

# THE STORY OF THE HYMNS AND TUNES

BY  
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AND  
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*Multae terricolis linguae, coelestibus una.*

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*Ten thousand, thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.*

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THE STORY OF HYMNS AND TUNES. IX

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## THE TUNE.

The tune "Corsica" sometimes sung to the words, though written by the famous Von Gluck, shows no sign of the genius of its author. Born at Weissenwang, near New Markt, Prussia, July 2, 1714, he spent his life in the service of operatic art, and is called "the father of the lyric drama," but he paid little attention to sacred music. Queen Marie Antoinette was for a while his pupil. Died Nov. 25, 1787.

"Wilmot," (from Von Weber) one of Mason's popular hymn-tune arrangements, is a melody with which the hymn is well acquainted. It has a fire-side rhythm which old and young of the same circles take up naturally in song.

"HERE, O MY LORD, I SEE THEE FACE TO FACE."

Written in October, 1855, by Dr. Horatius Bonar. James Bonar, brother of the poet-preacher, just after the communion for that month, asked him to furnish a hymn for the communion record. It was the church custom to print a memorandum of each service at the Lord's table, with an appropriate hymn attached, and an original one would be thrice welcome. Horatius in a day or two sent this hymn:


Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face,  
Here would I touch and handle things unseen  
Here grasp with firmer hand th' eternal grace—  
And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

\* \* \* \* \*

Too soon we rise; the symbols disappear;  
The feast, though not the love, is past and gone;  
The bread and wine remove, but Thou art here  
Nearer than ever—still my Shield and Sun.

## THE TUNE.

"Morecambe" is an anonymous composition printed with the words by the *Plymouth Hymnal* editors. "Berlin" by Mendelssohn is better. The metre of Bonar's hymn is unusual, and melodies to fit it are not numerous, but for a meditative service it is worth a tune of its own.

"O THOU MY SOUL, FORGET NO MORE." 

The author of this hymn found in the Baptist hymnals, and often sung at the sacramental seasons of that denomination, was the first Hindoo convert to Christianity.

Krishna Pal, a native carpenter, in consequence of an accident, came under the care of Mr. Thomas, a missionary who had been a surgeon in the East Indies and was now an associate worker with William Carey. Mr. Thomas set the man's broken arm, and talked of Jesus to him and the surrounding crowd with so much tact and loving kindness that Krishna Pal was touched. He became a pupil of the missionaries; embraced Christ, and influenced his wife and daughter and his brother to accept his new faith.

He alone, however, dared the bitter persecution of his caste, and presented himself for church-membership. He and Carey's son were baptized in the Ganges by Dr. Carey, Dec. 28, 1800, in the presence of the English Governor and an immense concourse of people representing four or five different religions.

Krishna Pal wrote several hymns. The one here noted was translated from the Bengalee by Dr. Marshman.

O thou, my soul, forget no more  
The Friend who all thy sorrows bore;  
Let every idol be forgot;  
But, O my soul, forget him not.

Renounce thy works and ways, with grief,  
And fly to this divine relief;  
Nor Him forget, who left His throne,  
And for thy life gave up His own.

Eternal truth and mercy shine  
In Him, and He Himself is thine:  
And canst thou then, with sin beset,  
Such charms, such matchless charms forget?

Oh, no; till life itself depart,  
His name shall cheer and warm my heart;  
And lisping this, from earth I'll rise,  
And join the chorus of the skies.

#### THE TUNE.

There is no scarcity of good long-metre tunes to suit the sentiment of this hymn. More commonly in the Baptist manuals its vocal mate is Brad-

bury's "Rolland" or the sweet and serious Scotch melody of "Ward," arranged by Mason. Best of all is "Hursley," the beautiful Ritter-Monk choral set to "Sun of My Soul."

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#### NEW YEAR.

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Two representative hymns of this class are John Newton's—

While with ceaseless course the sun,  
—and Charles Wesley's—

Come let us anew our journey pursue;  
the one a voice at the next year's threshold, the  
other a song at the open door.

While with ceaseless course the sun  
Hasted thro' the former year  
Many souls their race have run  
Nevermore to meet us here.

\* \* \* \* \*

As the winged arrow flies  
Speedily the mark to find,  
As the lightening from the skies  
Darts and leaves no trace behind,  
Swiftly thus our fleeting days  
Bear we down life's rapid stream,  
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;  
All below is but a dream.

A grave occasion, whether unexpected or periodical, will force reflection, and so will a grave