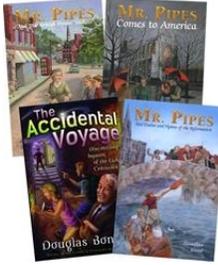


# HYMN WRITERS & THEIR HYMNS



Below find a number of the hymn writers and their hymns that are featured on the ENGLAND CHURCH HISTORY AND HYMN TOUR, 2016.

You can look up the following hymns by first line and listen to the tune at <http://www.blueletterbible.org/hymns/>

## **George W. Robinson (died where Watts was born)**

Born: 1838, Cork, Ireland.

Died: January 18, 1877, Southampton, England.

Robinson was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and New College, St. John's Wood, London. He entered the Congregational ministry and was co-pastor at York Street Chapel in Dublin with Dr. Urwick. He then became pastor at St. John's Wood, Dudley, and at Union Street, Brighton. His works include: Songs in God's World, Loveland

Hymns: [I Am His, and He Is Mine](#) (1876), Strangers and Pilgrims Here Below, Weary with My Load of Sin

Loved with everlasting love, led by grace that love to know;  
Gracious Spirit from above, Thou hast taught me it is so!  
O this full and perfect peace! O this transport all divine!  
In a love which cannot cease, I am His, and He is mine.

Heav'n above is softer blue, Earth around is sweeter green!  
Something lives in every hue Christless eyes have never seen;  
Birds with gladder songs o'erflow, flowers with deeper beauties shine,  
Since I know, as now I know, I am His, and He is mine.

Things that once were wild alarms cannot now disturb my rest;  
Closed in everlasting arms, pillowed on the loving breast.  
O to lie forever here, doubt and care and self resign,  
While He whispers in my ear, I am His, and He is mine.

His forever, only His; Who the Lord and me shall part?  
Ah, with what a rest of bliss Christ can fill the loving heart!  
Heav'n and earth may fade and flee, firstborn light in gloom decline;  
But while God and I shall be, I am His, and He is mine.

**CH SPURGEON, London, England**

[AMIDST us our Belov'd; stands,](#)

And bids us view His pierc'd; hands;  
Points to His wounded feet and side,  
Blest emblems of the Crucified.

What food luxurious loads the board,  
When at His table sits the Lord!  
The wine how rich, the bread how sweet,  
When Jesus deigns the guests to meet!

If now with eyes defiled and dim,  
We see the signs but see not Him,  
Oh, may His love the scales displace,  
And bid us see Him face to face!

Our former transports we recount,  
When with Him in the holy mount,  
These cause our souls to thirst anew,  
His marr'd but lovely face to view.

Thou glorious Bridegroom of our hearts,  
Thy present smile a heaven imparts:  
Oh, lift the veil, if veil there be,  
Let every saint Thy beauties see!

**CHARLES WESLEY, London & Bristol, England**

[O, FOR A THOUSAND TONGUES TO SING](#)

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

My gracious Master and my God,  
Assist me to proclaim,

To spread through all the earth abroad  
The honors of Thy name.

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

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

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

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

### AND CAN IT BE

And can it be that I should gain  
An interest in the Savior's blood!  
Died He for me who caused His pain!  
For me who Him to death pursued?  
Amazing love! How can it be,  
That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?  
Amazing love! How can it be,  
That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?

'Tis mystery all: th'Immortal dies!  
Who can explore His strange design?  
In vain the firstborn seraph tries  
To sound the depths of love divine.  
'Tis mercy all! Let earth adore;  
Let angel minds inquire no more.  
'Tis mercy all! Let earth adore;  
Let angel minds inquire no more.

He left His Father's throne above  
(so free, so infinite His grace!),  
Emptied Himself of all but love,

And bled for Adam's helpless race.  
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,  
For O my God, it found out me!  
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,  
For O my God, it found out me!

Long my imprisoned spirit lay,  
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;  
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray;  
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light;  
My chains fell off, my heart was free,  
I rose, went forth, and followed Thee.  
My chains fell off, my heart was free,  
I rose, went forth, and followed Thee.

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.  
Bold I approach th'eternal throne,  
And claim the crown, through Christ my own.

### [HARK, THE HERALD ANGELS SING](#)

Hark! The herald angels sing,  
"Glory to the newborn King;  
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,  
God and sinners reconciled!"  
Joyful, all ye nations rise,  
Join the triumph of the skies;  
With th'angelic host proclaim,  
"Christ is born in Bethlehem!"

Refrain

Hark! the herald angels sing,  
"Glory to the newborn King!"

Christ, by highest heav'n adored;  
Christ the everlasting Lord;  
Late in time, behold Him come,  
Offspring of a virgin's womb.

Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;  
Hail th'incarnate Deity,  
Pleased with us in flesh to dwell,  
Jesus our Emmanuel.

Refrain

Hail the heav'nly Prince of Peace!  
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!  
Light and life to all He brings,  
Ris'n with healing in His wings.  
Mild He lays His glory by,  
Born that man no more may die.  
Born to raise the sons of earth,  
Born to give them second birth.

Refrain

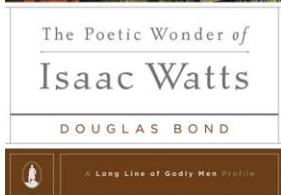
Come, Desire of nations, come,  
Fix in us Thy humble home;  
Rise, the woman's conqu'ring Seed,  
Bruise in us the serpent's head.  
Now display Thy saving power,  
Ruined nature now restore;  
Now in mystic union join  
Thine to ours, and ours to Thine.

Refrain

## English Church History Tour



"You were the most apt, able and wonderful tour guide that has walked the earth! Such enthusiasm and knowledge! The folks who go on your tours get an unforgettable education! Thanks for all of the blessings!" ([Hymn Tour, England & Wales, 2012](#))



Join author Douglas Bond (aka, Mr Pipes) on the 2016 ENGLISH CHURCH HISTORY AND HYMN TOUR. Contact us TODAY and register for the tour. space is limited, so don't delay. ITINERARY

**Great UK choirs singing Watts**

**ISAAC WATTS, Southampton & London, England**

JOY TO THE WORLD

WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS

NOT ALL THE BLOOD OF BEASTS

ALAS, AND DID MY SAVIOR BLEED

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

Was it for crimes that I had done

He groaned upon the tree?  
Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
And love beyond degree!

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

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

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

HOW SWEET AND AWFUL IS THE PLACE

How sweet and awful is the place  
With Christ within the doors,  
While everlasting love displays  
The choicest of her stores!

2. While all our hearts and all our songs  
Join to admire the feast,

Each of us cry, with thankful tongues,  
Lord, why was I a guest?

3. Why was I made to hear Thy voice,  
And enter while there's room;  
When thousands make a wretched choice,  
And rather starve than come?

4. 'Twas the same love that spread the feast  
That sweetly forced us in  
Else we had still refused to taste,  
And perished in our sin.

5. Pity the nations, O our God!  
Constrain the earth to come;  
Send Thy victorious Word abroad,  
And bring the strangers home.

6. We long to see Thy churches full,  
That all the chosen race  
May with one voice, and heart, and soul,  
Sing Thy redeeming grace.

## **JOHN BUNYAN, Elstow & Bedford, England**

### [THE PILGRIM HYMN](#)

Who would true valor see,  
Let him come hither;  
One here will constants be,  
Come wind, come weather;  
There's no discouragement  
Shall make him one relent  
His first avowed intent  
To be a pilgrim.

Whoso beset him round  
With dismal stories,  
Do but themselves confound;  
His strength the more is.  
No lion can him fright,  
He'll with a giant fight,  
But he will have a right  
To be a pilgrim.

Hobgoblin nor foul fiend  
Can daunt his spirit;  
He knows he at the end  
Shall life inherit.  
Then fancies fly away,  
He'll care not what men say;  
He'll labour night and day  
To be a pilgrim

**JOHN MILTON, London**

**WILLIAM COWPER, Olney, England**

[GOD MOVES IN A MYSTERIOUS WAY](#)

God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants His footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill  
He treasures up His bright designs,  
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust Him for His grace;  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.

[Blind](#) unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan his work in vain;  
God is His own interpreter,  
And He will make it plain.

SOMETIMES A LIGHT SURPRISES

THERE IS A FOUNTAIN FILLED WITH BLOOD

**AUGUSTUS TOPLADY, London & Broadhembury, England**

## ROCK OF AGES, CLEFT FOR ME

1. Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From Thy wounded side which flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Save from wrath and make me pure.
2. Not the labor 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.
3. 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, Savior, or I die.
4. While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyes shall close in death,  
When I rise to worlds unknown,  
And behold Thee on Thy throne,  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

## **JOHN NEWTON, Olney, England**

### LET US LOVE AND SING AND WONDER, 1774

Let us love and sing and wonder,  
Let us praise the Savior's Name!  
He has hushed the law's loud thunder,  
He has quenched Mount Sinai's flame.  
He has washed us with His blood,  
He has brought us nigh to God.

Let us love the Lord Who bought us,  
Pitied us when enemies,  
Called us by His grace, and taught us,  
Gave us ears and gave us eyes:  
He has washed us with His blood,  
He presents our souls to God.

Let us sing, though fierce temptation

Threaten hard to bear us down!  
For the Lord, our strong Salvation,  
Holds in view the conqueror's crown:  
He Who washed us with His blood  
Soon will bring us home to God.

Let us wonder; grace and justice  
Join and point to mercy's store;  
When through grace in Christ our trust is,  
Justice smiles and asks no more:  
He Who washed us with His blood  
Has secured our way to God.

Let us praise, and join the chorus  
Of the saints enthroned on high;  
Here they trusted Him before us,  
Now their praises fill the sky:  
"Thou hast washed us with Your blood;  
Thou art worthy, Lamb of God!"

### AMAZING GRACE, HOW SWEET THE SOUND

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.

T'was Grace that taught...  
my heart to fear.  
And Grace, my fears relieved.  
How precious did that Grace appear...  
the hour I first believed.

Through many dangers, toils and snares...  
we have already come.  
T'was Grace that brought us safe thus far...  
and Grace will lead us home.

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

When we've been here ten thousand years...  
bright shining as the sun.

We've no less days to sing God's praise...  
then when we've first begun.

### GLORIOUS THINGS OF THEE ARE SPOKEN

Glorious things of thee are spoken,  
Zion, city of our God!  
He, Whose Word cannot be broken,  
Formed thee for His own abode.  
On the Rock of Ages founded,  
What can shake thy sure repose?  
With salvation's walls surrounded,  
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

See! the streams of living waters,  
Springing from eternal love;  
Well supply thy sons and daughters,  
And all fear of want remove:  
Who can faint while such a river  
Ever flows their thirst t'assuage?  
Grace, which like the Lord, the Giver,  
Never fails from age to age.

Round each habitation hovering,  
See the cloud and fire appear!  
For a glory and a cov'ring  
Showing that the Lord is near.  
Thus deriving from our banner  
Light by night and shade by day;  
Safe they feed upon the manna  
Which He gives them when they pray.

Savior, if of Zion's city,  
I through grace a member am,  
Let the world deride or pity,  
I will glory in Thy Name.  
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,  
All his boasted pomp and show;  
Solid joys and lasting treasure  
None but Zion's children know.

DAY OF JUDGMENT, DAY OF WONDERS, 1774

Day of judgment! Day of wonders!  
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,  
Louder than a thousand thunders,  
Shakes the vast creation round!  
How the summons wilt the sinner's heart confound!

See the Judge, our nature wearing,  
Clothed in majesty divine!  
You who long for His appearing  
Then shall say, "This God is mine!"  
Gracious Savior, own me in that day for Thine!

At His call the dead awaken,  
Rise to life from earth and sea;  
All the powers of nature shaken  
By His look, prepares to flee.  
Careless sinner, what will then become of thee?

But to those who have confessèd,  
Loved and served the Lord below,  
He will say, "Come near, ye blessèd,  
See the kingdom I bestow;  
You forever shall My love and glory know."

### **CHRISTINA ROSSETTI, London, Highgate Cemetery**

#### [NONE OTHER LAMB](#)

None other Lamb, none other name,  
None other hope in Heav'n or earth or sea,  
None other hiding place from guilt and shame,  
None beside Thee!

My faith burns low, my hope burns low;  
Only my heart's desire cries out in me  
By the deep thunder of its want and woe,  
Cries out to Thee.

Lord, Thou art life, though I be dead;  
Love's fire Thou art, however cold I be:  
Nor Heav'n have I, nor place to lay my head,  
Nor home, but Thee.



Poet Christina Rossetti (1830-1894) is perhaps best known for her hymn, *None Other Lamb*, a hymn of consecration to Jesus Christ.

Learn about more hymn writers of England & Wales by coming along on [THE HYMNS FOR ALL TIME TOUR](#). Author and Church history tour leader Douglas Bond and his wife Cheryl will be guiding the hymn tour of England & Wales, August 11-21, 2012. Join us for a rich experience as we explore the lives and legacies of the makers of Christian hymnody.

## **ANNA WARING, Neath, Wales, & Bristol, England**

### [FATHER, I KNOW THAT ALL MY LIFE IS PORTIONED OUT FOR ME](#)

Father, I know that all my life is portioned out for me,

The changes that are sure to come I do not fear to see;

I ask Thee for a present mind intent on pleasing Thee.

I would not have the restless will that hurries to and fro,

Seeking for some great thing to do or secret thing to know;

I would be treated as a child, and guided where I go.

I ask Thee for the daily strength, to none that ask denied,

A mind to blend with outward life while keeping at Thy side;

Content to fill a little space, if Thou be glorified.

In service which Thy will appoints there are no bonds for me;

My secret heart is taught "the truth" that makes Thy children free.

A life of self-renouncing love is one of liberty.

## **WILLIAM WILLIAMS, Llanddewibrefi, Wales**

### [GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH](#)

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

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

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

## **REGINALD HEBER, WREXHAM & HODNET, WALES (near Shrewsbury)**

### [HOLY, HOLY, HOLY](#)

1. Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!  
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;  
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty!  
God in three Persons, blessed Trinity!
2. Holy, holy, holy! All the saints adore Thee,  
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;  
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,  
Who was, and is, and evermore shall be.
3. Holy, holy, holy! Though the darkness hide Thee,  
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see;  
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee,  
Perfect in pow'r, in love, and purity.
4. Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!  
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth, and sky, and sea;  
Holy, holy, holy; merciful and mighty!  
God in three Persons, blessed Trinity!

## **HENRY LYTE, BRIXHAM, ENGLAND**

### PRAISE MY SOUL THE KING OF HEAVEN

Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven;  
To His feet Thy tribute bring!  
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,  
Who like me His praise should [sing](#)?  
Praise Him! praise Him!  
Praise the everlasting King!

Praise Him for His grace and favor,  
To our [fathers](#) in distress!  
Praise Him still the same for ever,  
Slow to chide, and swift to bless!  
Praise Him! praise Him!  
Glorious in His faithfulness!

Father-like, He tends and spares us;  
Well our feeble frame He knows.  
In His hands He gently bears us,  
Rescues us from all our foes,  
Praise Him! praise Him!  
Widely as His mercy flows!

Frail as summer's flower we flourish:  
Blows the wind, and it is gone.  
But while mortals rise and perish,  
God endures unchanging on.  
Praise Him, Praise Him,  
Praise the high eternal One!

Angels, help us to adore Him;  
Ye behold Him face to face:  
Sun and moon, bow down before Him;  
Dwellers all in time and space,  
Praise Him! praise Him!  
Praise with us the God of grace!

### ABIDE WITH ME

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

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

I need Thy presence every passing hour.

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

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

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

## **RICHARD BAXTER, KIDDERMINSTER, ENGLAND**

### [YE HOLY ANGELS BRIGHT](#)

Ye holy angels bright,  
Who stand before God's throne  
And dwell in glorious light,  
Praise ye the Lord each one.  
Assist our song, or else the theme  
Too high doth seem for mortal tongue.

Ye blessèd souls at rest,  
That see your Savior's face,  
Whose glory, e'en the least,  
Is far above our grace.  
God's praises sound, as in His sight  
With sweet delight you do abound.

Ye saints, who toil below,  
Adore your heavenly King,  
And onward as ye go  
Some joyful anthem sing;

Take what He gives and praise Him still,  
Through good or ill, who ever lives!

All nations of the earth,  
Extol the world's great King:  
With melody and mirth  
His glorious praises sing,  
For He still reigns, and will bring low  
The proudest foe that Him disdains.

Sing forth Jehovah's praise,  
Ye saints, that on Him call!  
Him magnify always  
His holy churches all!  
In Him rejoice and there proclaim  
His holy Name with sounding voice.

My soul, bear thou thy part,  
Triumph in God above,  
And with a well tuned heart  
Sing thou the songs of love.  
And all my days let no distress  
Nor fears suppress His joyful praise.

Away, distrustful care!  
I have Thy promise, Lord:  
To banish all despair,  
I have Thine oath and Word:  
And therefore I shall see Thy face  
And there Thy grace shall magnify.

With Thy triumphant flock  
Then I shall numbered be;  
Built on th'eternal Rock,  
His glory shall we see.  
The heav'ns so high  
With praise shall ring  
And all shall sing in harmony.

**JAMES MONTGOMERY, SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND**

[STAND UP AND BLESS THE LORD](#)

Stand up and bless the Lord  
Ye people of His choice;  
Stand up and bless the Lord your God  
With heart and [soul](#) and voice.

Though high above all praise,  
Above all blessing high,  
Who would not fear His holy Name,  
And laud and magnify?

O for the living flame  
From His own altar brought,  
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,  
And wing to heaven our thought!

God is our Strength and [Song](#),  
And His salvation ours;  
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed  
With all our ransomed powers.

Stand up and bless the Lord;  
The Lord your God adore;  
Stand up and bless His glorious Name;  
Henceforth [forevermore](#).

## **SAMUEL CROSSMAN, BRISTOL, ENGLAND**

### [MY SONG IS LOVE UNKNOWN](#)

My song is love unknown,  
My Savior's love to me;  
Love to the loveless shown,  
That they might lovely be.  
O who am I, that for my sake  
My Lord should take, frail flesh and die?

He came from His blest throne  
Salvation to bestow;  
But men made strange, and none  
The longed for Christ would know:  
But O! my Friend, my Friend indeed,  
Who at my need His life did spend.

Sometimes they strew His way,  
And His sweet praises sing;  
Resounding all the day  
Hosannas to their King:  
Then "Crucify!" is all their breath,  
And for His death they thirst and cry.

Why, what hath my Lord done?  
What makes this rage and spite?  
He made the lame to run,  
He gave the blind their sight,  
Sweet injuries! Yet they at these  
Themselves displease, and 'gainst Him rise.

They rise and needs will have  
My dear Lord made away;  
A murderer they saved,  
The Prince of life they slay,  
Yet cheerful He to suffering goes,  
That He His foes from thence might free.

In life, no house, no home  
My Lord on earth might have;  
In death no friendly tomb  
But what a stranger gave.  
What may I say? Heav'n was His home;  
But mine the tomb wherein He lay.

Here might I stay and sing,  
No story so divine;  
Never was love, dear King!  
Never was grief like Thine.  
This is my Friend, in Whose sweet praise  
I all my days could gladly spend.

**FRANCIS HAVERGAL, Astley, near Kidderminster, England**

[TAKE MY LIFE AND LET IT BE](#)

1. Take my life and let it be  
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.  
\*Take my moments and my days,  
Let them flow in endless praise.
2. Take my hands and let them move  
At the impulse of Thy love.  
Take my feet and let them be  
Swift and beautiful for Thee.
3. Take my voice and let me sing,  
Always, only for my King.  
Take my lips and let them be  
Filled with messages from Thee.
4. Take my silver and my gold,  
Not a mite would I withhold.

- Take my intellect and use  
Every pow'r as Thou shalt choose.
5. Take my will and make it Thine,  
It shall be no longer mine.  
Take my heart, it is Thine own,  
It shall be Thy royal throne.
  6. Take my love, my Lord, I pour  
At Thy feet its treasure store.  
Take myself and I will be  
Ever, only, all for Thee.

## **THOMAS KEN, WINCHESTER, ENGLAND**

### [ALL PRAISE TO THEE, MY GOD THIS NIGHT](#) (doxology)

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

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

Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed.  
Teach me to die, that so I may  
Rise glorious at the judgment day.

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

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

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

Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow;

Praise Him, all creatures here below;  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

**JOSEPH ADDISON, London & Oxford, England**

WHEN ALL THY MERCIES, O MY GOD

When all Thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love and praise.

Unnumbered comforts to my soul  
Thy tender care bestowed,  
Before my infant heart conceived  
From Whom those comforts flowed.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ;  
Nor is the last a cheerful heart  
That tastes those gifts with joy.

When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou  
With health renewed my face;  
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,  
Revived my soul with grace.

Through every period of my life  
Thy goodness I'll pursue  
And after death, in distant worlds,  
The glorious theme renew.

Through all eternity to Thee  
A joyful song I'll raise;  
For, oh, eternity's too short  
To utter all Thy praise!

**William Walsham Howe**

For all the saints, who from their labors rest,  
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,  
Thy Name, O Jesus, be forever blessed.  
Alleluia, Alleluia!

Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress and their Might;  
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well fought fight;  
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true Light.  
Alleluia, Alleluia!

O blest communion, fellowship divine!

We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;  
All are one in Thee, for all are Thine.  
Alleluia, Alleluia!

O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true and bold,  
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,  
And win with them the victor's crown of gold.  
Alleluia, Alleluia!

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,  
Steals on the ear the distant triumph song,  
And hearts are brave, again, and arms are strong.  
Alleluia, Alleluia!

The golden evening brightens in the west;  
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes their rest;  
Sweet is the calm of paradise the blessed.  
Alleluia, Alleluia!

But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;  
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;  
The King of glory passes on His way.  
Alleluia, Alleluia!

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,  
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,  
And singing to Father, Son and Holy Ghost:  
Alleluia, Alleluia!

### **CATHERINE WINKWORTH, Bristol Cathedral**

Catherine Winkworth was a remarkably gifted poet and translator of German hymns into English. One of my favorites is her translation (1856) of Martin Rinkhart's *Nun danket alle Gott, Now Thank We All Our God*, 1636. Born in Holborn in London, she is memorialized at Bristol Cathedral.

Now thank we all our God, with heart and hands and voices,  
Who wondrous things has done, in Whom this world rejoices;

Who from our mothers' arms has blessed us on our way  
With countless gifts of love, and still is ours today.

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

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

[from cyberhymnal.org] Martin Rinkart, a Lutheran minister, was in Eilenburg, Saxony, during the Thirty Years' War. The walled city of Eilenburg saw a steady stream of refugees pour through its gates. The Swedish army surrounded the city, and famine and plague were rampant. Eight hundred homes were destroyed, and the people began to perish. There was a tremendous strain on the pastors who had to conduct dozens of funerals daily. Finally, the pastors, too, succumbed, and Rinkart was the only one left—doing 50 funerals a day. When the Swedes demanded a huge ransom, Rinkart left the safety of the walls to plead for mercy. The Swedish commander, impressed by his faith and courage, lowered his demands. Soon afterward, the Thirty Years' War ended, and Rinkart wrote this hymn for a grand celebration service. It is a testament to his faith that, after such misery, he was able to write a hymn of abiding trust and gratitude toward God.

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

## **SAMUEL TREVOR FRANCIS, London, England**

### [O THE DEEP, DEEP LOVE OF JESUS](#)

O the deep, deep love of Jesus, vast, unmeasured, boundless, free!  
Rolling as a mighty ocean in its fullness over me!  
Underneath me, all around me, is the current of Thy love  
Leading onward, leading homeward to Thy glorious rest above!

O the deep, deep love of Jesus, spread His praise from shore to shore!  
How He loveth, ever loveth, changeth never, nevermore!

How He watches o'er His loved ones, died to call them all His own;  
How for them He intercedeth, watcheth o'er them from the throne!

O the deep, deep love of Jesus, love of every love the best!  
'Tis an ocean full of blessing, 'tis a haven giving rest!  
O the deep, deep love of Jesus, 'tis a heaven of heavens to me;  
And it lifts me up to glory, for it lifts me up to Thee!

## COMPOSERS OF HYMN MELODIES

**GREAT HYMN RESOURCE SITE: Look up any hymn and listen**

<http://www.blueletterbible.org/hymns/>

### **Ralph Vaughn Williams, Down Ampney, near Gloucester, England**

1906 [ENGLISH HYMNAL](#) Editor, and compiler and arranger of many English folk tunes for singing with hymns.

### **Thomas John Williams, Wales**

Born 1869, Ynysmeudwy, Swansea valley, Glamorganshire, Wales. Composer of [EBENEZER](#), tune for S.T. Francis's *O The Deep, Deep Love of Jesus*.

Died: April 23, 1944, Llanelli, Dyfed, Wales.

Buried: Box Cemetery, Llanelli, Dyfed, South Wales.

Williams served as organist and choir director at Zion Church (1903-1913) and Calfaria Church (1913-1944) in Llanelli.

### **John Bacchus Dykes, Cambridge & Durham, England**

Famous hymn tunes:

[NICAEA](#), 1861, Holy, Holy, Holy, Reginald Heber

[ST ANDREW OF CRETE](#), 1868, Christian, Dost Thou See Them, St Andrew of Crete, translated by John Mason Neale

[ST BEES](#), 1862, Take My Life and Let it Be, Francis Havergal

John B Dykes:

Born: March 10, 1823, Kingston-upon-Hull, England.

Died: January 22, 1876, Ticehurst, Sussex, England.

Buried: St. Oswald's, Durham, England.

At age 12, Dykes became assistant organist at St. John's Church in Hull, where his grandfather was vicar. He studied at Wakefield and St. Catherine's Hall in Cambridge, where he was a Dikes Scholar, President of the Cambridge University Musical Society, and earned a BA in Classics. In 1848, he became curate at Malton, Yorkshire. For a short time, he was canon of Durham Cathedral, then precentor (1849-1862). In 1862 he became Vicar of St. Oswald's, Durham (he named a son John *St. Oswald* Dykes, and one of his tunes [St. Oswald](#)).

Dykes published sermons and articles on religion, but is best known for composing over 300 hymn tunes. In his music, as in his ecclesiastical work, he was less dogmatic than many of his contemporaries about the theological controversies of the day—he often fulfilled requests for tunes for non-Anglican hymns. In addition to his gift for writing music, he played the organ, piano, violin, and horn.

### **John Hughes, Welsh**

Composer of the grand tune [CWM RHONDDA](#) to William Williams's *Guide Me O Thou Great Jehovah*.

John Hughes (1873-1932) composed CWM Rhondda (Rhondda valley) in 1907 for the inauguration of the Capel Rhondda, in Hopkinstown, near Pontypridd. where Hughes was church organist.