

Out of the Great Ordeal

November 1, 2020
MUSIC

Hymn of Praise

When We All Get to Heaven

Sing the wondrous love of Jesus;
sing his mercy and his grace.
In the mansions bright and blessed
he'll prepare for us a place.

Refrain:

When we all get to heaven,
what a day of rejoicing that will be!
When we all see Jesus,
we'll sing and shout the victory!

While we walk the pilgrim pathway,
clouds will overspread the sky;
but when traveling days are over,
not a shadow, not a sigh.
(Refrain)

Let us then be true and faithful,
trusting, serving every day;
just one glimpse of him in glory
will the toils of life repay.
(Refrain)

TEXT: Eliza E. Hewitt, 1898 / TUNE: HEAVEN

A popular Christian hymn. The lyrics were written in 1898 by Eliza Hewitt and the melody by Mrs. J. G. (Emily) Wilson. The two became acquainted at Methodist camp meetings in New Jersey.

Hewitt was cousin to Edgar Page Stites, another well-known hymnist who wrote the lyrics to "Beulah Land."

Eliza Edmunds Hewitt was born in Philadelphia 28 June 1851. She was educated in the public schools and after graduation from high school became a teacher. However, she developed a spinal malady which cut short her career and made her a shut-in for many years. During her convalescence, she studied English literature. She felt a need to be useful to her church and began writing poems for the primary department. she went on to teach Sunday school, take an active part in the Philadelphia Elementary Union and become Superintendent of the primary department of Calvin Presbyterian Church.

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Special Music

In the Sweet By and By

Our God, our help in ages past,
our hope for years to come,
our shelter from the stormy blast,
and our eternal home:

A thousand ages in thy sight
are like an evening gone,
short as the watch that ends the night
before the rising sun.

Our God, our help in ages past,
our hope for years to come,
be thou our guard while life shall last,
and our eternal home.

TEXT: S. Fillmore Bennett / MUSIC: Joseph P. Webster

Mr. Webster, like many musicians, was of an exceedingly nervous and sensitive nature, and subject to periods of depression, in which he looked upon the dark side of all things in life. I had learned his peculiarities so well that on meeting him I could tell at a glance if he was melancholy, and had found that I could rouse him up by giving him a new song to work on. He came into my place of business [in Elkhorn, Wisconsin], walked down to the stove, and turned his back on me without speaking. I was at my desk. Turning to him, I said, "Webster, what is the matter now?" "It's no matter," he replied, "it will be all right by and by." The idea of the hymn came me like a flash of sunlight, and I replied, "The Sweet By and By! Why would not that make a good hymn?" "Maybe it would," he said indifferently. Turning to my desk I penned the words of the hymn as fast as I could write. I handed the words to Webster. As he read his eyes kindled and stepping to the desk, he began writing the notes. Taking his violin, he played the melody and then jotted down the notes of the chorus. It was not over thirty minutes from the time I took my pen to write the words before two friends with Webster and myself were singing the hymn.

Sanford Fillmore Bennett (1836-1898)

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Offertory Hymn

For All the Saints

For all the saints, who from their labors rest,
who thee by faith before the world confessed,
thy name, O Jesus, be forever blest.
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!

O blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
yet all are one in thee, for all are thine.
Alleluia, Alleluia!

TEXT: William Walsham How, 1864 / TUNE: SINE NOMINE

The broad and sweeping tune with which this hymn is so closely identified was created to be sung during a reverent but dramatic procession at the beginning of an All Saints' Day service, an enacted representation of the enduring "fellowship divine" celebrated by this text.

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Hymn of Sending

On Jordan's Stormy Banks I Stand

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
and cast a wishful eye
to Canaan's fair and happy land,
where my possessions lie.

Refrain:

I am bound for the promised land,
I am bound for the promised land;
oh, who will come and go with me?
I am bound for the promised land.

When I shall reach that happy place,
I'll be forever blest,
for I shall see my Father's face,
and in his bosom rest.
(Refrain)

TEXT: Samuel Stennett, 1787 / TUNE: PROMISED LAND

Born most probably in 1727, son of Rev. Joseph Stennett, D.D., a Baptist minister. When quite young he moved to London, his father having become pastor of the Baptist Church in Little Wild Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields. In 1748, Samuel became assistant to his father in the ministry, and in 1758 succeeded him in the pastoral office at Little Wild Street. From that time until his death in August 1795, he held a prominent position among the Dissenting ministers of London. He was very much respected of some of the statesmen of the time and used his influence with them in support of the principles of religious freedom.