New York (1868-1908).



William Bradbury

*As a young man who recently had been graduated from Brown University and Newton Theological Institution, I was supplying for a couple of Sundays the pulpit of the First Baptist Church in Philadelphia [Pennsylvania]. At the mid-week service, on the 26th of March, 1862, I set out to give the people an exposition of the Twenty-third Psalm, which I had given before on three or four occasions, but this time I did not get further than the words “He Leadeth Me.” Those words took hold of me as they had never done before, and I saw them in a significance and wondrous beauty of which I had never dreamed.*



*It was the darkest hour of the Civil War. I did not refer to that fact—that is, I don't think I did—but it may subconsciously have led me to realize that God's leadership is the one significant fact in human experience, that it makes no difference how we are led, or whither we are led, so long as we are sure God is leading us.*

*At the close of the meeting a few of us in the parlor of my host, good Deacon Wattson, kept on talking about the thought which I had emphasized; and then and there, on a blank page of the brief from which I had intended to speak, I penciled the hymn, talking and writing at the same time, then handed it to my wife and thought no more about it. She sent it to The Watchman and Reflector, a paper published in Boston, where it was first printed. I did not know until 1865 that my hymn had been set to music by William B. Bradbury. I went to Rochester [New York] to preach as a candidate before the Second Baptist Church. Going into their chapel on arrival in the city, I picked up a hymnal to see what they were singing, and opened it at my own hymn, "He Leadeth Me."*

The tune is by William Batchelder Bradbury (1816-1868). Bradbury was born in York, Maine where his father was the leader of a choir. By age fourteen he had mastered every musical instrument available, but never saw an organ or a piano until 1830, when his parents moved to Boston. There he met Dr. Lowell Mason, and by 1834 was known as an organist. In 1840, he began teaching in Brooklyn, New York, where he gained popularity by his free singing-schools, and by his concerts, at which the performers, all children, sometimes numbered 1,000. In 1847 he went to Germany, where he studied harmony, composition, and vocal and instrumental music with the best masters. In 1854, he started the Bradbury Piano Company, with his brother, Edward G. Bradbury in New York City. William Bradbury is best known as a composer and publisher of a series of musical collections for choirs and schools. He was the author and compiler of fifty-nine books. The first book was published in 1841.

### *Lyrics by Joseph Gilmore*

He leadeth me, O blessèd thought!  
O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!  
Whate'er I do, where'er I be  
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

#### *Refrain*

*He leadeth me, He leadeth me,  
By His own hand He leadeth me;  
His faithful follower I would be,  
For by His hand He leadeth me.*

Sometimes mid scenes of deepest gloom,  
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,  
By waters still, over troubled sea,  
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.

#### *Refrain*

Lord, I would place my hand in Thine,  
Nor ever murmur nor repine;  
Content, whatever lot I see,  
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

#### *Refrain*

## He Leadeth Me

William Bradbury, arr. P. Heineman



## Here, O My Lord, I See Thee

Horatius Bonar (1808-1889) was born in Edinburgh, Scotland. The son of James Bonar, Solicitor of Exise for Scotland, he was educated in Edinburgh. He comes from a long line of ministers who have served a total of 364 years in the Church of Scotland. One of eleven children, his brothers John James and Andrew Alexander were also ministers of the Free Church of Scotland. He had married Jane Catherine Lundie in 1843 and five of their young children died in succession. Towards the end of their lives, one of their surviving daughters was left a widow with five small children and she returned to live with her parents.

In 1853 Bonar earned the Doctor of Divinity degree at the University of Aberdeen. He entered the Ministry of the Church of Scotland. At first he was put in charge of mission work at St. John's parish in Leith and settled at Kelso. He joined the Free Church at the time of the Disruption of 1843, and in 1867 was moved to Edinburgh to take over the Chalmers Memorial Church (named after his teacher at college, Dr. Thomas Chalmers). In 1883, he was elected Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.



Horatius Bonar

Bonar has been called “the prince of Scottish hymn writers.” After graduating from the University of Edinburgh, he was ordained in 1838, and became pastor of the North Parish, Kelso. He joined the Free Church of Scotland after the “Disruption” of 1843, and for a while edited the church’s *The Border Watch*. Bonar remained in Kelso for 28 years, after which he moved to the Chalmers Memorial church in Edinburgh, where he served the rest of his life. Bonar wrote more than 600 hymns. At a memorial service following his death, his friend, Rev. E. H. Lundie, said:

*His hymns were written in very varied circumstances, sometimes timed by the tinkling brook that babbled near him; sometimes attuned to the ordered tramp of the ocean, whose crested waves broke on the beach by which he wandered; sometimes set to the rude music of the railway train that hurried him to the scene of duty; sometimes measured by the silent rhythm of the midnight stars that shone above him.*

The lyrics are set to the tune, *Penitencia*, by Edward Dearle (1806-1891). Dearle was a chorister at King’s College, Trinity, and St. John’s College, Cambridge. He attended Cambridge (MusD 1842), served as organist at St. Paul’s, Deptford, and Newark-upon-Trent (1835-64), and wrote a large body of religious music.

### *Lyrics by Horatius Bonar*

Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face;  
Here would I touch and handle things unseen;  
Here grasp with firmer hand eternal grace,  
And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

I have no wisdom save in Him Who is  
My Wisdom and my Teacher both in One;  
No wisdom can I lack while Thou art wise;  
No teaching do I crave save Thine alone.

This is the hour of banquet and of song;  
This is the heavenly table spread for me;  
Here let me feast, and feasting, still prolong  
The hallowed hour of fellowship with Thee.

Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness:  
Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing blood;  
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace;  
Thy Blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord my God!

Here would I feed upon the bread of God,  
Here drink with Thee the royal wine of Heaven;  
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,  
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

Too soon we rise; the symbols disappear;  
The feast, though not the love, is past and gone.  
The bread and wine remove; but Thou art here,  
Nearer than ever, still my Shield and Sun.

I have no help but Thine; nor do I need  
Another arm save Thine to lean upon;  
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed;  
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.

Feast after feast thus comes and passes by;  
Yet, passing, points to the glad feast above,  
Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,  
The Lamb’s great bridal feast of bliss and love.

**Here, O My Lord, I See Thee** E. Dearle, arr. P. Heineman



## Holy, Holy, Holy



John B. Dykes

Reginald Heber wrote **"Holy, Holy, Holy"** while serving as vicar of Hodnet, Shropshire, England. He was the first to compile a hymnal ordering hymns around the church calendar. Wanting to celebrate a triune God, Heber wrote "Holy, Holy, Holy" for Trinity Sunday--a day that reaffirmed the doctrine of the Trinity and was observed eight Sundays after Easter. The hymn was first published in 1826.

John Bacchus Dykes, was an English clergyman and hymnist. Dykes was born in Hull, England, and by age 10 was the assistant organist at St. John's Church, Hull, where his grandfather was vicar. He studied at Wakefield and St Catharine's College, Cambridge, earning a B.A. in Classics in 1847.



Reginald Heber

Dykes cofounded the Cambridge University Musical Society. He was ordained as curate of Malton in 1847. For a short time, he was canon of Durham Cathedral, then precentor (1849 – 1862). In 1862 he became vicar of St. Oswald's, Durham until his death in 1876.

Dykes published sermons and articles on religion but is best known for over 300 hymn tunes he composed. Amongst his many notable hymns which are still in wide use may be mentioned: *Nicaea*, commonly sung to the words "Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!"; *Wir Pflügen*, harmonised by Dykes and commonly sung to the words "We plough the fields, and scatter" (a translation of the German hymn "Wir pflügen und wir streuen" by the late 18th century German poet Matthias Claudius); *Melita*, sung to the words "Eternal Father, Strong to Save" (sometimes known as "For those in Peril on the Sea" from its recurring last line); *Gerontius*, sung to the words "Praise to the Holiest in the Height" (taken from Cardinal Newman's poem *The Dream of Gerontius*); *O Perfect Love*; and *Dominus Regit Me*, sung to the words "The King of love my Shepherd is", one of the many metrical versions of Psalm 23.

### *Lyrics by Reginald Hebner*

Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!  
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;  
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty!  
God in three Persons, blessed Trinity!

Holy, holy, holy! All the saints adore Thee,  
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;  
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,  
Who was, and is, and evermore shall be.

Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,  
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see;  
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee,  
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!  
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth, and sky, and sea;  
Holy, holy, holy; merciful and mighty!  
God in three Persons, blessed Trinity!

## Holy, Holy, Holy!

Hymn

Rev. 4:8



## How Can We Sinners Know

*The lyrics for "How Can We Sinners Know" were written by Charles Wesley.*

*The music was composed by Loys (Louis) Bourgeois (c. 1510 to 1515 – 1559 or later). Bourgeois was a French composer and music theorist of the Renaissance. He is most famous as one of the main compilers of Calvinist hymn tunes in the middle of the 16th century. One of the most famous melodies in all of Christendom, the Protestant doxology known as the Old 100th, is commonly attributed to him.*

*Next to nothing is known about his early life. His first publication, some secular chansons, dates from 1539 in Lyon. By 1545 he had gone to Geneva (according to civic records) and become a music teacher there. In 1547 he was granted citizenship in Geneva, and in that same year he also published his first four-voice psalms.*

*In 1549 and 1550 he worked on a collections of psalm-tunes, most of which were translated by Clement Marot and Théodore de Bèze. The extent to which he was composer, arranger or compiler was not certain, until a long-lost copy of the Genevan Psalter of 1551 came to the library of the Rutgers University. In an Avertissement (note) to the reader Bourgeois specifies exactly what his predecessors had done, what he had changed and which were his own contributions. He is one of the three main composers of the hymn tunes to the Genevan Psalter.*

*Unfortunately, he fell afoul of local musical authorities and was sent to prison on December 3, 1551 for changing the tunes for some well-known psalms "without a license." He was released on the personal intervention of John*

Calvin, but the controversy continued: those who had already learned the tunes had no desire to learn new versions, and the town council ordered the burning of Bourgeois's instructions to the singers, claiming they were confusing. Shortly after this incident, Bourgeois left Geneva never to return: he settled in Lyon, his Geneva employment was terminated, and his wife tardily followed him to Lyon.

While in Lyon, Bourgeois wrote a fierce piece of invective against the publishers of Geneva. By 1560 he had moved to Paris. Curiously, his daughter was baptized as a Catholic, and also in 1560 a Parisian publisher produced a volume of secular chansons by the composer—a form he had condemned as "dissolute" during his Geneva years. No records of his life survive after 1560, and one source gives his date of death as 1559.

### *Lyrics by Charles Wesley*

How can we sinners know  
Our sins on earth forgiven?  
How can my gracious Savior show  
My name inscribed in heaven?

We by His Spirit prove  
And know the things of God,  
The things which freely of His love  
He hath on us bestowed.

What we have felt and seen,  
With confidence we tell,  
And publish to the ends of earth  
The signs infallible.

The meek and lowly heart  
That in our Savior was,  
To us that Spirit doth impart  
And sign us with His cross.

We who in Christ believe  
That He for us hath died,  
We all His unknown peace receive  
And feel His blood applied.

Our nature's turned, our mind  
Transformed in all its powers,  
And both the witnesses are joined,  
The Spirit of God with ours.

Exults for joy our rising soul,  
Disburthened of her load,  
And swells, unutterably full  
Of glory and of God.

His glory is our sole design,  
We live our God to please,  
And rise with filial fear divine  
To perfect holiness.

His love surpasses far  
The love of all beneath,  
We find within, and dare  
The pointless darts of death.

The Spirit of my God  
Hath certified Him mine,  
And all the tokens showed,  
Infallible, divine.

Stronger than death, or sin, or hell,  
The mystic power we prove,  
And conquerors of the world we dwell  
In heaven, who dwell in love.

Hereby the pardoned sinner knows  
His sins on earth forgiven,  
And thus my gracious Savior shows  
My name inscribed in Heaven.

## How Can We Sinners Know

L. Bourgeois, arr. P. Heineman



## How Firm a Foundation



John Rippon

**John Rippon** (1751-1836) was an English Baptist minister and in 1787 published an important hymnal, *A Selection of Hymns from the Best Authors, Intended to Be an Appendix to Dr. Watts' Psalms and Hymns*, commonly known as *Rippon's Selection*, which was very successful, and was reprinted 27 times in over 200,000 copies. Many hymns originally published in Rippon's Selection are preserved in the Sacred Harp.

At the age of 17, Rippon attended Briston Baptist College in Bristol, England. After the death of John Gill, he assumed Gill's pastorate, the Baptist meeting-house in Carter Lane, Tooley Street which moved in 1833 to the New Park Street Chapel in London, from 1773 at the age of 20 until his death, a period of 63 years. He also edited the Baptist Annual Register for 12 years. He was considered the foremost authority on the hymns of Isaac Watts.

Rippon's church was later pastored by Charles Haddon Spurgeon before moving to the Metropolitan Tabernacle at Elephant and Castle in Southwark. Rippon's Selection of hymns were used by the congregation until 1866 when Spurgeon produced an update called "Our Own Hymn Book" which borrowed much from Rippon and Watts.

At the time of his death, he was working on a book commemorating those buried in London's Dissenter cemetery, Bunhill Fields, where he himself was buried.

The words are set to the tune, *Protection*, from *A Compilation of Genuine Church Music*, by Joseph Funk (Winchester, Virginia: J. W. Hollis, 1832). Funk established the first Mennonite printing business in America. He spent most of his life in Rockingham County, Virginia. He was well known as a collector of songbooks, a reviser and updater of hymn tunes, and singing school leader.



*Lyrics by John Rippon*

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,  
Is laid for your faith in His excellent Word!  
What more can He say than to you He hath said,  
You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

In every condition, in sickness, in health;  
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;  
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,  
As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,  
For I am thy God and will still give thee aid;  
I'll strengthen and help thee, and cause thee to stand  
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.

When through the deep waters I call thee to go,  
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;  
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,  
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

When through fiery trials thy pathways shall lie,  
My grace, all sufficient, shall be thy supply;  
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design  
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

Even down to old age all My people shall prove  
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;  
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,  
Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be borne.

The soul that on Jesus has leaned for repose,  
I will not, I will not desert to its foes;  
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,  
I'll never, no never, no never forsake.

**How Firm a Foundation**

arr. P. Heineman

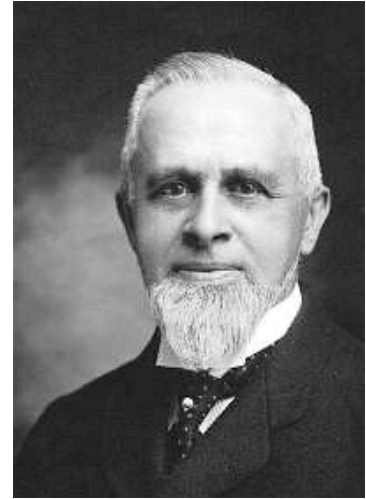


# I Am Thine, O Lord



Fanny Crosby

Fanny Crosby was visiting Mr. W. H. Doane, in his home in Cincinnati, Ohio. They were talking together about the nearness of God, as the sun was setting and evening shadows were gathering around them. The subject so impressed the well-known hymn-writer, that before retiring she had written the words to this hymn, which has become one of the most useful she has ever written. The music by Mr. Doane so well fitted the words that the hymn has become a special favorite wherever the Gospel Hymns are known.



William Howard Doane

## *Lyrics by Fanny Crosby*

I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice,  
And it told Thy love to me;  
But I long to rise in the arms of faith  
And be closer drawn to Thee.

### *Refrain*

*Draw me nearer, nearer blessèd Lord,  
To the cross where Thou hast died.  
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer blessèd Lord,  
To Thy precious, bleeding side.*

Consecrate me now to Thy service, Lord,  
By the power of grace divine;  
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope,  
And my will be lost in Thine.

### *Refrain*

O the pure delight of a single hour  
That before Thy throne I spend,  
When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God  
I commune as friend with friend!

### *Refrain*

There are depths of love that I cannot know  
Till I cross the narrow sea;  
There are heights of joy that I may not reach  
Till I rest in peace with Thee.

### *Refrain*

## I Am Thine, O Lord

William Doane, arr. P. Heineman

The image displays a musical score for the hymn "I Am Thine, O Lord" in G major and 4/4 time. It consists of four staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style with quarter and eighth notes. The accompaniment is provided by the lower notes of the staff, featuring a steady bass line with some chords. The second and third staves continue the melody and accompaniment, while the fourth staff concludes the piece with a final cadence.

## I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord



Timothy Dwight

Timothy Dwight (1752-1817) was an American Congregationalist minister, theologian, educator, and author. He was the eighth president of Yale College, from 1795 to 1817.

Dwight was the eldest son of Northampton, Massachusetts merchant and farmer Timothy Dwight III (a graduate of Yale (1744)). His father was also a major in the Continental Army and served under George Washington. His mother was the third daughter of theologian Jonathan Edwards. He was remarkably precocious, and is said to have learned the alphabet at a single lesson, and to have been able to read the Bible before he was four years old.

Dwight graduated from Yale in 1769. For two years, he was rector of the Hopkins Grammar School in New Haven, Connecticut. He was a tutor at Yale College from 1771 to 1777. Licensed to preach in 1777, he was appointed by Congress chaplain in General Samuel Holden Parsons's *Connecticut Continental Brigade*. He served with distinction, inspiring the troops with his sermons and the stirring war songs he composed, the most famous of which is "Columbia."

In 1777, Dwight married Mary, the daughter of New York merchant and banker Benjamin Woolsey]. This marriage connected him to some of New York's wealthiest and most influential families. Woolsey had been Dwight's father's Yale classmate, roommate, and intimate friend.

On news of his father's death in the fall of 1778, he resigned his commission and returned to take charge of his family in Northampton. Besides managing the family's farms, he preached and taught, establishing a school for both sexes. During this period, he served two terms in the Massachusetts legislature.

Dwight was the leader of the evangelical "New Divinity" faction of Congregationalism -- a group closely identified with Connecticut's emerging commercial elite. Although fiercely opposed by religious moderates -- most notably Yale president Ezra Stiles -- he was elected to the presidency of Yale on Stiles's death in 1795. His ability as a teacher, and his talents as a religious and political leader, soon made the college the largest institution of higher education in North America. Dwight had a genius for recognizing able protégés -- among them Lyman Beecher, Nathaniel W. Taylor, and Leonard Bacon, all of whom would become major religious leaders and theological innovators in the ante bellum decades.

During troubled times at Yale University, then-president Timothy Dwight saw his students drawn to the radical republicanism and "infidel philosophy" of the French Revolution, including the philosophies of Hume, Hobbes, Tindal, and Lords Shaftesbury and Bolingbroke. Between 1797 and 1800, Dwight frequently warned audiences against the threats of this "infidel philosophy" in America. An address to the candidates for the baccalaureate in Yale College called "The Nature and Danger of Infidel Philosophy, Exhibited in Two Discourses, Addressed to the Candidates for the Baccalaureate, In Yale College" was delivered on September 9, 1797. It was published by George Bunce in 1798. This book is credited as one of the embers of the Second Great Awakening.

Dwight was well known as an author, preacher, and theologian. He and his brother, Theodore, were members of a group of writers centered around Yale known as the "Hartford Wits." In verse, Dwight wrote an ambitious epic in eleven books, *The Conquest of Canaan*, finished in 1774 but not published until 1785, a somewhat ponderous and solemn satire, *The Triumph of Infidelity* (1788), directed against David Hume, Voltaire and others; *Greenfield Hill* (1794), the suggestion for which seems to have been derived from John Denham's *Coopers Hill*; and a number of minor poems and hymns, the best known of which is that beginning "I love thy kingdom, Lord".

### *Lyrics by Timothy Dwight*

I love Thy kingdom, Lord,  
The house of Thine abode,  
The church our blessed Redeemer saved  
With His own precious blood.

For her my tears shall fall  
For her my prayers ascend,  
To her my cares and toils be given  
Till toils and cares shall end.

I love Thy church, O God.  
Her walls before Thee stand,  
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,  
And written on Thy hand.

Beyond my highest joy  
I prize her heavenly ways,  
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,  
Her hymns of love and praise.

If e'er to bless Thy sons  
My voice or hands deny,  
These hands let useful skills forsake,  
This voice in silence die.

Jesus, Thou Friend divine,  
Our Savior and our King,  
Thy hand from every snare and foe  
Shall great deliverance bring.

Should I with scoffers join  
Her altars to abuse?  
No! Better far my tongue were dumb,  
My hand its skill should lose.

Sure as Thy truth shall last,  
To Zion shall be given  
The brightest glories earth can yield  
And brighter bliss of Heaven.

## I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord

Aaron Williams, arr. P. Heineman



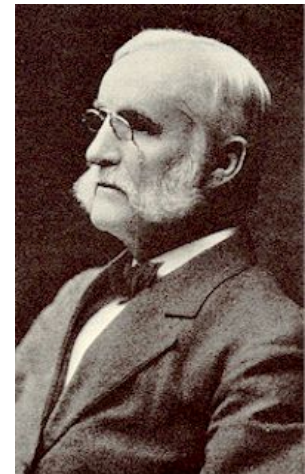
## I Love to Tell the Story



Arabella Katherine Hankey

The lyrics for **"I Love to Tell the Story"** were penned by Arabella Katherine Hankey (1834-1911). Daughter of banker's Thomas Hankey, Katherine (known to her friends as Kate) belonged to an evangelical group known as the Clapham Sect, led by William Wilberforce; the group was mainly known for its anti-slavery and pro-missionary stances. While still a teenager, Hankey taught Sunday school for girls. Later, she traveled to South Africa to be a nurse, and to help her invalid brother.

In her early 30's, Hankey contracted a severe illness. During her protracted recovery, she wrote a long poem about Jesus. It is in two parts, with the first, 50 stanzas in length, asking about Him, and the second answering the question. I Love to Tell the Story and Tell Me the Old, Old Story both come from this poem.



William G. Fisher

The music was written by William Gustavus Fischer (1835-1912). Son of a German immigrant, Fischer showed musical ability at an early age. When he was eight years old, he began singing in a German church in Baltimore. He learned to read music in a church singing class, and afterwards studied piano and organ. He learned bookbinding at J. B. Lippincott's in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, but spent his evenings studying and practicing music. He was an experienced trainer and leader of large bodies of singers of all ages, and was much sought after to lead choirs and choruses in sacred music in Philadelphia. He also taught singing, piano and music theory. He was closely connected with Welsh music festivals, and directed the combined Welsh Societies at the bicentennial of the landing of William Penn (founder of Pennsylvania).

From 1858-1868, Fischer was Professor of Music at Girard College. Before leaving Girard College, he started in the piano business, where he built up one of the most prosperous piano houses in the country. He was partner with John E. Gould until Gould's death in 1875. From that time, Fischer was sole proprietor of the business for a number of years, when he took his oldest son, Charles, into partnership. He finally retired in 1898, and was succeeded by his son.

*Lyrics by Katherine Hankey*

I love to tell the story of unseen things above,  
Of Jesus and His glory, of Jesus and His love.  
I love to tell the story, because I know 'tis true;  
It satisfies my longings as nothing else can do.

*Refrain*

*I love to tell the story, 'twill be my theme in glory,  
To tell the old, old story of Jesus and His love.*

I love to tell the story; more wonderful it seems  
Than all the golden fancies of all our golden dreams.  
I love to tell the story, it did so much for me;  
And that is just the reason I tell it now to thee.

*Refrain*

I love to tell the story; 'tis pleasant to repeat  
What seems, each time I tell it, more wonderfully sweet.  
I love to tell the story, for some have never heard  
The message of salvation from God's own holy Word.

*Refrain*

I love to tell the story, for those who know it best  
Seem hungering and thirsting to hear it like the rest.  
And when, in scenes of glory, I sing the new, new song,  
'Twill be the old, old story that I have loved so long.

*Refrain*

**I Love to Tell the Story**

William Fisher, arr. P. Heineman

The image displays a musical score for the hymn "I Love to Tell the Story" in G major and 4/4 time. The score is arranged for a single melodic line and consists of six staves of music. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is characterized by a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and a more active melodic line in the right hand. The piece concludes with a final whole note chord.

# I Need Thee Every Hour



Annie S. Hawks

Annie Hawks wrote:

*"One day as a young wife and mother of 37 years of age, I was busy with my regular household tasks. Suddenly, I became so filled with the sense of nearness to the Master that, wondering how one could live without Him, either in joy or pain, these words, 'I Need Thee Every Hour,' were ushered into my mind, the thought at once taking full possession of me."*

After writing the lyrics, Hawks gave them to her pastor, Robert Lowry, who added the tune and refrain.



Robert Lowry

Robert Lowry (March 12, 1826 - November 25, 1899) was an American professor of literature, a Baptist minister and composer of gospel hymns. Lowry studied theology at the University at Lewisburg (now Bucknell University) and on graduating, in 1854, became ordained as a Baptist minister. He had charge of churches in a number of places including New York; Brooklyn; West Chester, Pennsylvania; and New Jersey. In 1869 he returned to Lewisburg as a faculty member (having previously served as a professor of literature) and later went on to become its chancellor. From 1880 until 1886 he was president of the New Jersey Baptist Sunday School Union.

He is most remembered as a composer of gospel music and a hymn writer, and also worked as a music editor at the Biglow Publishing Company. He was responsible for around 500 compositions, including "Beautiful River," "Nothing But the Blood," "Shall We Gather At The River?," and "How Can I Keep From Singing?" Despite his success as a hymn writer, it was as a preacher that Lowry would have preferred to be recognized. He once stated: "Music, with me has been a side issue... I would rather preach a gospel sermon to an appreciative audience than write a hymn. I have always looked upon myself as a preacher and felt a sort of depreciation when I began to be known more as a composer." But, however, it is as a hymn writer that he remains renowned.

The hymn was first published at the National Baptist Sunday School Convention in Cincinnati, Ohio, in November 1872.

## *Lyrics by Annie Hawks*

I need Thee every hour, most gracious Lord;  
No tender voice like Thine can peace afford.

### *Refrain*

*I need Thee, O I need Thee;  
Every hour I need Thee;  
O bless me now, my Savior,  
I come to Thee.*

I need Thee every hour, stay Thou nearby;  
Temptations lose their power when Thou art nigh.

### *Refrain*

I need Thee every hour, in joy or pain;  
Come quickly and abide, or life is in vain.

### *Refrain*

I need Thee every hour; teach me Thy will;  
And Thy rich promises in me fulfill.

### *Refrain*



I need Thee every hour, most Holy One;  
O make me Thine indeed, Thou blessed Son.

*Refrain*

**I Need Thee Every Hour**

Hymn

Robert Lowry



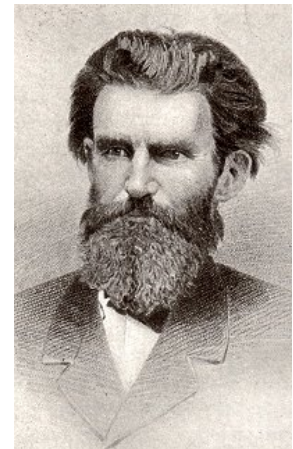
## Jesus Loves Me



Anna B. Warner

Anna Bartlett Warner (August 31, 1827 – January 22, 1915) was an American writer, and author of several hymns and religious songs for children. She was born on Long Island and died in Highland Falls, New York.

Anna's father was Henry Warner, a wealthy New York City lawyer. When he lost most of his fortune in the 1837 depression, the family was forced to move to their summer home (Good Craig) on Constitution Island in the Hudson River. It was then that Anna and her sister Susan began writing to earn money.



William B. Bradley

They also conducted Bible classes for cadets at the nearby Military Academy at West Point. In memory of her, the Academy's Constitution Island Association manages the Warner's island property as an historic site.

This hymn first appeared in the novel *Say and Seal*, by Warner's sister Susan; she wanted a song for a Sunday School teacher to sing to a dying boy, and asked Anna to write it.

The melody is by William Batchelder Bradbury (1816-1868).

*Lyrics by Anna Warner*

Jesus loves me! This I know,  
For the Bible tells me so.  
Little ones to Him belong;  
They are weak, but He is strong.

*Refrain*

*Yes, Jesus loves me!*  
*Yes, Jesus loves me!*  
*Yes, Jesus loves me!*  
*The Bible tells me so.*

Jesus loves me! This I know,  
As He loved so long ago,  
Taking children on His knee,  
Saying, "Let them come to Me."

*Refrain*

Jesus loves me still today,  
Walking with me on my way,  
Wanting as a friend to give  
Light and love to all who live.

*Refrain*

Jesus loves me! He who died  
Heaven's gate to open wide;  
He will wash away my sin,  
Let His little child come in.

*Refrain*

Jesus loves me! He will stay  
Close beside me all the way;  
Thou hast bled and died for me,  
I will henceforth live for Thee.

*Refrain*

This stanza from the original is commonly omitted in hymnals:

Jesus loves me! Loves me still,  
Though I'm very weak and ill,  
That I might from sin be free  
Bled and died upon the tree.

## Jesus Loves Me

William Bradbury, arr. P. Heineman



## Jesus, Keep Me Near the Cross



Fanny Crosby

Fanny Crosby was probably the most prolific hymnist in history. Though blinded by an incompetent doctor at six weeks of age, she wrote over 8,000 hymns. About her blindness, she said:

*It seemed intended by the blessed providence of God that I should be blind all my life, and I thank him for the dispensation. If perfect earthly sight were offered me tomorrow I would not accept it. I might not have sung hymns to the praise of God if I had been distracted by the beautiful and interesting things about me.*

In her lifetime, Fanny Crosby was one of the best known women in the United States. To this day, the vast majority of American hymnals contain her work.

When Fanny died, her tombstone carried the words, "Aunt Fanny" and "Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine. Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine."

The tune is by William Howard Doane (1832-1915) who collaborated with Fanny Crosby on numerous hymns.

*Lyrics by Fanny Crosby*

Jesus, keep me near the cross,  
There a precious fountain  
Free to all, a healing stream  
Flows from Calvary's mountain.

*Refrain*

*In the cross, in the cross,  
Be my glory ever;  
Till my raptured soul shall find  
Rest beyond the river.*

Near the cross, a trembling soul,  
Love and mercy found me;  
There the bright and morning star  
Sheds its beams around me.

*Refrain*

Near the cross! O Lamb of God,  
Bring its scenes before me;  
Help me walk from day to day,  
With its shadows o'er me.

*Refrain*

Near the cross I'll watch and wait  
Hoping, trusting ever,  
Till I reach the golden strand,  
Just beyond the river.

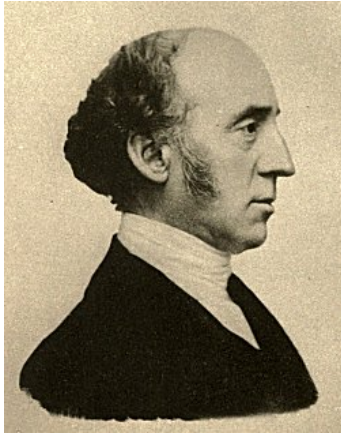
*Refrain*

**Jesus, Keep Me Near the Cross**

William Doane, arr. P. Heineman

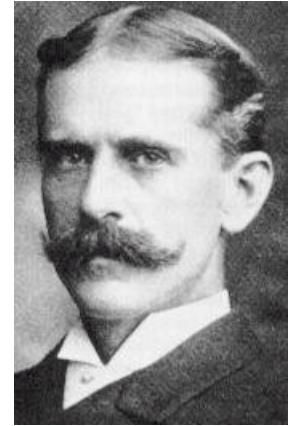


## Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee



Edward Hodges

Henry Van Dyke wrote this hymn while staying at the home of Harry A. Garfield at Williams College, Massachusetts. Van Dyke attended Princeton University, and then served as pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church in New York City. Seventeen years later, he returned to Princeton as a professor of English literature. Afterward, he held a number of eminent posts: American ambassador to the Netherlands and Luxembourg, moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, Commander of the Legion of Honor, and President of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. He chaired the committee that compiled the Presbyterian *Book of Common Worship* in 1905, and helped prepare the revised edition in 1932.



Henry J. van Dyke

The music is the “Hymn to Joy,” from the 9th Symphony of Ludwig van Beethoven; adapted by Edward Hodges. Hodges’ musical gift showed itself at an early age; by 1819, he was playing the organ at St. James’ Church in Bristol, and at St. Nicholas’, 1821-1838. He also had an interesting mechanical bent, and spurred several technical improvements in organ design. He composed a number of services and anthem pieces, and Cambridge University awarded him a doctorate in music in 1825.

Hodges eventually emigrated, accepting a post at the cathedral in Toronto, Canada, in 1838. The next year, he became music director at Trinity Parish in New York City. He became the organist at Trinity Church when it opened in 1846 (the church had its organ built to his specifications). He retired for health reasons in 1859, and returned to his native England in 1863.

### *Lyrics by Henry van Dyke*

Joyful, joyful, we adore Thee, God of glory, Lord of love;  
Hearts unfold like flowers before Thee, opening to the sun above.  
Melt the clouds of sin and sadness; drive the dark of doubt away;  
Giver of immortal gladness, fill us with the light of day!

All Thy works with joy surround Thee, earth and heaven reflect Thy rays,  
Stars and angels sing around Thee, center of unbroken praise.  
Field and forest, vale and mountain, flowery meadow, flashing sea,  
Singing bird and flowing fountain call us to rejoice in Thee.

Thou art giving and forgiving, ever blessing, ever blessed,  
Wellspring of the joy of living, ocean depth of happy rest!  
Thou our Father, Christ our Brother, all who live in love are Thine;  
Teach us how to love each other, lift us to the joy divine.

Mortals, join the happy chorus, which the morning stars began;  
Father love is reigning o’er us, brother love binds man to man.  
Ever singing, march we onward, victors in the midst of strife,  
Joyful music leads us Sunward in the triumph song of life.

Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee

Hymn

arr. P. Heineman

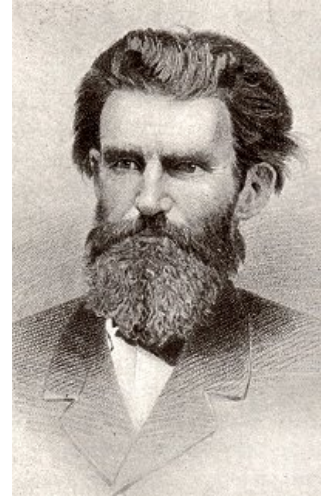
The image displays a musical score for the hymn "Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee" in G major and 4/4 time. The score is arranged for a single melodic line and consists of six staves. The first staff begins with a repeat sign and includes first and second endings. The second and third staves continue the melodic line. The fourth staff also features first and second endings. The fifth and sixth staves conclude the piece. The notation includes various rhythmic values such as quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, as well as rests and repeat signs.

## Just As I Am, Without One Plea



Charlotte Elliott

Miss Charlotte Elliott was visiting some friends in the West End of London, and there met the eminent minister, César Malan. While seated at supper, the minister said he hoped that she was a Christian. She took offense at this, and replied that she would rather not discuss that question. Dr. Malan said that he was sorry if had offended her, that he always liked to speak a word for his Master, and that he hoped that the young lady would someday become a worker for Christ. When they met again at the home of a mutual friend, three weeks later, Miss Elliott told the minister that ever since he had spoken to her she had been trying to find her Savior, and that she now wished him to tell her how to come to Christ. "Just come to him as you are," Dr. Malan said. This she did, and went away rejoicing. Shortly afterward she wrote this hymn.



William Bradbury

The music was written by William Batchelder Bradbury (6 October 1816 – January 7, 1868) a musician who composed many hymns including "He Leadeth Me," "Sweet Hour of Prayer", "Jesus Like a Savior Lead Us" and "The Solid Rock." All of these songs can be found in the Christian Reformed Church's *Psalter Hymnal* and many other song books.

Bradbury was born in York, Maine where his father was the leader of a choir. By age fourteen he had mastered every musical instrument available, but never saw an organ or a piano until 1830, when his parents moved to Boston. There he met Dr. Lowell Mason, and by 1834 was known as an organist. In 1840, he began teaching in Brooklyn, New York, where he gained popularity by his free singing-schools, and by his concerts, at which the performers, all children, sometimes numbered 1,000. In 1847 he went to Germany, where he studied harmony, composition, and vocal and instrumental music with the best masters.

In 1854, he started the Bradbury Piano Company, with his brother, Edward G. Bradbury in New York City. William Bradbury is best known as a composer and publisher of a series of musical collections for choirs and schools. He was the author and compiler of fifty-nine books. The first book was published in 1841. In 1862, Bradbury found *Jesus Loves Me* in a book in which the words were spoken as a comforting poem to a dying child. Along with his tune, Bradbury added his own chorus "Yes, Jesus loves me, Yes, Jesus Loves me..." After publication the song became one of the most popular Christian hymns in churches around the world.

### *Lyrics by Charlotte Elliott*

Just as I am, without one plea,  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Just as I am, and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Just as I am, though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings and fears within, without,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.



Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;  
Because Thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Just as I am, of that free love  
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,  
Here for a season, then above,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

Just as I am, Thy love unknown  
Hath broken every barrier down;  
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

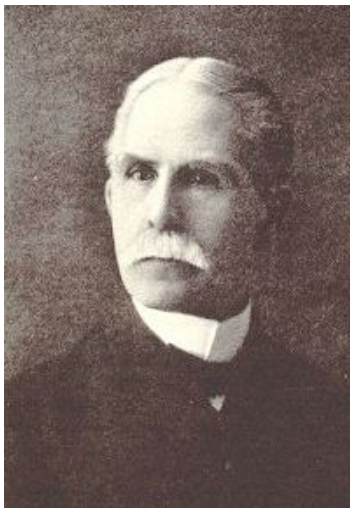
## Just As I Am Without One Plea

Hymn

arr. P. Heineman



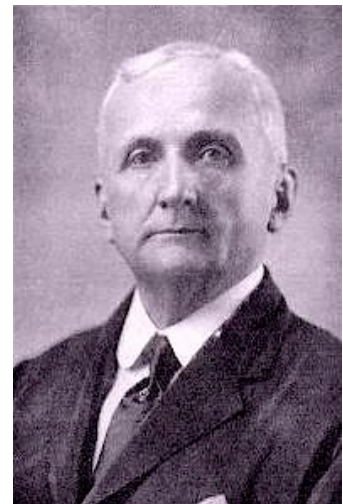
## Leaning on the Everlasting Arms



Elisha Hoffman

Elisha Albright Hoffman (1839-1929) was a minister's son. Hoffman attended Union Seminary in New Berlin, Pennsylvania, and was ordained in 1868. Afterward, he worked with the Evangelical Association's publishing arm in Cleveland, Ohio for 11 years. He pastored in Cleveland and Grafton, Ohio, in the 1880s; at the First Presbyterian Church in Benton Harbor, Michigan, around the turn of the century; and in Cabery, Illinois (1911-1922). In his lifetime, he wrote over 2,000 Gospel songs.

Anthony Showalter (1858-1924) was a music teacher, author and publisher.



Anthony Showalter



Showalter studied with Benjamin C. Unseld and George F. Root; for a year in 1895, he studied music for in England, France, and Germany. He published over 130 music books, which sold more than a million copies. He was principal of the Southern Normal Musical Institute in Dalton, Georgia from its inception in 1880. He edited *The Musical Teacher* for over 20 years, and served as an elder of the First Presbyterian Church in Dalton, Georgia. His works include *Harmony and Composition*, 1880. Showalter wrote this tune and words to the refrain after hearing from two friends whose wives had died, and asked Hoffman to write the remaining lyrics.

This song was sung in the 1943 movie *The Human Comedy*, starring Mickey Rooney, which was nominated for Academy Awards in five categories, including Best Picture and Best Actor. William Saroyan won Best Original Story for the film.

*Lyrics by Elijah Hoffman*

What a fellowship, what a joy divine,  
Leaning on the everlasting arms;  
What a blessedness, what a peace is mine,  
Leaning on the everlasting arms.

*Refrain*

*Leaning, leaning, safe and secure from all alarms;  
Leaning, leaning, leaning on the everlasting arms.*

O how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way,  
Leaning on the everlasting arms;

O how bright the path grows from day to day,  
Leaning on the everlasting arms.

*Refrain*

What have I to dread, what have I to fear,  
Leaning on the everlasting arms;  
I have blessed peace with my Lord so near,  
Leaning on the everlasting arms.

*Refrain*

## Leaning on the Everlasting Arms

Anthony Showalter, arr. P. Heineman

The image displays a musical score for the hymn "Leaning on the Everlasting Arms" in G major and 4/4 time. It consists of four staves of music. The first two staves feature a complex, rhythmic accompaniment with many beamed eighth and sixteenth notes. The third and fourth staves show a simpler, more melodic line, likely representing the vocal part. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4.

## Let All Things Now Living

Katherine K. Davis was a composer, pianist, and author of the famous Christmas tune "The Little Drummer Boy". She was born in St. Joseph, Missouri, on June 25, 1892, and composed her first piece of music, "Shadow March," at the age of 15. She graduated from St. Joseph High School in 1910, and studied music at Wellesley College in Massachusetts. After her graduation, she continued at Wellesley as an assistant in the Music Department, teaching music theory and piano. At the same time, she studied at the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston. Davis also studied with Nadia Boulanger in Paris.

She taught music at the Concord Academy in Concord, Massachusetts, and at the Shady Hill School for Girls in Philadelphia. Many of her over 600 compositions were written for the choirs at her school.

She left all of the royalties and proceeds from her compositions, which include operas, choruses, children's operettas, cantatas, piano and organ pieces, and songs, to Wellesley College's Music Department. These funds are used to support musical instrument instruction.

Katherine K. Davis continued writing music until she became ill in the winter of 1979-1980. She died on April 20, 1980, at the age of 88, in Littleton, Massachusetts.



Katherine K. Davis

The lyrics are set to the tune of *The Ash Grove*. The Ash Grove is a traditional Welsh folk song whose melody has been set to numerous sets of lyrics. The most well-known was written by John Oxenford in the 19th century.

*Lyrics by Katherine Davis*

Let all things now living a song of thanksgiving  
To God the creator triumphantly raise.  
Who fashioned and made us, protected and stayed us,  
Who still guides us on to the end of our days.  
God's banners are o'er us, His light goes before us,  
A pillar of fire shining forth in the night.  
Till shadows have vanished and darkness is banished  
As forward we travel from light into light.

His law he enforces, the stars in their courses  
And sun in its orbit obediently shine;  
The hills and the mountains, the rivers and fountains,  
The deeps of the ocean proclaim him divine.  
We too should be voicing our love and rejoicing;  
With glad adoration a Song let us raise  
Till all things now living unite in thanksgiving:  
"To God in the highest, Hosanna and praise!"

**Let All Things Now Living**

Hymn

arr. P. Heineman

The musical score consists of three staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style with a mix of eighth and quarter notes. The second and third staves continue the melody, with the third staff ending in a double bar line with repeat dots. The overall mood is peaceful and reverent.

## Lord, Speak to Me



Frances Havergal

Frances Ridley Havergal (1836-1879) wrote this hymn at Winterdyne, Bewdley, England, for the use of lay helpers in the church.

She was born into an Anglican family, at Astley in Worcestershire. Her father, William Henry Havergal (1793-1870), was a clergyman, writer, composer, and hymnwriter. Her brother, Henry East Havergal, was a priest in the Church of England and an organist.

In 1852/3 she studied in the Louisenschule, Düsseldorf, and at Oberkassel. Otherwise she led a quiet life, not enjoying consistent good health; she travelled, in particular to Switzerland. She supported the Church Missionary Society.



Robert Schumann

She died of peritonitis at Caswell Bay on the Gower Peninsula in Wales. Her sisters saw much of her work published posthumously. Havergal College in Toronto is named after her. The composer Havergal Brian adopted the name as a tribute to the Havergal family.

The music was written by the composer, Robert Schumann.

### *Lyrics by Frances Havergal*

Lord, speak to me that I may speak  
In living echoes of Thy tone;  
As Thou has sought, so let me seek  
Thine erring children lost and lone.

O lead me, Lord, that I may lead  
The wandering and the wavering feet;  
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed  
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

O strengthen me, that while I stand  
Firm on the rock, and strong in Thee,  
I may stretch out a loving hand  
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

O teach me, Lord, that I may teach  
The precious things Thou dost impart;  
And wing my words, that they may reach  
The hidden depths of many a heart.

O give Thine own sweet rest to me,  
That I may speak with soothing power  
A word in season, as from Thee,  
To weary ones in needful hour.

O fill me with Thy fullness, Lord,  
Until my very heart overflow  
In kindling thought and glowing word,  
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

O use me, Lord, use even me,  
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where,  
Until Thy blessed face I see,  
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

## Lord, Speak to Me

Robert Schumann, arr. P. Heineman



## Marching to Zion



Isaac Watts

Isaac Watts' father was Nonconformist imprisoned twice for his religious views. Isaac learned Greek, Latin, and Hebrew under Mr. Pinhorn, Rector of All Saints, and headmaster of the Grammar School in Southampton. Isaac's taste for verse showed itself in early childhood, and his promise caused a local doctor and other friends to offer him a university education, assuming he would be ordained in the Church of England. However, Isaac declined and instead entered a Nonconformist Academy at Stoke Newington in 1690, under the care of Thomas Rowe, pastor of the Independent congregation at Girdlers' Hall; Isaac joined this congregation in 1693.



Robert Lowry

Watts left the Academy at age 20 and spent two years at home; it was during this period that he wrote the bulk of his *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*. They were sung from manuscripts in the Southampton Chapel, and published 1707-1709. The next six years of his life were again spent at Stoke Newington, working as tutor to the son of eminent Puritan John Hartopp. The intense study of these years is reflected in the theological and philosophical material he subsequently published.

Watts preached his first sermon at age 24. In the next three years, he preached frequently, and in 1702 was ordained as pastor of the Independent congregation in Mark Lane. At that time he moved into the house of a Mr. Hollis in the Minories. His health began to fail the next year, and Samuel Price was appointed as his assistant in the ministry. In 1712, a fever shattered his constitution, and Price became co-pastor of the congregation, which had moved to a new chapel in Bury Street. It was at this time that Isaac became the guest of Sir Thomas Abney. He lived with Abney (and later Abney's widow) the rest of his life, mainly at Theobalds in Hertfordshire, then for 13 years at Stoke Newington.

The music was written by Robert Lowry.

*Lyrics by Isaac Watts*

Come, we that love the Lord,  
And let our joys be known;  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
Join in a song with sweet accord  
And thus surround the throne,  
And thus surround the throne.

*Refrain*

*We're marching to Zion,  
Beautiful, beautiful Zion;  
We're marching upward to Zion,  
The beautiful city of God.*

The sorrows of the mind  
Be banished from the place;  
Religion never was designed  
Religion never was designed,  
To make our pleasures less,  
To make our pleasures less.

*Refrain*

Let those refuse to sing,  
Who never knew our God;  
But favorites of the heavenly King,  
But favorites of the heavenly King  
May speak their joys abroad,  
May speak their joys abroad.

*Refrain*

The God that rules on high,  
And thunders when He please,  
Who rides upon the stormy sky,  
Who rides upon the stormy sky,  
And manages the seas,  
And manages the seas.

*Refrain*

This awful God is ours,  
Our Father and our Love;  
He will send down his heav'nly powers,  
He will send down his heav'nly powers,  
To carry us above,  
To carry us above.

*Refrain*

There we shall see His face,  
And never, never sin!  
There, from the rivers of His grace,  
There, from the rivers of His grace,  
Drink endless pleasures in,  
Drink endless pleasures in.

*Refrain*

Yea, and before we rise,  
To that immortal state,  
The thoughts of such amazing bliss,  
The thoughts of such amazing bliss,  
Should constant joys create,  
Should constant joys create.

*Refrain*

The men of grace have found,  
Glory begun below.  
Celestial fruits on earthly ground  
Celestial fruits on earthly ground  
From faith and hope may grow,  
From faith and hope may grow.

*Refrain*

The hill of Zion yields  
A thousand sacred sweets  
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,  
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,  
Or walk the golden streets,  
Or walk the golden streets.

*Refrain*

Then let our songs abound,  
And every tear be dry;  
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,  
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,  
To fairer worlds on high,  
To fairer worlds on high.

*Refrain*





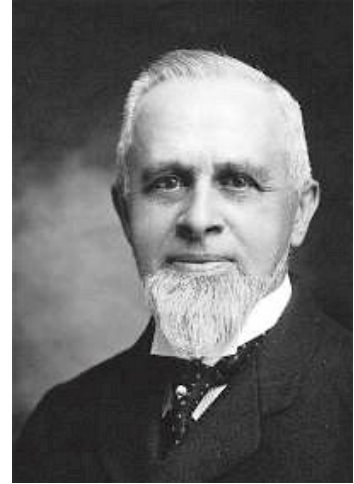
## More Love to Thee, O Christ



Elizabeth Prentiss

**Elizabeth Payson Prentiss** (26 October 1818 -- 13 August 1878) was a Presbyterian pastor's wife, mother, and author, well known for her hymn "More Love to Thee, O Christ" and the didactic story *Stepping Heavenward* (1869). Some of her verses were recently compiled in a book published by Solid Ground Christian Books.

She was born and raised in Portland, Maine, the fifth of eight children (only six survived) of the eminent Congregationalist pastor Edward Payson. The influences of New England Christianity, consisting of the inherited Puritan foundation with added evangelistic, missional, and philanthropic elements, were evident in the Payson family.



W. Howard Doane

From an early age Elizabeth exhibited sharp mental abilities, deep and indiscriminatory sympathy, and an exceptional perceptiveness. Combined, these traits made her an ideal author, not only of instructive children's books but also of characteristically warm and insightful letters to family and a wide circle of friends. As a young woman she published some of her children's stories and poems in "The Youth's Companion," a New England religious periodical. In 1838 she opened a small girls' school in her home and took up a Sabbath-school class as well. Two years later she left for Richmond, VA, to be a department head at a girls' boarding school.

In 1845 she married George Lewis Prentiss, a brother of her dear friend Anna Prentiss Stearns, to whom are addressed some of her warmest and most intimate letters. The Prentisses settled in New Bedford, MA, where George became pastor of South Trinitarian Church. After a happy time of transitioning into the duties of a pastor's wife and a housewife, within a period of three months she lost her second and third children--one as a newborn, one at age four.

After her death, Rev. Prentiss published *The Life and Letters of Elizabeth Prentiss* (1882), for the purpose of fulfilling his wife's wish that the more costly experiences of her life could be used for the consolation of others. Mrs. Prentiss's peculiar trials enabled her to sympathize even more deeply with those who suffered such that, later in life, she declared that she loved the house of mourning better than the house of feasting.

### *Lyrics by Elizabeth Prentiss*

More love to Thee, O Christ, more love to Thee!  
Hear Thou the prayer I make on bended knee.  
This is my earnest plea: More love, O Christ, to Thee;  
More love to Thee, more love to Thee!

Once earthly joy I craved, sought peace and rest;  
Now Thee alone I seek, give what is best.  
This all my prayer shall be: More love, O Christ to Thee;  
More love to Thee, more love to Thee!

Let sorrow do its work, come grief or pain;  
Sweet are Thy messengers, sweet their refrain,  
When they can sing with me: More love, O Christ, to Thee;  
More love to Thee, more love to Thee!

Then shall my latest breath whisper Thy praise;  
This be the parting cry my heart shall raise;  
This still its prayer shall be: More love, O Christ to Thee;  
More love to Thee, more love to Thee!

**More Love to Thee, O Christ** William Doane, arr. P. Heineman



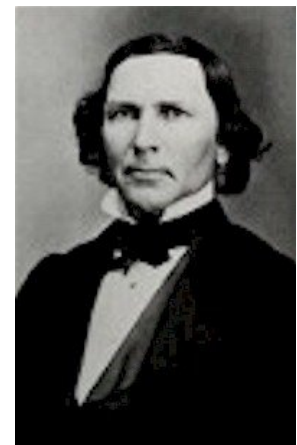
## Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone



Henry Beecher

Thomas Shepherd wrote the first stanza to “**Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone.**” Son of William Shepherd, sometime Vicar of Tilbrook, Bedfordshire, Thomas was ordained an Anglican priest, serving first at St. Neots, then in Buckinghamshire. He later left the Church of England, and in 1694 became pastor of the Independent Castle Hill Baptist Meeting, Northampton (Philip Doddridge later served there, as well). In 1700 he moved to Bocking, Essex, preaching in a barn for several years before a chapel could be built. He served there the remainder of his life.

Subsequent stanzas appeared in a publication by Henry Beecher.



George Allen

Brother of Harriet Beecher Stowe and Charles Beecher, his major contribution to hymnology was his *Plymouth Collection of Hymns and Tunes* (New York: AMS. Barnes and Burr, 1855); it is named after Plymouth Church, in Brooklyn, New York, where he was pastor.

The music is by George Allen. Allen studied music in Boston, Massachusetts, under Lowell Mason. In 1837, Allen became an instructor in Science of Music at Oberlin College, while he was still a student; a year later, he was appointed instructor of Sacred Music, and became a full professor in 1841. Allen was also a student of geology, and 1847 became professor of Geology and Natural History.

In 1837, Allen founded the Oberlin Musical Association (now known as the Musical Union), one of the oldest organizations of its type in America. In 1844, he compiled the *Oberlin Social and Sabbath Hymn Book*.

### Lyrics

Must Jesus bear the cross alone,  
And all the world go free?  
No, there's a cross for everyone,  
And there's a cross for me.

Upon the crystal pavement down  
At Jesus' pierced feet,  
Joyful I'll cast my golden crown  
And His dear Name repeat.

How happy are the saints above,  
Who once went sorrowing here!  
But now they taste unmingled love,  
And joy without a tear.

O precious cross! O glorious crown!  
O resurrection day!  
When Christ the Lord from Heav'n comes down  
And bears my soul away.

The consecrated cross I'll bear  
Till death shall set me free;  
And then go home my crown to wear,  
For there's a crown for me.

### Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone

George Allen, arr. P. Heineman



## Nearer, My God, To Thee



Lowell Mason

"Nearer, My God, to Thee" is a 19th century Christian hymn based loosely on Genesis 28:11-19, the story of Jacob's dream. Genesis 28:11-12 can be translated as follows: "So he came to a certain place and stayed there all night, because the sun had set. And he took one of the stones of that place and put it at his head, and he lay down in that place to sleep. Then he dreamed, and behold, a ladder was set up on the earth, and its top reached to heaven; and there the angels of God were ascending and descending on it.



Sarah F. Adams

The verse was written by British actress, dramatic poet and Unitarian hymn writer Sarah Flower Adams (1805-1848) at her home in Sunnybank, Loughton, Essex, England, in 1841. In the United Kingdom, the hymn is usually associated with the 1861 hymn tune "Horbury" by John Bacchus Dykes, while in the rest of the world, it is usually associated with the 1856 tune "Bethany" by Lowell Mason. Methodists prefer the tune "Propior Deo" (Nearer to God), written by Arthur Sullivan (of Gilbert and Sullivan) in 1872. Sullivan also wrote a second setting of the hymn to a tune referred to as "St. Edmund", and there are other versions, including one referred to as "Liverpool" by John Roberts.

"Nearer, my God, to Thee" is traditionally associated with the RMS *Titanic*, as passengers reported that the ship's band played the hymn as the *Titanic* sank. Another tale, surrounding the death of President William McKinley in September 1901, quotes his dying words as being the first few lines of the hymn. On the afternoon of September 13, 1901, after five minutes of silence across the nation, bands in Union and Madison Squares in New York City played the hymn in memory of the fallen president. It was also played at a memorial service for him in Westminster Abbey, London. The hymn was also played as the body of assassinated American President James Garfield was interred at Lakeview Cemetery in Cleveland, Ohio.

### *Lyrics by Sarah F. Adams*

Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee!  
E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me,  
Still all my song shall be, nearer, my God, to Thee.

#### Refrain

Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

Though like the wanderer, the sun gone down,  
Darkness be over me, my rest a stone.  
Yet in my dreams I'd be nearer, my God to Thee.

There let the way appear, steps unto Heav'n;  
All that Thou sendest me, in mercy given;  
Angels to beckon me nearer, my God, to Thee.

Then, with my waking thoughts bright with Thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs Bethel I'll raise;  
So by my woes to be nearer, my God, to Thee.

Or, if on joyful wing cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot, upward I'll fly,  
Still all my song shall be, nearer, my God, to Thee.

There in my Father's home, safe and at rest,  
There in my Savior's love, perfectly blest;

Age after age to be, nearer my God to Thee.

**Nearer, My God, To Thee** Hymn

Lowell Mason



## Nothing But The Blood

**Nothing But The Blood** was written and composed by Robert Lowry. As noted previously, Lowry attended the University at Lewisburg (later renamed Bucknell University), where he became a professor of literature. He was ordained as a Baptist minister and pastored at West Chester, Pennsylvania; Bloomingdale Baptist Church, New York City; Hanson Place Baptist Church, Brooklyn, New York; First Baptist Church, Lewisburg, Pennsylvania; and Park Avenue Baptist Church, Plainfield, New Jersey. He also worked as a music editor at the Biglow Publishing Company, and helped found the Sixth Avenue Baptist Church in New York City. He wrote about 500 Gospel tunes and jointly edited numerous volumes.



Robert Lowry

*Lyrics by Robert Lowry*

What can wash away my sin?  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;  
What can make me whole again?  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

*Refrain*

*Oh! precious is the flow  
That makes me white as snow;  
No other fount I know,  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.*

For my pardon, this I see,  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;  
For my cleansing this my plea,  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

*Refrain*

Nothing can for sin atone,  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;  
Naught of good that I have done,  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

*Refrain*

This is all my hope and peace,  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;  
This is all my righteousness,  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

*Refrain*

Now by this I'll overcome—  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus,  
Now by this I'll reach my home—  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

*Refrain*

Glory! Glory! This I sing—  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus,  
All my praise for this I bring—  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

*Refrain*

Nothing But the Blood

Hymn

Robert Lowry

The image displays a musical score for the hymn "Nothing But the Blood" by Robert Lowry. The score is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of eight staves of music. The first four staves feature a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together. The fifth and sixth staves show a more active accompaniment with frequent sixteenth-note patterns. The seventh and eighth staves provide a simpler accompaniment with quarter and eighth notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line on the eighth staff.



## Now Thank We All Our God



Catherine Winkworth

Martin Rinkart, a Lutheran minister, was in Eilenburg, Saxony, during the Thirty Years' War. The walled city of Eilenburg saw a steady stream of refugees pour through its gates. The Swedish army surrounded the city, and famine and plague were rampant. Eight hundred homes were destroyed, and the people began to perish. There was a tremendous strain on the pastors who had to conduct dozens of funerals daily. Finally, the pastors, too, succumbed, and Rinkart was the only one left—doing 50 funerals a day. When the Swedes demanded a huge ransom, Rinkart left the safety of the walls to plead for mercy. The Swedish commander, impressed by his faith and courage, lowered his demands.



Johann Crüger

Soon afterward, the Thirty Years' War ended, and Rinkart wrote this hymn for a grand celebration service. It is a testament to his faith that, after such misery, he was able to write a hymn of abiding trust and gratitude toward God.

The words were translated into English by Catherine Winkworth. Winkworth lived most of her life in Manchester, England. The notable exception was the year she spent in Dresden, Germany. Around 1854, she published *Lyra Germanica*, containing numerous German hymns translated into English. She went on to publish another series of German hymns in 1858. In 1863, she came out with *The Chorale Book for England*, and in 1869, *Christian Singers of Germany*. More than any other single person, she helped bring the German chorale tradition to the English speaking world.

The words are set to the tune, Nun Danket attributed to Johann Crüger. Crüger began studying theology in Wittenberg in 1620. In 1622, he became organist of the Nikolaikirche (St. Nikolai Church) in Berlin. He was a friend of Paul Gerhardt, and wrote melodies for many hymns by Gerhardt and others. Crüger composed sacred works for choral and instrumental performances, and was also a musicologist and wrote about the theory and practice of music. In 1640, Crüger edited a hymnal, titled (beginning with the 1647 edition) *Praxis Pietatis Melica*.

### *Lyrics by Martin Rinkart*

Now thank we all our God, with heart and hands and voices,  
Who wondrous things has done, in Whom this world rejoices;  
Who from our mothers' arms has blessed us on our way  
With countless gifts of love, and still is ours today.

O may this bounteous God through all our life be near us,  
With ever joyful hearts and blessed peace to cheer us;  
And keep us in His grace, and guide us when perplexed;  
And free us from all ills, in this world and the next!

All praise and thanks to God the Father now be given;  
The Son and Him Who reigns with Them in highest Heaven;  
The one eternal God, whom earth and Heaven adore;  
For thus it was, is now, and shall be evermore.

**Now Thank We All Our God**      Hymn      Johann Cruger, arr. P. Heineman



# O Come and Dwell in Me



Charles Wesley

*Lyrics by Charles Wesley*

The words for “**O Come and Dwell in Me**” were written by Charles Wesley. The music is by Louis Bourgeois as adapted by Henry Crotch.

Crotch’s musical gift showed itself early; at age two, he was playing the organ which his father built. Within a year, he was giving public recitals in London, and academics wrote papers about the young prodigy. He was playing violin and piano by age 7, and by 11 was assistant organist to John Randall at King’s College, Cambridge. He composed an oratorio by 14, and at 15 was the organist at Christ Church, Oxford; he received his doctoral degree at age 24. In 1822, he helped found the Royal Academy of Music. He had a distinguished career composing, teaching, and lecturing.

O come and dwell in me,  
Spirit of power within,  
And bring the glorious liberty  
From sorrow, fear, and sin.

I want the witness, Lord,  
That all I do is right,  
According to Thy mind and Word,  
Well pleasing in Thy sight.

Hasten the joyful day  
Which shall my sins consume,  
When old things shall be done away,  
And all things new become.

I ask no higher state;  
Indulge me but in this,  
And soon or later then translate  
To my eternal bliss.

## O Come and Dwell in Me

L. Bourgeois, arr. P. Heineman



This same tune is used for a number of hymns including, **O Day of God Draw Nigh**; lyrics by Robert Balgarnie Young Scott (1899-1987). Scott was a graduate of Knox College at the University of Toronto (PhD). Ordained a United Church of Canada minister in 1926, he served in Long Branch, Ontario. He went on to teach at Union College, Vancouver, British Columbia; United Theological College, McGill University, Montreal (where he was the first dean of the Faculty of Divinity/Religious Studies); and Princeton Theological Seminary (chair of the religion department and Danforth Professor of Religion). He also served as president of the Fellowship for a Christian Social Order, and was a Royal Canadian Air Force chaplain in World War II.

## Lyrics by Robert Scott

O Day of God, draw nigh  
In beauty and in power;  
Come with thy timeless judgment now  
To match our present hour.

Bring to our troubled minds,  
Uncertain and afraid,  
The quiet of a steadfast faith,  
Calm of a call obeyed.

Bring justice to our land,  
That all may dwell secure,  
And finely build for days to come  
Foundations that endure.

Bring to our world of strife  
Thy sovereign Word of peace,  
That war may haunt the earth no more,  
And desolation cease.

O Day of God, draw nigh  
As at creation's birth;  
Let there be light again, and set  
Thy judgments in the earth.

## O For a Closer Walk with God



William Cowper

**William Cowper** (pronounced "Cooper") (November 26, 1731 – April 25, 1800) was an English poet and hymnodist. One of the most popular poets of his time, Cowper changed the direction of 18th century nature poetry by writing of everyday life and scenes of the English countryside.

He suffered from periods of severe depression, and although he found refuge in a fervent evangelical Christianity, the source of his much-loved hymns, he often experienced doubt and fears that he was doomed to eternal damnation. However, his religious motivations and association with John Newton (who wrote the hymn "Amazing Grace") led to much of the poetry for which he is best remembered in the popular mind.

Cowper, whose father was chaplain to King George II, went through the motions of becoming an attorney, but never practiced law.

**O For a Closer Walk with God** appeared in Conyer's *Collection of Psalms and Hymns*, 1772. About these lines, Cowper wrote to his aunt:

*"I began to compose them yesterday morning before daybreak, but I fell asleep at the end of the first two lines. When I awaked again, the third and fourth verses were whispered to my heart in a way I have often experienced."*

## Lyrics by William Cowper

O for a closer walk with God,  
A calm and heavenly frame,  
A light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb!

Where is the blessedness I knew,  
When first I saw the Lord?

Where is the soul refreshing view  
Of Jesus and His Word?

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!  
How sweet their memory still!  
But they have left an aching void  
The world can never fill.

Return, O holy Dove, return,  
Sweet messenger of rest!  
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn  
And drove Thee from my breast.

So shall my walk be close with God,  
Calm and serene my frame;  
So purer light shall mark the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.

The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be  
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,  
And worship only Thee.

### O For A Closer Walk With God



## O For A Thousand Tongues To Sing



Charles Wesley

Charles Wesley wrote over 6,000 hymns. Like most hymnists, his works were frequently altered. In the preface to the 1779 *Collection of Hymns for the Use of the People called Methodists*, his brother John wrote:

*I beg leave to mention a thought which has been long upon my mind, and which I should long ago have inserted in the public papers, had I not been unwilling to stir up a nest of hornets. Many gentlemen have done my brother and me (though without naming us) the honour to reprint many of our hymns. Now they are perfectly welcome to do so, provided they print them just as they are. But I desire they would not attempt to mend them, for they are really not able. None of them is able to mend either the sense or the verse. Therefore, I must beg of them these two favours: either to let them stand just as they are, to take things for better or worse, or to add the true reading in the margin, or at the bottom of the page, that we may no longer be accountable either for the nonsense or for the doggerel of other men.*

Wesley wrote this hymn to commemorate the first anniversary of his conversion to Christ. This origin is reflected in the lyrics, "On this glad day the glorious Sun of Righteousness arose." The stanza that begins "O for a thousand tongues to sing" is verse seven of Wesley's original poem. This work first appeared in *Hymns and Sacred Poems* in 1740.

The music is by Carl Gotthelf Gläser. Gläser was born in Weissenfels, Germany, May 4, 1784. Gläser received his musical training first from his father, then at St. Thomas' School in Leipzig. When he moved to Barmen, he taught voice, piano, and violin. He was well known for writing and conducting choral music.

*Lyrics by Charles Wesley*

O for a thousand tongues to sing  
My great Redeemer's praise,  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of His grace!

My gracious Master and my God,  
Assist me to proclaim,  
To spread through all the earth abroad  
The honors of Thy name.

Jesus! the name that charms our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease;  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

He breaks the power of canceled sin,  
He sets the prisoner free;  
His blood can make the foulest clean,  
His blood availed for me.

He speaks, and, listening to His voice,  
New life the dead receive,  
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,  
The humble poor believe.

Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,  
Your loosened tongues employ;  
Ye blind, behold your Savior come,  
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

In Christ your Head, you then shall know,  
Shall feel your sins forgiven;  
Anticipate your heaven below,  
And own that love is heaven.

Glory to God, and praise and love  
Be ever, ever given,  
By saints below and saints above,  
The church in earth and heaven.

On this glad day the glorious Sun  
Of Righteousness arose;  
On my benighted soul He shone  
And filled it with repose.

Sudden expired the legal strife,  
'Twas then I ceased to grieve;  
My second, real, living life  
I then began to live.

Then with my heart I first believed,  
Believed with faith divine,  
Power with the Holy Ghost received  
To call the Savior mine.

I felt my Lord's atoning blood  
Close to my soul applied;  
Me, me He loved, the Son of God,  
For me, for me He died!

I found and owned His promise true,  
Ascertained of my part,  
My pardon passed in heaven I knew  
When written on my heart.

Look unto Him, ye nations, own  
Your God, ye fallen race;  
Look, and be saved through faith alone,  
Be justified by grace.

See all your sins on Jesus laid:  
The Lamb of God was slain,  
His soul was once an offering made  
For every soul of man.

Awake from guilty nature's sleep,  
And Christ shall give you light,  
Cast all your sins into the deep,  
And wash the Æthiop white.

Harlots and publicans and thieves  
In holy triumph join!  
Saved is the sinner that believes  
From crimes as great as mine.

Murderers and all ye hellish crew  
In holy triumph join!  
Believe the Savior died for you;  
For me the Savior died.



With me, your chief, ye then shall know,  
Shall feel your sins forgiven;

Anticipate your heaven below,  
And own that love is heaven.

### O For A Thousand Tongues

Hymn

AZMON - Carl G. Glaser

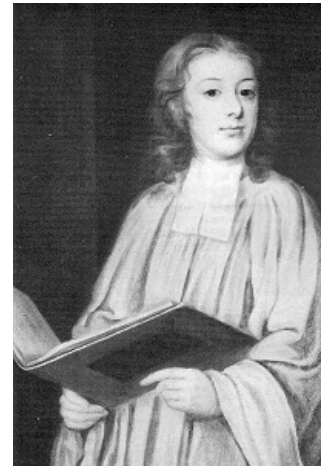


## O God, Our Help in Ages Past



Isaac Watts

The music for “O God, Our Help in Ages Past” is attributed to William Croft (1678-1727). As a boy, Croft was a chorister at the Chapel Royal. From 1700-1712, he was organist at St. Anne, Soho, London. From 1704 on, he was, jointly with Jeremiah Clarke, organist of the Chapel Royal. In 1708 he became Master of the Children at Chapel Royal and organist at Westminster Abbey. In 1713 he received a Doctor of Music degree from Oxford University. In 1726, the Academy of Vocal Music (later the Academy of Ancient Music) was founded by 13 musicians, including Croft, Pepusch, Bononcini, and Geminiani.



William Croft

Croft was composer to Queen Anne and was recognized as the foremost church musician of his time. Croft also wrote instrumental works (e.g., cembalo and sonatas for flute (recorder)).

The words are by Isaac Watts.

### *Lyrics by Isaac Watts*

Our God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home.

Under the shadow of Thy throne  
Thy saints have dwelt secure;  
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,  
And our defense is sure.



Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting Thou art God,  
To endless years the same.

Thy Word commands our flesh to dust,  
"Return, ye sons of men:"  
All nations rose from earth at first,  
And turn to earth again.

A thousand ages in Thy sight  
Are like an evening gone;  
Short as the watch that ends the night  
Before the rising sun.

The busy tribes of flesh and blood,  
With all their lives and cares,  
Are carried downwards by the flood,  
And lost in following years.

Time, like an ever rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away;  
They fly, forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.

Like flowery fields the nations stand  
Pleased with the morning light;  
The flowers beneath the mower's hand  
Lie withering ere 'tis night.

Our God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,  
And our eternal home.

**O God, Our Help in Ages Past**

William Croft, arr. P. Heineman



## O How I Love Jesus

The music for “O How I Love Jesus” is based on a 19<sup>th</sup> century American melody. The words were written by Frederick Whitfield (1829-1904) in 1855.

Whitfield was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, Ireland (B.A. 1859). After taking Holy Orders, he was successively Curate of Otley, Vicar of Kirby-Ravenscroft, senior Curate of Greenwich, and Vicar of St. John’s, Bexley. In 1875, he went to St. Mary’s, Hastings. Whitfield wrote over 30 prose and poetical works.



Frederick Whitfield

### *Lyrics by Frederick Whitfield*

There is a Name I love to hear,  
I love to sing its worth;  
It sounds like music in my ear,  
The sweetest Name on earth.

#### *Refrain*

*O how I love Jesus,  
O how I love Jesus,  
O how I love Jesus,  
Because He first loved me!*

It tells me of a Savior’s love,  
Who died to set me free;  
It tells me of His precious blood,  
The sinner’s perfect plea.

#### *Refrain*

It tells me of a Father’s smile  
Beaming upon His child;  
It cheers me through this little while,  
Through desert, waste, and wild.

#### *Refrain*

It tells me what my Father hath  
In store for every day,  
And though I tread a darksome path,  
Yields sunshine all the way.

#### *Refrain*

It tells of One whose loving heart  
Can feel my deepest woe;  
Who in each sorrow bears  
A part that none can bear below.

#### *Refrain*

It bids my trembling heart rejoice.  
It dries each rising tear.  
It tells me, in a “still small voice,”  
To trust and never fear.

#### *Refrain*

Jesus, the Name I love so well,  
The Name I love to hear:  
No saint on earth its worth can tell,  
No heart conceive how dear.

#### *Refrain*

This Name shall shed its fragrance still  
Along this thorny road,  
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill  
That leads me up to God.

#### *Refrain*

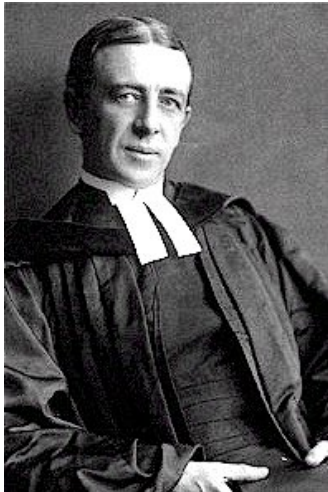
And there with all the blood-bought throng,  
From sin and sorrow free,  
I’ll sing the new eternal song  
Of Jesus’ love for me.

## O How I Love Jesus

arr. P. Heineman

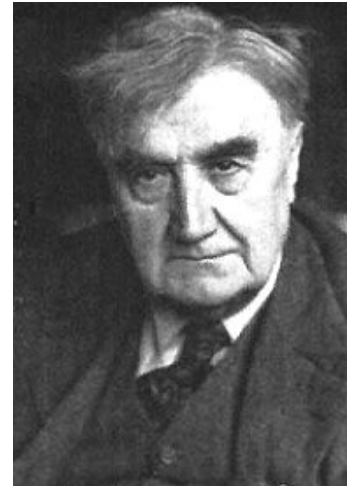


## O Sing a Song of Bethlehem



Louis F. Benson

Louis Fitzgerald Benson (1855-1930) penned the lyrics to "**O Sing a Song of Bethlehem**" in 1889. Benson graduated from the University of Pennsylvania law school, but practiced law only seven years. In 1877, he entered Princeton Theological Seminary, where his father was a trustee. Upon graduation, Louis was ordained a minister and pastored at the Presbyterian Church of the Redeemer in Germantown, Pennsylvania. He also became a leading authority in hymnology; his library eventually grew to 9,000 volumes. In 1895, Benson helped edit *The Hymnal of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America*.



Ralph Vaughan Williams

The music is a traditional English melody arranged by Ralph Vaughan Williams. Vaughan Williams was one of the best known English composers of the 20th Century. He served as musical editor for *The English Hymnal* in 1906.

*Lyrics by Louis Benson*

O sing a song of Bethlehem, of shepherds watching there,  
And of the news that came to them from angels in the air.  
The light that shone on Bethlehem fills all the world today;  
Of Jesus' birth and peace on earth the angels sing alway.

O sing a song of Nazareth, of sunny days of joy;  
O sing of fragrant flowers' breath, and of the sinless Boy.  
For now the flowers of Nazareth in every heart may grow;  
Now spreads the fame of His dear Name on all the winds  
that blow.

O sing a song of Galilee, of lake and woods and hill,  
Of Him Who walked upon the sea and bade the waves be still.  
For though like waves on Galilee, dark seas of trouble roll,  
When faith has heard the Master's Word, falls peace upon the  
soul.

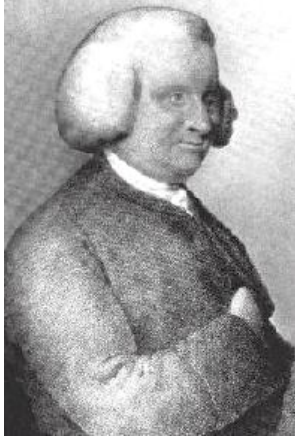
O sing a song of Calvary, its glory and dismay,  
Of Him Who hung upon the tree, and took our sins away.  
For He Who died on Calvary is risen from the grave,  
And Christ, our Lord, by Heaven adored, is mighty now to  
save.

**O Sing a Song of Bethlehem**

English Melody, arr. P. Heineman

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of four staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is primarily composed of eighth and quarter notes, with some triplet eighth notes. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and eighth notes, providing a steady harmonic foundation. The piece concludes with a final chord in the fourth staff.

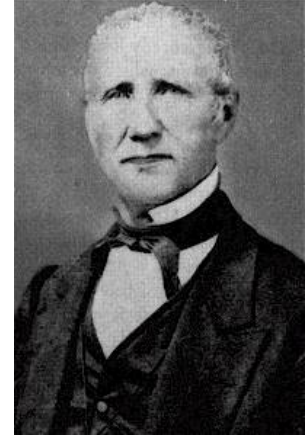
## On Jordan's Stormy Banks I Stand



Samuel Stennett

Samuel Stennett (1727-1795) was a Baptist minister and hymnwriter. He was born in Exeter, but at the age of 10 his family moved to London, where his father pastored the Baptist church in Little Wild Street. Samuel succeeded his father as pastor in 1758, a position which he held until his death. Samuel Stennett received a Doctorate of Divinity from King's College, Aberdeen in 1763.

Although friend and supporter to the reigning monarch, George III, Stennett refused political opportunities to devote himself to ministry. He attained prominence amongst the Dissenting ministry and used his influence with political figures in behalf of Dissenters suffering disabilities under the Clarendon Code.



William Walker

Stennett authored some 39 hymns, five of which appeared in Rippon's Selection, which was published in 1787. His grandfather, Joseph Stennett, had also been a prominent Dissenting hymn writer. Samuel continued this tradition, although with less passionate language than had marked his grandfather's Puritan-influenced notions of Christian experience.

More than any other of Samuel Stennett's hymns, "On Jordan's Stormy Banks, which was published in Rippon's Selection under the title "Promised Land," found enormous popularity especially amongst 19th-century American Methodists. It was sung in camp meetings and brush arbors, and also found its way into the 1835 Southern Harmony and is part of the American shape note tradition. Several of Stennett's hymns are preserved in the Sacred Harp.

The music was written by Miss M. Durham, and published in *The Southern Harmony and Musical Companion*, by William Walker. Musically gifted, by age 18 Walker was leading congregational singing at the First Baptist Church in Spartanburg. He collected and arranged folk tunes, and with his brother-in-law, Benjamin Franklin White, participated in singing schools and compiling melodies from southern Appalachia and camp meetings. After moving to Hartford, Connecticut, Walker published *The Southern Harmony and Musical Companion* in 1835, but gave no credit to White, who published *The Sacred Harp*, a competing volume, in 1844. Both used the shaped note music notation system.

### *Lyrics by Samuel Stennett*

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,  
And cast a wishful eye  
To Canaan's fair and happy land,  
Where my possessions lie.

#### *Refrain*

*I am bound for the promised land,  
I am bound for the promised land;  
Oh who will come and go with me?  
I am bound for the promised land.*

O the transporting, rapturous scene,  
That rises to my sight!  
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,  
And rivers of delight!

#### *Refrain*

There generous fruits that never fail,  
On trees immortal grow;  
There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales,  
With milk and honey flow.

#### *Refrain*

O'er all those wide extended plains  
Shines one eternal day;  
There God the Son forever reigns,  
And scatters night away.

*Refrain*

No chilling winds or poisonous breath  
Can reach that healthful shore;  
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,  
Are felt and feared no more.

*Refrain*

When I shall reach that happy place,  
I'll be forever blest,  
For I shall see my Father's face,  
And in His bosom rest.

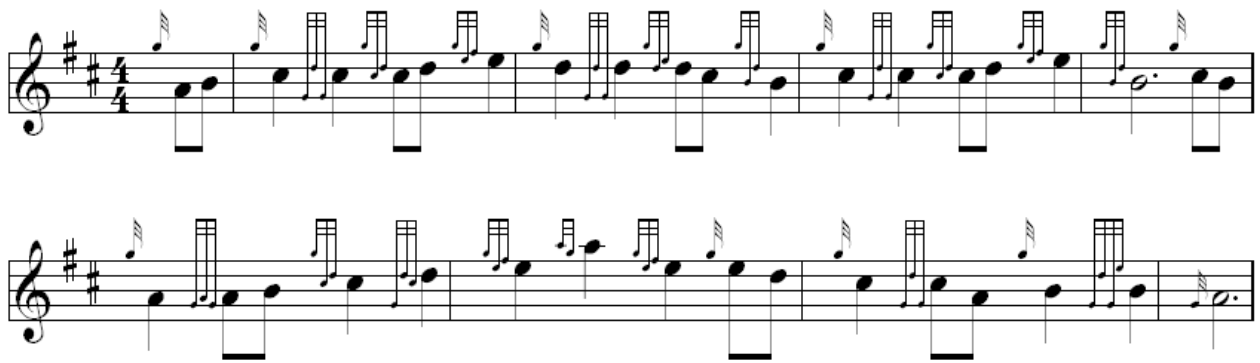
*Refrain*

Filled with delight my raptured soul  
Would here no longer stay;  
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,  
Fearless I'd launch away.

*Refrain*

### On Jordan's Stormy Banks I Stand

M. Durham, arr. P. Heintzman



## Only Trust Him

The words and music to “**Only Trust Him**” were written by John Hart Stockton (1813-1877). Stockton converted at a Methodist camp meeting in Paulsboro, New Jersey, Stockton was ordained in 1832, and served in the New Jersey Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The refrain was written by Ira Sankey (1840-1908). As a young man, Sankey served in the American Civil War. He often helped the unit chaplain and led his fellow soldiers in hymn singing. After the war, he joined the Internal Revenue Service, and also worked with the Young Men's Christian Association (YMCA). He became well known as a Gospel singer, and eventually came to the attention of evangelist Dwight Lyman Moody. The two men met at a YMCA convention in Indianapolis, Indiana, in June, 1870. Some months later, Sankey attended his first evangelistic meeting with Moody, and resigned from government service shortly thereafter.



Ira Sankey

In October 1871, Sankey and Moody were in the middle of a revival meeting when the Great Chicago Fire began. The two men barely escaped the conflagration with their lives. Sankey ended up watching the city burn from a rowboat far out on Lake Michigan. Sankey composed about 1,200 songs in his lifetime. He was blind from glaucoma the last five years of his life, and no doubt found a kindred spirit in his friend and music making partner Fanny Crosby.

*Lyrics by John Stockton*

Come, every soul by sin oppressed;  
There's mercy with the Lord,  
And He will surely give you rest  
By trusting in His Word.

*Refrain*

*Only trust Him, only trust Him,  
Only trust Him now;  
He will save you, He will save you,  
He will save you now.*

For Jesus shed His precious blood  
Rich blessings to bestow;  
Plunge now into the crimson flood  
That washes white as snow.

*Refrain*

Yes, Jesus is the truth, the way,  
That leads you into rest;  
Believe in Him without delay  
And you are fully blessed.

*Refrain*

Come, then, and join this holy band,  
And on to glory go  
To dwell in that celestial land  
Where joys immortal flow.

*Refrain*

O Jesus, blessèd Jesus, dear,  
I'm coming now to Thee;  
Since Thou hast made the way so clear  
And full salvation free.

*Refrain*



## Only Trust Him

John Stockton, arr. P. Heineman

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Only Trust Him'. It consists of four staves of music, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The time signature is 4/4. The music is written in a simple, melodic style with a steady rhythm. The notes are primarily quarter and eighth notes, with some rests and a few beamed eighth notes. The overall mood is calm and reverent.

## Pass Me Not, O Gentle Savior

“Pass Me Not, O Gentle Savior” is collaboration between Fanny Crosby and Howard Doane.

*Lyrics by Fanny Crosby*

Pass me not, O gentle Savior,  
Hear my humble cry;  
While on others Thou art calling,  
Do not pass me by.

*Refrain*

*Savior, Savior,  
Hear my humble cry;  
While on others Thou art calling,  
Do not pass me by.*

Let me at Thy throne of mercy  
Find a sweet relief,  
Kneeling there in deep contrition;  
Help my unbelief.

*Refrain*

Trusting only in Thy merit,  
Would I seek Thy face;  
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,  
Save me by Thy grace.

*Refrain*

Thou the Spring of all my comfort,  
More than life to me,  
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?  
Whom in Heav'n but Thee?

*Refrain*

**Pass Me Not, O Gentle Savior**

W. Doane, arr. P. Heimeman



## Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow



Thomas Ken

**Thomas Ken** (July 1637 – 19 March 1711), English churchman, was the most eminent of the English non-juring bishops, and one of the fathers of modern English hymnology.

Ken was born at Little Berkhamstead, Herts, the son of Thomas Ken of Furnival's Inn, who belonged to the old Ken family of Ken Place, in Somerset; his mother was a daughter of the now forgotten poet, John Chalkhill, who (according to Izaak Walton) was a friend of Edmund Spenser. Ken's step-sister, Anne, married Izaak Walton in 1646, a connection which, from his boyhood, brought Ken under the refining influence of this gentle and devout man.

In 1652 Ken entered Winchester College, and in 1656 became a student of Hart Hall, Oxford. He gained a fellowship at New College in 1657, and proceeded B.A. in 1661 and M.A. in 1664. He was for some time tutor of his college; but the most characteristic reminiscence of his university life is the mention made by Anthony Wood that in the musical gatherings of the time Thomas Ken of New College, a junior, would be sometimes among them, and sing his part.

Ordained in 1662, he successively held the livings of Little Easton in Essex, Brighstone (sometimes called Brixton) in the Isle of Wight, and East Woodhay in Hampshire; in 1672 he resigned the last of these, and returned to Winchester, being by this time a prebendary of the cathedral, and chaplain to the bishop, as well as a fellow of Winchester College.

He remained there for several years, acting as curate in one of the lowest districts, preparing his *Manual of Prayers for the use of the Scholars of Winchester College* (first published in 1674), and composing hymns. It was at this time that he wrote, primarily for the same body as his prayers, his morning, evening and midnight hymns, the first two of which, beginning "Awake, my soul, and with the sun" and "Glory to Thee, my God, this night," are well known. The latter is often made to begin with the line "All praise to Thee, my God, this night," but in the earlier editions over which Ken had control, the line is as first given. Both of these hymns end with a doxology beginning "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," which is widely sung today by itself, often to the tune Old 100th.

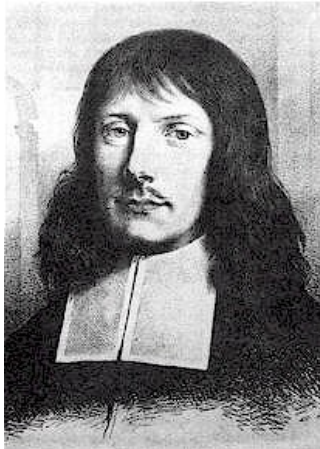
Ken was briefly chaplain to Princess Mary, and later to the British fleet. He became Bishop of Bath and Wells in 1685. He was one of several bishops imprisoned in the Tower of London for refusing to sign James II's "Declaration of Indulgence" (hoping to restore Catholicism in England); he was tried and acquitted. Ken wrote much poetry, published posthumously in 1721.

### *Lyrics by Thomas Ken*

Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow;  
Praise Him, all creatures here below;  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.



## Praise To The Lord, The Almighty



Joachim Neander

Joachim Neander (Neumann) (1650 - May 31, 1680) was a German Reformed (Calvinist) Church teacher, theologian and hymn writer. Neander wrote about 60 hymns and provided tunes for many of them. He is considered by many to be the first important German hymnist after the Reformation and is regarded as the outstanding hymn writer of the German Reformed Church.

Joachim Neander was born in Bremen, the son of a Latin teacher. His grandfather, a musician, had changed the family name from the original "Neumann" ("New man" in English) to the Greek Neander following the fashion of the time. After the death of his father he could not afford to study at a famous university. He therefore studied theology in his home town from 1666 to 1670. At first, his heart was not in it. It was only when he heard a sermon of Theodor Undereyk (shortly before the end of his course) that his beliefs became serious.

In 1679 Neander became a pastor in Bremen, as his popularity with the common people had caused problems with the church administration in Düsseldorf. One year later, at the age of 30, he died of tuberculosis.

The words to "**Praise To The Lord, The Almighty**" were translated from German to English by Catherine Winkworth. The music is *Lobe den Herren*. Winkworth lived most of her life in Manchester, England. The notable exception was the year she spent in Dresden, Germany. Around 1854, she published *Lyra Germanica*, containing numerous German hymns translated into English. She went on to publish another series of German hymns in 1858. In 1863, she came out with *The Chorale Book for England*, and in 1869, *Christian Singers of Germany*. More than any other single person, she helped bring the German chorale tradition to the English speaking world.

### *Lyrics by Joachim Neander*

Praise to the Lord, the Almighty, the King of creation!  
O my soul, praise Him, for He is thy health and salvation!  
All ye who hear, now to His temple draw near;  
Praise Him in glad adoration.

Praise to the Lord, who over all things so wondrously reigneth,  
Shelters thee under His wings, yea, so gently sustaineth!  
Hast thou not seen how thy desires ever have been  
Granted in what He ordaineth?

Praise to the Lord, who hath fearfully, wondrously, made thee;  
 Health hath vouchsafed and, when heedlessly falling, hath  
 stayed thee.  
 What need or grief ever hath failed of relief?  
 Wings of His mercy did shade thee.

Praise to the Lord, who, when tempests their warfare are  
 waging,  
 Who, when the elements madly around thee are raging,  
 Biddeth them cease, turneth their fury to peace,  
 Whirlwinds and waters assuaging.

Praise to the Lord, who doth prosper thy work and defend thee;  
 Surely His goodness and mercy here daily attend thee.  
 Ponder anew what the Almighty can do,  
 If with His love He befriend thee.

Praise to the Lord, who, when darkness of sin is abounding,  
 Who, when the godless do triumph, all virtue confounding,  
 Sheddeth His light, chaseth the horrors of night,  
 Saints with His mercy surrounding.

Praise to the Lord, O let all that is in me adore Him!  
 All that hath life and breath, come now with praises before Him.  
 Let the Amen sound from His people again,  
 Gladly for aye we adore Him.

### Praise To The Lord, The Almighty Hymn

By Stralsund Gesangbuch



## Precious Name



Lydia Baxter

The lyrics to **“Precious Name”** were written by Lydia Odell Baxter (1809-1874). Lydia and her sister came to Christ with the help of Baptist missionary Eben Tucker. Following their conversion, the Baxter girls helped found the local Baptist church. After Lydia married, she moved to New York City. She was an invalid most of her adult life, but that didn’t stop her active mind from studying the Bible and writing. In 1855, she published *Gems by the Wayside*, a book of devotional poems. In addition, she often hosted meetings of religious leaders at her home.

The music is by Howard Doane and Robert Lowry.

*Lyrics by Lydia Baxter*

Take the Name of Jesus with you,  
Child of sorrow and of woe,  
It will joy and comfort give you;  
Take it then, where'er you go.

*Refrain*

*Precious Name, O how sweet!  
Hope of earth and joy of Heav'n.  
Precious Name, O how sweet!  
Hope of earth and joy of Heav'n.*

Take the Name of Jesus ever,  
As a shield from every snare;  
If temptations round you gather,  
Breathe that holy Name in prayer.

*Refrain*

O the precious Name of Jesus!  
How it thrills our souls with joy,  
When His loving arms receive us,  
And His songs our tongues employ!

*Refrain*

At the Name of Jesus bowing,  
Falling prostrate at His feet,  
King of kings in Heav'n we'll crown Him,  
When our journey is complete.

*Refrain*

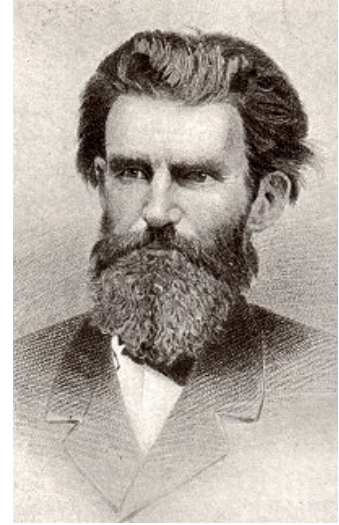
**Precious Name**

W. Doane, arr. P. Heimeman

The musical score for 'Precious Name' is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of four staves of music. The melody is primarily composed of quarter and eighth notes, with some dotted rhythms. The accompaniment features a steady bass line with occasional chords. The piece concludes with a final cadence on a whole note.

## Savior, Like a Shepherd Lead Us

The words to “**Savior, Like a Shepherd Lead Us**” are attributed to Dorothy Ann Thrupp (1779-1847). Daughter of Joseph Thrupp of Paddington Green, Dorothy’s hymns appeared in the *Friendly Visitor* and the *Children’s Friend*, by Rev. W. Carus Wilson; in the *Selection of Hymns and Poetry for the Use of Infant Schools and Nurseries*, by Mrs. Herbert Mayo, 1838; and in her *Hymns for the Young* (1836). In 1836 and 1837 Dorothy also published *Thoughts for the Day*, in which she embodied many hymns which previously appeared in the *Friendly Visitor*. The music was written by William Bradbury and first appeared in in his Sunday school collection *Oriola*.



William Bradbury

### *Lyrics by Dorothy Thrupp*

Savior, like a shepherd lead us, much we need Thy tender care;  
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us, for our use Thy folds prepare.  
Blessèd Jesus, blessèd Jesus! Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.  
Blessèd Jesus, blessèd Jesus! Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

We are Thine, Thou dost befriend us, be the guardian of our way;  
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us, seek us when we go astray.  
Blessèd Jesus, blessèd Jesus! Hear, O hear us when we pray.  
Blessèd Jesus, blessèd Jesus! Hear, O hear us when we pray.

Thou hast promised to receive us, poor and sinful though we be;  
Thou hast mercy to relieve us, grace to cleanse and power to free.  
Blessèd Jesus, blessèd Jesus! We will early turn to Thee.  
Blessèd Jesus, blessèd Jesus! We will early turn to Thee.

Early let us seek Thy favor, early let us do Thy will;  
Blessèd Lord and only Savior, with Thy love our bosoms fill.  
Blessèd Jesus, blessèd Jesus! Thou hast loved us, love us still.  
Blessèd Jesus, blessèd Jesus! Thou hast loved us, love us still.

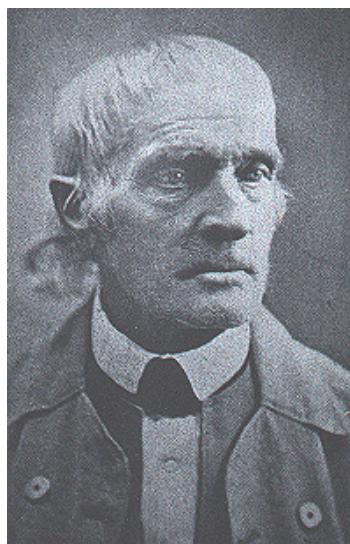


## Savior, Like a Shepherd Lead Us

William Bradbury, arr. P. Heineman

The image shows a musical score for the hymn "Savior, Like a Shepherd Lead Us". It consists of three staves of music in G major and 4/4 time. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is written in a simple, rhythmic style. The second and third staves continue the melody. A first and second ending bracket is shown above the final measures of the piece.

## Simple Gifts



Joseph Brackett, Jr.

"Simple Gifts" is an 1848 Shaker song by Elder Joseph Brackett. Brackett was born in Cumberland, Maine, on May 6, 1797. He first joined the Shakers at Gorham, Maine, when his father's farm helped to form the nucleus of a new Shaker settlement. In 1819, Joseph moved with the other Shakers to Poland Hill, Maine. He later served as first minister of Maine Shaker societies, as well as Church Elder at New Gloucester, Maine, now known as Sabbathday Lake, the last remaining Shaker community. Elder Joseph Brackett died on July 4, 1882.

"Simple Gifts" was written by Elder Joseph while he was at the Shaker community in Alfred, Maine in 1848.

"Simple Gifts" is usually identified either as a "Traditional Shaker Hymn" or as a "Work Song." Actually, it's neither a hymn nor a work song. It was written as a dance song. Shaker hymns usually have two or more stanzas of text, and Shaker songs have only one stanza. Since "Simple Gifts" has only one stanza, it should be classified as a song. If you look closely at the words, you'll notice the last two lines:

***To turn, turn will be our delight  
'Till by turning, turning we come round right.***

These words are dance instructions.

*Lyrics by Elder Joseph Brackett, Jr*

'Tis the gift to be simple, 'tis the gift to be free,  
'Tis the gift to come down where we ought to be,  
And when we find ourselves in the place just right,  
'Twill be in the valley of love and delight.  
When true simplicity is gain'd,  
To bow and to bend we shan't be asham'd,  
To turn, turn will be our delight  
'Till by turning, turning we come round right.

The following arrangement is from Joseph Brackett's original 1848 score and not the more popular arrangement from Aaron Copland score for Martha Graham's ballet, *Appalachian Spring*.

**Simple Gifts**

Song

Joseph Bracken, Jr., arr. P. Heineman

The image displays a musical score for the song 'Simple Gifts'. It consists of four staves of music, all written in treble clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The music is characterized by a simple, repetitive melodic line that moves in a stepwise fashion, often with eighth-note patterns. The notation includes various note values such as quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, along with rests and bar lines. The overall style is that of a traditional folk song, presented in a clear and accessible arrangement.

## Sing, My Tongue, the Glorious Battle



Percy Dearmer

The words to “**Sing, My Tongue, the Glorious Battle**” were written by Venantius Honorius Clementianus Fortunatus (530-609). Fortunatus converted to Christianity at an early age, at Aquileia. While a student at Ravenna, he became almost blind, but recovered his sight, as he believed miraculously, by anointing his eyes with oil taken from a lamp that burned before the altar of St. Martin of Tours. His recovery induced him to make a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Martin at Tours, in 565. He remained in Gaul the rest of his life.

At Poitiers, he formed a romantic, though purely platonic, attachment for Queen Rhadegunda, daughter of Bertharius, king of Neustria. As a result of her influence, Fortunatus was eventually ordained and, after Rhadegunda’s death, became bishop of Poitiers shortly before his own death in 609.



John Neale

The words were translated from Latin by Percy Dearmer (1867-1936) and John Mason Neale (1818-1866). Dearmer attended Westminster School and Christ Church, Oxford (BA 1890, MA 1896). He was ordained an Anglican deacon in 1891, priest in 1892, and served as Vicar of St. Mary the Virgin in Primrose Hill, London (1901-1915). In World War I, he was a Red Cross chaplain in Serbia. In 1916, he worked with the Young Men’s Christian Association in France. In 1916 & 1917, he joined the Mission of Help in India. In 1919, he was appointed professor of ecclesiastical art at King’s College, London. In 1931, he became a canon of Westminster Abbey.

We know John Mason Neale today as a hymnographer, the translator or adapter of ancient and medieval hymn.

### *Lyrics by Venantius Fortunatus*

Sing, my tongue, the glorious battle,  
Sing the ending of the fray;  
Now above the cross, the trophy,  
Sound the loud triumphant lay:  
Tell how Christ the world’s Redeemer,  
As a victim won the day.

He, our Maker, deeply grieving  
That the first made Adam fell,  
When he ate the fruit forbidden  
Whose reward was death and hell,  
Marked e’en then this Tree the ruin  
Of the first tree to dispel.

Tell how, when at length the fullness,  
Of th’appointed time was come,  
Christ, the Word, was born of woman,

Left for us His heavenly home;  
Showed us human life made perfect,  
Shone as light amid the gloom.

Lo! He lies an Infant weeping,  
Where the narrow manger stands,  
While the Mother-Maid His members  
Wraps in mean and lowly bands,  
And the swaddling clothes is winding  
Round His helpless feet and hands.

Thus, with thirty years accomplished,  
Went He forth from Nazareth,  
Destined, dedicated, willing,  
Wrought His work, and met His death.  
Like a lamb He humbly yielded  
On the cross His dying breath.

There the nails and spears He suffers,  
Vinegar, and gall, and reed;  
From His sacred body piercèd  
Blood and water both proceed;  
Precious flood, which all creation  
From the stain of sin hath freed.

Faithful cross, thou sign of triumph,  
Now for us the noblest tree,  
None in foliage, none in blossom,  
None in fruit thy peer may be;  
Symbol of the world's redemption,  
For the weight that hung on thee!

Bend thy boughs, O tree of glory!  
Thy relaxing sinews bend;  
For awhile the ancient rigor

That thy birth bestowed, suspend;  
And the King of heavenly beauty  
On thy bosom gently tend!

Thou alone wast counted worthy  
This world's ransom to sustain,  
That a shipwrecked race forever  
Might a port of refuge gain,  
With the sacred blood anointed  
Of the Lamb of sinners slain.

To the Trinity be glory  
Everlasting, as is meet:  
Equal to the Father, equal  
To the Son, and Paraclete:  
God the Three in One, whose praises  
All created things repeat.

### Sing, My Tongue, the Glorious Battle

French Carol, arr. P. Heineman



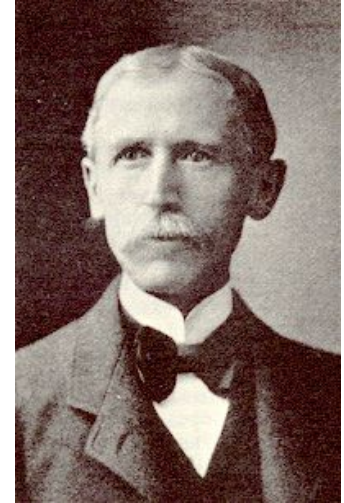
## Softly and Tenderly Jesus Is Calling



Lyman Moody

Dwight

When the world-renowned lay preacher, Dwight Lyman Moody, lay on his death bed in his Northfield, Massachusetts, home, Will Thompson made a special visit to inquire as to his condition. The attending physician refused to admit him to the sickroom, and Moody heard them talking just outside the bedroom door. Recognizing Thompson's voice, he called for him to come to his bedside. Taking the Ohio poet-composer by the hand, the dying evangelist said, "Will, I would rather have written 'Softly and Tenderly Jesus is Calling' than anything I have been able to do in my whole life."



Wil Lamartine Thompson

Rebuffed in an early attempt to sell his songs to a commercial publisher, Thompson started his own publishing company. He later expanded, opening a store to sell pianos, organs and sheet music. Both a lyricist and composer, he ensured he would always remember words or melodies that came to him at odd times:

*No matter where I am, at home or hotel, at the store or traveling, if an idea or theme comes to me that I deem worthy of a song, I jot it down in verse. In this way I never lose it.*

Thompson took ill during a tour of Europe, and his family cut short their travels to return home. He died a few weeks later.

### *Lyrics by Will Thompson*

Softly and tenderly Jesus is calling,  
Calling for you and for me;  
See, on the portals He's waiting and watching,  
Watching for you and for me.

#### *Refrain*

*Come home, come home,  
You who are weary, come home;  
Earnestly, tenderly, Jesus is calling,  
Calling, O sinner, come home!*

Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading,  
Pleading for you and for me?  
Why should we linger and heed not His mercies,  
Mercies for you and for me?

#### *Refrain*

Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing,  
Passing from you and from me;  
Shadows are gathering, deathbeds are coming,  
Coming for you and for me.

*Refrain*

O for the wonderful love He has promised,  
Promised for you and for me!  
Though we have sinned, He has mercy and pardon,  
Pardon for you and for me.

*Refrain*

**Softly and Tenderly Jesus Is Calling** Hymn

Will Thompson, arr. P. Heineman

The musical score is written for a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. It is in the key of D major (two sharps) and 6/8 time. The piece consists of four lines of music. The first line begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps, and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is characterized by a gentle, flowing eighth-note pattern. The second line continues the melody with a slight variation in the eighth-note grouping. The third line features a more pronounced melodic contour, including a half note and a dotted half note. The fourth line concludes the piece with a final melodic phrase and a fermata over the last two notes.

## Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus



George Duffield, Jr.

George Duffield, Jr. (1818-1888) penned the words to **“Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus”** in 1858. Duffield’s father and grandfather were Presbyterian ministers. He graduated from Yale University in 1837, and from the Union Theological Seminary in 1840. Ordained a Presbyterian minister like his father and grandfather, he first pastored at the Fifth Presbyterian Church in Brooklyn, New York, for seven years. He then served at the First Church of Bloomfield, New Jersey (1847-52), the Central Presbyterian Church of the Northern Liberties in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania (1852-61).



George Webb

There he found a mortgaged church building in a neighborhood from which the population was moving westward, a congregation reduced in numbers, disheartened, and unable to meet its financial obligations. Duffield held on until 1861, when he resigned his pastorate. He later served at Adrian, Michigan (1861-5); Galesburg, Illinois (1865-9); then Saginaw City, Michigan, 1869; and Ann Arbor and Lansing, Michigan (from 1869). Hymnologist Samuel Duffield was his son.

The music is by George James Webb (1803-1887). Webb began his career as an organist in Falmouth, England. In 1830, he emigrated to Boston, Massachusetts, where he played the organ at the Old South Church for almost 40 years. He also played the organ and belonged to the Boston Church of the New Jerusalem. He and Lowell Mason founded the Boston Academy of Music, as well as collaborating on their *Musical Library*. Webb also composed several choral and organ works, including “Prelude in Eb” and “Postlude in A.”

‘Stand Up for Jesus’ was the dying message of the Reverend Dudley A. Tyng to the Young Men’s Christian Association...The Sabbath before his death he preached in the immense edifice known as Jaynes’ Hall, one of the most successful sermons of modern times. Of the five thousand men there assembled, at least one thousand, it was believed were ‘the slain of the Lord’...The following Wednesday, leaving his study for a moment, he went to the barn floor, where a mule was at work on a horse-power, shelling corn. Patting him on the neck, the sleeve of his silk study gown caught in the cogs of the wheel, and his arm was torn out the roots! His death occurred in a few hours...The author of the hymn preached from Eph. 6:14, and the...verses were written simply as the concluding exhortation. The superintendent of the Sabbath school had a fly-leaf printed for the children—a stray copy found its way into a Baptist newspaper, from that paper it has gone...all over the world.

### *Lyrics by George Duffield, Jr.*

Stand up, stand up for Jesus, ye soldiers of the cross;  
Lift high His royal banner, it must not suffer loss.  
From victory unto victory His army shall He lead,  
Till every foe is vanquished, and Christ is Lord indeed.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus, the solemn watchword hear;  
If while ye sleep He suffers, away with shame and fear;  
Where’er ye meet with evil, within you or without,  
Charge for the God of battles, and put the foe to rout.



Stand up, stand up for Jesus, the trumpet call obey;  
Forth to the mighty conflict, in this His glorious day.  
Ye that are brave now serve Him against unnumbered foes;  
Let courage rise with danger, and strength to strength oppose.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus, stand in His strength alone;  
The arm of flesh will fail you, ye dare not trust your own.  
Put on the Gospel armor, each piece put on with prayer;  
Where duty calls or danger, be never wanting there.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus, each soldier to his post,  
Close up the broken column, and shout through all the host:  
Make good the loss so heavy, in those that still remain,  
And prove to all around you that death itself is gain.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus, the strife will not be long;  
This day the noise of battle, the next the victor's song.  
To those who vanquish evil a crown of life shall be;  
They with the King of Glory shall reign eternally.

### Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus

George Webb, arr. P. Heineman



## Take Time to Be Holy

The lyrics to “**Take Time to Be Holy**” was written by William Dunn Longstaff (1822-1894) in 1882. Longstaff was treasurer of the Bethesda Free Chapel in Sunderland. He was friends with Salvation Army founder William Booth, and evangelists Dwight Moody and Ira Sankey. A number of his hymns were published in the Salvation Army’s *War Cry* in the 1880’s.

The music was written by George Coles Stebbins (1846-1945). Stebbins studied music in Buffalo and Rochester, New York, then became a singing teacher. Around 1869, he moved to Chicago, Illinois, to join the Lyon and Healy Music Company. He also became the music director at the First Baptist Church in Chicago. It was in Chicago that he met the leaders in the Gospel music field, such as George Root, Philip Bliss, and Ira Sankey. At age 28, Stebbins moved to Boston, Massachusetts, where he became music director at the Claredon Street Baptist Church; the pastor there was Adoniram Gordon. Two years later, Stebbins became music director at Tremont Temple in Boston. Shortly thereafter, he became involved in evangelism campaigns with Moody and others. Around 1900, Stebbins spent a year as an evangelist in India, Egypt, Italy, Palestine, France and England.



George Stebbins

### *Lyrics by William Longstaff*

Take time to be holy, speak oft with thy Lord;  
Abide in Him always, and feed on His Word.  
Make friends of God’s children, help those who are weak,  
Forgetting in nothing His blessing to seek.

Take time to be holy, the world rushes on;  
Spend much time in secret, with Jesus alone.  
By looking to Jesus, like Him thou shalt be;  
Thy friends in thy conduct His likeness shall see.

Take time to be holy, let Him be thy Guide;  
And run not before Him, whatever betide.  
In joy or in sorrow, still follow the Lord,  
And, looking to Jesus, still trust in His Word.

Take time to be holy, be calm in thy soul,  
Each thought and each motive beneath His control.  
Thus led by His Spirit to fountains of love,  
Thou soon shalt be fitted for service above.

## Take Time to Be Holy

George Stebbins, arr. P. Heineman



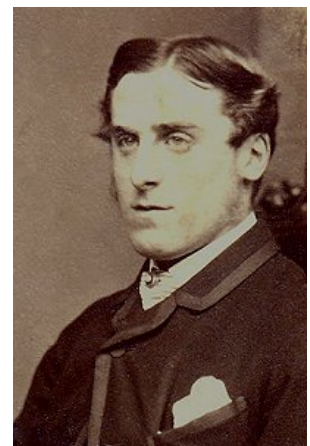
## The Day Thou Gavest, Lord, Is Ended



John Ellerton

Queen Victoria chose this hymn to be sung at the 60th anniversary of her reign in 1897; it was also sung at the ceremony when Britain returned control of Hong Kong to China in 1997.

The words are by John Ellerton (1826-1893). Ellerton graduated from Trinity College and entered the ministry in 1850. He served as Vicar at St. Nicholas', Brighton, and Crewe Green, Cheshire. He was a recognized authority on hymns, contributed to *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, and wrote or translated over 80 hymns.



Clement Scholefield

The music is by Clement Cotterill Scholefield (1839-1904). Youngest son of William Scholefield, Member of Parliament from Birmingham, Clement attended Pocklington School, Yorkshire, and St. John's College, Cambridge (BA 1864, MA 1867). He was ordained a deacon in 1867, and priest in 1869. He served as Curate of Hove, Sussex (1867-

70); St. Peter's, South Kensington (1870-8); and St. Luke's, Chelsea (1879-80). He was also Conduct of Eton (1880-1890); Lecturer of St. Mary-le-Bow, London (1887-90); and Vicar of Holy Trinity, Knightsbridge (1890-1895). He retired in 1895. He contributed hymns to *Church Hymns with Tunes*, by Arthur Sullivan (1874).

*Lyrics by John Ellerton*

The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,  
The darkness falls at Thy behest;  
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,  
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

The sun that bids us rest is waking  
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,  
And hour by hour fresh lips are making  
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

We thank Thee that Thy church, unsleeping,  
While earth rolls onward into light,  
Through all the world her watch is keeping,  
And rests not now by day or night.

So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall never,  
Like earth's proud empires, pass away:  
Thy kingdom stands, and grows forever,  
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

As o'er each continent and island  
The dawn leads on another day,  
The voice of prayer is never silent,  
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

**The Day Thou Gavest, Lord, Is Ended**

Clement Scholefield, arr. P. Heineman



## 'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus

Louisa M. R. Stead (1850-1917) wrote the words to **"Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus"** in 1882. These words are said to have been written after Stead witnessed her husband drown. As a teenager, Stead felt called to be a missionary. She went to America around age 21, and lived for a while in Cincinnati, Ohio. Attending a camp meeting in Urbana, Ohio, she felt the missionary calling even more strongly, but was unable to go to China as she wanted due to her frail health. She married a Mr. Stead in 1875. Tragically, her husband died off Long Island, New York while trying to rescue a drowning boy.

Around 1880, Stead went to South Africa, and served as a missionary some 15 years. She remarried, to Robert Wodehouse of that country. She returned to America in 1895 to recover her health, but once again went into missions in Rhodesia in 1901. Her daughter Lily (who survived the accident that killed her father) married D. A. Carson and became a missionary like her mother.

The music was composed by William James Kirkpatrick (1838-1921). Son of a school teacher and musician, Kirkpatrick grew up in a musical atmosphere. In 1854, he went to Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, to study music and learn a trade; he spent over three years as a carpenter. But he was more interested in music than mechanics, devoting all his leisure time to its study. His ambition at the time was to become a violinist.

In 1855, Kirkpatrick joined the Wharton Street Methodist Episcopal Church in Philadelphia, and from then on devoted himself mostly to sacred music, giving his services to the choir and Sunday school. As there were few church organs in that day, his violin and cello were in constant demand for choir rehearsals, singing societies, and church programs. During this time he wrote a number of unpublished hymn tunes and anthems.

Kirkpatrick studied vocal music under Professor T. Bishop, then a leading oratorio and ballad singer. He became a member of the Harmonia and Handel and Haydn Sacred Music Societies, where he heard the greatest singers of the day and became familiar with the principal choral works of the great composers. Kirkpatrick's first published composition was *When the Spark of Life Is Waning*, which appeared around 1858 in the *Musical Pioneer* in New York. He went on to publish about 50 hymn collections, many in collaboration with John Sweney.



William Kirkpatrick

### *Lyrics by Louisa Stead*

'Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus,  
And to take Him at His Word;  
Just to rest upon His promise,  
And to know, "Thus says the Lord!"

#### *Refrain*

*Jesus, Jesus, how I trust Him!  
How I've proved Him o'er and o'er  
Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus!  
O for grace to trust Him more!*

O how sweet to trust in Jesus,  
Just to trust His cleansing blood;  
And in simple faith to plunge me  
'Neath the healing, cleansing flood!

#### *Refrain*

Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Jesus,  
Just from sin and self to cease;  
Just from Jesus simply taking  
Life and rest, and joy and peace.

#### *Refrain*

I'm so glad I learned to trust Thee,  
Precious Jesus, Savior, Friend;  
And I know that Thou art with me,  
Wilt be with me to the end.

*Refrain*

**'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus**

William Kirkpatrick, arr. P. Heineman



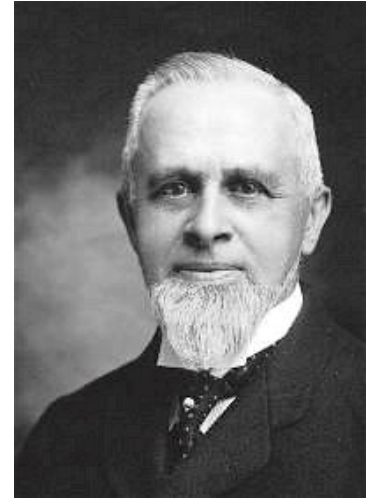
## To God Be the Glory



Fanny Crosby

Frances Jane Crosby (March 24, 1820 – February 12, 1915) usually known as Fanny Crosby, was an American lyricist best known for her Protestant Christian hymns. A lifelong Methodist, she was one of the most prolific hymnists in history, writing over 8,000 despite being blind from shortly after birth. Also known for her preaching and speaking, during her lifetime Fanny Crosby was one of the best known women in the United States.

Fanny Crosby was born in Southeast, Putnam County, New York to poor parents, John and Mercy Crosby. At six weeks old, she caught cold and developed inflammation of the eyes. The family physician was not available, and the man who came in his place recommended hot poultices as treatment. The botched procedure blinded her.



William Howard Doane

Her father died when she was one year old, so she was raised by her mother and grandmother. These women grounded Crosby in Protestant Christian principles, helping her, for example, memorize long passages from the Bible. Crosby became an active member of the John Street Methodist Episcopal Church in New York City.

At age 15, Crosby enrolled at the New York School for the Blind (now the New York Institute for Special Education). She remained there for seven years. During that time she learned to play the piano and guitar and to sing. In 1843, she joined a group of lobbyists in Washington, D.C. arguing for support of education for the blind. From 1847 to 1858, Crosby joined the faculty at the New York school, teaching English and history. She married Alexander Van Alstyne, a blind musician and fellow teacher, in 1858. At his insistence, she kept her maiden name. They had one daughter, Frances, who died in infancy. Alexander died on July 19, 1902.

Crosby wrote her first hymn in 1863 for the composer William B. Bradbury, a respected musician and publisher. It was called "There's a Cry from Macedonia". Over the years she wrote for Bradbury and for other composers, including Philip Phillips, Hubert P. Main, Dr. Lowry, Dr. W. H. Doane, Ira D. Sankey, Philip P. Bliss, Mr. W. F. Sherwin, and Phoebe Knapp.

The music for **"To God Be The Glory"** was composed by William Howard Doane. A gifted musician, Doane helped direct music while attending the Woodstock Academy; within two years he had published his first composition. Although he called music his "avocation," he produced over 2,000 hymn tunes in his lifetime. However, his main trade was secular: He was president of the J. A. Fay woodworking machinery company, and an extremely successful businessman. He also served as Sunday School superintendent and choir director at the Mount Auburn Baptist Church in Cincinnati, Ohio, and bequeathed large sums to various causes. The Doane Memorial Music Building in Chicago, Illinois, was named after him.



*Lyrics by Fanny Crosby*

To God be the glory, great things He has done;  
So loved He the world that He gave us His Son,  
Who yielded His life an atonement for sin,  
And opened the life gate that all may go in.

*Refrain*

*Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,  
Let the earth hear His voice!  
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,  
Let the people rejoice!  
O come to the Father, through Jesus the Son,  
And give Him the glory, great things He has done.*

O perfect redemption, the purchase of blood,  
To every believer the promise of God;  
The vilest offender who truly believes,  
That moment from Jesus a pardon receives.

*Refrain*

Great things He has taught us, great things He has done,  
And great our rejoicing through Jesus the Son;  
But purer, and higher, and greater will be  
Our wonder, our transport, when Jesus we see.

*Refrain*

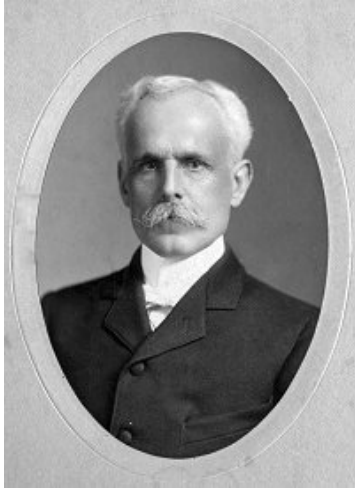
**To God Be the Glory**

**Hymn**

**Fanny J. Crosby**

The musical score for 'To God Be the Glory' is presented in six staves of music. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is written in a soprano voice line, with accompaniment provided by the lower staves. The music is in a common hymn style, featuring a simple, memorable melody with a clear cadence at the end of each line.

## Trust and Obey



John Sammis

The title expression was used in a testimony meeting, following an evangelistic crusade in Brockton, Massachusetts, by Dwight L. Moody. A young man stood to speak, and it soon became clear he knew little Christian doctrine. But he finished by saying, "I'm not quite sure—but I'm going to trust, and I'm going to obey." Daniel Towner, who was in the meeting, jotted down the words, and gave them to John Sammis, who developed the lyrics from them.

A businessman and YMCA worker in Logansport, Indiana, John Henry Sammis (1846-1919) attended McCormick and Lane Theological Seminaries, was ordained a Presbyterian minister in 1880.



Daniel Towner

He served in Glidden, Iowa; Indianapolis, Indiana; Grandhaven, Michigan, Red Wing, Minnesota; and Sullivan, Indiana. For the remainder of his career, he taught at the Bible Institute of Los Angeles.

Daniel Brink Towner (1850-1919) studied music under his father (a well known singer and teacher in his own right), John Howard, George Root, and James Webb. He was music director at the Centenary Methodist Church in Binghamton, New York (1870-1882); the York Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Cincinnati, Ohio (1882-1884); the Union Methodist Episcopal Church, Covington, Kentucky (1884-1885); and the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago, Illinois (1893-1919). The American Temperance University in Harriman, Tennessee, awarded Towner a Doctorate of Music in 1900.

### *Lyrics by John Sammis*

When we walk with the Lord in the light of His Word,  
What a glory He sheds on our way!  
While we do His good will, He abides with us still,  
And with all who will trust and obey.

#### *Refrain*

*Trust and obey, for there's no other way  
To be happy in Jesus, but to trust and obey.*

Not a shadow can rise, not a cloud in the skies,  
But His smile quickly drives it away;  
Not a doubt or a fear, not a sigh or a tear,  
Can abide while we trust and obey.

#### *Refrain*

Not a burden we bear, not a sorrow we share,  
But our toil He doth richly repay;  
Not a grief or a loss, not a frown or a cross,  
But is blessed if we trust and obey.

#### *Refrain*

But we never can prove the delights of His love  
Until all on the altar we lay;  
For the favor He shows, for the joy He bestows,  
Are for them who will trust and obey.

#### *Refrain*

Then in fellowship sweet we will sit at His feet.  
Or we'll walk by His side in the way.  
What He says we will do, where He sends we will go;  
Never fear, only trust and obey.

#### *Refrain*

Trust and Obey

Daniel Towner, arr. P. Heineman

The image displays a musical score for the hymn 'Trust and Obey', arranged by P. Heineman. The score is written for a single melodic line in treble clef, featuring a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The music is organized into three systems, each containing eight measures. The notation includes quarter notes, eighth notes, and sixteenth notes, with various rests and phrasing slurs. The overall style is characteristic of a traditional hymn tune.



