



EVEN MORE HYMN WRITERS YOU SHOULD KNOW

Revenge of the Organists!

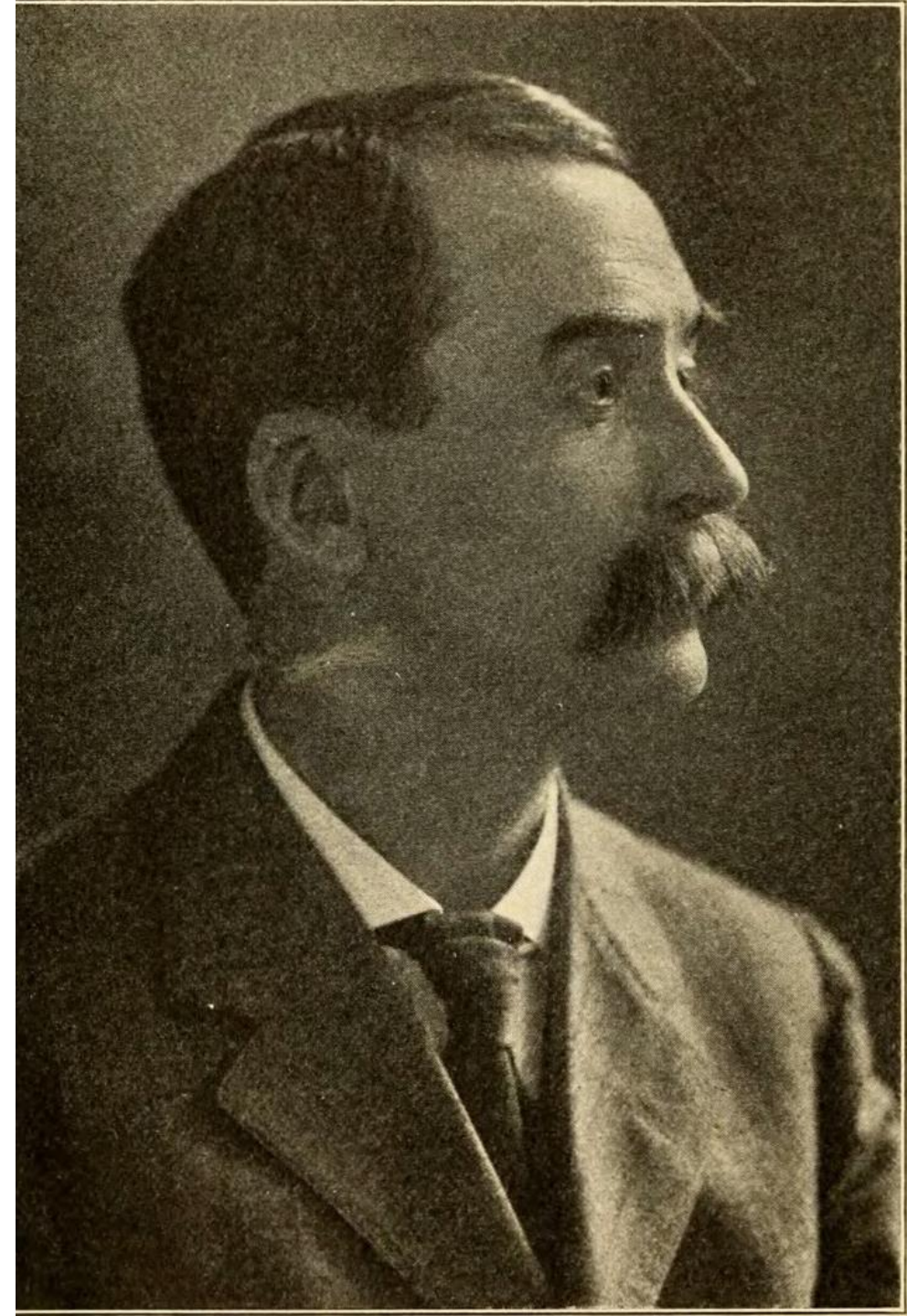
CHARLES H. GABRIEL

1856-1932

American

Methodist

There is one folklore story, that the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Wilton (Pastor Pollock or McAulay) once saw Gabriel walking in town early in the week. He asked Gabriel if he knew a good song to go along with his sermon. The pastor shared the sermon topic and by the end of the week the boy had written a song for that Sunday, words and music.



509
When All My Labors and Trials Are O'er
(O That Will Be Glory for Me)

1. When all my la - bors and tri - als are o'er, And I am safe on that
 2. When by the gift of His in - fi - nite grace, I am ac - cord - ed in
 3. Friends will be there I have loved long a - go; Joy like a riv - er a -

beau - ti - ful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I a - dore
 heav - en a place, Just to be there and to look on His face
 round me will flow; Yet, just a smile from my Sav - ior, I know.

Refrain

Will through the a - ges be glo - ry for me. O that will be
 O that will be that will

glo - ry for me, Glo - ry for me, glo - ry for me; When by His grace
 be glo - ry for me, Glo - ry for me, glo - ry for me;

I shall look at His face, That will be glo - ry, be glo - ry for me.

Words and tune: Charles H. Gabriel, 1856-1932

GLORY SONG
 10 10, 10 10, with Refrain
 DEATH AND LIFE ETERNAL.

CHARLES H. GABRIEL

“O That Will Be Glory”

BTH 416

MISSIONS, EVANGELISM

Send the Light 656

The light of the glorious gospel of Christ...should shine unto them, 2 Corinthians 4:4

1. There's a call comes ring-ing o'er the rest-less wave, "Send the light! Send the light!"
 2. We have heard the Mac-c-do-nian call to-day, "Send the light! Send the light!"
 3. Let us pray that grace may ev-'ry-where a-bound; Send the light! Send the light!

There are souls to res-cue, there are souls to save. Send the light! Send the light!
 And a gold-en of-f'ring at the cross we lay. Send the light! Send the light!
 And a Christ-like spir-it ev-'ry-where be found. Send the light! Send the light!

Refrain

Send the light! the bless-ed gos-pel light. Let it shine from shore to shore! Send the
 light! the bless-ed gos-pel light. Let it shine from shore to shore!

light! the bless-ed gos-pel light. Let it shine for-ev-er-more.
 Send the light! the bless-ed gos-pel light. Let it shine for-ev-er-more.

WORDS: Charles H. Gabriel, 1856-1932
MUSIC: Charles H. Gabriel, 1856-1932

McCABE
Irregular

CHARLES H. GABRIEL

Send the Light

BTH 565

CHARLES H. GABRIEL

My Savior's Love BTH 628

THE CHRISTIAN WAY OF LIFE

264

My Saviour's Love

Charles H. Gabriel, 1856-1932

Charles H. Gabriel, 1856-1932

1. I stand a-mazed in the pres - ence Of Je - sus the Naz - a - rene,
2. For me it was in the gar - den He prayed: "Not My will, but Thine;"
3. He took my sins and my sor - rows, He made them His ver - y own;
4. When with the ran-somed in glo - ry His face I at last shall see,

And won - der how He could love me, A sin-ner, con-demned, un-clean.
He had no tears for His own griefs, But sweat-drops of blood for mine.
He bore the bur - den to Cal - vary, And suf-fered, and died a - lone.
'Twill be my joy through the a - ges To sing of His love for me.

REFRAIN

How mar-vel-ous! how won-der-ful! And my song shall ev - er be:
Oh, how mar-vel-ous! oh, how won-der-ful!

How mar-vel-ous! how won-der-ful Is my Sav-iour's love for me!
Oh, how mar-vel-ous! oh, how won-der-ful

CHARLES H. GABRIEL

Pentecostal Power BTH 176

RENEWAL, REVIVAL

496 Pentecostal Power

"But you will receive power when the Holy Spirit has come upon you, and you will be My witnesses." Acts 1:8

1. Lord, as of old at Pen-te-cost Thou didst Thy power dis-play,
2. For might-y works for Thee, pre-pare And strength-en ev-'ry heart;
3. All self con-sume, all sin de-stroy! With ear-nest zeal en-due
4. Speak, Lord! be-fore Thy throne we wait, Thy prom-ise we be-lieve,

With cleans-ing, pu-ri-fy-ing flame, De-scend on us to-day.
Come, take pos-ses-sion of Thine own, And nev-er-more de-part.
Each wait-ing heart to work for Thee; O Lord, our faith re-new!
And will not let Thee go un-til The bless-ing we re-ceive.

Chorus

Lord, send the old-time pow-er, the Pen-te-cos-tal pow-er! Thy flood-gates of

bless-ing on us throw o-pen wide! Lord, send the old-time pow-er, the

Pen-te-cos-tal pow-er, That sin-ners be con-vert-ed and Thy name glo-ri-fied!

WORDS: Charles H. Gabriel
MUSIC: Charles H. Gabriel

OLD-TIME POWER
8.6.8.6.(C.M.) with Chorus

CHARLES H. GABRIEL

Tunes

Higher Ground

BTH 447

The Way of the Cross Leads Home

BTH 118

Since Jesus Came Into My Heart

BTH 590

His Eye Is On the Sparrow

BTH 228

Will the Circle Be Unbroken

CONSECRATION

421

Higher Ground

I press toward the mark for the prize... in Christ Jesus. Philippians 3:14

1. I'm press-ing on the up-ward way; New heights I'm gain-ing ev-ry day;
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts a-rise and fears dis-may;
3. I want to live a-bove the world Though Sa-tan's darts at me are hurled;
4. I want to scale the ut-most height And catch a gleam of glo-ry bright;

Still pray-ing as I'm on-ward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground."
The' some may dwell where these a-bound, My prayer, my aim is high-er ground,
For faith has caught the joy-ful sound, The song of saints on high-er ground,
But still I'll pray till heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to high-er ground."

Refrain

Lord, lift me up and let me stand By faith, on heav-en's ta-ble-land,

A high-er plane than I have found; Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground.

WORDS: Johnson Oatman, Jr., 1856-1922
MUSIC: Charles H. Gabriel, 1856-1932

HIGHER GROUND
8.8.8.8 (L.M.) with Refrain

A.J. GORDON

1836-1895

American

Baptist

Close friend of D.L. Moody.

Also one of the first Baptist leaders to be known as a Fundamentalist.



My Jesus, I Love Thee 133

A.J. GORDON

Tune

- My Jesus, I Love Thee
 - BTH 455
 - Born and raised in Montreal, Quebec, William Featherston most likely wrote this hymn at the age of sixteen on the occasion of his conversion and/or baptism. It was published anonymously in the London Hymn Book to a now forgotten tune. Adoniram Judson Gordon found it, wrote a new tune for it, and also published it anonymously in The Service of Song for Baptist Churches. It wasn't until around 1930, fifty years after its publication, that enough research had been done to establish Featherston as the author, who had died at the young age of 28. Today, it is a much loved hymn of assurance and confession of faith, with words of comfort and peace. And perhaps bolstering the power of the text is Featherstone's story itself. A young man with no connections, who simply wrote a poem one night about his own faith, has, unbeknownst to him, come to bless millions. God certainly works in mysterious ways to use the gifts and talents of his people.

GORDON 11,11,11,11

Capo 3: (D) F (G/D) BbF (D) F (A7) C7 (D) F

1 My Je - sus, I love thee, I know thou art mine.
 2 I love thee, be - cause thou hast first lov - ed me,
 3 In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light

(G/D) BbF (D) F (A7) C7 (D) F

For thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign.
 and pur - chased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree.
 I'll ev - er a - dore thee in heav - en so bright.

(A7) C7 (D) F (Em/G) Gm/Bb (Asus) Csus (A) C

My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - ior art thou.
 I love thee for wear - ing the thorns on thy brow.
 I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow.

(D) F (G/D) BbF (D) F (A7) C7 (D) F

If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

PHILLIPS BROOKS

1835-1893

American

Episcopalian

Considered one of the finest preachers of his day.

“Preaching is truth through personality.”



PHILLIP BROOKS

CHRISTMAS

333 O Little Town of Bethlehem



1 O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, how still we see thee lie!
2 For Christ is born of Mar - y, and, gath - ered all a - bove
3 How si - lent - ly; how si - lent - ly the won - drous gift is giv'n!
4 O ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem, de - scend to us, we pray;

A - bove thy deep and dream - less sleep the si - lent stars go by;
while mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep their watch of won - d'ring love.
So God im - parts to hu - man hearts the bless - ings of his heav'n.
cast out our sin and en - ter in, be born in us to - day.

yet in thy dark streets shin - eth the ev - er - last - ing light.
O morn - ing stars, to - geth - er pro - claim the ho - ly birth,
No ear may hear his com - ing, but in this world of sin,
We hear the Christ - mas an - gels the great glad ti - dings tell;

The hopes and fears of all the years are met in thee to - night,
and prais - es sing to God the King and peace to all the earth,
where meek souls will re - ceive him, still the dear Christ en - ters in.
O come to us, a - bide with us, our Lord Im - man - u - el!

Text: Phillip Brooks, 1873-1893, alt., all.
Tune: Lewis H. Redner, 1831-1908; setting: Service Book and Hymnal, 1958, alt.
Text and music: public domain

SL 10015
86-86.76.86
Mn 9.1.18 2:17

○ Little Town of Bethlehem

- BTH 82
- In 1865, the year the Civil War ended and President Lincoln was assassinated, themes of peace and quiet would probably have been welcome to Americans. In that year, the Rev. Phillips Brooks took a trip to Israel and saw Bethlehem and its surrounding fields on Christmas Eve, which eventually inspired him to write this Christmas hymn. In contrast to some other Christmas hymns that emphasize the glory of God as seen in the grand chorus of angels, Brooks focuses on the quietness of Christ's birth, and how little the larger world paid attention. The final stanza is a prayer that Christ would come and be present with us.

J. WILBUR CHAPMAN

1859-1918

American

Presbyterian

One of the great evangelists of his day.



J. WILBUR CHAPMAN

One Day

▪ BTH 62

JESUS CHRIST THE SAVIOUR

41

One Day!

J. Wilbur Chapman, 1859-1918

Charles H. Marsh, 1885-1956

1. One day when heav - en was filled with His prais - es, One day when
2. One day they led Him up Cal - va - ry's moun - tain, One day they
3. One day they left Him a - lone in the gar - den, One day He
4. One day the grave could con - ceal Him no lon - ger, One day the
5. One day the trum - pet will sound for His com - ing, One day the

sin was as black as could be, Je - sus came forth to be
nailed Him to die on the tree; Suf - fer - ing an - guish, de -
rest - ed, from suf - fer - ing free; An - gels came down o'er His
stone rolled a - way from the door; Then He a - rose, o - ver
skies with His glo - ry will shine; Won - der - ful day, my be -

born of a vir - gin, Dwelt a - mong men, my ex - am - ple is He!
spised and re - ject - ed, Bear - ing our sins, my Re - deem - er is He!
tomb to keep vig - il; Hope of the hope - less, my Sav - iour is He!
death He has con - quered; Now is as - cend - ed, my Lord ev - er - more!
lov - ed ones bring - ing; Glo - ri - ous Sav - iour, this Je - sus is mine!

REFRAIN

Liv - ing, He loved me; dy - ing, He saved me; Bur - ied, He

car - ried my sins far a - way; Ris - ing, He jus - ti - fied

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J. WILBUR CHAPMAN

Our Great Savior

▪ BTH 42

FAITH

456

Jesus! What a Friend for Sinners!

1. Je - sus! what a Friend for sin - ners! Je - sus! lov - er of my soul;
2. Je - sus! what a strength in weak-ness! Let me hide my - self in him;
3. Je - sus! what a help in sor - row! While the bil - lows o'er me roll,
4. Je - sus! what a guide and keep - er! While the tem - pest still is high,
5. Je - sus! I do now re - ceive him, more than all in him I find;

friends may fail me, foes as - sail me, he, my Sav - ior, makes me whole.
tempt - ed, tried, and some - times fail - ing, he, my strength, my vic - t'ry wins.
• e - ven when my heart is break - ing, he, my com - fort, helps my soul.
storms a - bout me, night o'er - takes me, he, my pi - lot, hears my cry.
he hath grant - ed me for - give - ness, I am his, and he is mine.

Refrain

Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior! Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Friend!

Sav - ing, help - ing, keep - ing, lov - ing, he is with me to the end.

ALBERT E. BRUMLEY

1905-1977

American

Church of Christ

Wrote over 800 Gospel songs



ALBERT E. BRUMLEY

I'll Fly Away

BTH 157

Turn Your Radio On

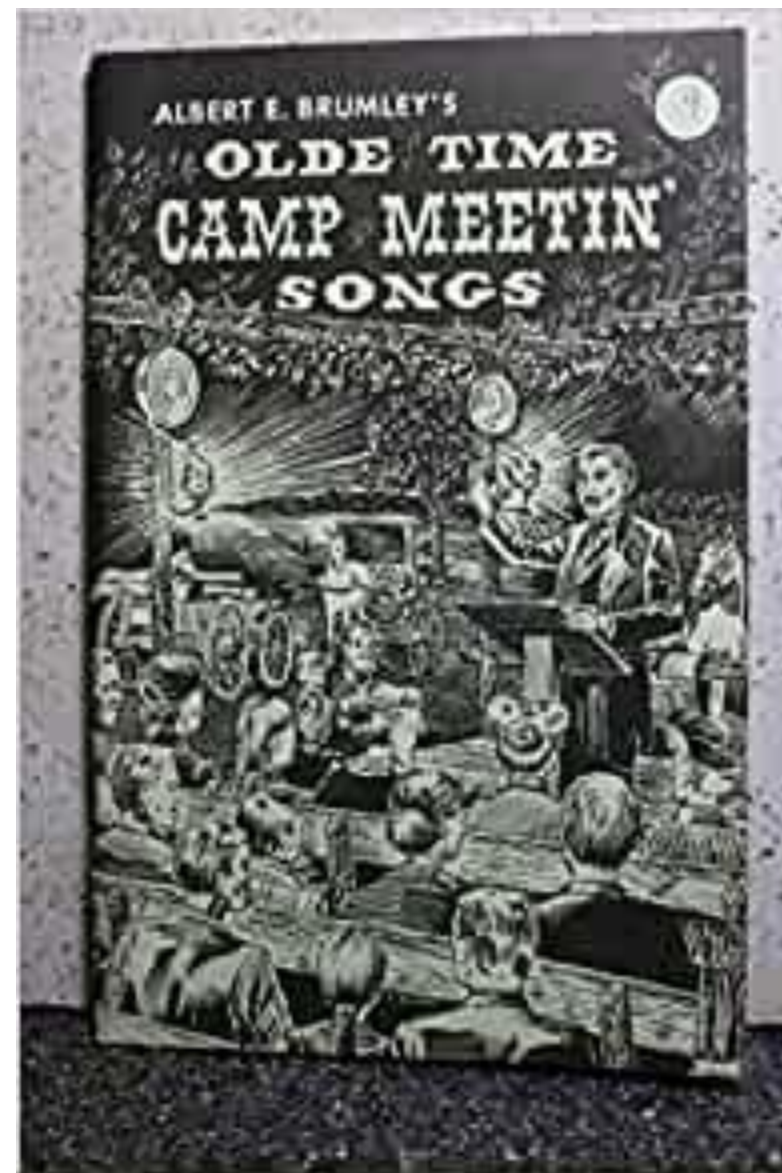
If We Never Meet Again

I'll Meet You in the Morning

Rank Stranger

He Set Me Free

The Blood That Stained the Old
Rugged Cross



B.B. MCKINNEY

1886-1952

American

(Southern) Baptist

Taught at Southwest Baptist Theological Seminary

Music Editor for the Baptist Sunday School Board



B.B. MCKINNEY

The Nail-Scarred Hand

286

The Nail-Scarred Hand

BAYLUS B. MCKINNEY

BAYLUS B. MCKINNEY



1. Have you failed in your plan of your storm-tossed life? Place your hand in the
2. Are you walk-ing a-lone through the shad-ows dim? Place your hand in the
3. Would you fol-low the will of the ris-en Lord? Place your hand in the
4. Is your soul bur-dened down with its load of sin? Place your hand in the



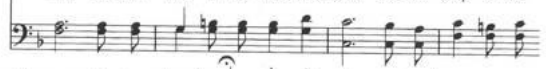
nail-scarred hand: Are you wea-ry and worn from its toil and strife?
nail-scarred hand: Christ will com-fort your heart, put your trust in Him.
nail-scarred hand: Would you live in the light of His bless-ed Word?
nail-scarred hand: Throw your heart o-pen wide, let the Sav-iour in,



Place your hand in the nail-scarred hand. Place your hand in the nail-scarred



hand, Place your hand in the nail-scarred hand; He will keep to the



end, He's your dear-est Friend, Place your hand in the nail-scarred hand.



B.B. MCKINNEY

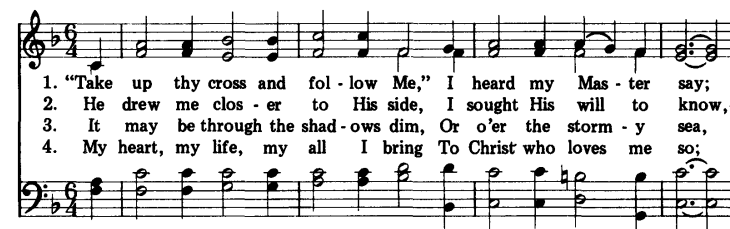
Wherever He Leads, I'll Go

543 Wherever He Leads I'll Go

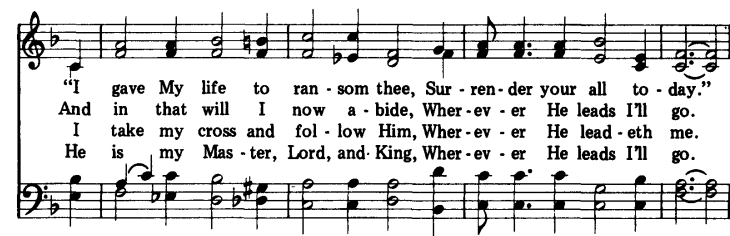
Whosoever will come after Me, let him...take up his cross and follow Me. Mark 8:34

B.B. MCKINNEY

B.B. MCKINNEY



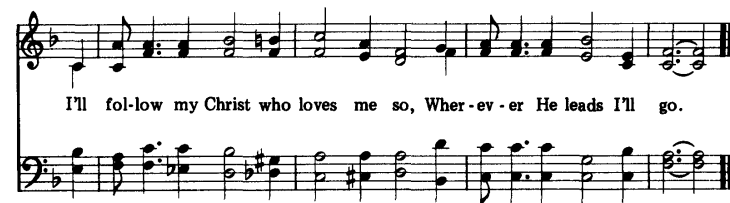
1. "Take up thy cross and fol - low Me," I heard my Mas - ter say;
2. He drew me clos - er to His side, I sought His will to know,
3. It may be through the shad - ows dim, Or o'er the storm - y sea,
4. My heart, my life, my all I bring To Christ who loves me so;



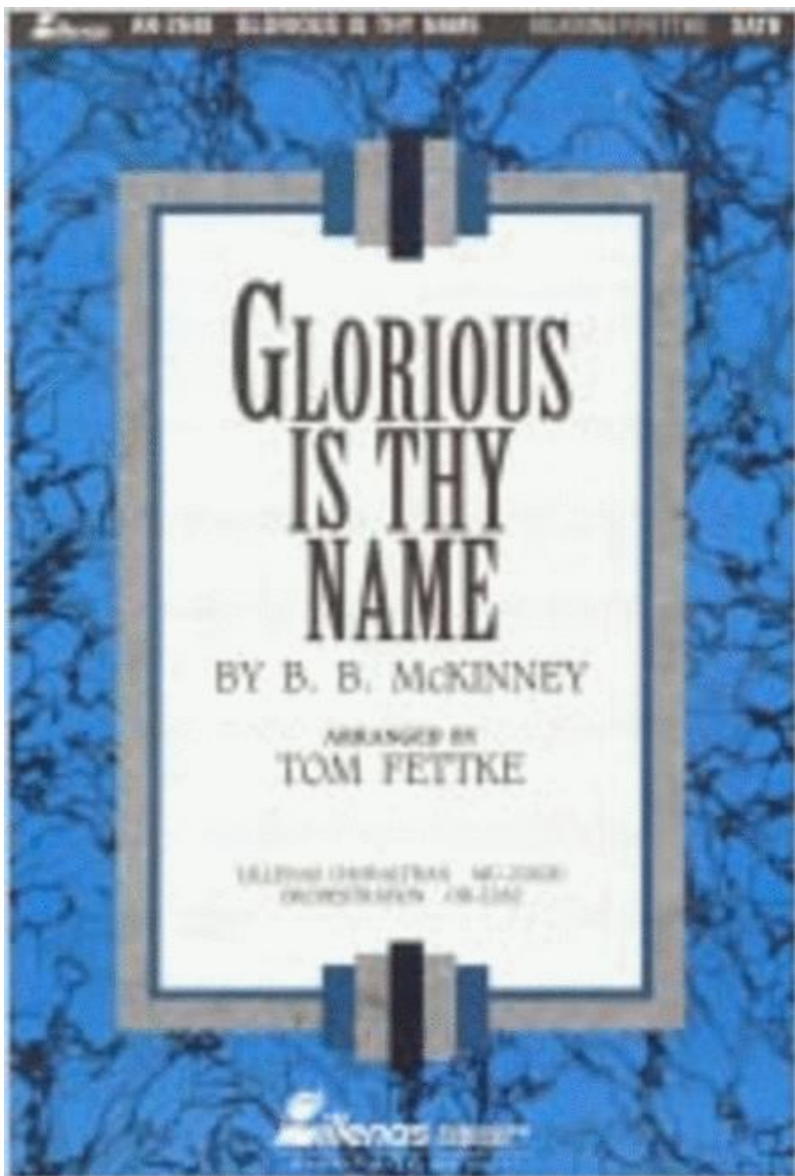
"I gave My life to ran - som thee, Sur - ren - der your all to - day."
And in that will I now a - bide, Wher - ev - er He leads I'll go.
I take my cross and fol - low Him, Wher - ev - er He lead - eth me.
He is my Mas - ter, Lord, and King, Wher - ev - er He leads I'll go.



Refrain
Wher - ev - er He leads I'll go, Wher - ev - er He leads I'll go,



I'll fol - low my Christ who loves me so, Wher - ev - er He leads I'll go.



B.B. MCKINNEY

Glorious Is They Name

B.B. MCKINNEY

Neath the Old Olive Trees

'Neath the Old Olive Trees

B.B. McKinney



'Neath the stars of the night
Walked the Saviour of light,
In the garden of dew-drenched breeze;
Where no light could be found,
Jesus knelt on the ground,
There He prayed 'neath the old olive trees.

Refrain

'Neath the old olive trees
'Neath the old olive trees,
Went the Saviour alone on His knees:
'Not My will, Thine be done,'
Cried the Father's own Son,
As He knelt 'neath the old olive trees.

All the sins of the world
On the Saviour were hurled,
As He knelt in the garden alone;
Hear His soul-hardened plea,
Let this cup pass from Me,
'Even so, not My will, Thine be done.'

Refrain

May my song ever be
Of the love proffered me,
By my Lord all alone on His knees:
Praise His wonderful name,
He who bore all my blame,
As He knelt 'neath the old olive trees.

Refrain

B.B. McKinney

GOD GIVE US CHRISTIAN HOMES

God Give Us Christian Homes

HOME, FAMILY

653 God, Give Us Christian Homes

"As for me and my house, we will serve the LORD." Joshua 24:15 (KJV)

1. God, give us Chris - tian homes! Homes where the Bi - ble is
2. God, give us Chris - tian homes! Homes where the fa - ther is
3. God, give us Chris - tian homes! Homes where the moth - er, in
4. God, give us Chris - tian homes! Homes where the chil - dren are

loved and taught, Homes where the Mas - ter's will is sought,
true and strong, Homes that are free from the blight of wrong,
car - ing quest, Strives to show oth - ers Your way is best,
led to know Christ in His beau - ty who loves them so,

Homes crowned with beau - ty Your love has wrought; God, give us
Homes that are joy - ous with love and song; God, give us
Homes where the Lord is an hon - ored guest; God, give us
Homes where the al - tar fires burn and glow; God, give us

Chris - tian homes; God, give us Chris - tian homes!
Chris - tian homes; God, give us Chris - tian homes!
Chris - tian homes; God, give us Chris - tian homes!
Chris - tian homes; God, give us Chris - tian homes!

(segue)

WORDS: B. B. McKinney
MUSIC: B. B. McKinney



CHRISTIAN HOME
Irregular meter

BILL GAITHER

1936-??

American

Church of God / Nazarene ?

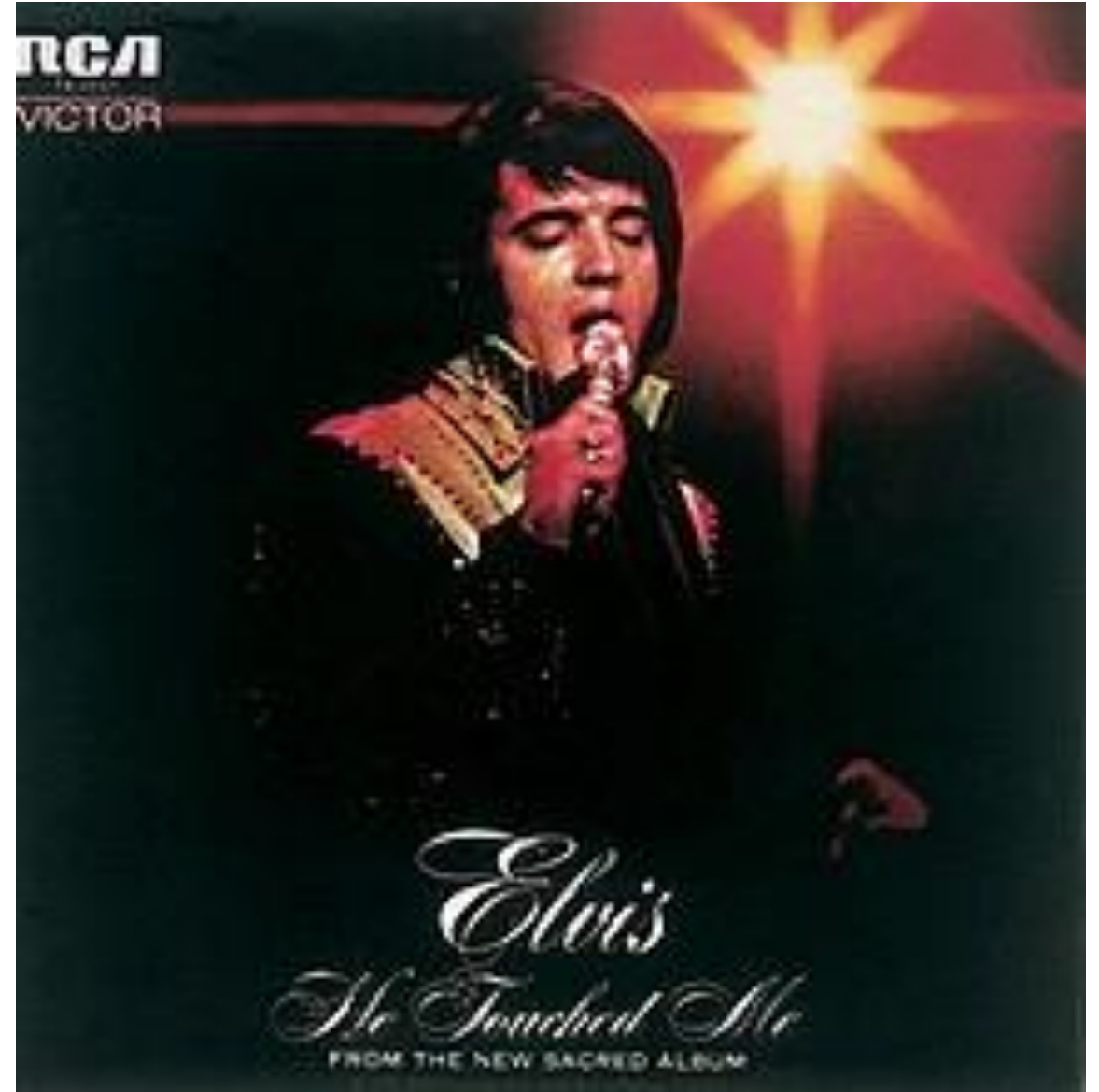


BILL GAITHER

He Touched Me

BTH 352

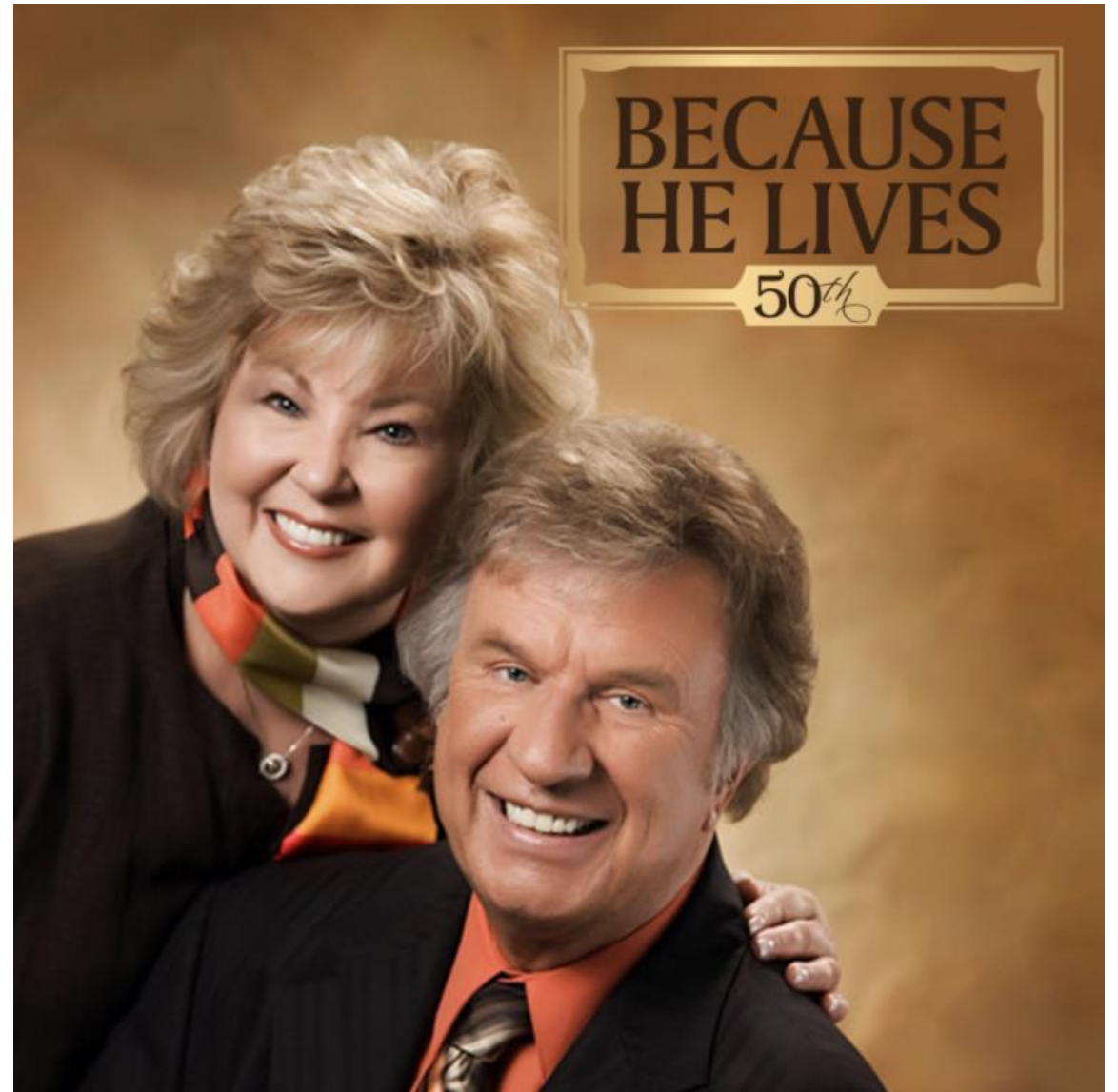
While Bill Gaither was accompanying Dr. Dale Oldham on his evangelistic crusades, the preacher said to him, "Bill, the word 'touch' is a very popular word. It comes up so often in the New Testament stories about Jesus touching people's eyes and healing them, or touching people's lives and changing them. It's a special, spiritual word and you ought to write a song that praises His touch." So Gaither did. That week, Dr. Oldham's son Doug Oldham began singing it in the meetings.



BILL GAITHER

Because He Lives

BTH 142



BILL GAITHER

Other Notable Songs

I will Serve Thee

There's Something About That Name

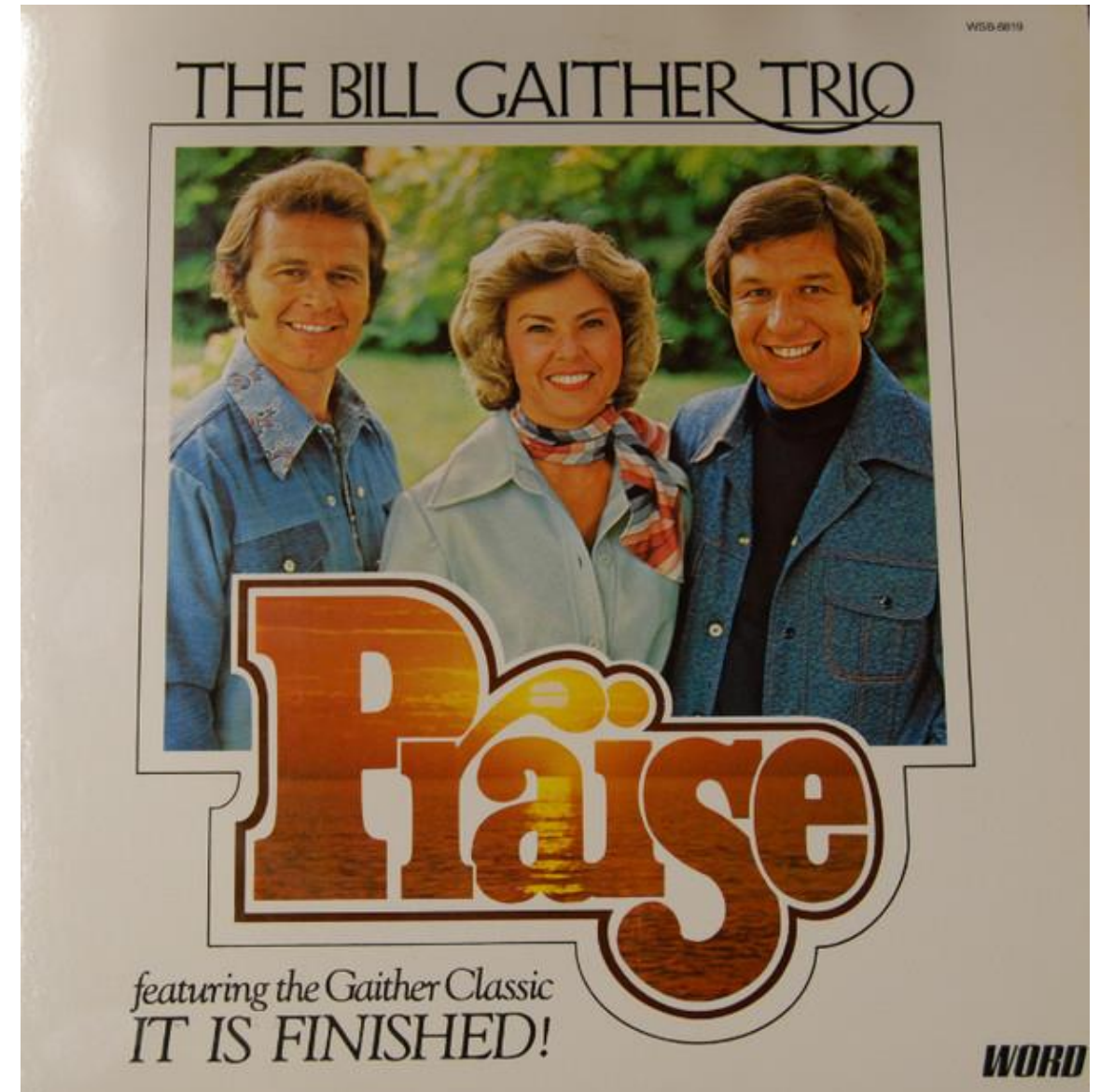
BTH 619

The Family of God

BTH 542

The Longer I Serve Him

BTH 534

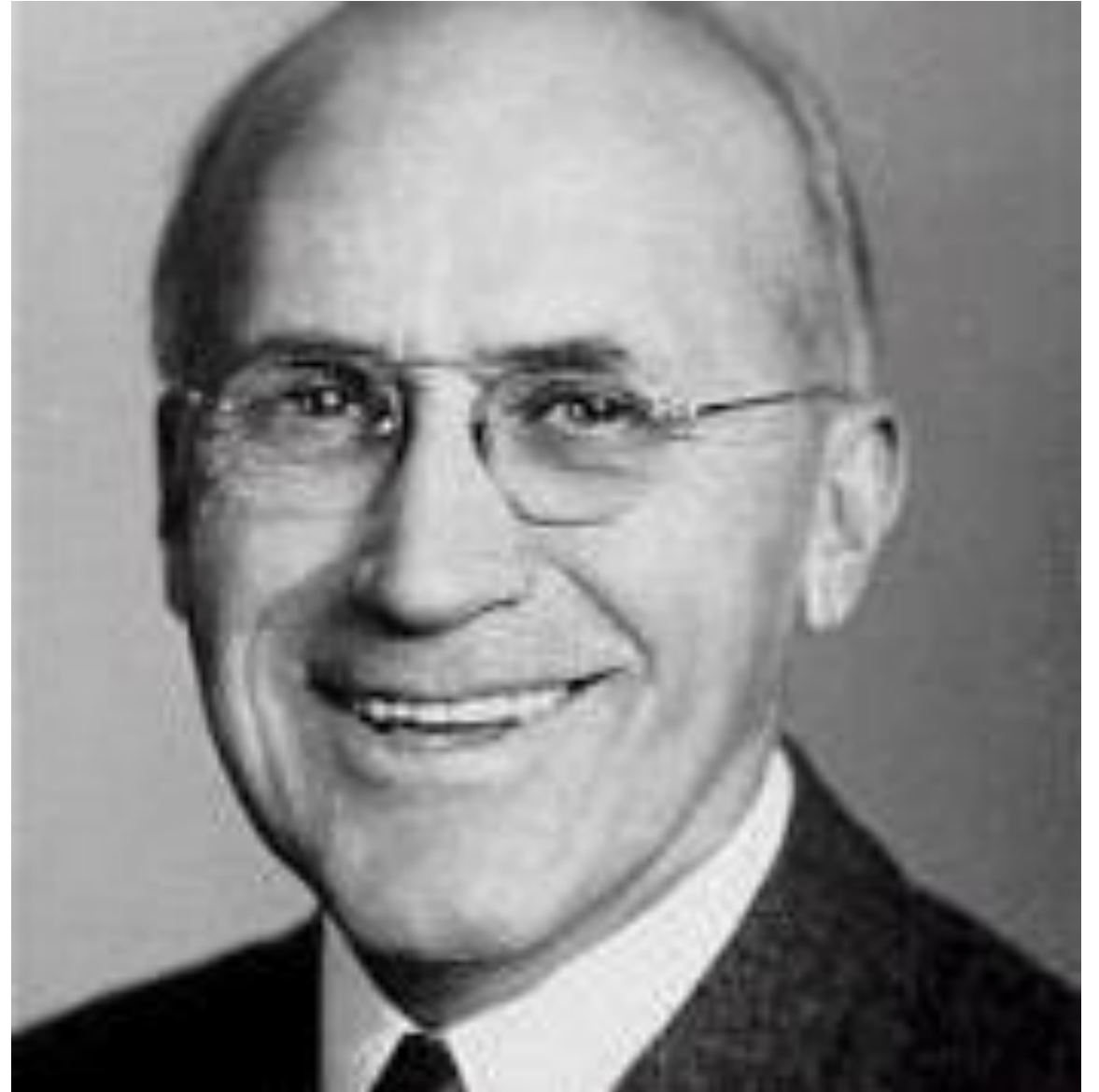


HALDOR LILLENAS

1885-1959

Norwegian / American

Nazarene



HALDOR LILLENAS

Wonderful Grace of Jesus BTH 324

GOD'S GRACE

127 Wonderful Grace of Jesus

We believe that through the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ we shall be saved. Acts 15:11

1. Won-der-ful grace of Je - sus, Great - er than all my sin; How shall my
2. Won-der-ful grace of Je - sus, Reach-ing to all the lost, By it I
3. Won-der-ful grace of Je - sus, Reach-ing the most de - filed By its trans-

tongue de - scribe it? Where shall its praise be - gin? Tak - ing a - way my
have been par - doned, Saved to the ut - ter - most. Chains have been torn a -
form - ing pow - er, Mak - ing him God's dear child, Pur - chas - ing peace and

bur - den, Set - ting my spir - it free, For the won - der - ful grace of
sun - der Giv - ing me lib - er - ty, For the won - der - ful grace of
heav - en For all e - ter - ni - ty - And the won - der - ful grace of

Refrain
Je - sus reach - es me, Won - der - ful the match - less grace, the match - less grace of
Je - sus reach - es me, Won - der - ful the match - less grace of Je
Je - sus reach - es me, Won - der - ful the match - less grace of Je

WORDS: Haldor Lillenas, 1885-1959
MUSIC: Haldor Lillenas, 1885-1959

WONDERFUL GRACE
Irregular