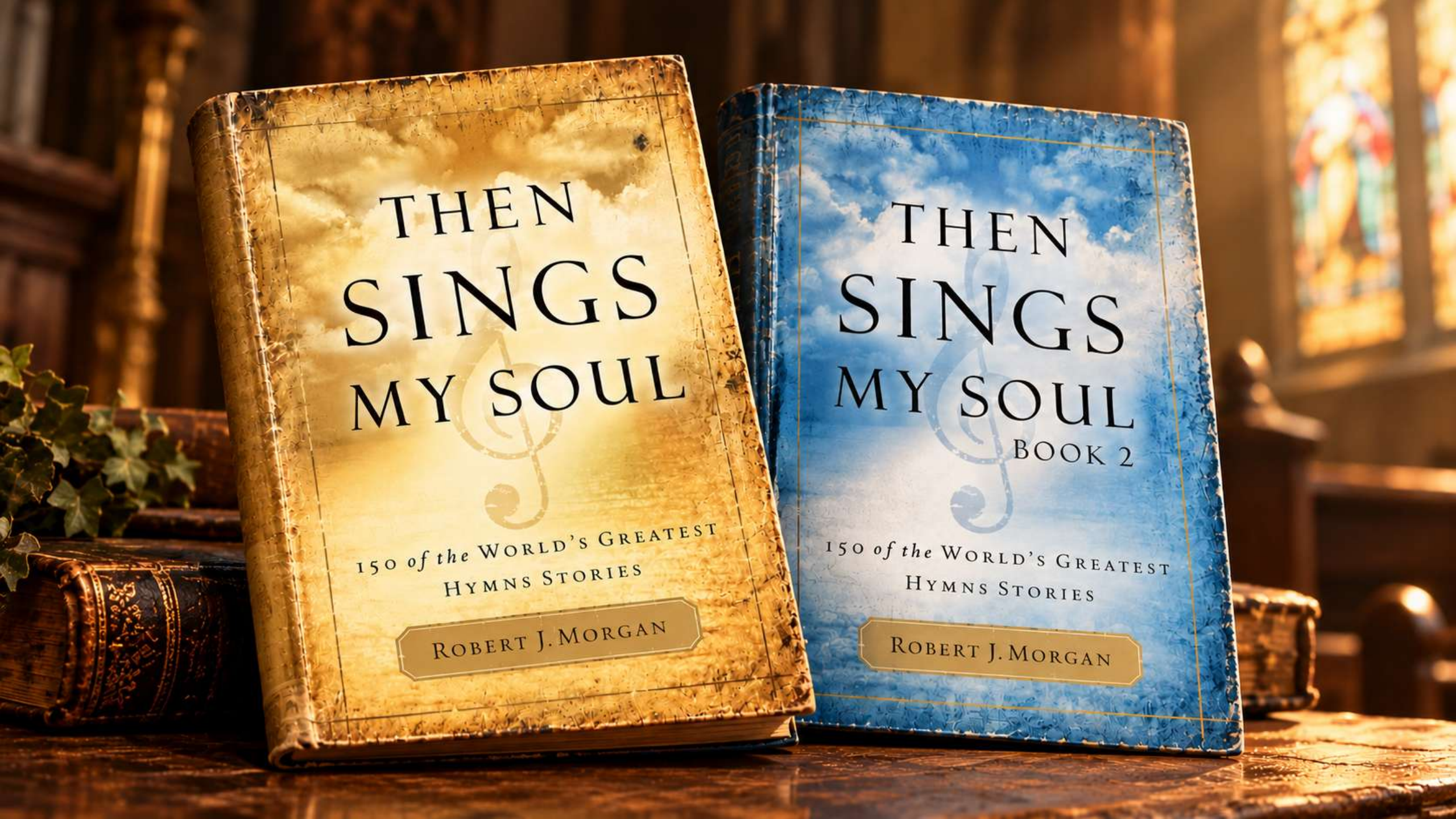


Singing *Our* Faith



“Look carefully then how you walk, not as unwise but as wise,
making the best use of the time, because the days are evil.
Therefore do not be foolish, but understand what the will of the Lord is.
And do not get drunk with wine, for that is debauchery, but be filled with the Spirit,
addressing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs,
singing and making melody to the Lord with your heart,
giving thanks always and for everything to God the Father
in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ,
submitting to one another out of reverence for Christ.”

— EPHESIANS 5:15-21 —



THEN SINGS MY SOUL

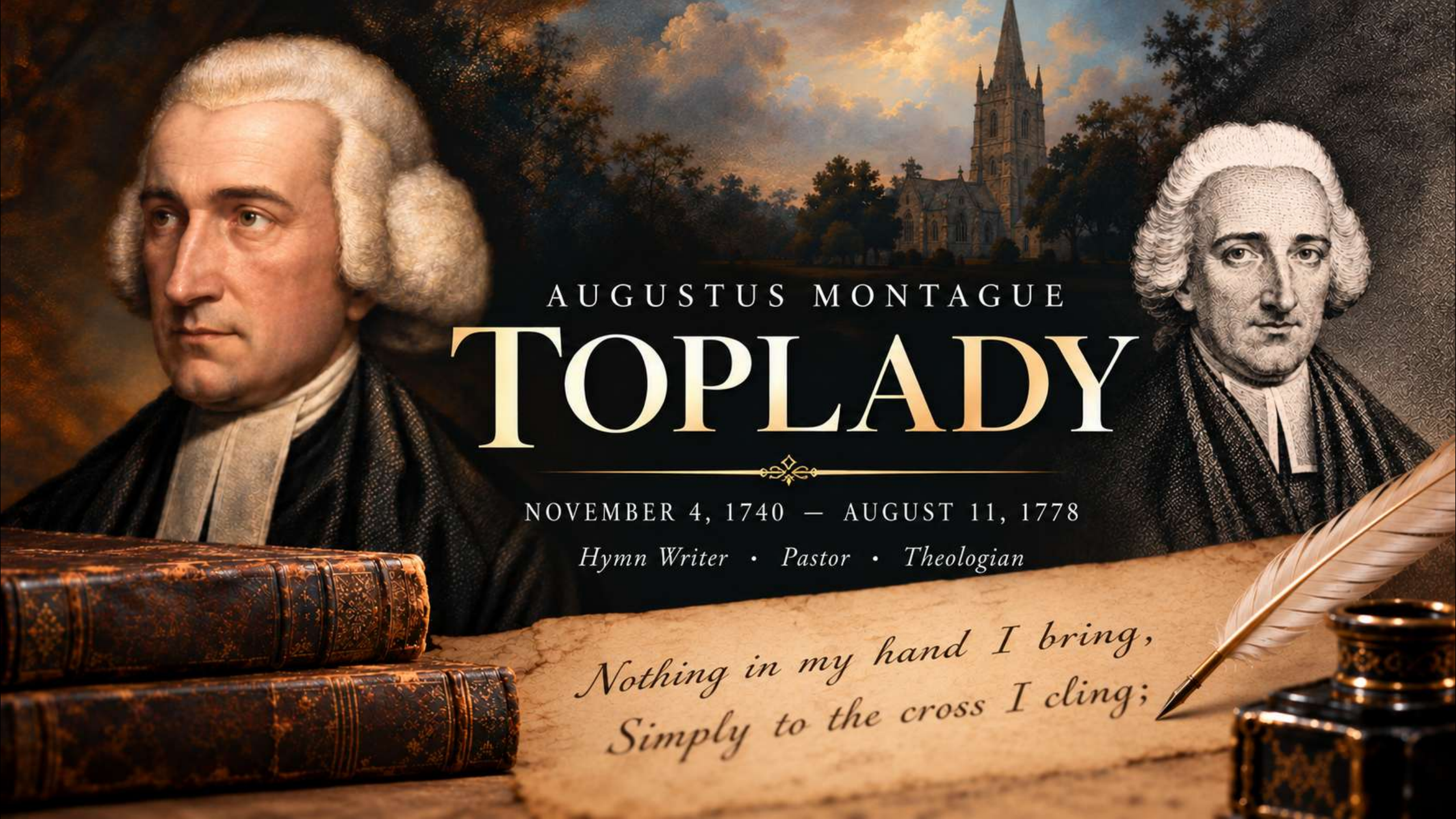
150 of the WORLD'S GREATEST
HYMNS STORIES

ROBERT J. MORGAN

THEN SINGS MY SOUL BOOK 2

150 of the WORLD'S GREATEST
HYMNS STORIES

ROBERT J. MORGAN



AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE

TOPLADY

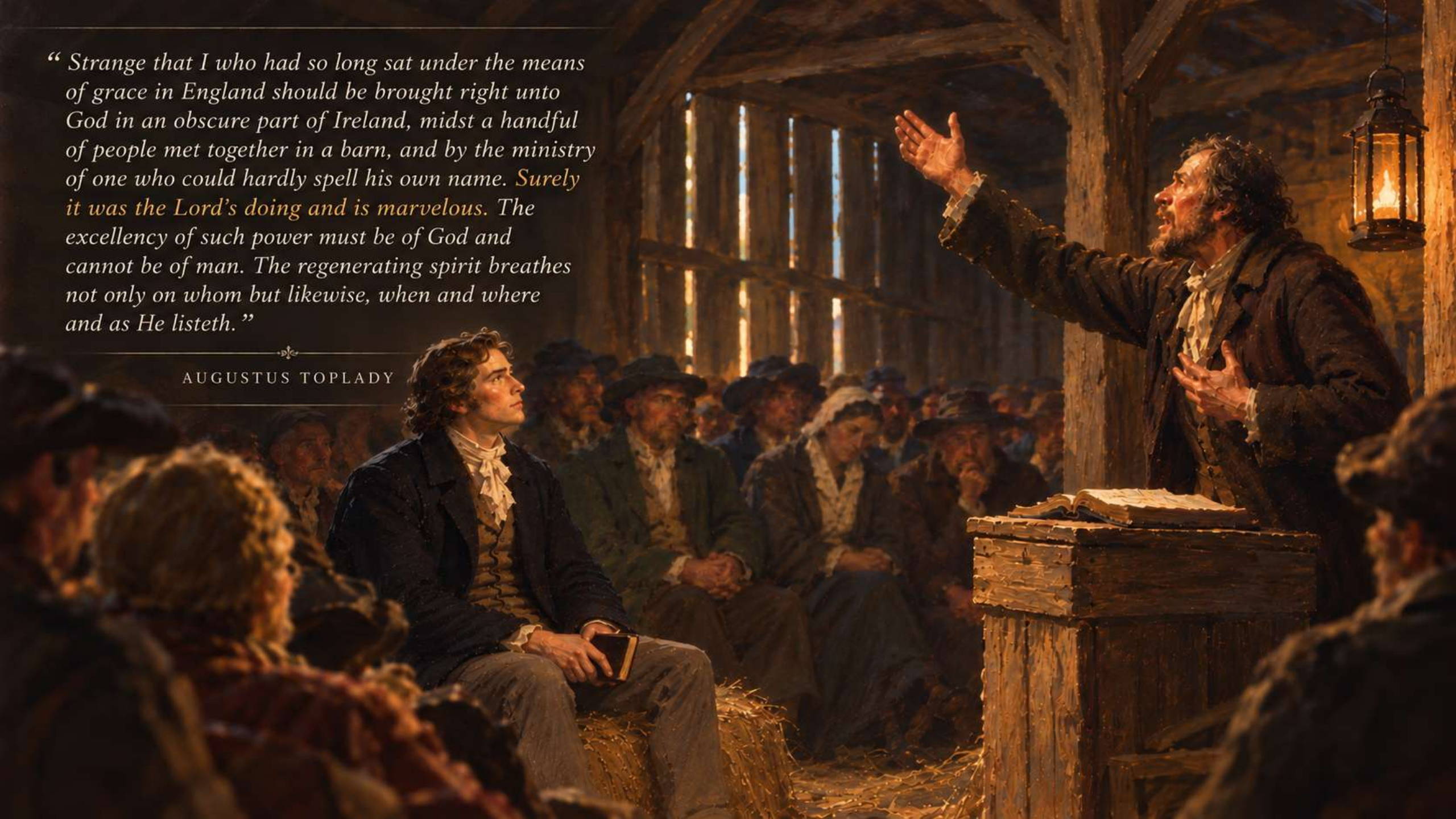
NOVEMBER 4, 1740 — AUGUST 11, 1778

Hymn Writer • Pastor • Theologian

*Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to the cross I cling;*

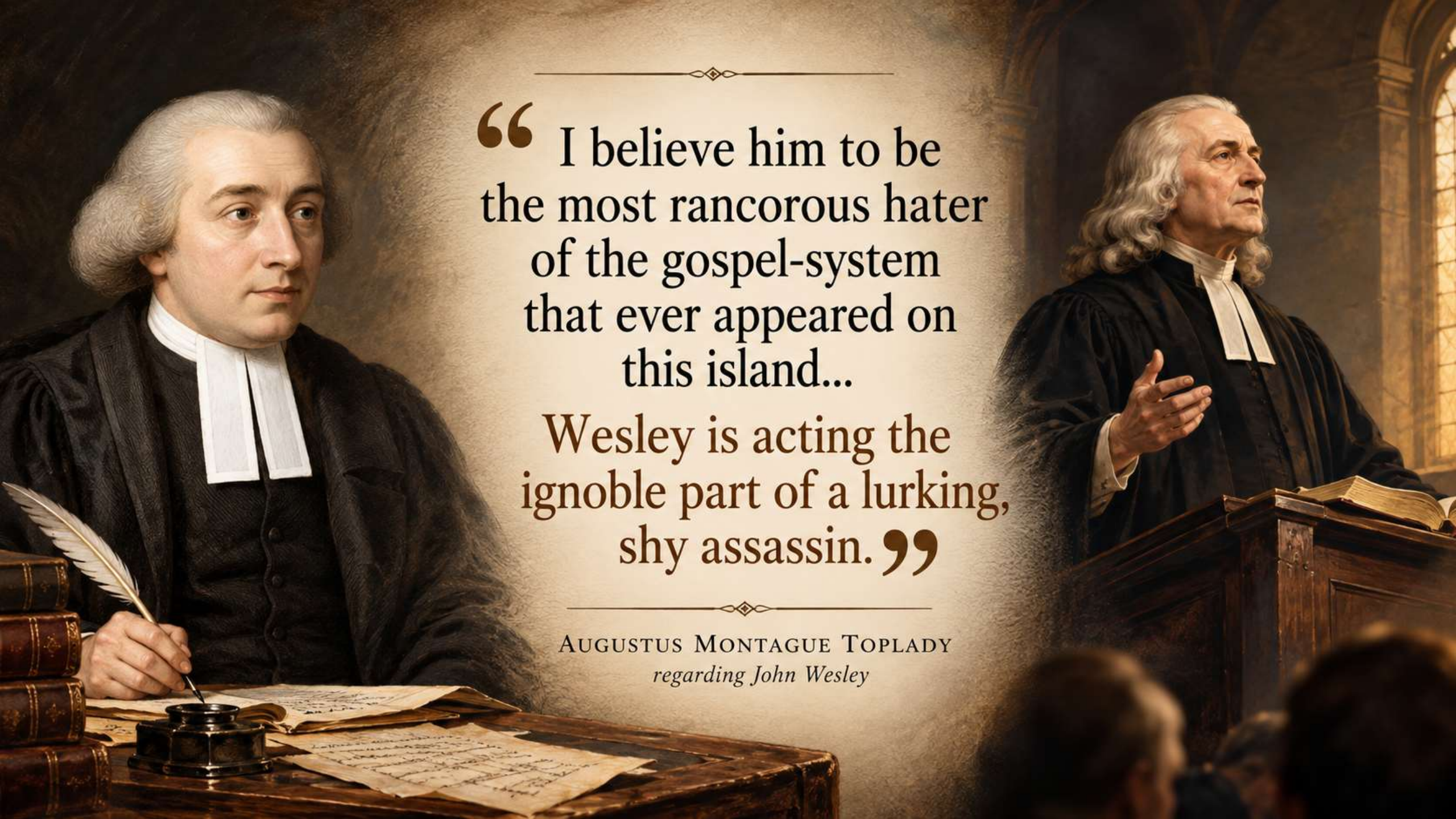
“ Strange that I who had so long sat under the means of grace in England should be brought right unto God in an obscure part of Ireland, midst a handful of people met together in a barn, and by the ministry of one who could hardly spell his own name. Surely it was the Lord’s doing and is marvelous. The excellency of such power must be of God and cannot be of man. The regenerating spirit breathes not only on whom but likewise, when and where and as He listeth. ”

—❖—
AUGUSTUS TOPLADY



1 Corinthians 1:26-29:

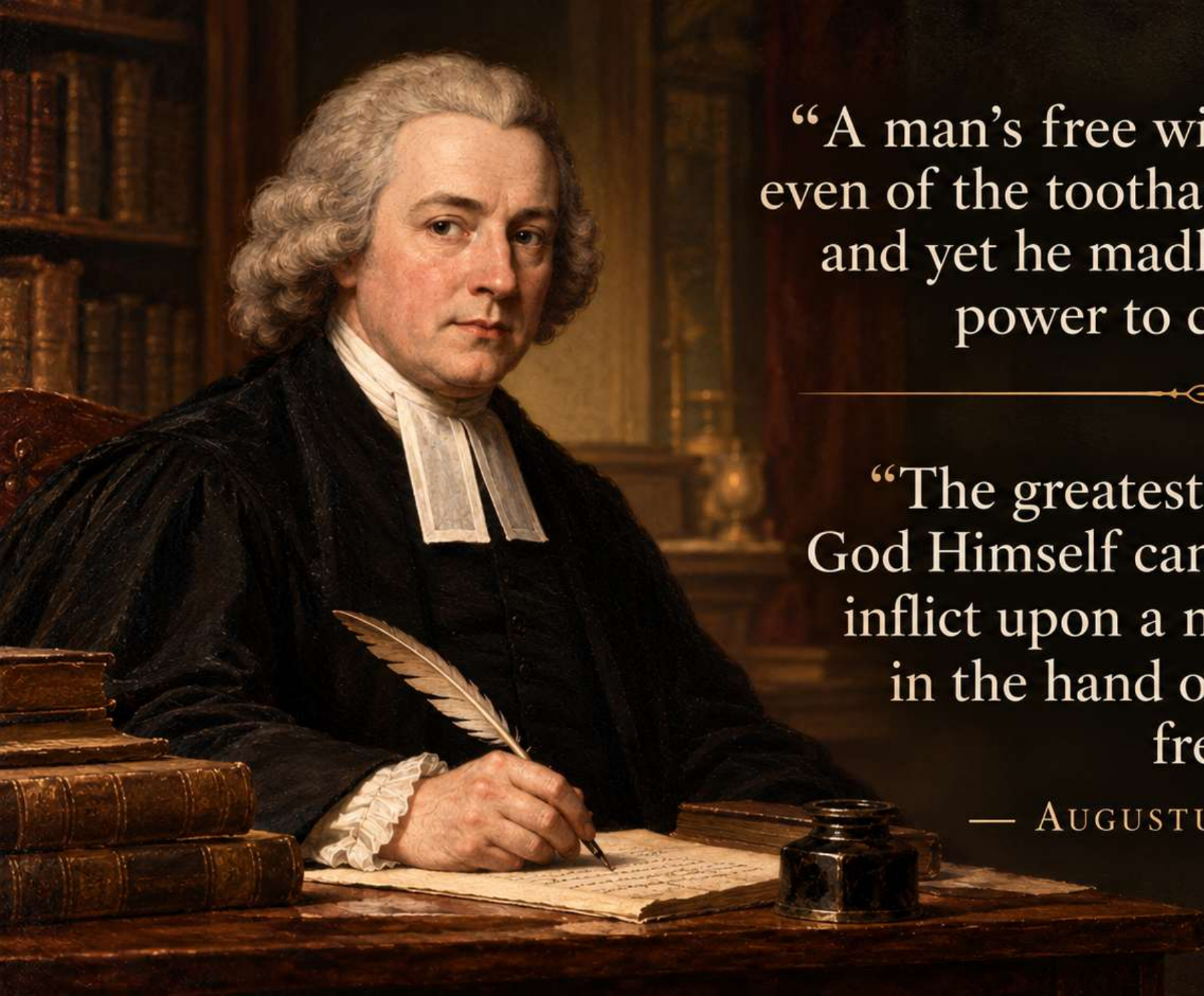
"For consider your calling, brothers: not many of you were wise according to worldly standards, not many were powerful, not many were of noble birth. But God chose what is foolish in the world to shame the wise; God chose what is weak in the world to shame the strong; God chose what is low and despised in the world, even things that are not, to bring to nothing things that are, so that no human being might boast in the presence of God."



“ I believe him to be
the most rancorous hater
of the gospel-system
that ever appeared on
this island...

Wesley is acting the
ignoble part of a lurking,
shy assassin.”

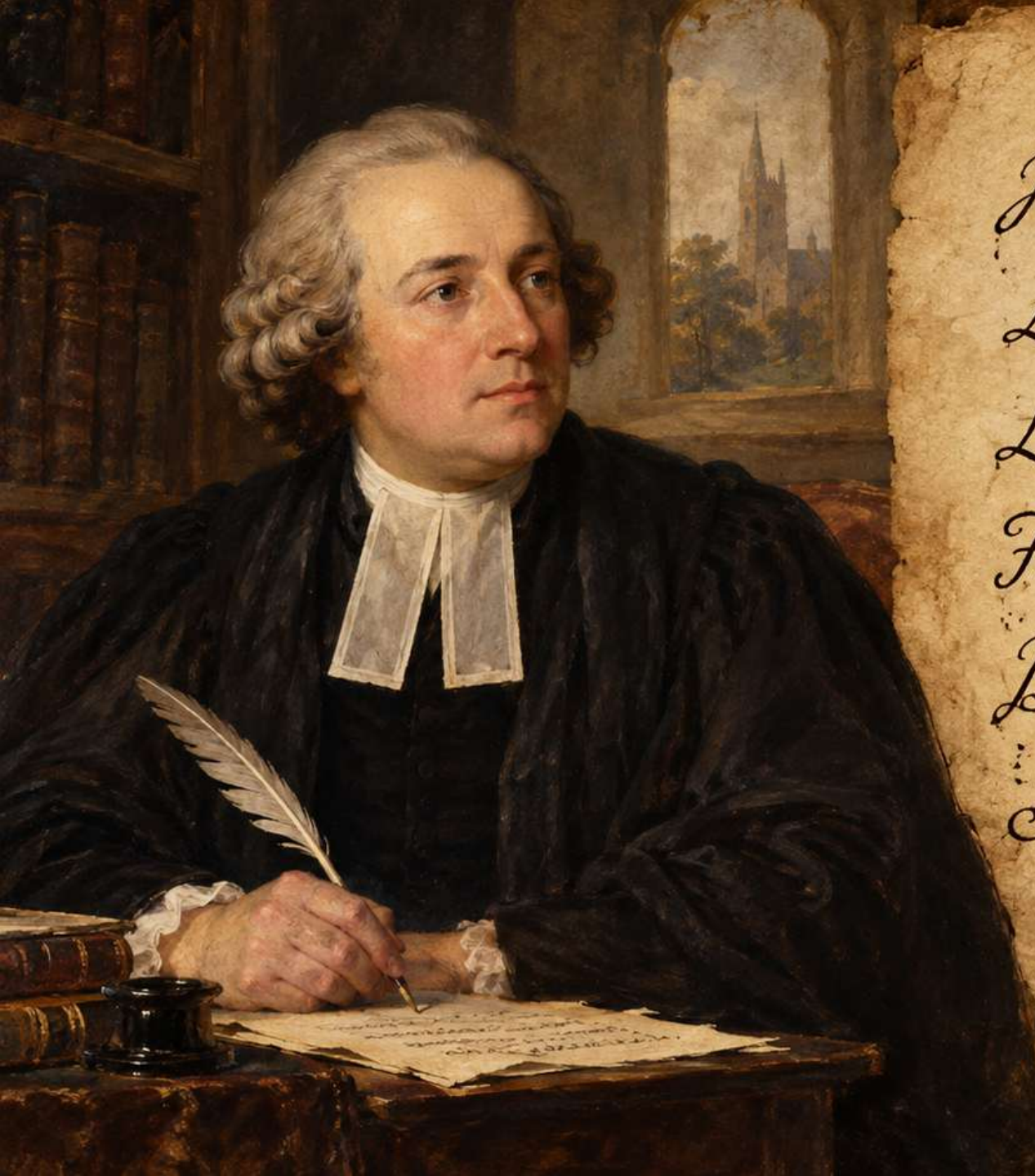
AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY
regarding John Wesley



“A man’s free will cannot cure him even of the toothache, or a sore finger; and yet he madly thinks it is in its power to cure his soul.”

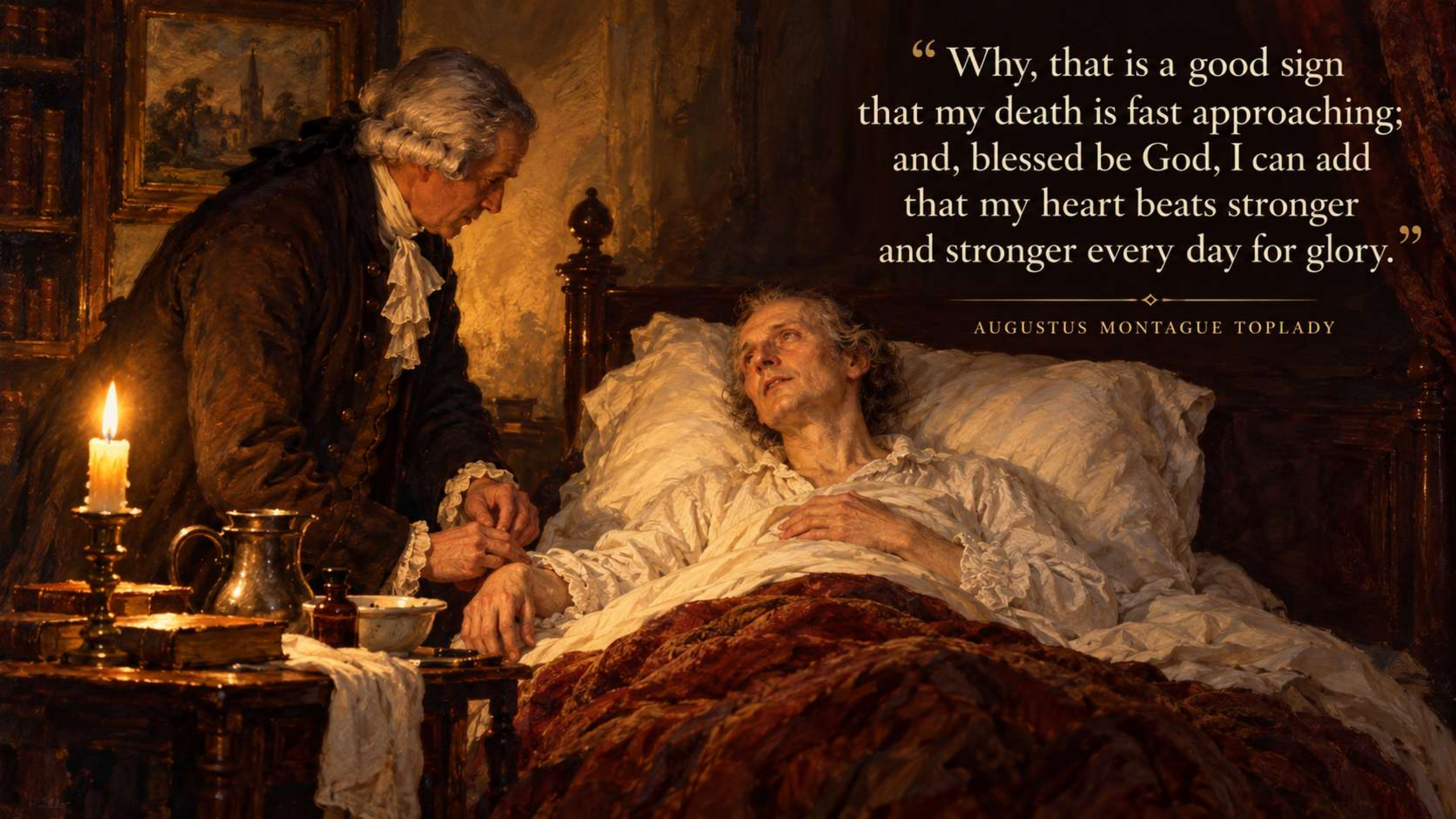
“The greatest judgment which God Himself can, in this present life, inflict upon a man is, to leave him in the hand of his own boasted free will.”

— AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY



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.

Augustus Montague Toplady



“ Why, that is a good sign
that my death is fast approaching;
and, blessed be God, I can add
that my heart beats stronger
and stronger every day for glory.”

— ♦ —
AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY



“ O, my dear sir, I cannot tell
you the comforts I feel in my soul;
they are past expression. . . .
My prayers are all converted
into praise.”

AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY



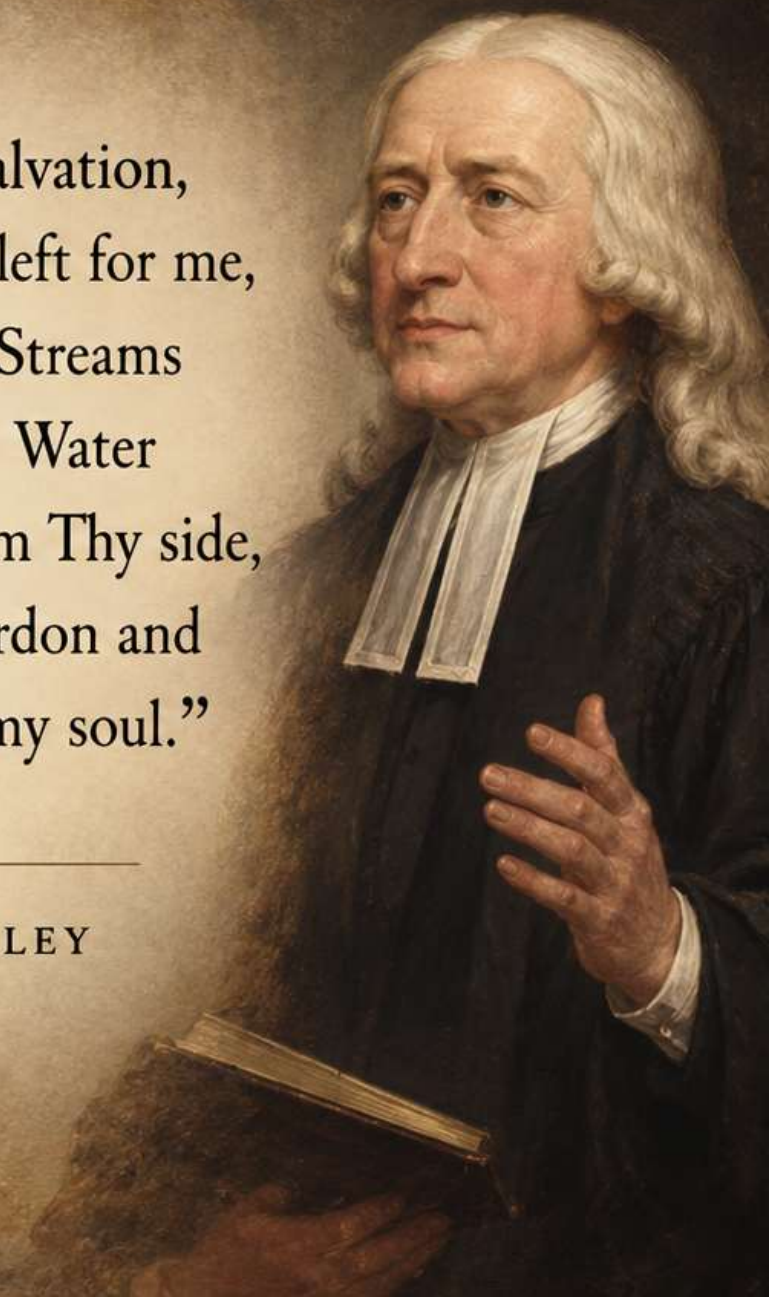
“Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side
which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and
make me pure.”

AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE
TOPLADY



“O Rock of Salvation,
Rock struck and cleft for me,
let those two Streams
of Blood and Water
which gushed from Thy side,
bring down Pardon and
Holiness into my soul.”

JOHN WESLEY



JESUS OUR SAVIOR

204 Rock of Ages

They drank of that spiritual Rock that followed them: and that Rock was Christ. 1 Cor. 10:4



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 my eyes shall close in death,





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;
When I soar to worlds un - known, See Thee on Thy judg - ment throne,



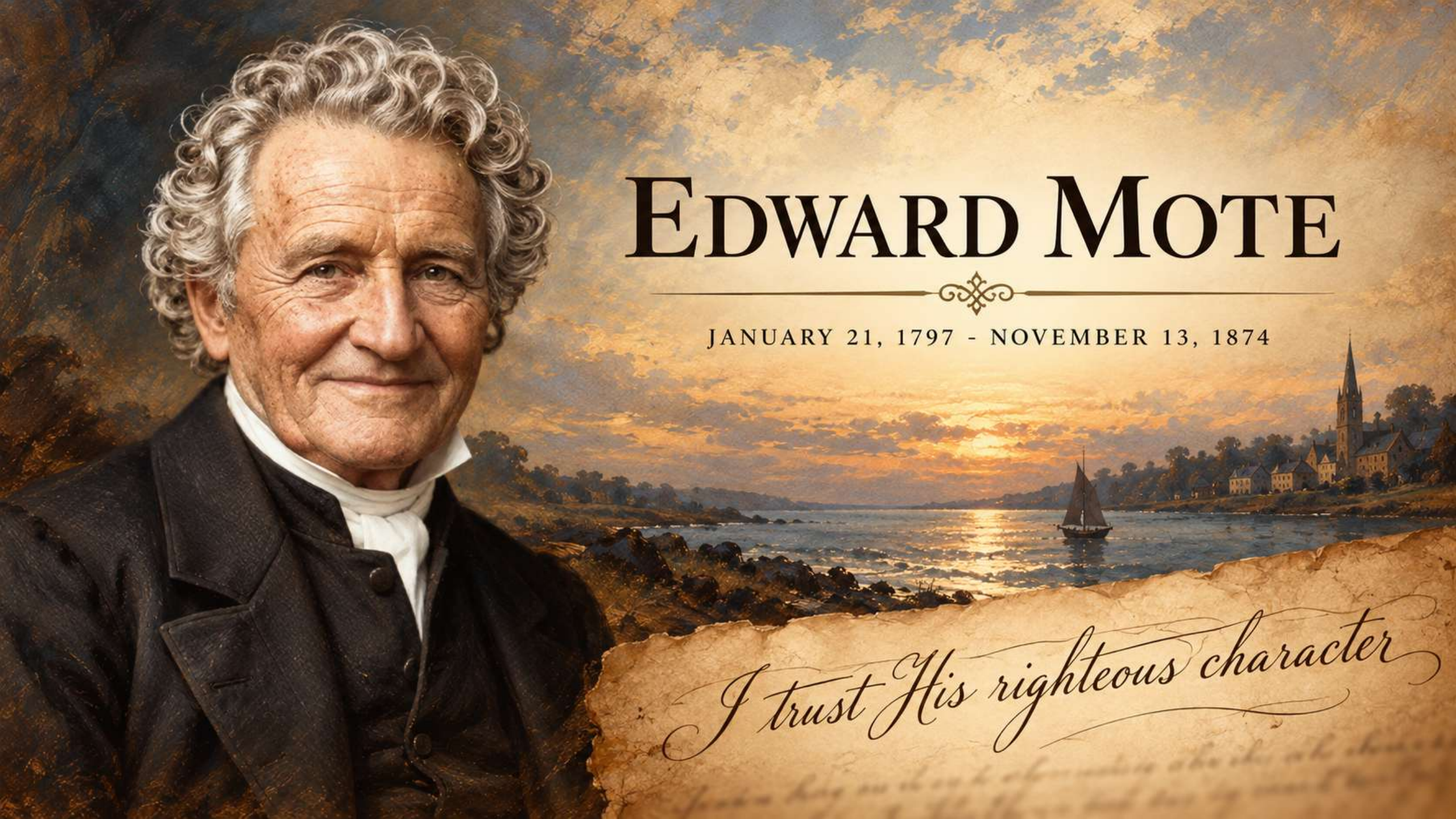


Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.
All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save and Thou a - lone.
Foul, I to the foun-tain fly, Wash me, Sav - ior, or I die!
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee. A - men.



TEXT: Augustus M. Toplady
MUSIC: Thomas Hastings

TOPLADY
7.7.7.7.7.7.

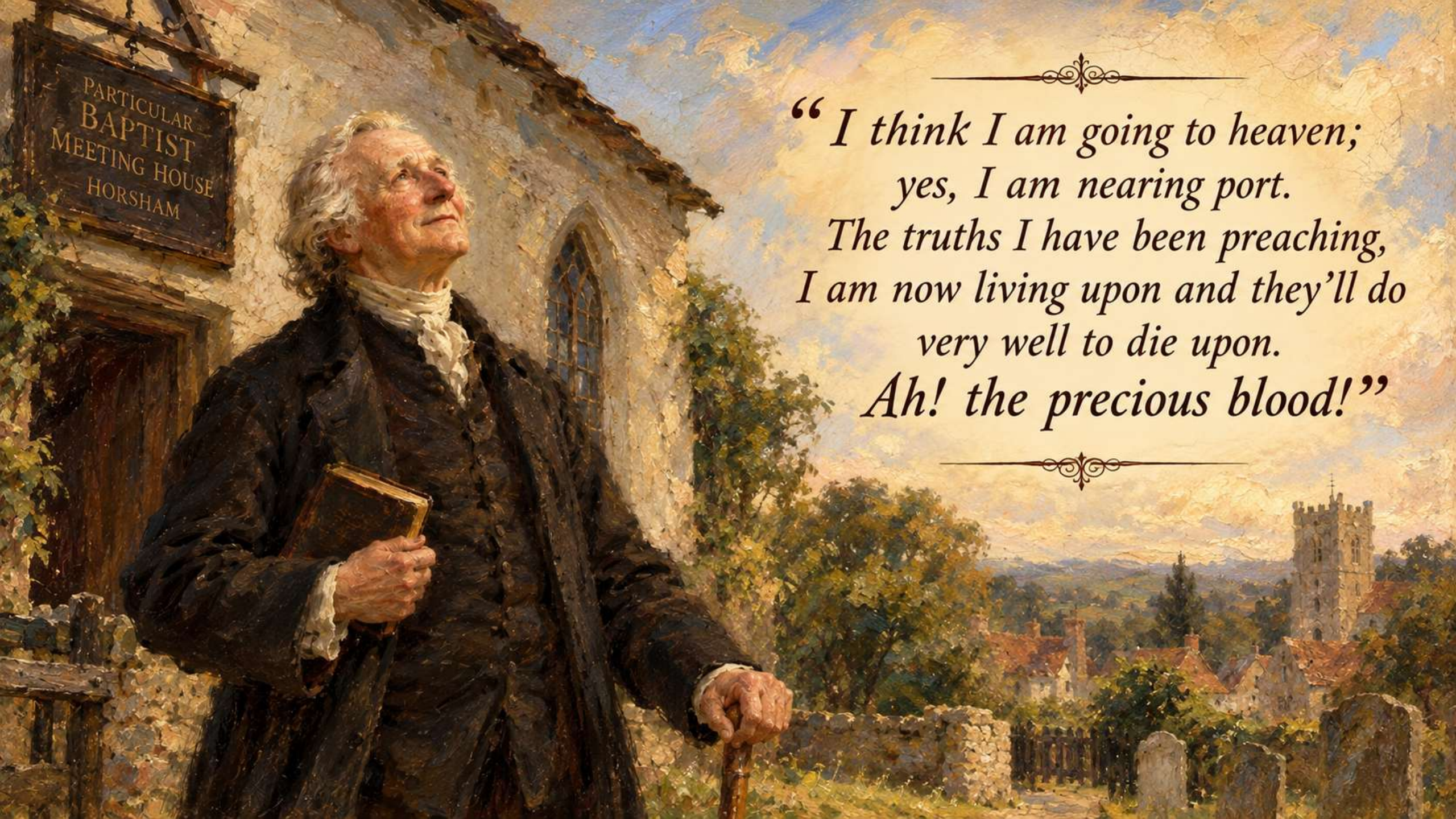


EDWARD MOTE



JANUARY 21, 1797 - NOVEMBER 13, 1874

I trust His righteous character



*“I think I am going to heaven;
yes, I am nearing port.
The truths I have been preaching,
I am now living upon and they’ll do
very well to die upon.
Ah! the precious blood!”*



“One morning it came into my mind as I went to labour, to write an hymn on the ‘Gracious Experience of a Christian.’

As I went up Holborn I had the chorus, In the day I had four first verses complete, and wrote them off.

On the Sabbath following I met brother King as I came out of Lisle Street Meeting . . . who informed me that his wife was very ill, and asked me to call and see her. I had an early tea, and called afterwards. He said that it was his usual custom to sing a hymn, read a portion, and engage in prayer, before he went to meeting. He looked for his hymnbook but could find it nowhere.

I said, ‘I have some verses in my pocket; if he liked, we would sing them.’ We did; and his wife enjoyed them so much, that after service he asked me, as a favour, to leave a copy of them for his wife.

I went home, and by the fireside composed the last two verses, wrote the whole off, and took them to sister King. . .

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.”

Edward Mote

The Immutable Basis of a Sinner's Hope

*I trust His righteous character
His council, promise, and His pow'r
His honor and His Name's at stake
To save me from the burning lake*

*On Christ the Solid Rock I stand
All other ground is sinking sand
All other ground is sinking sand*

404 The Solid Rock

A wise man . . . built his house upon a rock. Matt. 7:24

- 1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and right-eous-ness;
- 2. When dark-ness veils His love-ly face, I rest on His un - chang-ing grace;
- 3. His oath, His cov - e - nant, His blood Sup - port me in the whelm-ing flood;
- 4. When He shall come with trumpet sound, O may I then in Him be found,



I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je - sus' name.
 In ev - 'ry high and storm - y gale My an-chor holds with - in the veil.
 When all a - round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
 Dressed in His right - eous - ness a - lone, Fault - less to stand be - fore the throne.



Refrain

On Christ, the sol - id Rock, I stand— All oth - er ground is

sink - ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

TEXT: Edward Mote
MUSIC: William B. Bradbury
Alternate tune: MELITA at No. 402

SOLID ROCK
L.M. with Refrain



JOSEPH MEDLICOTT SCRIVEN

September 10, 1819 – August 10, 1886







Until a short time before his death it was not known that he had a poetic gift. A neighbor, sitting up with him in his illness, happened upon a manuscript copy of “What a Friend We Have in Jesus.” reading it with great delight and questioning Mr. Scriven about it, he said that he had composed it for his mother, to comfort her in a time of special sorrow, not intending that anyone else should see it.

Some time later, when another Port Hope neighbor asked him if it was true that he composed the hymn, his reply was,

*“The Lord and I did it
between us.”*



John 15:13-16

“Greater love has no one than this, that someone lay down his life for his friends. You are my friends if you do what I command you. No longer do I call you servants, for the servant does not know what his master is doing; but I have called you friends, for all that I have heard from my Father I have made known to you. You did not choose me, but I chose you and appointed you that you should go and bear fruit. . .”

435 What a Friend We Have in Jesus

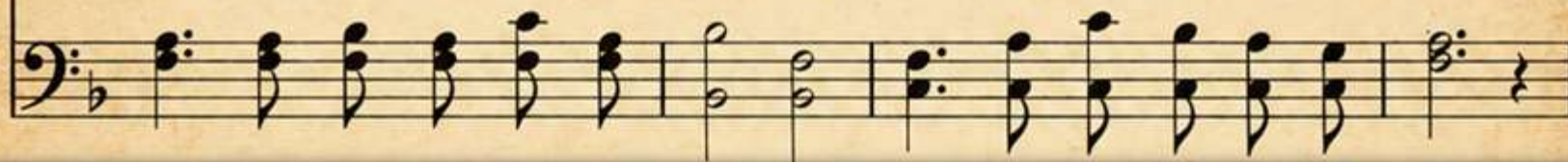
In every thing by prayer . . . let your requests be made known unto God. Phil. 4:6



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 - ery-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 - ery-thing to God in prayer!
Je - sus knows our ev - ery weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.



TEXT: Joseph M. Scriven
MUSIC: Charles C. Converse

CONVERSE
8.7.8.7.D.

'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus 350

Ye believe in God, believe also in Me. John 14:1



1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take Him at His word,
2. O how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust His cleans - ing blood,
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease,
4. I'm so glad I learned to trust Him, Pre - cious Je - sus, Sav - ior, Friend;



Just to rest up - on His prom - ise, Just to know "Thus saith the Lord."
Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal - ing, cleans - ing flood!
Just from Je - sus sim - ply tak - ing Life and rest and joy and peace.
And I know that He is with me, Will be with me to the end.



Refrain



Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust Him! How I've proved Him o'er and o'er!



Je - sus, Je - sus, pre - cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust Him more!



TEXT: Louisa M. R. Stead

TRUST IN JESUS

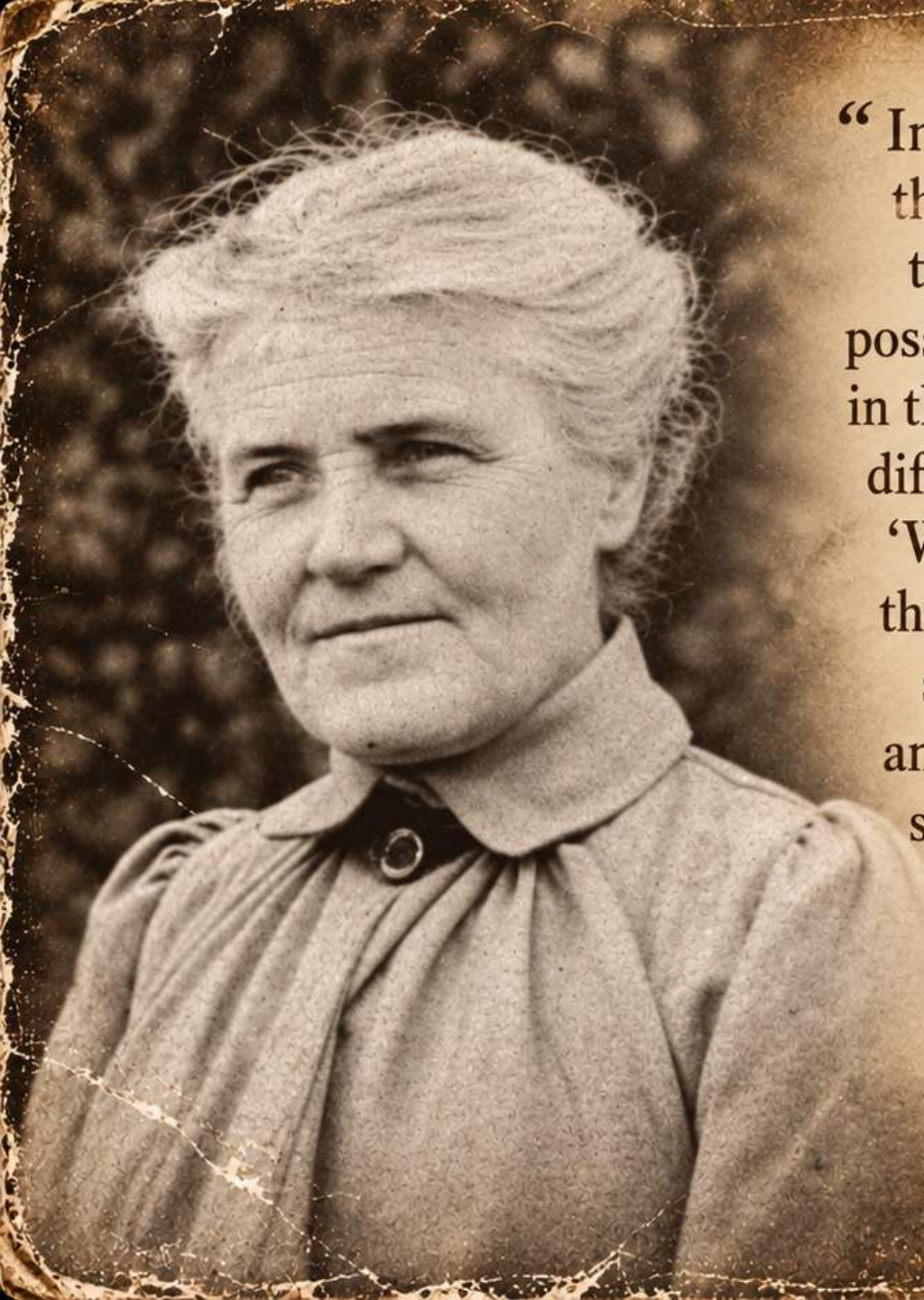


Louisa M. R. *Stead*

1850 - 1917







“In connection with this whole mission there are glorious possibilities. One cannot in the face of the peculiar difficulties help saying, ‘Who is sufficient for these things?’ but with simple confidence and trust we may and do say, *‘Our sufficiency is of God.’*”

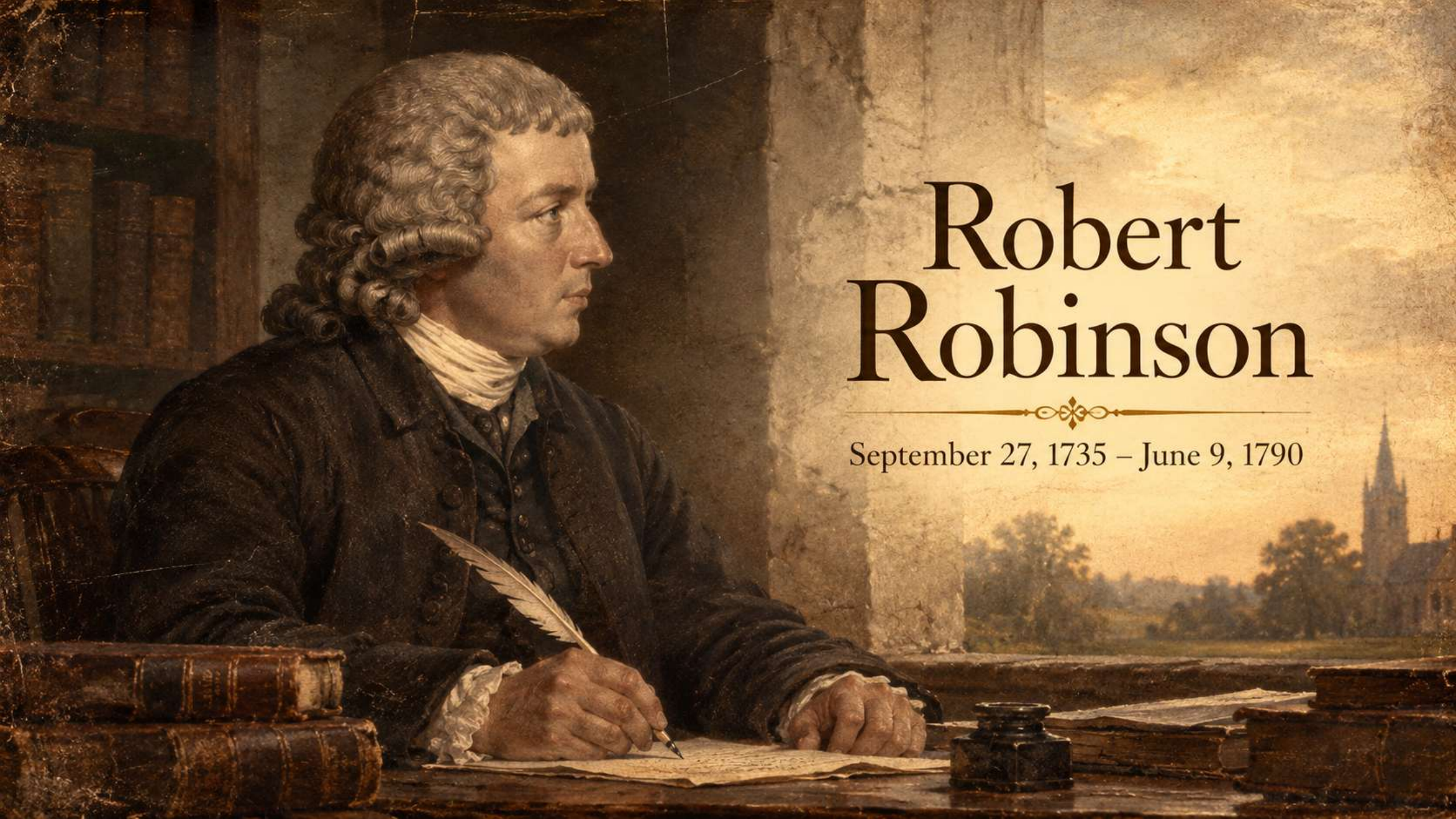
——
LOUISA M. R. STEAD



“In God I have put
my trust; I will not
be afraid.”

P S A L M 56:11



A detailed oil painting of Robert Robinson, a 18th-century English Baptist minister. He is depicted in profile, seated at a desk, writing with a quill pen on a piece of paper. He wears a dark, buttoned coat over a white cravat. To his left are several large, old books. On the desk in front of him is an inkwell and more books. The background shows a window with a view of a landscape featuring trees and a church spire in the distance. The lighting is soft, coming from the window, creating a contemplative atmosphere.

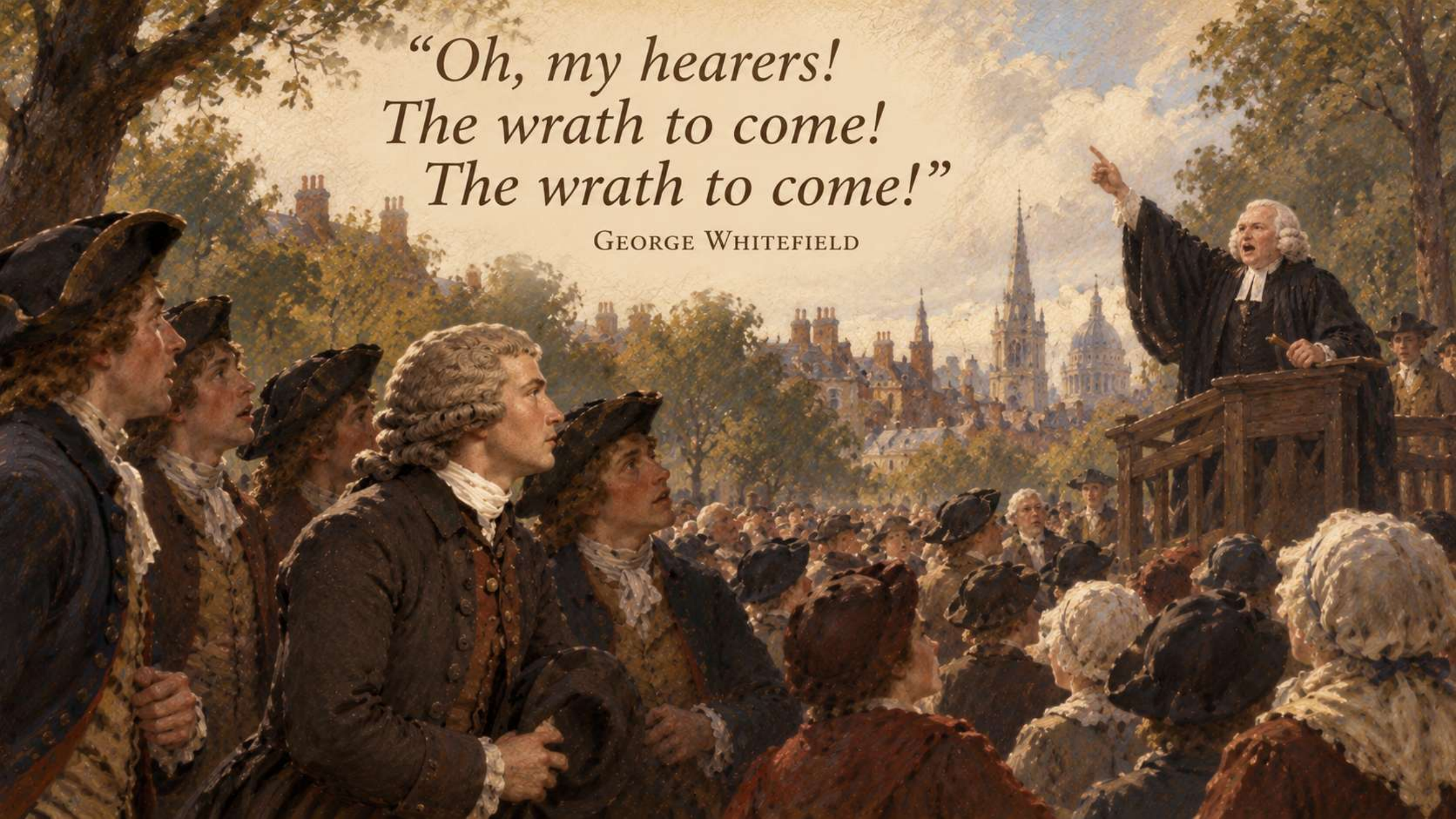
Robert Robinson

September 27, 1735 – June 9, 1790



*“Oh, my hearers!
The wrath to come!
The wrath to come!”*

GEORGE WHITEFIELD





*Robert, son of Michael and Mary .
Robinson. Born at Swaffham, in the
county of Norfolk, on Saturday,
September 27, 1735.*

*Born again on Saturday, May 24, 1752,
through the powerful preaching of
George Whitefield.*

*And, having experienced the pains of
spiritual renewal, after two years and
seven months, I found full and free
pardon through the precious blood
of Jesus Christ (Tuesday, December 10,
1755).*

*To Him be honor and glory forever and
ever. Amen.*



*Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
bind my wandering heart
to thee.*

*Prone to wander; Lord, I feel it;
prone to leave the God I love.*

*Here's my heart Lord, take
and seal it, seal it for
Thy courts above.*

Robert Robinson

2 Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing

The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich. Prov. 10:22



1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - ery bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
2. Hith - er - to Thy love has blest me; Thou hast bro't me to this place;
3. O to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm con - strained to be!



Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise.
And I know Thy hand will bring me Safe - ly home by Thy good grace.
Let Thy good - ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wan - dering 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 - dering 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 precious blood.
Here's my heart, O take and seal it; Seal it for Thy courts a - bove. A - men.

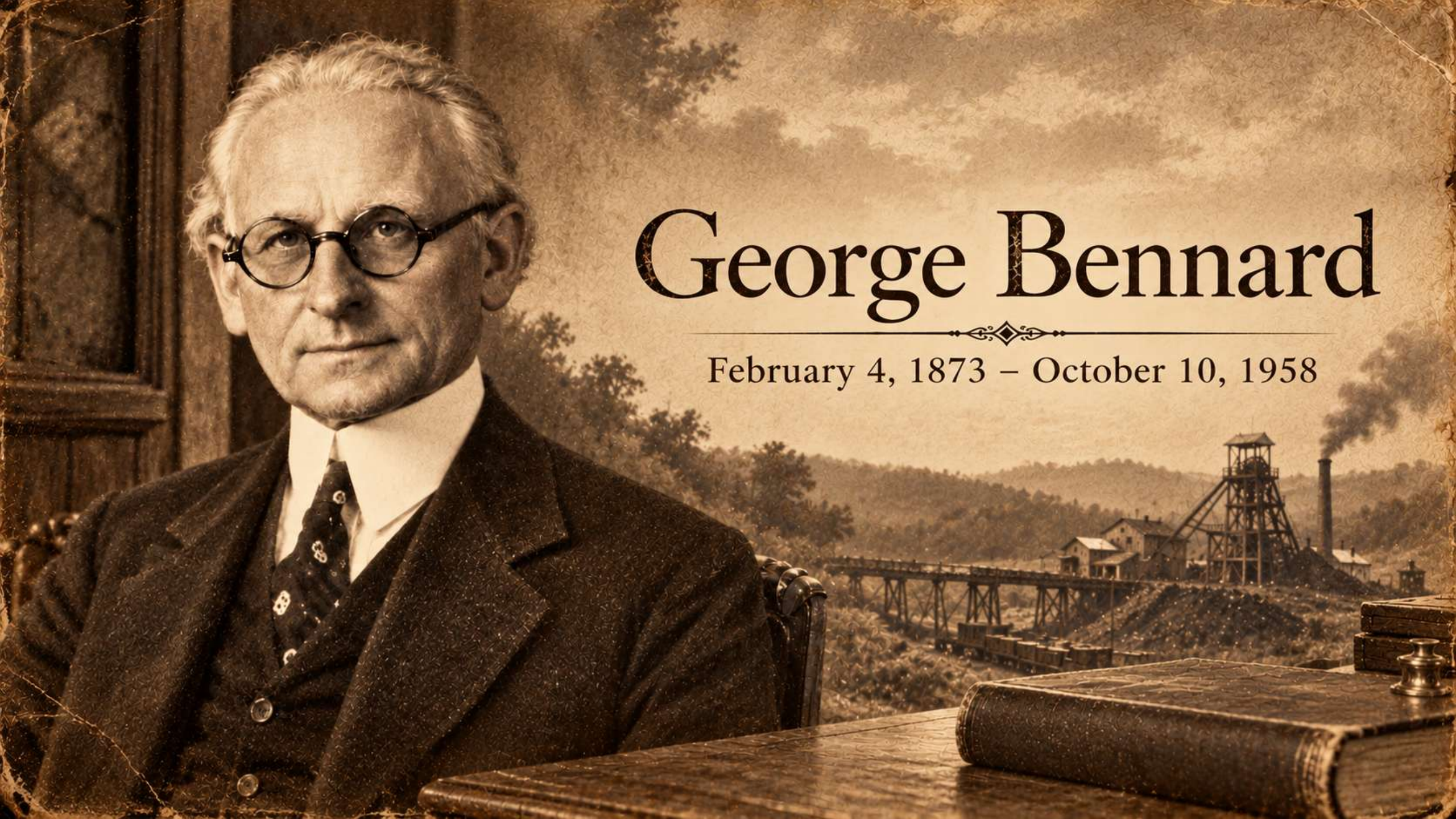


TEXT: Robert Robinson; adapted by Margaret Clarkson

MUSIC: Traditional American melody; John Wyeth's *Repository of Sacred Music*, 1813

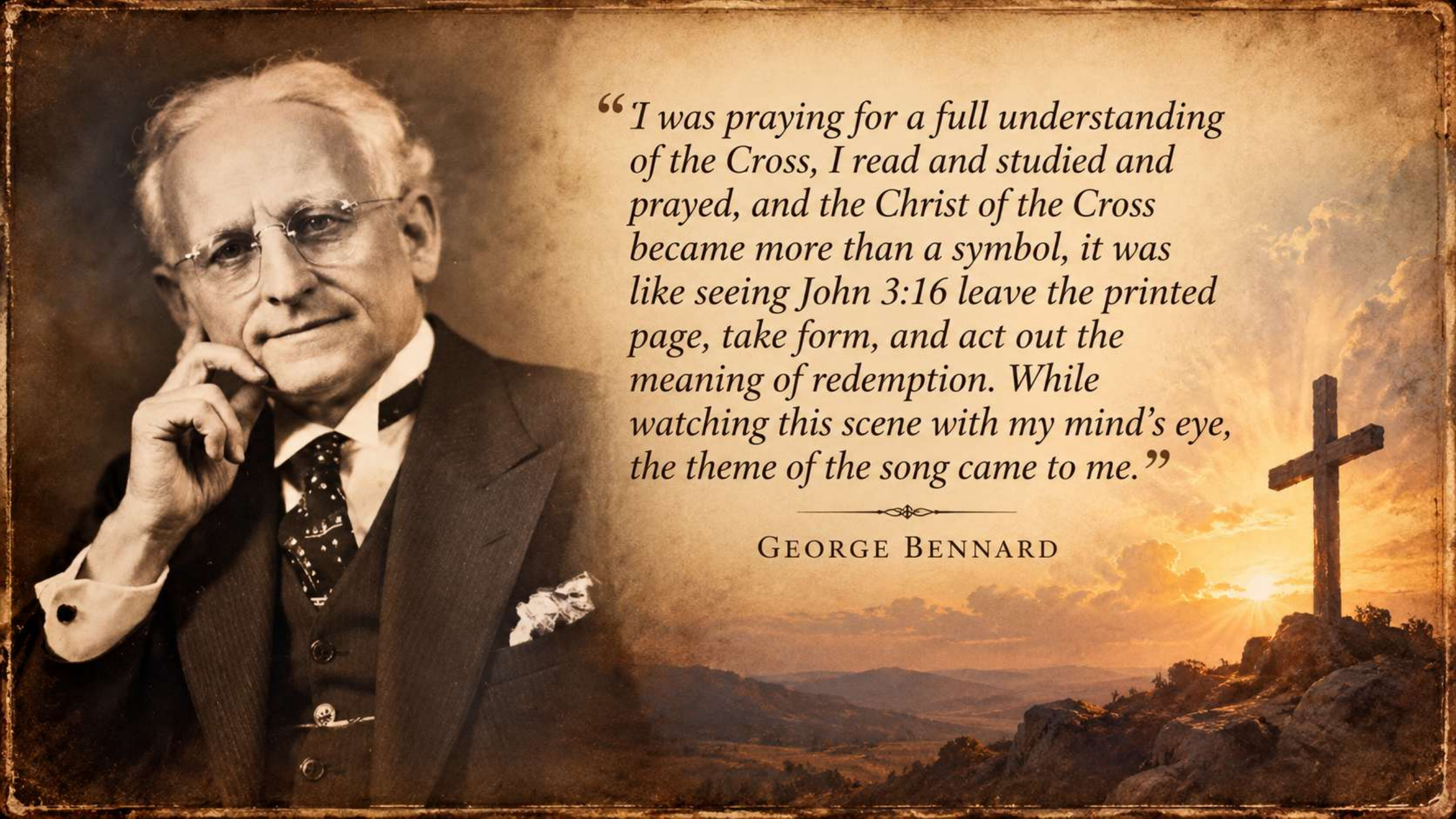
NETTLETON

8.7.8.7.D.



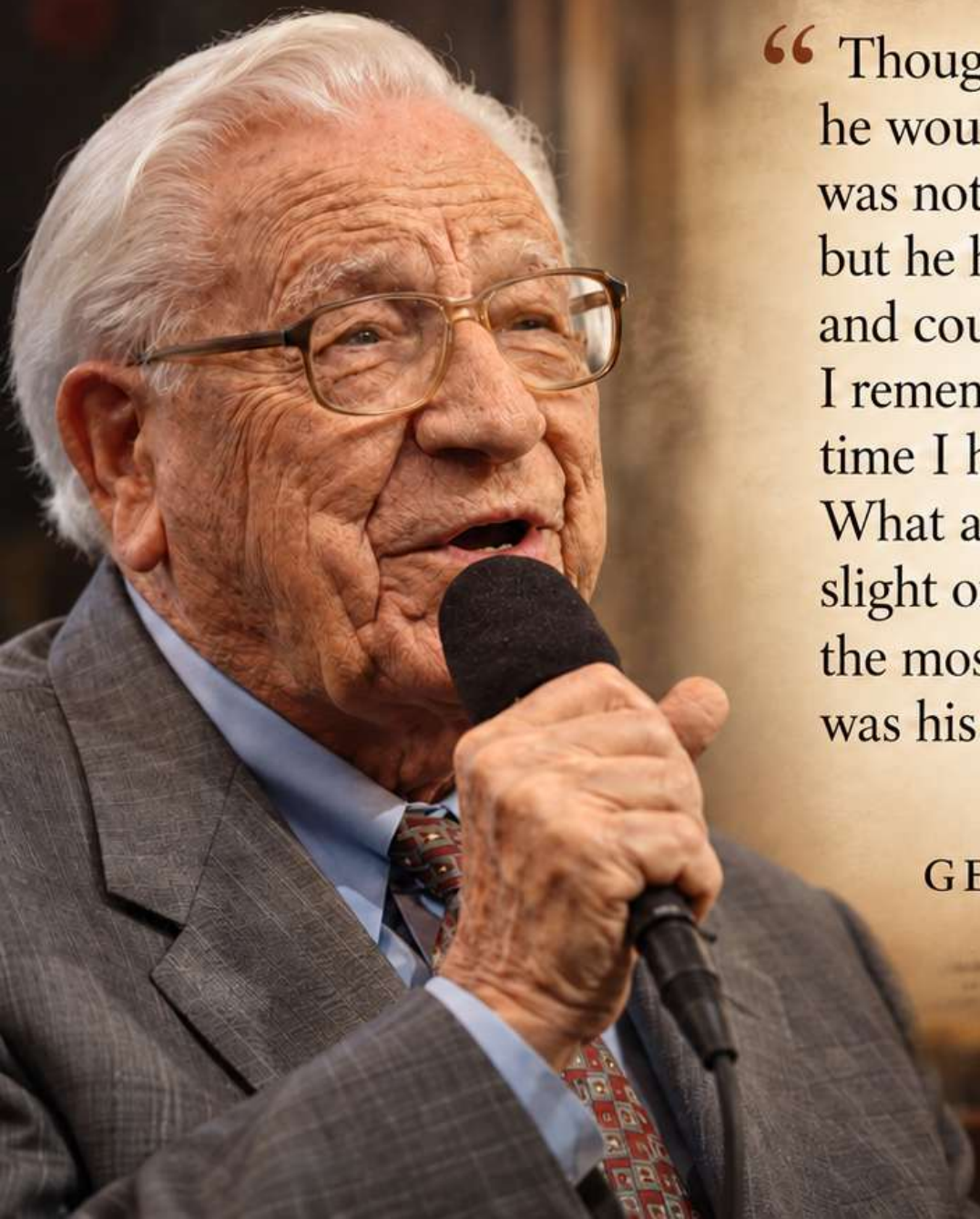
George Bennard

February 4, 1873 – October 10, 1958



“I was praying for a full understanding of the Cross, I read and studied and prayed, and the Christ of the Cross became more than a symbol, it was like seeing John 3:16 leave the printed page, take form, and act out the meaning of redemption. While watching this scene with my mind’s eye, the theme of the song came to me.”

GEORGE BENNARD



“ Though a preacher, a good one, he would sometimes sing. His voice was not trained or out of the ordinary, but he had great feeling and expression and could really put over any hymn. I remember how moved I was the first time I heard him singing his own hymn. What a distinguished looking man, slight of build, short, with glasses, the most memorable thing about him was his long, white hair. ”

GEORGE BEVERLY SHEA



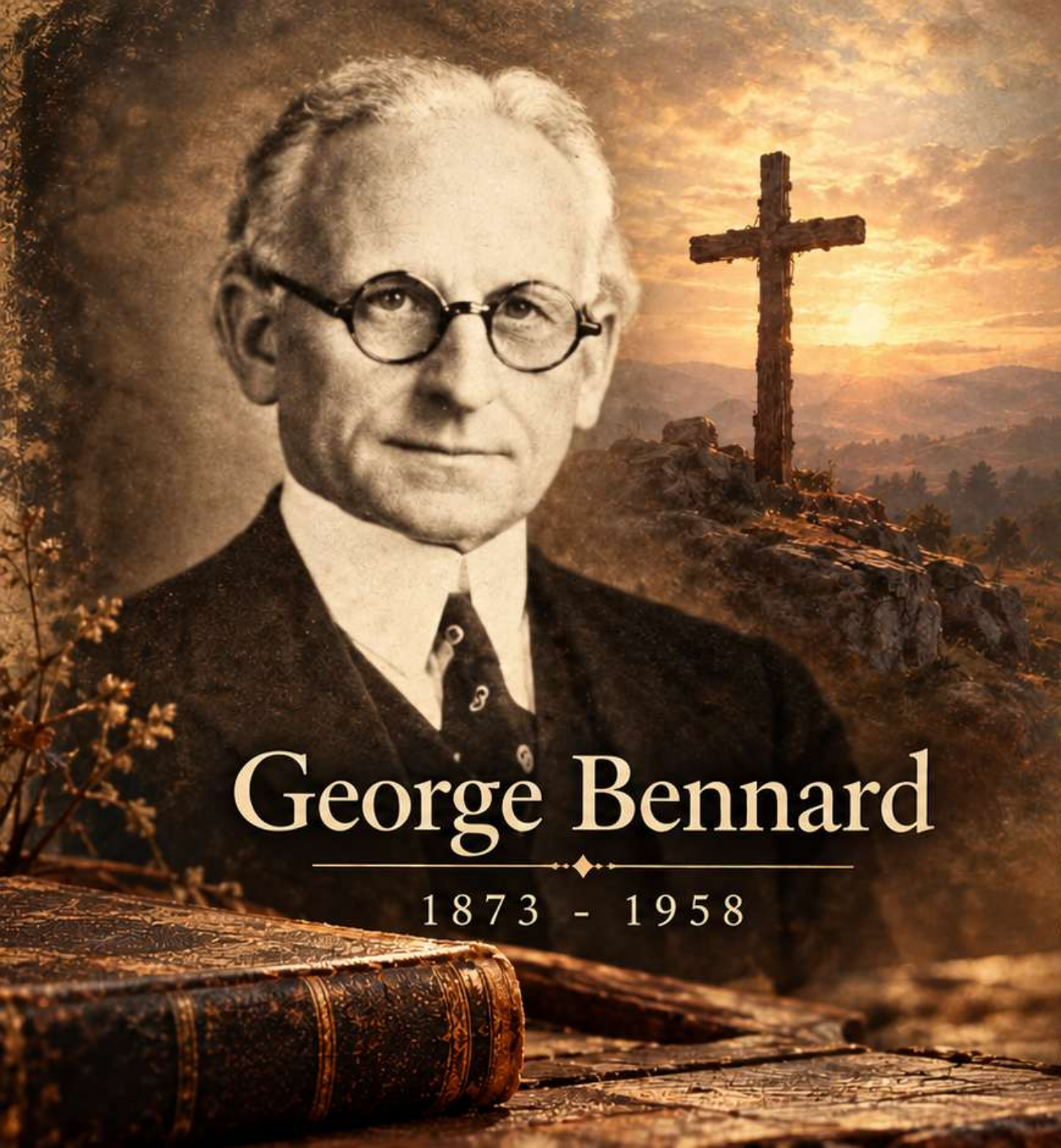
106

RHEA F. MILLER

I'd Rather Have Jesus

GEORGE BEVERLY SHEA

1. I'd rath-er have Je-sus than sil-ver or gold, I'd rath-er be
2. I'd rath-er have Je-sus than men's ap-plause, I'd rath-er be
3. He's fair-er than lil-ies of rar-est bloom, He's sweet-er than



George Bennard

1873 - 1958

75

The Old Rugged Cross

The Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.—GAL. 6: 14.

G. B.

REV. GEO. BENNARD.

SOLO AND CHORUS.

1. On a hill far a - way stood an old rug-ged cross, The em-blem of
2. Oh, that old rug-ged cross, so de-spised by the world, Has a won-drous at-
3. In the old rug-ged cross, stained with blood so di-vine, A won - drous
4. To the old rug-ged cross I will ev - er be true, Its shame and re-

suf-f'ring and shame, And I love that old cross where the dear-est and best
trac-tion for me; For the dear Lamb of God left His glo - ry a - bove,
beau - ty I see, For 'twas on that old cross Je - sus suf-fered and died,
proach glad-ly bear, Then He'll call me some day to my home far a - way,

CHORUS.

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

cross, ... Till my trophies at last I lay down; I will cling to the

Words and music copyright, 1913, by Geo. Bennard.

186 The Old Rugged Cross

He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto . . . the death of the cross. Phil. 2:8



1. On a hill far a - way stood an old rug - ged cross, The
2. O that old rug - ged cross, so de - spised by the world, Has a
3. In the old rug - ged cross, stained with blood so di - vine, A
4. To the old rug - ged cross I will ev - er be true, Its



em - blem of suf - f'ring and shame; And I love that old cross where the
won-drous at - trac - tion for me; For the dear Lamb of God left His
won - drous beau - ty I see; For 'twas on that old cross Je - sus
shame and re - proach glad - ly bear; Then He'll call me some day to my



dear - est and best For a world of lost sin - ners was slain.
glo - ry a - bove To bear it to dark Cal - va - ry.
suf - fered and died To par - don and sanc - ti - fy me.
home far a - way, Where His glo - ry for - ev - er I'll share.



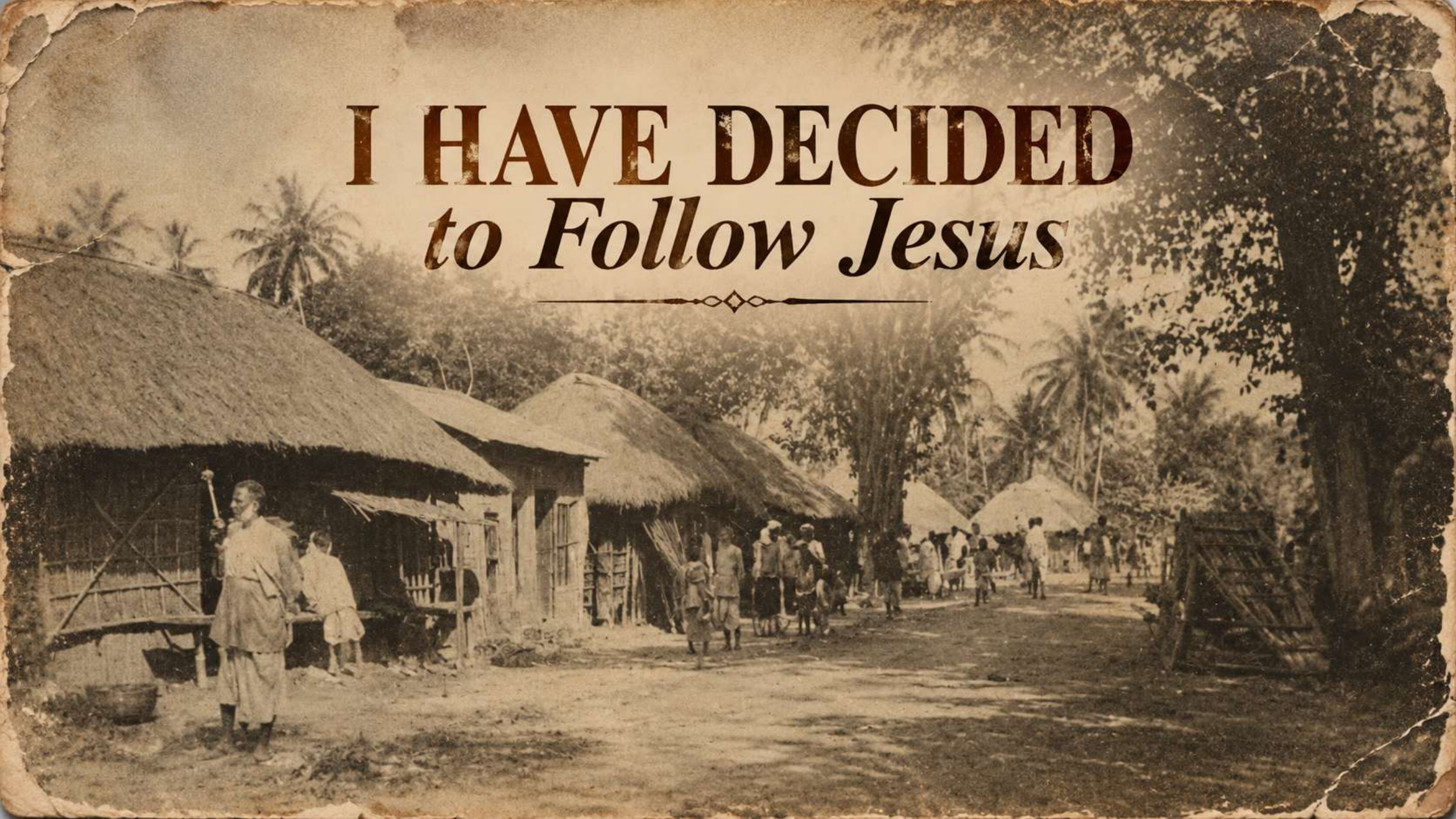
Refrain

So I'll cher-ish the old rug-ged cross, Till my
cross, the old rug-ged cross,

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

cross,
old rug-ged cross, And ex-change it some day for a crown.

I HAVE DECIDED
to Follow Jesus



Luke 14:26-27

“If anyone comes to Me and does not hate his own father and mother and wife and children and brothers and sisters, yes, and even his own life, he cannot be My disciple.

Whoever does not bear his own cross and come after Me cannot be My disciple.”

I Have Decided to Follow Jesus 376

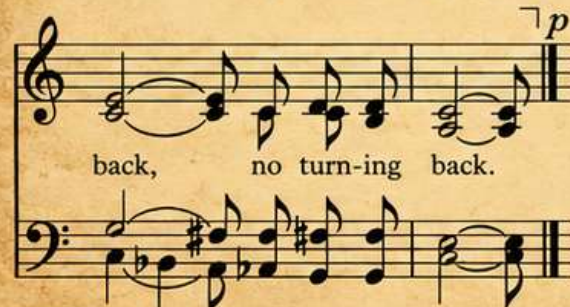
If any man serve Me, let him follow Me. John 12:26



1. I have de - cid - ed to fol - low Je - sus, I have de - cid - ed
2. Tho' none go with me, I still will fol - low, Tho' none go with me,
3. The world be - hind me, the cross be - fore me; The world be - hind me,



to fol - low Je - sus, I have de - cid - ed to fol - low Je - sus,
I still will fol - low, Tho' none go with me, I still will fol - low, No turn-ing
the cross be - fore me; The world be - hind me, the cross be - fore me,



back, no turn-ing back.

WORDS: Attr. S. Sundar Singh (1889-1929)
MUSIC: Hindustani melody

ASSAM
10.10.10.8.