

Praise Today

Contemporary Worship Forms in the Context of the Historical Service

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In This Issue...

The Lord's My Shepherd, I'll Not Want

By Richard Futrell

This is another Psalm 23-based hymn. Although this was not written specifically for the Scottish Psalter of 1650, this is the source we use for the text, since several people revised the text into what we consider the original text. My revisions are another, which I hope increase the hymn's value and does not lessen it. The text first shows is the "original" text followed by my revised text. Best Wishes, Rich

The Lord's My Shepherd, I'll Not Want

- Scottish Psalter, 1650

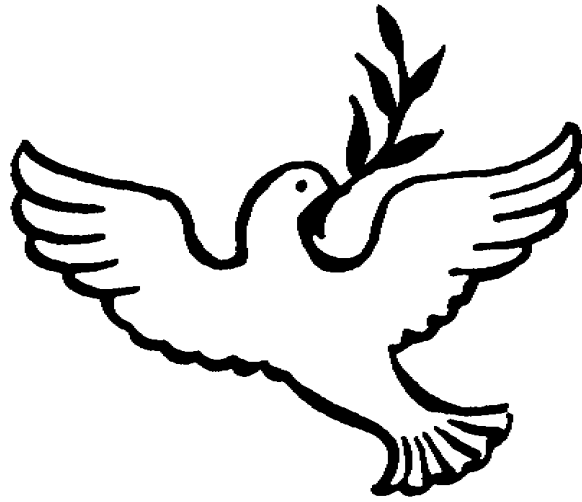
1. The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want;
He makes me down to lie In pastures green;
He leadeth me The quiet waters by.
2. My soul He doth restore again And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for His own name's sake.
3. Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale, Yet will I fear no ill;
For Thou art with me, and
Thy rod And staff me comfort still.
4. My table Thou hast furnish-ed In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.
5. Goodness and mercy, all my life, Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house forevermore
My dwelling place shall be.

The Lord's My Shepherd, I'll Not Want Scottish Psalter, 1650, altered

1. The Lord's my Shepherd, I've no need;
He lets me down to lie In pastures green;
He leads me to The quiet waters by.
2. My soul He does revive again And me to walk now makes
Within the paths of righteousness,
Yes, for His own name's sake.

3. Though I may walk in death's dark vale,
Yet, I will fear no ill;
For You are with me, and
Your rod And staff comfort me still.
4. A banquet, You prepare for me, In presence of my foes;
My head You now anoint with oil
And my cup overflows.
5. Goodness and mercy, all my life, Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house forevermore
My dwelling place will be.





Praise the Almighty, My Soul, Adore Him

by unknown author, 1695 Translated by Francis Pott, 1832-1909, alt (TLH Version); revision By Richard Futrell

Here's a very well-known Easter hymn. The Lutheran Hymnal's text itself had a fair number of alternations from the original, and our current hymnal went back to some of the original, improving the hymn. I tried to get rid of awkward wording, and smooth out the metre a bit. Best Wishes, Rich

1. The strife is o'er, the battle done;
Now is the Victor's triumph won;
Now be the song of praise begun.
Alleluia!
 2. Death's mightiest powers have done their worst,
And Jesus hath His foes dispersed;
Let shouts of praise and joy outburst.
Alleluia!
 3. On the third morn He rose again
Glorious in majesty to reign;
Oh, let us swell the joyful strain!
Alleluia!
 4. He closed the yawning gates of hell;
The bars from heav'n's high portals fell.
Let songs of praise His triumph tell.
Alleluia!
- Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee.
From death's dread sting Thy servants free
That we may live and sing to Thee.

Alleluia!

Praise Today is an independent publication serving pastors and worship leaders of confessional Lutheranism. It is published monthly and relies heavily on the submissions of subscribers to share their ideas of worship framed in the historical orders of service with application to the needs of Christians today.

Comments and submissions may be sent to:

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Praise Today

Volume 6, Number 9, September 2000

The Strife is O'er, the Battle Done

by unknown author, 1695 Translated by Francis Pott, 1832-1909

1. The strife is past, the battle done;
The victory of life is won;
The song of triumph has begun.
Alleluia!
2. The pow'rs of death have done their worst,
By Christ their legions were dispersed;
Let shouts of praise and joy outburst.
Alleluia!
3. On the third day He rose again
Ablaze in majesty to reign;
Sing out with joy the glad refrain:
Alleluia!
4. He conquered hell, its pow'r defied,
The gates of heav'n He opened wide;
Sing praise to Him, the Crucified.
Alleluia!
5. Lord, by Your stripes, our wounded King,
Free us, we pray, from Satan's sting
That we may live, and ever sing:
Alleluia!!PART 2: CW to TLH



The King Shall Come

By John Brownlie, altered (LW, CW, and ELH version)

1. The King shall come when morning dawns,
And light triumphant breaks;
When beauty gilds the eastern hills,
And life to joy awakes.
2. Not as of old a little child,
To bear and fight and die,
But crowned with glory like the sun
That lights the morning sky.
3. Oh, brighter than the rising morn
When Christ, victorious, rose,
And left the lonesome place of death,
Despite the rage of foes.
4. Oh, brighter than that glorious morn
Shall dawn upon our race
The day when Christ in splendor comes
And we his face shall see.
5. The King shall come when morning dawns,
And light and beauty brings.
Hail, Christ the Lord! Your people pray:
Come quickly, King of kings.



The King Shall Come

By John Brownlie, 1859-1925, altered

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. The King shall come when morning dawns,
And light triumphant breaks;
When beauty gilds the eastern hills,
And life to joy awakes. | And left the lonesome place of death,
Despite the rage of foes. |
| 2. Our God, who born a little child
To suffer and to die,
Shall come with glory, like the sun
That lights the morning sky. | 4. Far brighter than that glorious morn
Shall dawn upon our race
The day when Christ in splendor comes
And we shall see His face. |
| 3. Far brighter than the rising morn
When Christ, victorious, rose, | 5. The King shall come when morning dawns,
And light and beauty brings:
Hail, Christ the Lord! Your people pray:
Come quickly, King of kings! |

The King of Love My Shepherd Is

by Henry W. Baker, 1821-1877

ORIGINAL TEXT

1. The King of Love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am His
And He is mine forever.
2. Where streams of living water flow,
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.
3. Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me
And on His shoulder gently laid
And home, rejoicing, brought me.
4. In death's dark vale I fear no ill,
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.
5. Thou spreadst a table in my sight,
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
And, oh! the transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice o'erfloweth.
6. And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never.
Good Shepherd, may I sing
Thy praise Within Thy house forever!

REVISION

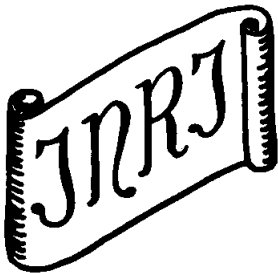
1. My Shepherd is the King of Love
Whose goodness fails me never,
For all good things from God above
Restore my soul forever.
2. Where streams of living water flow,
A ransomed soul, He leads me;
And where the rich, green pastures grow,
With heav'nly food He feeds me.
3. Confused and foolish when I strayed,
Each time, in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
Then home, rejoicing, brought me.
4. In death's dark vale I fear no ill,
With You, dear Lord, beside me;
Your rod and staff my comfort still,
Your cross before to guide me.
5. You spread a table in my view,
Your saving grace bestowing;
You bid me taste Your presence true
From Your pure chalice flowing!
6. And so through all the length of days
Your goodness fails me never.
Good Shepherd, may I sing Your praise
Within Your house forever!

The Head That Once was Crowned with Thorns

by Thomas Kelly, 1769-1854

ORIGIANL TEXT

1. 1. The Head that once was crowned with thorns
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.
2. The highest place that heaven affords
Is His, is His by right,
The King of kings and Lord of lords,
And heaven's eternal Light;
3. The Joy of all who dwell above,
The Joy of all below
To whom He manifests His love
And grants His name to know.
4. To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.
5. They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above,
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.
6. The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him:
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.



REVISED TEXT

1. The Head that once was crowned with thorns
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal, splendid crown adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.
2. The highest place that heaven affords
Belongs to Him by right,
The King of kings and Lord of lords,
And heav'n's eternal Light;
3. The Joy of all who dwell above,
The Joy of all below
To whom He shows His boundless love
And grants His name to know.
4. To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is giv'n;
Their name, an everlasting name;
Their joy, the joy of heav'n.
5. They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above,
Their profit and their joy to know
The myst'ry of His love.
6. The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him:
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.



The Church's One Foundation

by Samuel J. Stone, 1839-1900

ORIGINAL TEXT

1. The Church's one foundation Is Jesus Christ, her Lord;
She is His new creation
By water and the Word.
From heaven He came and sought her
To be His holy bride;
With His own blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.
2. Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth.
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.
3. The Church shall never perish!
Her dear Lord, to defend,
To guide, sustain, and cherish,
Is with her to the end.
Though there be those that hate her,
False sons within her pale,
Against both foe and traitor
She ever shall prevail.
4. Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore oppressed,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distressed,
Yet saints their watch are keeping;
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.
5. Mid toil and tribulation
And tumult of her war
She waits the consummation
Of peace forevermore,
Til with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

REVISED TEXT

1. The Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ, her Lord;
She is His new creation
By water and the Word.
From heav'n He came and sought her
To be His holy bride;
With His own blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.
2. Called forth from every nation,
Yet one throughout the earth;
Her charter of salvation:
One Lord, one faith, one birth—
One holy name confessing,
Partakes one holy food,
To one hope always pressing,
With every grace endued.
3. The Church shall never perish!
Her dear Lord, to defend,
To guide, sustain, and cherish,
Is with her to the end.
Though there be those that hate her
And strive to see her fail,
Against both foe and traitor
She ever shall prevail.
4. The world in mocking wonder
May see her much oppressed,
By schisms torn asunder,
By heresies distressed,
Yet saints their vigil keeping;
Their cries go up, "How long?"
For soon the night of weeping
Will be the dawn of song.
5. In toil and tribulation
And turmoil of her war
She waits the consummation
Of peace forevermore,
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blessed:
At last the Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

Take My Life and Let It Be

by Frances R. Havergal, 1836-1879

ORIGINAL TEXT

1. Take my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
2. Take my hands and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love;
Take my feet and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.
3. Take my voice and let me sing
Always, only, for my King;
Take my lips and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.
4. Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold;
Take my intellect and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.
5. Take my will and make it Thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne.
6. Take my love, my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all, for Thee.
4. Take my wealth, all I possess;
Make me rich in faithfulness.
Take my intellect and use
All its pow'rs as You shall choose.
5. Take my motives and my will,
All Your purpose to fulfill;
Take my heart, and by Your grace,
Make of it Your dwelling place.
6. Take my life, O Lord, renew,
Consecrate my heart to You.
Take myself, Lord, let me be
Yours for all eternity.



REVISION

1. Take my life and let it be
All You will, O Lord, for me;
Sanctify my passing days,
Let them sing Your ceaseless praise.
2. Take my hands and let them do
Works that show my love for You;
Take my feet and lead their way,
Never let them go astray.
3. Take my voice and let me sing
Praises to my Savior King;
Take my lips, let them proclaim
All the grace in Jesus' Name.

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