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ANNUAL CONFERENCE

JULY 15th—17th, 1968
ST MARY'S COLLEGE, CHELTENHAM

The Cheltenham Conference indicates that the Society goes from strength to strength in its conferences. It will be regarded by those who have attended most of those held in the last 20 years as one of the best. In subject matter it was down to earth, and in numbers, fellowship, hospitality and service (by our Lecturers and the College Staff) it was up to the skies for praise. The Secretary's

painstaking preparations made excellent provision for members' needs and for the effective progress of the Conference. St Mary's College was obviously the right place to stay, never before do we seem to have called a College Staff together to thank them for the way in which they served our creature comforts.

Two meetings of the Executive Committee, presided over by our respective chairmen—the Revd Dr C. E. Pocknee and the Revd Eric Sharpe, M.A.—dealt with essential business of the Society and prepared the ground for the Annual General Meeting. Only one apology was given, that of the Editor, absent on business in America. A newcomer to the Conference wrote a hymn-parody (for another session), the first line of the last verse of which is most apt here:

“Save Erik Routley from the States
And all of us from lesser fates:
O keep your big surprise—
And when the hymnless cultures crack,
O give us all our voices back
To shake your joyless skies.”

One very welcome member of our sessions (and we told him so) was the Revd F. B. Merryweather, M.A., a former Secretary of the Society. With undimmed eyes and raven black hair he does not appear an octogenarian, and yet he is.

After much thought and discussion, and after three places had been mentioned, the Secretary was asked to try to arrange the 1969 Conference at Liverpool. Probable themes for lectures: Roman Catholic Hymnody and the Developments in the use of the Vernacular, and Welsh Hymnody—its tunes that are Unknown to English Hymn Books. The 1970 Conference might well be at Birmingham, or Nottingham, or Tenbury. The Executive's recommendation to deal with the publication of the Revision of Julian as a series of fascicles, if this can be done satisfactorily, gained the approval of the A.G.M. Lord Horder and Mrs Joan White had reported on an interview with Murrays as to the publication of the first fascicle, the work done on the English Hymn Writers and their Hymns—by the Revision Editor, the Revd L. H. Bunn, B.A. This matter is still under discussion. The Treasurer's statement on Income and Expenditure, and the Balance Sheet, circulated to members, were received and approved, with thanks for the care and skill given to the Society's finances by Mr John Wilson. He pointed out that we were indebted to the sale of sets of Bulletins for about £75 of our income this year. Membership increased by fifteen in the year and three more Libraries subscribing. The Officers were thanked for their very good work and unanimously re-appointed.

The first Lecture, on “The Music of the Hymnody of the past

Fifty Years”, given by Prof A. J. B. Hutchings, was presided over by Dr Pocknee. He introduced his friend as a keen churchman, a member of our Society, an authoritative writer on Music, particularly Church Music, and a contributor to the Pelican History of Music; one who liked to style himself as the Assistant Deputy Organist of St Oswald's, Durham—J. B. Dykes's church. Having just retired from Durham University as Professor of Music, and being about to remove to Exeter to take up a similar post there, the Chairman said the best way he could describe him at the moment was as belonging to the ‘transitional’ period. After so auspicious a beginning we were led on by Professor Hutchings to consider the subject from his angle in one of the raciest lectures we have heard. It is hoped that members will be able to read it in the Bulletin as no report could convey correctly all its assessments of what has been going on in Church Music for the last half century. The lecturer was so full of his subject, and had so much to say, that only the speed of light would have served him well in the saying of it. Even the tape-recorder worked hard to assimilate the content of more than an hour's stimulating lecture, but at least it secured the musical illustrations at the piano as well as the spoken word—and each hearing yields something one did not take full account of before.

The second Lecture, on “The Hymnody of the past Fifty Years”, by the Revd Gordon Wakefield, M.A., B.Litt., was read by proxy—the Revd F. Pratt Green, as Mr Wakefield had had to hurry to Uppsala for the Assembly of the World Council of Churches to take the place of the Secretary of the Methodist Conference. The Revd Dr A. R. Winnett explained the situation, as Chairman, in introducing the Lecture. Giving welcome to Mr Pratt Green, he said that while the matter would be Mr Wakefield's the voice and the hand would be that of Mr Pratt Green. In reply the reader apologised that we were denied the lecture being given in the silken tones of Mr Wakefield and would have to hear them in the accent of a Liverpoolian. To make the matter more live, as far as he was concerned, he would take the liberty of making an interjection here and there. This he did so well that it was not always easy to detect what was added. That did not matter, it was all apropos. As it is expected that the lecture will be printed all we need say now is that this was a most valuable survey. The Lecture did not stray beyond the subject; it revealed an amount of research, a sharp insight into the situation during the last half-century, and it was lit up by its many allusions and references. In one sense it was an added advantage to have it read: we were able to hear the illuminating interjections of Mr Pratt Green.

The final session was a discussion between hymn-writers on

"The Problems in Hymn-Writing To-day". This was an experimental period of a practical kind suggested no doubt by the "Music Workshop" of last year. It was a valuable session. Six writers of hymns, the Revds A. F. Bayly, M. Hewlett, F. Pratt Green, Mrs Dickie (of the Dunblane Group), Mrs Joan Rogers and Miss R. Herklots, were introduced by the Chairman of the session, the Revd Eric Sharpe, M.A., as having a good deal of experience of hymn-writing. Focusing attention on the subject Mr Sharpe said the problem of communicating Christian truth and experience to-day was that of language. The great wave of liturgical reform ought not, indeed could not, avoid it. There were three ways in which we can think of it—that Directed to the Congregation, such as the Scriptures; that On Behalf of the Congregation, such as the Prayers, and the use of 'You' instead of 'Thou', etc.; and that To, or By the Congregation, that is, in Hymns. Before he ended his introduction he read a hymn-parody written by one of the team, the first verse of which runs—

"O God of Hymns (but not for long)
Help us to frame the transient song
That shall stave off the time
When the Non-Church in loud non-praise
Your non-existent Will obeys
And no one needs to rhyme."

The contributions which followed ranged round matters of rhyme, mood, modern tensions, understanding the mind of modern youth and matching it by adequate response, finding the right entry into the mind of the child without seeking to inject the adult form of ideas and concepts, the use of secular song or ballad tunes to sacred words and images. On the question of rhyme one of the team had searched for a phrase that would be more meaningful to modern youth than 'sin and strife'. To the question What rhymes with strife? came a quick response, 'wife'. Much laughter. But what the hymn-writer was looking for came out as 'gun and knife' (it was the period of the death of Robert Kennedy). "Blowing in the Wind" was cited as illustrating that youth does not want just simple stuff. It was agreed that you cannot 'contrive' a good hymn, it must have something magical about it, there must be some teaching in it, there should also be an element of shock in certain hymns, an instance of which is Carter's 'Lord of the Dance'. It was then we were reminded that 'you cannot get deeper than "When I survey the wondrous Cross"'. Mr Peter Cutts played "Trotting, Trotting", as someone asked if we could have it played, and what a lively interlude it was with the donkey clop, clopping, and now and again kicking heels in the air for sheer joy. Not all were

agreed about this, or that, or the other; but we were agreed that it was an excellent and worthwhile session.

The Act of Praise in Cheltenham College Chapel, in which the ten hymns were commented on by the Revd Cyril V. Taylor, M.A. (reminiscent of the BBC Broadcasts, "The Way to Heaven's Door"), will be remembered with joy by all who shared it. The United Choir, organised by the Cheltenham Council of Churches, led so ably by Conductor (Mr Mark Foster, F.R.C.O.) and Organist (Mr Jonathan Varcoe, M.A., A.R.C.O.), sang with great understanding and feeling. It was beautiful. In a lovely chapel, with a fine organ, a well-balanced choir, singing with very good tone; what more can you want? This was a way to heaven's door, and that is enough. The hymns and tunes! They also marked the last fifty years, and some of them were written by members of the Society past and present. When all was over many of the large congregation stayed around the Chapel—as people often do when they have been bonded together in worship.

The coach-load that went to Gloucester Cathedral for Evening song on the Tuesday, though not favoured with the usual Conference weather, for it was cool and wet, were a very happy party. In conversation afterwards most of them appeared to have found the singing of the Nunc Dimittis an outstanding feature of Evening song, and were blessed by it.

From an excellent Conference we look forward to Liverpool, July 21st—23rd, 1969, we trust.

ARTHUR S. HOLBROOK.

THE HYMNODY OF THE PAST FIFTY YEARS

WORDS

*Paper written by the Revd Gordon S. Wakefield, Connexional
Editor of the Methodist Church.*

There are four comments on the hymnody of the past fifty years which are beyond dispute and which it is not necessary to attempt to prove. One, that there has been a vast weight of it; two, that there has probably been more reflection upon hymnody, more critical writing and more labour in the compiling of hymn books than in any previous period; three, that the definition of a hymn has widened to include devotional poems and religious ballads; four, that all the loving interest and care, all the creative effort and exposition seem to have been powerless either to arrest decline, or, more profoundly, to cure the *malaise*, which, at the end of the half-century, assails this as it does every other aspect of our churchmanship. In an age of scepticism and revolt, when beat groups have replaced community singing in the social clubs of the

North of England, we wonder if we are not in the twilight of Church praise.

Few of us are as confident as we were twenty years ago that the Church, the great Church, will advance singing to capture the citadels of the world and of the soul of man.

Fifty years ago, the first World War was nearing its end and for almost two decades, we should be singing 'O Valiant Hearts' on Armistice Day and certain hymns (nearly all pre-war) would celebrate our hopes of 'world peace and brotherhood' as the appropriate section of the 1933 *Methodist Hymn Book* describes it. These hymns, such as the extract from a longer poem of Joseph Addington Symonds (1840-93), beginning *These things shall be*, were much criticised by the time the second war had begun, on the ground that they were humanist, not Christian. They have had an uneven career since, for humanism has revived and there are cynics who would say (forgive the deliberate blasphemy of the imputation) that since God seems able to do so little for us, a dose of idealism and assertion of our own will to peace and righteousness may help. This is what Harvey Cox, in his latest book, calls 'not leaving it to the snake'. It is semi-Christianised Edmund Leach; the belief that man must not be crushed by the universe or the powers which he himself has unleashed, but must unashamedly affirm the lordship which God has given him and of which Christ is the sign. It is found in Bonhoeffer's *Letters and Papers from Prison*, though not in the hymns which sustained him, which are Lutheran and traditionalist. Scientists have long enjoyed the version:

These things shall be! a loftier race
Than e'er the world hath known shall rise,
With flame of freedom in their souls,
And light of science in their eyes.

One wonders how much longer such optimism can continue, or if there are scientists who would see Jacob's ladder pitched between heaven and Porton Down. In the 1920s and 30s there were some evangelicals, unctuous and ageing Methodist local preachers and the like, who would quote Symonds with tremendous fervour as though his lines were an equivalent of the old Mow Cop hymn 'Hark the Gospel news is sounding'.

Much of the hymnody of the earlier part of our period was the continuation of the work represented by *The English Hymnal*, but delivered from ecclesiasticism, focused, not so much upon the Sanctuary as the School. *Songs of Praise* was published in 1926. Some of its features are notorious and often-pilloried, but, in addition to its liberal emendations of great hymns, its desire to remove the offence of the Gospel, its invocation of conies, it makes poetry the handmaid of hymnody and incorporates pieces from the English classics of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, sonnets of

Shakespeare, and lyrics of the metaphysical poets. This process is carried to extremes in the 1967 *The Cambridge Hymnal*, which, in addition to Campion, Donne, Herbert, Herrick, Spenser, Smart and Vaughan, has two pieces from W. H. Auden's 'For the Time Being' and various stanzas from less famous contemporary authors. Literary canons have governed the selection, 'the dross from the nineteenth century', to quote the Literary Editor, has been removed. 'In it'—I quote again—'we hear the sharp flavours of the primitive harmonies of Pilgrims singing in their ships; the Negroes in the cotton-fields of the South; Thomas Hardy's characters singing to instruments, from their church-gallery books; the madrigal groups of the time of Campion; and everywhere the voices of children, singing as they do when they sing what they mean with whole-hearted assent'. *The Cambridge Hymnal* is traditionalist. It is unusual only in that in the interests of building a bridge between assembly and class-room it adapts a good deal of material which would not normally be classified as hymnody. Archaism and literary respectability presumably make the traditional images of Christian faith palatable to the agnostic and humanist, while the believer hopes that the child will be captivated by the numinous power of old symbols and enter into the varied Christian experience of the ages by singing it. The project is ambitious; at any rate it should be the *coup de grâce* for the 'wayside flowerets' school of children's hymns and for isolated children's sections in our hymnbooks.

Songs of Praise was bitterly assailed during the neo-orthodox revival in theology, which had its vogue approximately from 1935-55. Then Bernard Manning recalled Free Churchmen to Watts and Wesley, and Charles Smyth removed *Songs of Praise* from his congregation's worship at St Margaret's, Westminster. (Manning doubtless applauded from the choir invisible!) Charles Smyth quoted Karl Barth's assertion that 'blood is the basic colour in the portrait of the Redeemer' and showed how *Songs of Praise* substituted words such as 'love' and 'flood' and in the search for intelligibility and harmony with the prevailing culture, evacuated the Christian faith of its realism and its power.

The movement of theology which is loosely described by the epithet 'Barthian' had no influence on Christian education, which is why most teachers knew no intermediate state between liberal theology and *Honest to God* and were not affected by the revival of classic hymnody. Though Bernard Manning's *The Hymns of Wesley and Watts* contains papers read between 1924 and 1939 to Cambridge student societies, many members of which doubtless became teachers, it is doubtful if it helped very much in implementing the Education Act of 1944. But we must consider at some length the work of several authors, who, in the liberal era, wrote

some splendid and satisfying hymns and who were to a large extent inspired by the needs of school children. Some of their compositions may by the most rigid chronology fall a few years earlier (than our *terminus a quo*), but they all died well on in the course of our period and belong very much to its *genre*. I refer particularly to Cyril Argentine Alington (1872—1955), George Wallace Briggs (1875—1959), John McLeod Campbell Crum (1872—1958), Jan Struther (1901—1953), and, least known to date, Donald Hughes (1911—1967). Jan Struther, a woman, and authoress of the book of a famous film, *Mrs. Miniver*, may appear to be a little out of place among the other four, more romantic, chivalrous and, indeed girlish, with her blushing use of the second person plural in address to God and her anapaestic lilt:

Lord of all hopefulness, Lord of all joy,
Whose trust ever child-like, no cares could destroy.

When a knight won his spurs, in the stories of old
He was gentle and brave, he was gallant and bold.

But the background of each of them is similar, though Donald Hughes was a Methodist and the son of a Methodist, Henry Maldwyn Hughes, first Principal of Wesley House, Cambridge. They represent the fine flower of British Public School religion, the Minivers at prayer. Crum is perhaps the best poet as distinct from hymnographer:

The poppy unpacks her little green box,
And her scarlet is outspread;
She has woven her silk without a loom,
And sewn it without a thread;
Lovelier dresses than any princess's
How soon are her petals shed!

To God who made all lovely things is, lyrically, a delight, with a climax as moving as Genesis when it comes to the sixth day of creation:

He made the people that I meet,
The many people great and small,
In home and school and down the street,
And He made me to love them all.

Crum has not the profundity of the Book of Job and his theology of nature may perhaps be said to consider the lilies rather than leviathan. This is not the hymnody of the great depression or of the great war and it lives well outside the 'secular city'.

Alington, in retrospect, is perhaps the least distinguished of the five, but his hymns are useful as liberal expressions of orthodox Christianity. Briggs is adept at disciplining himself to his chosen metres, though he makes no experiments either in this or in language. 'Come, risen Lord and deign to be our guest' is a very

satisfying Communion hymn with a reference to Emmaus in the last line, though it would have been richer had it taken the obvious opportunities of the Emmaus story to link Word and Sacrament. 'Now is eternal life' is a clear affirmation of the hope of personal immortality in Christ. Like all these writers, Briggs never shocks; so we are spared the difficult imagery of resurrection. He is often at his best in common metre.

Thou art about our path, where'er
We seek to tread thy ways;
All life is sacrament and prayer,
And every thought is praise.

In simple faith or solemn rite,
In head and heart and hand,
Thou art; though hidden from our sight,
Thou in our midst dost stand.

Erik Routley has asserted that the greatest of Briggs's hymns was one of the last—possibly the very last—that he wrote. 'It is,' says Routley, 'a hymn on that subject where good hymns are so much needed—the ministry of Christ'.

Jesus, whose all-redeeming love
No penitent did scorn,
Who didst the stain of guilt remove
Till hope anew was born:

To thee, Physician of the soul,
The lost, the outcast came:
Thou didst restore and make them whole,
Disburdened of their shame.

'Twas love, thy love, their bondage broke,
Whose fetters sin had bound;
For faith to love did answer make
And free forgiveness found.

Thou didst rebuke the scornful pride
That called thee "sinners' friend",
Thy mercy as thy Father's wide,
God's mercy without end.

Along life's desecrated way
Where man despairing trod,
Thy love all-pitying did display
The pitying love of God.

Jesus, that pardoning grace to find
 I too would come to thee:
 O merciful to all mankind,
 Be merciful to me.

Donald Hughes's hymns were inspired not only by the needs of Rydal School, Colwyn Bay, of which he was Headmaster, but latterly by critical and sometimes scornful and satirical reaction to the so-called 'new theology'. He devised, though never published, a service of Morning Prayer as he imagined the Bishop of Woolwich might compose it. Donald Hughes's hymns are 'Songs of Faith and Doubt', but he does not exult in his doubts like a 'Christian agnostic'. There is a deep apprehension of the wretchedness of life and of the difficulties of belief. With all our 'light of science', we are not better than our fathers:

Like theirs of old, our life is death,
 Our light is darkness, till we see
 Th' eternal Word made flesh and breath,
 The God who walked by Galilee.

We have not known thee: to the skies
 Our monuments of folly soar,
 And all our self-wrought miseries
 Have made us trust ourselves the more.

We have not loved thee: far and wide
 The wreckage of our hatred spreads,
 And evils wrought by human pride
 Recoil on unrepentant heads.

But his *Credo* is a triumph of trust in the God, 'whose nature and whose name is love'.

Beyond the mist and doubt
 Of this uncertain day,
 I trust in Thine eternal name
 Beyond all changes still the same
 And in that name I pray.

Our restless intellect
 Has all things in its shade,
 But still to Thee my spirit clings,
 Serene beyond all shaken things,
 And I am not afraid.

Still in humility
 We know Thee by Thy grace,
 For science's remotest probe
 Feels but the fringes of Thy robe:
 Love looks upon Thy face.

In some ways, the last decade of our fifty years is the most exciting, since there have been attempts to break out of the traditional patterns of the hymnody of post-Reformation Europe, to return to the style of medieval ballads, carols and Negro spirituals. Even where the metre and style are traditional, hymnody has become more aware of the world in which we live and of its urban culture. The romanticism of nature and human relationships has been replaced by realism. There is no longer pretence that God may somehow be found by abstracting the beauty from the earth and ignoring the squalor.

I want to analyse the most recent hymnody by examining its theological presuppositions. What beliefs about Christ, God, man, and the Church does it reflect?

(1) *Christ*

The full humanity of Christ is boldly asserted. He is born of a woman and completely identified with the outcast and the poor. As Geoffrey Ainger writes:

Born in the night,
 Mary's child,
 A long way from your home;
 Coming in need,
 Mary's child
 Born in a borrowed room.

Or Patrick Appleford:

Lord Jesus Christ,
 You have come to us,
 You are one with us
 Mary's son.

There is less of the hero-Christ, the ideal man, more of the one who comes incognito—

When I needed a neighbour, were you there, were you there?
 I was cold, I was naked, were you there, were you there?

That is by Sydney Carter, whose most famous piece is 'Lord of the Dance', which continues the tradition of the English carol, 'Tomorrow shall be my dancing day', in which the Son of God says that the purpose of his incarnation is 'to call my true love (i.e. mankind) to my dances'. The image conveys the love and joy of the Christian life, even amid dereliction and pain ('I danced on a Friday when the sky turned black') and is thoroughly com-

patible with Scripture. It is not a literal description of the human life of Jesus, but a symbolic interpretation to invite men in our world to join the great cosmic dance of the Son of God. It may be claimed, therefore, that it carries use beyond what the Puritans disparagingly called 'history faith', to 'saving faith'. The imitation of Christ is not asking 'What would Jesus do in my situation?' which, in a sense was not his, since he lived as a Jew of the first century not an Englishman of the twentieth; it is belonging to the company of those who *mime* his passion and resurrection as they go through the world. This may seem to make discipleship less personal, less a matter of a 'transforming friendship'. I may not know the Man of Galilee very well; some scholars are uncertain as to how many of the details of his life in the Gospels are historically true. But this does not matter. I have no portrait of Jesus, but I see the silhouette of his dance from first creation to Calvary and beyond, and I must be caught up into its rhythm.

The importance of Carter cannot be exaggerated because he is concerned with more than the earthly life of Jesus. He relates him to the whole cosmic process. Jesus was there when the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy. He is there still. 'The dance goes on'. 'I am the life, that will never, never die'.

(2) *God*

Sydney Carter takes us to our next subject, by way of *Friday Morning*, the first commercial record of which was held back for blasphemy.

It's God they ought to crucify
Instead of you and me,
I said to the carpenter
A-hanging on the tree.

This is irony of an almost Johannine kind, especially in its most shattering and tremendous words which to me contain, ironically, the whole of the Gospel:

I wish that a carpenter
Had made the world instead.

Those lines pierce to the marrow. One could pause on them for hours.

Modern hymnwriters are sure that it is through the crucified carpenter that we see God. But they are not consistent, partly because of their lust for the world of technology and applied science. In some ways, Sydney Carter's songs would seem to demand an almost Barthian positivism. It is through Christ alone that we come to the Father, though Christ is the Word who speaks throughout all the universe and all history. Others want to find God in the secular, at the centre of life and its skills. Fred Kaan,

an interesting and prolific Congregationalist author, much too late for *Congregational Praise*, has written 'The First and Final Word', which is a kind of paraphrase of the Prologue to the Fourth Gospel, but Richard Jones, a Methodist, goes further and bravely cries:

God of concrete, God of steel,
God of piston and of wheel,
God of pylon, God of steam,
God of girder and of beam,
God of atom, God of mine,
All the world of power is Thine!

I suppose that is but a latter-day extension of Psalm 24—'The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof'. Yet it does seem to me to carry immanence a bit far and to forget the profound truth symbolised in the myth of the fall. But the hymnwriter may always round on the theologian and claim that he cannot give a complete conspectus of truth in a stanza. I wonder whether in fact these lines are any more satisfactory than Watts':

And clouds arise and tempests blow
By order from his throne.

But, in fairness, I ought to quote Richard Jones's last stanza:

God whose glory fills the earth,
Gave the universe its birth,
Loosed the Christ with Easter's might,
Saves the world from evil's blight,
Claims mankind by grace divine.
ALL THE WORLD OF LOVE IS THINE!

None can fault that!

(3) *Man : in Society and as an Individual*

It goes without saying that there is great social concern in contemporary hymns, a longing for peace and social justice, for which the image of the City is much in demand. Walter Russell Bowie is an American octogenarian and 'O holy city seen of John' is not a new hymn, but it deserves a pious mention. Erik Routley has written a fine civic hymn:

All who love and serve your city,
All who bear its daily stress,
All who cry for peace and justice,
All who curse and all who bless . . .

That is particularly valuable because it is aware of protest in the city and could have been sung any day in these months of violence and strikes.

Fred Kaan has a prayer for peace which ends, scripturally and well:

Unite us all for we are born as brothers;
Defeat our Babel with your Pentecost.

A great casualty of the last fifty years and not least of the most recent period has been pietism, concern with personal experience and individual salvation. Modern hymnwriters would recoil from the famous testimony of John Henry Newman who, as a boy, rested 'in the thought of two and only two supreme and luminously self-evident beings, myself and my Creator'. No longer is the Christian life thought of as a solitary pilgrimage. We are involved in all mankind and think of 'sin' more in terms of the frustration of the race and the iniquities of the system than as personal transgression. Our own undoubted complexes, maladjustments and errors are so easily accounted for by psychological illness or biochemical disorder. We do not write hymns about our wrestling with God, though we use those of previous generations, as the *Cambridge Hymnal* illustrates by its inclusion of 'Ah holy Jesu', Donne's 'Hymn to God the Father' and 'Were you there when they crucified my Lord?' to name but three. Perhaps, modern writers feel that we have sufficient in this idiom from the traditions: but I infer that they are not altogether happy with it and are certainly afraid of an introverted worship. Indeed some believe that our service books and hymnals will be in loose leaf before long, so that we can tear out those topical pieces that have served their turn or been made redundant by world events. Vietnam may not have so much claim upon our thought if the negotiations succeed, though world hunger and the problems of race will be with us for a long time yet. It is strange and a sign of the delicacy of our situation and the perils of trying to make worship topical, that a hymn of Geoffrey Ainger's, 'Christ in Need', has been known to cause offence in an immigrant congregation, because of its last verse:

You need a stranger to help with your cross,
A black man to carry your load.

At Notting Hill that has been accepted (as was its intention) as a deeply moving expression of the black man's burden in our civilisation as well as on the road to Golgotha; but elsewhere it has been thought discriminatory.

(4) Church and Sacraments

The movement towards Christian unity has inspired a few not very distinguished hymns, 'Thy hand O God has guided' is still a staple of joint services. The non-Church people do not seem as yet to have produced hymn—or non-hymns—and recent hymnody is more ecclesiastical than *Songs of Praise*, though a Methodist Renewal Group, 'Carol of the Outcast', has these lines:

They have carved me in stone,
O child of my passion,
Bound me in dogmas
And trammelled my will.

Frederick Pratt Green has composed 'The Church in the World', a masterpiece of simple language, free of sesquipedalian triumphalism:

When the Church of Jesus
Shuts its outer doors
Lest the roar of traffic
Drown the voice of prayer:
May our prayers Lord make us
Ten times more aware
That the world we banish
Is our Christian care.

One of the characteristics of the spirituality of our time is the hold of the Sacraments even on those who question faith in a personal God. It is partly due to their corporate nature, men and women in a family gathered around the tokens of Christ's love. In the last fifty years, the liturgical movement has caused a revival of hymn-singing at the Eucharist, so that many Anglican Churches now sing more hymns than Methodists on Sunday mornings. It is also the case that a spiritual or African folk-song or Sydney Carter ballad can sometimes be movingly appropriate in the liturgy, whereas it would be incongruous in the purely Preaching Service of the Nonconformists or as an office hymn at Morning or Evening Prayer. A congregation really active in liturgy is much less self-conscious than one imprisoned in pitch-pine and can better sustain the unconventional.

But it is the symbolism of the Sacraments which makes them ever relevant to the world. On the day of Robert Kennedy's death the *London Evening News* described the crowds of city-workers who went to lunch-time Mass in Westminster Cathedral. The ancient, mysterious words did not seem to belong to a remote age. They spoke to the hour of tragedy, above all those said over 'the cup of my blood'. I suppose this was what the Bishop of Durham would call 'a disclosure situation', in which, suddenly, mundane or archaic or arcane symbols become charged with power. This happens in conversion. Thomas Kelly, the Quaker philosopher, author of '*A Testament of Devotion*', who sought truth with such integrity and used language with the most careful precision, gradually, in the mid-1930s, entered into a more immediate awareness of God. As a result, he began to speak in the terms of evangelical Christianity which he had hitherto despised and, above all, in the language of the Eucharist, of the body and blood of Christ.

And so there are many modern Eucharistic hymns, such as this, from the Jesuits at Heythrop, for November:

Black is the earth and stark the trees,
Brown is the river, cool the breeze,
But red is your blood and rich your life—
Which we share in this sacrifice.

Neither this, nor the Sacramental hymns of Patrick Appleford and Fred Kaan are unmindful of the world to which the Church goes from the Eucharist.

In the last twenty years, the theology of Baptism has much engaged scholars. Too many Baptismal hymns, at any rate by Free Church authors, lay all the emphasis on parental responsibility and not on the act of God. It is easy, too, as in the christening hymn reprinted in the biography of the great Sangster, to be a trifle sentimental about infant baptism. David Head, of the Student Christian Movement, has contrived a hymn for this Sacrament which has, I would maintain, a touch of Chestertonian genius:

Lord, here is one to be baptized,
Not knowing how or when or where—
Too fresh on earth to be surprised
By a hidden cosmic care.

You, Lord, in Jordan were immersed,
One Flesh with every child of Cain:
Earth's angry children fret and thirst
Until justice falls like rain.

So at the font transcend our songs,
Give us the sign of things made new:
'New earth' is where this child belongs,
Who belongs, earth's Goal, to you.

Yours the new Church by water born,
Strong for all families on earth.
Our deadness, not your death, we mourn,
As you bring fresh hope to birth.

High our surprise at what you do,
Calling our race from tomb of death.
Lord, here is faith and water too—
Here is one to take deep Breath.

I spoke at the beginning of a *malaise*, a failure of nerve, if you like. Perhaps our survey has cheered us up, made us feel that through the developments of this half-century, the art of hymn

writing has been shown to be sinewy, adaptable and resilient. In spite of our fears that the radicals will reduce and debunk the Gospel, I would maintain that contemporary hymn-writing is supported by a stronger theology than that of the 1920s. We cannot live as though Barth and all he represents had never been, and there is less danger, than when Bernard Manning spoke, of our substituting sunset-hues for the blood of the cross. Hymnody, however experimental and *avant garde*, helps to keep the old symbols of faith alive. Radical prose may be reduced to triteness and mundane intelligibility or intolerable jargon, but radical poetry must use images. And, to speak in literary and human terms, Christianity, which starts from life, not from philosophy, not even existentialism, cannot exist without the poetic image. It cannot be reduced to mathematical formulae or bloodless categories. Christianity and hymns belong together and help one another and give one another transfusions of life.

One of the exciting tasks of the future could be for Protestants to share their hymnody with Roman Catholics, who still must endure the *Westminster Hymnal*, 'Sweet Sacrament Divine' and Father Faber, though, as we have seen, some of their newer writers have hymns to teach us. One must hope, with Erik Routley, that the new hymnody will revitalise what is best in the old and help to prepare us for the adventure of the new reformation. But, even if we are in the twilight I spoke of in my first paragraph, we must still take heart. One of the most ancient of all Christian hymns belongs to that very hour—the hymn of the lighting of the lamps. And even in the catacombs or dug-outs of nuclear holocaust we shall still sing:

Hail gladdening light of his pure glory poured
Who is the immortal Father, heavenly blest,
Holiest of holies, Jesus Christ, our Lord.

WELSH TUNES DISCUSSED IN *HANDBOOK TO THE CHURCH HYMNARY (REVISED EDITION, ED. DR MOFFATT: 1927, WITH SUPPLEMENT BY MILLAR PATRICK, 1935), AND COMPANION TO CONGREGATIONAL PRAISE (ED. K. L. PARRY AND ERIK ROUTLEY, 1953)*

CORRIGENDA AND ADDENDA

By HUW WILLIAMS

H.C.H. 2

Sanctus (John Richards) first appeared in *Llyfr Tonau Cynulleidfaol* (Ieuan Gwyllt, Attodiad 1890/476), and later in *Llyfr Hymnau a Thonau y Methodistiaid Calfaidd* (1897/286), where it is dated 1886. The Presbyterian Church of Wales did not publish a collection of hymns and tunes in 1900.

H.C.H. 65

LLANDINAM appeared under the name ERPINGHAM in *A Collection of Psalm and Hymn Tunes* (ed. James Turlé and Edward Taylor, 1844, p. 174), set to 'Lord, Thy promise stands securely' (John Taylor), but strange enough, it is not included in *Psalm and Hymn Tunes*, a collection of Turlé's sacred compositions, edited by his daughter, S. A. Turlé, in 1885. The tune was first included in a Welsh collection, again under the name ERPINGHAM, in *Y Salmydd Cenedlaethol*, edited by Thomas Williams in 1846 (no. 90). Williams, who was a native of Llanidloes, which is situated approximately six miles from Llandinam in Montgomeryshire, does not appear to have been in any way connected with Erpingham, a village and parish in N. Norfolk, on the River Bure, three miles north of Aylsham.

H.C.H. 100

This tune was first called ARFON in *Caniadau y Cyssegr a'r Teulu* (Gee, 1878/401), and bears no resemblance to the Welsh traditional melody *Tros y Garreg* (Over the Stone).

H.C.H. 226

BRAINT, which is a product of the 18th century religious revival in Wales, was first published in *Helelwiah Drachefn* (Griffith Harris, 1855), no. 170.

H.C.H. 298

HENLLAN was first published in *Rhaglen arbennig o Donau Dwyrair Morgannwg* (1923).

H.C.H. 371

TALYLLYN is called PEN-Y-MORFA in *Brenhinol Ganiadau Seion* (Owen Williams), published in 1817-1819, and not in 1830.

H.C.H. 397; *C.C.P.* 398

As there are several Welsh collections entitled 'Hymnau a Thonau' (i.e. Hymns and Tunes), it is as well to add that the full title of the collection in which LLANGLOFFAN first appeared was *Hymnau a Thonau er Gwasanaeth yr Eglwys yng Nghymru* (ed. Daniel Evans, 1865).

H.C.H. 448

GROESWEN was first published in *Telyn Seion* (Rosser Beynon, 1848).

H.C.H. 464; *C.C.P.* 521

LLANLLYFNI was written by the Revd John Jones, Talsarn, and arranged by David Jenkins at the request of Mrs. Owen, the composer's daughter (vide David Jenkins's evidence in *Y Cerddor*, August, 1908, p. 89). A totally different version of the melody, under the name SUSANNE, appeared in *Jeduthun* (ed. Morris Davies, 1860).

H.C.H. 479; *C.C.P.* 179

HYFRYDOL was first published in *Cyfaill y Cantorion*, p. 26, a collection of some 40 melodies published by R. H. Prichard, the composer, in 1844.

H.C.H. 493; *C.C.P.* 365

LLANGOEDMOR is from *Y Gwylidydd* (February, 1826, p. 57). The tune is attributed to John Jeffreys (1718-1789), schoolmaster at Llanynys, near Ruthin, Denbighshire, in Shankland Manuscript No. 132 deposited at the University College of North Wales Library at Bangor.

H.C.H. 502

TANYCASTELL is also by the Revd John Jones, and arranged by David Jenkins, as LLANLLYFNI above.

H.C.H. 529

YN Y GLYN is a memorial tune to John Thomas, Llanwrtyd (composer of BLAENCEFN, No. 387 in *H.C.H.*), which was first published in the Welsh monthly magazine *Cymru* in 1921.

H.C.H. 596

In *Y Cerddor* (1893, pp. 95-96), the Revd J. Bowen Jones (1829-1905, vide *Dictionary of Welsh Biography*) stated that he had a copy of CRUGYBAR in manuscript form, dated 1846, and called BOZRAH. The tune is called SARON in John Jenkins's manuscripts (pre 1820) deposited at the National Library of Wales.

H.C.H. 623

BRYNTEG is from *Ychwanegiad* (appendix, 1870) to *Llyfr Tonau Cynulleidfaol* (Ieuan Gwyllt, 1859), but was earlier included in *The Congregational Hymn and Tune Book* (R. R. Chope, 1862) under the name ST LEONARD (no. 14), in strict minims without passing-notes in the melody.

H.C.H. 634; *C.C.P.* 463

LLEDROD is called LLANGOLLEN in *Caniadau y Cyssegr* (John Roberts, 1839); DREFNEWYDD in *Caniadau Seion* (R. Mills, 1840); and LLEDROD in the 1870 Appendix, as above, to *Llyfr Tonau Cynulleidfaol* (1859).

H.C.H. 684

PENLAN was first published in the Welsh monthly magazine *Cymru* (May, 1899), set to a Welsh hymn written in memory of T. E. Ellis (1859-1899)—M.P. for Merioneth 1886-1899—by Bryfdir. The Revd Ted Lewis Evans, Minister of Penlan Welsh Congregational Church, Pwllheli, states in a letter that the tune was called after his church, and Dr T. I. Ellis, Aberystwyth, son of T. E. Ellis, has confirmed that David Jenkins wrote the melody on the occasion of his parents' wedding at Tabernacl Church, Aberystwyth, June 1st, 1898. (*Vide Barn*, the Welsh monthly magazine, July, 1968, p. 247.)

C.C.P. 20

A Gazetteer of Welsh Place-Names (ed. Elwyn Davies, University of Wales Press, 1957), lists five places in Anglesey whose names are prefixed 'Llanfair'. In this particular case the tune LLANFAIR bears a shortened form of Llanfairynghornwy, the composer's home locality in Anglesey (Map reference 23/3290), and not of "the celebrated extensive name", which is also in Anglesey.

C.C.P. 290

FFIGYSBREN is BETHESDA in *Caniadau y Cyssegr* (John Roberts, 1839), and FFIGYSBREN in *Caniadau Seion* (R. Mills, 1840). A similar melody entitled *The Fashionable Lady* appears in the *Cobblers' Opera* (1729). See also the melody *Death and the Lady* in *Musical Century* (Henry Carey, 1738) and in *Old English Popular Music* (William Chappell, 1893, Vol. i, p. 76, and Vol. ii, p. 170).

C.C.P. 426

GWALCHMAI was first published in *Ceinion Cerddoriaeth* (Thomas Williams, 1852).

C.C.P. 440

LLANGEITHO was published under the name PISGAH in *Caniadau y Cyssegr* (John Roberts, 1839).

C.C.P. 442

EBENEZER (TON-Y-BOTEL) is part of an anthem called *Goleu yn y Glyn* by T. J. Williams.

C.C.P. 479

LLANDDOWROR is JEMIMA in *Caniadau Seion* (R. Mills, 1840), p. 109, and in *Y Cerddor Eglwysig* (J. and R. Mills, 1847). Labelled *Alaw Gymreig* (i.e. Welsh Melody) in *Llyfr Tonau Cynulleidfaol* (Ieuan Gwyllt, 1859).

C.C.P. 721

OLWEN is a traditional Welsh carol tune, possibly a variant of 'Roedd yn y wlad honno', collected by Lady Herbert Lewis in Flintshire.

C.C.P. Page 393

Dr David Evans died shortly after conducting a singing festival at Rhosllan-nerchrugog, near Wrexham, and not at Rhos-on-Sea, near Colwyn Bay.

C.C.P. Page 393

The correct title and date of one of the collections edited by David Emlyn Evans is *Llyfr Tonau'r Wesleyaid* (i.e. The Wesleyan Tune Book, 1904).

C.C.P. Page 436

Griffith Hugh Jones's bardic name was Gutyn Arfon.

C.C.P. Page 489

Rowland Hugh Prichard was born at Graienyn, near Bala, Merioneth, and died at Holywell, Flintshire, January 25th, 1887.

C.C.P. Page 544

Robert Williams, who died a bachelor, was buried at Llanrhwydrus Cemetery in Anglesey. His grave is covered with plain stone slabs from Groesfechan Quarry, and bears no inscription. (Grave located through the assistance of Commander W. H. Hughes, one of Robert Williams's descendants.)

ADDITIONAL NOTES ON *COMPANION TO CONGREGATIONAL PRAISE*

Page 410

It is very unlikely that John Roberts (Ieuan Gwyllt) was ever "the teacher and mentor of David Jenkins". The former was minister at Capel Coch, Llanberis, Caernarvonshire, from 1865 until his retirement to Y Fron, Llanfaglan, near Caernarvon, in 1869. The latter appears to have followed his trade as a tailor at Tre Castell, Breconshire, where he was born in 1848, until he entered Aberystwyth University College in 1874 to study music under Dr Joseph Parry (composer of ABERYSTWYTH).

Page 435

Neither Dr Joseph Parry nor David Jenkins were ever at Cambridge. Jenkins graduated Mus.Bac.(Cantab) at Aberystwyth in 1878.

Page 436

Y Perganiedydd (J. D. Jones) was published in 1846, not in 1847.

Page 480

Y Perl Cerddorol was published in 1852. A Sol-fa edition appeared in 1886, and a second edition was published in 1892.

Page 483-484

Joseph Parry wrote *Blodwen* (1880), the first-ever Welsh opera.

Page 490

Edmund Prys's dates are given as 1544-1623 in the *Dictionary of Welsh Biography*. The exact place of his birth is not known, but this could well have been Llanfor Parish, in Merioneth. He was ordained priest at Ffestiniog and Maentwrog in 1572, and not in 1586.

Page 543/4

After leaving Oxford, Isaac Williams was married on June 22nd, 1842. He subsequently became curate to Thomas Keble at Dartington, where he remained until 1848, when he retired to Stinchcombe, near Dursley. (*Vide* autobiography edited by Sir G. Provost, 1892, and the *Dictionary of Welsh Biography*.)

Page 558 (No. 188)

The Musical and Poetical Relicks of the Welsh Bards (first volume) was published in 1784. A second volume with substantial additions was published in 1794. *The Bardic Museum* was published in 1802. (*Vide Dictionary of Welsh Biography*.)

A NOTICED PARALLEL

By D. M. SALE

In the Summer Bulletin (113) Mr I. H. S. Stratton draws an interesting parallel between Bishop Christopher Wordsworth's hymn 'Lord, be thy word my rule' and a prayer written in 1704 by Robert Nelson, and then goes on to assert: 'there can be little doubt that the hymn is a recasting of the prayer into verse form.'

However, he is constrained to admit that 'the prayer itself is something of a problem,' for it 'stands apart from the others by the author, on account of its brevity and lack of frequent exclamation marks. It breathes a different spirit. May it date from an earlier period . . . ?'

It may be that a solution to the points raised may be recognised if I may quote from my—alas unpublished—study of the "Hymn Writers of Nottinghamshire—and their Hymns", which was completed last year. Chapter X begins with a reference to Christopher Wordsworth appointed Bishop of Lincoln, his episcopate lasting from 1869-1885. The bishopric of Lincoln included the county of Nottingham at this period so that the three hymns written by C.W. whilst bishop have added interest. . . .

"His most interesting composition is the Confirmation hymn 'Lord, be thy word my rule' which first appeared in 1872 in the sixth edition of 'The Holy Year.' It is based on a prayer of King Charles I, which in turn arose out of his personal dilemma over future policy. On May 5th, 1646, the King had surrendered to the Scots at Newark and then during the following eighteen months endeavoured to play off Parliament against the army. The King's prayer included the following: 'O Lord, make Thy way plain before me. Let Thy glory be my end, Thy Word my rule; and then, Thy will be done.' This prayer appears in the famous work Eikon Basilike, and quite obviously inspired Wordsworth in composing his hymn."

Perhaps my assurance will be forgiven when I quote the footnote which occurs in my MS. at this point. "In a letter to the

author, the late Dean of York (The Ven. E. Milner-White) wrote: 'It was perspicuous* of you to note this resemblance, and there can be little doubt that Wordsworth had noticed the prayer in his copy of Eikon Basilike.'—(24th March, 1958).

May I suggest that both Bishop Wordsworth and Robert Nelson found their inspiration in Eikon Basilike. And there is one point in Mr Stratton's article which lends support to this claim. He mentions that Nelson's prayer has a marginal note, 'For universal obedience.' Charles I was a great believer in the Divine Right of Kings, but as he poured out his soul in a long drawn out agony of uncertainty, it was for Thy way, Thy glory, Thy Word, and Thy will that he prayed, for he saw in himself a subject of the King of kings.

* Surprisingly this was Milner-White's word: it has been checked [Editor].

author, the late Dean of York (The Ven. E. Milner-Wildt wrote: "It was perfunctory" as far as into the matter, and there can be little doubt that Woodworth had copied the prayer in his copy of *Edison's Book*, 18th March 1913).

May I suggest that both Bishop Woodworth and Robert Nelson found their inspiration in *Edison's Book*? And there is one point in Mr. Bryson's article which leads me to this. He mentions that Nelson's prayer has a marginal note, "For universal obedience." Charles I was a great believer in the Divine right of Kings, but as he pointed out his soul in a long drawn out agony of uncertainty, it was for Thy will, Thy glory, Thy Word, and Thy will that he prayed, for he was in himself a subject of the King of Kings.

* Surprisingly this was Milner-Wildt's word: it has been checked (Eden).