



HYMN WRITERS YOU SHOULD KNOW

...because I said so!



Martin Luther

- 1483-1546
- German
- Lutheran (duh)
- One of the primary leaders of the Protestant Reformation

Martin Luther

- Misconception #1 – He used “bar” tunes or songs from the tavern.
 - He did use “bar form” – AAB
 - This has nothing to do with taverns, etc.
 - There is ONE documented case where he used a portion of a popular song.
 - “From Heaven Above To Earth I Come” – 1535
 - First verse was loosely based on a love song, “From Distant Land I Come to You”.
 - That love song’s tune was originally used at first but was replaced in the next printing.
 - https://download.elca.org/ELCA%20Resource%20Repository/Did_Martin_Luther_really_use%20tavern_tunes_in_church.pdf

1. "From heav - en high I come to you, I bring you
2. "To you this night is born a child of Mar - y,
3. "This is the Christ, our God and Lord, who in all
4. "These are the to - kens ye shall mark: the swad - dling

tid - ings good and new; glad tid - ings of great
cho - sen vir - gin mild; this lit - tle child, of
need shall aid af - ford; he will him - self your
clothes and man - ger dark; there ye shall find the

joy I bring, where - of I now will say and sing.
low - ly birth, shall be the joy of all the earth.
Sav - ior be from all your sins to set you free.
in - fant laid by whom the heav'ns and earth were made."

5. Now let us all with gladsome cheer
go with the shepherds and draw near
to see the precious gift of God,
who hath his own dear Son bestowed.

6. Welcome to earth, thou noble guest,
through whom the sinful world is blest!
In my distress thou com'st to me;
what thanks shall I return to thee?

Martin Luther

- Misconception #2 – He wrote “Away in a Manger”
 - Sadly, he did not.
 - It first appeared in 1882 and was claimed to be written by Luther and song to his children.
 - However, no evidence has been found to support this claim.
 - The song did not appear in German until it was translated into German from English in the 1930's.
 - Luther did write a nativity song – “From Heaven Above to Earth I Come”.
 - FYI – Cradle Song > Mueller

March 2, 1882.

Childrens' Corner.

LUTHER'S CRADLE SONG

[The following hymn, composed by Martin Luther for his children, is still sung by many of the German mothers to their little ones.]

Away in a manger,
No crib for his bed,
The little Lord Jesus
Lay down his sweet head.
The stars in the sky
Looked down where He lay,
The little Lord Jesus,
Asleep in the hay.

The cattle are lowing,
The poor baby wakes,
But little Lord Jesus,
No crying He makes.
I love thee, Lord Jesus,
Look down from the sky,
And stay by my crib
Watching my lullaby.

7. Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott.

Kräftig bewegt.

Martin Luther (1483-1546).

1. Ein' fe = ste Burg ist un = ser
2. Mit uns' = rer Macht ist nichts ge-
3. Und wenn die Welt voll Teu = sel
4. Daß Wort sie sol = len laß = sen

Gott, ein qu = te Wehr und Waf = = = fen; er
than, wir sind gar bald ver = lo = = = ren: es
wä'r, und wollt' uns gar ver = schlin = = = gen, so
stah'n, und kein'n Dant da = zu ha = = = ben. Er

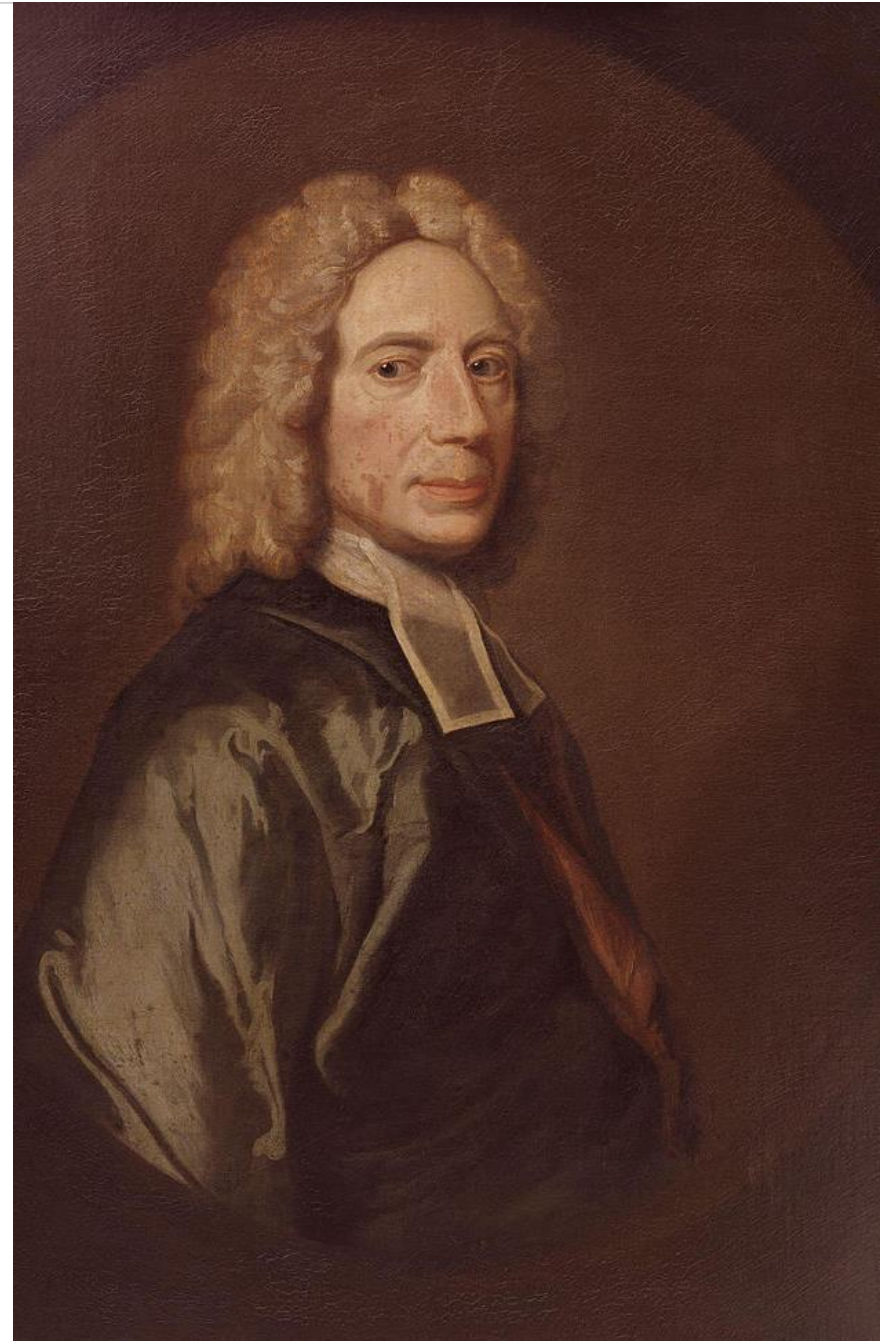
hilft uns frei aus al = ler Noth, die
sireit' für uns der rech = te Mann, den
fürch = ten wir uns nicht so sehr, es
ist bei uns wohl auf dem Plan mit

Martin Luther

- Songs You Should Know:
 - “A Mighty Fortress Is Our God”
 - BTH #20

Isaac Watts

- 1674-1748
- English
- Congregationalist
- Wrote over 700 hymns



LENT

410

Alas! And Did My Savior Bleed

1 A - las! And did my Sav - ior bleed, and
2 Was it for crimes that I had done he
3 Well might the sun in dark - ness hide and
4 Thus might I hide my blush - ing face while
5 But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay the

did my Sov - reign die? Would he de - vote that
groaned up - on the tree? A - maz - ing pit - y,
shut its glo - ries in when God, the might - y
his dear cross ap - pears, dis - solve my heart in
debt of love I owe; here, Lord, I give my -

sa - cred head for such a worm as I?
grace un - known, and love be - yond de - gree!
mak - er, died for his own crea - tures' sin.
thank - ful - ness, and melt my eyes to tears.
self a - way - 'tis all that I can do.

Text: Isaac Watts, 1674-1748, abr., alt.
Tune: Hugh Wilson, 1766-1824; setting: The Lutheran Hymnal, 1941, alt.
Text and music: public domain

MARTYRDOM
CM
WR 15/27/41, 17/1/15; Re 9/6/8


Isaac Watts

- “Alas, and did my Savior bleed?”
 - BTH #127
 - More familiarly known as the verses to “At the Cross”
 - BTH #121

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

407

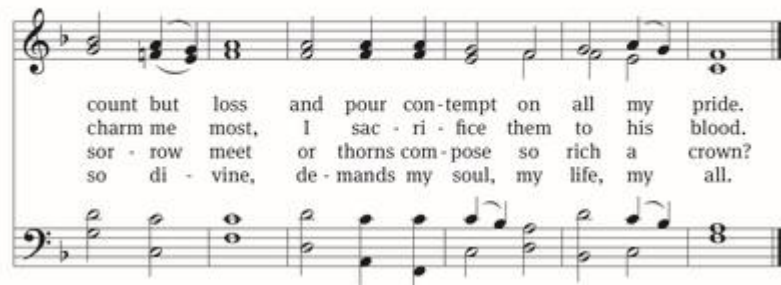
LENT



1 When I sur - vey the won - drous cross on which the
2 For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast save in the
3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet, sor - row and
4 Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, that were a



Prince of glo - ry died, my rich - est gain I
death of Christ, my God. All the vain things that
love flow min - gled down. Did e'er such love and
trib - ute far too small; love so a - maz - ing,



count but loss and pour con-tempt on all my pride.
charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to his blood.
sor - row meet or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?
so di - vine, de - mands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts

- “When I Survey The Wondrous Cross”
- BTH #117

Isaac Watts

- “Joy to the World”
 - BTH #117
- Based on Psalm 98.
- Generally used at Christmas, but is actually about the Second Coming.

Joy to the World

353

1 Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re -
2 Joy to the earth, the Sav - ior reigns! Let men their
3 No more let sins and sor - rows grow nor thorns in -
4 He rules the world with truth and grace and makes the

ceive her King; let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare him
songs em - ploy, while fields and floods, rocks, hills, and
fest the ground; he comes to make his bless - ings
na - tions prove the glo - ries of his right - eous -

room and heav'n and na - ture sing, and heav'n and na - ture
plains re - peat the sound - ing joy, re - peat the sound - ing
flow far as the curse is found, far as the curse is
ness and won - ders of his love, and won - ders of his

and heav'n and na - ture sing, and

sing, and heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing.
joy, re - peat, re - peat the sound - ing joy.
found, far as, far as the curse is found.
love, and won - ders, won - ders of his love.

heav'n and na - ture sing.

Am I a Soldier of the Cross

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, a fol - l'wer of the Lamb,
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies on flow - 'ry beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Since I must fight if I would reign: in - crease my cour - age, Lord;

and shall I fear to own his cause, or blush to speak his name?
while oth - ers fought to win the prize, and sailed thro' blood - y seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, to help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, sup - port - ed by thy Word.

5. Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
shall conquer, though they die;
they view the triumph from afar,
and seize it with their eye.

6. When that illustrious day shall rise,
and all thine armies shine
in robes of vict'ry through the skies,
the glory shall be thine.

Isaac Watts

- “Am I A Soldier of the Cross”
 - BTH #571
- Also used as verses to “When the Battle's Over”

Isaac Watts

- “Jesus Shall Reign”
 - BTH #152
- Based on Psalm 72

JESUS CHRIST

105 Jesus Shall Reign

DUKE STREET

Psalm 72

1. Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun
2. To Him shall end - less pray'r be made,
3. Peo - ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue
4. Bless - ings a - bound wher - e'er He reigns;
5. Let ev - 'ry crea - ture rise and bring

does its suc - ces - sive jour - neys run;
and end - less prais - es crown His head;
dwell on His love with sweet - est song,
the pris - 'ners leap to lose their chains,
their grate - ful hon - ors to our King.

His king - dom spread from shore to shore,
His name like sweet per - fume shall rise
and in - fant voic - es shall pro - claim
the wea - ry find e - ter - nal rest,
An - gels de - scend with songs a - gain,

till moons shall wax and wane no more.
with ev - 'ry morn - ing sac - ri - fice.
their earth - ly bless - ings on His name.
and all who suf - fer want are blessed.
and earth re - peat the loud "A - men!"

WORDS: Psalm 72; Isaac Watts, 1719

MUSIC: John Hatton, 1793

LM

483 Come, We that Love the Lord

1 Come, we that love the Lord, and let our joys be known;
 2 Let those re - fuse to sing who nev - er knew our God;
 3 The hill of Zi - on yields a thou - sand sa - cred sweets
 4 Then let our songs a - bound, and ev - ery tear be dry;

join in a song with sweet ac - cord, join
 but chil - dren of the heaven - ly King, but
 be - fore we reach the heaven - ly fields, be -
 we're march - ing through Em - man - uel's ground, we're

in a song with sweet ac - cord, and thus sur -
 chil - dren of the heaven - ly King may speak their
 fore we reach the heaven - ly fields or walk the
 march - ing through Em - man - uel's ground to fair - er

and thus sur-round the

round the throne, and thus sur - round the throne.
 joys a - broad, may speak their joys a - broad.
 gold - en streets, or walk the gold - en streets.
 worlds on high, to fair - er worlds on high.

throne, and thus sur - round the throne.

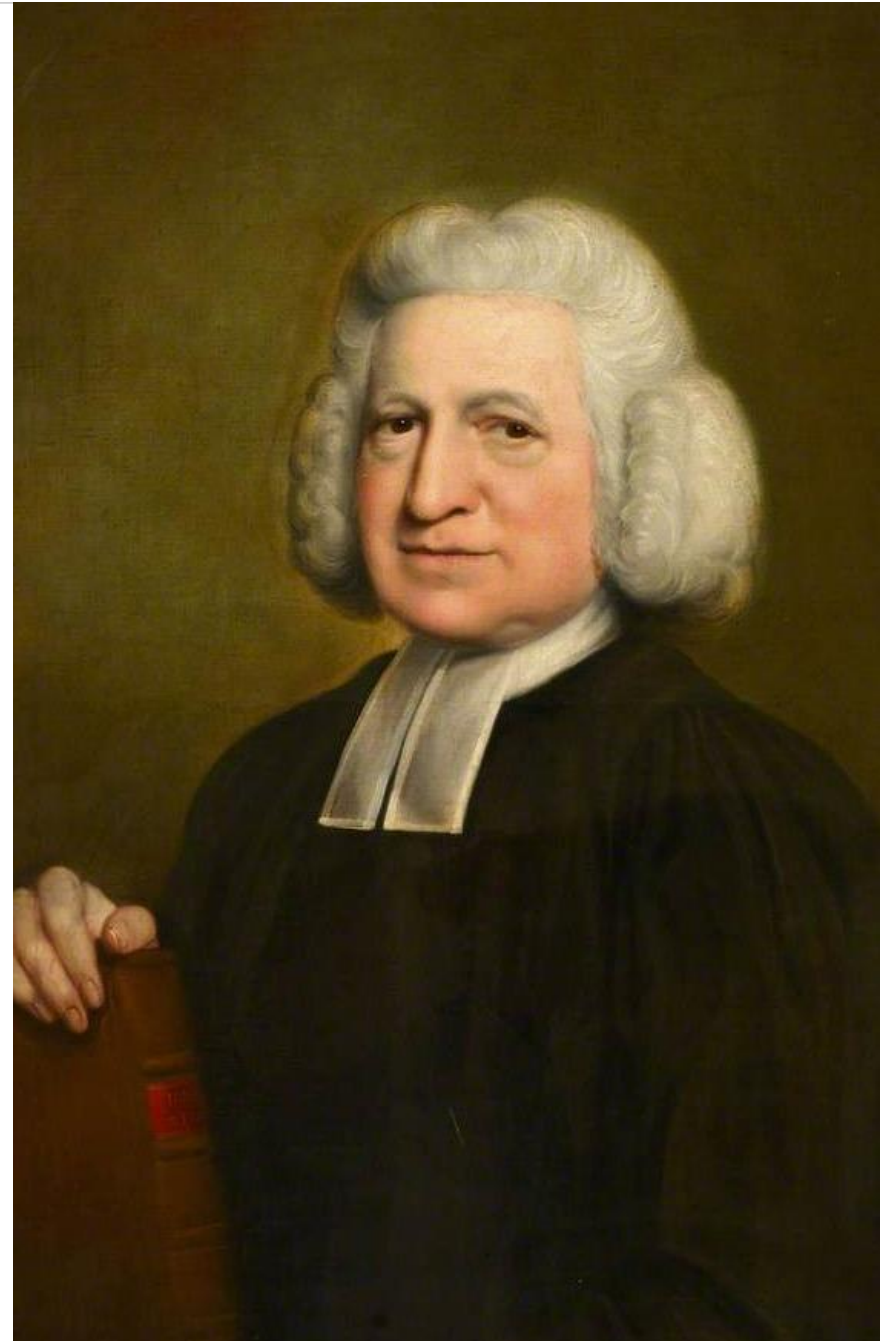
Words: Isaac Watts (1673-1748); ref. Robert Lowry (1826-1899), P.D.
 Music (MARCHING TO ZION 6.6.8.8.6.6 refrain 6.8.8.8): Robert Lowry (1826-1899)

Isaac Watts

- “Marching to Zion”
 - Watts wrote the verses
 - BTH #419

Charles Wesley

- 1707-1788
- English
- Methodist
- Wrote over 6,500 hymns
- Worked in conjunction with his brother John.



And Can It Be That I Should Gain

451

Second Tune

SAGINA, 8.8.8.8.88 with refrain

Thomas Campbell, 1825

1. And can it be that I should gain an in - rest in the Sav - ior's blood?
2. 'Tis mys - tery all, th' Im - mor - tal dies: who can ex - plore this strange de - sign?
3. He left his Fa - ther's throne a - bove (so free, so in - fi - nite his grace!),
4. Long my im - pris - oned spir - it lay fast bound in sin and na - ture's night;

1. Died he for me, who caused his pain— for me, who him to death pur - sued?
2. In vain the first-born ser - aph tries to sound the depths of love di - vine.
3. emp - tied him - self of all but love, and bled for Ad - am's help - less race.
4. thine eye dif - fused a quick - ning ray; I woke, the dun - geon filled with light!

1. A - maz - ing love! How can it be that thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me?
2. 'Tis mer - cy all! Let earth a - dore, let an - gel minds en - quire no more.
3. 'Tis mer - cy all! im - mense and free! for, O my God, it found out me.
4. My chains fell off; my heart was free; I rose, went forth, and fol - lowed thee.

Refrain
A - maz - ing love! How can it be that thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me.
A - maz - ing love! How can it be that thou, my Lord,

5. No condemnation now I dread; Jesus, and all in him, is mine!
Alive in him, my living Head, and clothed in righteousness divine,
bold I approach th'eternal throne, and claim the crown, through Christ, my own.

THE CHRISTIAN AS DISCIPLE

Charles Wesley

- “And Can It Be?”
- BTH #44

Jesus, Lover of My Soul

533

1 Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, let me to thy bos - om fly
 2 Oth - er ref - uge have I none; hangs my help - less soul on thee.
 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want; more than all in thee I find.
 4 Plen - teous grace with thee is found, grace to cov - er all my sin.

while the near - er wa - ters roll, while the tem - pest still is high.
 Leave, ah, leave me not a - lone; still sup - port and com - fort me.
 Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Let the heal - ing streams a - bound; make and keep me pure with - in.

Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, till the storm of life is past;
 All my trust on thee is stayed; all my help from thee I bring.
 Just and ho - ly is thy name; I am all un - right - eous - ness.
 Thou of life the foun - tain art; free - ly let me take of thee.

safe in - to the ha - ven guide. O re - ceive my soul at last!
 Cov - er my de - fense - less head with the shad - ow of thy wing.
 False and full of sin I am; thou art full of truth and grace.
 Spring thou up with - in my heart, rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

Charles Wesley

- “Jesus, Lover of My Soul”
- BTH #60

Hark! the Herald Angels Sing

1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new - born King;
2. Christ, by high - est heav'n a - dored, Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord!
3. Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail the Sun of Righ-teous-ness!

peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled!"
Late in time be - hold him come, off - spring of the Vir - gin's womb.
Light and life to all he brings, ris'n with heal - ing in his wings.

Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, join the tri - umph of the skies;
Veiled in flesh the God - head see; hail th'in - car - nate De - i - ty,
Mild, he lays his glo - ry by, born that man no more may die,

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of three systems, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a bass line (bass clef). The lyrics are printed below the vocal line of each system.

Charles Wesley

- "Hark! the Herald Angels Sing"
 - BTH #83
- Originally titled "Hark, how all the welkin [heaven/sky] rings", but was changed by George Whitefield.

Christ the Lord Is Risen Today

1. "Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day," *Al - le - lu - ia!*
 2. Love's re - deem - ing work is done; *Al - le - lu - ia!*
 3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal; *Al - le - lu - ia!*
 4. Lives a - gain our glo - rious King; *Al - le - lu - ia!*

sons of men and an - gels say; *Al - le - lu - ia!*
 fought the fight, the bat - tle won; *Al - le - lu - ia!*
 Christ hath burst the gates of hell; *Al - le - lu - ia!*
 where, O death, is now thy sting? *Al - le - lu - ia!*

raise your joys and tri - umphs high; *Al - le - lu - ia!*
 lo, the sun's e - clipse is o'er; *Al - le - lu - ia!*
 death in vain for - bids him rise; *Al - le - lu - ia!*
 Once he died, our souls to save; *Al - le - lu - ia!*

sing ye heav'ns and earth re - ply. *Al - le - lu - ia!*
 lo, he sheds his blood no more. *Al - le - lu - ia!*
 Christ hath o - pened par - a - dise. *Al - le - lu - ia!*
 where thy vic - to - ry, O grave? *Al - le - lu - ia!*

Charles Wesley

- "Christ the Lord is Risen Today"
- BTH #139

THE
WORKS
OF
MRS. ANNE STEELE.

COMPLETE IN TWO VOLUMES.

—
COMPREHENDING
POEMS
ON SUBJECTS CHIEFLY DEVOTIONAL;
AND
MISCELLANEOUS PIECES
IN PROSE AND VERSE;
HERETOFORE PUBLISHED UNDER THE TITLE OF
THEODOSIA.

By JOHN
MY COPY IS OWNED BY THE REV. DR. WILSON, M.D. (Right Thought)

—
VOL. I.

—
BOSTON,
Printed and published
BY MURDOX, FRANCIS AND PARKER,
Theological Bookstore, No. 4 Cornhill.

1808

Anne Steele

- 1717-1778
- English
- Baptist
- Wrote using pseudonym "Theodosia"
- One of the most popular hymn writers of the 1700's.
- Had become largely forgotten but is making a comeback in popularity.

562

It is the Lord: let him do what seemeth him good. I Sam. 3:18

Anne Steele, 1760; alt. by
Augustus M. Toplady, 1776

NAOMI C. M.

Arr. from Hans G. Nägeli by Lowell Mason, 1836

1. Fa - ther, what-e'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sov-ereign will de - nies,
2. Give me a calm, a thank-ful heart, From ev - 'ry mur - mur free;
3. Let the sweet hope that thou art mine My life and death at - tend;

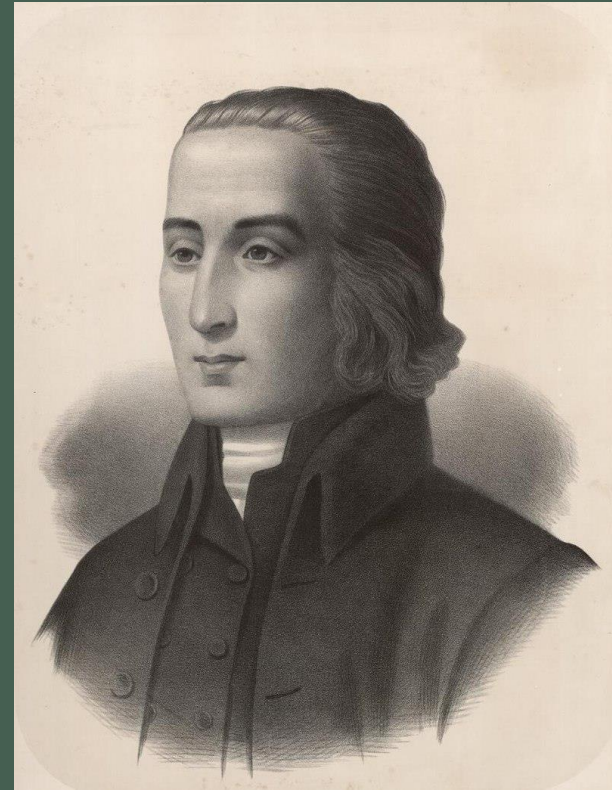
Ac - cept - ed at thy Throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise:
The bless - ings of thy grace im - part, And make me live to thee.
Thy pres - ence through my jour - ney shine, And crown my jour - ney's end. A - MEN.

ANNE
STEELE

"Father, Whate'er of Earthly
Bliss"

William Williams

- 1717-1791
- Welsh
- Methodist
- Sometimes called “Pantycelyn” (“Holly Hollow”) after the farm he lived on.
- “The Watts of Wales”



William Williams

- “Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah”
 - BTH – 240
 - Translated into English by Peter Williams.

CLOSE OF SERVICE

923

Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah

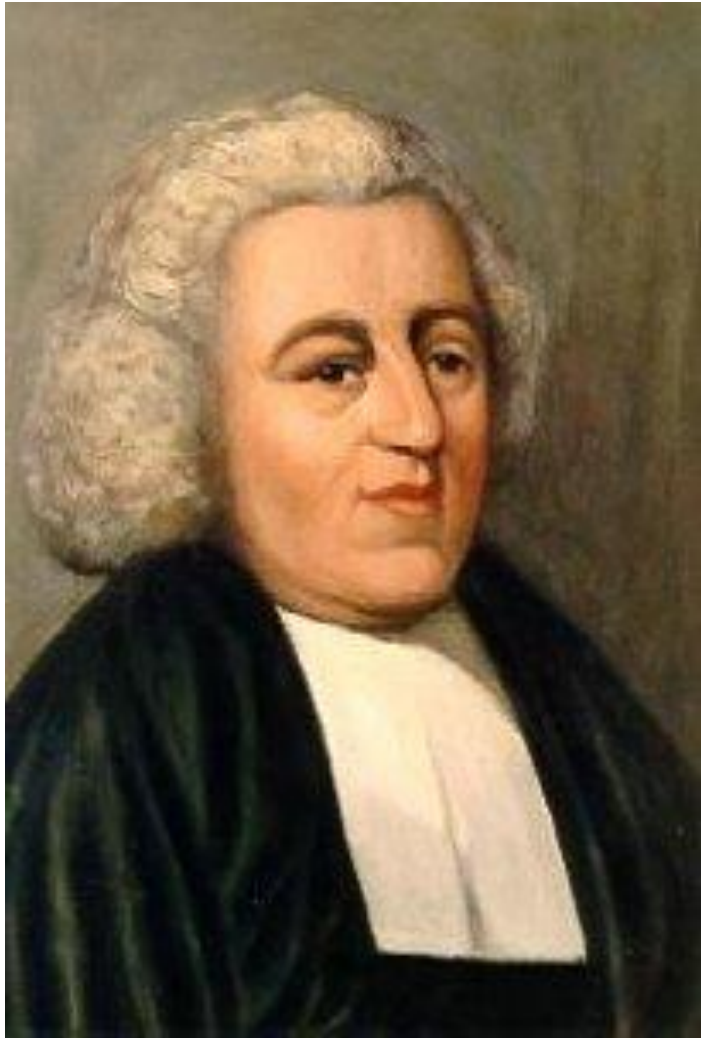
1 Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, pil - grim through this
2 O - pen now the crys - tal foun - tain whence the heal - ing
3 When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, bid my anx - ious
bar - ren land, I am weak, but thou art might - y; hold me
stream doth flow; let the fi - ery, cloud - y pil - lar lead me
fears sub - side; death of death and hell's de - struc - tion, land me
with thy pow'r - ful hand. Bread of heav - en, bread of heav - en,
all my jour - ney through. Strong de - liv - er, strong de - liv - er,
safe on Ca - naan's side. Songs of prais - es, songs of prais - es
feed me till I want no more, feed me till I want no more.
be thou still my strength and shield, be thou still my strength and shield.
I will ev - er give to thee, I will ev - er give to thee.

Text: William Williams, 1717–1791, 2nd; St. Peter Williams, 1722–1795, 1st, 4, 8th;
St. William Williams, 1717–1791, 1st, 3;
Music: John Hughes, 1872–1937

CWM RHONDDA
87 87 877

Text and music: public domain

Ex 1313, 18-4-2015; Ex 1313, 12-11-2014; 18-4-2015; 18-4-2015



John Newton

- 1725-1807
- English
- Anglican
- Was heavily involved in the slave trade as a sailor, captain, and investor.
- Converted in 1748.
- Became a staunch abolitionist.

163

Amazing Grace!

NEW BRITAIN CM

1 A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound, that
 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, and
 3 Through man - y dan - gers, toils, and snares I
 4 When we've been there ten thou - sand years, bright

saved a wretch like me! I once was lost, but
 grace my fears re - lieved. How pre - cious did that
 have al - read - y come. 'Tis grace has brought me
 shin - ing as the sun, we've no less days to

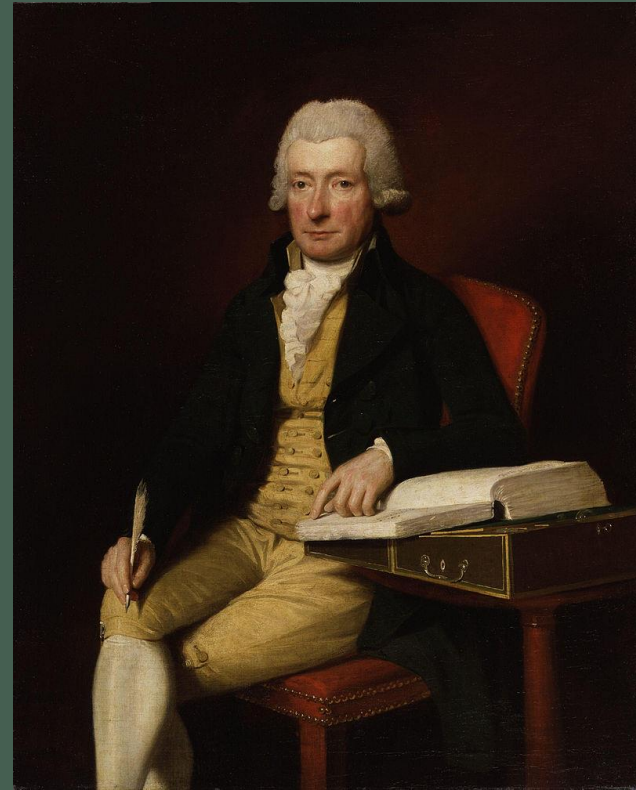
now am found; was blind, but now I see.
 grace ap - pear the hour I first be - lieved.
 safe thus far, and grace will lead me home.
 sing God's praise than when we'd first be - gun.

John Newton

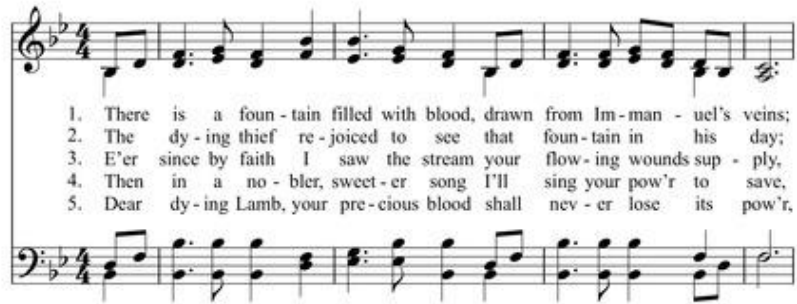
- "Amazing Grace"
- BTH - 336

William Cowper

- Pronounced “COOPER”
- 1731-1800
- English
- Anglican
- One of the most respected poets of his day.
- Worked with John Newton



There Is a Fountain Filled with Blood



1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood, drawn from Im-man - uel's veins;
 2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see that foun-tain in his day;
 3. E'er since by faith I saw the stream your flow-ing wounds sup - ply,
 4. Then in a no - bler, sweet - er song I'll sing your pow'r to save,
 5. Dear dy-ing Lamb, your pre-cious blood shall nev - er lose its pow'r,



and sin - ners, plunged be - neath that flood, lose all their guilt - y stains;
 and there have I, as vile as he, washed all my sins a - way;
 • re - deem - ing love has been my theme, and shall be 'til I die:
 when this poor lisp - ing, stam - m'ring tongue lies si - lent in the grave:
 'til all the ran - somed church of God be saved to sin no more:



lose all their guilt - y stains, lose all their guilt - y stains;
 washed all my sins a - way, washed all my sins a - way;
 • and shall be 'til I die, and shall be 'til I die;
 lies si - lent in the grave, lies si - lent in the grave;
 be saved to sin no more, be saved to sin no more;

William Cowper

- “There is a Fountain”
 - BTH – 360
- When William Cowper, who had suffered from severe depression since the death of his mother when he was just six years old, was faced with the prospect of a final law examination before the House of Lords, he experienced a mental breakdown that he never fully recovered from. Having been sent to St. Alban's asylum for eighteen months, he began to read the Bible, which brought some peace to his mind, and he was able to leave and live with his good family friend, famed author of “Amazing Grace,” John Newton. Newton helped Cowper recover, and together Cowper and Newton wrote poetry and religious verse, which they later published in their own hymnal. “There is a Fountain Filled With Blood” is one such hymn, and it is a dramatic illustration of Cowper's faith. The last verse in particular speaks to Cowper's hope of redemption; it reads, “When this poor lisp-ing, stamm'ring tongue lies silent in the grave, then in a nobler, sweeter song I'll sing thy pow'r to save.” The mental breakdown at his examination gave Cowper a lisp and stutter that he had the rest of his life, but he knew there was a greater song to be sung than any his earthly voice could raise, a song of praise to the dying Lamb.

William Cowper

God Moves in a Mysterious Way

256

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'God Moves in a Mysterious Way'. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff with a melody line and a bass clef staff with a harmonic accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are printed below the treble clef staff of each system.

1. God moves in a mys - te - rious way his won - ders to per - form;
2. Deep in un - fath - om - a - ble mines of nev - er - fail - ing skill
3. Ye fear - ful saints, fresh cour - age take; the clouds ye so much dread
4. Judge not the Lord by fee - ble sense, but trust him for his grace;

he plants his foot-steps in the sea, and rides up - on the storm.
he trea - sures up his bright de - signs, and works his sov - 'reign will.
are big with mer - cy, and shall break in bless - ings on your head.
be - hind a frown - ing prov - i - dence he hides a smil - ing face.

5. His purposes will ripen fast,
unfolding ev'ry hour;
the bud may have a bitter taste,
but sweet will be the flow'r.

6. Blind unbelief is sure to err,
and scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
and he will make it plain.

William Cowper, 1774

DUNDEE C.M.
Scottish Psalter, 1615

- "God Moves In A Mysterious Way"
- Famous lyrics:
 - God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform.
He plants his footsteps in the sea
And rides upon the storm.
- This hymn was written by William Cowper, a man who was afflicted with mental illness and depression for a large portion of his life. His illness got so severe that he tried to commit suicide three times. With treatment and the inspiration of his friend John Newton, he began to recover and write hymns. This hymn captures the mystery of God's power, without questioning God's goodness. The first line and title of the hymn, "God moves in a mysterious way," has become a common saying to justify strange or tragic occurrences.



Robert Robinson

- 1735-1790
- English
- Baptist
- His church, St. Andrews's Street Baptist Church, grew from 34 members to filling a chapel built for 600.

Robert Robinson

- “Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing”
 - BTH - 607
- In 1752, a young Robert Robinson attended an evangelical meeting to heckle the believers and make fun of the proceedings. Instead, he listened in awe to the words of the great preacher George Whitefield, and in 1755, at the age of twenty, Robinson responded to the call he felt three years earlier and became a Christian. Another three years later, when preparing a sermon for his church in Norfolk, England, he penned the words that have become one of the church’s most-loved hymns: “Come, thou fount of every blessing, tune my heart to sing thy grace.”

DISCIPLESHIP

708 Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

1 Come, thou Fount of ev - ry bless - ing, tune my heart to sing thy grace;
2 Hith - er - to thy love has blessed me, thou hast drawn me to this place;
3 Oh, to grace how great a debt - or dai - ly I'm con - strained to bet!

streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, call for songs of loud - est praise,
and I know thy hand will lead me safe - ly home by thy good grace.
Let thy good - ness, like a fet - ter, bind my wan - d'ring heart to thee:

Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove,
Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger, wan - d'ring from the fold of God;
prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, prone to leave the God I love;

Praise his name, I'm fixed up - on it, name of God's re - deem - ing love,
he, to res - cue me from dan - ger, bought me with his pre - cious blood,
here's my heart, O take and seal it; seal it for thy courts a - bove.

Text: Robert Robinson, 1720-1796, alt.
Music: Repository of Sacred Music, Part Second, Hamburg, 1813, ed. John Weylin
Text and music: public domain

NETLETON
17 of 2
BTH 10342-10343; BTH 10342-10343 © 1973 by



John Fawcett

- 1739-1817
- English
- Baptist
- Pastor of Wainsgate Baptist Church in West Yorkshire, England.

SENDING: Blessing

Blest Be the Tie That Binds 831

DENNIS SM

Capo 3: (D) F (A7) C7 (D) F (D7) F7 (G) Bb

1 Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in
 2 We share each other's woes, each other's
 3 When we a - sun - der part, it gives us
 4 From sor - row, toil, and pain, and sin we

(D) F (A) C (A7) C7 (D) F (A) C (A7) C7

Chris - tian love. The fel - low - ship of kin - dred
 bur - dens bear, and of - ten for each oth - er
 in - ward pain, But we shall still be joined in
 shall be free, and per - fect love and friend - ship

(D) F (G/D) Bb/F (D) F (G) Bb (D/A) F/C (A7) C7 (D) F

minds is like to that a - bove.
 flows the sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
 heart, and hope to meet a - gain.
 reign through all e - ter - ni - ty.

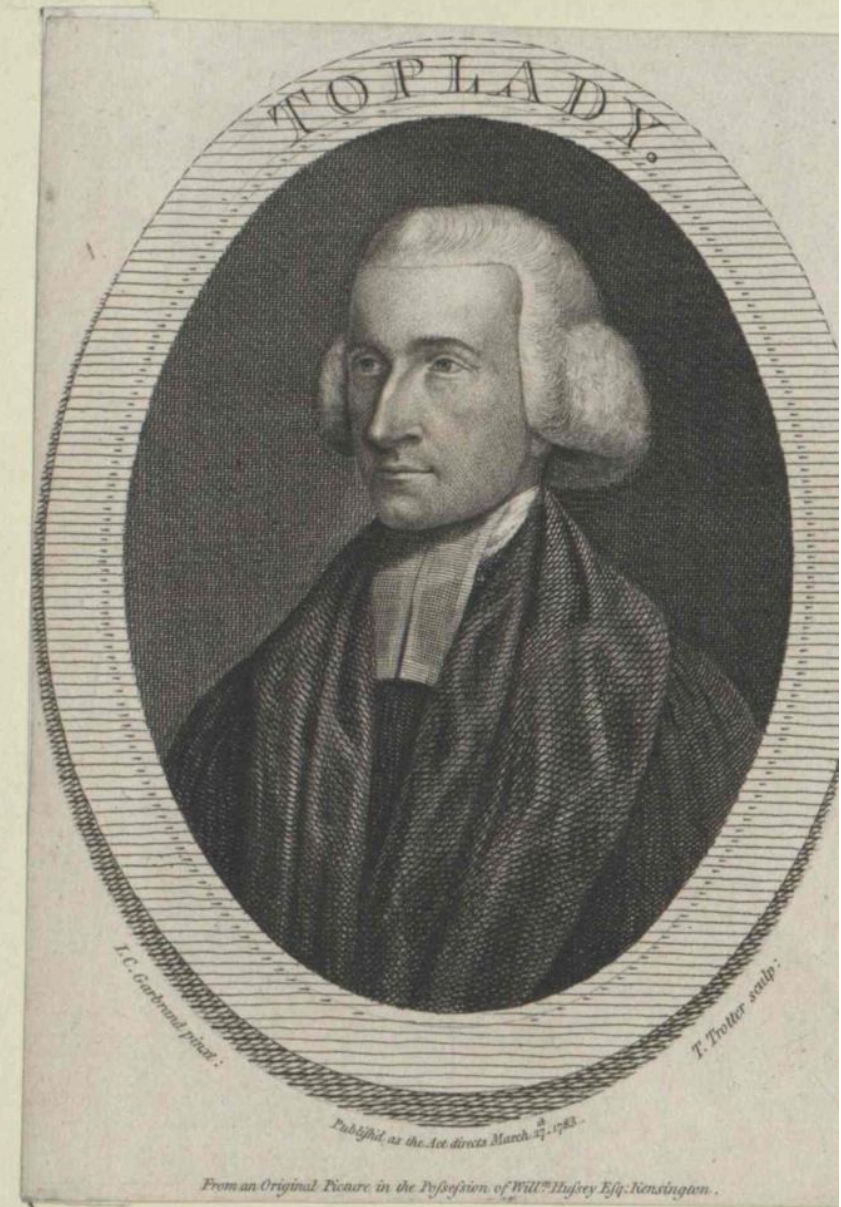
Text: John Fawcett (England), *Hymns Adapted to the Circumstances of Public Worship*, ... 1792, alt.
 Music: Johann G. Nageli (Switzerland), *Christliches Gesangbuch*, 1820; arr. Lowell Mason (USA), *The Psalms*, 1843.

John Fawcett

- “Blest Be The Tie That Binds”
 - BTH - 194
- There is a popular though somewhat unreliable story about the writing of this hymn. In 1772 Fawcett was completing his service to a small church in Wainsgate, England, having accepted a call to a larger congregation in London. However, after he had preached his farewell sermon and loaded the carts for the move, the tearful entreaties of his congregation persuaded him to stay in Wainsgate, where he ministered for the rest of his life. This hymn is supposed to have been written in response to this experience.

Augustus Toplady

- 1740-1778
- English
- Anglican
- Was a major Calvinist opponent to John Wesley



Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, let me hide my - self in thee;
 2. Not the la - bors of my hands can ful - fill thy law's de - mands;
 3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring, sim - ply to thy cross I cling;
 4. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, when mine eye - lids close in death,

let the wa - ter and the blood, from thy riv - en side which flowed,
 could my zeal no re - spite know, could my tears for - ev - er flow,
 na - ked, come to thee for dress; help - less, look to thee for grace;
 when I soar to worlds un - known, see thee on thy judg - ment throne,

be of sin the dou - ble cure, cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.
 all for sin could not a - tone; thou must save, and thou a - lone,
 foul, I to the Foun - tain fly; wash me, Sav - ior, or I die.
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, let me hide my - self in thee.

Augustus M. Toplady, 1776
 Ah. Thomas Cotterill, 1815

TOPLADY 7.7.7.7.7.
 Thomas Hastings, 1830

Rock of Ages

- “Rock of Ages”
 - BTH - #113
- There is a legend that Augustus Toplady was inspired to write this hymn after finding shelter from a thunderstorm in a cleft in a rock at Burrington Combe in Somerset, England in 1776. While evidence to support that story is lacking, it does provide a vivid image through which to understand the hymn.



Charlotte Elliott

- 1789-1871
- English
- Anglican
- An invalid for most of her life.
- Wrote numerous hymns and poems.

Charlotte Elliott

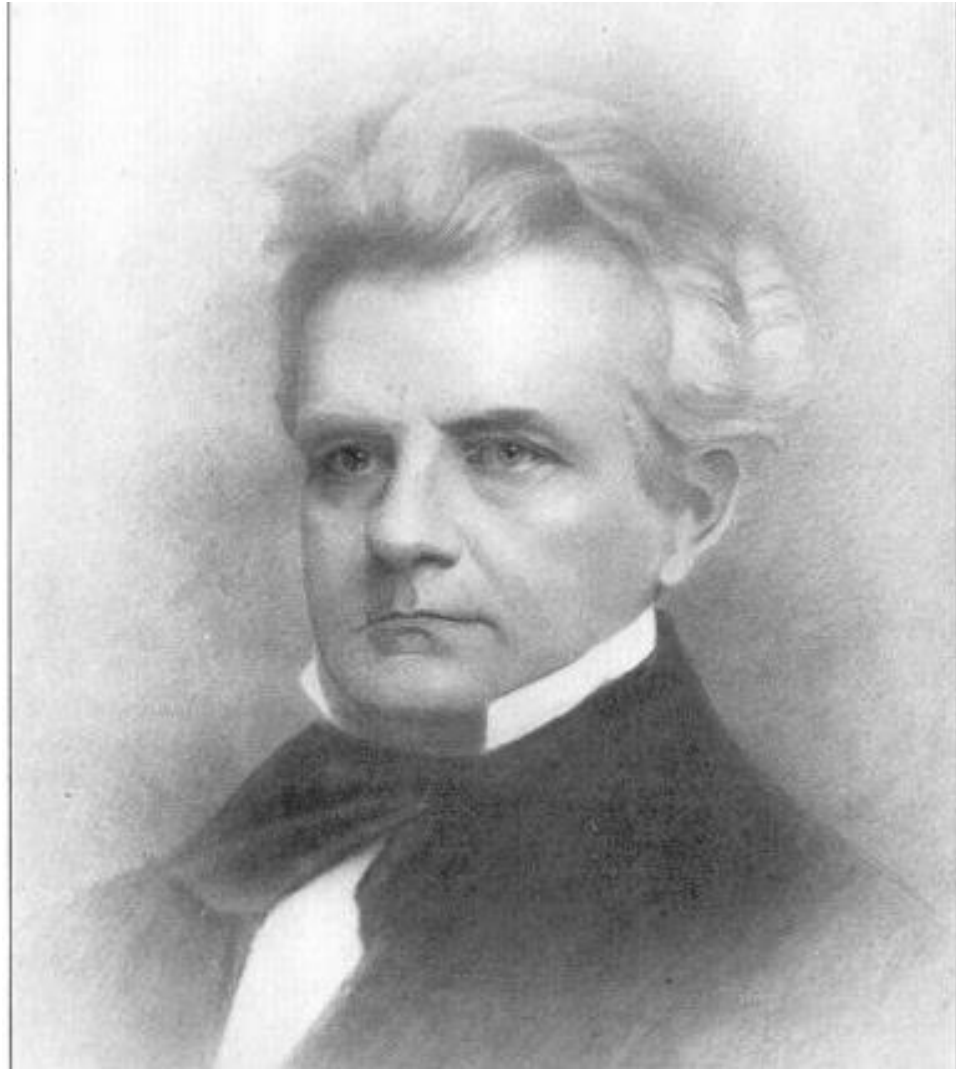
Just as I Am
Charlotte Elliott (Woodworth L. M.) William B. Bradbury

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Just as I Am'. It features a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 6/4 time signature. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, though tossed a - bout With ma - ny a con - flict, ma - ny a doubt,
4. Just as I am—Thou wilt re - ceive, Wilt wel - come, par - don, cleanse, re - lieve;
5. Just as I am—Thy love un - known Hath bro - ken ev - 'ry bar - n'er down;

And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Fight - ings with - in, and fears with - out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Be - cause Thy prom - ise I be - lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine a - lone, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

- “Just as I Am”
 - BTH - #294
- At the age of 32, Charlotte Elliott suffered a serious illness that left her a semi-invalid for the rest of her life. Within a year she went through a spiritual crisis and confessed to the Swiss evangelist Henri A. Cesar Malan that she did not know how to come to Christ. He answered, "Come to him just as you are." Thinking back on that experience twelve years later, in 1834, she wrote “Just as I Am” as a statement of her faith.

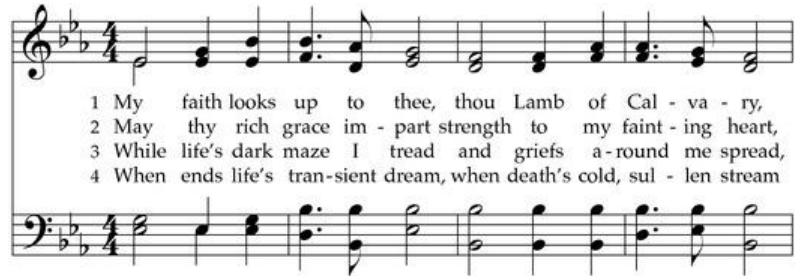


Lowell Mason


- 1792-1872
- American
- Presbyterian
- “The father of American church music”
- Worked to elevate the quality of American church music.
- Led in improving music education.
- Wrote the music for “Mary had a Little Lamb”.

LIVING AND DYING IN CHRIST

My Faith Looks Up to Thee 829



1 My faith looks up to thee, thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2 May thy rich grace im - part strength to my faint - ing heart,
3 While life's dark maze I tread and griefs a - round me spread,
4 When ends life's tran-sient dream, when death's cold, sul - len stream



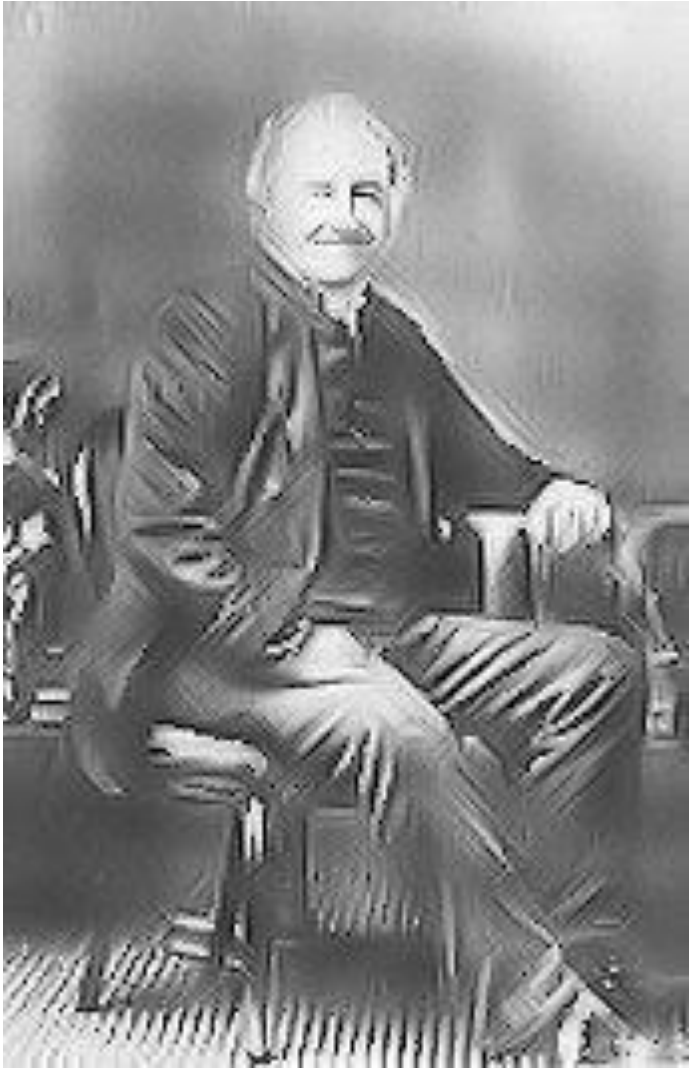
Sav - ior di - vine! Now hear me while I pray; take all my
my zeal in - spire; as thou hast died for me, O may my
be thou my guide; bid dark-ness turn to day; wipe sor-row's
shall o'er me roll; blest Sav - ior, then, in love, fear and dis -



guilt a - way; O let me from this day be whol - ly thine!
love to thee pure, warm, and change-less be, a liv - ing fire!
tears a - way; nor let me ev - er stray from thee a - side.
trust re-move; O bear me safe a - bove, a ran-somed soul!

Lowell Mason

- Tunes composed
 - OLIVET – “My Faith Looks Up To Thee”
 - BTH - #59
 - BETHANY – “Nearer, My God, To Thee”
 - BTH - #282
 - HAMBURG – “When I Survey The Wondrous Cross”
 - BTH - #117
 - WORK SONG – “Work, for the Night is Coming”
 - BTH - #530
 - ANTIOCH – “Joy to the World”
 - Arrangement based on Handel's *Messiah*
 - BTH - #95



Edward Mote

- 1797-1874
- English
- Baptist
- He was trained as a cabinet maker and worked in London for 37 years. Only in his 50s did he enter the ministry and was pastor at Rehoboth Baptist Church in Horsham, West Sussex for 26 years. He was well liked by the congregation in Horsham and they offered him the church building as a gift. Mote replied "I do not want the chapel, I only want the pulpit; and when I cease to preach Christ, then turn me out of that."

Edward Mote

- “The Solid Rock”
 - BTH - #394
- As Edward Mote was walking to work one day in 1834, the thought popped into his head to write a hymn on the “Gracious Experience of a Christian.” As he walked up the road, he had the chorus, “On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand; All other ground is sinking sand.” By the end of the day, he had the first four verses written out and safely tucked away in his pocket. Later that week, he visited his friend whose wife was very ill, and as they couldn’t find a hymnal to sing from, he dug up his newly written verses and sang those with the couple. The wife enjoyed them so much she asked for a copy, and Mote went home to finish the last two verses and sent it off to a publisher, saying, “As these verses so met the dying woman’s case, my attention to them was the more arrested, and I had a thousand printed for distribution”

JUSTI

My Hope Is Built on Nothing Less

1. My hope is built on noth - ing less than Je - sus' blood
2. When dark - ness veils his love - ly face, I rest on his
3. His oath, his cov - e - nant, his blood sup - port me in
4. When he shall come with trum - pet sound, O may I then

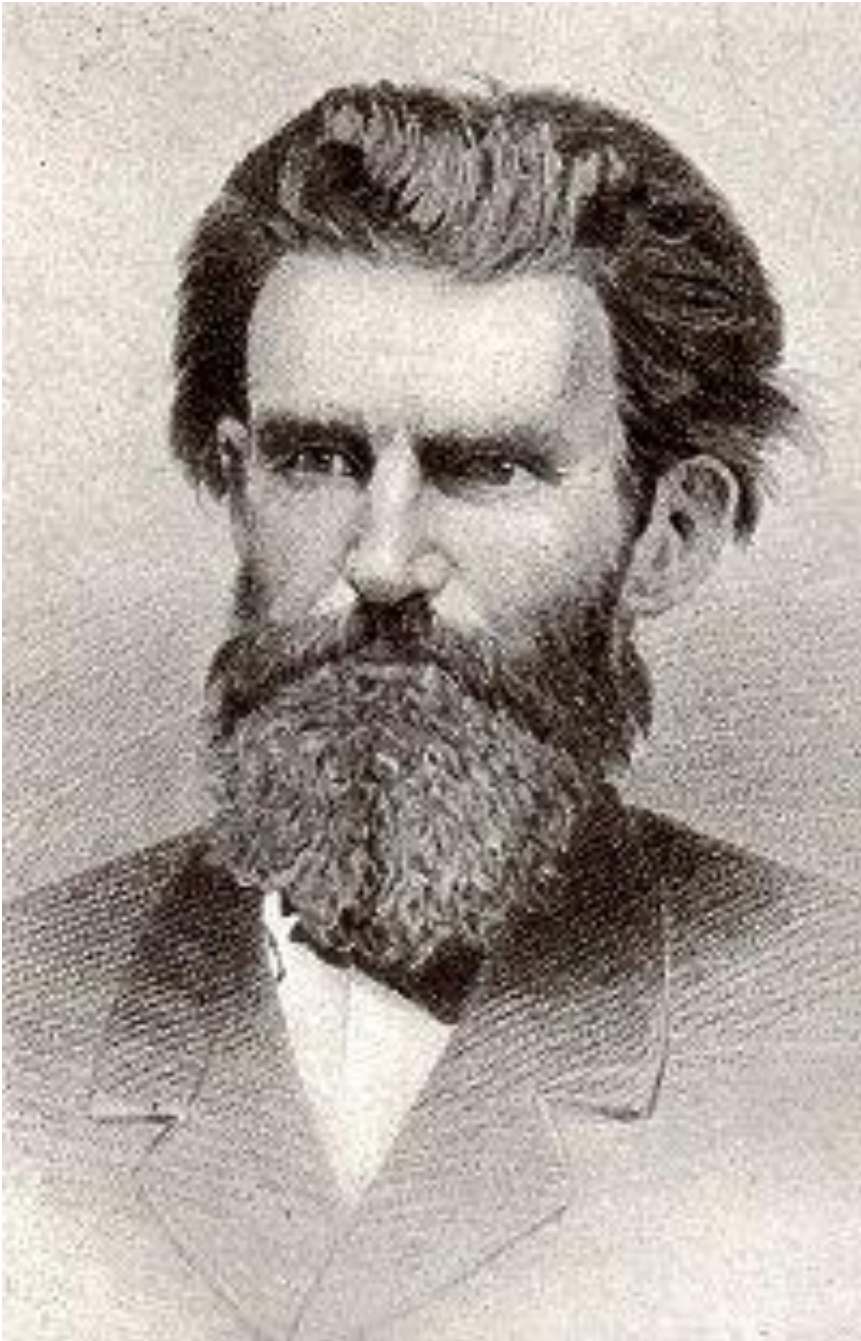
righ - teous - ness; I dare not trust the sweet - est frame,
chang - ing grace; in ev - 'ry high and storm - y gale,
whelm - ing flood; when all a - round my soul gives way,
him be found, dressed in his righ - teous - ness a - lone,

Refrain
whol - ly lean on Je - sus' name,
an - chor holds with - in the veil. On Christ, the sol - id rock, I sta
then is all my hope and stay. less to stand be - fore the throne.

oth - er ground is sink - ing sand, all oth - er ground is sink - ing

Edward Mote, 1834

SOLID ROCK
William B. Brau
Alternate tune: ST. PET



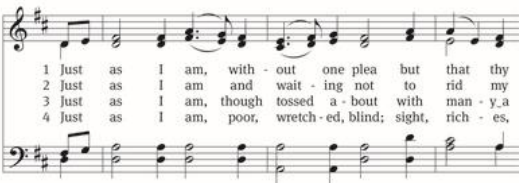
William Bradbury

- 1816-1868
- American
- Presbyterian
- Student of Lowell Mason

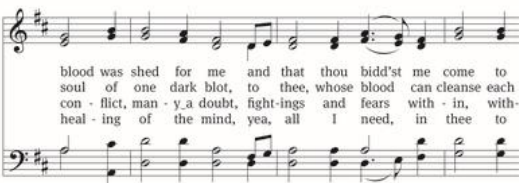
William Bradbury

- Wrote the tunes:
 - WOODWORTH – “Just as I am”
 - BTH - #294
 - HE LEADETH ME
 - BTH - #206
 - SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER
 - BTH - #264
 - SOLID ROCK
 - BTH - #394
 - BRADBURY – “Savior, Like A Shepherd Lead Us”
 - BTH - #212
 - JESUS LOVES ME
 - BTH - #626

Just as I Am, without One Plea TRUST 814



1 Just as I am, with - out one plea but that thy
2 Just as I am and wait - ing not to rid my
3 Just as I am, though tossed a - bout with man - y a
4 Just as I am, poor, wretch - ed, blind; sight, rich - es,



blood was shed for me and that thou bidd'st me come to
soul of one dark blot, to thee, whose blood can cleanse each
con - flict, man - y a doubt, fight - ings and fears with - in, with -
heal - ing of the mind, yea, all I need, in thee to



thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
out, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
find, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

- 5 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
- 6 Just as I am; thy love unknown
has broken ev'ry barrier down;
now to be thine, yea thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Joseph Scriven

- 1819-1886
- Irish-Canadian
- Plymouth Brethren
- Educated at Trinity College, Dublin, Ireland, he enrolled in a military college to prepare for an army career. However, poor health forced him to give up that ambition. Soon after came a second blow—his fiancée died in a drowning accident on the eve of their wedding in 1844. Later that year he moved to Ontario, where he taught school in Woodstock and Brantford. His plans for marriage were dashed again when his new bride-to-be died after a short illness in 1855. Following this calamity Scriven seldom had a regular income, and he was forced to live in the homes of others. He also experienced mistrust from neighbors who did not appreciate his eccentricities or his work with the underprivileged. A member of the Plymouth Brethren, he tried to live according to the Sermon on the Mount as literally as possible, giving and sharing all he had and often doing menial tasks for the poor and physically disabled. Because Scriven suffered from depression, no one knew if his death by drowning in Rice Lake was suicide or an accident.



What a Friend We Have in Jesus

520



1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, all our sins and griefs to bear!
 2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trou - ble an - y - where?
 3. Are we weak and heav - y - la - den, cum - bered with a load of care?



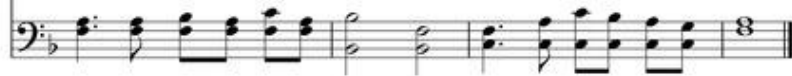
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry ev - 'ry - thing to God in prayer!
 We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged: take it to the Lord in prayer!
 Pre - cious Sav - ior, still our ref - uge— take it to the Lord in prayer!



O what peace we of - ten for - feit, O what need - less pain we bear,
 Can we find a friend so faith - ful, who will all our sor - rows share?
 Do thy friends de - spise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer!



all be - cause we do not car - ry ev - 'ry - thing to God in prayer.
 Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness— take it to the Lord in prayer!
 In his arms he'll take and shield thee; thou wilt find a so - lace there.



- “What a Friend We Have in Jesus”

- BTH - #260

- It's a tragic story and, like all tragedies, hard to make sense of. And yet, God still works in and through our stories and losses to fulfill His purposes. Shortly after Scriven moved to Ontario, it's said he wrote the text “What a Friend” to send back to his mother in Ireland to comfort her in a time of sorrow. After its publication, a neighbor asked if Scriven really did write it, and he replied, “The Lord and I did it between us”

Fanny Crosby



FRANCES JANE CROSBY

From Daguerreotype by Morand.

THE
BLIND GIRL,

And Other Poems.

BY FRANCES JANE CROSBY,

A PUPIL AT THE

NEW-YORK INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND.

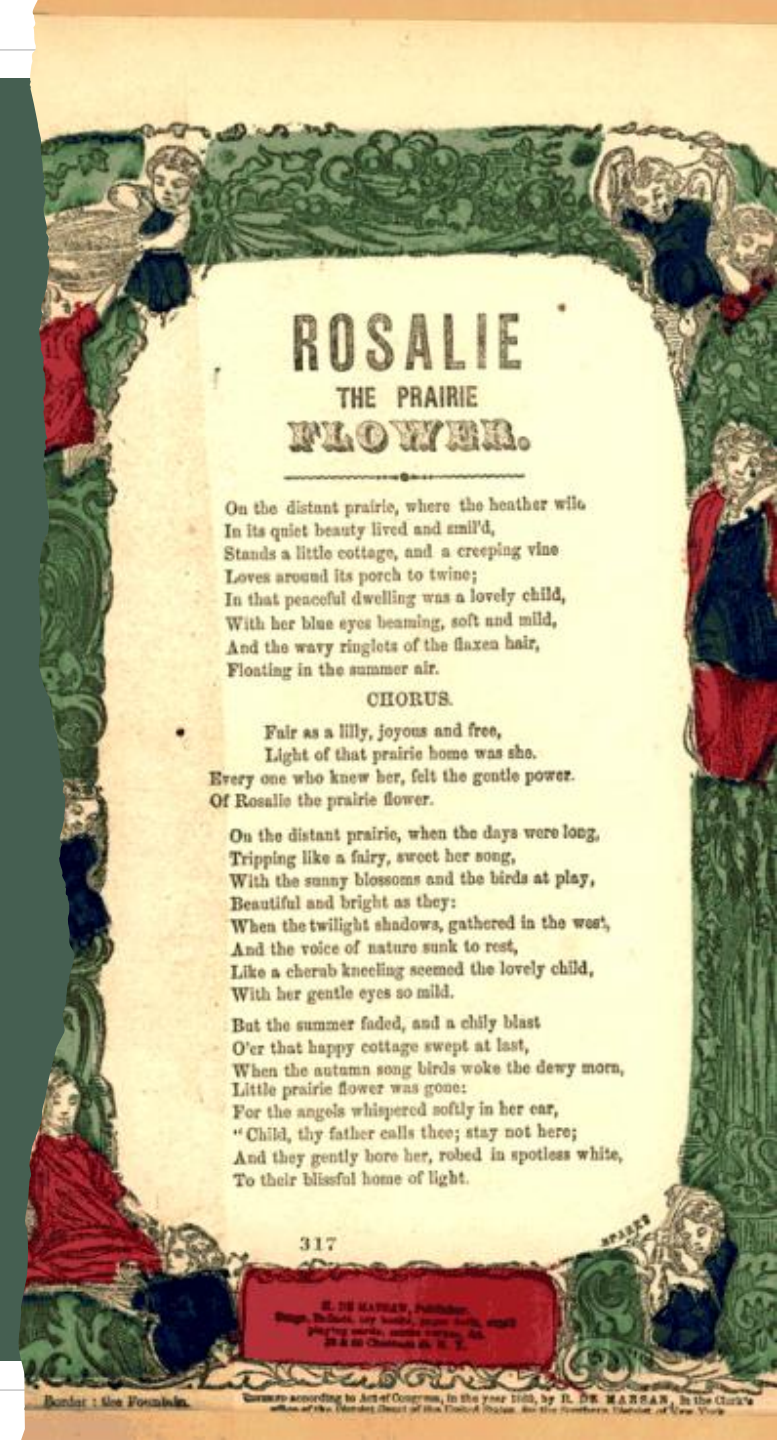
— "Who best
Bears his mild yoke, they serve him best; his state
Is kingly." MILTON.

NEW-YORK:
PUBLISHED BY WILEY & PUTNAM,
161 Broadway,
1844.



Fanny Crosby

- Began writing poems by age 8.
- By age 15 had memorized multiple books of the Bible.
- Enrolled in the New York Institute for the Blind, where she would stay as student and then teacher for many years.
- The first song lyrics she wrote were for secular songs, many with music by George F. Root.
- Wrote words for cantatas, political, and patriotic songs.



Fanny Crosby

- Converted at age 31
- The congregation was singing “Alas and Did My Savior Bleed?”
- She heard the line: “Here, Lord, I give myself away, ‘Tis all that I can do.”
- “My very soul was flooded with celestial light. For the first time I realized that I had been trying to hold the world in one hand, and the Lord in the other.”



Fanny Crosby

- Married Alexander van Alstyne, Jr. in 1843.
- He was also blind and a student and teacher at NYIB.
- In 1859 their infant daughter Frances died in her sleep shortly after birth.
- The two grew apart and were separate by 1880.
- Alexander died in 1902





Fanny Crosby

- Wrote over 8,000 hymn texts and 1,000 secular poems
- Was generally paid \$1 or \$2 per hymn.
- Used over 200 different pen names
- Her songs were popularized by D.L. Moody and Ira Sankey



Songs about Heaven

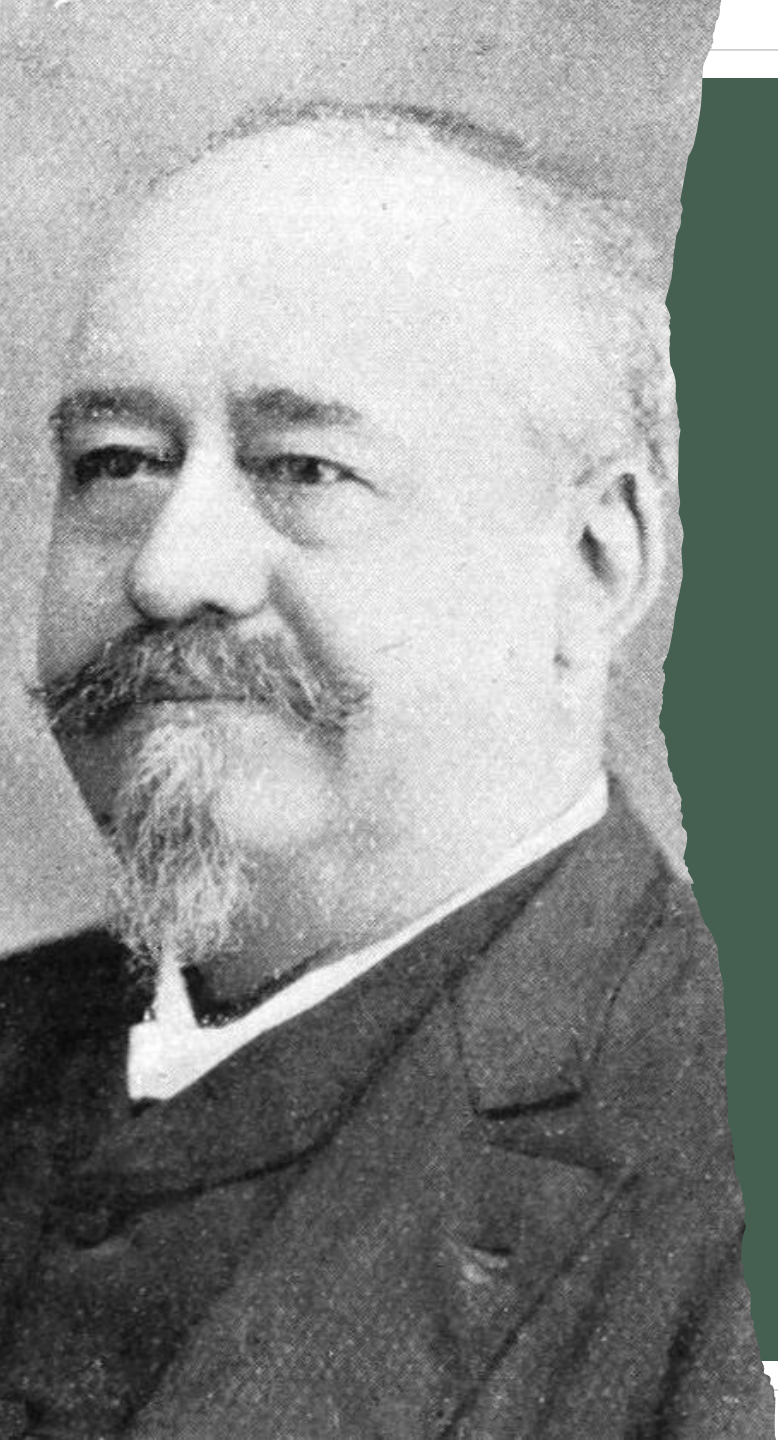
“If I had a choice, I would still choose to remain blind...for when I die, the first face I will ever see will be the face of my blessed Saviour.”



My Savior First of All BTH #440

- Published in 1891
- Music by
John R. Sweney





Saved By Grace BTH #421

- Published in 1891
- Music by
George C.
Stebbins





Songs about Faith

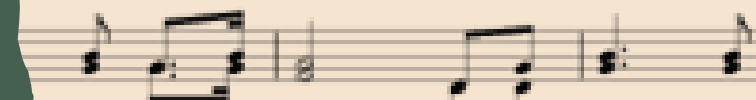
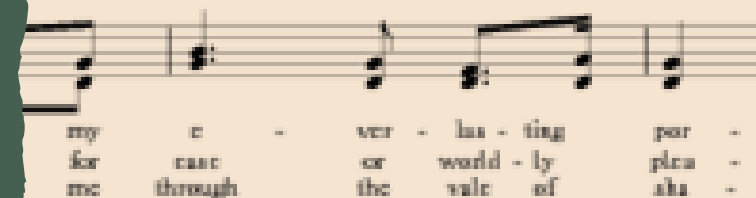
“God will answer your prayers better than you think. Of course, one will not always get exactly what he has asked for....We all have sorrows and disappointments, but one must never forget that, if commended to God, they will issue in good....His own solution is far better than any we could conceive.”



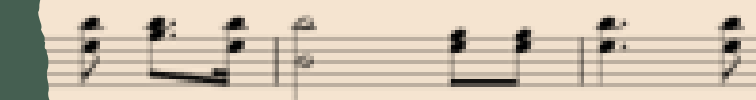
Close To Thee BTH #424

- Published in 1874
- Music by
Silas J. Vail
- Written after
hearing Vail play
the tune.

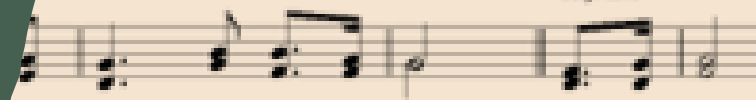
Close to Thee



or life to me, all a - long my
my prayer shall be; glad - ly will I
life's fit - ful end, then the gate of



Refrain



vice, let me walk with thee.
ly, let me walk with thee. Close to thee,
I en - ter, Lord, with thee.

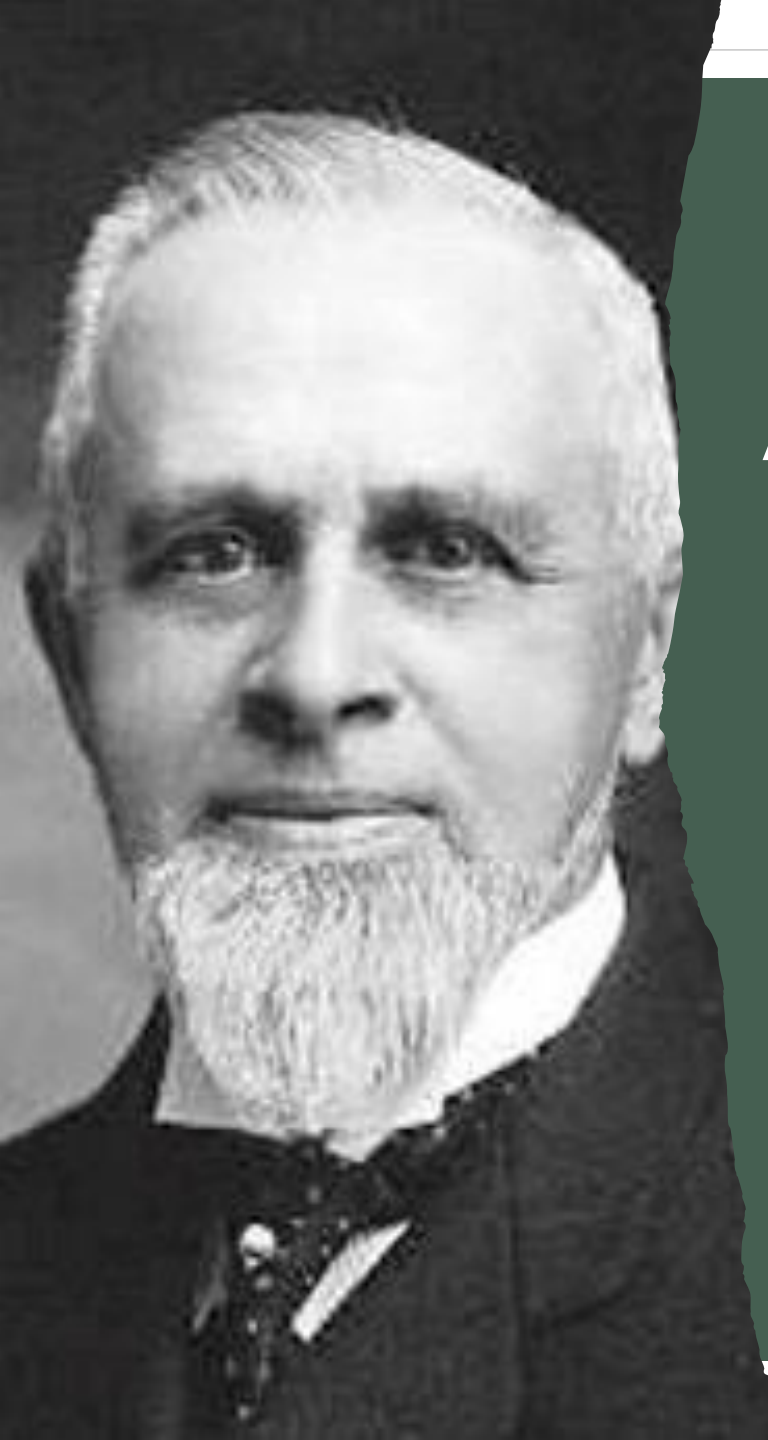




All the Way My Savior Leads Me BTH #214

- Published in 1875
- Music by Robert Lowry
- Written after praying for money and receiving the \$5 she needed.





Safe In The Arms of Jesus

- Published in 1868
- Music by William H. Doane
- Doane had 40 minutes before catching a train. He played the tune on the piano and Crosby wrote the words in that time.





He Hideth My Soul BTH #385

- Published in 1890
- Music by
William J.
Kirkpatrick





Songs of Praise

“It is not enough to have a song on your lips.
You must also have a song in your heart.”



To God Be The Glory BTH #259

- Published in 1875
- Music by William H. Doane
- First used in Moody-Sankey campaigns, it was largely forgotten until used by Cliff Barrows in Billy Graham crusades.





Redeemed BTH #650

- Published in 1882
- Music by
William J. Kirkpatrick
- ALTERNATE TUNE – ADA by A.L. Butler
 - BTH 649

Blessed Assurance

BTH #393

- Published in 1873
- Music by
Phoebe Knapp
- Crosby heard Knapp playing the melody on the organ
and wrote the words.





Robert Lowry

- 1826-1899
- American
- Baptist
- "I have no method. Sometimes the music comes and the words follow, fitted insensibly to the melody. I watch my moods, and when anything good strikes me, whether words or music, and no matter where I am, at home or on the street, I jot it down. Often the margin of a newspaper or the back of an envelope serves as a notebook. My brain is a sort of spinning machine, I think, for there is music running through it all the time. I do not pick out my music on the keys of an instrument. The tunes of nearly all the hymns I have written have been completed on paper before I tried them on the organ. Frequently the words of the hymn and the music have been written at the same time."

Shall We Gather at the River

146

1 Shall we gath - er at the riv - er, where bright an - gel feet have trod,
 2 Ere we reach the shin - ing riv - er, lay we ev - ery bur - den down;
 3 Soon we'll reach the shin - ing riv - er, soon our pil - grim - age will cease;

with its crys - tal tide for - ev - er flow - ing by the throne of God?
 grace our spir - its will de - liv - er, and pro - vide a robe and crown.
 soon our hap - py hearts will quiv - er with the mel - o - dy of peace.

Refrain

Yes, we'll gath - er at the riv - er, the beau - ti - ful, the beau - ti - ful riv - er;

gath - er with the saints at the riv - er that flows by the throne of God.

Robert Lowry

- “Shall We Gather at the River?”
 - BTH - #442
 - Wrote lyrics and music
- This hymn was written by Robert Lowry in the summer of 1864 in Brooklyn, New York. The text came out of Lowry's thoughts on the metaphor of the river in Christian thoughts about death. He wrote, “I began to wonder why the hymn-writers has said so much about the 'river of death' and so little about 'the pure water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb'”

CHRIST AS PRIEST

278

Nothing but the Blood

1. What can wash a - way my sin? Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.
2. For my cleans - ing this I see: noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus;
3. Noth - ing can for sin a - tone: noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus;
4. This is all my hope and peace: noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus;
5. Now by this I'll o - ver - come: noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus;

What can make me whole a - gain? Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.
for my par - don this my plea: noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.
• naught of good that I have done: noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.
this is all my righ - teous - ness: noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.
now by this I'll reach my home: noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.

Refrain

O pre - cious is the flow that makes me white as snow;

no oth - er fount I know, noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.

Robert Lowry, 1876

PLAINFIELD 7.8.7.8.ref.
Robert Lowry, 1876

Robert Lowry

- “Nothing But the Blood of Jesus”
- BTH - #314



Robert Lowry

- “Christ Arose”
 - BTH - #138

I Need Thee Every Hour

Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy,
and find grace to help in time of need. Heb. 4:16 Pray without ceasing. 1 Th. 5:18

1. I need Thee eve-ry hour, most gra - cious Lord;
2. I need Thee eve-ry hour, stay Thou near - by;
3. I need Thee eve-ry hour, in joy or pain;
4. I need Thee eve-ry hour; teach me Thy will;
5. I need Thee eve-ry hour, most Ho - ly One;

No ten - der voice like Thine can peace af - ford.
Temp - ta - tions lose their pow'r when Thou art nigh.
Come quick - ly and a - bide, or life is vain.
And Thy rich prom - is - es in me ful - fill.
Oh, make me Thine in - deed, Thou bless - ed Son.

Refrain

I need Thee, oh, I need Thee; Eve - ry hour I need Thee;

Oh, bless me now, my Sav - ior, I come to Thee.

WORDS: Annie S. Hawks, 1872; ref. by Robert Lowry, 1872. MUSIC: "Need"; R. L., 1872.

Robert Lowry

- "I Need Thee Every Hour"
- BTH - 456

Robert Lowry

- “All the Way my Savior Leads Me”
 - BTH - 214

All the Way My Savior Leads Me

He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Psa. 23:3

The Lamb... shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters. Rev. 7:17

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, Oh, 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 eve - ry 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.

Heav'n - ly peace, di - vin - est com - fort, Here by faith in Him to dwell!
Though my wear - y 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; well.
Gush - ing from the Rock be - fore me, Lo! A spring of joy I see; see.
This my song through end - less a - ges: Je - sus led me all the way; way.

WORDS: Frances J. Crosby, *pub.* 1875. MUSIC: Robert Lowry, *pub.* 1875.



Horatio Spafford

- 1828-1888
- American
- Presbyterian
- Sort of went a little crazy later in life.
- Moved to Jerusalem in 1881 and started an “utopian society” that became known as the American Colony.

It Is Well with My Soul

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1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way, when sor - rows like
 2. Though Sa - tan should buf - fet, though tri - als should come, let this blest as -
 3. My sin—O the bliss of this glo - ri - ous thought!—my sin, not in
 4. O Lord, haste the day when my faith shall be sight, the clouds be rolled



sea bil - lows roll; what - ev - er my lot, thou hast taught me to say,
 sur - ance con - trol, that Christ has re - gard - ed my help - less es - tate,
 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;



"It is well, it is well with my soul."
 and has shed his own blood for my soul. It is well
 praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul! It is well
 "E - ven so"—it is well with my soul.



with my soul;
 with my soul; it is well, it is well with my soul.

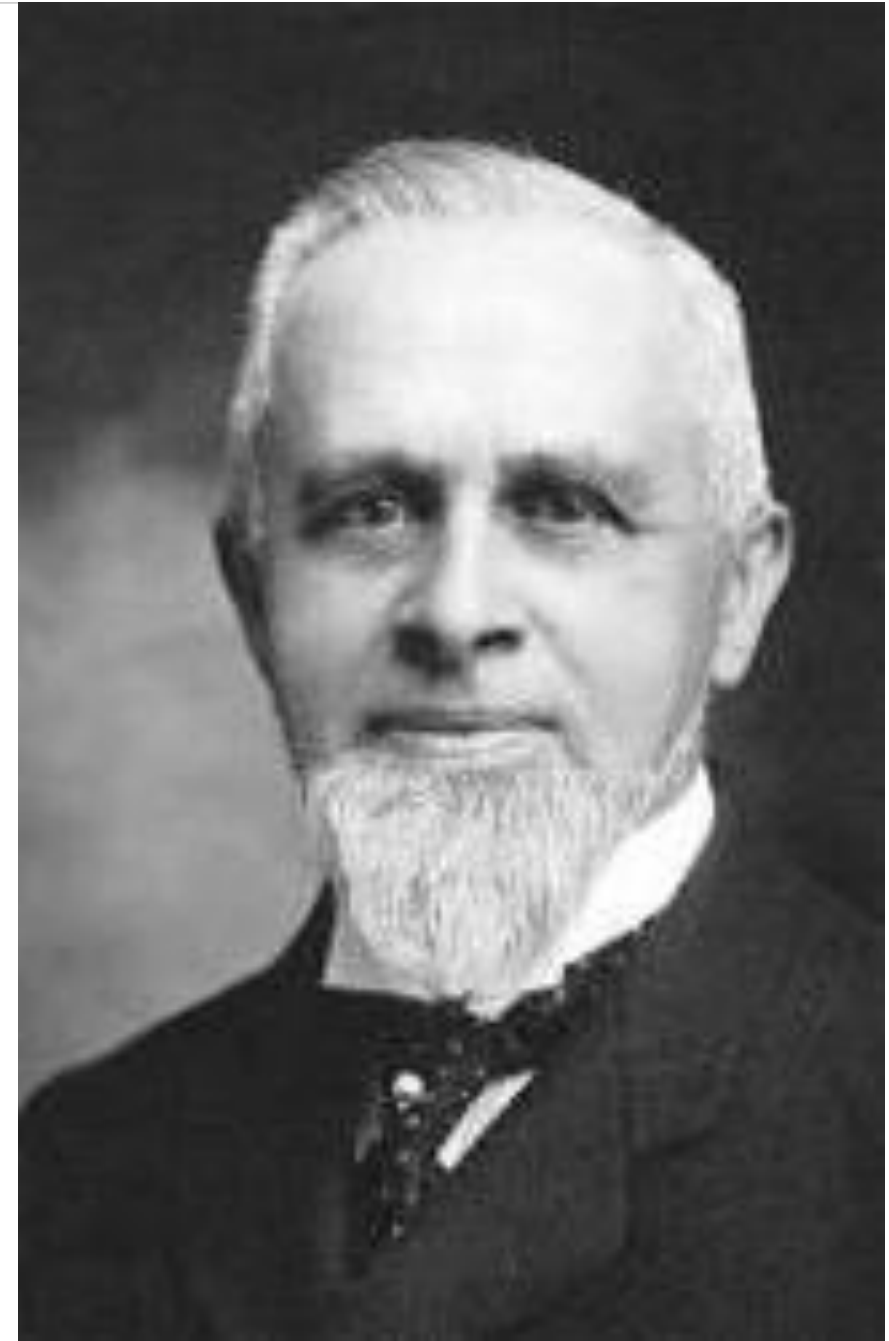


Horatio Spafford

- "It Is Well"
 - BTH - #375
- In November, 1873, Horatio Spafford sent his wife and four daughters on the French ship Ville du Havre from their home in Chicago to a vacation in France, planning to set out a few days later himself. Somewhere in the Atlantic, the Ville du Havre collided with a British ship coming the other way, and sank in just 12 minutes. Of his family, only Spafford's wife survived. Spafford took the next boat over, and as he passed the spot where the ship went down, began to write, "When peace like a river attendeth my way, when sorrows like sea billows roll," and continued until he had the text, "It is well with my soul." His good friend, Philip Bliss, composed the tune for his words, naming it after the ship, VILLE DU HAVRE.

William Doane

- 1832-1915
- American
- Baptist
- Was also a staunch supporter of evangelistic campaigns and a prolific writer of hymn tunes. He was head of a large woodworking machinery plant in Cincinnati and a civic leader in that city. He showed his devotion to the church by supporting the work of the evangelistic team of Dwight L. Moody and Ira D. Sankey and by endowing Moody Bible Institute in Chicago and Denison University in Granville, Ohio. An amateur composer, Doane wrote over twenty-two hundred hymn and gospel song tunes, and he edited over forty songbooks.



William Doane

- Tunes written by Doane
 - PASS ME NOT
 - BTH – 306
 - RESCUE THE PERISHING
 - BTH – 539
 - NEAR THE CROSS
 - BTH – 137
 - DRAW ME NEARER
 - BTH – 465
 - TAKE THE NAME OF JESUS WITH YOU
 - BTH – 51
 - TO GOD BE THE GLORY
 - BTH - 259

THE CHRISTIAN WAY OF LIFE

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To God Be the Glory

Fanny J. Crosby, 1820-1915

William H. Doane, 1832-1915

1. To God be the glo-ry, great things He hath done, So loved He the world that He
2. O per - fect redemption, the pur-chase of blood, To ev - 'ry be-liev - er the
3. Great things He hath taught us, great things He hath done, And great our re - joic - ing thro'

gave us His Son, Who yield-ed His life an a-tone-ment for sin, And o-pened the
prom-ise of God; The vil - est of-fen-der who tru-ly believes, That moment from
Je - sus the Son; But pu - rer, and higher, and greater will be Our won-der, our

REFRAIN

Life-gate that all may go in.
Je - sus a par-don re-ceives. Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Let the earth hear His
transport, when Jesus we see.

voice! Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Let the peo-ple re-joice! O come to the

Fa-ther thro' Je-sus the Son, And give Him the glo-ry, great things He hath done.