



*be*  
STILL  
*my*  
SOUL



*The Inspiring Stories behind 175*  
of the MOST-LOVED HYMNS

RANDY PETERSEN



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# Introduction

**G**ROWING UP IN a congregation that loved to sing, I often heard the apostle's description of the church "speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord" (Ephesians 5:19, KJV). I always wondered about the phrasing. I would expect "singing to one another," but it says *speaking*.

Later, my Greek New Testament and lexicon helped out a bit. *Laleo* is a Greek word for making sound, for expressing yourself vocally. It's used for brooks babbling and pagans blabbering, but also for people conversing. Indeed, the verse is a little less jolting if we say "express yourselves to one another with psalms and hymns and spiritual songs."

But then there's that parallel passage in Colossians, which refers to "teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord" (3:16, KJV, emphasis added). In this case I'm grateful for the literal rendering of my boyhood King James Version and the dissonance it creates. *How can we teach and admonish one another in song?* Most modern translations assume that teaching and singing are two different things, and they change the wording to reflect that.

But worship leaders know better. Choir members know better. Everyone involved in a church's music ministry is well aware of the teaching power of the "psalms and hymns and spiritual songs" we sing. Yes, we "speak to one another" in these songs. In the very act of singing, we teach, admonish, comfort, counsel, and guide.

This musical conversation isn't just among ourselves, of course. We bring all our worship, including these songs, to God. Many of our hymns express praise and thanks directly to him, and some of them voice our commitment. In other lyrics, we review the truths that God has taught us in Scripture, or we share our experiences of God. In all these hymns, we celebrate an ongoing relationship with our Creator/Redeemer.

For about twenty centuries now, Christians have been gathering songs in all these varieties and passing them on to future believers. Each



generation teaches the next one how to sing. Crack open a hymnal, and you catch a bit of that biblical image of multitudes joining their voices in praise. In each era, creative ones have offered their gifts to the Lord, shared by the congregation and passed on. So as we worship, we are entering an ongoing song, composed long before our time and continuing into eternity.

The hymnal gives us a sort of *mishnah*, or oral law, on our Christian tradition. It is not Holy Writ, but it processes the words and actions of God. In hymns, we see how people in different times and places prayed, read Scripture, shared their faith, and experienced trials. These songs give us a common vocabulary of faith. They help us give voice to parts of our spiritual journeys that might otherwise be unexplored. We join together with the eternal congregation in both the exaltation and the experience of God.

It's not only the words that give us a common vocabulary. The music itself lifts us and calms us, drives us and stretches us. Certain tunes get attached to certain words, certain meanings. Hear a few bars of the old American folk tune that became "Amazing Grace," and you're thinking about God's grace. Many of us can't listen to Beethoven's Symphony no. 9 without the words of "Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee" running through our hearts. There's a language here beyond words, but it also works *with* words. Together these tunes and texts lead us to worship even when we don't know how.

In that spirit, I offer this book. By learning more about the experiences of those who wrote these texts or tunes, or of those who have loved these songs, you might find yourself drawn even further into the worshiping community. And there you might teach, admonish, inspire, console, motivate, challenge, disciple, guide. . . .

*Randy Petersen*

MAY 2013

# A Charge to Keep I Have

1 A charge to keep I have, a God to glo - ri - fy, a  
2 To serve the pres - ent age, my call - ing to ful - fill, O  
3 Arm me with watch - ful care as in thy sight to live, and  
4 Help me to watch and pray, and still on thee re - ly, O

The first system of music consists of a treble and bass staff in 3/4 time. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a 3/4 time signature, and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody starts on a whole note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a 3/4 time signature. The accompaniment starts with a whole note G3, followed by quarter notes F3, E3, and D3. The first system concludes with a double bar line.

nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, and fit it for the sky.  
may it all my powers en - gage to do my Mas - ter's will!  
now thy serv - ant, Lord, pre - pare a strict ac - count to give!  
let me not my trust be - tray, but press to realms on high.

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The treble staff continues with quarter notes D5, E5, and F5, followed by a half note G5. The bass staff continues with quarter notes C3, B2, and A2, followed by a half note G2. The second system concludes with a double bar line.

WORDS: Charles Wesley (1707-1788)  
MUSIC: Lowell Mason (1792-1872)

BOYLSTON  
S.M.

THE BOOK OF Leviticus has derailed many an avid believer aiming to read the Bible straight through. Genesis and Exodus have great characters and exciting stories, but this third book of Moses—well, readers can get lost in its priestly regulations and guidelines for Tabernacle ceremonies. If you're looking to write a stirring hymn, you probably don't expect to find your inspiration there. And you certainly wouldn't find your hook in a *reference book* on that text. Yet that's exactly what Charles Wesley did.

The verse on which this hymn was based deals with the ordination of priests: "Therefore shall ye abide at the door of the tabernacle of the congregation day and night seven days, and keep the charge of the LORD, that ye die not" (Leviticus 8:35, κJV). A careful student of Scripture, Charles Wesley found a number of his song texts in Leviticus, but in this case the spark actually came from a commentary on the book.

Matthew Henry (1662–1714) wrote his *Complete Commentary on the Bible* in the early 1700s, and by the time Wesley wrote this hymn in 1762, Henry's commentary had already become a standard, used by Christians throughout the English-speaking world (and would continue to be popular for many years). The key to this meticulous verse-by-verse study was its "preachability." A Presbyterian pastor himself, Henry didn't dig much into ancient history for cultural insights. He just opened up the spiritual meaning of the Bible, as any preacher would do. In the 1800s, Charles Spurgeon would recommend that "every minister ought to read [it] entirely and carefully."

And in the case of this hymn, the "singability" of Henry's commentary on Leviticus 8:35 made the difference, nearly writing Wesley's hymn for him: "We have every one of us a charge to keep, an eternal God to glorify, an immortal soul to provide for, needful duty to be done, our generation to serve; and it must be our daily care to keep this charge, for it is the charge of the Lord our Master, who will shortly call us to an account about it, and it is at our utmost peril if we neglect it."

A modern postscript: President George W. Bush had a painting in the Oval Office titled *A Charge to Keep*, by W. H. D. Koerner. It showed a horseman charging up a difficult trail. Bush associated this figure with the circuit riders of the Methodist Church, who carried the gospel to new areas. "What adds complete life to the painting for me," he said, "is the message of Charles Wesley that we serve One greater than ourselves."

# A Mighty Fortress Is Our God



1 A might - y for - tress is our God, a bul-wark nev - er fail - ing;  
 2 Did we in our own strength con - fide, our striv - ing would be los - ing,  
 3 And though this world, with dev - ils filled, should threat - en to un - do us,  
 4 That word a - bove all earth - ly powers, no thanks to them, a - bid - eth;



our help - er he, a - mid the flood of mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing.  
 were not the right man on our side, the man of God's own choos - ing.  
 we will not fear, for God hath willed his truth to tri - umph through us.  
 the Spir - it and the gifts are ours thro' him who with us sid - eth.



For still our an - cient foe doth seek to work us woe; his craft and power are  
 Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je - sus, it is he; Lord Sab - a - oth his  
 The Prince of Dark - ness grim, we trem - ble not for him; his rage we can en -  
 Let goods and kin - dred go, this mor - tal life al - so; the bod - y they may



great, and, armed with cru - el hate, on earth is not his e - qual.  
 name, from age to age the same, and he must win the bat - tle.  
 dure, for lo, his doom is sure; one lit - tle word shall fell him.  
 kill: God's truth a - bid - eth still; his king - dom is for - ev - er.



WORDS: Martin Luther (1483-1546); tr. Frederick H. Hedge (1805-1890)  
 MUSIC: Martin Luther (1483-1546)

EIN' FESTE BURG  
 8.7.8.7.6.6.6.6.7.



**A**LTHOUGH AN IMPECCABLE MONK, I stood before God as a sinner troubled in conscience, and I had no confidence that my merit would assuage him. Night and day I pondered until I saw the connection between the justice of God and the statement ‘the just shall live by faith.’”

The “impeccable monk” was Martin Luther, a Roman Catholic priest at the time, and a professor at Wittenberg University. He was teaching a course on the biblical book of Romans, where the apostle Paul spells out the concept of justification by faith. Luther had been mulling over this for some time, increasingly dissatisfied with the mechanical rituals in the Catholicism of his day. Could a person really be justified by praying his way up a holy staircase in Rome? Could a person really get time off from purgatory for donating to a church building project?

As a theme sentence for the whole epistle, Romans 1:17 made the difference. The righteous would find eternal life not through their works, no matter how impeccable, but by trusting God. They would “live by faith.” This was Luther’s breakthrough, and he challenged the Catholic church on this crucial theological point as well as on many other corrupt practices. He posted his complaints (known as the Ninety-Five Theses) on the church door at Wittenberg (sort of a community bulletin board).

Originally he was just asking for a church debate on these issues, but soon he was branded a heretic. At the Diet (assembly) of Worms in 1521, he was ordered to retract the positions he had published. Famously, he replied, “Here I stand. I can do no other.” Because Luther would not recant his statements, the church excommunicated him.

At that point, the princes of Germany’s provinces began picking sides. Some were genuinely moved by conscience, convinced by Luther’s writings, but others saw political opportunity against the church’s power. The diet at Speyer in 1526 seemed to hold the door open for reconciliation, but it was slammed shut in a follow-up council at Speyer three years later. That’s where the princes who supported Luther lodged their formal protest against the church’s decisions—and earned the name “Protestants.” Their motto was “The Word of God abides forever.”

Luther wrote this hymn either for that occasion or in response to it. The text is based on Psalm 46, but the sentiment is Speyer 1529. These are fighting words, but the posture is a defensive one. Our God can be trusted to protect us against whatever threats come at us.

# Abide with Me

1 A - bide with me, fast falls the e - ven - tide;  
 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day;  
 3 I need your pres - ence ev - ery pass - ing hour;  
 4 I fear no foe, with you at hand to bless;  
 5 Hold now your cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes;

the dark - ness deep - ens: Lord, with me a - bide!  
 earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way;  
 what but your grace can foil the tempt - er's power?  
 ills have no weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness.  
 shine through the gloom and point me to the skies:

When oth - er help - ers fail, and com - forts flee,  
 change and de - cay in all a - round I see:  
 Who, like your - self, my guide and stay can be?  
 Where is death's sting? Where, grave, your vic - to - ry?  
 heaven's morn - ing breaks, and earth's vain shad - ows flee;

help of the help - less, O a - bide with me.  
 O Lord who chang - es not, a - bide with me.  
 Through cloud and sun - shine, Lord, a - bide with me.  
 I tri - umph still, if you a - bide with me.  
 in life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me.

WORDS: Henry F. Lyte (1793-1847), alt.  
 MUSIC: William H. Monk (1823-1889)

EVENTIDE  
 10.10.10.10.

IN THE LAVISH opening ceremonies of the London Olympic Games of 2012, things quieted down a bit, and a Scottish singer delivered a soulful rendition of an old Christian hymn, “Abide with Me.”

Out of place? Not exactly, since the hymn is also sung each year at the championship of Britain’s Football Association. Why a hymn? It probably goes back to King George V, who loved this song and might have suggested it at the original FA Cup game in 1927.

This British tradition probably lies behind a curious Indian custom as well. Every January, as the nation of India celebrates its Republic Day, “Abide with Me” is sung. It was reportedly a favorite of Mahatma Gandhi.

So it’s no surprise that as the British ocean liner *Titanic* went down, this reportedly was one of the hymns the band played.

The words were penned by Henry Francis Lyte, a Scottish minister who served a little fishing village in Devonshire, England, for many years. As he began his pastoral ministry, early in the 1800s, he had already faced numerous challenges. His father had abandoned the family, and his mother had died at an early age. From age nine, young Henry was raised as an orphan. Fortunately, his schoolmaster took an interest in him and encouraged his poetic talent. One heart-wrenching poem from his youth begins, “Stay, gentle shadow of my mother, stay! Thy form but seldom comes to bless my sleep.”

As a young man, Lyte found encouragement from Rev. Abraham Swanne, who deeply influenced his spiritual life and eventual career. But Swanne became ill and died—another loved one lost. You can already sense how Henry might have longed for someone to stay in his life, to *abide* with him.

In his fifties, after decades of pastoring, Lyte was diagnosed with tuberculosis. It was essential for him to get out of the cold, damp English air, so he made plans to move to Italy. He gave a farewell address at his church in September 1847, on the story of Jesus’ post-resurrection walk to Emmaus, where two disciples begged him, “Abide with us” (see Luke 24:29, KJV). That afternoon Lyte walked on the beach and then went to his room to write down eight verses of this hymn. A short time later, on the way to Italy, he passed away. His last words, as he pointed toward heaven, were, “Peace! Joy!”

This hymn text was sung, with music Lyte had written for it, at his funeral. Only later did William H. Monk attach the now beloved tune “Eventide.”

# Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed

1 A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed, and did my sov - ereign die?  
2 Was it for crimes that I have done, he groaned up - on the tree?  
3 Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, and shut its glo - ries in,  
4 But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay the debt of love I owe;

Would he de - vote that sa - cred head for sin - ners such as I?  
A - maz - ing pit - y, grace un - known, and love be - yond de - gree!  
when Christ, the might - y Mak - er, died for his own crea - ture's sin.  
here, Lord, I give my - self a - way; 'tis all that I can do.

WORDS: Isaac Watts (1674-1748)  
MUSIC: Hugh Wilson (1764-1824); adapt. Robert Smith (1780-1829)

MARTYRDOM  
C.M.



**G**ROWING UP IN the late 1600s in Southampton, England, Isaac Watts was a prodigy who mastered Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and French as a teenager and was already writing poems and hymns. In his twenties, Watts was a rebel.

His rebellion had to do with church music. For centuries, psalm singing was the accepted form, the *only* accepted form. Although occasionally churches would sing hymns with texts that directly quoted other Bible passages, any newly created lyrics were met with deep suspicion. But young Isaac Watts had a dangerous notion: "If we can pray to God in sentences that we have made up ourselves, then surely we can sing to God in sentences that we have made up ourselves." And he was ready to make up words for those songs.

Some of these involved paraphrases of psalms. "Jesus Shall Reign" is based on Psalm 72, and "Joy to the World!" on Psalm 98. Despite the psalm connection, Watts was roundly criticized for daring to alter the old-fashioned phrases of the psalter. He also wanted to focus on Jesus. Sometimes he applied Christian interpretations to the psalms, but some of his best work resulted from his simple meditations on the sacrifice of Christ. Songs like "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross" and "Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed" bring us to the foot of the cross in worship, wonder, and love.

"I have made no pretence to be a poet," Watts wrote. "But to the Lamb that was slain, and now lives, I have addressed many a song, to be sung by the penitent and believing heart."

Of course, believing hearts have been singing his songs ever since. He provided a lyrical vocabulary for Baptist and independent churches in England, influencing Charles Wesley and the Methodists and, later, churches in America and around the world.

In 1850, this hymn was sung at a revival meeting in a Methodist church in New York. A blind woman there was struggling with her faith. When she heard the line "here, Lord, I give myself away," she later wrote, "My very soul was flooded with a celestial light. I sprang to my feet, shouting 'hallelujah.'" That woman was Fanny Crosby, who went on to write hundreds of hymn texts herself.

So, with his pen and his fervent heart, the rebellious prodigy from Southampton had sparked a musical revolution that's still going on.

# All Creatures of Our God and King

1 All crea-tures of our God and King, lift up your voice and with us  
2 O rush-ing wind that art so strong, you clouds that sail in heaven a -  
3 O flow-ing wa - ter, pure and clear, make mu - sic for your Lord to  
4 All you who are of ten - der heart, for - giv - ing oth - ers, take your  
5 Let all things their Cre - a - tor bless, and wor-ship him in hum-ble-

sing Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia! O burn - ing sun with gold - en  
long, O praise him, Al - le - lu - ia! O ris - ing morn in praise re -  
hear, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia! O fire so mas - ter - ful and  
part, sing prais - es, Al - le - lu - ia! All you who pain and sor - row  
ness, O praise him, Al - le - lu - ia! Praise, praise the Fa - ther, praise the

beam, and sil - ver moon with soft - er gleam, O praise him, O  
joyce, O lights of eve - ning, find a voice, O praise him, O  
bright, pro - vid - ing us with warmth and light, O praise him, O  
bear, praise God and on him cast your care, O praise him, O  
Son, and praise the Spir - it, Three in One, O praise him, O

praise him, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia!

WORDS: St. Francis of Assisi (1182-1226); tr. William H. Draper (1855-1933), alt.  
MUSIC: Geistliche Kirchengesäng, Cologne, 1623; arr. Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

LASST UNS ERFREUEN  
L.M. Alleluias

AS THE SON of a wealthy Italian merchant, Francis Bernardone could have looked forward to a life of privilege—but God had other ideas. While fighting for his hometown of Assisi, Francis was taken prisoner and held for several months. Once freed, he became seriously ill. These events surely challenged his assumptions. All the wealth in the world didn't matter much when he was languishing in a prison or on a sickbed.

During those days, Francis began to pay more attention to God, and God was telling him to give his wealth away. As one story goes, Francis passed a leper who was begging by the side of the road. Normally he would have continued on, but this beggar seemed to Francis to have the face of Christ. Francis dismounted, kissed the man, and gave him not only money but also a ride.

As Francis gave away more and more of his wealth, his father grew furious and eventually disowned him. Now the young man's life of poverty was not just a spiritual commitment but a practical necessity. He had to beg for his daily bread. To his surprise, others began to follow him. Francis preached about trusting and serving God and about throwing off the chains of mammon (material possessions), and a new monastic order known as the Franciscans emerged.

The humble spirit of Francis carried over into his attitude toward the natural world. He saw that all human beings could be considered "brothers and sisters" of everything God created—animals, plants, and planets. We are called to glorify God by serving everyone and everything in our world, and we can join all creation in praising our Creator.

As a poet, Francis captured this sentiment in his beautiful "Canticle of All Creatures" (sometimes called "Canticle of Brother Sun"): "Be praised, my Lord, through all your creatures, especially through my lord Brother Sun, who brings the day; and you give light through him." Other stanzas mention Sister Moon, Brothers Wind and Air, Sister Water, Brother Fire, and Mother Earth. The text makes clear that he's not worshipping these creatures but is rather offering praise to God for them. "Praise and bless my Lord, and give thanks," the song concludes, "and serve him with great humility."

That sentiment is made even clearer in "All Creatures of Our God and King." As in many of the psalms, every part of creation is invited to join in this anthem to the Creator we love and serve.

# All Glory, Laud and Honor

*Refrain*

All glo - ry, laud and hon - or to you, Re-deem - er, King,

to whom the lips of chil - dren made sweet ho - san - nas ring.

1 You are the King of Is - rael, and Da - vid's roy - al Son,  
 2 The com - pa - ny of an - gels are prais - ing you on high,  
 3 The peo - ple of the He - brews with palms be - fore you went;  
 4 To you, be - fore your pas - sion, they sang their hymns of praise;  
 5 As you re - ceived their prais - es, ac - cept the prayers we bring,

*to Refrain*

now in the Lord's name com - ing, our King and bless - ed One!  
 cre - a - tion and all mor - tals in cho - rus make re - ply:  
 our praise and prayer and an - thems be - fore you we pre - sent:  
 to you, now high ex - alt - ed, our mel - o - dy we raise:  
 for you de - light in good - ness, O good and gra - cious King!

WORDS: Theodulph of Orleans (ca. 760-821); tr. John M. Neale (1818-1866), alt.  
 MUSIC: Melchior Teschner (1584-1635)

ST. THEODULPH  
 7.6.7.6.D.



**A**ROUND THE MIDDLE of the Middle Ages, a leader arose who gave a new shape to Christendom. Charlemagne—Charles the Great—parlayed his role as king of the Frankish nation into a new position as emperor of the Holy Roman Empire. Christian Europe now had a center, an identity, a direction, a hope.

One thing that made Charlemagne so great was his knack for recognizing talent. He gathered around him good people, including Theodulph, who was named bishop of Orleans and put in charge of numerous monasteries. Among other ideas, Theodulph championed the setup of public schools around those monasteries. Also a scholar, a poet, a Bible translator, and a supporter of the arts, Theodulph was one of several sharp minds who contributed to the sweeping reforms of this era.

But Charlemagne died, and his son—known as Louis the Pious—emerged from a power struggle to succeed him. The embattled new king suspected Theodulph of siding with the enemy and accused him of treason. The brilliant bishop was deposed and forced into a sort of house arrest at a distant monastery. While there, he composed a hymn for Palm Sunday—“All Glory, Laud and Honor.”

An old legend says that one Palm Sunday, Louis the Pious happened to visit the monastery where Theodulph was confined. Hearing the old bishop sing this hymn with joy and devotion, the king was inspired to release him. Although the tale is hard to verify, history confirms that Theodulph was released, but he died before he could reclaim his post as bishop.

In the context of this man’s life, we can see that Theodulph knew all about glory, laud, and honor. Charlemagne had been widely hailed as the savior of Christendom, a new Constantine. As a key adviser, Theodulph could bask in the glow of that adulation. He himself had received praise for his theological writing and his management of the monasteries. But all that glory vanished very quickly—thanks to a jealous prince desperate to claim his own honor.

So the words of this hymn do more than celebrate the triumphal entry of Jesus. They also reflect an important mind-set. We may be dazzled by great kings and their astute counselors, but all glory ultimately belongs to our heavenly Redeemer. The praises of any earthly lord will die away with the passing years, but we can always raise our “sweet hosannas” to our eternal King.

# All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name!

1 All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;  
 2 Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, ye ran - somed from the fall,  
 3 Let ev - ery kin - dred, ev - ery tribe on this ter - res - trial ball,  
 4 O that with you - der sa - cred throng we at his feet may fall!

bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, and crown him Lord of all;  
 hail him who saves you by his grace, and crown him Lord of all;  
 to him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, and crown him Lord of all;  
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, and crown him Lord of all;

bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, and crown him Lord of all!  
 hail him who saves you by his grace, and crown him Lord of all!  
 to him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, and crown him Lord of all!  
 we'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, and crown him Lord of all!

WORDS: Edward Perronet (1726-1792); adapt. John Rippon (1751-1836)  
 MUSIC: Oliver Holden (1765-1844)

CORONATION  
 8.6.8.6.8.6.

EDWARD PERRONET DIDN'T get along with everyone, but from all accounts he was passionate about Jesus. At a young age, Edward, the son of an Anglican minister who was a friend of John and Charles Wesley, became an enthusiastic supporter of the Wesleyan revival in England. He even accompanied the Wesleys on some preaching tours—and he paid the price. These early Methodists often faced violent opposition, and John Wesley's *Journal* recounts one episode in which Edward ventured out into a mob: "They immediately closed in, threw him down and rolled him in the mire; so that when he scrambled from them and got into the house again, one could scarcely tell what or who he was."

It's also reported that John Wesley kept trying to get the reluctant Edward to preach, and finally surprised him by simply introducing him to one congregation as the preacher of the day. Smoothly, Perronet announced that he would deliver the "greatest sermon ever preached"—and then read the Sermon on the Mount, from Matthew 5–7.

In 1756, however, Perronet had a falling out with the Wesleys over the serving of Communion. This was more than a doctrinal detail. Perronet wanted to empower Methodist preachers to break free of the Church of England, and John Wesley refused. In response, Perronet withdrew from the growing Methodist cause and pastored an independent congregation in Canterbury. In 1779 he wrote this majestic anthem, which was adapted slightly a few years later and set to music by American carpenter-composer Oliver Holden in 1792, the year of Perronet's death. (This tune, "Coronation," is considered the oldest American hymn tune in use. "Diadem," another tune often used with this text, was written by James Ellor in 1838.)

In light of the author's passionate conviction, it's no surprise he would write about falling down at the feet of his glorious Lord. He wasn't about polite bows or safely folded hands—he was all-out devoted to Jesus.

The hymn has been a popular one in churches for more than two centuries. One striking story comes from missionary E. P. Scott, who served in India in the 1800s. Journeying to a dangerous territory, he suddenly found himself surrounded by spear-wielding tribesmen. Certain he was about to be killed, he took a violin from his baggage and began playing "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name!" When he dared to look up again, the spears had been lowered and some tribesmen were crying. Scott stayed for years, sharing the Good News with this "kindred," this "tribe."

# All People That on Earth Do Dwell

1 All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, sing  
 2 Know that the Lord is God in - deed; with -  
 3 O en - ter then his gates with praise, ap -  
 4 For why? The Lord our God is good, his

to the Lord with cheer - ful voice; him serve with joy, his  
 out our aid he did us make; we are his folk, he  
 proach with joy his courts un - to; praise, laud and bless his  
 mer - cy is for - ev - er sure; his truth at all times

praise forth tell, come ye be - fore him and re - joice.  
 doth us feed, and for his sheep he doth us take.  
 name al - ways, for it is seem - ly so to do.  
 firm - ly stood, and shall from age to age en - dure.

WORDS: William Kethe (ca. 1530-1594); para. Psalm 100  
 MUSIC: Louis Bourgeois (ca. 1510-1561); Genevan Psalter, 1551

OLD 100th  
 L.M.



WORDSMITH WILLIAM KETHE and musician Louis (Loys) Bourgeois both lived in Geneva in 1557. We don't know that they ever met, but their names have been forever linked in church hymnals.

The whole church was in flux. The Protestant Reformation had swept through Europe, sparking violence in nearly every country but also unleashing creative new expressions of faith and worship. When Queen Mary, a Roman Catholic, took the throne of England, many Protestant leaders, including Scotsman William Kethe, fled to the mainland. Kethe settled briefly in Frankfurt in 1555 and came to Geneva in 1557. There he joined a team of translators that produced the Geneva Bible, a pre-King James English version (with study notes!). Kethe's specialty was the Psalms, and he contributed twenty-five metrical translations to the *Anglo-Genevan Psalter* of 1561. Among these was the text of "All People That on Earth Do Dwell," based on Psalm 100.

In 1545, Louis (Loys) Bourgeois, a French Protestant composer, migrated to Geneva, where he taught music and wrote new psalm tunes. He also became friends with John Calvin. In 1551, he was thrown into prison for revising psalm tunes without a license, but Calvin himself pulled some strings to get him out. It must have been frustrating for this composer. Protestant worship was already getting set in its ways, and his friend John Calvin, in a response to the elaborate displays of the Catholic church, demanded simplicity in psalm singing. So Bourgeois had to hide his counterpoint and four-part harmonies. Some of his more complex arrangements were burned by the authorities, and yet this prolific music maker provided the majority of simple tunes for the new *Genevan Psalter*.

Among these tunes was one he first attached to Psalm 134, but later it was used for Psalm 100 (in Kethe's translation). In fact, the tune became known as "Old Hundredth" and was used later with a text we know as the "Doxology").

In spite of his lasting contributions to Geneva's hymnology, it seems that Bourgeois got fed up with the repression of his creativity and returned to Paris around 1557. There he published a set of more elaborate songs, and there are hints that he reverted to Catholicism. Meanwhile, William Kethe returned to England in 1561 where, under a new monarch, Queen Elizabeth I, he pastored a church for another three decades.

# All the Way My Savior Leads Me



1 All the way my Sav-ior leads me; what have I to ask be-side?  
 2 All the way my Sav-ior leads me, cheers each wind-ing path I tread,  
 3 All the way my Sav-ior leads me; O the full-ness of his love!



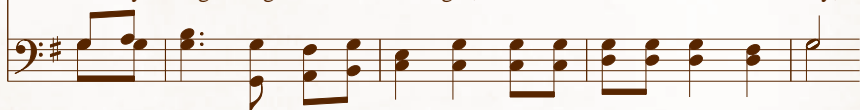
Can I doubt his ten-der mer-cy, who through life has been my guide?  
 gives me grace for ev-ery tri-al, feeds me with the liv-ing bread;  
 Per-fect rest to me is prom-ised in my Fa-ther's house a-bove;



Heaven-ly peace, di-vin-est com-fort, here by faith in him to dwell,  
 though my wea-ry steps may fal-ter, and my soul a-thirst may be,  
 when my spir-it, clothed im-mor-tal, wings its flight to realms of day,



for I know, what-e'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well;  
 gush-ing from the rock be-fore me, lo! a spring of joy I see;  
 this my song through end-less a-ges, Je-sus led me all the way;



WORDS: Fanny J. Crosby (1820-1915)  
 MUSIC: Robert Lowry (1826-1899)

ALL THE WAY  
 8.7.8.7.D.



**S**OME CALL IT COINCIDENCE. Others know better. When one is led by the Lord, truly amazing things happen. When we trust in the Lord with all our hearts, when we acknowledge him in all our ways, he *will* direct our paths.

That certainty lies behind this hymn, one of thousands penned by Fanny Crosby. You might call her the poet laureate of the evangelical church in the 1800s. Her output was outstanding: songs of faith and commitment even in hard times. “Blessed Assurance,” “He Hideth My Soul,” “Draw Me Nearer,” “To God Be the Glory”—these and many other lyrics celebrate the Christian’s relationship of trust with a trustworthy Lord.

The sweetness of Fanny Crosby’s outlook is all the more amazing when we consider that she was blinded as a young child through medical negligence. She studied at the New York Institution for the Blind and later taught there. She married a blind musician who was also at that school. And she became the most prolific hymnwriter of her time.

Yet on one occasion in 1875, Fanny Crosby needed money to pay the rent, and she was five dollars short. Yes, she earned money from her hymn texts, but she regularly donated to worthy causes—especially rescue missions in New York City. If she didn’t need the money for basic expenses, she would give it away. As a result, she and her husband hadn’t settled down in a house of their own but lived in a series of rented apartments in New York.

Fanny prayed, and as she got up from her knees, there was a knock at the door. A man she didn’t know handed her five dollars and left. “I have no way of accounting for this,” she wrote later, “except to believe that God, in answer to my prayer, put it in the heart of this good man to bring the money to me. My first thought was, *It is so wonderful the way the Lord leads me.*”

That led to a song. On this, as on many other occasions, Fanny Crosby experienced “heavenly peace, divinest comfort.” She knew the truth that Jesus does all things well.

# All Things Bright and Beautiful

## Refrain (Unison)

All things bright and beau-ti - ful, all crea-tures great and small,

all things wise and won-der-ful: the Lord God made them all.

1 Each lit - tle flower that o - pens, each lit - tle bird that sings,  
2 The pur - ple-head-ed moun-tains, the riv - er run - ning by,  
3 The cold wind in the win - ter, the pleas-ant sum-mer sun,  
4 God gave us eyes to see them, and lips that we might tell

God made their glow-ing col - ors, and made their ti - ny wings.  
the sun - set and the morn - ing that bright-ens up the sky.  
the ripe fruits in the gar - den: God made them ev - ery one.  
how great is God Al - might - y, who has made all things well.

WORDS: Cecil F. Alexander (1818-1895)  
MUSIC: English melody, 17th c.; arr. Martin Shaw (1875-1958)

ROYAL OAK  
7.6.7.6.Ref.



I BELIEVE IN GOD the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and Earth.” So begins the Apostles’ Creed, an early declaration of Christian faith. Ancient legends suggest that the apostles actually wrote or dictated an early version, though that is up for debate. All we really know is that Christians have used this simple statement of faith for centuries, possibly going back to the 400s or even earlier. Each sentence of the creed is based on Scripture, and it’s generally free from theological controversy, so it’s a great way to teach children what Christians believe.

That’s what an Irishwoman named Cecil Frances Humphreys was doing in the mid-1800s, using the Apostles’ Creed to instruct her Sunday school class in the basics of the faith. (In 1850, two years after writing this hymn text, she married Rev. William Alexander and took his surname.) As most teachers do, she was looking for creative ways to get ideas across to her students, so she decided to write a song for each part of the creed. The children would learn each essential truth by singing it.

The entire church—adults as well as children—has been blessed by the result. The phrase “born of the Virgin Mary” was presented by the Christmas carol “Once in Royal David’s City.” To teach “crucified, dead, and buried,” Cecil wrote, “There Is a Green Hill Far Away.” But she started off the whole project with this majestic hymn of creation.

Like the rest of the creed, it contains a simple idea: God is Creator. All the elements of the natural order that we see around us—the Lord God made them all. Though many adults take it for granted, that truth—*God made that, and that, and you, too!*—becomes an aha moment for many children. The Bible itself presents this truth as a sort of launching pad for faith: “The heavens proclaim the glory of God. The skies display his craftsmanship” (Psalm 19:1). That psalm goes on to hail the value of God’s Word, but the response of faith starts with an appreciation of creation. The apostle Paul picks up the same theme in Romans 1: “Through everything God made, [people] can clearly see his invisible qualities—his eternal power and divine nature” (Romans 1:20). He goes on, of course, to discuss sin and sacrifice and righteousness—but the starting line for faith is right here with creation. Every blessed thing in this bright and beautiful world, “God made them every one.”