

THE HYMN SOCIETY

OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND

BULLETIN

VOLUME TWO

NUMBER EIGHT

OCTOBER, 1949

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EDITORIAL NOTE

We have recently been allowed, by the great kindness of Mrs. Lawson, the daughter of the late F. J. Gillman, to look through some of our old friend's miscellaneous papers. These consist chiefly of cuttings from periodicals which had been gathered together in four private volumes by their author. Mrs. Lawson has given us permission to use these as we think fit, and it seemed clear, when we had read the material, that there was much here which our members, especially those who had missed the original publications, would have been sorry to miss. By Mrs. Lawson's permission, therefore, and also by courtesy of the publishers concerned, we are reprinting five of Gillman's articles and lectures. The earliest dates from 1910 and the latest from 1937, and from these five articles the reader will gather, we think, the cream of what Gillman had to say on matters hymnological.

GILLMAN PAPERS—I. THE ETHICS OF HYMN-SINGING (1910)¹

Sir Walter Parratt has recently been reminding us that it is through our hymns that many people find their closest contact with music and literature. He might well have gone further, and added that our hymn-book stands next to our Bible as "a great instrument of popular religious culture."

The hymns we sing, as Mr. Palgrave has truly said, hold a special place in our hearts. They are always—though perhaps unconsciously—shaping our thoughts of God and of duty. John

¹ Reprinted from *The Choir*, February, 1910, by permission of the Editor and the Publisher (Epworth Press, 25/35 City Road, London).

Wesley, when he declared his hymn-book to be "in effect, a little body of experimental and practical divinity," was only crystallising the thoughts of many of the great religious leaders who had preceded him. Arius and Ambrose in the early church, Bernard and his rival Abelard in monasticism, Hus and Luther in the Reformation, Wesley and Toplady in the Evangelical Revival, and afterwards Newman and Keble in the Oxford Movement, all alike realized the potency of song and its incalculable propagandist value.

The serious study of this subject is, therefore, worthy of any amount of time and trouble on the part of the Christian worker of to-day.

The Failings of Popular Hymnology.

Within recent years popular hymn-singing has fallen on evil times. While admitting to the full the obligation to be large-hearted and indeed generous in our judgments, we must confess that much of our popular hymnology is unworthy of voicing the great message of Christianity to modern life.

Let us consider some of its failings, if haply we may mend them.

It is too sentimental—and, if we may use an expressive Yorkshire word, too "yonderly." Exaggerated emotion is a harmful thing, and the longing for a crown of gold and "a mansion with the blest," however natural to the weary heart of the old monk of Cluny, sounds unreal when sung in a major key by a miscellaneous modern audience. Happily, such living writers as F. L. Hosmer in America and Canon Scott-Holland at home are emphasizing the sacredness of *this* world as well as the next, for surely

God's kingdom is on earth begun;
Time and eternity are one;
And heaven is not some distant sphere:
It lies about us now and here.

It is too personal. Wesley, Wordsworth, and Ellerton have emphasised this danger; but, unhappily, it still confronts us. A personal hymn such as

O Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;

—a hymn which, by the way, was written by a clergyman for the ordination of his brother—surely ought not to be chosen for miscellaneous congregational use. To do so is a direct encouragement to insincerity. Who would wish that the deepest experiences of his soul, the private griefs and cares, the unspoken secrets of the heart, should be blazoned abroad?

God only, and good angels, look
Behind the blissful scene.

It is too trivial. We sing our hymns, not as an act of worship, but to attract people to meetings, or between more important items in the programme, or while the collection is being taken. One is reminded of the story of the "egg-boiling" hymn. "I sing four

verses," said the old lady, "when I want it boiled soft, and six when I want it hard." It is time we insisted on seriousness in our service of praise.

The words have been subordinated to the tune. The leading question has been, "Does it go well?" "Has it a rousing tune?" We have been putting the whole thing the wrong way round. The singing of a hymn, we again urge, should be an act of worship, not a musical performance. Let us restore the emphasis to its right place.

The Needs of Present-day Hymnology.

In seeking to emancipate hymn-singing from the bondage of conventionalism and unreality, the governing thought, it seems to us, must be the recovery of sincerity. No hymn-singing is worth engaging in unless it comes from the heart.

Doubtless one of the pressing needs of the day is for a strong series of communal hymns, emphasizing the sacredness of daily life, voicing the noblest aspirations of the democracy, and heralding that glad day when England shall listen in earnest to the social redemptive message of Christianity. Such hymns cannot, of course, be written to order. But there are already signs that the Christ-ward yearnings of the men and women of the twentieth century will not long wait for a voice.

GILLMAN PAPERS—II. ON MENDING HYMNS (1912)¹

There is an old story which tells us that Dante one day heard a blacksmith singing one of his poems, but mutilating it and altering it as he went along. The incident made the poet feel as though he were receiving a great injury. He said nothing, however, but went into the blacksmith's shop and began to fling his tools into the street, and when the blacksmith asked what he meant by such conduct, Dante said, "If you don't like me to spoil your goods, don't spoil mine."

This story serves to introduce the question—How far is an editor of a hymn-book justified in altering an author's original text? One's mind at once turns to Wesley's famous preface, in which he hit about him to some purpose². . . .

But an editor to-day has not only to make his reckoning with the author on whose work he dares to lay his iconoclastic fingers; he has also to meet the prejudices of a conservative and none too discerning public. Yet, if people but knew it, their objections usually are not to the tampering with the original text, but merely to tampering with the version *with which they are individually familiar*. We learnt these grand old hymns at our mother's knee;

¹ From *The Choir*, June 1912, by permission of the Editor and the Publisher.

² The familiar paragraph from the preface beginning "Many gentlemen have done my brother and me (though without naming us) the honour to reprint many of our hymns" is here quoted.

they are rich with sacred associations; we like to hear the same familiar language, and are impatient of the least alteration—

As for some dear familiar strain
Untired we ask and ask again,
Ever in its melodious store
Finding a spell unheard before.

I think I shall be able to show that the standard set up by Dante and by Wesley is quite impossible as a working rule. One would not expect a blacksmith to improve on a Dante, but Wesley has given himself away by claiming for himself a right which he denied to others.

Yet even the committee entrusted by Conference with the compilation of the new Methodist hymn-book felt themselves free now and then to ignore Wesley's dogmatic rule, and in their book—to quote Mr. Telford—"Expressions that would offend a modern taste have been altered."

On what principle, then, ought an editor to approach this thorny problem? Canon Ellerton—than whom we can take no safer guide—again and again elaborated his views on the subject before the Church Congress. The original version of a hymn, he urged, is not always the best. "A hymnary is not a statue gallery." We can easily carry our "veneration of relics" too far. An editor has first of all—is it not Palgrave's rule too?—to consider the "direct usefulness" of his hymnal. Not the world of a dead yesterday, but of a living to-day, forms his constituency. Truth never changes, but modes of expression do. Hell and damnation figured largely in eighteenth-century hymnology; but when in recent years I sat on a hymn-book committee, we spent a good deal of time in the congenial task of exorcising demons!

But there are other considerations than these. Some hymn-writers have been men of but little culture, with whom the poetic gift has not been highly developed. Ellerton has reminded us that some, whose names are well known in our hymn-books, had but an imperfect education, or a dull ear for rhythm, or fearfully narrow views, and yet, in spite of all, there has been the true ring in their verses. Are we to say that it is impossible to improve upon the foundation work of such writers as these? A master-hand shall teach us differently. Once Isaac Watts sent a hymn—it was a paraphrase of Psalm cxiv—to Addison, with this message: "If the following essay be not too incorrigible, bestow upon it a few brightenings from your genius, that I may learn how to write better, or to write no more."

Let us see what light is shed on our subject by turning over the pages of almost any one of our leading hymn-books.

When I survey the wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of Glory died.

"Oh! you are not going to alter that?" I hear someone say. Not I! But Wesley¹ did. Watts wrote

When I survey the wondrous Cross
Where the young Prince of Glory died.

Yet no recent editor² has had the courage to restore the original version.

Take again Kethe's great paraphrase of the 100th Psalm, sacred with the associations of the martyr age of Bloody Mary:

We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take
originally read—

We are His *folk*³, He doth us feed.

Yet although Kethe's wording is more faithful to the Psalmist's "We are his people and the sheep of his pasture," we are almost universally wedded to the alteration.

A classic "misprint" of a similar nature is embedded in the *Te Deum*. A copyist of the sixteenth century converted *munerari* into *numerari*, and so we sing

Make us to be *numbered* with Thy saints
whereas we ought to sing—if we are sticklers for original readings—

Make us to be *rewarded* with Thy saints.

"O God of Bethel" in the *Methodist Hymn Book* only contains five lines of the original. Indeed, if you take half a dozen of our leading books, it is not easy to find any one of our favourite hymns given in exactly the same words in all of them.

Who is to blame—or to be thanked—for these things? Anyhow, Wesley altered Herbert; and, if one may dare to say so, not always to advantage. Here is a verse from Herbert's *Elixir*, with Wesley's alterations—the reader may judge which is the better work.

Herbert's original:

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
Makes that and the action fine.

Wesley's version:

If done to obey Thy laws
Even servile actions shine;
Hallow'd all toil, if this the cause,
The meanest work divine.

¹ Mr. Gillman is for a moment astray here. The alteration was made by Watts himself in the edition of 1709. It is not known who suggested it but it would not have been the five-year-old Wesley. (Editor.)

² The original is restored in the 1940 *Episcopal Hymnal* of the U.S.A., but as far as England is concerned Mr. Gillman's challenge stands. (Editor.)

³ In the original, *folck*. (Editor.)

Wesley altered Watts too, and Toplady altered Wesley. Montgomery admits that he "clipped, underlined, and remodelled hymns of all sorts," although he grumbled at those who did so with him. Keble was one of those who improved on Montgomery's usually faultless work. The closing line of "Hail to the Lord's Anointed" ran—

His name—what is it?—Love!
—an unsingable line. Keble's version supplies the true climax:
His changeless name of Love!

And so one might go on indefinitely, showing how some of our finest hymns, like our grey old cathedrals, are not the work of one hand, but the growth of ages. "People who talk loosely," Ellerton truly says, "about the evil of altering hymns are for the most part people who do not know how the original text reads."

When the *Fellowship Hymn-Book* was being compiled, the Committee were often face to face with many such difficulties. Why did Ebenezer Elliott, in "When wilt Thou save the people?" write
Not kings and lords, but nations!

Why should we not ask God to save kings and lords? Goodness knows they need it! So we adopted a version—first suggested, I believe, by Mr. Josiah Booth—

Not kings alone, but nations.

Why did Baring-Gould tempt us to insincerity in those lines—

We are not divided,
All one body we;
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity?

I commend the *Fellowship Hymn-Book* version to future editors, especially as Mr. Baring-Gould readily agreed to it:

One in hope and purpose.

One or two closing illustrations of a humbler order may be given.

Execrable rhymes sometimes offend the ear of the hymn-singer, and there can be no advantage in perpetuating them. It is painful to hear such an effort as this—

We'll catch the broken threads again,
And finish what we here began;
Heav'n will the mysteries explain,
And then, ah then, we'll understand'.

The settled judgment of posterity may be trusted to rectify such crude mistakes, and to gradually correct the imperfections in our service of praise.

An editor who sins against the canons of good taste—and it is easy to do so—will verily receive his reward in the neglect of his ill-directed efforts; but an editor who can succeed in the difficult task of correcting imperfections, and who can even

Gild refined gold
Or add a perfume to the violet

GILLMAN PAPERS — II. FOR BETTER CHRISTIAN HYMNS (1937)¹

(Note by the Editor of the *American Friend*:

"Last week our English Friend, F. J. Gillman, sailed for home after having spent several weeks in this country. His major concern amongst us had to do with stimulating interest in a more effective use of hymns as a means of worship.")

The true purpose of Christian hymnody is to help us to live nearer to God. The singing of a hymn is not merely a musical performance, but an act of worship. If we keep that in mind it will save us from many pitfalls.

The Hymn-book of Christendom—not any particular book, but the whole distilled content of it—is in many respects the most important of the inspired additions made by the Church to the New Testament. James Martineau speaks of it as the greatest of all instruments of popular religious education. Incidentally it introduces us to a great body of Christian history and biography, doctrine and ritual, and it calls to our aid the twin divine arts of music and poetry to help us in our reach after the things that are true and lovely and of good report.

Of the dangers and pitfalls of art in worship I need not write, for the fear of it is bred in our Quaker homes. One thing is certain. By millions of people now and throughout the Christian era, hymn-singing is regarded as a natural medium for corporate worship. Its psychological significance is incalculable. As we sing together, something happens to us; there is a plus, different from, and perhaps greater than, anything we feel when we are alone. As Evelyn Underhill says, "The peculiar effect of rhythmic corporate utterance, in producing corporate feeling and enhancing individual sensibility, is brought to the help of souls and the service of God."

Considering, then, the great ends which Christian hymnody serves, it is surprising that so little serious attention is given to the subject; and the more so because, as history clearly shows, hymns and their music may teach us to think wrongly and to feel wrongly, just as easily as to think and feel rightly.

What do they teach us about Christ and human life? And how do they make us feel about them? Those are the crucial and vitally important issues.

My impression, after study of the subject, is that a large proportion of our current hymns and tunes do not very well stand that test. Not only is the poetry and the music bad, but the conception of God and of His nature and purpose in the world is unworthy. The best thing to do with such hymns is to forget them as quickly as possible.

Two requirements are, I think, laid upon us in view of this situation: First, we must ensure that the content of the hymn-book

¹ Reprinted from *The American Friend*, 13th May, 1937, by permission.

we use is as good as it can possibly be made for our special groups or constituencies; second, we must do all we can to ensure that it is used as intelligently and reverently as possible. Its contents, and the way they are handled—that is the double issue before us. Can we feel satisfied that we have met such a challenge?

As soon as the attempt is made to lift the whole thing on to a higher level, certain obstacles stand in the way. Chief among them is the subtle power of association, which makes us prefer a bad hymn we know to a good one that we do not know. "Let's have something we all know!"—how wearisome, how lazy a slogan! And how inimical to spiritual growth!

A further obstacle—let us have the courage to face it—is in ourselves. We have acquiesced in a situation that we know to be satisfactory. We know reform is overdue, but we are busy, and it will take a long time, and so we let things drift on. Happily, there are some who treat the matter with the seriousness it claims and are taking loving pains to invest our song-worship with real sincerity. I have met many such in America, both inside and outside our Society.

Space does not permit me to attempt to outline the measures which a reform of our current hymn-books would call for. At the moment I must be content to mention two, the one concerning the words, and the other, the music.

The trouble with so many hymns is that they are left in our books long after the life out of which they sprang has died and been forgotten; hence the sense of unreality. Often they come glibly from our lips, but they certainly do not come out of our experience. We must seek new ones, charged with immediacy, springing out of our own times, pulsing with the life of to-day. North has given us one; and Merrill; and Chesterton; and "Woodbine Willie"; and there are others, written or to be written, and which we should quickly introduce into our worship.

As for the music, Romain Rolland somewhere speaks of those—far too many—musicians who talk without saying anything. The test of a good hymn-tune is solely this: is it worshipful? Does it minister to one's highest and purest moods? Like all true art, good music is a revealer of the Divine Essence.

No doubt in hymn-singing we must seek for a kind of music that educated and uneducated all delight to sing. "There is," says Sir Walford Davies, "a kind of musical goodness which makes instant appeal to the untrained no less than to the trained musician." If we do call for the aid of art in worship, let us at least ensure that it is good art. A beginning to train ourselves, and others, to discern and love the best can be made just as soon as we realize that it is worth doing: and not before.

Throughout the history of our Society, Friends have striven to maintain sincerity in worship. It was largely because of the fear of insincerity that the early Friends refrained from hymn-singing in

¹ G. A. Studdert-Kennedy, 1886—1929. S.P. 450, 698.

their meetings. If now, in many of our present-day meetings, the custom has found a foothold, how careful we should be to ensure that it is invested with reverence of spirit and intelligent understanding.

THE HYMNARY EDITOR WHO DISLIKED HYMNS

By the REV. R. C. WHITE

Thomas Banks Strong (1861—1944), who is said to be the only recipient of the Oxford doctorate of music to become a bishop, was one of the editors of the words of *The Oxford Hymn Book* (1908), his colleagues being Miss Church (daughter to R. W. Church), Dr. Sanday and the Rev. J. M. Thompson, with Basil Harwood as musical editor.

Strong's worshipping life had been spent mostly at Westminster Abbey and Christ Church, where, traditionally of course, hymns formed no great part of the musical activity, though he attended with his family at St. Peter's Cranley Gardens, "where we sat behind Jenny Lind who was a seat holder." The usage there was two hymns at morning service, but often Strong was at the organ with Arthur Sullivan. Like Cranmer, therefore, Strong scarcely visualized the possibilities of a supplementation of the official worship of Anglicanism by the contemporary wholesale use of hymnody. He would have agreed with Charles Gore that this has changed the *ethos* of Church of England public worship, far more even than has the ceremonial revival. For a long time, omissions, substitutions and additions were not widely prevalent in the churches, but the admittedly solid fare of the Book of Common Prayer was helped down by the jam of hymnody, all of it made by unauthorized hands—a Gilbertian nullification of the acts of Uniformity.

Doubtless undergraduates and sometimes dons liked and were holpen by the singing of hymns, and *The Oxford Hymn Book* was meant to supplement if not to supplant the one or two rather restricted hymnals, such as those of New College and Exeter. Strong in point of fact brought no excess of enthusiasm to the task, though he set to with his customary thoroughness. He was wont to say that there ought only to be one hymn a year—on Ash Wednesday.

The anthology in question has about it the marks of Strong's astringent taste. Emotional hymn tunes simply distressed this witty divine, descendant of Chateaubriand, whose quips, witticisms and penetrating but entirely unmalicious summings-up of persons and personalities easily rivalled those of Sydney Smith. At an Induction a clergyman put to him that most disconcerting of last-minute questions: "What hymns do you want?" "No hymns," riposted the bishop.

Strong had some very early music lessons from James Turle and became a regular pupil of Frederick Bridge. While still a Westminster schoolboy he was an accomplished organist and pianist and

grew to be a very expert horn player. He was eventually capable of translating an average full score to the keyboard. He had, however, a wonderful power of silent score reading and really advanced and most erudite musical tastes. The actual performance of music interested him far less. As an undergraduate and young don he was renowned as a comic singer.

His deep religious sense doubtless owed much of its formation to his musical attitudes. It was equally fastidious and "high-brow." It disliked all superficiality and emotionalism. Accordingly he could not be other than averse to the growing popular tendency almost to equate religion with community singing. He might have quoted Chesterton's

"And so we sang a lot of hymns
To help the unemployed."

The query of that foreign visitor to an English church porch one Sunday morning could equally have been put by the bishop inside the edifice: "But why do they keep on singing that very bad tune over and over again?"

Strong was induced to write some tunes for *O.H.* He made five in all.

HEBDOMADAL 279 was composed during a prosy session of the academic council of that clattering title. It is perhaps the only satisfactory tune to "Praise to the holiest" unless the appropriate piece out of GERONTIUS can be arranged. RICHMOND is not conducive to meditation on Gethsemane and Calvary.

PECKWATER 313 to George Herbert's "Throw away thy rod" is most beautiful. Dr. Armstrong has written that he thinks it profoundly characteristic of Strong's mind.

AEDES CHRISTI 324 to "When shall Thy love constrain" is certainly fit to stand by the Psalms of Prys, while it has the advantage over them of lacking the Celtic melancholy.

POPLAR 207, thought out while preaching at the Christ Church Mission then in that borough, may be the first composed for "God be in my head." Its flavour is properly mediaeval.

SOUTH SHIELDS 65 in its title recalls his visits to County Durham as examining chaplain to Lightfoot and Westcott. Set to "In the bleak mid-winter" it is rather a piece of Christmas music than a hymn tune.

REVIEWS

Collected Hymns (New edition), by E. H. BLAKENEY.

We mentioned in our *Bulletin* a year or two ago the collection of hymns which Mr. Blakeney had himself printed. We now report that the author, at his private press, has made a new edition of his *Collected Hymns*, enlarged and re-set in an unusually beautiful type-face. The type which Mr. Blakeney has chosen suits the material exactly. It has about it a hint of the ancient, the

traditional, even the mediaeval; and the hymns are of just this kind. Mr. Blakeney's genius runs not at all in the direction of that kind of "modern thought" which is impatient of the devotional and prefers the realistic, not to say the crude. Mr. Blakeney's hymns are devotional in their very nature; every one of them is uncompromisingly God-centred, and every one is of the kind that a Christian would value. Not all reveal their goodness at once; not all, we may say, are quite free from blemish. There is the poor line here and there. But all have that quality which makes the reader feel either "This is what I want to sing" or "This is what I ought to want to sing."

This revised collection contains eighteen hymns, of which twelve (one in Latin) appeared in the former collection, four were printed by Mr. Blakeney on a leaflet two years ago,¹ and one was printed by itself also in 1947. One hymn is quite new, having been written this year; it is entitled "Hymn to the divine beauty," and begins

Come, worship the Lord in His beauty transcendent,
Praising Him daily for signs of His love;
Glory and honour—let these be our tribute,
Noblest of gifts to the Father above.

Its metre is almost, but not exactly, that of "O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness"; it will almost certainly need a new tune. It is in what those who know the other hymns will recognise as the true Blakeney style.

We understand that at least one of these hymns is to be given wider currency in a hymn-book which will be published next year. We do not prophesy a wide popularity, however, for the rest. But this is not to condemn them. There is in them all that hint of the spacious, the gentle, and the contemplative which our own generation is too quick to pass by or to call sentimentality. They are the exact opposite of, say, the work of Studdert Kennedy; they lack the virility, reminiscent of the eighteenth century, that we find in the best of Canon Briggs. They are much more of the middle ages (as their Latin titles often suggest, and as the type-face confirms) than of the classical age of hymnody. We commend them warmly. Those who wish to have a copy should communicate with the author, E. H. Blakeney, 17 Edgar Road, Winchester, who may have a few copies left.

A Book of Divine Service for the Air Training Corps, edited by G. W. BRIGGS.

C. S. Lewis, writing (*mirabile dictu*) on Church Music for the quarterly Magazine of the School of English Church Music, called for "fewer and shorter hymns." We here notice, not the first, but one of the most characteristic of those sectional and selective hymn-books which the indefatigable Canon Briggs has recently been

¹ Noticed in *Bulletin* I, 41, page 15.

editing through the Oxford Press, and Dr. Lewis's comment seems an excellent text from which to start. Here is a little book of short services and hymns designed for men who are attending religious services not because they wish to do so as covenanted members of the Church, but either because these services are compulsory or because they are at any rate part of the accepted tradition of the organisation to which, for a year or two, they belong. These men are young, and immature if not illiterate in the Faith. They are the kind of person with whom Dr. Lewis, in his heroic wartime Christian apologetic on forces' brains-trusts and broadcasts, had much to do. When we open this book, then, we must have them in mind, and we may well believe that, offensive though Dr. Lewis's dictum may be to the Hymn Society, none the less it is true of the constituency for which Canon Briggs has edited his book. Given that premiss, we may further conclude that the work could hardly have been better done.

Beside the services and eleven psalms, then, here are 121 hymns. No music is provided but a reference-index for tunes in *S.P.*, *A. & M.*, and the *Methodist Hymn Book* is provided. The first thing that strikes the reader, and it is the direct outcome of what we have said in our first paragraph, is the brevity of almost all of the hymns. Very nearly all of them are more or less drastically shortened. Not a few are single verses only. Now this process of shortening seems to take two distinct forms. Either it is a matter of simply omitting one or two verses from a hymn of ordinary length to bring it down to the norm of 12-16 lines, or it is a matter of selecting one or two verses from a long hymn to make in their own right what amounts to a new hymn. The latter process seems to us the less hazardous. "Hail to the Lord's Anointed" appears here in three verses (1, 5, 6 of the *S.P.* version), "Bright the vision" in three (2, 3, 4, of the *S.P.* version), "Come, my soul, thy suit prepare" has verses 1, 4, and 5, "The God of Abraham praise" verses 1, 4, and 7. In some cases the hymn is really improved as a congregational act of worship by such shortening, and when we remember the constituency which this book will serve we may say much in commendation of the practice of leaving with the worshipper a single crisp utterance of Christian truth rather than asking him to assimilate the full richness of some classical author's thought. Heber's rather doubtful "The son of God goes forth to war" is certainly improved by appearing as an eight-line hymn; on the other hand, we might not all have selected the "sawn asunder" verse as one of the two included from "Hark the sound of holy voices."

In several cases, however, the shortening is a matter of the omission of one or two verses, and here we are not on such safe ground. One verse is dropped from "There is a land of pure delight," and one from "Give me the wings of faith." Two are dropped from "Ride on, ride on in majesty," and from "As with gladness men of old." This follows the policy of the book, and we must not grumble too loudly, although all of these might be called

hymns which should be printed in full or not at all. But the version of "For all the saints" is a bad slip, since the omission of three verses gives us this *non sequitur*:

Yet all are one in Thee for all are Thine.
Alleluia!

But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day.

We are delighted to see, as in certain other of the same Editor's productions, a free use of the great utterances of Wesley and Watts, notably "God is a name my soul adores" and a splendid aphorism of Wesley beginning "Faith, mighty faith" (the last verse of *M.H.B.* 561). Montgomery's two splendid missionary hymns, "O Spirit of the living God" and "Hark the song of Jubilee" (2 verses) are here, as also Conder's beautiful version of the Gelasian prayer, "O Thou to whom the faithful dead" (*M.H.B.* 826).

The Editor has included fifteen of his own compositions, all in full. Most of these are in his *Songs of Faith*, and we only question the presence of one—"Lord, I would learn to be content," which seems to be a trifle out of character with the collection as a whole. Only a few hymns seem to be below the general standard: we should have thought Bathurst's "O for a faith" had had its day, and we do not pass over "Father, hear the prayer we offer" without the comment that its reference to the "still waters" is decidedly not the way in which Scripture should be used in hymns. "How happy is he born or taught" is not really a hymn, and if you have only 121 numbers we suggest that its place could have been filled by something a little less Stoical. But we have to look closely to find the blemishes.

Everybody is singing hymns nowadays, and if hymn-singing is not to degenerate, as it well may, into a fugitive and tedious indulgence, it is the kind of brief, incisive utterance that Canon Briggs has here achieved that will save the young people from taking the wrong turning.

E.R.

SHORT NOTICE

Readers will be interested to learn that the *Companion to the Hymnal* (1940) of the Episcopal Church of the U.S.A. is now available. We reviewed the Hymnal in our *Bulletin*, Vol. I, No. 34 (January 1946). Both the Hymnal and the *Companion* can be obtained from the Church Hymnal Corporation, 20 Exchange Place, New York 5. The two books together cost \$6.25, the *Companion* alone, \$4.50. We hope to review the *Companion* in a later issue.

THE HYMNS OF PHILIP DODDRIDGE

By the REV. F. H. DURNFORD

Among the hymn-writers of the first half of the eighteenth century Philip Doddridge (1702-51) occupies a high place. His life and letters have been recorded in five lengthy volumes each of some 550 pages, and they reveal an attractive and accomplished divine.

This essay concerns the hymns he wrote, and his place in English hymnody, but as the pursuits of his life gave a strong colouring to the hymns, a few biographical details may be suitable. He was after Isaac Watts the best-known dissenter of his age, and by his wide sympathies and gentle, unaffected goodness, he won the friendship and esteem of churchmen such as Bishop Secker and Warburton. He himself welcomed the work of Wesley and Whitefield. At the early age of 27 he became the Principal of the Northampton Dissenting Academy. He was the author of *The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul*, a book which helped to bring about the conversion of William Wilberforce, and was translated into many languages. He also wrote a commentary on the Bible which did great work in its day. He was one of the founders of the Northampton County Infirmary, one of the earliest hospitals in the provinces, and also was a pioneer in the cause of Unity, and of Foreign Missions. He above all kept alive the devotional life in an age when the flame of devotion burned somewhat dimly.

He wrote some 370 hymns which were published after his death by his friend Job Orton in 1755. In Julian's Dictionary seventy of his hymns are listed (it is worth noting that John Julian wrote the article on Doddridge himself). Of the hymns about twelve are outstanding. In a famous collection of hymns, Lord Selborne's *The Book of Praise from the Best English Hymn Writers*, the compiler includes 15 by Doddridge as against 14 by John Newton and 41 by Isaac Watts. His hymns were sung as the enforcement of his sermons, and possibly given out from the pulpit line by line. They have not the power or richness of Watts, and a deficiency of ear gives them thinness of tone. But they excel Watts in simplicity, serenity, and tenderness. There is a sweetness in the Common Metre which Watts rarely equals. The hymns are all founded on texts from Holy Scripture, ranging from Genesis v. 24 to Revelation xxii. 20. A few extra hymns on Particular Occasions are added.

Among the writers to whom Doddridge appealed was Alexander Knox, the precursor of the Oxford Movement. His criticism in *The Remains* is worth quoting (it is found in Dean Plumtree's life of Bishop Ken):

"A comparison of the hymns of Doddridge, Watts, Ken, and Wesley would show that Doddridge rises above Watts from having caught the spirit of Ken. And Wesley is deep and interior from having added to the Chrysostomian piety of Ken the experimental part of Saint Augustine. Watts is a pure Calvinist. Ken is a pure a Chrysostomian. Doddridge is induced to blend both and the effect is valuable and interesting."

It would be hard to find a more illuminating description of the theology embedded in the hymns of Doddridge; the criticism is also valid in any survey of his other writings. (During the 21 years of his life at Northampton he printed or made ready for the press 53 works.)

His best known hymns are "Hark the glad sound," "Ye servants

of the Lord," "O God of Bethel," "Lord of the Sabbath," and "My God, and is Thy table spread." Celebrated also is "O happy day that fixed my choice," which Montgomery thought one of the finest in the language, and which was used at Prince Albert's suggestion in the confirmation services of Queen Victoria's family. "My God, and is Thy table spread" is found in every hymnal and must be sung by tens of thousands of worshippers wherever the Lord's Supper is celebrated.

This hymn is an excellent instance of the fact that "the pursuits of his life gave a strong colouring to the Hymns." Philip Doddridge was a devout sacramentalist. In Volume 5 of the *Diary and Correspondence* already referred to are printed a series of remarkable meditations and devotional soliloquies on the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. These are little known and should be more appreciated than they are in the sphere of devotional literature. They reveal a true orthodox Dissenter's view of the Lord's Supper. In this famous hymn he teaches that not only that the Lord's Supper was intended not for a few only but for many Christian believers, but that careful preparation was needed before attending it. This fact is brought out in the fifth and sixth verses of the hymn (No. 171 in Job Orton's edition).

This hymn is an example of the liberties which compilers of hymn-books take in omitting some of the most telling verses. Often the last two verses are omitted, to the real loss of the teaching about the Holy Communion contained in them.

5. Let crowds approach with hearts prepared
With hearts inflamed let all attend,
Nor, when we leave our Father's board,
The pleasure or the profit end.
6. Revive Thy dying churches, Lord,
And bid our drooping graces live,
And more, that energy afford,
A Saviour's blood alone can give.

Not only did Doddridge believe the Lord's Supper to be intended for the many rather than the few; he also associated any revival of real Christianity with the service of Holy Communion. In the Hymnal of the Protestant Episcopal Church of America this hymn has been revised and adapted by E. Miller; here is his version of the same two verses:

Drawn by Thy quickening grace, O Lord,
In countless numbers let them come
And gather from their Father's board
The Bread that lives beyond the tomb.

Nor let Thy spreading Gospel rest
Till through the world Thy Truth has run,
Till with this bread all men be blest,
Who see the Light or feel the sun.

Alexander Knox in *The Remains* also writes of George Herbert, Jeremy Taylor, Ken, Leighton, and Doddridge as belonging to a happy class who "pursued religion not only on account of the evils it averts but for the sake of the good which it confers. While corporeally on earth they lived mentally in heaven."

In churchmanship and in his views on the Universal Church Doddridge differed much from the famous Christians with whose names he is associated. Nevertheless he did have a real religious affinity with men of God like Archbishop Leighton. (Incidentally, he wrote much about the latter's commentary on I Peter.)

Doddridge certainly "lived mentally in heaven." A neat quotation (from the *Ecclesiastical History* of Eusebius) appears on Job Orton's edition of his hymns. "I esteem Nepos for his faith and diligence, his comments on Scripture, and many hymns with which the brethren are delighted."

Dr. Johnson thought that a certain epigram composed by Doddridge was one of the finest in the English language :

"Live while you live," the Epicure would say,
"And seize the pleasure of the passing day."
"Live while you live," the Sacred Preacher cries,
"And give to God each moment as it flies."
Lord, in my view let both united be;
I live in pleasure while I live in Thee.

The late F. J. Gillman (*The Evolution of the English Hymn*) thought Doddridge a less powerful writer than Watts, and also points out how both Watts and Doddridge had links with the expiring era of religious persecution. Watts's mother came of a Huguenot family who came to England to escape the "Massacre of St. Bartholomew": Doddridge was the grandson of a minister ejected during the Commonwealth, and, on his mother's side, of a Lutheran pastor exiled from Bohemia. Both Watts and Doddridge for conscience' sake declined the tempting offer of a University education and ordination in the Church of England. Both have the consolation that their songs of joy and faith are sung alike by the children of the oppressors and the oppressed. Doddridge's hymns provide a link between the two great masters of English hymnody, Watts and Wesley.

In Scotland Doddridge is gratefully remembered as the author of the originals of many paraphrases; of the 39th ("Hark, the glad sound") Selborne wrote, "A more sweet and vigorous and perfect composition is not to be found even in the whole body of ancient hymns."

For further study :

The Correspondence and Diary of Philip Doddridge, ed. J. D. Humphreys, 5 vols., 1831.

Philip Doddridge, by C. Stanford, 1880.