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FREDERICK JOHN GILLMAN

1866—1949

We record with very great regret the death of one of the Society's founders and best friends, Frederick Gillman of Jordans. He died peacefully at his home after a long period of ill-health. His work for the Society of Friends, and in particular for the Adult School movement, is too well known to need comment. The remarkable success of the *Fellowship Hymn Book*, of which he was editor-in-chief, is only one of many tributes which posterity will continue to pay him. That hymn-book, especially in its revised edition, combines in a unique way excellent taste with the best kind of popular appeal. It is the answer to those who say, and who without the *Fellowship Hymn Book* would say with justice, that a hymnal cannot be both popular and tasteful. This powerful combination of cultivated taste and broad sympathy in the book is characteristic of the man, whose wide culture never accompanied a trace of impatience with those of smaller achievement or sympathy. His hymns, for which the *Fellowship Hymn Book* is the best source, show exactly the same qualities—simplicity without a suspicion of cheapness, and his publications, notably *Inner Light*, all helped to communicate to others the serene faith that was in him.

Canon Briggs sends the following personal message :

"The passing of F. J. Gillman on February 19th cannot come to his numberless friends as a surprise : for he was 82, and had long been in failing health. But to us in the Hymn Society it brought a deep sense of personal loss.

"F. J. Gillman succeeded Dr. Fleming as one of the Chairmen, and continued a very devoted leader for years until, with

his increasing infirmity, he turned over very happily to K. L. Parry. For all those years I was his colleague, and I cannot say how much I owe to him. Though the older man, he was always trying to carry the heavier end of any work which came to us. He often atoned for my many shortcomings. Shrewd and yet kindly, he was one of the most modest and unselfish men whom I have ever known. The Society owes more to him than he ever told. Apart from our official relationship, there was a deep friendship between us which we both intensely valued. But then he was the friend of us all. It was he who first introduced us to Jordans : and when we next go there, it will not seem the same without him.

"He has left behind him a memorial in the *Fellowship Hymn Book* : but he has left with us a more personal and more precious memory.

"I cannot think of him apart from those unforgettable words of John Bunyan—

'So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.'"

THE OLNEY HYMNS

By MOLLIE CAIRD

It has often been remarked that no great poet has ever been a hymn-writer. This might suggest, on the face of it, that hymn-writing has no use for poetic gifts; but there is a corollary of the statement that is equally true : all great hymn-writers have been competent poets. This is one of the reasons why the eighteenth century was an age of great hymn-writing and the nineteenth century was not. The one thing that the Age of Reason knew how to produce in the field of literature was good craftsmen; there were few great poets, but there were many good ones, and they were good because they had mastered the art of making elegant verse. They were skilled workmen in the use of metre and rhyme and every graceful figure of speech, and because of that there were many like Cowper : poets whose work could often be trivial but never banal, often slight but never bathetic. The Age of Romance, on the other hand, produced men of an entirely different calibre—poets who revolted against the polished craftsmanship of the previous era, and who were destined therefore either to soar or to crash. The nineteenth century had several great poets, but no poet good enough to be a great hymn-writer. For the hymn, above all literary forms, requires style as well as soul; no doubt the most important requirements of a hymn-writer are great faith and a burning zeal to express it, but because hymns are necessarily couched in simple metres and are designed to be sung in chorus, even the greatest faith and zeal can be reduced to doggerel unless the work is in the hands of someone who has had real training and practice in the art of writing well-turned verse. Such a one was Cowper. His classical training, and that natural grace and elegance of expression which we think of nowadays as typical eighteenth century attributes, enabled him

to move freely in every kind of metre from blank verse to sapphics, so that when the call came to him to write hymns his faith did not grope blindly for words and muddle itself on to paper in a meaningless spate of sound, as the faith of some has done, but at once found the right metre, the proper epithet, the happy phrase. So the rough diamond of a great and zealous Christian conviction was cut into the myriad facets of these beautiful jewels of hymns.

Many of the greatest hymns of the English language were written by the leaders of the Evangelical Movement of the eighteenth century; certainly no one since has been able to rival them. But the fault of much of their hymnody—slight fault though it is—was the fault of their faith as a whole : a certainty of their own salvation amounting almost to conceit. They were wonderfully at ease in Zion, these zealous evangelicals; the confident assurance of their magnificent optimism can awaken a responding thrill in the heart of the singer. But there are times when we weaker Christians cannot aspire to these flaming heights; we experience a dryness of spirit, a leanness of soul, a weariness of the manna in the wilderness, and our hope dares not soar above our humility. We may sing words of confidence and glory at such times, but they do not really mean much to us, and it is then that Cowper can usually give us the words we want. Cowper himself could not stand the pace of the evangelical faith to which he was called. John Newton, that passionate prophet of the Movement, did much to strengthen Cowper, but he also did him unconscious harm, for Cowper's delicate spirit could not bear the proximity of so much unflagging religious zest, and rarely do Cowper's hymns express that unqualified confidence of salvation which is always present in Newton's. Once or twice we hear that note :

A cheerful confidence I feel,
My well-placed hopes with joy I see;
My bosom glows with heavenly zeal,
To worship him who died for me.
As man, he pities my complaint,
His power and truth are all divine;
He will not fail, he cannot faint,
Salvation's sure, and must be mine. (25)¹

Not only is this not typical of Cowper's work as a whole, but somehow it does not sound quite authentic. There were moments in his life, we know, when he felt such confidence, yet these stanzas give the impression that he was trying to convince himself of a truth that he did not in his heart believe. His belief seems a duty rather than a certainty. No, Cowper is more himself when he says :

My former hopes are fled,
My terror now begins :
I feel, alas, that I am dead
In trespasses and sins.

¹ The references are to the complete "Olney Hymns" which will be found in any edition of Cowper's complete works [Editor].

Ah, whither shall I fly?
I hear the thunder roar;
The law proclaims destruction nigh,
And vengeance at the door,

and it is with a more tentative and humble hope that he looks for help

I see, or think I see,
A glimmering from afar;
A beam of day that shines for me,
To save me from despair.

Fore-runner of the sun,
It marks the Pilgrim's way;
I'll gaze upon it while I run
And watch the rising day. (32)

To keep his eyes fixed on that faint glimmer was usually all that Cowper, even at his most serene, dared to do, and for long and increasingly frequent periods of his life there was no glimmer at all and he was convinced of his own damnation. For Cowper's besetting sin was that sin of fear which attacked, but did not overcome, his great ancestor John Donne:

I have a sin of fear that when I have spun
My last thread, I shall perish on the shore.

Donne's personality was as strange and intricate as his descendant Cowper's, and perhaps it would have been better for Cowper if, like Donne, he had sought his haven in the calm waters of orthodox Anglican theology. But Fate launched Cowper's fragile craft into the wild emotional sea of the Evangelical Movement, and he was never to know lasting peace again, only to see it and envy it in the lives of others, and to wonder why he could not feel the same.

It is strange how much the imagery of the sea appealed to Cowper, seeing he lived all his days an inlander. His hymn "Temptation," which unhappily does not appear in our modern books, is an example of how sea-faring metaphors can be used in hymns with dignity and splendour; none of the nineteenth century sentimental shanties about anchors and rocks and lifelines contains anything so good as this:

The billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast my wintry sky;
Out of the depths to thee I call,
My fears are great, my strength is small.

Amidst the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hope on thee;
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.

Though tempest-tossed and half a wreck,
My Saviour through the floods I seek;
Let neither winds nor stormy main,
Force back my shattered bark again. (37)

Hope is still alive in that hymn, but in later poems despair is to prevail: Cowper writes to Newton:

Your sea of troubles you have passed,
And found the peaceful shore;
I, tempest-tossed, and wrecked at last,
Come home to port no more.¹

a sentiment which is echoed in that poem in which Cowper compares his lot to that of the unhappy castaway:

But I beneath a rougher sea,
And whelmed in deeper gulfs than he.²

It is interesting to conjecture what effect such lines as these had on John Newton. Surely, as he read them, memories stirred within him of those old, bad, buccaneering days of his own life, days of sin and suffering and very real peril among the terrors of the deep; and now this man Cowper, a landsman all his life, who had never seen the sea but for one or two holidays at Southampton during his youth, turned to the sea to find words to express the torments of his own soul, and looked with envy at John Newton, now forever safe in port.

But Cowper is by no means the first to have used such imagery. Anyone acquainted with English poetry will find many memories awakened by these lines. In some ears there will echo back the closing couplet of the moving sonnet by Wyatt:

Drownèd is reason that should me comfort,
And I remain despairing of the port.

Yet with Cowper the situation is more terrible, for it is not only reason that is drowned, but faith and hope as well. Another echo, too, is awakened from Elizabethan poetry, and one that has something to teach us about Cowper. In the ninth canto of the first book of "The Faerie Queene" we find these words:

Is not shorte paine well born that brings long ease,
And layes the soule to sleepe in quiet grave?
Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life does greatly please.

Now these sentiments sound trite and pleasant enough, but we must remember that they were expressed by the evil giant Despayre, who was to be defied and slain by the Red Cross Knight of Holinesse. They are an expression of the doctrine of Accidie, next to pride the worst of the seven deadly sins, and this was a sin which Cowper was

¹ "To the Rev. Mr. Newton on his Return from Ramsgate."

² "The Castaway."

never tempted to commit. That is why his hymns are so salutary for us, and why, even when he felt little or no hope for his own soul, he could practise and preach an active and useful Christianity. Justification by faith was an essential doctrine for the religious leaders of the eighteenth century, but like many another truth it was in danger of suffering violence at the hands of its most ardent exponents, even when they knew in their hearts how narrow is the borderline between justification by faith and antinomianism, how easy it is to become slipshod and smug, how insidiously accidia can make men careless of this life when they are most sure of the life to come. But Cowper knew that faith and works go hand in hand, that one without the other is dead, and that a full Christian life must mean a perpetual struggle against evil; that faith itself must be an active, warring faith that goes about doing good.

Oddly enough, it is in Cowper's daily life and in his writings that we see the evidence of his faith more than in his hymns. Much of "The Task" and many of the shorter satirical poems directed against such evils as slavery and child labour show us the Cowper whose pen worked for the good of his fellow-men, whereas his hymns emphasise mainly the importance of simple faith, of divine grace and redemption, as do the hymns of most of the writers of this period. Occasionally we hear something different:

To walk as children of the day;
To mark the precepts' holy light;
To wage the warfare, watch and pray,
Shew who are pleasing in his sight. (59)

But although he does not often express such ideas in so many words, Cowper's hymns, as we have already seen, are full of an indefinable quality of humility; he is entirely dependent upon the grace of God without feeling the arrogance of being God's chosen child; he is content to put all his trust in God without assuming that heaven will be his necessary reward. Indeed, it is remarkable that long after he had lost all hope of his own salvation he was never tempted to curse God and die; he believed that God was always just in His wrath, and that he himself had no right to complain of the terrible damnation which he believed God had prepared for His servant Cowper.

This is not to say, of course, that Cowper's morbid doubts and mad terrors are a useful adjunct to Christian faith and worthy of emulation. Nearly all the Olney Hymns were written when his mind was at its happiest and most free, and it is the shadowy memory of those doubts and terrors mingling with his present joy and confidence that gives the hymns their peculiar quality of awed humility and muted ecstasy. But though later generations of worshippers thus gained something of value from Cowper's sufferings, the strange unreason behind those sufferings and the whole view of God which caused them were far removed from any normal kind of Christianity. Miss Dorothy Sayers in the preface of her remarkable series of plays "The Man Born to be King," has some

interesting things to say about Christian drama. She points out that no great dramatist has ever written a Christian tragedy. She goes on to explain that this is not because there have been no great Christian dramatists, but because Christianity cannot be fitted into the accepted mould of classical tragedy; the pity and terror are there, but, says Miss Sayers: "Where Christ is, cheerfulness will keep breaking in." For Cowper, alas, religion was pure tragedy; cheerfulness ceased to break in altogether, and in his mind the drama ended not with the Resurrection but with the Cross.

But now let us turn for a few minutes to the hymns themselves. It is profitable to examine them in the light of our modern taste and to find out why it is that so many of them are no longer sung. Is it Cowper's fault or ours? More often than not I think it is ours. One of the most obvious qualities of the hymns is that they are strictly scriptural. A great many of them are headed with a text from the Bible on which the whole hymn is based—an excellent practice, for a good hymn, like a good sermon, needs a text. But whether they are headed by a particular text or not, nearly all the hymns are built solidly on Scripture, and in some editions of Cowper's works the footnotes give the reader some idea of how Cowper drew his references from all parts of the Bible and how by meditation and poetic skill he wove them into a homogeneous whole. But Cowper wrote for people who knew their Bible, and the lamentable fact is that many of these scriptural references are entirely lost on modern congregations, who are only too often but slightly acquainted with the Bible, especially the Old Testament. Their memory and imagination do not automatically respond to lines which presuppose a knowledge of Gideon or Ephraim or Joshua or Elijah or of the sacrificial laws of Leviticus. To some extent, then, it is our own fault that we fail to appreciate many of these hymns, but it is partly our misfortune, too. There is a naïvete about the way Cowper introduces these Old Testament stories into his hymns which would make many a modern reader feel uncomfortable:

Once David seemed Saul's certain prey;
But hark! the foe's at hand,
Saul turns his arms another way,
To save the invaded land.

When Jonah sunk beneath the wave
He thought to rise no more;
But God prepared a fish to save,
And bear him to the shore.

Blest proofs of power and grace divine,
That meet us in his word!
May every deep-felt care of mine
Be trusted with the Lord. (2)

Yes, it is an unfortunate fact that many of us nowadays would hesitate to sing such stanzas as these; we would smile and talk of childishness and fundamentalism. Yet weekly in our churches we are content to sing whole hymns of worse than childish nonsense, often quite unchristian in their nature, so long as the sentiments are sufficiently vague and high-minded and do not pin us down to any particular text or commit us to any specific doctrine. This certainly is our misfortune—this religious sophistication and reticence which have overtaken us in the century and a half since Cowper's death; yet may it not be that in this, too, we are ourselves at fault?

Another cause for our embarrassment in some of the Olney hymns is Cowper's outspokenness with reference to sin and personal responsibility for the distress of others. One very fine hymn entitled "The Vanity of the World" begins:

God gives his mercies to be spent;
Your hoard will do your soul no good:
Gold is a blessing only lent,
Repaid by giving others food.

How good for us it would be if we permitted ourselves to be embarrassed by it; perhaps more food parcels would be sent to Europe if we were made to sing this hymn for several Sundays in succession. Powerfully it goes on:

The world's esteem is but a bribe,
To buy your peace you sell your own;
The slave of a vain-glorious tribe,
Who hate you while they make you known.

The joy that vain amusements give,
Oh! sad conclusion that it brings.
The honey of a crowded hive,
Defended by a thousand stings. (7)

But it is no longer fashionable for Christians to see the danger of vain amusements, any more than it is fashionable to believe in the existence of Hell as it is depicted in a later stanza of the same hymn. This, indeed, is strong meat, but we ought to be able to digest it. To us it is strange that Cowper seems to expect this strong meat to be suitable fare for the very youngest Christian, and apparently knows nothing of milk for babes. His hymns for the edification of children dismay us in the violence of their expression.

True, you are young, but there's a stone
Within the youngest breast;
Or half the crimes which you have done
Would rob you of your rest. (22)

And again, in the hymn "Pleading for and with youth":

We feel for your unhappy state,
(May you regard it too)
And would awhile ourselves forget,
To pour out prayer for you. (23)

This, of course, does but show the conventional eighteenth century attitude towards children and is reminiscent of Gray's thoughts as he watched the "little victims" disporting themselves happily on the playing fields of Eton, and of some of Watts' "Divine and Moral Songs for Children." That many children did in fact enjoy Watts' little cautionary poems may indicate that they did not object to singing Cowper's hymns either, but there is something very pathetic in imagining the little children in Olney Sunday School singing:

Thanks for thy word, and for thy day;
And grant us, we implore,
Never to waste in sinful play
Thy holy sabbaths more.

Let us comfort ourselves with the knowledge that this hymn certainly, and possibly the others just quoted too, were written by request, so that Cowper might well have been voicing sentiments which he thought he ought to feel rather than those which in fact he did feel. One thing we do know is that Cowper was genuinely fond of children, and children were fond of Cowper.

Only too often an otherwise perfect hymn is marred for the modern singer by no fault of Cowper's at all, but simply by inexorable time, which in a century or two can twist and change the meaning and associations of words and turn the dignified into the ludicrous. Time, too, has an ugly habit of tarnishing and wearing thin metaphors which were bright and ringing when they first were used, before they became current coin in many hands. A skilful editor with sound poetic judgment might do much to make some of Cowper's discarded hymns fit for modern worship. I should be the last to advocate such ruthless mutilation as has been practised on the work of some authors, but the sympathetic alteration of just a word here or there could surely be undertaken without the editor feeling guilty of effrontery. Sometimes a hymn can be, and has been, altered with no difficulty at all. Probably few people realise that "There is a fountain filled with blood," that magnificent hymn of the Cross, appears in our books without the last two stanzas, which refer to the golden harp prepared for the repentant sinner in terms which are to us quaint and outmoded. Luckily the hymn is not spoiled by the curtailment: the fifth stanza makes an excellent ending.

Unfortunately it is not always so easy to cut out awkward bits. The hymn "Jehovah-Shalom" is in every way worthy to stand beside "There is a fountain filled with blood." It begins:

Jesus, whose blood so freely streamed
To satisfy the law's demand;
By thee from guilt and wrath redeemed,
Before the Father's face I stand.

To reconcile offending man,
Make Justice drop her angry rod;
What creature could have formed the plan,
Or who fulfil it but a God?

But later comes :

Now Lord, thy feeble worm prepare !
For strife with earth and hell begins;
Confirm and gird me for the war;
They hate the soul that hates his sins. (5)

Nowadays worms are simply funny, and the literal minds of a modern congregation could not endure the vision of a worm girded for war. And then again in the last stanza we hear :

Let them in horrid league agree,

and we realise with regret that "horrid" has lost its original Latin meaning and has been steadily losing caste ever since. In this hymn it would not be possible to cut off the last stanzas, for the hymn is not logically or devotionally complete without them, but the two offending words might be judiciously altered.

Or to take another example : here is the superb ending of a hymn which Cowper calls "Prayer for patience" :

Ah ! were I buffeted all day,
Mocked, crowned with thorns, and spit upon,
I yet should have no right to say,
My great distress is mine alone.

Let me not angrily declare
No pain was ever sharp like mine;
Nor murmur at the cross I bear,
But rather weep, remembering thine. (43)

These stanzas are sufficiently reminiscent of Donne's sonnet "Spit in my face, you Jewes, and pierce my side" to make us wonder whether Cowper had the sonnet in mind when he wrote, or whether he and Donne were independently inspired by the same Gospel passages. Be that as it may, the first part of the hymn would hardly be acceptable to a congregation to-day : firstly, as in other examples we have looked at, because of obscure Old Testament references; secondly, because of the phrase "Babylonish vest" which some people would inevitably treat facetiously; and thirdly, because of an ugly alliteration of sibilants, one of the few stylistic faults that Cowper ever falls into, and one which unhappily is a serious fault in any kind of verse that is designed to be sung.

It is perhaps unfair even to have mentioned this last fault, for one of the great qualities of Cowper's hymns is their fine poetic style and grace of expression. He makes use of a variety of metres, all with equal skill; he has an unerring instinct for using the right word in the right place; he is singularly meticulous in the matter

of rhyme, never making do, as Isaac Watts and other great writers have done, with alternate unrhymed lines and scarcely ever resorting to imperfect rhyme or assonance.

There is no doubt that Cowper's love of nature and his constant intercourse with its beauties have added grace to his hymns time and again. A word here, a line there, simple and not in themselves remarkable, bring the singer a momentary vision of some intimate part of the English countryside and refresh his devotion with a reminder of the beauties and blessings that are with him every day. Only once does Cowper make the beauties of nature the central theme of a hymn, and a delightful hymn it is. He entitles it "I will praise the Lord at all times," and stanza by stanza he gives praise to God for the evidences of his mercy and for the symbols of the Christian life as they are shown in winter, spring, summer, and autumn, and at morning and evening, so that the hymn is almost a Christian epitome of what Cowper has done more diffusely in the six books of "The Task."

One of the hardest things for a hymn-writer to do is to strike the correct balance between the personal and the general. A hymn that arises from an intensely personal and spiritual experience too often turns out to be something that the average congregation cannot, or ought not conscientiously to sing; the words are too passionate, too private, too much dependent on the occasion that gave rise to them to be in any real sense the honest expression of a group of normal worshippers. On the other hand, there are hymn-writers who commit the opposite fault: they are afraid of being too personal and of voicing sentiments which others cannot share, and in their efforts to compose something which an entire congregation could sing without scruple they make the whole hymn vague and wishy-washy and say virtually nothing at all. Cowper is one of the remarkable few who have succeeded in overcoming these difficulties. Nothing could be more personal, more of a direct cry from one man to his God than the well-known hymn "O for a closer walk with God," yet the thoughts it expresses are universal: what Christian is there who has not known the aridity of the desert, the ache of the void the world can never fill, and the persistence of that dearest idol which usurps the throne of grace? In other words, Cowper knows that secret of the Israelite psalmists, the fact of corporate personality, a fact which we would do well to be more aware of in the church to-day. The secret lies in the nature of the man himself, and it is only by reading his poetry and letters that we can learn fully to understand it. As we read Cowper's work we feel him more and more to be a man like ourselves and sympathetic with ourselves: this charming, shy, bourgeois gentleman, with his gentle humour, his love of animals and of his fellow men, his constant enjoyment of small personal pleasures, his zeal for the good of humanity, his eye for beauty and his capacity for friendship—he is no hero, but he does possess that heroic quality of belonging to no particular time and place, of being something to all men always, of putting words into the mouths of other people in

other generations. In the Prologue to his masterly biography of Cowper, "The Stricken Deer," Lord David Cecil says of him: "He felt more intensely and expressed himself with greater brilliance than the people round him; but what he felt was what they felt, and his superior sensitiveness and brilliance only helped him to express it more exactly." That is it in a nutshell: the secret of corporate personality, the priesthood of all believers, the reason why most of Cowper's hymns are so eminently suited to congregational singing.

Perhaps I have written too much of the faults and drawbacks in the Olney Hymns; that would be giving a wrong impression, but there is not scope in an article of this length to quote in full the many examples that are in every way perfect. It must suffice to mention a few so that the reader may look them up for himself. "Hark, my soul, it is the Lord," "Sometimes a light surprises," and "The Spirit breathes upon the Word" are already familiar, but others are worthy to rank equal with these: the hymn "True Pleasures," for instance, and "My soul thirsteth for God"; that extraordinarily simple but exquisite little hymn "Dependence," beginning:

To keep the lamp alive
With oil we fill the bowl;
'Tis water makes the willow thrive,
And grace that feeds the soul, (63)

and by contrast the long metre of "Grace and Providence," ending:

Forgive the song that falls so low
Beneath the gratitude I owe!
It means thy praise, however poor,
An angel's song can do no more; (65)

and perhaps best of all the thundering glory of:

Hear what God the Lord hath spoken:—
O my people, faint and few;
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you:
Thorns of heart-felt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
You shall name your walls Salvation,
And your gates shall all be Praise. (10)

There is infinite pathos in the thought that the writer himself never had any sustained belief that he would be able to share these fair abodes with the rest of the people of God. But no one who loves Cowper's hymns can sing them without the certain confidence that for Cowper of all men God was at last his own interpreter and changed to day the gloom of night. Indeed, it is said that when

Cowper, stricken and tortured, at last found rest in death, there came upon his face "a holy surprise," so that the friends who watched him believed that at the last moment the terrors of damnation subsided, and Cowper saw the everlasting light. If it is true, and we must surely believe it, we can imagine with what song on his lips William Cowper entered the realms of the blessed; he could not have done better than sing his own hymn "Jehovah-Jireh, the Lord will provide":

Wait for his seasonable aid,
And though it tarry, wait;
The promise may be long delayed,
But cannot come too late. (2)

VARIA

(Contributed by MAURICE FROST)

(i)

CROWLE. Both *The Historical Edition of Hymns A. & M.* and *Songs of Praise Discussed* state that CROWLE is set to Psalm I in the 1724 edition of James Green's book. This is an error. I found a copy of this edition in a private library the other day, and (as stated by Love in *Scottish Church Music*) it is set to Psalm LXVI. It is, however, set to Psalm I in the edition of 1734.

(ii)

CHIMES. It is usually assumed that this tune first appeared in Butt's *Harmonia Sacra*. The date of this book is uncertain—before 1761 anyhow. A pencil note in my copy of a late edition referred to Tans'ur's *Royal Melody Compleat*, 1754. I searched through Tans'ur, and think there can be little doubt that CHIMES is based on TRINITY TUNE set to Psalm CXLV.

(iii)

A/Collection/of/Hymns/and/Sacred Poems./ (device of an eagle)/*Dublin:/Printed by S. Powell, at Crane-lane./MDCCXLIX./*

1. According to the late Mr. J. T. Lightwood in his book, *The Music of the Methodist Hymn-Book*, 1935, the above collection formerly belonged to Mr. John Dobson, who died in 1888. When his books were dispersed it became the property of Mr. James Warrington in America. In due course his books also were scattered, and Mr. Lightwood had been unable to discover its whereabouts.

2. Thanks to the good offices of the Rev. H. B. Satcher, Rector of St. Aiden's, Cheltenham, Pennsylvania, I found it had come to rest at the Western Theological Seminary, Pittsburgh. The Librarian has kindly provided me with a transcription of the tunes upon which the following notes are based. Mr. Satcher had previously procured for me a photostat of the title-page and one opening of the music.

3. There are twenty-two tunes, occupying twenty-eight pages at the end of the book. The music printing is not good, but not so bad as that of the Foundery *Collection* of 1742. No names are given to the tunes, which are printed in two parts, treble and bass.

The sources of the tunes are as follows :—

Anglo-Genevan Psalter, 1556.	Hymn xii, "Behold the rose of Sharon here" to the tune of the TEN COMMANDMENTS.
A. G. 1558.	Hymn lxxii, "How wondrous great, how glorious bright" to PSALM CXIX.
A. G. 1561.	Hymn x, "Away from ev'ry mortal care" to PSALM C.
G. Wither's <i>Hymns and Songs of the Church</i> , 1623.	Hymn xix, "He frowns, and darkness veils the moon" to SONG 34.
Barton's <i>Psalms</i> , 1644.	Hymn lxx, "How short and hasty is our life" to LONDON LONG (later known as COLESHILL).
J. Playford's <i>Psalms and Hymns in Solemn Musick</i> , 1671.	Hymn cxvii, "Welcome sweet day of rest," to CAMBRIDGE.
<i>Select Psalms, &c.</i> , 1697.	Hymn clix, "Sinners rejoice, lift up your eyes" to ST. JAMES'S (here in 3/4 time).
John Bishop's <i>New Sett of Psalm Tunes</i> , c. 1700.	Hymn xcvi, "Lo, God is here! let us adore" to BEDFORD (PSALM CXII).
H. Playford's <i>Divine Companion</i> , 1700.	Hymn cxli, "Sleep, downy sleep" to its proper tune (Hymn iv).
<i>Supplement to the New Version</i> , 1708.	Hymn vii, "And now, my soul, the circling sun" to ST. ANNE.
<i>Lyra Davidica</i> , 1708.	Hymn liv, "Hark how the welkin rings" to THE RESURRECTION.
<i>Divine Musick Scholar's Guide</i> , 1711.	Hymn cxlix, "Raise thee, my soul, fly up and run," to NAMURE.
J. and J. Green, <i>Psalms</i> , 1715.	Hymn xxxi, "Descend from heav'n, immortal Dove" set to PSALM CXXV, 2nd metre, by John Green (later known as GREEN'S 100).
John Chetham, <i>Psalms</i> , 1718.	Hymn lii, "Happy the heart where graces reign" to PSALM XLII (later known as BURFORD).
	Hymn lxxvi, "How beauteous are their feet" to PSALM 1 as altered by James Green in 1738 for Ps. cxxxiv (later known as AYLESBURY).
Tans'ur's <i>Compleat Melody</i> , 1735.	Hymn ccxxiv, "With cheerful voice I sing" to MANSFIELD, Ps. 140.

Lampe, *Hymns on the Greater Festivals*, 1746.
From the German. Hymn clxiv, "Sinners, obey the Gospel word" to HYMN NO. 18 (later known as INVITATION, KENT, and DEVONSHIRE).
Hymn xxvi, "Come let us join our cheerful songs" to the tune by N. Hermann called JENA in the Foundery *Collection* and later known as ST. GEORGE'S.

4. There remain four tunes which I have not yet traced to any earlier books.

- The tune we know as IRISH, set to Hymn cxci, "Time, what an empty vapour 'tis."
- A tune to Hymn lxxxiv, "Jerusalem, my happy home."
- A tune to Hymn clxviii, "Sons of men, behold him far."
- The last tune in the book, headed THE MUSICIANS to the words, "Thou God of Harmony and Love." This was a surprise, as it is a simpler form of the tune which G. Whitefield called AITHLONE in his *Divine Musical Miscellany* of 1754, and which Wesley renamed SNOWFIELDS in *Sacred Melody and Sacred Harmony*.

REVIEWS

The Coming, and other Hymns, by H. R. MOXLEY. (Printed privately and obtainable from the author, the Rev. H. R. Moxley, M.A., 301 Woodstock Road, Oxford, price 2/-.)

There have been various ways in which new hymns have come into general use. Some, like those of John Bunyan and, I suppose, George Herbert, were written without any idea that they would be sung. It is later ages that have put them into hymn-books. Some—but not the majority—have been deliberately written for a general book, in which the writer of the hymn has some sort of connection, editorial or otherwise. These are not generally the best: for a good hymn is not readily written to order. Most hymns have probably been written for a limited objective; and it is their supreme merit which has brought them into universal use. Even the Wesleys, when they first began to write hymns, can hardly have foreseen the *Hymn Book for People called Methodists*, to say nothing of world-wide acceptance; and Isaac Watts, bold man that he was, could not have anticipated the amazing future of his hymns.

It is not always that even the local use is accepted without any criticisms. Prophets have proverbially no honour among their own folk. One has even heard that the harmonies of J. S. Bach were disliked by his own church-officers, and it would appear that Isaac Watts was not without his detractors in his own day. Mr. Moxley is therefore to be congratulated on the fact that his own church members have met the cost of publishing his hymns.

What future these hymns, or indeed any hymns, may have, time alone can tell. For there is a fashion in hymns, as in everything else, and the choice of one generation is cheerfully discarded by the next. If the verdict of time is not an infallible test, it is perhaps the

surest. Frequently a hymn survives because it meets a special need not otherwise provided for. Among Mr. Moxley's hymns there are several which provide for subjects which are not overcrowded in hymnody; as for instance, the Visit of the Wise Men, the Transfiguration ("Master Divine, who once of old Didst walk the ways of men"), and Ordination. Any of these, especially perhaps the second, may come into wider use. Be that as it may, Mr. Moxley can certainly make the same claim as John Wesley, that "here is nothing turgid or bombast on the one hand, or low and creeping on the other." He shews frequently the happy knack of using the right phrase; and there is a directness and sincerity in his hymns which carries conviction.

G. W. BRIGGS.

Suitable Hymns for Boys, by W. H. HAMILTON. (Published by the Scottish Association of Boys' Clubs, 12 Alva Street, Edinburgh 2, as "Leaflets for Leaders, No. 6." Price 3d.)

Dr. Hamilton understands both of his subjects—Hymns and Boys, and he rightly refuses to recognise that unreal being, the "average boy," for in truth there is no such person. This short leaflet is packed full with common sense (that most rare of qualities), and it should be widely read and digested. I am not in agreement with all of the author's suggestions. "Go, labour on," for instance, I would preferably set to LLEDROD, and "Come, labour on" to J. S. Scott's SALONICA (S.P. 471); nor would I recommend the Haydn tune (E.H. 643) for "Onward, Christian soldiers," but that may be because I would not recommend the words to anyone. In the main the suggested weddings augur well for great happiness.

A point of vital importance, but perhaps outside the purpose of the leaflet, is that unless the Leader possesses burning and infectious enthusiasm, *and* unless he has personality, all the understanding of boys (or of anyone else) will fail. Eight pages of excellence.

W. K. STANTON.

TREASURER'S REPORT

The Society's Accounts for 1948 have now been prepared and have been examined and found correct by Mr. J. C. S. Brough, who has again kindly acted as Auditor. The receipts from subscriptions, donations and investment income totalled £90 2s. 0d., and the expenditure £114 8s. 9d. The balance in hand at the end of the year was £655 16s. 2d. and there is in addition Bank deposits for £360 15s. 11d. which are earmarked for the re-editing of the Dictionary of Hymnology. A further sum of £10 is in hand, being a donation to assist the cost of copying Mr. Bunn's index of past *Bulletins*.

Envelopes for remitting subscriptions to the Treasurer are enclosed. Those who have already paid their 1949 subscriptions are asked to disregard these. Their omission in January was the mistake of the printer, who asks that his apologies be conveyed to members.

WANTED—TO PURCHASE.

Ferneaux : *Companion to the Public School Hymn Book*. (Rev. W. S. Kelynack : 12 St. Paul's Road, Weston-super-Mare.)

Hall the Printer, Ltd., 6 Brewer Street, Oxford.