

CHURCH HISTORY LITERACY

Lesson 77

History of Christian Music – Fourth Verse (Part 4)

I grew up singing from a hymnal called “Great Songs of the Church.” Song number 448 was the hymn “Nearer, My God to Thee.” Sarah Adams (1805-1848), an English actress who died of tuberculosis at the young age of 43, wrote this hymn along with several others. Sarah had great success on the stage, playing Lady Macbeth to thunderous applause, but health problems took her stage career from her. Her preacher asked Sarah to consider writing a song for his upcoming sermon on the story of Jacob and Esau. Sarah spent some time studying Genesis 28:10-22, the story of Jacob’s ladder, and wrote this hymn:

Nearer my God to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E’en tho’ it be a cross
That raiseth me
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God to Thee,
Nearer, my God to Thee,
Nearer to Thee

The story of Jacob’s ladder becomes more apparent in the second verse:

Tho’ a wonderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I’d be
Nearer my God to Thee
Nearer, My God to Thee
Nearer to Thee.

This hymn rapidly became a classic, loved both in England and America. It has brought assurance in the hearts of many in the face of trouble. Sarah probably never contemplated that this song, born out of the adversity of Jacob as well as her own, would take its place in history as the survivors of the Titanic reported 72 years later that this was the last song the band played onboard as the ship passed

into the deep.¹ The attending physician to president William McKinley (assassinated in 1901) reported that among McKinley's last words were the hymn's line, "Nearer, my God, to Thee, e'en though it be a cross." The hymn was played at both his funeral and memorial services.

The history of hymns is the history of not just the church, but also the lives that Christians have led. It charts the movements of history and motivated and emboldened those making history. The stories behind many of the songs sung in Western Churches today are stories worth knowing. They help bring fullness to already loved songs.

We have had three lessons on the history of music in the church, and we have covered a great deal of material, but unfortunately we have left out a lot as well. We covered the history of the early church music as well as the western liturgy of the Roman Church through the reformation period. At that point, we departed from the Catholic tradition and examined the reformation music arising in the Western Churches of Europe. Even there, we left a few significant holes. So, while we covered the hymns of England and the English church tradition, including Handel's *Messiah*, we left out the music of the famous Lutheran musician born the same year, Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750). Similarly, we have not covered in depth the music under the influence of the Eastern Churches, including the Russian and Slavic churches. Nor have we considered much of the international music that arose outside the Western traditions, although we hope to cover much of this in later lessons.

In this lesson, we continue to focus on musical trends and events that originated within the English-speaking branch of Christendom. We will break our lesson into the music that arose around various pivot points that serve to unite the songs or songwriters. Last lesson, we left off with the songs of Charles Wesley, brother and co-founder of the Methodist Church with John Wesley (we have also studied George Whitefield, a contemporary and friend of the Wesleys who published a hymnal, brought Methodism to many in England and what would later become the United States of America).

While the Wesleys were writing hymns, those who stood opposed to some of their teaching were busy writing hymns of their own. Perhaps no one individual took issue against the Wesleys on the issue of predestination as vehemently as the

¹ You can hear the band play the song in the 1997 film *Titanic*! There is a wonderful paper on this subject entitled, "And the Band Played On: What Music Was Performed Near the Climax of the *Titanic* Disaster" by J. Marshal Bevil, Ph.D., presented to the Southwest Regional Chapter of the American Musicological Society at Rice University in October 1999. The paper can be accessed on the internet at: <http://home.earthlink.net/~llywarch/tnc02.html.htm>

Anglican Calvinist, Augustus Montague Toplady² (1740-1778). Toplady was originally one of Wesley's followers and fans, but in 1758, his views on predestination brought him into stark opposition to the Wesley's Arminian Doctrines (For lesson on Arminianism and the Calvinistic views on predestination, see lesson 64).

In the March 1776 issue of *The Gospel Magazine*, Augustus Toplady wrote an article on the impossibility of man to pay for his sins. Using simple mathematics, Toplady computed that the average person would commit over 2 ½ billion sins in a lifetime. Any such sinner would definitely need a savior! (Since Toplady was British, perhaps we should write "saviour!"). Toplady finished his article with the words for just such an issue:

Rock of Ages, cleft for me
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r

Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfill Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save and Thou alone

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee, Amen.

² Anyone with such a name deserves to have it written in its entirety!

Hundreds of thousands heard the Wesleys and Whitefield preach. They moved a generation closer to God. Is there any surprise that from those who learned from these early Methodists came some who wrote songs that, in their own way, also changed the church?

A young man named Robert Robinson (1735-1790) was converted after listening to George Whitefield when Robinson was just 17. Robinson would grow up and become a Methodist preacher at the Calvinist Methodist Chapel in Mindenhall, England, and then pastor of the Stone Yard Baptist Church in Cambridge, England for 29 years. Robinson wrote a *History of the Baptists* before he died. He also penned the words to a song that would show up in the future in not only Baptist and Methodist hymnals, but most other churches as well. It was Robinson who at the young age of 22 wrote:

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

One may readily recognize that over the years a few of the words have been altered in many hymnals. Instead of “teach me some melodious sonnet...,” some hymnals edited the lines to “Teach me ever to adore Thee; May I still Thy goodness prove; While the hope of endless glory Fills my heart with joy and love.” This change was apparently made because of the concern that the original words were referencing, if not calling for, an Acts 2 charismatic experience of the singer.

One part of the song that has not changed is in verse two which states, “Here I raise my Ebenezer...” While many sing those words, few today know what they are raising! An Ebenezer (actually from two words, “eben” and “ezer”) is from Hebrew meaning a “stone of help.” It is a place mentioned in the Old Testament where the Philistines and Israelites fought. In 1 Samuel 4, the Philistines beat the Israelites and capture the Ark of the Covenant. Then in chapter 7, they fight again and this time the Israelites win. In memorial, Samuel puts up a stone and names the place Eben Ezer. Hence the full lyric, “Here I raise my Ebenezer; here by Thy great help I've come.”

No story of those the Wesleys influenced would be complete without John's story. Born in 1725 to a Godly women and a sea merchant father, John was taught by his

mother early in life that he was special for God. This wonderful Christian mother used the Bible to teach and ground her son daily before God. John was just 7 when his mother died, leaving him in the care of a much less attentive father. Over the years, John would start voyaging on his father's ships, living the reckless and sinful life of many sailors of that age.

John's exploits on the sea rose to a point where he was at times hated and abused by his shipmates (he would fall overboard at one point and the crew saved him by harpooning him with a whale harpoon giving him a lifetime limp!). John became a slave trader, dealing in the lives and deaths of countless Africans in an effort to turn a buck.

But God never let go of John. Eventually leaving Africa and making his way back to England, John turned his heart back to the God of his mother. John studied under the Wesleys and eventually became a preacher himself. Always limping, and never forgetting the sin and treachery of his life, John Newton wrote a hymn for his congregation. This same hymn, written in 1772, would reach number 15 on the billboard top song chart almost exactly 200 years later in 1971:

Amazing grace
How sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me
I once was lost
But now am found
Was blind but now I see.

The influence of the early Methodists was felt for many generations. The grandson of Charles Wesley was Samuel Sebastian Wesley (1810-1876). He would become a famous organist and songwriter in the church. While his grandfather Charles was a top lyric writer in the church, Samuel became famous for his musical skills. As well as becoming a professor of organ at the Royal Academy of Music, Wesley wrote and composed many famous tunes that are still classics within the Church. One composition he is best known for is *The Church's One Foundation*.

MEANWHILE IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH...

While Protestant hymns were changing the singing in worship and bringing out congregational voices with contemporary melodies, the Roman Catholic Church in certain forums set out songs apart from the traditional Catholic liturgy for singing by the faithful. Two songs, though written for Catholic worship, soon found their way into most Protestant hymnals.

One came from the pen of Frederick Faber (1814-1863). Although raised Anglican, this Oxford graduate left his ministry in the Church of England out of frustration over the Church's treatment of Roman Catholics. Faber became a priest in the Catholic Church and spent a good deal of his life fighting for the freedom to worship without persecution in England. While Faber took his fight to his pulpit as well as the halls of government, his greatest mark was likely the song he wrote of the Catholic persecutions that opened the door to a new type of singing in English Catholic churches:

Faith of our Fathers! Living still
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword:
O how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word!
Faith of our fathers, holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
were still in heart and conscience free:
How sweet would be their children's fate,
If they, like them, could die for Thee!
Faith of our fathers, holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

Faith of our fathers! We will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife:
And preach thee, too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life:
Faith of our fathers, holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death;

A second Catholic hymn came about as a result of a broken organ. During the Christmas season in 1818, the Church of St. Nicholas in Oberndorf, Austria, was limping along without a working organ. Father Joseph Mohr wanted a new Christmas song for his congregation, so he wrote some new poetry needing only some music. Father Mohr took the words to the church organist and asked for new

music that would set the song for two voices and a guitar. The organist, Franz Gruber, did exactly that. on Christmas Eve, in Oberndorf, Austria, no one missed the organ, as the church heard for the first time, the inspired:

Silent night, holy night
All is calm, all is bright
Round yon Virgin Mother and Child
Holy Infant so tender and mild
Sleep in heavenly peace
Sleep in heavenly peace

FEMALE SONGWRITERS

Men were not the only songwriters in this time period of the Church. A number of noteworthy female composers and writers produced some of the church's most memorable and ministering music. Among these women, none stand out more than Fanny Crosby (1820-1915).

Fanny Crosby was blinded when just 6 weeks old. While she lacked physical vision in her lifetime, her spiritual insight exceeded most of her day or any other! In her life of 95 years, Fanny Crosby wrote lyrics to over 8,000 songs! Her prodigious memory allowed her to memorize large portions of scripture. Fanny studied from age 15 to 22 at the New York School for the Blind. She learned guitar, piano, and studied singing as well.

Before Fanny ever studied at the school, she was already writing and speaking in verse. Her heart is shown in the poem she wrote about her blindness when just nine years old:

Oh what a happy soul I am
Although I cannot see;
I am resolved that in this world
Contented I will be.
How many blessings I enjoy,
That other people don't
To weep and sigh because I'm blind,
I cannot, and I won't.

Fanny was known to be excited about the opportunity she would have to see Jesus upon her death. She thought it her advantage over others that "the first face that shall ever gladden my sight will be that of my Savior!"

It is no surprise that from the spirit and mind of this remarkable Christian, some classic hymns have come to praise our Lord and enrich our lives. Consider:

Blessed Assurance, Jesus is mine!
O what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
Born of His Spirit, washed in His blood
This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Savior all the day long;
This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Savior all the day long.

Or how about:

Jesus is tenderly calling thee home,
Calling today, calling today;
Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam
Farther and farther away?

The list of songs goes on and on. Before concluding with Fanny, we should add a worship favorite:

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

SUNDAY SCHOOL MOVEMENT

In a few months, our hope is to cover the Sunday School movement that swept the Protestant Churches in the last several hundred years. But while those lessons need to wait, we are remiss if we do not note some of the songs that arose out of the movement.

In America, the Sunday School movement took hold after the revolutionary war. There were few public schools at the time, and Sunday schools served a function as not only a place to learn of Jesus, but also as a place to learn period! At the time, many Americans learned to read and write in Sunday School.

Of course, materials were needed for these classes. A fellow named William Bradbury (1816-1868) used his prodigious musical talents to publish a number of works for Sunday Schools. Bradbury also served as organist for the First Baptist

Church in New York City, taught music, and edited/published many hymns. We have William Bradbury to thank for the classics: *Just As I Am* and *Jesus Loves Me*.

In England (the birthplace of the Sunday School movement), it was for a children's festival that Sabine Baring-Gould (1834-1924) wrote a song suitable for children's' marching. Popular hymn writer Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan (1842-1900) contributed the tune. Sullivan spent 7 years as professor of composition at the Royal Academy of Music before he teamed up with Sir W. S. Gilbert to pen some famous operas as Gilbert and Sullivan (*H.M.S. Pinafore*, *The Pirates of Penzance*, etc.). As a hymnist, Sullivan wrote music to *Nearer My God to Thee*³ and some 70 other tunes. Some would say his best hymn work came from the song with the children's marching lyrics by Baring-Gould as their joint work produced the "children's' song,"

Onward Christian Soldiers!
Marching as to war
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before
Christ the royal Master
Leads against the foe
Forward into battle
See His banners go!
Onward, Christian soldiers
Marching as to war
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before. Amen.

SLAVERY AND GOSPEL

Without a doubt, many of the saddest stains in American history arose from slavery and its aftermath. Still, even in this dismal historic reality, God was not absent from the hearts and lives of many of those suffering. It was slavery that produced the roots of American spiritual music, giving voice to the faith and lives of many living in bondage. These were songs that not only taught endurance in the face of oppression, but also gave hope for freedom in the world to come as well as the hope of freedom in this world. There were veiled references to the Underground Railroad (a means of escape from southern slavery to the freedom in the north) in the spirituals *The Gospel Train* and *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot*. Consider *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot*. The lyrics are certainly a call for the eternal

³ Yes, this is the same *Nearer My God to Thee* with lyrics written decades earlier by Sarah Adams. A number of people wrote alternate music for Adams's song.

bliss that awaits the believer, yet understanding that the “Jordan River” was symbolically the Ohio River, and that north of that was freedom for the slave, we get a fuller understanding of the song’s call for earthly freedom as well.

Swing low, sweet chariot,
Coming for to carry me home,
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Coming for to carry me home.
I looked over Jordan, and what did I see?
Coming for to carry me home,
A band of angels coming after me,
Coming for to carry me home.
(Refrain)
If you get there before I do,
Coming for to carry me home,
Tell all my friends I’m coming, too.
Coming for to carry me home.
(Refrain)
I’m sometimes up and sometimes down,
Coming for to carry me home,
But still my soul feels heavenly bound,
Coming for to carry me home.
(Refrain)
The brightest day that I can say,
Coming for to carry me home,
When Jesus washed my sins away,
Coming for to carry me home.

The fight against slavery gave birth to another Christian classic. Julia Ward was visiting Washington D.C. with their church pastor when they were invited to watch a review of the Federal Troops outside the city in December 1861. Mrs. Howe heard the troops singing *John Brown’s Body* a song with a melody she could not get over. Her pastor urged her to consider writing some better words for the tune that might encourage the troops. She did that very night. Unable to sleep through the night, she took a pen and paper at the Willard Hotel, and quietly while her husband slept she wrote the words to that melody, a song that would become the favorite of President Abraham Lincoln:

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword
His truth is marching on
Glory! Glory, hallelujah!
Glory! Glory, hallelujah!
Glory! Glory, hallelujah!
His truth is marching on

In verse two, her viewing of the Federal troops is more apparent:

I have seen Him in the watch fires of a hundred circling camps
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps
His day is marching on.

Her final encouragement to the fight is in the final verse,

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me
As he died to make men holy, let us live to make men free
While God is marching on.

POINTS FOR HOME

This whole lesson – each song and stanza – is a point for home. In closing, we reach out for a compelling song whose words are magnified by understanding their genesis. A well-known Christian lawyer in Chicago in the late 1800's was named Horatio Spafford. Spafford invested his money in Chicago real estate. During the great fire of 1871, almost all the real estate holdings (and therefore, almost all the money and resources of the Spafford family) literally went up in smoke. While Spafford lost a lot of money, he still had a viable law practice and was not destitute. He set himself up to assist the famous preacher D. L. Moody in ministering to those who had literally lost everything in the fire.

Two years later, the schools were still not rebuilt and the Spaffords were concerned over the education of their children. The Spaffords decided to take their children to England to enroll them in the English Academy. At the last minute, a work matter came up and Spafford had to stay back in Chicago. His wife took their four daughters, Tanetta, Maggie, Annie, and Bessie on and arrived safely in New York. They then boarded a ship (the Ville de Havre) and embarked for England. Somewhere mid-Atlantic, the ship collided with another vessel and

sunk. The four daughters drowned and Mrs. Spafford barely saved. News of the sinking made it back to Chicago. Spafford had to wait for news for seven long days. Finally, Spafford received a cablegram from his wife with two words on it: "Saved, alone." Learning the loss of his four children, Spafford found his solace in God. He took a pen, and quickly penned words that not only ministered to him, but would continue to minister within the church even today. Knowing the story behind the song, one cannot miss the imagery of the ship and the ocean:

When peace like a river attendeth my way
When sorrows like sea billows roll
Whatever my lot
Thou hast taught me to say
It is well, It is well with my soul

Though Satan should buffet, tho trials should come
Let this blest assurance control
That Christ has regarded my helpless estate
And hath shed His own blood for my soul

My sin – O the bliss of this glorious thought
My sin, not in part, but the whole
Is nailed to the cross
And I bear it no more
Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord o my soul

And Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll
The trump shall resound and the Lord shall descend
"Even so" it is well with my soul!

Amen!

Faith of Our Fathers

Frederick W. Faber

(St. Catherine)

Henry F. Henry

1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun-geon, fire and sword;
 2. Our fa - thers, chained in pris - ons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free;
 3. Faith of our fa - thers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife;

O how our hearts beat high with joy When'er we hear that glo - rious word!
 How sweet would be their children's fate If they, like them, could die for thee!
 And preach thee too, as love knows how, By kind - ly words and vir - tuous life.

REFRAIN

Faith of our fa - thers, ho - ly faith, We will be true to thee till death.

Silent Night

Joseph Mohr

Franz Gruber

1. Si - lent night! hal - lowed night! Land and deep si - lent sleep!
 2. Si - lent night! hal - lowed night! On the plain wakes the strain,
 3. Si - lent night! hal - lowed night! Earth, a - wake! si - lence break!

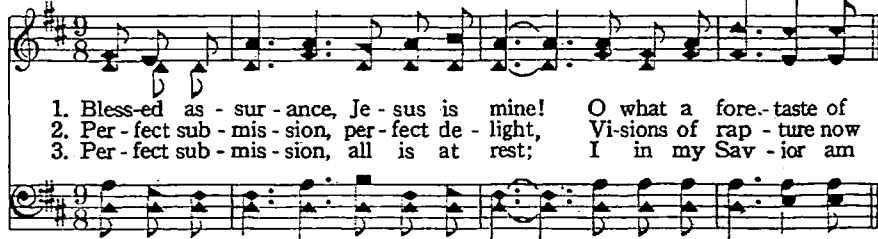
Soft - ly glit - ters bright Beth - le - hem's star, Beck - 'ning Is - ra - el's
 Sung by heav - en - ly har - bin - gers bright, Fraught with ti - dings of
 High your an - thems of mel - o - dy raise! Heav'n and earth in full

eye from a - far, Where the Sav - ior is born, Where the Sav - ior is born.
 boundless delight; Christ the Sav - ior has come, Christ the Sav - ior has come.
 cho - rus of praise! Peace for ev - er shall reign, Peace for ev - er shall reign.

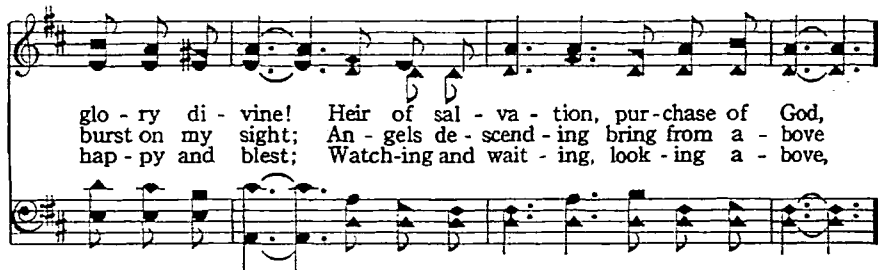
Blessed Assurance

Fanny J. Crosby

Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp

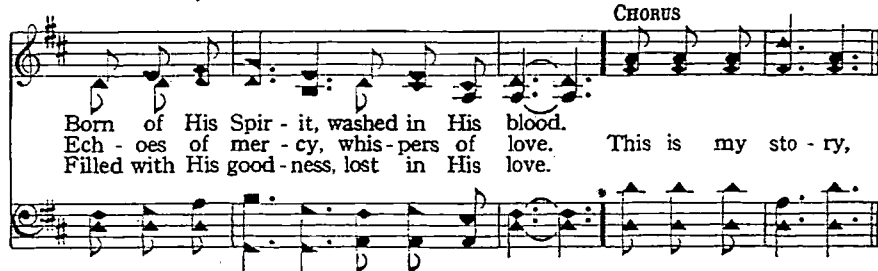


1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! O what a fore-taste of
 2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vi-sions of rap-ture now
 3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest; I in my Sav-ior am

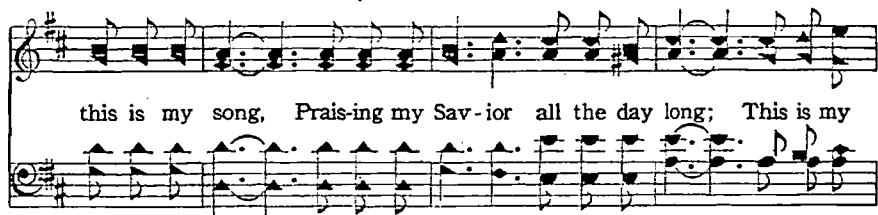


glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, pur-chase of God,
 burst on my sight; An-gels de-scend-ing bring from a-bove
 hap-py and blest; Watch-ing and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove,

CHORUS



Born of His Spir-it, washed in His blood.
 Ech-oes of mer-cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto-ry,
 Filled with His good-ness, lost in His love.



this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long; This is my



sto-ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long.

448

Nearer, My God, to Thee

Sarah F. Adams

(Bethany)

Lowell Mason

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross
 2. Tho' like a wan-der - er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be o - ver me,
 3. There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me,
 4. Or, if on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for - got,

D. S.—Near - er, my God, to Thee,

FINE **D. S.**
 That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
 My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my God, to Thee,
 In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me Near - er, my God, to Thee,
 Up - ward I fly; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
 Near - er to Thee!

484

Rock of Ages

A. M. Toplady

(Toplady)

Thomas Hastings

FINE
 1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
 2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fill the law's de - mands;
 3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring: Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling;

D. C.—Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.

D. C.—All for sin could not a - tone, Thou must save and Thou a - lone.

D. C.—Vile, I to the foun - tain fly: Wash me, Sav - ior, or I die.

D. C.
 Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,
 Could my zeal no res - pite know, Could my tears for ev - er flow,
 Na - ked, come to Thee for dress; Help - less, look to Thee for grace;

472 O Thou Fount of Every Blessing

Robert Robinson

(Nettleton)

A. Nettleton

FINE

1. { O Thou Fount of ev - ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise; }

2. { Here I raise my Eb - en - e - zer: Hith - er by Thy help I've come;
And I hope by Thy good pleas - ure Safe - ly to ar - rive at home; }

3. { O to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm con - strained to be!
Let Thy good - ness like a fet - ter Bind my wan - d'ring heart to Thee; }

D.C.—While the hope of end - less glo - ry Fills my heart with joy and love.
D.C.—He to res - cue me from dan - ger In - ter - posed His pre - cious blood.
D.C.—Here's my heart, O take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.

D. C.

Teach me ev - er to a - dore Thee; May I still Thy good - ness prove,
Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;
Nev - er let me wan - der from Thee, Nev - er leave the God I love;

337

Amazing Grace

John Newton

Southern Melody

1. A - maz - ing grace—how sweet the sound— That saved a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;
3. Thro' man - y - dan - gers, toils and snares, I have al - read - y come;
4. The Lord has prom - ised good to me: His word my hope se - cures;
*5. And when this flesh and heart shall fail, And mor - tal life shall cease,
*6. When we've been there ten thou - sand years, Bright shin - ing as the sun,

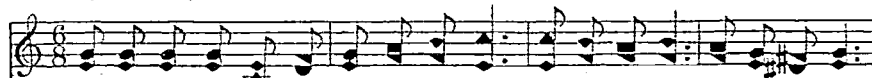
I once was lost, but now am found—Was blind, but now I see.
How pre - cious did that grace ap - pear The hour I first be - lieved!
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
He will my shield and por - tion be As long as life en - dures.
I shall pos - sess with - in the veil A life of joy and peace.
We've no less days to sing God's praise Than when we've first be - gun.

Jesus is Tenderly Calling

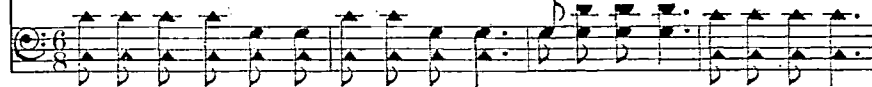
Fanny J. Crosby

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS, RENEWAL

Geo. C. Stebbins



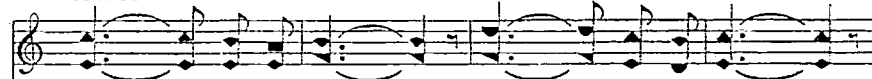
1. Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing thee home, Call-ing to-day, call-ing to-day;
2. Je-sus is call-ing the wea-ry to rest, Call-ing to-day, call-ing to-day;
3. Je-sus is wait-ing, O come to Him now, Waiting to-day, wait-ing to-day;
4. Je-sus is plead-ing, O list to His voice: Hear Him today, hear Him to-day;



Why from the sun-shine of love wilt thou roam Far-ther and far-ther a-way?
 Bring Him thy bur-den and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a-way:
 Come with thy sins, at His feet low-ly bow; Come, and no long-er de-lay:
 They who be-lieve on His name shall re-joice; Quick-ly a-rise and a-way:



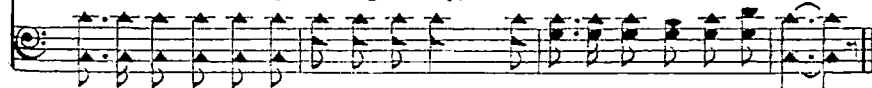
CHORUS



Call - - ing to-day! . . . Call - - ing to-day! . . .
 Call-ing, call-ing to-day, to-day! Call-ing, call-ing to-day, to-day!



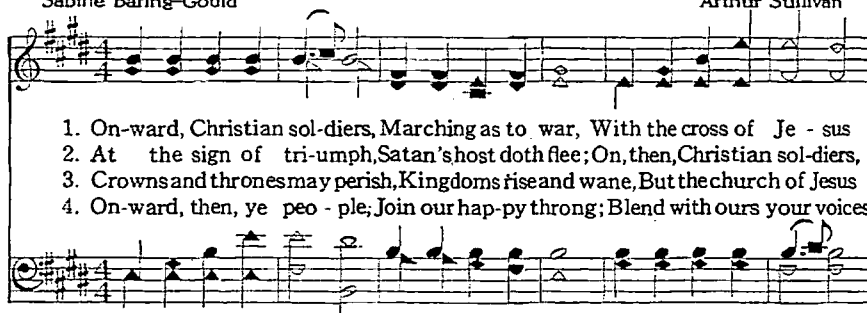
Je - - sus is call - - ing, Is ten-der-ly call-ing to-day.
 Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing to-day,



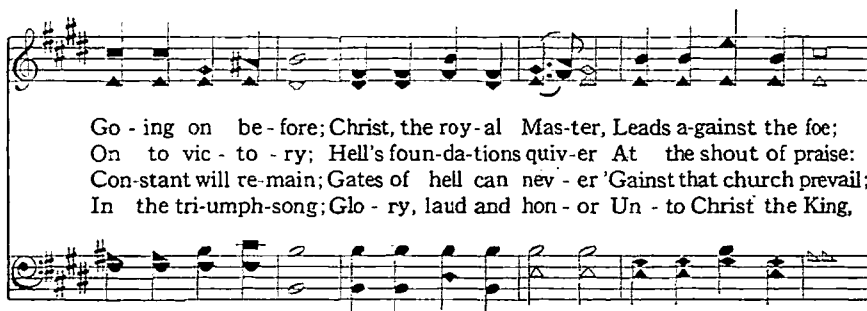
Onward, Christian Soldiers

Sabine Baring-Gould

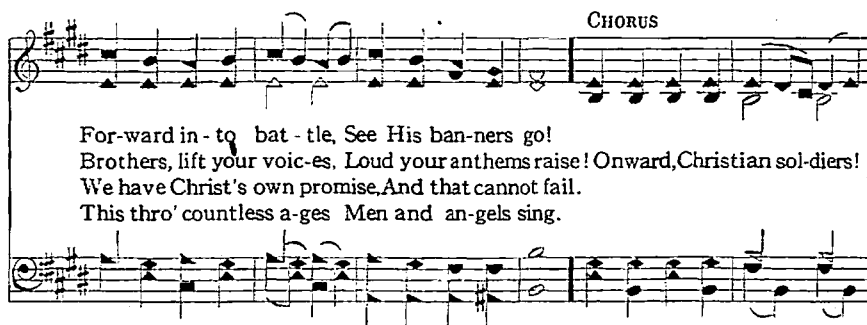
Arthur Sullivan



1. On-ward, Christian sol-diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
 2. At the sign of tri-umph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian sol-diers,
 3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the church of Jesus
 4. On-ward, then, ye peo - ple; Join our hap-py throng; Blend with ours your voices



Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;
 On to vic - to - ry; Hell's foun - da - tions quiv - er At the shout of praise:
 Con - stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that church prevail;
 In the tri - umph - song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ the King,



CHORUS

For - ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban - ners go!
 Brothers, lift your voic - es, Loud your anthems raise! Onward, Christian sol - diers!
 We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail.
 This thro' count - less a - ges Men and an - gels sing.



March - ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

When Peace Like a River

H. G. Spafford

(It is Well with My Soul)

P. P. Bliss

1. When peace like a riv - er at - tend - eth my way, When sor - rows like
 2. My sin— O the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't—My sin, not in
 3. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled
 sea - bil - lows roll; What - ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,
 part but the whole, Is nailed to the cross and I bear it no more:
 back as a scroll, The trump shall re - sound and the Lord shall de - scend,

CHORUS

"It is well, it is well with my soul." It is well
 Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
 "E - ven so"— it is well with my soul. It is well
 with my soul (with my soul), It is well, it is well with my soul.