



HYMNS



FOR FAMILY WORSHIP



BUILDING FAITH
FAMILIES

www.BuildingFaithFamilies.org

Dedicated to Sandi Beth, Isaac, Ethan, Joseph, and John for their help, patience, support, and understanding in the journey to incorporate family devotions into the fabric of our home.

Special thanks to the following people for their diligent work in making this project a reality:

To Anna Demme and Tim Ehrhart for creating the scores.

To Kendra Sandford, Dave Murray, Elisabeth Adams, and Miriam Homer for their contributions to the histories.

To Craig Sandford and Ruth Greene for playing the piano so well.

Copyright © 2017 by Steven P. Demme

All Scripture quotations are from The Holy Bible, English Standard Version® (ESV®), copyright ©2001 by Crossway, a publishing ministry of Good News Publishers. Used by permission. All rights reserved.

All rights reserved. This book may not be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form by any means—electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise. In other words, thou shalt not steal.

Photocopying of individual song sheets for personal in-home use *is encouraged.*

Printed in the United States of America

TABLE OF CONTENTS

.

1	Blessed Assurance	51	The Church's One Foundation
2	We're Marching to Zion	52	Wonderful Grace of Jesus
3	What a Friend We Have in Jesus	53	Amazing Grace
4	O Worship the King	54	Rutherford
5	All the Way My Savior Leads Me	55	'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus
6	Come, Thou Almighty King	56	How Firm a Foundation
7	Holy, Holy, Holy	57	When I Survey the Wondrous Cross
8	Jerusalem the Golden	58	Rejoice, the Lord is King!
9	Trust and Obey	59	I Am Thine, O Lord
10	It is Well with My Soul	60	Take the Name of Jesus with You
11	Victory Through Grace	61	He Lives
12	Onward, Christian Soldiers	62	The Bleeding Sacrifice
13	Doxology	63	Jesus Paid It All
14	Crown Him with Many Crowns	64	He Hideth My Soul
15	Jesus Loves Me	65	I Love to Tell the Story
16	Hark! The Herald Angels Sing	66	Loved with Everlasting Love
17	Ring the Bells of Heaven	67	And Can It Be That I Should Gain?
18	Christ Arose!	68	There is a Fountain
19	Joy to the World	69	Blessed Quietness
20	Be Still, My Soul	70	Christ the Lord is Risen Today
21	Brighten the Corner Where You Are	71	Faith is the Victory
22	Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing	72	Dare to Be a Daniel
23	Count Your Blessings	73	America
24	Faith of Our Fathers	74	Yesterday, Today, Forever
25	A Mighty Fortress	75	O God, Our Help in Ages Past
26	Jesus Shall Reign	76	Praise to the Lord, the Almighty
27	All People That on Earth Do Dwell	77	Redeemed
28	O Come, All Ye Faithful	78	Savior, Like a Shepherd Lead Us
29	The Bridegroom Comes	79	Since Jesus Came Into My Heart
30	Rise Up, O Men of God	80	Sitting at the Feet of Jesus
31	O for a Thousand Tongues	81	Soldiers of Christ, Arise
32	Glory Be to the Father	82	The Comforter Has Come
33	Glory Be to the Father	83	Turn Your Eyes Upon Jesus
34	Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee	84	When the Roll is Called Up Yonder
35	Though Your Sins Be as Scarlet	85	When We All Get to Heaven
36	The Solid Rock	86	Day by Day
37	Safe in the Arms of Jesus	87	Fairest Lord Jesus
38	I Know Whom I Have Believed	88	God Will Take Care of You
39	To God Be the Glory	89	Great is Thy Faithfulness
40	Rock of Ages	90	How Great Thou Art
41	Just As I Am	91	Jesus Loves Even Me
42	Abide With Me	92	In the Garden
43	Nearer, My God, to Thee	93	Love Lifted Me
44	Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven	94	O Sacred Head, Now Wounded
45	All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name	95	My Jesus, I Love Thee
46	Be Thou My Vision	96	Take My Life
47	For All the Saints	97	The Old Rugged Cross
48	Grace Greater Than My Sin	98	There is Power in the Blood
49	Immortal, Invisible	99	This is My Father's World
50	Lead On, O King Eternal	100	Victory in Jesus

MAKE A JOYFUL NOISE

.

I have written a book entitled Family Worship, which encourages families to have regular times of reading scripture and worshipping in their home. This following section is an excerpt. You may order your own copy, or download a free audiobook or PDF of this book here: <http://www.buildingfaithfamilies.org/familyworship/>

“Make a joyful noise to the LORD, all the earth! Serve the LORD with gladness! Come into his presence with singing!” (Psalm 100:1-2)

If we had time in the morning, we might sing after we had read from the Bible. There were several factors which contributed to what we chose to sing. I realized early on our repertoire as a family was very limited. On one errand when we were all together in the car, I said, “Let’s sing all of the gospel songs we know.” In a few minutes it was quiet. We knew “Only a Boy Named David,” “The Wise Man Built His House upon the Rock,” and a few first verses of hymns, and some Christmas carols, but this was the extent of our knowledge.

About the same time we attended a seminar where we were exhorted to memorize hymns. I also recalled Elisabeth Elliot sharing how the Holy Spirit used hymns she had learned in her youth to encourage her through the many valley experiences in her life. She mentioned her parents would gather the family together before school each morning, sing one hymn, and read one chapter of Scripture. I also was influenced by the Book of Acts. If I were ever in prison with Paul and Silas, I wouldn’t be able to contribute much to the singing of hymns from memory!

One of my favorite characters books and movies is Pollyanna. She and her dad used to play the Glad Game after he searched the Scriptures one night and discovered over 800 “glad” verses. I looked up the following words with my concordance

to see how many times they are mentioned in the Bible: praise—210, joy—173, joyful—26, sing—126, song—82, worship—103, rejoice—179, gladness—46, give thanks—58. Together we have 921 “glad” references.

Scripture and praise go together. In the recent history of the church, we have preachers of the gospel accompanied by song leaders. Billy Graham and George Beverly Shea ministered together. Before them we had D. L. Moody as the evangelist and Ira Sankey leading the worship and P. P. Bliss worked with R. A. Torrey. Worship and the Word complement each other. “Let the high praises of God be in their throats and two-edged swords in their hands.” (Psalm 149:6)

I am drawn to hymns which have stood the test of time, especially those rich in Scripture and theology. In my personal valleys, when life is tough, and God seems distant, it is then my theology and what I know about God kicks in. The knowledge of God acquired through singing and memorizing hymns helps me through these dark days when I have little or no inspiration.

Elisabeth Elliot’s family (the Howards) would go through a hymn book in a year. Number 1, January 1. Number 2, January 2. However, they had a pianist in the home. In order for our family to sing in our home, I had to contract with a friend to record piano accompaniment on cassettes. We bought several hymnals, started with number 1 in January, and over a period of two years sang almost 200 songs. It was a rich experience.

For a season we decided to memorize hymns. We discovered our children learned verses much more quickly than we did. After singing a verse through two or three times, the kids were already on their way to picking it up. As parents, we are the ones who struggled, but we did have the advantage of having heard these hymns many times over the

years. Since we have boys, and boys are more visual, we used to pass out a piece of paper, markers, and crayons and encourage them to draw a picture of the verse we were studying. We focused on one verse for a day or two until we all knew it by heart.

Sometimes we had hymns which were difficult to illustrate. In “Dare to Be a Daniel,” the first verse is “standing by a purpose firm, heeding God’s command.” How do you illustrate a purpose firm? Do you know what we did? A dead porpoise. After rigor mortis sets in, you have a “porpoise firm.” This was all I could come up with. The boys loved it.

“Oh yeah, dead fish!” My wife just rolled her eyes and smiled benignly upon her children—all five of them.

I’ve forgotten most of the props and the pictures, but I have memorized several hymns now. If I’m ever in prison, I can now contribute: I’ve got nine hymns under my belt.

“Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly, teaching and admonishing one another in all wisdom, singing psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, with thankfulness in your hearts to God.” (Colossians 3:16)

SOME BACKGROUND ON HYMNS AND HYMNBOOKS IN THE MODERN ERA OF THE CHURCH

.

One day in 1870, a young choir leader named Ira Sankey was attending a YMCA convention in Indianapolis. When he arrived late at the evening prayer meeting, his friend leaned over and said, “Mr. Sankey, the singing here has been abominable; I wish you would start up something.”

So at the next opportunity, Sankey began to sing, “There is a Fountain.” Everyone joined in enthusiastically, and the whole atmosphere seemed brighter. After the meeting, Sankey met its leader: a 33-year-old shoe salesman turned evangelist named Dwight L. Moody. Moody had little time for small talk. As soon as he found out Ira Sankey’s occupation, he said, “You’ll have to give it up.”

The younger man was amazed. “What for?” he asked.

“To come to Chicago to help me in my work.”

Sankey was working for the Secretary of the Treasury, and didn’t think he could leave.

“But you must,” replied Moody. “I’ve been looking for you the last eight years.”

Dwight Moody’s greatest difficulty in his evangelistic meetings was the fact that he could not sing, and had to rely on whoever was available to lead the music. Their mistakes could easily distract the audience, especially when it was time to respond to

the message.

More than six months went by before Ira Sankey recognized this was God’s plan for him. But once he was in, he was all in! Years later, the friendship of the two men, just three years apart in age, would be compared to David and Jonathan in the Bible.

They began working together in 1871, and that fall, they survived the Great Chicago Fire.

In 1873, they were invited to minister in England, but when they arrived in June after the long ocean voyage, they learned that the two men who invited them had died.

“It seems as if God has closed the door for us,” said Dwight to his friend. “And if he will not open it, we will return to America at once.” The next day, however, he discovered that he been carrying, unopened, a letter from the YMCA secretary in York, inviting him to speak, should he ever come to England. The door was at least partly open, after all!

Less than fifty people attended their first meeting—and all of them sat as far away from the front as they could. But invitations continued to come in, and the two Americans continued to hold meetings.

Ira Sankey had brought just two books with him to Britain. One, of course, was his Bible. The other was a musical scrapbook in which he collected the

songs he sang. These songs became more and more popular, and people began to ask if they could borrow Sankey's scrapbook. At first he said "Yes," until they failed to return it in time for meetings. Then he printed up some small cards with a few of the hymns on them—but these were all used up at the very first meeting he offered them.

There were no photocopiers then, and Ira Sankey couldn't just send people to the internet to look up the lyrics themselves. He didn't have the money to have a printing company create more copies, so he tried to get the publisher of his friend Philip Phillips's songbook to simply add a few more songs in the back of the existing book. They declined.

One day while they were still in England, the editor of a Christian paper arrived to interview Moody and Sankey. When he heard about their dilemma, he offered to publish their songs in a little paperback pamphlet. So Ira Sankey cut 23 pieces out of his scrapbook, rolled them up, and labeled them "Sacred songs and solos sung by Ira D. Sankey at the meetings of Mr. Moody of Chicago."

Two weeks later, they received 500 copies—which sold out the first day. Within a few more days, the booklet began to be sold in bookstores,

grocery stores, fabric shops, and more.

More than thirty years later, when Ira Sankey published his autobiography, *Sacred Songs and Solos* was still being published—having grown to include about 1200 hymns and gospel songs. Many Sankey wrote himself, while others were written by friends. Some were mailed to him, and several he found in other hymnbooks, or even in the newspaper.

By the end of their visit (two years later), Moody and Sankey had spoken and sung the gospel all over England, Scotland, and Ireland, to crowds of as many as 20,000. Thousands made professions of faith in response to their ministry. One significant convert who put his trust in Jesus was the future missionary, C.T. Studd.

You'll learn more about this story when you read the history for #29, "The Bridegroom Comes" and #91, "Jesus Loves Even Me." Ira Sankey's song collection grew to become an essential part of God's work among the British people—and later people around the world. The power of the gospel proclaimed in song continued melting hearts, even when Dwight Moody and Ira Sankey themselves were nowhere around.



WHATEVER HAPPENED TO HYMNS?

.

The following article is reprinted from the Elisabeth Elliott Newsletter, May/June 1999. It is being used with permission. For more info on her books, newsletters, radio broadcasts, and other resources visit <http://www.elisabethelliott.org>.

Many of the churches my husband Lars and I visit on our travels seem to know nothing of the great old hymns that have instructed, comforted, and enriched the church for centuries. Hymns constitute a crucial part of worship, but not by any means the whole. In churches which use almost exclusively what are called “praise songs,” that part of the service is usually referred to as “Worship,” as though prayer, preaching, offering, and listening were something else. May I lodge a plea to those who use overhead projectors to make sure that some great hymns are displayed in addition to the praise songs? Hymns will get you through the night.

In January of 1956, when five women were waiting with bated breath to find out whether our husbands were dead or alive, I lay in bed in Nate Saint’s home, my little daughter Valerie sick in a crib beside me. The hymn “How Firm a Foundation,” with those magnificent words taken from Isaiah 43:1-2, sustained me, especially stanzas 2, 3, and 6, memorized when I was a child in our daily family prayer time:

“Fear not, I am with thee; O be not dismayed,
For I am thy God and will still give thee aid;
I’ll strengthen thee, 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 sorrow shall not overflow;

For I will be with thee thy trials to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
. . .

“The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I’ll never, no, never, no, never forsake!”

Someone sent me a magazine featuring a musician named Michael Card who presents to a new generation of believers ancient melodies and hymns. His music is described as “folk-flavored, biblically sound music.” Unable to recommend or comment on his work since I have heard none of it, I can nevertheless say Amen to his observation: “So many of today’s worship songs are all about us: ‘We do this, we do that, we worship You . . .’ without presenting the depth and richness of who God is, proclaiming His greatness and His might. You can read the lyrics of one of these old hymns and learn so much about God’s attributes and His creation.”

Everywhere I go I try to point out what a tragic loss is the disappearance of these powerful aids to spiritual stamina. A true hymn has rhyme and meter, a logical progression from the first verse to the last, and I feel like jumping up and down and “hollering” to get my message across, but I try to keep it to merely begging and imploring folks to get their hands on a good hymnbook. Where to find them? they ask. Perhaps they are moldering in the church basement. More than likely they’ve long since been dumped—“Young folks don’t like hymns,” we’re told. But of course they don’t like them—they don’t know them. Alas!

Faith Is the Victory

Words by John Henry Yates (1837-1900), Music by Ira Sankey (1840-1908)

Life wasn't always easy for John H. Yates. He was born in 1837 to an English-born shoe manufacturer and temperance lecturer. Yates went into business as soon as he graduated from high school to support his aging parents. He was a shoe salesman, a clerk in a hardware store, a manager in a department store, and a newspaper editor. He knew hard work. He also obtained a license to preach in the Methodist church when he was 21, around 1858. But he wasn't ordained in the church until 1897! He knew waiting. He married his wife Maria in 1864, and they had four sons. However, Maria and three of the boys all died of diphtheria in the same week. He knew intense suffering.

John's mother encouraged him to write poetry when he was about 20, and several of his songs were published. "The Model Church," a ballad about a man who goes to church one day and finds kindness, true worship, and solid teaching, was one of Yates's best known songs. In about 1891, Ira Sankey discovered "The Model Church" in a newspaper, set it to music, and later encouraged Yates to write more gospel songs. So he also knew a calling.

Shortly after his interaction with Sankey, Yates wrote "Faith is the Victory." Certainly 1 John 5:4, "this is the victory that has overcome the world—our faith," is meaningful against the backdrop of Yates' own life experiences. The song speaks of followers of Jesus in a battle. Yates understood the need for Christian action, but he also acknowledged that faith itself—which may include waiting trust—is the victory. He could have been thinking of his own wife and sons when he wrote, "We tread the road the saints above with shouts of triumph trod." Yates knew what it meant to "let tents of ease be left behind," but he recognized that there is reward for suffering and enduring hardship. "Without faith it is impossible to please him, for whoever would draw near to God must believe that he exists and that he rewards those who seek him." (Hebrews 11:6)

Sankey wrote the music for and published "Faith is the Victory" in his *Endeavor Hymnal*, and it has been encouraging believers ever since. When we sing it, let us remember that Yates wrote it despite his personal pain, at a time when he did not yet see the object of his faith. John Yates has seen Him now, and we will see Him soon enough: "Faith is the assurance of things hoped for, the conviction of things not seen." (Hebrews 11:1)

Faith is the Victory

F / F/C C7 / F/C C7 F F

1. En - camped a - long the hills of light, Ye Christ - ian sol - diers, rise._____ And
 2. His bann - er o - ver us is love, Our sword the Word of God;_____ We
 3. On ev - 'ry hand the foe we find Drawn up in dread ar - ray;_____ Let
 4. To him that ov - er - comes the foe, White rai - ment shall be giv'n;_____ Be -

6 / F/C C7 / F F F

press the bat - tle ere the night Shall veil the glow - ing skies;_____ A -
 tread the road the saints a - bove With shouts of tri - umph trod._____ By
 tents of ease be left be - hind, And on - ward to the fray!_____ Sal -
 fore the an - gels he shall know His name con - fessed in heav'n._____ Then

11 F/C C7 F C/G G7 C C7

gainst the foe in vales be - low Let all our strength be hurled:_____ Faith
 faith they like a whirl - wind's breath Swept on o'er ev - 'ry field;_____ The
 va - tion's hel - met on each head, With truth all girt a - bout,_____ The
 on - ward from the hills of light, Our hearts with love a - flame;_____ We'll

16 F F(sus4)/Bb Bb F/C C7 F

is the vic - tor - y, we know, That o - ver - comes the world._____
 faith by which they con - quered death Is still our shin - ing shield._____
 earth shall trem - ble 'neath our tread, And ech - o with our shout._____
 van - quish all the hosts of night In Je - sus' con - q'ring name._____

Dare to Be a Daniel

Words & Music by Philip P. Bliss (1838-1876)

Philip P. Bliss was born into a Christian family. Although his schooling was sporadic, his father sang to him, and his parents taught him the Bible. He said later that he could not remember a time when he didn't love Jesus, and he publicly confessed his faith when he was 12. Bliss loved singing as well. He heard a piano for the first time when he was 10, and this strengthened his resolve to be a musician. Bliss's faith developed through hard work in lumber camps and sawmills in his teens. At 17, he pursued teaching, but an encounter with William Bradbury influenced him to become a music teacher, and work for God's glory.

He was a teen when he composed his first music, and earned a flute in exchange for writing a song. He married Lucy Young, who encouraged his musical pursuits. They often sang duets together. He continued music training, and moved to Chicago in 1864, when he was 26, and became more well-known. He also met George Root, a composer of Civil War songs who worked for Root & Cady, his brother's music publishing house.

In 1869, Philip Bliss stopped in on a D. L. Moody revival meeting. Moody had no song leader that night, but he noted Bliss' singing from the audience. Before Bliss left, Moody had collected his contact information, requested help with Sunday night music, and encouraged him to become a full-time singing evangelist!

Bliss was substitute song leader in another gospel meeting when Major Daniel D. Whittle heard him. Whittle was so impressed that he recommended Bliss for the open choir director position at Chicago's First Congregational Church in 1870. Later that year, Bliss became Sunday School superintendent for the church. Bliss wanted to see hearty singing in the church. After leading music for a ministers' group, he commented, "There was a deal of mighty fine talking, a few earnest prayers, but very little hearty singing. Why is it that so few ministers sing? Wouldn't it improve their voices, and their hearts too?"

Bliss believed that music would influence young people. In a lecture to the State Sunday School Association, he encouraged listeners to "let song develop feeling and . . . use it to direct and purify affection." He told of a boy who could barely carry a tune, yet who would cry when he tried to sing. A wise Christian teacher recognized the power of song in the boy's life and nurtured in him a love for good songs. Bliss believed that families played a key role in passing on love of music, for it was his father who sang to him. "I do believe that every Christian family should be a praise-giving band, and if possible, 'psalm singers.'"

Philip Bliss wrote "Dare to Be a Daniel" for his Sunday School class at First Congregational. It pays tribute to the prophet Daniel's stand for God and challenges young people to emulate him. Bliss brings Daniel's faith up to the present and calls singers to promote the Gospel despite opposition.

In 1873, Bliss declined Moody's invitation to join him for Gospel meetings in England and became Major Whittle's full-time song leader instead. Bliss compiled Gospel Songs for use in Whittle's services. The popular songbook made Bliss \$30,000, which he promptly reinvested in evangelistic work! When Moody and Sankey returned from England, Sankey and Bliss combined Bliss's songbook with Sankey's *Sacred Songs and Solos* to produce *Gospel Hymns and Sacred Songs*. "Dare to Be a Daniel" was a particular favorite when Moody preached on Daniel. Many adults, as well as children, loved the song.

In 1876, Bliss gave his life attempting to rescue his wife from a burning train car. In this final act, Bliss exhibited the courage and faith he commended in Daniel's life. Both Bliss and his wife died in the fire, and their bodies were never recovered. Their purpose was "firm" and "known," in death as in life, and young and old alike today are still daring to be Daniels as a result of Philip Bliss's faith.

Dare to Be a Daniel

72

Ab / Eb Ab Db

1. Stand - ing by a pur - pose true, Heed - ing God's com - mand, Hon - or them, the
 2. Man - y might - y men are lost, Dar - ing not to stand, Who for God had
 3. Man - y gi - ants, great and tall, Stalk - ing through the land, Head - long to the
 4. Hold the gos - pel ban - ner high! On to vic - t'ry grand! Sa - tan and his

6 Db/Ab Ab Bb7/Ab Bb7 Eb7 Ab /

faith - ful few! All hail to Dan - iel's band!
 been a host By join - ing Dan - iel's band. Dare to be a Dan - iel!
 earth would fall If met by Dan - iel's band.
 host de - fy, And shout for Dan - iel's band.

11 Eb Ab Db / Bbm7/Db Ab/Eb Eb Ab

Dare to stand a - lone! Dare to have a pur - pose firm!_ Dare to make it known!

America

Words by Samuel Francis Smith (1808-1895), Music by unknown composer

Lowell Mason was a talented music educator and song writer who lived in Boston in the early 1830s. He directed music for three area churches, taught music in Boston public schools, and was preparing to co-found the Boston Academy of Music. In line with his work in music education, he had a collection of German school songbooks, but he needed them translated into English before he could use them.

Fortunately, Mason knew a recent Harvard graduate who had done translation work to pay his way through college. Mason brought the books to this friend, Samuel Francis Smith, who was now a seminary student at Andover Theological Seminary in Massachusetts. As he translated, Smith noted one tune in particular, which belonged to the Prussian national anthem, "*Heil dir am Siegerkranz*" ("Hail Thee in Victor's Wreath"). The tune was an evolution of "God Save the King," popular in England since 1745. The tune had other American lyrics, including a celebration of George Washington's inauguration in 1789, which lauded him as a "glory crowned . . . matchless Hero."

Smith may not have connected that the German song, "God Save the King," and the other American adaptations were all set to the same tune, but he knew that the German version was a patriotic song. Why should the Europeans hold a corner on patriotism? Smith said later, "I instantly felt the impulse to write a patriotic hymn of my own, adapted to the tune. Picking up a scrap of waste paper which lay near me, I wrote at once, probably within half an hour, the hymn 'America' as it is now known everywhere. The whole hymn stands today as it stood on the bit of waste paper."

Smith showed the song to Mason, who decided to use it that same year, 1831 or 1832, in an Independence Day celebration for children held at Park Street Church in Boston. It was published later that year. Not surprisingly, it became a favorite with American schoolchildren, probably because Mason also popularized it in his Boston schools.

The song is not only a beautiful tribute to America, but also a prayer for America. It speaks of sacrifice for liberty, beautifully diverse landscapes, and of the sweetness of freedom itself. Then it acknowledges God as the source of freedom and asks Him as such to maintain that freedom and protect the country. Its ending reference to "Great God, our King" is likely a reference to the notion of an earthly monarch as sovereign, a concept Americans had resisted through their Revolution. In proclaiming "No king but King Jesus!" Americans were echoing freedom advocates in Britain more than a century earlier. Smith clearly saw God as the ultimate ruler of the youthful nation, and that sentiment may have influenced the song's quick spread in favor.

I attended Gordon-Conwell Theological Seminary in South Hamilton, Massachusetts about an hour's drive from Andover Seminary which Samuel Smith attended. One of the most famous students to graduate from this school was Adoniram Judson, one of the first five American missionaries.

One of my favorite classes was "World Mission of the Church" taught by J. Christy Wilson, Jr. As a part of the class we had a field trip to visit the church in Salem, MA where Adoniram Judson and the other four men were commissioned, then proceeded to the harbor where they sailed. Four of men headed to India, while the Judsons sailed to Burma.

Since that momentous event in 1812, America has sent thousands of missionaries to make disciples of all nations. Our national freedom, which our Great God has graciously given to us as a people, has led to the proclamation of the gospel being taken to the ends of the earth. May God continue to keep America free, so believers may point the world to Jesus who offers true freedom from sin and death, "If the Son sets you free, you will be free indeed." (John 8:36)

America

73

F Gm/Bb C F Dm Gm/Bb F/C C7 Dm Gm/Bb F/C C

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I
 2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet free - dom's
 4. Our fa - ther's God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we

6 F / Am F C7 /

sing: Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the pil - grim's pride,
 love: I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem - pled hills;
 song: Let mor - tal tongues a - wake! Let all that breathe par - take!
 sing: Long may our land be bright With free - dom's ho - ly light;

11 F Bb/F F F/A Bb F/C C7 F

From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring!
 My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
 Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long!
 Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God our King!

Samuel Francis Smith, 1832

Henry Carey

Yesterday, Today, Forever

The history for this inspiring song is found in the back of the book after hymn 100.

17 B \flat E \flat B \flat F

Yes - ter - day, — to - day, for - ev - er, Je - sus is — the same; —

21 B \flat E \flat B \flat /F F 7 B \flat /F F 7 B \flat

All may change but Je - sus nev - er! Glo - ry to His name! —

25 B \flat E \flat F 7 /C B \flat F F 7

Glo - ry to His name, — Glo - ry to — His name, —

29 B \flat E \flat B \flat /F F 7 B \flat

All may change, — but Je - sus nev - er! Glo - ry to His name! —

A. B. Simpson, 1890

James H. Burke

Yesterday, Today, Forever

74

B \flat Eb B \flat

1. Oh, how sweet— the glo - rious mes - sage Sim - ple faith may claim: _____
 2. He who was— the friend of sin - ners Seeks thee, lost one, now; _____
 3. He that par - doned err - ing Pe - ter Never need - 'st thou fear; _____
 4. Oft on earth— He healed the suf - f'rer By His might - y hand; _____

5 B \flat F

Yes - ter - day, to - day, for - ev - er, Je - sus is— the same! _____
 Sin - ner, come— and at His foot - stool Pen - i - tent - ly bow: _____
 He that came— to faith - less Thom - as All thy doubt— will clear: _____
 Still our sick - ness - es and sor - rows Go at His— com - mand: _____

9 F 7 B \flat Eb F/C C 7 F

Still He loves— to save the sin - ful, Heal and sick and lame, _____
 He who said, "I'll not con demn— thee, Go and sin no more," _____
 He who let— the loved dis - ci - ple On His bos - om rest, _____
 He who gave— His heal - ing vir - tue To a wom - an's touch, _____

13 B \flat Cm 7 /Eb B \flat /F F 7 B \flat

Cheer the mourn - er, calm the temp - est; Glo - ry to His name. _____
 Speaks to thee— that word of par - don, As in days of yore. _____
 Bids thee still, with love as ten - der, Lean up - on His breast. _____
 To the faith— that claims His full - ness, Still will give as much. _____

O God, Our Help in Ages Past

Words by Isaac Watts (1674-1748), Music by William Croft (1678-1727)

Isaac Watts was born in troubled times. For several generations, Dissenters like his father had endured waves of persecution for refusing to conform to the state-mandated Church of England. Not only were they denied political rights and kept out of many aspects of public life, but they had been impoverished, imprisoned, exiled and sometimes killed. Though the kings of England had recently been foiled in their attempt to get free of Parliament, they were still trying to exercise their “divine right” to absolute control over both church and state. (Not only did this prompt many Puritans and Separatists to leave for America, but it would later prompt the writers of its Constitution to stipulate that “Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion.”)

During his multiple prison stays, Isaac’s father continued to teach his children by letter, writing, “You must receive no doctrine, but such as is rightly built upon the Holy Scriptures.” He also wrote: “Do not entertain any hard thoughts of God or of His ways, because His people are persecuted for them; for Jesus Christ Himself was persecuted.”

Though Isaac was not imprisoned, he went through testing of his own. At 16, he was offered a scholarship to Oxford or Cambridge—if he would join the state church. Instead he became a student at an “insignificant” but academically rigorous Dissenting college. Although London was then full of the humanistic views of the Enlightenment, as he studied mathematics, natural science, metaphysics, and more, he learned to see his faith as eminently reasonable! As a 24-year-old tutor, Isaac was asked to pastor a small church, and though he felt unequal to the task, he agreed.

Young Isaac stood only about five feet tall and was neither handsome nor healthy. When he proposed marriage to Elizabeth Singer, a friend and admirer of his poetry, she declined. “I loved the jewel,” she said, “but did not admire the casket.” And a jewel Isaac was: despite this disappointment and the fact that he spent the last 36 years of his life as an invalid, he continued to live generously, writing, tutoring, and giving about one-third of his small income away.

Many of Isaac’s hymns were written to accompany a particular sermon—or to make the gospel accessible to the children he tutored. “I make no pretenses to the name of poet,” he said. “I am ambitious to be a servant to the churches and a helper to the joy of the [lowliest] Christian.”

In 1714, he wrote this hymn, a paraphrase of Psalm 90, for his congregation. Parliament had just passed the Schism Act, which outlawed Dissenting schools, hinting at further trouble. That August, Queen Anne died on the very day that the Schism Act was supposed to take effect, and it was never enforced.

“Lord, you have been our dwelling place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever you had formed the earth and the world, from everlasting to everlasting you are God. You return man to dust and say, “Return, O children of man!” For a thousand years in your sight are but as yesterday when it is past, or as a watch in the night.” (Psalms 90:1-4)

In 1729, Benjamin Franklin published an American edition of Isaac’s *Psalms of David Imitated in the Language of the New Testament*, songs George Whitfield would use during the First Great Awakening. For a century, it had been customary in many congregations for a leader to call out the songs line by line, in order to help the illiterate, but when Americans began to use Isaac’s book, they formed singing schools to teach young people how to read music. However, you can still see the influence of “lining out” songs on African-American music today. Why? In 1750, copies of Isaac’s hymns were given to slaves throughout the American colonies, turning their attention to everyone’s true refuge in times of injustice.

Isaac’s hymns even played a role in America’s War for Independence. At the Battle of Springfield in 1780, soldiers began running out of wadding for their guns. A pastor named James Caldwell handed out hymnbooks instead, saying “Give ‘em Watts, boys!”

O God, Our Help in Ages Past

75

C F C/E Am Dm⁷ G C

1. Our God, our help in a - ges past, Our
 2. Un - der the sha - dow of Thy throne Your
 3. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or
 4. A thou - sand a - ges in your sight Are
 5. Time, like an e - ver rol - ling stream, Bears
 6. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our

4 Am Em Am D G C F Dm G

hope for years to come, Our shel - ter from the
 saints have dwelt se - cure; Suf - fi - cient is Thine
 earth re - ceived her frame, From e - ver - las - ting
 like an eve - ning gone, Short as the watch that
 all of us a - way; We fly, for - got - ten,
 hope for years to come, Be now our guide while

7 C F E C/E F C/E Dm G C

stor - my blast, And our e - ter - nal home.
 arm a - lone, And our de - fense is sure.
 Thou art God, To end - less years the same.
 ends the night Be - fore the ri - sing sun.
 as a dream Dies at the op - ening day.
 life shall last, And our e - ter - nal home.

Praise to the Lord, the Almighty

Words by Joachim Neander (1650-1680), Translated by Catherine Winkworth (1827-1878), Music from *Stralsund Gesangbuch*, 1665.

Joachim Neander was the son of a teacher, and the grandson of a musician. While studying theology in his hometown of Bremen, Germany, he seems to have lived a wild life, like many students of the time. At age 20, he attended a service at the local church, St. Martin's, expecting to make fun of the sermon. Instead, he began forming a friendship with the pastor, Theodore Under-Eyck, who was one of first Pietists. As a result, Joachim began reforming his behavior, but he hadn't yet personally met the Lord. But one day while hunting, he became so involved in the chase that he was caught by nightfall in rough terrain, and nearly stepped off a cliff in the dark. Frozen with horror, he prayed for help, promising to give his life to God. When his fear vanished, and an unseen hand led him safely home, Joachim kept his word.

After his graduation, Joachim tutored five young men who were studying at the University of Heidelberg. At 24, he began teaching at a Reformed grammar school in Düsseldorf. As rector of the school, his duties included preaching and visiting the sick. In his free time, he enjoyed the caves, grottoes and waterfalls of the Düssel River valley, about seven miles away from the school, where he would write poems about nature, and hold informal prayer meetings. Unfortunately, after about three years, his success in gathering the common people and his Pietistic beliefs created conflict with the local church leaders, who also directed the school. Not only did he lead his own meetings and refuse to take communion with the unsaved, but he also occasionally made decisions for the school without consulting others. As a result, Joachim was disciplined. This was a humiliating experience for him, but during his two-week suspension, he found comfort in his beloved valley, where he spent time writing hymns.

Eventually, Joachim was invited to return to his hometown and assist his friend Pastor Under-Eyck, who assigned him to take the five am Sunday sermon! By 1680, he had written 65 hymns, 19 of them set to his own melodies. These he shared with friends, who published them that same year. It was also the year in which he died of tuberculosis at age 30.

We have Catherine Winkworth, who was born almost 200 years later, to thank for the fact that we sing this song today. The daughter of a British silk merchant, she became interested in German hymns while spending a year in Dresden. According to *The Harvard University Hymn Book*, she "did more than any other single individual to make the rich heritage of German hymnody available to the English-speaking world."

After Joachim Neander's death, the valley he loved was named after him. First called Neanderhöhle (Neander's Hollow), it later became known as Neanderthal (Neander's Valley). Does the second name sound familiar? In the 1800s, when the valley was drastically changed by limestone quarrying, workers unearthed an unusual skeleton, which became known as Neanderthal Man.

Some say that Joachim Neander took refuge in a cave as he was writing. If so, he wouldn't be the first. David wrote Psalms 57 and 142 in caves. "Praise to the Lord" is based on several other psalms as well, including Psalm 103, which begins, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name."

Psalm 91 speaks of being sheltered under His wings, "He who dwells in the shelter of the Most High will abide in the shadow of the Almighty. I will say to the LORD, 'My refuge and my fortress, my God, in whom I trust.' For he will deliver you from the snare of the fowler and from the deadly pestilence. He will cover you with his pinions, and under his wings you will find refuge; his faithfulness is a shield and buckler." (Psalms 91:1-4)

The last verse echoes Psalm 150:6: "Let everything that has breath praise the Lord."

Praise Ye The Lord, the Almighty

76

1. Praise ye the Lord, the Almighty, the Lord, who o'er all things so
 2. Priase ye the the Lord, who o'er all things so
 3. Praise ye the the Lord, who o'er all things so
 4. Praise ye the the Lord! O let all that is

King of crea - a - tion! O my soul,
 won - drous - ly reign eth, Shel - ters thee
 wis - dom hath made thee, Deeked thee with
 in me a - dore Him! All that hath

praise Him, for He is thy health and sal -
 un - der His wings, yea, so gen - tly sus -
 health, and with lov - ing hand guid - ed sus -
 life and breath, come now with prais - es and be -

va - tion! All ye who hear, Now to His
 tain - eth! Hast thou not seen How thy de -
 stayed thee; How oft in grief Hath not He
 fore Him! Let the A - men Sound from His

tem - ple draw near; Join me in glad ad - o - ra - tion!
 sires e'er have been Grant - ed in what He or - dain - eth?
 brought thee re - lief, Spread - ing His wings for to shade thee!
 peo - ple a - gain: Glad - ly for aye we a - dore Him.

Joachim Neander
 Translated by Catherine Winkworth

From Stralsund Gesangbuch, 1665

Redeemed

Words by Fanny J. Crosby (1820-1915), Music by William J. Kirkpatrick (1838-1921)

If anyone personally knew the value of songs to communicate truth, it was Fanny Jane Crosby. Though she never physically stepped out of darkness into light, she did experience the far greater relief of stepping out of sadness and fear—and into God’s redemption. And it was thanks, in part, to a hymn by Isaac Watts.

After studying literature, poetry, and the Bible at home, Fanny prayed for a way to attend school. When she was almost 15, she learned of the New York Institute for the Blind, where she was to spend 23 years—first as a student, and then as a teacher.

Located in Manhattan, the school had ample opportunity to bring in famous guests. It also lobbied extensively for national education for the blind. While reciting her own poetry as a part of this campaign, Fanny became the first woman to speak in the Senate chamber. She also met many influential people, including Henry Clay, General Winfield Scott, Governor William Seward, and Presidents Van Buren and Tyler. She became widely known for her poetry, even writing lyrics for the popular songwriter, George Root. But something was missing.

When Fanny was 29, more than half the students died in a cholera epidemic, and not long afterwards, she had the dream mentioned in the story of “Blessed Assurance.” In it, a godly friend lay dying. “Could you give me up?” he asked, challenging Fanny to know she would meet him in heaven. When she attended a series of revival meetings later that year, Fanny sought assurance without success—until one evening, when the congregation began to sing: “Alas! and did my Savior bleed?” The song asks how we should respond to the death of our King, and for the first time, Fanny realized that she had been “trying to hold the world in one hand and the Lord in the other.” But as the congregation reached the last line: “Here, Lord, I give myself away; ‘tis all that I can do,” she said, “My very soul was flooded with celestial light.”

As a result, she could write in her own song: “I know that the light of His presence with me doth continually dwell.” She goes on to say, “I know I shall see in His beauty the King in whose law I delight.” And how she looked forward to it! Fanny once said that if she could have made one request of God, it would have been to be blind “because when I get to heaven, the first face ever to gladden my sight will be that of my Saviour.” She also understood what it was like to receive “songs in the night.” In fact, she said, “Most of my poems have been written during the long night watches when the distractions of the day could not interfere with the rapid flow of thought.”

As Frances Ridley Havergal wrote about her blind friend: “Her heart can see! And its sight is strong and swift and free.” Fanny Crosby freely shared that insight with others, living in a poor area of lower Manhattan to be close to rescue missions for poor and addicts with whom she worked. Even into her eighties, this tiny blind woman who stood only four feet, nine inches tall, would travel alone on the train to give lectures. Along with D. L. Moody and Ira Sankey, she became one of three most influential evangelicals in the late nineteenth century.

What was the focus of her fame? At 86, Fanny said, “I could take down from the shelves of my memory hundreds, if not thousands, of hymns that I have written in the 60 years during which I have been praising my Redeemer through this medium of song.”

“Knowing that you were not redeemed with perishable things like silver or gold from your futile way of life inherited from your forefathers, but with precious blood, as of a lamb unblemished and spotless, the blood of Christ.” (1 Peter 1:18-19)

Redeemed

77

1. Re - deemed, how I love to pro - claim it! Re -
 2. Re - deemed and so hap - py in Je - sus, No
 3. I think of my bles - sed Re - dee - mer, I
 4. I know I shall see in His beau - ty The

4

deemed by the blood of the Lamb; Re deemed thro' His in - fi - nite mer - cy, His
 lan - guage my rap - ture can tell; I know that the light of His pre - sence With
 think of Him all the day long; I sing, for I can - not be si - lent; His
 King in whose law I de - light; Who lo - ving - ly guard - eth my foot - steps And

8

child, and for - e - ver, I am.
 me doth con - ti - nual - ly dwell. Re - deemed, re -
 love is the theme of my song.
 giv - eth me songs in the night.

11

deemed, Re - deemed by the blood of the Lamb: Re -

14

deemed; re - deemed, His child, and for - e - ver, I am.

Savior, Like a Shepherd Lead Us

Words attributed to Dorothy Thrupp (1799-1847) or Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847), Music by William B. Bradbury (1816-1868)

In 1780, a British newspaperman named Robert Raikes invented Sunday school to give factory children, who worked six days a week, their one chance to become literate—with the Bible as their textbook. Eventually the Sunday school movement would become the basis of the national school system in Britain, but in 1836, when this song was published, it was just 56 years old, and already educating one and a quarter million children.

At a time when the need for Sunday school music was huge, people were much more intent on collecting—and sharing—songs than they were on giving or getting credit. As a result, we have two candidates for the author of this song. Dorothy Ann Thrupp usually gets the credit, because it appeared first in *Hymns for the Young*, a book she edited. But although no hymns in this book are signed, she collected songs from multiple writers, including Anne Steele, Isaac Watts, and John Newton, as well as her own.

In magazines like *The Children's Friend*, Dorothy often published her songs with her initials or her pen name, Iota (perhaps the tiny “jot” of Matthew 5:18). However, “Savior, Like a Shepherd Lead Us” appeared in the June 1838 issue of *The Children's Friend*, signed “Lyte.” Since the January issue included another poem which we know was written by Henry Francis Lyte, it seems safe to assume he is the author.

A pastor, Henry wrote hymns for his congregation, and for the Sunday schools he supervised. Though he loved the seaside town of Brixham, it was not easy working with the rough fishermen in his congregation, and finally his poor health forced him to leave. Like Dorothy, Henry created his own hymnal: a collection of paraphrased Psalms. Both loved to write songs based on specific Bible stories. Dorothy wrote a “A Little Ship was on the Sea,” based on Jesus’ calming of the storm. Jesus’ post-Resurrection walk to Emmaus inspired Henry’s final song, “Abide With Me.”

Typically, hymnals had been nothing more than collections of lyrics, but in 1860, an American named William Batchelder Bradbury gave new life to this song by adding a tune, and including it in his beautifully printed *Oriola: A New and Complete Hymn and Tune Book for Sabbath Schools*. Inside, the left side of each spread looked like the hymnals we’re familiar with: music plus words. On the right side were the lyrics to several more songs that could be sung to the same tune.

William Bradbury was born in Maine, the son of a music-loving farmer. At age 14, he began studying singing at the Boston Academy of Music, under its founder, Dr. Lowell Mason, who was the first to foster respect in the U.S. for the musical profession, and for musical education. William taught singing classes at several churches in New York City, an idea which quickly spread to other American Sunday schools, and influenced the introduction of music education into public schools in New York. Because the children in his choirs loved it when he wrote songs for them, William began creating song books—editing 59 in all. Together with Dr. Mason and George Root, he became one of the three most important influences on American church music. With the spread of Sunday school music like this song, Americans made a move from majestic to more child-friendly tunes, which would soon lead to gospel music. A surprising number of the “grown-up” hymns we sing today were originally intended to be used in Sunday schools, and “Savior, Like a Shepherd Lead Us” is one of them.

This special hymn was sung at our wedding. Just as David was a lowly shepherd before being crowned king of Israel, so the Son of David was born in humble beginnings, was visited by shepherds in Bethlehem, and became the Great Shepherd King, whose reign is marked by love. “The Lord is my shepherd.” (Psalm 23:1). “He will tend his flock like a shepherd; he will gather the lambs in his arms; he will carry them in his bosom, and gently lead those that are with young.” Isaiah 40:11

Savior, Like a Shepherd Lead Us

78

D / A7/GD/F#A7/E D A A7 G/A D/A A7 D/F#

1. Sa - vior, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy ten - der care;
 2. We are Thine, do Thou be - friend us, Be the Guard - ian of our way;
 3. Thou hast pro-mised to re - ceive us, Poor and sin - ful though we be;
 4. Ear - ly let us seek Thy fa - vor, Ear - ly let us do Thy will;

5 D / A7/GD/F#A7/E D A A7 G/A D/A A7 D/F# D

In Thy plea - sant pas - tures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre - pare: Bles - sed
 Keep Thy flock, from sin de - fend us, Seek us when we go as - tray: Bles - sed
 Thou hast mer - cy to re - lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free: Bles - sed
 Bles - sed Lord and on - ly Sa - vior, With Thy love our bo - soms fill: Bles - sed

9 G D A G/A D/A A D

Je - sus, bles - sed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are; Bles - sed
 Je - sus, bles - sed Je - sus, Hear, O hear us when we pray; Bles - sed
 Je - sus, bles - sed Je - sus, Ear - ly let us turn to Thee; Bles - sed
 Je - sus, bles - sed Je - sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still; Bles - sed

13 G D / A7 D

Je - sus, bles - sed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
 Je - sus, bles - sed Je - sus, Hear, O hear us when we pray.
 Je - sus, bles - sed Je - sus, Ear - ly let us turn to Thee.
 Je - sus, bles - sed Je - sus, Thou hast loved us, loved us still.

Attributed to Dorothy A. Thrupp

William B. Bradbury

Since Jesus Came into My Heart

Words by Rufus McDaniel (1850-1940), Music by Charles Gabriel (1856-1932)

Charles Hutchinson Gabriel was raised in a musical family on a farm in Iowa. Neighbors came to sing and fellowship at their home, where his father held weekly singing schools. While working in the field, Charles would compose melodies in his head, which he wrote down at the end of the day. At 15, he told his mother that someday he would write his own song. She replied, "I would rather have you write a song that will help somebody, than see you be President of the United States."

By age 17, Charles was traveling and teaching singing schools himself, and by age 23, his first song was published. He began to write daily, sometimes creating complete songs himself, sometimes composing music for lyrics written by others. Eventually, he would be involved in the creation of over 8,000 songs. As the music editor at Rodeheaver Publisher Company, he wrote, "I believe in inspiration, but do not believe the Great Master is dealing out cut and polished diamonds; he gives the thought, and the author must work it out. Sometimes a great deal of perspiration is required."

In 1914, Charles joined Homer Rodeheaver and Billy Sunday, a dynamic former pro baseball player, in one of their evangelistic crusades. That same year was significant for Rufus Henry McDaniel. A preacher since he was 19, his life-long dream of becoming a hymn-writer was unfulfilled. Now 64, he had just lost his 31-year-old youngest son, Herschel. Rufus decided to respond to his grief by turning his own personal testimony into a song. Beginning with the joy and transformation he found in Jesus, he continued, "There's a light in the valley of death now for me, since Jesus came into my heart!"

Rufus McDaniel was among the 555,000 who attended Billy Sunday's seven-week campaign in Des Moines, Iowa that year. As he listened to testimonies of changed lives, he thought of the hymn he had written, so he gave Charles Gabriel a copy. As soon as Charles had set it to music, he handed it off to Homer Rodeheaver, who sang it at the very next service. "Since Jesus Came into My Heart" fit so well with this audience that they printed copies in time for the following meeting. At the close of the campaign, thousands saw Billy Sunday off at the railroad station, where they drowned out traffic noises with this song.

12

Je - sus came in - to my heart, Floods of joy o'er my soul like the

15

sea bil - lows roll, Since Je - sus came in - to my heart.

Rufus H. McDaniel

Charles H. Gabriel

Since Jesus Came into My Heart

79

1. What a won - der - ful change in my life has been wrought Since
 2. I'm pos - sessed of a hope that is stead - fast and sure, Since
 3. There's a light in the val - ley of death now for me, Since
 4. I shall go there to dwell in that ci - ty, I know, Since

4

Je - sus came in - to my heart! I have
 Je - sus came in - to my heart! And no
 Je - sus came in - to my heart! And the
 Je - sus came in - to my heart! And I'm

6

light in my soul for which long I had sought, Since Je - sus came in - to my
 dark clouds of doubt now my path - way ob - scure, Since Je - sus came in - to my
 gates of the ci - ty be - yond I can see, Since Je - sus came in - to my
 hap - py, so hap - py, as on - ward I go, Since Je - sus came in - to my

9

heart!
 heart!
 heart!
 heart!

Since Je - sus came in - to my heart, Since

Sitting at the Feet of Jesus

Words by John Hall (1829-1898), Music by unknown

This song takes a little sleuthing. While its lyrics are often attributed to Joseph Lincoln Hall (1866-1930), they were published three years before he was born! Actually, Joseph wrote a different song that also begins “Sitting at the feet of Jesus.” The tune we use today, called “Constancy,” brings us to a second mystery. It appeared in 1888 with two sets of lyrics: “Sitting at the Feet of Jesus” and “All for Jesus.” Since no composer was mentioned, it was easy to mix up “Constancy” with Asa Hull’s tune for “All for Jesus”—and that’s exactly what happened as time went on.

While we still don’t know the composer, the real author of these lyrics is probably John Hall, who valued the opportunity to share spiritual encouragement wherever he could, writing in multiple publications, often under a pen name like “P” or “Autos.” In 1863, he included this poem in his newsletter with the mysterious initials, “E. F. de M.” Early hymnbook editors seem to have known this was a pen name, because they gave the author as “J. H.” Its original tune was written by Theodore Perkins, who served for a time as a music director at John’s church.

John Hall was born in Ireland to godly parents who hoped he would become a missionary. At barely 13, John completed the education available in his town, and began studying at Belfast College. Since his family was poor, and he was the oldest of nine children, he helped support himself by teaching at a boarding school. When John was 19, his father died, leaving him to look out for the family.

At 20, he was ordained and sent as a missionary to western Ireland, which had just been devastated by the potato famine, followed by outbreaks of typhus and cholera. As he helped organize Sunday schools for the children, and Bible and handwork training for the women, he was supported by the Methodists, Quakers, and evangelical Anglicans, while being opposed by Catholics and the rest of the Anglicans. While there, he wrote weekly for as many as five local papers at once. He would follow a similar habit for the rest of his life.

At 23, John was asked to become the pastor of his home congregation. Marrying a young widow with three small boys, and taking in his youngest brother, he had an instant family even before his own children were born. At 29, he was called to pastor the most prominent Presbyterian church in Dublin. While serving as the Honorary Commissioner of Education for Ireland, he again stirred up controversy, this time for promoting public education that wasn’t tied to any particular denomination.

By 1867, it made sense for John to accept an invitation to pastor the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York City. It was hard for his widowed mother to let him go, but she was happy to know that “his voice would bring the gospel to distant parts.” It was also difficult for him to transplant his family to a huge new country, but he felt that it was “of the Lord.” Even in the big city, he continued personally visiting his parishioners. He also supported the local public school system, and helped improve the American Sunday school curriculum.

At the post Civil War reunion of the northern and southern assemblies of Presbyterians, John prayed that they would be “united, humble, earnest, sincere children of Christ, sitting at the feet of Jesus, learning the truth, and learning the way of service from his holy lips.” Having taken many bold steps because he felt they were directed by Jesus, John may have made this his personal prayer as well.

“Now as they went on their way, Jesus entered a village. And a woman named Martha welcomed him into her house. And she had a sister called Mary, who sat at the Lord’s feet and listened to his teaching. But Martha was distracted with much serving. And she went up to him and said, “Lord, do you not care that my sister has left me to serve alone? Tell her then to help me.” But the Lord answered her, “Martha, Martha, you are anxious and troubled about many things, but one thing is necessary. Mary has chosen the good portion, which will not be taken away from her.” (Luke 10:38-42)

Sitting at the Feet of Jesus

80

E \flat / B \flat E \flat

1. Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, O what words I hear Him say!
 2. Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, Where can mor - tal be more blest?
 3. Bless me, O my Sav - ior, bless me, As I sit low at Thy feet!

5 E \flat / B \flat E \flat

Hap - py place so near, so pre - cious! May it find me there each day!
 There I lay my sins and sor - rows, And, when wea - ry, find sweet rest.
 O look down in love up - on me, Let me see Thy face so sweet!

9 A \flat E \flat B \flat E \flat

Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, I would look up - on the past,
 Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, There I love to weep and pray,
 Give me, Lord, the mind of Je - sus, Make me ho - ly as He is;

13 A \flat E \flat B \flat E \flat

For His love has been so gra - cious It has won my heart at last.
 While I from His full - ness gath - er Grace and com - fort ev - 'ry day.
 May I prove I've been with Je - sus, Who is all my right - eous - ness

John Hall

Unknown

Soldiers of Christ, Arise

Words by Charles Wesley (1707-1788), Music by George J. Elvey (1816-1893)

In 1741, Charles Wesley had been an itinerant preacher for about three years. As he crisscrossed the countryside on horseback, he would write hymns, jotting them down on little cards he carried for that purpose. When he was newly saved, he had been timid, wondering if he should have showed his first hymn to a friend, but he soon embraced his hymn-writing as another way to share the truth.

Now he wrote hymns for all sorts of occasions, prompted by the deaths of friends, by current events, church festivals, Bible stories, and important doctrines. In 1749, he published two volumes of Hymns and Sacred Poems (which included this song) thus enabling Charles to marry Sarah Gwynne, who rode behind him on the horse, and helped with the singing. In 1780, the Wesleys published only 12 of the original 16 verses, and divided them into three songs.

Naturally introspective, Charles now spent his time visiting deathbeds, ministering to prisoners and coal miners, pursuing backsliders, and rebuking self-satisfied “Pharisees.” He had a tender and passionate ministry, and was frequently moved to tears. On April 23, 1741, Charles wrote in his journal, “I strongly exhorted the people to put on the whole armour of God.” This phrase comes from Ephesians 6, which explains how to deal with spiritual battles.

And spiritual battles Charles, his brother John, and their followers had in abundance! They were mobbed, their buildings were vandalized, rocks were thrown at them: it was vital for them—and for their opponents—to understand that “our wrestling is not against flesh and blood.”

In 1742, this song appeared as a single printed sheet, titled “The Whole Armour of God.” In March of the same year, John Wesley included it in a pamphlet called *The Character of a Methodist*, which helped dispel some of the many rumors about their beliefs.

Meant for new believers, “Soldiers of Christ, Arise” paraphrases Ephesians 6:10-18, “Finally, be strong in the Lord and in the strength of his might. Put on the whole armor of God, that you may be able to stand against the schemes of the devil. For we do not wrestle against flesh and blood, but against the rulers, against the authorities, against the cosmic powers over this present darkness, against the spiritual forces of evil in the heavenly places. Therefore take up the whole armor of God, that you may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand firm. Stand therefore, having fastened on the belt of truth, and having put on the breastplate of righteousness, and, as shoes for your feet, having put on the readiness given by the gospel of peace. In all circumstances take up the shield of faith, with which you can extinguish all the flaming darts of the evil one; and take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God, praying at all times in the Spirit, with all prayer and supplication. To that end keep alert with all perseverance, making supplication for all the saints, ”

As you read the words and note its vigorous rhythm it is abundantly clear why this song is known as “the Christian’s bugle blast.” Just a few words need explaining: in verse two, to put on “the panoply of God” is to don the entire suit of armor. Every piece is essential. In verse six, “gospel greaves” protect the shins. In verse seven, “adamant and gold” may refer to John Milton’s “Paradise Lost,” in which “Satan, with vast and haughty strides advanced, came towering, armed in adamant and gold.” Adamant was a legendary stone that could not be pierced or broken. Faith is your adamant and gold, says Wesley, and with it, you’re sure to win.

“In all these things we are more than conquerors through him who loved us.” (Romans 8:37)

“The LORD is my strength and my song; he has become my salvation.” (Psalms 118:14)

Soldiers of Christ, Arise

81

E \flat Cm A \flat E \flat /G A \flat D $^{\circ}$ /F E \flat B \flat

1. Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise And put your ar - mor on, Strong
 2. Stand then in His great might, With all His strength en - dued, And
 3. Leave no un guard - ed place, No weak - ness of the soul; Take

5 E \flat B \flat /D Cm E \flat F F 7 /E \flat B \flat /D A \flat /C B \flat E \flat F 7 (sus4) F 7 B \flat B \flat ⁷

in the strength which God sup - plies Thru His e - ter - nal Son; Strong
 take, to arm you for the fight, The pan - o - ply of God; That
 ev - 'ry vir - tue, ev - 'ry grace, And for - ti - fy the whole. From

9 E \flat /G E \flat D $^{\circ}$ /F E \flat /G A \flat C 7 /G F E \flat /G F/A B \flat B \flat ⁷

in the Lord of hosts And in His might - y pow'r: Who
 hav - ing all things done, And all your con - flicts past, Ye
 strength to strength go on, Wres - tle and fight and pray; Tread

13 E \flat /G A \flat E \flat /G F 7 B \flat E \flat E \flat /G A \flat E \flat B \flat (sus4) B \flat ⁷ E \flat

in the strength of Je - sus trusts Is more than con - quer - or.
 may o'er - come thru Christ a - lone And stand en - tire at last.
 all the pow'rs of dark - ness down And win the well - fought day.

The Comforter Has Come

Words by Frank Bottome (1823-1894), Music by William J. Kirkpatrick (1838-1921)

Francis Bottome, also known as Frank, was born in England. At 18, he was deeply affected by the visit of Sha-Wun-Dais, or John Sunday, a Mississauga Ojibwa chief, Methodist minister, and missionary in Central Canada and Michigan, who had traveled to England to speak to Queen Victoria on behalf of his people. Sunday was known as a witty, original, and humorous preacher, whose broken English only made him more irresistible. He preached on “Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world,” and not long afterwards, Frank responded to the Holy Spirit, finding “the peace and hope of a joyous confession.”

Following John Sunday’s example, he crossed the ocean to become a missionary to the native people in southern Ontario, Canada –which borders Michigan and New York. Like Charles Wesley before him, he preached in a large circuit, an arduous task in an area prone to hot humid summers, severe thunderstorms, tornados, floods, heavy fog, ice storms, hail, and blizzards. After a year, Frank’s health was so broken he traveled to New York, on his way to die at home in England. He was 26. In God’s kindness, he met a doctor who helped him recover and introduced him to the Methodist Episcopalian minister in Brooklyn. There, Frank became an assistant pastor, and met and married Margaret McDonald, with whom he would raise four sons. He went on to pastor numerous churches in Connecticut and New York.

Frank helped compile three songbooks. In America, camp meetings grew up around the regular visits of itinerant preachers to the many churchless communities on the frontier, and became an important part of the Second Great Awakening. After the Civil War, they drew thousands of city-dwellers into the countryside every summer, where families would live in tents, singing, testifying, and preaching. Along with the Sunday school movement, camp meetings helped create a wave of simpler, more personal songs called gospel music.

James William Kirkpatrick was also involved with Methodist camp meetings, as a composer, editor, and song leader. One day while sitting in Sunday school listening to a song, he wrote down the tune, added harmony and handed it to the teacher, A.S. Jenks, who was in the process of publishing a collection of camp meeting songs. After checking his work with experts in New York, Jenks hired William, then just 20 years old, to prepare the music for *Devotional Melodies* by traveling around and writing down the songs he heard.

In the early 1890s he was ministering near Rawlinsville, PA. During a typical meeting a soloist would sing and then leave before the sermon. He wondered if the young man who sang that evening knew Jesus as his savior, and he was moved to pray for him. Then for one of the services James was given lyrics based on the story of the Prodigal Son. He wrote:

“I became very burdened for the young soloist and the Lord let me to use an unusual plan. He told me to write a special song of invitation with just the singer in mind and then I was to have him sing it. This I did, and the very evening he sang it, God so spoke to his heart that he did not go out after singing but stayed to hear the message. Praise God!—he was the first to the altar letting Christ come into his heart. My new song had been the Lord’s means of answering my prayer. It was ‘Lord, I’m Coming Home.’”

“The Comforter has Come” first appeared in 1885, in a songbook edited by Kirkpatrick and Sweney. The songs were collected by Thomas Harrison, a young evangelist in Frank Bottome’s denomination, who often preached about the Holy Spirit. In his lyrics, Frank refers to John 14:16, where Jesus promised to send “another Comforter, that He may be with you forever,” Isaiah 61, which says that the anointing of the Holy Spirit brings good news to the afflicted, binds up the brokenhearted, and proclaims liberty to the captives.

The Comforter Has Come

82

C / / F /

1. Oh, spread the ti - dings round, wher - ev - er man is found, Wher -
 2. The long, long night is past, the morn - ing breaks at last; And
 3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal - ing in His wings, To
 4. Oh, bound - less love di - vine! how shall this tongue of mine To
 5. Sing, till the ech - oes fly a - bove the vault - ed sky, And

6 C Am D7 G G7

ev - er hu - man hearts and hu - man woes a - bound; Let
 hushed the dread - ful wail and fu - ry of the blast, As
 ev - 'ry cap - tive soul a full de - liv - rance brings; And
 won - d'ring mor - tals tell the match - less grace di - vine That
 all the saints a - bove to all be - low re - ply, In

D.S. Ho - ly Ghost from heav'n, the Fa - ther's prom - ise giv'n; Oh,
 10 C C7/E F C/G

ev - 'ry Chris - tian tongue pro - claim the joy - ful sound: The Com - fort -
 o'er the gold - en hills the day ad - vanc - es fast! The Com - fort -
 thro' the va - cant cells the song of tri - umph rings: The Com - fort -
 I, a child of hell, should in His im - age shine! The Com - fort -
 strains of end - less love the song that ne'er will die: The Com - fort -

spread the ti - dings round, wher - ev - er man is found - The Com - fort -
 15 C/G G7 C F D.S.

er has come!
 er has come!
 er has come! The Com - fort - er has come, the Com - fort - er has come! The
 er has come!
 er has come!

Turn Your Eyes Upon Jesus

Words and music by Helen H. Lemmel (1864-1961)

The story of this song begins with Lilius Trotter, who was born 11 years before Helen Lemmel. A talented artist, she became a friend and informal student of the famous painter, John Ruskin, who said she had the potential to “be the greatest living painter and do things that would be Immortal.” Earlier, she had served as one of the volunteer counselors when D.L. Moody was evangelizing in London. Now she taught with the YWCA, and would go out on streets to help prostitutes. Although she had poor health, she became a missionary to Algeria, in North Africa, which was a difficult and dangerous field. Here’s how she described her arrival with two other women: “None of us fit to pass a doctor for any society, not knowing a soul in the place, or a sentence of Arabic or a clue for beginning work on untouched ground; we only knew we had to come. Truly if God needed weakness, He had it!”

In 1901, while on holiday in Switzerland, Lilius went out into the woods to spend some quiet time with Jesus. There she saw that a simple, half-withered dandelion which had become radiant in the dew and morning sunlight, and she wrote in her diary about the importance of “standing full face to the sun.” Later, she turned this simple thought into an article, and then a tract called “Focussed.” She wrote:

“It was just a dandelion, and half withered—but it was full face to the sun, and had caught into its heart all the glory it could hold, and was shining so radiantly that the dew that lay on it still made a perfect aureole round its head. And it seemed to talk, standing there—to talk about the possibility of making the very best of these lives of ours.

If the Sun of Righteousness has risen upon our hearts, there is an ocean of grace and love and power lying all around us, an ocean to which all earthly light is but a drop, and it is ready to transform us, as the sunshine transfigured the dandelion, and on the same condition—that we stand full face to the sun. Gathered up, focussed lives, intent on one aim—Christ—these are the lives on which God can concentrate blessedness.”

Helen Howarth Lemmel, who wrote this song, was born in England, and moved to the US when she was 12. A talented singer, she studied voice privately in Germany for four years, before going on concert tour throughout the Midwest. She later taught voice at Moody Bible Institute and the Bible Institute of Louisiana, writing more than 500 poems and hymns, as well as the *Story of the Bible* for children.

In 1918, Helen was given a copy of Lilius Trotter’s tract. These words captured her attention: “Turn your eyes upon Him and look full into His face, and you will find that the things of earth will acquire a strange new dimness.” Helen said, “Suddenly, as if commanded to stop and listen, I stood still. The chorus was singing in my soul and spirit, with not one conscious moment of putting word, rhyme, or note to make the melody. The verses were written the same week, after the usual manner of composition, but nonetheless dictated by the Holy Spirit.”

Helen’s new hymn was published in 1922 by the British National Sunday School Union, along with 66 more she had written. It became the theme song for the 1924 Keswick Convention in England, which had earlier included missionaries like Hudson Taylor and Amy Carmichael.

In 1926, Lilius Trotter was bed-ridden, with just two more years to live. She used that time to combine her tract with Helen’s song, add illustrations, and published the results as *Focussed: A Story and a Song*.

The original title of this hymn was “The Heavenly Vision,” which refers to Paul’s testimony in Acts 26:19-20: “I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision, but declared. . . that they should repent and turn to God.” Like Paul, and like Lilius Trotter and Helen Lemmel, let us “run with endurance the race that is set before us, looking to Jesus, the founder and perfecter of our faith” (Hebrews 12:1-2).

Turn Your Eyes upon Jesus

83

F / / Bb/D7/C Bb Gm/Bb Bb F/C C F/C / C7 C7/E

1. O soul, are you wea - ry and trou - bled? No light in the dark - ness you
 2. Thru death in - to life ev - er - last - ing He passed, and we fol - low Him
 3. His word shall not fail you He prom - ised; Be - lieve Him, and all will be

8 F / / Bb/F F B^ø7 C/E C

see? There's light for a look at the Sav - ior, And
 there; O - ver us sin no more hath do - min - ion
 well: Then go to a world that is dy - ing, His

14 F G/F D[#]7 C/G Dm⁷ G⁷ C / N.C. *Chorus* F C C⁷

life more a - bun - dant and free! Turn your eyes up - on
 For more than con - q'rors we are! are!
 per - fect sal - va - tion to tell!!

20 Dm F⁷/C Dm(add9) Bb / B^ø7 C(sus₂) C F C⁷/G F/A F C^{o7}

Je - sus, Look full in His won - der - ful face, And the things of earth will grow
 won - der - ful face

28 Dm F⁷/C Bb F/C C⁷ F /

strange - ly dim In the light of His glo - ry and grace.

When the Roll is Called Up Yonder

Words and music by James M. Black (1856-1938)

James Milton Black was a music teacher, worked in real estate, and had a heart for evangelism and his local church. The loss of his wife Lizzie when he was 33 made him more tender towards those who were suffering.

In 1893, James had remarried, and was leading the local Epworth League, which was designed “to encourage and cultivate Christ-centered character in young adults around the world through community building, missions, and spiritual growth.” Bessie, the 14-year-old daughter of an alcoholic, was among those James invited to attend their meetings, and when he learned she was too shy about her shabby clothing to accept his invitation, he made sure she had something better to wear. It was his habit, when he called roll, to have each student share a Bible verse, but one evening, there was silence when he called Bessie’s name.

Commenting on how sad it would be to be absent when God reads from the Lamb’s book of life, James prayed, “O God, when my own name is called up yonder, may I be there to respond!” He longed for a song to fit the lesson, but could find nothing in his books. “On my way home,” he said, “I was still wishing that there might be a song that could be sung on such occasions. The thought came to me, ‘Why don’t you make it?’ I dismissed the idea, thinking that I could never write such a hymn. When I reached my house, my wife saw that I was deeply troubled and questioned me, but I made no reply. Then the words of the first stanza came to me in full. In fifteen minutes more I had composed the other two verses. Going to the piano, I played the music just as it is found to-day in the hymn-books, note for note, and I have never dared to change a single word or note of the piece since.”

When James went to check on his missing student, he learned that Bessie was dying of typhoid fever. This song was sung at her funeral, just ten days later. With such a sad end to his student’s life, it’s easy to see why he shrank from publicity about the song. He allowed it to be copyrighted by his friend, Charles Gabriel, and the music was credited to B.M.J.—his initials in reverse. However, the song quickly became famous, and when it did, the local newspaper figured out his identity.

Continue reading the rest of the history in the back of the book after hymn 100.

Musical score for the first system (measures 12-14). The key signature is three flats (B-flat major/D-flat minor). The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. Chord symbols Eb7, N.C., and Ab are placed above the staff. The lyrics are: roll is called up yonder, When the roll is called up When the roll is called up yonder I'll be there, When the roll

Musical score for the second system (measures 15-18). The key signature is three flats. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. Chord symbols Db, Ab/Eb, Eb7, and Ab are placed above the staff. The lyrics are: yonder, When the roll is called up yonder I'll be there.

When the Roll is Called Up Yonder

Ab / Ab/C

1. When the trum - pet of the Lord shall sound, and
 2. On that bright and cloud - less mor - ning when the
 3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the

3 Bbm/Db Db Ab / Eb/G Bb7

time shall be no more, And the mor - ning breaks e - ter - nal, bright, and
 dead in Christ shall rise, And the glo - ry of His re - sur - rec - tion
 dawn till set - ting sun, Let us talk of all His won - drous love and

5 Eb Ab /

fair; When the saved of earth shall ga - ther o - ver
 share; When His cho - sen ones shall ga - ther to their
 care; Then when all of life is o - ver and our

7 Bbm/Db Db Ab Ab/Eb Eb7

on the o - ther shore,
 home be - yond the skies, And the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be
 work on earth is done,

9 Ab N.C. Ab N.C.

there! When the roll is called up yon - der, When the
 When the roll is called up yon - der I'll be there,

When We All Get to Heaven

Words by Eliza E. Hewitt (1851-1920), Music by Emily D. Wilson (1865-1942)

Eliza Edmunds Hewitt was the daughter of a sea captain, and the second of six children. The valedictorian of her class, she became a public school teacher in Philadelphia. Some have said while she was disciplining a student one day, the boy retaliated and hit her spine with a heavy piece of slate. As a result, she spent six months in a body cast. She had ample opportunity to become bitter. Instead, while bedridden, she studied English literature, sang, and wrote, developing a love for the Bible and a desire to spread the gospel to children. When the cast was removed and she was finally able to walk in a nearby park, she wrote “There Is Sunshine in My Soul.” She also co-authored a book called *Looking Sunward: Rays of Light for Darkened Rooms*, which was full of songs, poems, and stories for fellow invalids.

Although she suffered relapses throughout her life, Eliza eventually recovered enough to become a Sunday school teacher, a music teacher, a lecturer, and a writer. She wrote most of her songs for her Sunday school students, of which she had as many as 200! When some of her writing reached John Sweney, Professor of Music at the Pennsylvania Military Academy, and the co-author of many gospel song collections, he asked her to write for him. Later William Kirkpatrick did the same. Not only did Eliza share a publisher with Fanny Crosby, but the two women became friends, exchanging letters, and meeting to talk about their hymn-writing.

It’s possible that Eliza got into publishing through her older cousin Edgar Page Stites, who also collaborated with John Sweney. A riverboat pilot on the Delaware and later a missionary in the Dakota Territory, he wrote songs like “Trusting Jesus” and “Beulah Land,” which looked forward to life in heaven. Like Eliza, he attended the Methodist camp meetings in Ocean Grove, New Jersey, where this song was written in 1898.

Ocean Grove was built with the “dream that God should have a place for a church by the sea where His children could gather and reap physical, mental, and spiritual benefits,” Ocean Grove became known as the Queen of Religious Resorts, attracting millions of visitors every summer. Many would arrive by train from New York City, and settle in one of the 114 tents with attached kitchen and bathroom that were available for rental from May to September. The newly built Great Auditorium seated 10,000, and its unique acoustics enabled everyone to hear, even in those pre-microphone days. In that era, guest speakers and musicians included President Grant, John Philip Sousa, Enrico Caruso, and Fanny Crosby.

Also at Ocean Grove with Eliza was Emily Divine Wilson, a pastor’s wife from Philadelphia who attended the camp meetings every year. Though childless, Emily and her husband John welcomed his brother, and his married sister and her family into their home—providing an earthly picture of the hospitality God shows to us. Together, Eliza and Emily crafted “When We All Get to Heaven.”

Large enough to be a town, Ocean Grove had streets with biblically-inspired names like “Pilgrim Pathway,” which appears in this song. Imagine spending the summer with thousands of other people who love Jesus, and you can understand why Eliza was thinking about heaven.

2

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass clef. The melody is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "all see Je - sus, We'll sing and shout the vic - to - ry. When we all and shout the vic - to - ry." The chords are: C, C7/E, F, D#7/F#, C/G, G7(sus4), G7, C, F/C, C.

When We All Get to Heaven

C / G7

1. Sing the won - drous love of Je - sus, Sing His mer - cy
 2. While we walk the pil - grim path - way, Clouds will o - ver
 3. Let us then be true and faith - ful, Trus - ting, ser - ving
 4. On - ward to the prize be - fore us! Soon His beau - ty

/ C / F D#7/F#

and His grace; In the man - sions bright and bles - sed,
 spread the sky; But when trav' - ling days are o - ver,
 ev' - ry day; Just one glimpse of Him in glo - ry
 we'll be - hold; Soon the pear - ly gates will o - pen

C/G G7(sus4) G7 C F/C C N.C. C G/C

He'll pre - pare for us a place. When we all get to
 Not a sha - dow, nor a sigh.
 Will the toils of life re - pay.
 We shall tread the streets of gold.

When we all

C N.C. C/E D7 G7 N.C.

hea - ven, What a day of re - joic - ing that will be! When we
 What a day of re - joic - ing that will be!

Day by Day

Words by Karolina Sandell Berg (1832-1903), Translated by A. L. Skoog (1856-1934), Music by Oscar Ahnfelt (1813-1882)

Born in southern Sweden, Lina was the daughter of a Lutheran pastor. When she was ten, a fever left her bedridden for about a year. But one Sunday when she knew her father was preaching about Jairus's daughter, Lina sensed God asking her, "Are you ready?" In that moment, she received the strength she needed to get up, and when her family returned from church, she was at the door to welcome them—healed!

Lina was schooled at home, where her father taught her English, German and Latin. By the time she was 13, she had filled a notebook with her poems and thoughts. Her first book of poetry was published when she was just 21. By that time, her siblings had all married but she lived with her parents, serving as her father's secretary. The close bond they had forged must have made the next events even more devastating. While Lina and her father were out in a boat on Lake Vattern, he drowned before her eyes. She was 26 years old. Two years later, her mother died as well.

Shortly afterwards, Lena was invited to work with the National Evangelical Institute, becoming, in effect, the first woman in Sweden to successfully head a publishing house. She went on to write biographies, pamphlets, and children's material, and edit a magazine for 37 years. In 1871, she married Oscar Berg.

But the loss of her parents influenced Lina to focus on writing hymns. She was not the only one who was suffering. Sweden was knocked off balance by the rise of anarchy in France and communism in Russia. Their population was exploding just as their simpler way of life was being replaced by industrialism. At a time when her people's hearts were spiritually hungry, Lina's songs helped spread revival.

But it couldn't have happened without Oscar Ahnfelt. A Pietist preacher with a winsome singing voice, Oscar composed music for Lina's songs and "sang them into the hearts of the people" throughout Scandinavia while playing on a 10-string guitar he had made himself.

Oscar had passed through his own season of doubt and become a man of prayer, and he now preached, sang, and held prayer meetings—though all these things were illegal. The news of his activities reached King Karl XV of Sweden and Norway, who invited Oscar to the castle so he could judge for himself.

Anxiously, Oscar asked Lina to write a new song for the occasion, and within just a few days, she did. Here's what Oscar Ahnfelt sang to the king:

Who is it that knocketh upon your heart's door in peaceful eve?
Who is it that brings to the wounded and sore the balm that can heal and relieve?
Your heart is still restless, it findeth no peace in earth's pleasures;
Your soul is still yearning, it seeketh release to rise to the heavenly treasures.

His heart touched, the king said, "You may sing as much as you like in both of my kingdoms."

Lina had another influential friend in Jenny Lind, the internationally famous opera singer known as the "Swedish Nightingale." Not only did she sing her songs, but she helped finance their publication. In all, Lina Sandell wrote about 2000 songs, of which 650 were published.

When Lina published "Day by Day" in her magazine, she described how easy it is to feel like giving up—not because of one specific difficulty, but because of the many difficulties we expect in the future. She wrote:

We grieve for tomorrow before tomorrow is come. And yet, the Lord Jesus himself said, "Sufficient for the day is its own trouble." Oh, how foolish to add another burden to the present! We will not have to go through more than one day, one hour, one moment at a time; and there is each day a new grace, a new power, and a new help.

"As your days, so shall your strength be." (Deuteronomy 33:25)

Day by Day

86

E♭ / Fm/A♭ F7/A B♭ E♭

1. Day by day and with each pass-ing mo-ment, Strength I find to meet my tri-als here; Trust-ing
 2. Ev - 'ry day the Lord Him-self is near me With a spe-cial mer-cy for each hour; All my
 3. Help me then in ev - 'ry trib-ut - la - tion So to trust Thy prom-is-es, O Lord, That I

6 E♭ Fm/A♭ F7/A B♭ E♭

in my Fa - ther's wise be - stow ment, I've no cause for wor - ry or for fear. He whose
 cares He fain would bear, and cheer me, He whose name is Coun-sel-lor and Pow'r. The pro-
 lose not faith's sweet con - so - la - tion Of-fered me with-in Thy ho - ly word. Help me,

10 E♭/G A♭ B♭7 E♭/G B♭7/F E♭

heart is kind be - yond all meas - ure Gives un - to each day what He deems best Lov - ing
 tec - tion of His child and treas - ure Is a charge that on Him-self He laid; "As thy
 Lord, when toil and trou - ble meet - ing, E'er to take, as from a fa - ther's hand, One by

14 E♭ Fm/A♭ F7/A B♭ B♭7 E♭

ly, its part of pain and pleas - ure, Min - gling toil with peace and rest.
 days, thy strength shall be in meas - ure," This the pledge to me He made.
 one, the days, the mo - ments fleet - ing, Till I reach the prom - ised land.

Lina Sandell Berg
 Translated by Andrew L. Skoog

Oscar Ahnfelt, 1813-1882

Fairest Lord Jesus

Words and music by unknown, Arranged by Richard Storrs Willis, Translated by unknown and Joseph A. Seiss

Some songs are written by just one person, perhaps in a single day. Others develop like a tree, with new rings slowly growing, decade after decade, while branches shoot off in many different directions. This song is like a tree.

The earliest version was found in Münster, Germany, one of a whole collection of songs, some sacred and some secular, in a manuscript from the 1660s. In 1677, it was published in a Catholic hymnal named for the city of Münster. Then, 162 years later, and more than 500 miles away, the same song was discovered all over again. Or was it the same?

Here's what happened: In 1839, a German poet named August Heinrich Hoffmann was visiting a friend in Silesia, an area that now includes a little of the Czech Republic and eastern Germany, but lies mostly in Poland. While in Silesia, Hoffmann became interested in collecting folk music, so he asked students at a nearby seminary to add songs from their own areas. He also advertised in the newspaper.

One day, a chaplain in a tiny village sent Hoffmann a song that had been passed down from generation to generation by word of mouth. The words were very close to "Fairest Lord Jesus," as we sing it today, and instead of the majestic Baroque melody used in 1677, it was set to a lilting folk tune. In 1842, Hoffmann published this song, which he called "Jesus Over All" in a collection of Silesian folksongs.

Next, it came into the hands of an American composer named Richard Storrs Willis. Willis was a contemporary of William Bradbury, and like Bradbury, he wanted to strengthen American church music by looking to European models. He studied at Leipzig Conservatory in Germany, where he became acquainted with the composer, Felix Mendelssohn.

Willis created several song collections, which included tunes adapted from classical music, plus hymns and folk songs from other countries. In 1853, he published the first three verses of this song in *Church Chorals & Choir Studies*, with an English translation and his own arrangement of the tune.

So far, our song has two main branches: one from the Catholics in Münster, and one from the Protestants in Silesia. Richard Willis's arrangement was branch number three. The fourth branch exists because the song also arrived in America with German immigrants. Translated into English by Joseph Seiss, an American Lutheran minister, it was published in 1873 as "Beautiful Savior." Our last verse comes from Seiss's translation.

"He is the image of the invisible God, the firstborn of all creation. For by Him all things were created, both in the heavens and on earth, visible and invisible, whether thrones or dominions or rulers or authorities—all things have been created through Him and for Him." (Colossians 1:15-16)

Fairest Lord Jesus!

87

E \flat Cm Fm/A \flat B \flat E \flat / Cm C F/A \flat E \flat /B \flat E \flat E \flat /G A \flat D $^{\flat 7}$ /A \flat

1. Fair - est Lord Je - sus! Rul - er of all na - ture! O Thou of
 2. Fair are the mead - ows, Fair - er still the wood - lands, Robed in the
 3. Fair is the sun - shine, Fair - er still the moon - light, And all the
 4. Beau - ti - ful Sav - ior! Lord of the na - tions! Son of

6 E \flat /G B $\flat 7$ /F E \flat B $\flat 7$ /D E \flat B \flat B $\flat 7$ /A \flat E \flat /G A \flat E \flat /B \flat C 7 Fm

God and man the Son! Thee will I cher - ish,
 bloom - ing garb of spring: Je - sus is fair - er,
 twink - ling star - ry host; Je - sus shines bright - er,
 God and Son of Man! Glo - ry and hon - or,

11 Fm C 7 /G Fm/A \flat B $\flat 7$ E \flat E \flat /D Cm E $^{\circ 7}$ Fm/A \flat E \flat /B \flat B $\flat 7$ E \flat

Thee will I hon - or, Thou my soul's glo - ry, joy and crown!
 Je - sus is pur - er, Who makes the woe - ful heart to sing.
 Je - sus shines pur - er Than all the an - gels heav'n can boast.
 Praise, ad - o - ra - tion Now and for - ev - er - more be Thine!

God Will Take Care of You

Words by Civilla Durfee Martin (1866-1948), Music by Walter Stillman Martin (1862-1935)

Civilla Holden was born in Nova Scotia. A village schoolteacher for a number of years, she married Walter Stillman Martin when she was about 25. Born in Massachusetts, Stillman Martin studied at Harvard, before becoming a pastor and evangelist, as well as a professor at Atlantic Christian College (now Barton College) in Wilson, North Carolina. They had one son, Austin, born in 1892.

In 1904, the Martin family packed their little Bilhorn organ. Invented by a member of D. L. Moody's evangelistic team, this portable folding organ was designed for missionaries and evangelists. The Martins spent the next few weeks at the Practical Bible Training School in Johnson City, New York, where Stillman was helping create a songbook.

One Sunday, he was scheduled to spend the day traveling so he could serve as a guest preacher, when Civilla unexpectedly became ill. Stillman paused. Should he cancel his speaking engagement and stay home with his wife? But his son Austin, now about twelve years old, had been thinking. "Father," he asked, "Don't you think that if God wants you to preach today, He will take care of Mother while you are away?"

Encouraged by his son's faith, Stillman kept his appointment. That afternoon while he was away, Civilla couldn't get Austin's comment out of her mind. When her husband returned, she was feeling much better—and she had written this hymn. Right away, he sat down at his organ, and composed the music. That same evening, he sang it with two other teachers, and a year later, it appeared in the songbook he'd been working on, *Songs of Redemption and Praise*.

As she wrote, it's likely that Civilla was thinking of 1 Peter 5:7: "Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you." (KJV)

About 25 years later, this song helped save the life of a businessman named James Cash Penney. You'd probably recognize him better by his initials: J.C. Penney, the founder of a chain of department stores.

The son of a godly pastor and his wife, James almost came to faith when he was twelve years old. Almost. But he hesitated, and then, as he grew up, he allowed bitterness to keep him from yielding to Jesus. Instead, he focused on doing business according to the Golden Rule, and he became a very wealthy and generous man. Then came the Great Depression. Not only did James lose everything, but he was left seven million dollars in debt, which is almost 100 million dollars today.

Next, he lost his health. Suffering from severe shingles, exhaustion and depression, he was admitted to the Kellogg Sanitarium in Battle Creek, Michigan. Despite intense treatment, his health continued to spiral downwards. "I was broken nervously and physically, filled with despair, unable to see even a ray of hope. I had nothing to live for. I felt I hadn't a friend left in the world, that even my family had turned against me."

One night, James was convinced he would not survive, and he wrote letters to be given to his wife and son after his death. But in the morning, to his surprise, he was still alive. Feeling restless and anxious, he dressed and wandered downstairs.

There he heard part of a familiar hymn drifting down the hall from the chapel: "Be not dismayed whate'er betide, God will take care of you. . ." The rest of the song became clearer and clearer as he entered the chapel, and sat down in the back: "All you may need, He will provide. God will take care of you. . . Lonely and sad, from friends apart, God will take care of you." Then someone read Jesus's words: "Come unto me, all ye that are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. . ."

In his heart, James groaned, "Lord, I can do nothing. Will you take care of me?"

Immediately, he felt he had been lifted out of a vast, dark space into warm and brilliant sunlight. He had claimed the credit for his success; now he realized that he alone was responsible for his troubles. But he knew, too, that God with His boundless and matchlessly patient love was there to help him. God had answered when he cried, "Lord I can do nothing. Will you take care of me?"

"Cast your burden on the LORD, and he will sustain you;" (Psalm 55:22).

God Will Take Care of You

B \flat F 7 B \flat

1. Be not dis mayed_ what - e'er be - tide, God will take care of you;____
 2. Thru days of toil_ when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;____
 3. All you may need_ He will pro - vide, God will take care of you;____
 4. No mat - ter what_ may be the test, God will take care of you;____

5 B \flat F 7 B \flat

Be - neath His wings_ of love a - bid, God will take care of you.____
 When dan - gers fierce_ your path as - sail, God will take care of you.____
 Noth - ing you ask_ will be de - nied, God will take care of you.____
 Lean, wea - ry one,_ up - on His breast, God will take care of you.____

9 E \flat E \flat /B \flat B \flat F 7 B \flat B \flat /D

God will take care of you, Thru ev - 'ry day, O'er all the way; He will take

14 C m^7 /E \flat D C m /E \flat B \flat /F F B \flat

care_ of you, God will take care_ of you.____
 take care of you.

Great is Thy Faithfulness

Words by Thomas Obadiah Chisolm (1866-1960), Music by William Marion Runyan (1870-1957)

“Great is Thy Faithfulness” was written by two men who suffered disappointments due to poor health. The story of this song is the story of their response.

Thomas Chisolm was born in a log cabin in Franklin, Kentucky. He was unable to attend high school or college, but at sixteen, he began teaching in the same schoolhouse where he had been a student. His writing ability was soon evident, and when he was 21, he was offered a position as assistant editor of his local newspaper. Later, he was the chosen poet of the Kentucky Press Association.

When Thomas was about 26, Henry Clay Morrison, a circuit-riding preacher who later served as president of Asbury College, held meetings in Franklin. Deeply convicted and almost in despair, the young writer returned to his room. As he read the account of Jesus’ arrest and death in John 18, it dawned on him that he was one of those who made Jesus’ death necessary. But if his sin was so great, God’s grace was too! As Thomas experienced forgiveness, he felt like he was coming out of a dark tunnel into the sun.

Henry Clay Morrison soon asked Thomas Chisolm to edit and manage his paper, the Pentecostal Herald. In 1906, Thomas was ordained a Methodist minister, but he had to resign a year later because of poor health. He ended up working as a life-insurance agent instead.

A humble, shy man, Thomas first started writing poetry for his own encouragement, eventually writing more than 1200 in all. “Having been led, for a part of my life, through some difficult paths,” he said, “I have sought to gather from such experiences material out of which to write hymns of comfort and cheer for those similarly circumstanced.” He also wrote, “I have sought to be true to the Word, and to avoid flippant and catchy titles and treatment. I have greatly desired that each hymn or poem might have some definite message to the hearts for whom it was written.”

Thomas wrote “Great is His Faithfulness” in 1923, when he had been walking with the Lord for about 30 years. He sent the hymn, along with several others, to his friend, William Runyan.

As a teenager, William Runyan was already serving as a church organist, later becoming a pastor and evangelist who was well-loved for his hymn singing. But he had to retire because of severe hearing loss.

When Thomas Chisolm sent him “Great is His Faithfulness,” Runyan was especially impressed by the words. He wrote, “This particular poem held such appeal that I prayed most earnestly that my tune might carry over its message in a worthy way, and the subsequent history of its use indicates that God answered prayer.”

“Great is Thy Faithfulness” became the “Institute Hymn” while William Runyan was on the staff of Moody Bible Institute, spreading from there to Christians all across the United States.

Both Chisolm and Runyan continued to write and work at their professions for many years, retiring at ages 87 and 78 respectively. In 1955, Thomas Chisolm attended an alumni Bible conference for Moody Bible Institute near his retirement home in Ocean Grove, New Jersey. Afterwards, the song leader asked for the story of “Great is Thy Faithfulness,” which they had all sung together. Thomas replied that he had simply been reading Lamentations 3:22-23, and became overcome with God’s faithfulness and mercy.

As he once wrote in a letter, “My income has not been large at any time due to impaired health in the earlier years which has followed me on until now. Although I must not fail to record here the unflinching faithfulness of a covenant-keeping God and that He has given me many wonderful displays of His providing care, for which I am filled with astonishing gratefulness.”

“This I call to mind, and therefore I have hope: the steadfast love of the LORD never ceases; his mercies never come to an end; they are new every morning; great is your faithfulness.” (Lamentations 3:21-23)

Great is Thy Faithfulness

D D+ Gmaj7 Em/G A7 G/A A7 G/D D6 G A7/G G

1. Great is Thy faith - ful - ness, O God my Fa - ther! There is no
 2. Sum - mer and win - ter, and spring-time and har - vest, Sun, moon and
 3. Par - don for sin and a peace that en - dur - eth, Thine own dear

6 D/F# D E/B B7 E7 A A7 D D Em D/F#

shad - ow of turn - ing with Thee; Thou chang - est not, Thy com - pas sions, they
 stars in their cours - es a - bove, Join with all na - ture in man - i - fold
 pres - ence to cheer and to guide, Strength for to - day and bright hope for to -

12 Gmaj7 G6 G#7 C# G#7 D/A / A A7 D A

fail not: As Thou hast been Thou for - ev - er wilt be. Great is Thy
 wit - ness To Thy great faith - ful - ness, mer - cy and love.
 mor - row Bless - ings all mine, with ten thou - sand be - side!

18 G/D D B7 Am/E Em A7 D B7 A/E E7 A / A7

faith - ful - ness! Great is Thy faith - ful - ness! Morn - ing by morn - ing new mer - cies I see; All I have

26 D / Em D/F# Gmaj7 G6 G#7 C# G#7 D/A D/A A7 D

need - ed Thy hand hath pro - vid - ed Great is Thy faith - ful - ness, Lord, un - to me!

How Great Thou Art!

Words by Carl Gustav Boberg (1859-1940), Manfred von Glehn (1867-1924), Ivan S. Prokhanoff (1869-1935) and Stuart Keene Hine (1899-1989)

At 19, Carl Boberg became convicted that he was a sinner, and over the next 10 nights and days, he prayed earnestly for God to forgive him. Then he heard a younger boy, who was working away at memorizing John 14:13: “Whatever you ask in My name, that will I do, so that the Father may be glorified in the Son.” At last Carl understand that he could claim his salvation. He grew in his faith, and at 22, he became a preacher in his hometown in southeastern Sweden. Later he would become a member of the Swedish Parliament, in order to spread Christian principles there.

One summer day in 1885, Carl was on his way home from a meeting. He wrote: “It was that time of year when everything seemed to be in its richest colouring; the birds were singing in trees and everywhere. It was very warm; a thunderstorm appeared on the horizon and soon there was thunder and lightning. We had to hurry to shelter. But the storm was soon over and the clear sky appeared.

When I came home I opened my window toward the sea. There evidently had been a funeral and the bells were playing the tune of ‘When eternity’s clock calls my saved soul to its Sabbath rest.’ That evening, I wrote the song, ‘O Store Gud.’ [O, Great God]”

Even if you could read Swedish, you might not even recognize Carl’s poem. While it has the same theme as the song we sing today, many of the specific images are different: stars like golden ships in the sky, the sun and moon measuring time, and the summer wind blowing over fields. Here are verses 2 and 9:

When I hear the voice of thunder and storms
And see the blades of thunder striking
from the sky;
When the cold rain and fresh showers whirl
And the arc of promise shines before my eyes;
Then my soul bursts into praise:
Oh great God! Oh great God!

When finally all the mists of time have
vanished,
And my faith has changed to sight;
When the clear bells of eternity call
My saved spirit to its Sabbath;
Then my soul bursts into praise:
Thanks, good God! Thanks, good God!

The next year, Carl’s poem was published in a local newspaper. Two years after that, he was surprised to hear it being sung at a conference in western Sweden. The words we sing today are different from Carl Boberg’s original poem because “How Great Thou Art” has come to us after being translated in four different languages!

As part of the German-speaking community in Estonia, Manfred von Glehn was busy planting Bible schools and churches and compiling hymns. In 1907, he gave our song its title when he translated it from Swedish to German.

Next came Ivan Prokhanoff, a mechanical engineer, preacher and poet who was twice imprisoned for his faith. Known as “the Martin Luther of Russia,” he wanted to provide joyful music for the rapidly growing Russian Protestant church. He published his Russian translation of this song in 1912.

Stuart Keene Hine was born into a Salvation Army family in London. In 1914, he came to faith while listening to a Christian opera soloist sing about Jesus. Stuart and his wife, Edith, became missionaries to the Ukraine, and when he discovered the Russian version of this song in 1931, they began singing it as a duet. Stuart also began to write his own English verses, inspired by the earlier song. Verse 1 describes a thunderstorm he heard booming and reechoing in the Carpathian mountains. Verse 2 describes the forests in Romania, where he was hiking with Christian youth.

Carl Boberg’s great-nephew said the original poem was a paraphrase of Psalm 8.

“O LORD, our Lord, how majestic is your name in all the earth! You have set your glory above the heavens. When I look at your heavens, the work of your fingers, the moon and the stars, which you have set in place, what is man that you are mindful of him, and the son of man that you care for him?” (Psalm 8:1, 3-4)

How Great Thou Art!

90

B \flat / F 7 /C B \flat E \flat / C $\sharp^{\circ 7}$ /E

1. O Lord my God, when I in awe - some won - der Con - sid - er
 2. When thru the woods and for - est glades I wan - der And hear the
 3. And when I think that God, His Son not spar - ing, Sent Him to
 4. When Christ shall come with shout of ac - cla - ma - tion And take me

4 B \flat /F Dm/F F 7 (sus4) F 7 B \flat / F 7 /C B \flat E \flat

all the worlds Thy hands have made, I see the stars, I hear the roll - ing
 birds sing sweet - ly in the trees, When I look down from loft - y moun - tain
 die, I scarce can take it in _____ That on the cross, my bur - den glad - ly
 home, what joy shall fill my heart! _____ Then I shall bow in hum - ble ad - o -

7 / C $\sharp^{\circ 7}$ /E B \flat /F Dm/F F 7 (sus4) F 7 B \flat

thun - der, Thy pow'r thru - out the un - i - verse dis - played! _____
 gran - deur And hear the brook and feel the gen - tle breeze, Then sings my
 bear - ing, He bled and died to take a - way my sin! _____
 ra - tion And there pro - claim, my God, how great Thou art!

10 / E \flat B \flat B \flat /F F 7 F B \flat

soul, my Sav - ior God, to Thee; How great Thou art! _____ how great Thou
 art! _____ Then sings my

14 / E \flat B \flat E \flat 6 B $^{\circ}$ /D Cm F 7 B \flat

soul, my Sav - ior God, to Thee; How great Thou art, _____ how great Thou art! _____

Jesus Loves Even Me

Words and music by Philip P. Bliss (1838-1876)

In 1867, Dwight L. Moody made a short visit to Britain. While he was there, he met Henry Moorhouse. Known as “the Boy Preacher,” this slight 27-year-old (who looked 17) was a former gang leader turned evangelist. When Henry said that he would like to come to America to preach, Moody was unimpressed—but polite.

But a few weeks later, Henry showed up at Moody’s church in Chicago. For seven nights straight, he preached on John 3:16, showing from the entire Bible how much God loves us! Among those who were profoundly changed by this message were Dwight Moody—and Philip Bliss.

You’ve already learned about Bliss, a singer and composer who worked with Dwight L. Moody and Major Daniel Webster Whittle (song #38 and song #72). But even before Bliss and Whittle began working as an evangelistic team, they were friends, and in 1870, Philip and his wife Lucy were guests at Whittle’s home in Chicago.

One day, Philip attended a meeting where people kept singing the song, “Oh, how I love Jesus!” After singing along for a while, he realized that he’d sung enough about what he called “my poor love for Jesus,” and now he wanted to sing about “His great love for me.” With this thought in mind, he went home and composed “Jesus Loves Even Me.”

The next morning when Lucy Bliss came down to breakfast, she told the Whittles about the song that her husband had written—a song she had been singing all morning and could not get out of her head.

Philip Bliss felt that occupying his mind with Christ’s love would produce love and consecration in his life. His inspiration came largely from Henry Moorhouse, the “Boy Preacher,” and from Romans 5:5: “The love of God has been poured out within our hearts through the Holy Spirit who was given to us.”

“Jesus Loves Even Me” touched the lives of several people. When a young woman in England heard this song, all her sins came to mind, and they seemed so numerous and so bad, she concluded she could never be saved. Jesus cannot love me, she thought. He could not love such a sinner as I. That night she was so upset she couldn’t sleep.

But all this angst had a purpose: it made her eager to find a way to learn more about Jesus. She made her way to the “Inquiry Room,” where, Ira Sankey says, “she found to her astonishment and joy that Jesus could, did, does love sinners.” When she saw in the Bible that it was for sinners that Jesus died, she was finally able to sing: “I am so glad that Jesus loves me!” “Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners” (1 Timothy 1:15).

In Glasgow, Scotland, a traveling salesman was very disappointed not to be able to speak to Mr. Moody after a meeting. As he left, he said to himself, “Well, if they won’t speak to me, surely God will.” So he asked God to show him the way home to Himself, thinking, Well, I’ll begin and try to love Jesus for what He has done for me.

While the disappointed salesman was still thinking this way, several people passed him on the street, singing, “I am so glad that Jesus loves me, Jesus loves even me.”

“If He loves me, all I have to do is to believe in that love of His, thought the salesman.” And as the words struck him, a load was removed from his heart. Here he had been trying to love Jesus, when all the while Jesus had been loving him. “We love because he first loved us.” (1 John 4:19)

So he put faith in that love, and found peace. And in that peace, he found a refuge. Stamping his foot right there on the street, he thought, “Yes, though all the devils in hell try to move me from it, I will trust in the love that Jesus has had for me.”

“In this is love, not that we have loved God but that he loved us and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins.” (1 John 4:10)

“God shows his love for us in that while we were still sinners, Christ died for us.” (Romans 5:8)

Jesus Loves Even Me

91

G D7 G D7

1. I am so glad that our Fa - ther in Heav'n Tells of His love in the
 2. Though I for - get Him, and wan - der a - way, Still He doth love me wher -
 3. Oh, if there's on - ly one song I can sing, When in His beau - ty I
 4. Je - sus loves me, and I know I love Him; Love brought Him down my poor
 5. If one should ask of me, how can I tell? Glo - ry to Je - sus, I
 6. In this as - sur - ance I find sweet - est rest, Trust - ing in Je - sus, I

4 G D7 G

Book He has giv'n; Won - der - ful things in the Bi - ble I see,
 e - ver I stray; Back to His dear lov - ing arms I do flee,
 see the great King, This shall my song in e - ter - ni - ty be,
 soul to re - deem; Yes, it was love made Him die on the tree;
 know ve - ry well! God's Ho - ly Spir - it with mine doth a - gree,
 know I am blessed; Sa - tan, dis - mayed, from my soul now doth flee,

7 D7 G D7 G D7 G

This is the dear - est, that Je - sus loves me.
 When I re - mem - ber that Je - sus loves me.
 "Oh, what a won - der that Je - sus loves me!" I am so glad that
 Oh, I am cer - tain that Je - sus loves me.
 Con - stant - ly wit - ness - ing Je - sus loves me.
 When I just tell him that Je - sus loves me.

10 C D7 1. G 2. G

Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me. even me.
 Je - sus loves me,

In the Garden

Words and music by Charles Austin Miles (1868-1946)

Some hymns are stirring and call us to worship. Others share the gospel story. Some help us feel even more connected to the Body of Christ, while others help us feel thoughtful, perhaps encouraging us in our personal devotions. This song sounds very much like a personal one: “I came to the garden alone, while the dew was still on the roses. . .” Did you know that it actually describes a Bible story, pointing specifically to Jesus’ resurrection? Me either.

Charles Austin Miles was born in Lakehurst, New Jersey. His college training prepared him to be a pharmacist, and he had his own drug store for many years, but that was not his only interest. He enjoyed photography, and during his college years, he studied music in his spare time. Later he wrote gospel songs for a choir and for camp meetings.

Miles wrote many songs over the years, but none of them were published until poor health made it necessary for him to close his drug store. Then he decided to see if he could get a little money for some of his songs and contacted the Hall-Mack Publishing Company in Philadelphia. Amazingly, this contact resulted in his appointment as a manager and an editor. For the next 37 years he worked at the publishing company while also serving as organist and choir director at various churches and evangelistic meetings.

Charles Austin Miles was known for his sense of humor. When asked why he sometimes used the pen name “A. Payn,” he would say, “Why, some probably think my words are a pain!” But he knew, too, that what he wrote could be a blessing. He said, “It is as a writer of gospel songs I am proud to be known, for in that way I may be of the most use to my Master, whom I serve willingly although not as efficiently as is my desire.”

In keeping with his varied interests, Charles had an organ at home—and he kept it in the darkroom, where he developed photos. One day in 1912, the author was in his darkroom reading John 20, when the scene in the passage became very real to him. Here is how he described the experience:

As I read it that day, I seemed to be part of the scene. I became a silent witness to that dramatic moment in Mary’s life, when she knelt before her Lord, and cried, “Rabboni!”

My hands were resting on the Bible while I started at the light blue wall. As the light faded I seemed to be standing at the entrance of a garden, looking down a gently winding path, shaded by olive branches. A woman in white, with head bowed, hand clasping her throat, as if to choke back her sobs, walked slowly into the shadows. It was Mary. As she came to the tomb, upon which she placed her hand, she bent over to look in, and hurried away.

John, in flowing robe, appeared, looking at the tomb, then came Peter who entered the tomb, followed slowly by John.

As they departed, Mary reappeared, leaning her head upon her arm at the tomb, she wept. Turning herself, she saw Jesus standing, so did I. I knew it was He. She knelt before Him, with arms outstretched and looking into his face cried, “Rabboni!”

I awakened in full light, gripping the Bible, with muscles tense and nerves vibrating. Under the inspiration of this vision I wrote as quickly as the words could be formed the poem exactly as it has since appeared. That same evening I wrote the music.

In John 20, Jesus tells Mary that she must not stay in the garden, but go and tell the disciples what she had witnessed. The third verse of the song describes the sorrow that Mary must have felt when she had to leave the Lord’s presence. Eventually she learned, as we do too, that Jesus walks and talks with us wherever He may send us.

“Go therefore and make disciples of all the nations. . . and lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the age.” (Matthew 28:19-20)

In the Garden

92

Ab / Eb Ab Eb7 Abmaj7 Db

1. I come to the gar - den a - lone, While the dew is still on the
 2. He speaks, and the sound of His voice Is so sweet the birds hush their
 3. I'd stay in the gar - den with Him Tho the night a - round me be

5 Ab Eb7 Eb7 Ab/C Eb Ab Bb7 G°/Bb

ros - es; And the voice I hear, fall - ing on my ear, The Son of God dis -
 sing - ing; And the mel - o - dy that He gave to me With - in my heart is
 fall - ing; But He bids me go thru the voice of woe, His voice to me is

9 Eb Eb7 Ab/Eb Ab Eb7/Bb Eb7 Eb9

clos - es.
 ring - ing. And He walks with me, and He talks with me, and He tells me I am His
 call - ing,

13 Ab Ab C7 Fm Db Ab/Eb Eb7 Ab

own, And the joy we share as we tar - ry there, None oth - er has ev - er known.

Love Lifted Me

Words by James Rowe (1865-1933), Music by Howard E. Smith (1863-1918)

Born in Devonshire, England, James Rowe led a varied and interesting life. As a teenager, he worked as a government surveyor in Ireland. When he was 24, he moved to the United States where he worked for a railroad company for a number of years. Later Rowe served as superintendent of the Mohawk and Hudson River Humane Society.

While still at the railroad, he began writing and lecturing. While speaking to an audience, he could compose a poem on the spot! No wonder he eventually was able to write and publish more than nine thousand short compositions, including hymns, poems, short stories, magazine articles, jokes, and recitations and—after his retirement—captions for greeting cards.

In 1918, Eugene Monroe Bartlett (author of “Victory in Jesus”) became co-founder of the Hartford Music Company. Bartlett soon added a musical institute that ran for three weeks each January and June, eventually reaching 400 students at a time. Along with Homer Rodeheaver, James Rowe was one of its widely-known teachers. Today he appears in James Goff’s history of Southern Gospel music as one of “the most enduring” gospel song writers, along with Fanny Crosby, Philip Bliss, William Bradbury, and William Kirkpatrick.

The music for “Love Lifted Me” was composed by Rowe’s friend Howard E. Smith. Smith was a church organist who lived in Westport, Connecticut with his wife and six children, as well as his mother and his sister, Mary Louise Smith. Mary Louise was a schoolteacher who also wrote song lyrics, and she and her brother collaborated on several songs.

Rowe and Smith also collaborated repeatedly. For example, in 1905, they wrote “I Know Who Pilots Me.” One day in 1912, they met, probably at one of their homes, in order to write “Love Lifted Me.” Sometimes the words of a song are written first, and then matched to music; sometimes words are written to match a pre-existing melody, but this case was unusual because the two men worked together, on the spot, to create the words and music.

James Rowe’s daughter Louise described the process in a letter: “Howard E. Smith was a little man whose hands were so knotted with arthritis that you would wonder how he could use them at all. . . . I can see them now, my father striding up and down, humming a bar or two, and Howard E. playing it and jotting it down.” From this description, you might think that Howard Smith was an elderly man, but actually he was only 49.

Like “In the Garden,” “Love Lifted Me” is another song that sounds intensely personal, but is actually based on a Bible story. Can you guess which one? It’s the story of Peter walking on the water. (Matthew 14:22-33)

Let’s set the scene a little. Not only is the Sea of Galilee surrounded by hills, but it lies down deep in the Dead Sea Rift—a huge trench that runs right down to the Dead Sea, whose coastline is the lowest spot on the dry surface of the earth. Down in the heavy atmosphere of that trench, wind and waves can arise suddenly and fiercely on the Sea of Galilee, just like the New Testament accounts describe. As experienced fishermen, the disciples knew these storms could be life-threatening.

So there they were, unable to reach the shore, and in the wee hours of the morning, Jesus came walking towards them on those deadly waves. Once Jesus spoke to them, and they realized He wasn’t a ghost, Peter got a little bit brave. “Lord, if it is You,” he said, “Command me to come to You on the water.”

Jesus said, “Come!”

Peter got out of the boat—and walked on that water. Can you imagine? Is walking on waves a little like mountain-climbing? We don’t know, but what we do know is that when Peter got distracted by the wind, he became afraid and started to sink. . . . but when he yelled, “Lord, save me!” Jesus reached out His hand, and rescued him.

James Rowe took this story and used it as a picture of our salvation from sin. When our sins overwhelm us like a fearsome wave, we must lift our eyes to Jesus, and call out for Him to save us!

Love Lifted Me

93

B \flat / / F 7 F 9 /

1. I was sink-ing deep in sin, Far from the peace-ful shore, Ver-y deep-ly stained with-in,
 2. All my heart to Him I give, Ev-er to Him I'll cling, In His bless-ed pres-ence live,
 3. Souls in dan-ger, look a-bove, Je-sus com-plete-ly saves; He will lift you by His love

7 F 9 B \flat / / / E \flat

Sink-ing to rise no more; But the Mas-ter of the sea Heard my de-spair-ing cry,—
 Ev-er His prais-es sing.— Love so might-y and so true Mer-its my soul's best songs;—
 Out of the an-gry waves.— He's the Mas-ter of the sea, Bil-lows His will o-bey;—

13 E \flat B \flat / / F 7 B \flat / / F 7 B \flat /

From the wa-ters lift-ed me—Now safe am I.— Love lift-ed me,— Love lift-ed
 Faith-ful, lov-ing serv-ice too To Him be-longs.—
 He your Sav-ior wants to be—Be saved to-day.— e-ven me,

20 E \flat C m E \flat B \flat 1. C 7 C m^7 F F 7 2. B \flat /F B \flat

me,— When noth-ing else could help, Love lift-ed me;— Love lift-ed me.—
 e-ven me,

James Rowe

Howard E. Smith, 1863-1918

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

Words attributed to Arnulf of Leuven (c. 1200–1250); Rewritten by Paul Gerhardt (1607-1676); Translation by James W. Alexander (1804-1859) Music by Johann Leo Hassler (1564-1612)

Most historians and translators of the original poem believe it was written by Arnulf of Leuven. Arnulf was a poet and the abbot of Villers Abbey in Belgium from about 1239 to 1249. Not long before its highest period of fame and importance, Arnulf stepped down from his position in order to focus on study and a simple life, but died soon afterwards.

His original composition was written in Latin. It was a cycle of seven poems! Each one speaks to Jesus on the cross in one of seven different ways: to His feet, knees, and hands, sides, chest, heart and head, adding a Bible verse about each one. The somber tenor of the words is reminiscent of the description of Jesus in Isaiah 53:

“He was despised and rejected by men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief; and as one from whom men hide their faces he was despised, and we esteemed him not. Surely he has borne our griefs and carried our sorrows; yet we esteemed him stricken, smitten by God, and afflicted. But he was pierced for our transgressions; he was crushed for our iniquities; upon him was the chastisement that brought us peace, and with his wounds we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned—every one—to his own way; and the LORD has laid on him the iniquity of us all. He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth; like a lamb that is led to the slaughter, and like a sheep that before its shearers is silent, so he opened not his mouth.” (Isaiah 53:3-7)

Paul Gerhardt, a German theologian and Lutheran pastor, translated the entire poem from Latin to German. He was known as Germany’s greatest hymn writer. From his teachers at the University of Wittenberg, he learned to use hymns to teach and care for his future flock. Perhaps due to the upheaval caused by the brutal Thirty Years’ War, Paul had no pastorate until nine years after he graduated, serving instead as a tutor until he was 44 years old, and unable to marry until he was 48. His hymns, which were first published during this time of waiting, were marked by their gracefulness, simplicity and sense of God’s love. By the time he was 61, Gerhardt had lost his wife Anna and four of his five children—and for a year or more, his job as well. Yet he continued steadfastly trusting Jesus.

The modern hymn which he adapted is taken from the seventh part of the original poem, which describes Jesus’ head and face. This song was published in 1656, the year Gerhardt and his wife lost their first-born child. Instead of making an exact translation of the original Latin hymn into German, he lengthened each verse, adding his own personal response to Jesus’ sufferings on the cross.

While there are at least five other English translations, James Waddell Alexander’s has been one of the most popular. Published in 1831, it appeared in *The Christian Lyre*, the very first American songbook which printed music alongside of every song. Born in Virginia and a graduate of Princeton Seminary, James Alexander served at various times as a tutor, a Presbyterian pastor, and a professor of rhetoric, and then of church history and church government. When he made a new translation of this hymn, Alexander began, not with the Latin, but with the German version made nearly 200 years before by Gerhardt.

Listen to the words of Jesus as He was wounded for our sin: “My God, my God, why have you forsaken me? Why are you so far from saving me, from the words of my groaning? But I am a worm and not a man, scorned by mankind and despised by the people. they open wide their mouths at me, like a ravening and roaring lion. am poured out like water, and all my bones are out of joint; my heart is like wax; it is melted within my breast; my strength is dried up like a potsherd, and my tongue sticks to my jaws; you lay me in the dust of death. For dogs encompass me; a company of evildoers encircles me; they have pierced my hands and feet—I can count all my bones—they stare and gloat over me; they divide my garments among them, and for my clothing they cast lots.” (Psalms 22:1, 6-7, 13-18)

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

C F Em F/A C F G C G#°/B Cm E(sus4) E7

1. O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame weighed
 2. What Thou, my Lord, hast suf - fered Was all for sin - ners'
 3. What lan - guage shall I bor - row To thank Thee, dear - est

5 Am F C/E D C Dm7/F G7 C G#°/B Am E(sus4) E7

down, Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns Thy on - ly
 gain: Mine, mine was the trans - gres - sion, But Thine the dead - ly
 Friend, For this Thy dy - ing sor - row, Thy pit - y with - out

9 Am B°/D Em F B°/D F/C C C7 Dm/F A7/C# Dm

crown, How art Thou pale with an - guish, With sore a - buse and
 pain. Lo, here_ I fall, my Sav - ior! 'Tis I de - serve Thy
 end? O make me Thine for - ev - er! And, should I faint - ing

13 A D7/F# G D/F# C/E G/D Am/C D G C F/A C/G G(sus4) G C

scorn! How does that vis - age lan - guish Which once was bright as morn!
 place; Look on_ me with Thy fa - vor, Vouch - safe to me Thy grace.
 be, Lord, let_ me nev - er, nev - er Out - live my love to Thee!

Attributed to Bernard of Clairvaux
 Translated by (into German) by Paul Gerhardt
 Translated by (from German) by James W. Alexander

Hans Leo Hassler, 1564-1612
 Har. by Johann Sebastian Bach, 1685-1750

My Jesus, I Love Thee

Words by William Ralph Featherston (1846-1873); Music by Adoniram Judson Gordon (1836-1895)

The story of “The Comforter Has Come” (Song #82) paints us a picture of camp meetings after the Civil War. This song comes from some of the earliest American camp meetings.

In that rough frontier region, they camped in tents because weren't enough rooms for everyone in a single small settlement when circuit-riding preachers would gather up their scattered flocks. It was a time of repentance, community, and rejoicing, and as people became overcome with conviction, they needed prayer and counsel – and “altar calls” developed naturally out of that need. Feelings were too intense for regular hymns, so the preacher would often improvise songs on the spot, and “line them out” for others to echo him. A whole crop of rugged new songs sprang up this way: some immediately forgotten, others passed from hand to hand, growing and changing as part of the spontaneous musical “conversation.”

Caleb Jarvis Taylor (1763-1816) was one of those circuit-riding preachers in Kentucky. He was also a Methodist, a schoolteacher and a rough and sometimes humorous poet. In 1815, he took inspiration from an anonymous song from 1807 that began “O Jesus, my Saviour, to Thee I submit” and created a whole new work. Here's the first verse:

Oh, Jesus, my Savior, I know Thou art mine;
For Thee all the pleasures of earth I resign.
Of objects most pleasing, I love Thee the best;
Without Thee I'm wretched, but with Thee I'm blessed.

Sounds familiar, doesn't it? But the rest of the five verses do not.

The words we are familiar with have been attributed to William Featherston, a Wesleyan Methodist from Montréal, Quebec. Like Caleb Jarvis Taylor, he took a verse from another song as his inspiration, creating a whole new song. William sent the words to his aunt, Elizabeth Featherston Wilson, a poet, for advice, and she wrote back, recommending its publication. In 1864, the song appeared anonymously in *The London Hymn Book* by the evangelist Charles Russell Hurditch. In 1874, William died at just 27 years old. It wasn't until 1906 that Ira Sankey published William Featherston's name for the first time, having learned it from William's aunt, who still had the original manuscript.

While many camp-meeting songs were soon forgotten, others have lived on. The survival of this one likely had a lot to do with good matchmaking: that is, with a melody that perfectly expressed its message. In 1876, Adoniram Judson Gordon was co-editor of a comprehensive new hymnbook called *Service of Song* when he composed the tune we use today. It was a perfect match. Gordon was a Baptist pastor and founder of the Boston Missionary Institute (later Gordon-Conwell Theological Seminary). During his lifetime, this song became known as “Dr. Gordon's hymn,” and it was sung at his funeral, by his request. Like the rugged background from which it sprang, this song expresses truths that are simple, tender, yet unbelievably strong. In 1899 during the Second Boer War one seriously wounded Scottish soldier of the Highland Regiment from Scotland later told this story:

The twenty-four hours I lay unattended on the battlefield was the happiest time I ever spent in my life. All the day and night, the words of that hymn were floating through my mind:

My Jesus, I love thee, I know thou art mine; For thee all the follies of sin I resign;

My gracious Redeemer, my Savior art thou; If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

I had neither doubt nor fear. The Lord was verily my Shepherd. His rod and staff comforted me. Christ compassed me about; He eased my pain; He quenched my thirst; He appeased my hunger. The devil could not get in edgeways.

My Jesus, I Love Thee

95

F / Bb/F F C7 F / Bb/F

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the
 2. I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me And pur - chased my
 3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
 4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a -

F C7 F F/A Bb F/A C7/G F C/E C

fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
 par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
 long as Thou lend - est me breath, And say when the death - dew lies
 dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

F Gm/Bb F/C C F / Bb/F F F/C C7 Am/C C7 F

Sav - ior art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 thorns on Thy brow; if ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 cold on my brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 crown on my brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

Take My Life, and Let it Be

Words by Frances R. Havergal (1836-1879), Music by Henri Abraham César Malan (1787-1864)

Frances Ridley Havergal was the daughter of William Henry Havergal, author of 100 hymns and composer of the tune for “I Sing the Mighty Power of God.” The youngest of six children, she wrote her first poems at age seven. At 11, Frances lost her mother. Before her mother died, she said “You are my youngest little girl, and I feel more anxious about you than the rest. I do pray for the Holy Spirit to lead and guide you. And remember, nothing but the precious blood of Christ can make you lovely and clean in God’s sight.”

Four years later, Frances could finally say, “I committed my soul to the Saviour, and earth and heaven seemed brighter from that moment.” She became known as “the poet of consecration,” but to begin with, she felt she was “following very far off, always fearing and doubting. . . never seeing His face or feeling sure that He loved me.” At 23, she scribbled down a poem that began, “I gave My life for thee; My precious blood I shed,” hardly realizing it was poetry, but something kept her from throwing it away. A short time later she showed it to a poor, elderly friend who was always talking about how much she loved Jesus. The friend was delighted, and Frances began to realize that her writing could be a blessing to others.

Here’s how she described her writing process:

I believe my King suggests a thought, and whispers me a musical line or two, and then I look up and thank Him delightedly and go on with it. That is how my hymns come. . . . With me, writing is praying. You know a child would look up at every sentence and say, “And what shall I say next?” That is just what I do; I ask Him that at every line. He would give me not merely thoughts and power, but also every word, even the very rhymes.

After memorizing the Psalms, Isaiah, and much of the New Testament, her mind was rich with biblical truth. She said, “I prefer to sing scriptural words, because God never promised that our words should not return to Him void.”

Despite her lifelong poor health, Frances found plenty to keep her busy. As well as reaching out to others with spiritual and practical help, she learned French, German, Hebrew, Latin, and Greek. She also studied Italian during a season when she took her nieces for daily walks, and had to wait for them. A talented classical pianist who spent a year studying in Germany, Frances considered composing hymn tunes like her father before her, but decided to focus on her writing instead. Her work first appeared in religious papers, and then at 34, she began publishing books. She wrote such familiar hymns as “Like a River Glorious,” and “I Could Not Do Without Thee.”

Frances wrote “Take My Life, and Let it Be” in 1873, while spending five days with some friends in London:

There were ten persons in the house, some unconverted and long prayed for, some converted, but not rejoicing Christians. He gave me the prayer ‘Lord, give me all in this house!’ And He just did! Before I left the house every one had got a blessing. The last night of my visit after I had retired, the governess asked me to go to the two daughters. They were crying, then and there both of them trusted and rejoiced; it was nearly midnight. I was too happy to sleep, and passed most of the night in praise and renewal of my own consecration; and these little couplets formed themselves, and chimed in my heart one after another till they finished with ‘Ever, Only, ALL for Thee!’”

Not only did she write, “Take my silver and my gold” in this hymn, but she sent her jewelry to the Church Mission Society to fund their work.

Five and a half years later, at the height of her usefulness, her health broke. One day while walking to church, Frances told her sister, “I’ve come to the conclusion that it would be very nice to go to heaven.” A month later, she faced her imminent death at just 43. No longer was she timid about her faith, or unsure of Jesus’ love for her. Excited to be so near the gates of heaven, she smiled, and said “I am lost in amazement! There has not failed one word of all His good promises.”

Take My Life, and Let it Be

96

F C/E C⁷ F / Dm B^b Gm F/C C⁷ F / C

1. Take my life_ and_ let it be Con - se - crat - ed,_ Lord, to__ Thee; Take my hands and_
 2. Take my feet_ and_ let them be Swift and beau-ti - ful for__ Thee; Take my voice and_
 3. Take my lips_ and_ let them be Filled with mes - sag - es for__ Thee; Take my sil - ver_
 4. Take my love_ my_ God, I pour At Thy feet_ its__ trea - sure_ store; Take my - self - and_

6 C⁷/E Am/C F[%] F F/A B^b F/A C/G F F/C C Dm C/E F B^b F/C C F

let them move_ At the im - pulse of__ Thy_ love,_ At the im - pulse of Thy love.
 let me sing_ Al- ways, on - ly, for__ my_ King, Al- ways, on - ly,__ for my King.
 and my gold - Not a mite would I__ with - hold,_ Not a mite would I with- hold.
 I will be__ Ev - er, on - ly, all__ for__ Thee,_ Ev - er, on - ly,__ all for Thee.

The Old Rugged Cross

Words and music by George Bennard (1873-1958)

Born in Ohio and raised in Iowa, George Bennard was the son of a Scottish immigrant who worked as a coal miner. When George was 17, his father died in a mining accident. Left to support his mother and younger sister, George was unable to finish high school, and it seemed likely that he would spend the rest of his life in the coal mines.

It seems the young man came to faith at a Salvation Army meeting, but there are few details about his conversion. We do know that George Bennard felt that he was called to Christian ministry rather than coal mining. First with the Salvation Army, and then as an ordained Methodist Episcopal pastor, he became a traveling evangelist in the midwestern United States and in Canada.

George Bennard wrote approximately 300 hymns during his lifetime, but the best known is “The Old Rugged Cross.” The first verse was written in 1912, and the song was finished the next year, during a time when George was making a lengthy study of the cross of Jesus—prompted, some say, by some teenagers at an earlier meeting, who had jeered at him so strongly that it left him feeling very burdened. Here is George’s description of how the song came to him as he sat at his piano and pondered the death of Jesus:

I was praying for a full understanding of the cross, and its plan in Christianity. I read and studied and prayed. I saw Christ and the Cross inseparably. The Christ of the Cross became more than a symbol. The scene pictured a method, outlined a process, and revealed the consummation of spiritual experience. It was like seeing John 3:16 leave the printed page, take form, and act out the meaning of redemption. While watching this scene with my mind’s eye, the theme of the song came to me and with it the melody. . . .

After a series of meetings in New York state, the following week, I tried again to compose the poem, but could not. It was only after I completed the New York meeting, and returned to Michigan for further evangelistic work, that the flood-gates were opened.

Many experiences of the redeeming grace of God through our Lord Jesus Christ during those meetings had broken down all barriers. I was enabled to complete the poem with facility and dispatch. . . .

Later Charles H. Gabriel helped him complete the harmonies, and in 1915, Homer Rodeheaver purchased the rights to this song, which would become intensely popular as a part of evangelist Billy Sunday’s traveling ministry. It was probably that same year that the brand-new song reached a 5-year-old boy in Ontario, whose name was George Beverly Shea. One Saturday morning, two men arrived at his home, and asked his mother to play for them. They were scheduled to lead evangelistic meeting at the Sheas’ church the next morning, and they wanted to learn “The Old Rugged Cross.” The 5-year-old was captivated by their voices as they sang.

Continue reading the rest of the history in the back of the book after hymn 100.

The image shows the first line of the musical score for "The Old Rugged Cross". It consists of a treble clef staff with a key signature of two flats (Bb and Eb) and a bass clef staff. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the treble clef staff. The first line of the melody is: *old rug - ged cross, _____ And ex - change it some day for a crown, _____*. The second line of the melody is: *cross, the old rug - ged cross, _____*. The bass line consists of a series of chords and single notes. The chords are labeled as Bb, Eb, Bb/F, F7, and Bb. The bass line ends with a double bar line.

George Bennard

George Bennard

The Old Rugged Cross

97

B \flat / Eb C F7 F7

1. On a hill far a-way stood an old rug-ged cross, The_ em - blem of suf - f'ring and
 2. O that old rug ged cross, so de spised by the world, Has a won - drous at - trac - tion for
 3. In the old rug ged cross, stained with blood so de - vine, A_ won - drous beau - ty I
 4. To the old rug ged cross I will ev - er be true, Its_ shame and re - proach glad - ly

B \flat / Eb C

shame; _____ And I love that old cross where the dear - est and best For a
 me; _____ For the dear Lamb of God left His glo - ry a - bove To _____
 see; _____ For 'twas on that old cross Je - sus suf - fered and died To _____
 bear; _____ Then He'll call me some day to my home far a - way, Where His

F7 B \flat F F7

world of lost sin - ners was slain. _____
 bear it to dark Cal - va - ry. _____ So I'll cher - ish the old rug - ged
 par - don and sanc - ti - fy me. _____ cross, _____ the
 glo - ry for - ev - er I'll share. _____

B \flat B \flat /D Eb B \flat /

cross, _____ Till my tro - phies at last I lay down; _____ I will cling to the
 old rug - ged cross, _____

There is Power in the Blood

Words and music by Lewis E. Jones (1865-1936)

Hymn-writing was Lewis Jones's hobby. Over his lifetime, he wrote over 180 songs under numerous pen names. He appears frequently as L.E. Jones, and wrote "There is Power in the Blood" while attending the camp meeting at Mountain Lake Park. While we don't know how the actual writing of this song occurred, based on this 1932 letter to Haldor Lillenas we can imagine how he may have received his inspiration:

"In regard to the writing of my songs, (I) would say that a great many came from sentences in a pastor's sermons. Since I began this work, I have always been listening for some such inspiration. I remember that 'Power in the Blood' was written during a camp meeting at Mountain Lake Park, Maryland. My life has been uneventful. I was born in Illinois, moved with my parents to Iowa, where I lived on a farm until I was twenty-one. Then I went into business for a while. Eventually I entered Y.M.C.A. work. Attended training school in Chicago; Billy Sunday graduated from the same class. I was in Y.M.C.A. work for thirty-six years. I retired five years ago, and am now living in California, where all bad weather is unusual."

Today when we hear of the YMCA, we think of gyms and swimming pools, but the acronym YMCA stands for "Young Men's Christian Association." When young people flocked to cities during the Industrial Revolution, they were exposed to all sorts of new temptations. The YMCA was founded in London in 1884 to provide affordable housing and wholesome activities, fostering healthy bodies, minds, and spirits.

The Chicago YMCA was greatly influenced by Dwight Moody, who served four years as its president. In the 1880s, it attracted the professional baseball player, Billy Sunday, who was a classmate of Lewis Jones. Sunday would soon become a well-known evangelist, while Jones joined the YMCA team.

Like the original camp meetings on the American frontier, the summer camp meeting sessions at Mountain Lake Park were passionate community events, in which everyone was called to faith, or to further dedication in following Jesus.

One Sunday as a preacher named L. H. Baker was giving a powerful message on repentance, Lelia Naylor Morris saw a woman kneeling at the altar, obviously struggling. Slipping quietly up to her side, Lelia put her arms around the woman, and began to pray along with her. As they encouraged the struggling woman, the preacher, Lelia, and Henry Gilmour gave a perfect example of the spontaneous song creation so typical of camp meetings.

"Just now your doubtings give o'er," said Lelia to her.

"Just now reject Him no more," added Gilmour.

"Just now throw open the door!" said the preacher.

And Lelia concluded, "Let Jesus come into your heart."

By the end of that session of camp meetings, Lelia had finalized the lyrics and added music to the song which we now know as "Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart." Perhaps Lewis Jones wrote "There is Power in the Blood" in a similar way.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "pow'r, pow'r, won-der-work-ing pow'r In the pre-cious blood of the Lamb. there is". Above the staff, the following chords are indicated: Bb, Eb, Bb, F7, Cm7, F, F7, Bb, and N.C. (No Chords). The score ends with a double bar line.

There is Power in the Blood

B \flat E \flat B \flat F F 7 B \flat

1. Would you be free from the bur-den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood;
 2. Would you be free from your pas-sion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood;
 3. Would you be whit-er, much whit-er than snow? There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood;
 4. Would you do serv-ice for Je-sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood;

Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win? There's
 Come for a cleans - ing to Cal - va - ry's tide - There's
 Sin stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow - ing - There's
 Would you live dai - ly His prais - es to sing? There's

F F 7 B \flat E \flat

won - der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r pow'r, won - der -

there is

E \flat B \flat N.C. F 7 N.C. B \flat

work - ing pow'r, In the blood In the blood of the Lamb; of the Lamb There is

This is My Father's World

Words by Maltbie Davenport Babcock (1858-1901), Music arranged by Franklin Lawrence Sheppard (1852-1930)

The oldest of seven children in a prominent New York family, Maltbie Davenport Babcock got his unusual first name because it was his mother's maiden name. For the kind of robust faith he embodied, think of Eric Liddell, Peter Marshall, or Jim Elliot. Athletic, musical, and a gifted storyteller, he was just as at home on the organ, piano, and violin as he was with swimming, baseball, and tarpon fishing.

In 1882, after graduating from Auburn Theological Seminary, Maltbie began his first pastorate in Lockport, NY at just 24 years old. Three years into his ministry, he and his wife Katherine experienced multiple sorrows: the loss of her mother and grandmother, the death of their baby son, and for Maltbie, six months of "nervous prostration"—perhaps a form of depression.

Maltbie was joyful and energetic person by nature. He sought to follow the advice of Jesus in Mark 6:31: "Come away by yourselves to a secluded place and rest a while." This practice would stand him in good stead as a highly sought-after preacher, who would go on to serve two more high-profile churches.

In 1887, Babcock began his second pastorate at Brown Memorial Presbyterian Church in Baltimore. It was there he began writing poetry, in what his wife called "moments of recreation." As time went on, he developed a thriving ministry to young men, visiting Johns Hopkins University, Princeton, Yale and Harvard, as well as the Hill School in Pennsylvania.

His deep faith and vigorous outlook on life influenced his poems, one of which begins: "Be strong! We are not here to play, to dream, to drift; We have hard work to do and loads to lift; Shun not the struggle; face it. 'Tis God's gift."

In 1890, the Babcocks lost a second baby son. Later in a sermon, he described the bitter question many sufferers ask: "Is anything real?"

"Yes, God is," Maltbie responded. "Turn to Him. He never removes His everlasting arms. Some time, somewhere, some way, you will learn to know the love of God, and an inexplicable peace will enfold you despite your loss and pain, because you have become sure of God."

In 1899, he was invited to succeed Henry Van Dyke (author of "Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee") at Brick Church. New York City and Baltimore waged a friendly "fight" over him, but at last he felt led to accept. Maltbie Babcock would spend just eighteen months in New York City.

In February 1901, he joined a tour of Egypt and the Holy Land, deeply enjoying the adventure of traveling to biblical sites on horseback, and sleeping each night in a tent. But several members of the party picked up a bacterial infection, and Maltbie was one of them. That May, he died in Naples, Italy, while he was on his way home. He was 42 years old.

Six months later, his wife published a collection of Maltbie's short works, which she called *Thoughts for Every-day Living*. Among them was a poem called "My Father's World." In 1915, Babcock's close friend Franklin Sheppard turned this poem into a song. Franklin ran a foundry in Baltimore, but he was also president of the Presbyterian board of publications, and it was his job to create a Sunday school songbook. Sheppard arranged an English folk tune he had learned from his mother to fit the poem, choosing just three of the original 16 verses.

While sitting in the shepherds' fields at Bethlehem, he had written how each person "is yearning, longing, striving for the God he comprehends not, is hungering and thirsting for the Incarnation. 'O, that I knew where I might find Him.'" In a lesser-known verse of "My Father's World" he makes the answer plain:

This is my Father's world. His love has filled
my breast,
I am reconciled, I am His child. My soul
has found His rest.

This is my Father's world. Should my heart
be ever sad?
The Lord is King—let the Heavens ring,
God reigns—let the earth be glad.

This Is My Father's World

99

Eb / Eb/G Gm/Bb Bb7 Eb Ab/Eb D^ø7/F Eb/G Eb Bb Bb7

1. This is my Fa - ther's world, And to my list - 'ning ears All
 2. This is my Fa - ther's world - The birds their car - ols raise; The
 3. This is my Fa - ther's world - O let me ne'er for - get That

Eb Gm/Bb Bb7 G/B G7 Cm Bb/D Eb Bb Bb7 Eb Bb

na - ture sings, and round me rings The mu - sic of the spheres. This
 morn - ing light, the lil - y white, De - clare their Mak - er's praise. This
 tho the wrong seems oft so strong God is the Rul - er yet. This

Eb/G Ab Bb7/F Eb Eb/G Ab Bb7(sus4)/Ab Ab/C Eb Bb7

is my Fa - ther's world! I rest me in the thought Of
 is my Fa - ther's world! He shines in all that's fair; In the
 is my Fa - ther's world! The bat - tle is not done; Je -

Eb Gm/Bb Bb7 G/B G C Bb/D Eb Bb Bb7 Eb

rocks and trees, of skies and seas - His hand the won - ders wrought.
 rus - tling grass I hear Him pass - He speaks to me ev - 'ry - where.
 sus who died shall be sat - is - fied, And earth and heav'n be one.

Victory in Jesus

Words and music by Eugene Monroe Bartlett, Sr. (1883-1941)

Born in Missouri, Eugene Bartlett grew up in Arkansas. A future Baptist lay minister, composer and gospel singer, Eugene became a Christian at a young age. Gospel music would become his life-long passion: so much so that in 1973, thirty-two years after his death, Bartlett was inducted into the Gospel Music Hall of Fame.

How did he become one of the fathers of Southern Gospel music? After studying music and education, Eugene Bartlett began working for a publisher called Central Music. In 1918, he helped found the Hartford Music Company, which published paperback songbooks in a style known as “gospel music.” Bartlett wrote most of the songs himself. He also published a monthly magazine about gospel music, called Herald of Song. In 1921, he founded the Hartford Music Institute, which taught basic musical theory, harmony, voice, stringed instruments, piano, and piano tuning.

You may remember the Hartford Music Institute because it employed James Rowe, the author of “Love Lifted Me.” Besides holding twice-yearly “normal schools” for teacher training, it also sent out itinerant quartets and teachers who held singing schools and one-day singing conventions. To help those who didn’t read music, they taught sight-reading with “shaped notes.” Each note of the do-re-mi scale was represented by a different geometric shape. The music itself was a tool for evangelism; the singing schools provided spiritual training and wholesome entertainment, and helped develop church music.

Continue reading the rest of the history in the back of the book after hymn 100.

CHORUS

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a guitar accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. Chords are indicated above the guitar staff. The first system starts with a 'CHORUS' label and a slash indicating a pickup. The lyrics are: 'O vic-to-ry in Je-sus, my Sav-ior, for-ev-er! He sought me and'. The second system continues the lyrics: 'brought me with His re-deem-ing blood; He loved me ere I knew Him, and all my'. The third system concludes the lyrics: 'love is due Him— He plunged me to vic-to-ry be-neath the cleans-ing flood.' The guitar accompaniment uses a variety of chords including G, C/G, G7, Am/C, C, Em, D, A7, D, D7, C/G, G, G7, Am/C, C, C/G, G, D, G, Am/C, G/D, D, and G. The piece ends with a double bar line.

O vic-to-ry in Je-sus, my Sav-ior, for-ev-er! He sought me and
brought me with His re-deem-ing blood; He loved me ere I knew Him, and all my
love is due Him— He plunged me to vic-to-ry be-neath the cleans-ing flood.

Victory in Jesus

100

G / Am⁷/G G G/B Am/C C C/G G /

1. I heard an old, old sto - ry, how a Sav - ior came from glo - ry, How He
 2. I heard a - bout His heal - ing, of His cleans - ing pow'r re - veal - ing, How He
 3. I heard a - bout a man - sion He has built for me in glo - ry, And I

Em D G Em G/B A A⁷ D G

gave His life on Cal - va - ry to save a wretch like me; I
 made the lame to walk a - gain and caused the blind to see; And
 heard a - bout the streets of gold be - yond the crys - tal sea; A -

/ Am⁷/G G G/B Am/C C C/G G /

heard a - bout His groan - ing, of His pre - cious blood's a - ton - ing, Then
 then I cried, "Dear Je - sus, come and heal my bro - ken spir - it," And
 bout the an - gels sing - ing and the old re - demp - tion sto - ry, And

Em D G D[♯]/F[♯] Em G⁷/B Am/C G/D D G

I re - pent - ed of my sins and won the vic - to - ry.
 some - how Je - sus came and brought to me the vic - to - ry.
 some sweet day I'll sing up there the song of vic - to - ry.

Wonderful Grace of Jesus (Hymn 52)

Words and music by Haldor Lillenas (1885-1959)

At just two years old, Haldor Lillenas emigrated from Norway to the United States, where his family's first home was a sod house. The son of a farmer and storekeeper, he was raised in a godly Lutheran family. While they were living in Astoria, Oregon, Haldor began studying English with an elderly woman who worked at the local Peniel Mission. The non-denominational mission, which reached out to the un-churched and the urban poor, was named after the place where Jacob saw God face to face (Genesis 32:24-30). Recognizing that Haldor wasn't born again, she talked to him about Jesus, but without success.

At 17, he began a four-year correspondence course in chemistry, while doing farm work. Haldor had already been writing songs for some time, and when he was 19, he fell prey to a scam, spending 25 dollars to have his work published – and receiving \$3.65 in “royalties.” It took many rejections from reputable publishing companies before he was able to sell 10 songs for the grand sum of five dollars.

When Haldor was 21, his mother died. Although his family had moved away from Astoria six years before, he decided to return and work in a chemical factory. One evening that summer, Haldor heard a new song being sung on a street corner, and paused to listen. The chorus concluded, “Tell mother I'll be there, heav'n's joys with her to share. Yes, tell my darling mother I'll be there.” Convicted by the singing and the testimonies that followed, he decided to go into fulltime ministry, and began working at the Peniel Mission. Within the year, he “experienced the miracle of new birth” at last.

Haldor became a pastor, and began traveling with a singing evangelistic group, studying harmony and composition by correspondence. In 1917, he and his wife built their first home in Illinois, and had hardly any money left to furnish it. He said, “Having no piano at the time, and needing an instrument of some kind, I managed to find, at one of the neighbor's homes, a little wheezy organ which I purchased for \$5.00.” On that wheezy five-dollar organ, he composed the sweeping music to “Wonderful Grace of Jesus,” which would later lend itself so well to huge evangelistic choirs. The song was introduced in 1918 at the Northfield Bible Conference, home of a worldwide student missions movement.

In 1924, Haldor created Lillenas Publishing. By serving evangelistic song leaders like Charles Alexander and Homer Hammontree, he was making it possible for others to come to faith just like he had: by listening to a new song about Jesus. Over the next 26 years, he wrote about 4,000 songs, including “The Bible Stands” and “He Will Carry You Through,” and edited over 50 songbooks.

Yesterday, Today, Forever (Hymn 74)

Words by Albert Simpson (1843-1919), Music by James Burke (1858-1901)

Albert Benjamin Simpson, often known as A.B. Simpson, was born in 1843, on Canada's Prince Edward Island. His family moved to remote western Ontario after his father lost his fortune and sought work there. Simpson's parents were devoutly religious and encouraged their children to be the same. They paid for Albert's older brother to receive ministry training, but they couldn't afford to pay for Albert's education. When Simpson was 15, he came across the book *Gospel Mystery of Salvation*, which showed him that "The first good work you will ever perform is to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. Until you do this, all your works, prayers, tears, and resolves are vain."

"I threw myself on my knees at once," Simpson said, and prayed, "Lord Jesus, Thou has said that 'him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.' Thou knowest how long and how earnestly I have wanted to come, but I did not know how. Now I come the best I can and I believe because Thou hast commanded me to believe that Thou dost receive me, that Thou dost save me, and from this moment I am Thy child, forgiven and saved, simply because I have taken Thee at Thy word, and I now dare to look up in the face of God and say, 'Abba, Father, Thou art mine.'"

Simpson went on to Knox College in Toronto and started pastoring around 1865. In 1873, he moved to the United States to pastor in Louisville, Kentucky. When he moved to a pastorate in New York City, he was confronted with the overwhelming need to reach masses of immigrants. His church leadership didn't support that, so Simpson started the Gospel Tabernacle, where he could welcome everyone to learn about Jesus. The immigrants' needs opened Simpson's eyes to the importance of taking the Gospel to faraway places, and his worldwide missions vision was born. He started holding weekly evangelistic meetings which grew to become camp and revival meetings. These meetings eventually developed into The Christian and Missionary Alliance, a group dedicated to living the "deeper life" in Christ and evangelizing the world.

Simpson was still pastoring in Kentucky when he realized the impact a good Gospel song could have in touching people's hearts. In 1874, Simpson invited Daniel Whittle and Philip Bliss to hold evangelistic services in Louisville, where Bliss's powerful singing stirred his heart. Albert Simpson started writing his own songs around this time. He wasn't particularly musical, having failed at learning violin when he was younger and having learned only enough piano to pick out a one-fingered melody. Yet he wrote tunes to accompany many of his songs. He would sometimes call on his daughter's help, telling her, "I have a message for you for my sermon tomorrow. Meet me at the piano soon." So the essence of his sermons were also put in song form again and again. Songs and sermons were Simpson's own duet.

April and May of 1890 found Albert Simpson preaching a series of messages on the life of Christ. On July 18, 1890, *The Christian Alliance and Missionary Weekly* published the poem "Yesterday, To-day and Forever," which had seventeen stanzas with a chorus. (In our current hymnals, two stanzas are sung together before each chorus.) Each stanza is a vignette of the Savior's life. It is likely that the vignettes sprang from the truths Simpson gleaned while preparing his April and May sermons. Three of the stanzas refer to Jesus healing people. Around that time God was showing Simpson that Jesus is a current-day healer, as well.

That same year, Simpson published a little booklet of song lyrics titled *Hymns and Songs of the Four-fold Gospel and the Fulness of Jesus*. It's possible that it was published in time for his annual Gospel meetings at Old Orchard Missionary Convention held at Old Orchard Beach in Maine. Simpson often introduced his later hymnals at these August conventions. The first hymnal with music, *Hymns of the Christian Life*, was published in 1891, and it included "Yesterday, Today, and Forever." Its tune was written by the music director of the Gospel Tabernacle at the time, James Burke.

When the Roll is Called Up Yonder (Hymn 84)

With the success of “When the Roll is Called Up Yonder,” James realized the value of writing music. He felt there were many excellent sacred poems available, but they would be easier to learn and more widely noticed when set to music, so he focused on bringing others’ songs to life. The following year, James was asked to help create a songbook for all the Epworth League meetings, and soon he was creating more books on his own. In all, he edited 12 gospel songbooks and wrote almost 1,500 songs.

In 1905, he was one of a team of 11 chosen to edit the Methodist Episcopal hymnal: the first modern church hymnal. Continuing in his self-effacing ways, he encouraged hymn-writers in his local church, sparking a “Golden Age” of music in Williamsport, Pennsylvania.

In 1922, this song was sung at a very unusual funeral in New York City. At the age of 14, Gertrude Meritt became a drug addict, a prostitute, and a well-known part of the underworld in Chinatown, where she was called Chinatown Gertie. One day, she was so desperate that she went out into a blizzard and bought poison to commit suicide. On her way to die, Gertie’s attention was captured by a Salvation Army band. She threw the poison into the snow, followed them, and got saved. For the next 11 years, Gertrude worked with the Salvation Army in the Bowery, the next neighborhood over from Chinatown. At her funeral, people joyfully sang one of her favorite hymns: “When the roll is called up yonder, I’ll be there!”

“And I saw the dead, great and small, standing before the throne, and books were opened. Then another book was opened, which is the book of life. And the dead were judged by what was written in the books, according to what they had done.” (Revelation 20:12)

The Old Rugged Cross (Hymn 97)

As he grew up, Shea also began singing at his local congregation. As an adult, he worked for ten years as a clerk in an insurance company, meanwhile singing on the radio. In 1939, he began to sing for the first non-commercial radio station in the US, which belonged to Moody Bible Institute. When Shea was 31, he met the 21-year-old Billy Graham, and in 1947, they began holding evangelistic crusades together—a ministry that would take them all over the world. As a result, it’s said that George Beverly Shea has sung live for more people than anyone else in history! Like Ira Sankey before him, he sang the gospel in a way that drew people’s hearts to God.

George Bennard may have experienced ridicule as a result of preaching about the cross of Jesus, but he turned that injustice into something much more meaningful. In fact, he turned his attention to the One who was Himself ridiculed, rejected, spit on—and even lynched—by the very people He had come to help. George saw that that “old rugged cross” was the emblem—a symbol and a healthy reminder—of Jesus’ suffering and shame.

We may have to endure harassment when we talk about Jesus. So did the apostle Paul, but he decided that he was “not ashamed of the gospel, for it is the power of God for salvation to everyone who believes.” (Romans 1:16)

Like George Bennard mentions in his song, we also have a crown to look forward to. Paul wrote to Timothy, “In the future there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will award to me on that day; and not only to me, but also to all who have loved His appearing.” (2 Timothy 4:8)

“For the message of the cross is foolishness to those who are perishing, but to us who are being saved it is the power of God.” (1 Corinthians 1:18)

Victory in Jesus (Hymn 100)

Hartford, Arkansas was perfectly located for influencing the three-state region of Arkansas, Oklahoma, and Missouri, especially since a railroad ran right through town. Eugene Bartlett himself was wonderfully positioned for helping other gospel song writers get started. In 1927, he began mentoring a 19-year-old Oklahoma farm boy named Albert Brumley. Albert first learned about the Hartford Music Institute while attending one of their singing schools. After intensely studying Eugene Bartlett's work, he finally managed to get his first song, "I Can Hear Them Singing Over There," published by his hero.

Then he showed up at the school, and introduced himself. Though the young man was unable to pay tuition. Bartlett took Albert into his own home, and they became friends. "Telling me to go to his house," said Albert later, "meant more to me than being invited to the White House to live with the president!"

Albert Brumley turned out to be a talented singer and writer, and a trusted Hartford employee. His song, "I'll Fly Away," published 11 years later, became Hartford Publishing's most popular piece. Eventually Brumley began working independently, but the rights to his best-selling song belonged to his former employer, so in order to make ends meet, he had to farm part-time.

Quietly, Eugene Bartlett arranged that after his own death, the rights to his young friend's song would revert back to the author. This made it possible for Albert Brumley to focus on music once more, and in fact, he became the most recorded songwriter of his time. He also founded his own music publishing company, and in a little twist of fate, when Bartlett's wife went to renew the copyright on "Victory in Jesus" in 1967, it was at the permission of Albert E. Brumley & Sons, Inc.

Although Eugene Bartlett was a prolific songwriter, he did not write "Victory in Jesus" until near the end of his life. In 1939, when he was only 56, Bartlett was partly paralyzed by a stroke and was no longer able to travel, perform – or even speak. For the final two years of his life, he was completely bedridden, but he used his time to pray, to praise, and to write one last song. In his weakened condition, it took him almost a month to do what he could once have done in minutes.

These words from the second verse seem especially poignant when we know that he was ill as he wrote them.

"And then I cried, 'Dear Jesus, come and heal my broken spirit,'

And somehow Jesus came and bro't to me the victory."

Eugene Bartlett's last composition proved to be his most lasting. It landed on his tombstone and in songbooks around the world. More lasting still, from the standpoint of heaven, was his unselfish investment in others, and his determination to give God glory when he was at his very weakest.

"For everyone who has been born of God overcomes the world. And this is the victory that has overcome the world— our faith." (1 John 5:4)

"Thanks be to God, who gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." (1 Corinthians 15:57)



INDEX

HYMN TITLE	HYMN	DISC	TRACK	HYMN TITLE	HYMN	DISC	TRACK
A MIGHTY FORTRESS	25	1	25	GREAT IS THY FAITHFULNESS	89	4	15
ABIDE WITH ME	42	2	17	HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING	16	1	16
ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME	45	2	20	HE HIDETH MY SOUL	64	3	12
ALL PEOPLE THAT ON EARTH DO DWELL	27	2	2	HE LIVES	61	3	9
ALL THE WAY MY SAVIOR LEADS ME	5	1	5	HOLY, HOLY, HOLY	7	1	7
AMAZING GRACE	53	3	1	HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION	56	3	4
AMERICA	73	3	21	HOW GREAT THOU ART	90	4	16
AND CAN IT BE THAT I SHOULD GAIN?	67	3	15	I AM THINE, O LORD	59	3	7
BE STILL, MY SOUL	20	1	20	I KNOW WHOM I HAVE BELIEVED	38	2	13
BE THOU MY VISION	46	2	21	I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY	65	3	13
BLESSED ASSURANCE	1	1	1	IMMORTAL, INVISIBLE	49	2	24
BLESSED QUIETNESS	69	3	17	IN THE GARDEN	92	4	18
BRIGHTEN THE CORNER WHERE YOU ARE	21	1	21	IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL	10	1	10
CHRIST AROSE!	18	1	18	JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN	8	1	8
CHRIST THE LORD IS RISEN TODAY	70	3	18	JESUS LOVES EVEN ME	91	4	17
COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING	6	1	6	JESUS LOVES ME	15	1	15
COME, THOU FOUNT OF EVERY BLESSING	22	1	22	JESUS PAID IT ALL	63	3	11
COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS	23	1	23	JESUS SHALL REIGN	26	2	1
CROWN HIM WITH MANY CROWNS	14	1	14	JESUS, THE VERY THOUGHT OF THEE	34	2	9
DARE TO BE A DANIEL	72	3	20	JOY TO THE WORLD	19	1	19
DAY BY DAY	86	4	12	JUST AS I AM	41	2	16
DOXOLOGY	13	1	13	LEAD ON, O KING ETERNAL	50	2	25
FAIREST LORD JESUS	87	4	13	LOVE LIFTED ME	93	4	19
FAITH IS THE VICTORY	71	3	19	LOVED WITH EVERLASTING LOVE	66	3	14
FAITH OF OUR FATHERS	24	1	24	MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE	95	4	21
FOR ALL THE SAINTS	47	2	22	NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE	43	2	18
GLORY BE TO THE FATHER	32	2	7	O COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL	28	2	3
GLORY BE TO THE FATHER	33	2	8	O FOR A THOUSAND TONGUES	31	2	6
GOD WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU	88	4	14	O GOD, OUR HELP IN AGES PAST	75	4	1
GRACE GREATER THAN MY SIN	48	2	23	O SACRED HEAD, NOW WOUNDED	94	4	20

INDEX

HYMN TITLE	HYMN	DISC	TRACK	HYMN TITLE	HYMN	DISC	TRACK
O WORSHIP THE KING	4	1	4	THE COMFORTER HAS COME	82	4	8
ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS	12	1	12	THE OLD RUGGED CROSS	97	4	23
PRAISE, MY SOUL, THE KING OF HEAVEN	44	2	19	THE SOLID ROCK	36	2	11
PRAISE TO THE LORD, THE ALMIGHTY	76	4	2	THERE IS A FOUNTAIN	68	3	16
REDEEMED	77	4	3	THERE IS POWER IN THE BLOOD	98	4	24
REJOICE, THE LORD IS KING!	58	3	6	THIS IS MY FATHER'S WORLD	99	4	25
RING THE BELLS OF HEAVEN	17	1	17	THOUGH YOUR SINS BE AS SCARLET	35	2	10
RISE UP, O MEN OF GOD	30	2	5	'TIS SO SWEET TO TRUST IN JESUS	55	3	3
ROCK OF AGES	40	2	15	TO GOD BE THE GLORY	39	2	14
RUTHERFORD	54	3	2	TRUST AND OBEY	9	1	9
SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS	37	2	12	TURN YOUR EYES UPON JESUS	83	4	9
SAVIOR, LIKE A SHEPHERD LEAD US	78	4	4	VICTORY IN JESUS	100	4	26
SINCE JESUS CAME INTO MY HEART	79	4	5	VICTORY THROUGH GRACE	11	1	11
SITTING AT THE FEET OF JESUS	80	4	6	WE'RE MARCHING TO ZION	2	1	2
SOLDIERS OF CHRIST, ARISE	81	4	7	WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS	3	1	3
TAKE MY LIFE	96	4	22	WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS	57	3	5
TAKE THE NAME OF JESUS WITH YOU	60	3	8	WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED UP YONDER	84	4	10
THE BLEEDING SACRIFICE	62	3	10	WHEN WE ALL GET TO HEAVEN	85	4	11
THE BRIDEGROOM COMES	29	2	4	WONDERFUL GRACE OF JESUS	52	2	27
THE CHURCH'S ONE FOUNDATION	51	2	26	YESTERDAY, TODAY, FOREVER	74	3	22



ABOUT THE AUTHOR OF THIS COMPILATION OF HYMNS

Steve Demme and his wife Sandra have been married since 1979. They have been blessed with four sons, three lovely daughters-in-law, and two special grandchildren.

Steve has served in full or part time pastoral ministry for many years after graduating from Gordon-Conwell Theological Seminary. He is the creator of Math-U-See and the founder of Building Faith Families and has served on the board of Joni and Friends, Pennsylvania.

He is a regular speaker at home education conventions, men's ministry events, special needs conferences, and church retreats. His desire is to teach, validate, and exhort parents and families in following the biblical model for the Christian home.

Scripture declares God created the sacred institution of the family. In His wisdom, He designed marriage to be between one man and one woman. Healthy God-fearing families are the principal building block for church and society.



BUILDING FAITH FAMILIES was created to encourage and strengthen families. Besides compiling this edifying collection of hymns we have created the following resources.

- The free **Monthly Newsletter**, which is an encouraging biblical exhortation.
- A weekly **Podcast** available for free download on our website, iTunes, and released on our Facebook page.
- The **Building Faith Families website** has many other resources for your edification including video and audio messages www.buildingfaithfamilies.org.
- Like us on **Facebook** to receive short uplifting insights from scripture and be notified of new Podcasts.



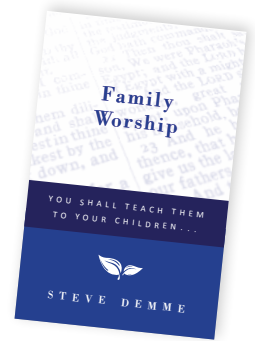


THE CHRISTIAN HOME AND FAMILY WORSHIP

In this readable and encouraging book, Steve shares practical scripture-based tips for teaching the word of God to children of all ages. He also addresses common obstacles we face in establishing the discipline of regular family worship. Be encouraged by Steve's experiences teaching his four sons, and learn from other families who share strategies that have worked for their children.

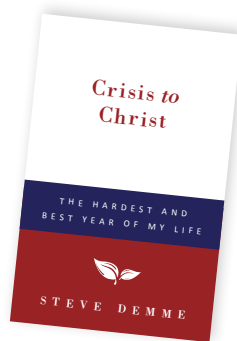
"I loved the book and read it in about a week and a half. My chief take-away was family worship needs to be an important part of family life. I've had five family worship times and I can definitely say I've already seen fruit from these sessions. Your book had some great examples of how to make it more appealing to the kids."

"The main thing I took away from reading the book was the Nike slogan: 'Just do it.' So I did."



CRISIS TO CHRIST, THE HARDEST AND BEST YEAR OF MY LIFE

This difficult time, the hardest and best year of my life, was instrumental in changing my life and transforming my relationship with God and my family. On this journey I experienced pain which led me to acknowledge my own hurts and get help from the body of Christ to understand root causes of my distress and confront unbiblical thinking.



KNOWING GOD'S LOVE, BECOMING ROOTED AND GROUNDED IN GRACE

I have believed in my mind that God loves me for over forty years. Without being conscious of a subtle shift in my thinking, I had begun to believe God's affection for me was tied to what I did for Him. I now know God likes me for who I am and not because of what I do. His care for me is not tied to my performance but to His unconditional grace.



TRANSFORMED IN LOVE, LOVING OTHERS AS JESUS HAS LOVED US

The new command does not consider how I want to be loved, but how I have been loved. Considering how God has loved me transforms me into the image of Christ as I fix my attention on Jesus and His love. The more I comprehend His care for me, the better equipped I am to love as I have been loved.



SPEAKING THE TRUTH IN LOVE, LESSONS I'VE LEARNED ABOUT FAMILY COMMUNICATION

My relationship with my wife and children is built on godly careful communication that builds up and encourages without quenching or wounding. As I continue to grow in grace and the knowledge of God, I am in a better place to have open, transparent, honest communication.

