

Fanny Crosby's Life-Story.

Yearn on, O lofty soul,
Though voices from the song-land intercede
thee!

Spurn not this earth's control
Yet many years: our suffering mortals need
thee.

But when at last The King
Shall bid thy friends above to cease their wait-
ing,
The angel-choirs will sing,
To welcome thee, some hymn of thy creating.

And Christ will be thy guide,
Confirming, step by step, His wondrous story;
And seek the Father's side,
And say, "She taught the world to sing Thy
glory."

CHAPTER XXVI.—1843-1903.

OLDEST AND NEWEST HYMNS.

I AM often asked, "Do you write as many hymns as ever?" Perhaps not, quite: but this is owing to the fact that I spend so much time visiting churches in different parts of the country, and speaking, and reading my poems to audiences.

My relations with Christian Endeavor Societies, and Young Men's Christian Associations, are also very intimate and friendly: and I often address them. I wear a gold badge of membership, presented me by one of the Railroad Branches of the Y. M. C. A.: and prize it more than as if it were studded with diamonds. How valuable such tokens are, when we feel that they come from the heart!

I include in this chapter some of my earliest and some of my latest hymns: others can be found in various hymn-books. In one of those here published, it will be noticed, words and music are both by myself: but I have heretofore been content to write the words, and let

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others furnish the music. This is the only case in which I have departed from the rule.

While writing my earlier poems, I did not attempt hymns: although my mind was often drawn in that direction. I greatly admired the grand productions of Watts, Wesley, Montgomery, and others: but it did not then occur to me that I could write hymns that people would care to sing. Still, I am convinced now, that events were shaping to make it possible for me to take up what proved to be my real life-work.

Everything in this world is progressive, and courage and ambition are no exception to the rule. I seem to have been led, little by little, toward my life-work: and believe that the same fact will appear in the life of any one, who will cultivate such powers as God has given him, and then go on, bravely, quietly, but persistently, doing such work as comes to his hand.

Often, in those early days, would come over me the inclination to write hymns: but I resisted it, or, what amounted to about the same thing, let it go by default. If one does this, his life itself may prove one grand default.

Still, as the sweetness and grandeur of the religion of our Saviour sank into my heart, I felt more and more like putting my feelings

Evening Hymn.

into rhythm. And, if my friends will pardon me for perhaps giving the matter too much importance, I will say, that the following stanzas, one of the few distinctly religious poems of my first book, constituted my first hymn:

EVENING HYMN.

Ps. IV:8—"I will both lay me down in peace and sleep; for thou, Lord, only, makest me to dwell in safety."

Drawn is the curtain of the night,
Oh 'tis the sacred hour of rest;
Sweet hour, I hail thee with delight,
Thrice welcome to my weary breast.

O God to thee my fervent prayer,
I offer, kneeling at thy feet;
Tho' humbly breathed, O deign to hear—
Smile on me from the mercy seat!

While angels round their watches keep,
Whose harps thy praise unceasing swell,
"I lay me down in peace and sleep",
For thou in safety mak'st me dwell.

Drawn is the curtain of the night,
Thou bid'st creation silent be,
And now, with holy calm delight,
Father, I would commune with thee.

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Shepherd of Israel, deign to keep
And guard my soul from every ill;
Thus will I lay me down, and sleep,
For Thou in safety mak'st me dwell.

The following is, so far as I can remember,
my second hymn:

EASTER SUNDAY.

Hail, sacred morn! When from the tomb
The son of God arose;
"Captivity he captive led",
And triumphed o'er his foes.

Rejoice! O holy church, rejoice!
Awake thy noblest strain!
Put off thy weeds of mourning, now,
The Saviour lives again.

Oh let thy loud hosannas reach
The portals of the sky,
Where angels tune their gentle harps,
And heav'nly choirs reply.

Glory to God—He ever lives
To plead our cause above;
He—He is worthy to receive
All honor, power, and love.

Hail, mighty King!—we at thy feet
Our grateful homage pay;
Accept the humble sacrifice
And wash our sins away.

Christmas Hymn.

Then, at the resurrection morn,
When the last trump shall sound,
May we awake to life anew,
And with Thy saints be found.

Another attempt at distinctive sacred
poetry, made about this same time, and which
may be considered my third hymn, was as
follows:

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

How tranquil, how serene the night,
When to the sleepy earth,
A heavenly host of seraphs bright,
Proclaimed a Saviour's birth!

The shepherds on Judea's plains,
With wonder heard their songs:
"Glory to God! to Him alone,
Our highest praise belongs!

"Glory to God!"—through Heaven's broad
arch,

The sacred chorus ran:
"Good will, and never-ending peace,
Henceforth to mortal man.

"Glory to God! let all the earth,
To Him their honors bring,
And every heart, and every tongue,
His praise responsive sing!"

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The following are from some of my newest hymns, and, in relation to those given, represent an interval of perhaps sixty years—during which time I have almost constantly been busy writing hymns of varying merit:

SPRING HYMN.

Words and Music by Fanny Crosby.

1. The winds have ceased their moan- ing, The win- ter storms have passed;
2. The world is full of sun- shine, The birds are on the wing.

The love- ly face of Na- ture is wreathed in smiles at last
From dis- tant climes they hast- en To greet the gen- tle spring.

The pearl- y streams no lon- ger In i- cy chains are bound:
There's mu- sic in the for- est, A- mid the branch- es fair;

The mountains glow with ver- dure, The hills with joy re- sound.
There's mu- sic in the val- ley, And beau- ty ev- ery where.

O thou whose love beholdeth
The world thy hand hath made,
Creator, Lord, Redeemer,
In majesty arrayed!
We praise thee for the spring time,
And all its golden hours,
For lake and sparkling fountain,
For sunshine, birds, and flowers.

And when thy voice shall call us
To yonder blissful shore,
Where spring abideth ever
And winter comes no more,
Beside the crystal river,
Among the ransomed throng,
We'll blend our harps triumphant
In one eternal song.

The Founder of the "Farther Lights."

While at a meeting of the "Farther Lights", at the residence of Mrs. Will Carleton, the Founder of the Society, I was elected a member, and a badge of the Order was pinned upon me. This, I was proud to know, took place in the very parlor where occurred the first meeting of Farther Lights ever held.

I was inspired to write a hymn for these loved sisters in the missionary-cause; and soon sent them the following:

SPEED ON, O LIGHT!

Speed on thy glorious mission,
O light of purest love,
Whose radiant beams were kindled
In Edenland above;
Speed on where those that languish
In sorrow's dreary nights,
Shall feel the joy thou bringest,
And hail the Farther Lights!

O band of Christian workers,
With whom I oft have met,
Whose voices kind and gentle
I hear in memory yet—
In this my prayer ascending
My inmost soul unites—
God bless the Christian circle
We call the Farther Lights!

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God bless your heartfelt labor,
My youthful sisters dear,
And grant you strength and courage
Through grace to persevere;
Till India's happy greeting
With Afric's song unites;
While on the flaming watch-tower
Still shine the Farther Lights!

THE WORLD FOR CHRIST—A NEW-YEAR RALLY-
ING SONG.

Air, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains".

Arise, O Christian soldiers,
And consecrate anew
Your all upon the altar,
Of Him who died for you!
Arise in faith united,
And let this year record
Your undivided service,
To Christ, our risen Lord!

Oh, rally 'round His standard;
Defend the cross you love;
And look to Him for wisdom
And counsel from above.
Against the arch deceiver,

The World for Christ.

Against the host of sin,
March on with steady purpose
The world for Christ to win!

Be strong, O Christian soldiers,
On Jesus cast your care!
And when the conflict rages
Let ev'ry breath be prayer.
Fear not; the Lord is with you:
'Tis He who speaks within;
March on with zeal and courage
The world for Christ to win!

Go forth, go forth rejoicing,
And in the Master's name,
To weary souls that perish,
Eternal life proclaim!
The crowning day is coming;
The end of toil and sin;
March on through grace determined
The world for Christ to win.

CHRIST HATH RISEN.

*Airs, "St. George"; "Mary to the Saviour's
Tomb."*

Still and silent as the night,
Holy angels robed in light
Came and rolled the stone away,

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From the tomb where Jesus lay.
Backward, trembling, pale with dread,
Lo, the arch-deceiver fled,
When the Prince of Life arose,
Mighty Conqueror o'er his foes!

Strike your harps, ye saints on high!
With your anthems fill the sky!
Ye who sang "a Saviour born",
Hail His resurrection morn!
Jesus lives the world to save:
Where thy triumph, boasting grave?
Death is vanquished, bound in chains;
Christ, our Lord, forever reigns!

On this bright and glorious day,
When the faithful meet to pray,
Bring the Easter lilies fair,
Nature's gems of beauty rare.
Let the organ's lofty strain
Thrill our raptured souls again;
Christ hath risen from the tomb,
Clothed in Heav'n's immortal bloom!

HYMN TO SUMMER.

O summer, lovely summer,
We hail thy golden hours,
And welcome back the sunshine

Hymn To Summer.

That wakes thy dewy flowers;
The queenly rose and lily
Adorn each rural spot,
And greet their gentle sister,
The sweet forget-me-not.

The fields are white with daisies,
The hills are green and fair;
The merry birds are singing—
There's music everywhere.
The brook and sparkling fountain
Have caught the tuneful strain,
While echoes from the forest
Ring out their glad refrain.

O summer, lovely summer,
In all thy bright array,
New hopes and joys unfolding
With each returning day!
The promised tune of harvest
Thy coming soon will bring;
And o'er the sheaves he gathers,
The reaper's heart will sing!

HARVEST HYMN.

Air, "I Shall See the King in His Beauty."
All hail to the days that are coming,
How lovely the blue ether sky;
The fields in their beauty are smiling,

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The harvest already is nigh.
The voice of the brook and the fountain,
The song of the bird and the bee,
Their carol in harmony blending,
Are happy as happy can be.

Lo, yonder the queen of the harvest
Comes forth as the toilers appear,
And waving her chaplet of lillies
She greets them with mirth and good cheer.
Now thrust in your sickles, ye reapers,
And gather the ripe golden grain;
The Lord has rewarded your labor,
And crowned it with plenty again.

The seed that you scattered in springtime
Grew up with the fruits and the flowers,
Refreshed with the joy-laden zephyrs
The sunshine, the dew, and the showers.
And oh, when the sheaves you have garnered,
Be mindful His love to recall,
And praise with your highest devotion
The bountiful giver of all!

O land, by the God of our fathers,
Protected, exalted, and blest,
O nation, where Freedom has planted
The banner of peace and of rest,
Give thanks for a plentiful harvest,

Ode To Thanksgiving.

His name and His mercy revere,
Who prospers the hand of the toiler,
And crowns with his goodness the year.

ODE TO THANKSGIVING.

Air, "America."

Anthems to God above,
Source of eternal love,
Now let us sing!
Praise our Creator's name,
Come as our Fathers came:
Hail and with loud acclaim
Our Lord and King!

Thanks for our favored land,
By His Almighty hand
Guarded from ill!
Thanks for the dew and rain,
Broad field and sunny plain
Where stores of fruit and grain
Our garners fill!

Thanks for our banner bright,
Spangled with starry light,
Boast of the free—
Signal to those oppressed,
Honored, revered, and blest,

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Waving its noble crest
O'er land and sea!

Lord, from thy throne on high
Bend thy approving eye
O'er us, we pray!
This be our one desire:
Faith, love, and zeal inspire;
Light with devotion's fire
Our souls today!

Air, "Portuguese Hymn."

Fulfilled is the promise, a Saviour is born:
With loud acclamation we hallow the morn!
To God in the highest all glory we sing,
And welcome the advent of Jesus, our King!

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

We come like the shepherds who knelt at His
feet;
We come like the wise men our monarch to
greet.
Our faith-star unclouded shines bright on our
way,
And leads to the manger where cradled He lay.
Good-will from our Father and peace unto
men:

Evening Time.

Oh, wonderful chorus! we hear it again,
In grandeur and beauty still rolling along;
While valley and mountain break forth into
song!

O blesséd Redeemer, by prophets foretold!
We herald the story that never grows old.
Our heart's adoration before Him we bring,
And joyful hosannas to Jesus, our King!

We come with the faithful who gather today
In grateful devotion our tribute to pay;
We come with the children our carols to sing,
And shout hallelujah to Jesus, our King!

EVENING TIME.

Melody, "Sweet Hour of Prayer."

At evening time, sweet evening time,
When memory-bells in tuneful chime
Awake the joys to which we clung,
When days were bright and life was young,
'Tis then the voice of one we love,
Whose spirit dwells in realms above,
In thought repeats from yonder clime
The prayers she taught at evening time.

'Tis wafted on the fragrant breeze,
That simple prayer whose words were these:

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"And now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep."
A mother's form, a mother's face,
Her tender look and gentle grace,
With memory-bells that softly chime,
Come back to us at evening time.

They come like balm and lull to rest
The aching brow and throbbing breast;
We feel her arms around us thrown,
And how her love is still our own.
Ah, soon we'll gladly clasp her hand
Amid the flowers of Eden land,
Where memory-bells forever chime
Beyond the shades of evening time!

FROM STAR TO STAR.

Melody, "Autumn."

There are voices—happy voices—
And our hearts with joy they fill,
When our faith is looking upward,
And the busy world is still:
How we listen to their music
From our Father's home afar,
Where on Love's eternal mission,
We shall roam from star to star!

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Voices in Dreams.

There are voices—gentle voices—
And we hear them in a dream,
Like the carol of a birdling
Or the murmur of a stream:
And they draw our spirits nearer
To the pearly gates afar,
Where among the just made perfect,
We shall roam from star to star!

There are voices—kindred voices—
And they call from yonder shore
Where our golden harps will waken
Songs we never knew before:
Oh, the rapture that awaits us
In the glory-land afar
Where together and forever
We shall roam from star to star!

TRUSTING.

Air, "Day and Night thy Lambs Are Crying."

I am trusting, O my Saviour!
I am trusting only thee;
I have proved thy gracious promise—
As my day my strength shall be.
I am trusting, O my Saviour!
Though my path I may not know;

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When thou callest, I will answer;
Where thou leadest, I will go.

I am trusting, O my Saviour!
And my hand is firm in thine;
Though the clouds may sometimes gather,
Still I see thy glory shine.
And I look beyond the shadows
To the sunny fields of rest,
And I catch the glad hosannas
Of the faithful and the blest.

I am trusting, O my Saviour!
I am trusting day by day;
Holy angels guard my footsteps,
And I cannot lose my way.
For thy spirit hovers o'er me,
Like a pure and gentle dove;
And in all my cares and sorrows,
I can hear His voice of love.

Like the early dews of morning,
How thy precious gifts descend!
And I know that thou art with me
And will keep me to the end.
In thy secret place abiding,
Oh the joy thy presence brings!
I am covered with thy feathers—
I am safe beneath thy wings!

Hearts that Break in Silence.

TO THE RESCUE.

Air, "All the Way My Saviour Leads Me."

Oh, the sad and troubled faces
That we meet from day to day,
And the hearts that break in silence
As they plod their dreary way!
Can we pass them by unheeded;
Can we leave them still alone,
When 'tis ours to scatter roses
Where relentless thorns are strown?

With an earnest prayerful spirit,
In the name of Christ our Lord,
Let us ask if we are living
As He taught us in His word.
Have we fed the poor and clothed them?
As the Saviour gave command?
To reclaim an erring brother
Have we lent a helping hand?

Oh, the homes that we may comfort,
Homes where want and sorrow dwell!
If unfaithful to the Master,
Can we say with us 'tis well?
To the rescue let us hasten,
Ere the warning sun goes down:
Lest our work be left unfinished,
And another take our crown!

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GOD'S LIGHT OF PROMISE.

Air, "Webb."

Rejoice, rejoice, O pilgrim!
Lift up thine eyes and see
Above the mist and shadows
A light that shines for thee!
'Tis God's own light of Promise—
His smile of perfect peace:
And soon with Him forever
Thy weary march will cease.

Rejoice, rejoice, O pilgrim,
And hail the blessed light,
Whose radiant beams are leading
Beyond the veil of night!
Let love thy soul inspiring
Thy faith and hope increase
Till safe among the ransomed
Thy weary march shall cease!

Rejoice, rejoice, O pilgrim:
The Master's work fulfil!
The light that cheers thy pathway
Is growing brighter still!
Press onward, O press onward
To realms of perfect peace,
When in thy Father's kingdom
Thy weary march shall cease!

There Are Moments.

THERE ARE MOMENTS.

Tune, "Shall We Know Each Other There?"

There are moments—blesséd moments—
That in spirit we recall;
There are seasons of refreshing—
Oh how precious to us all!
When we feel the sacred presence
Of our great High Priest and King,
And as if by inspiration
Of His wondrous love we sing!

There are moments—blesséd moments—
When a radiance from the skies
Seems to burst in all its glory
On our faith-illumined eyes;
And we hear a voice proclaiming,
While in song our voices blend,
"I am Alpha and Omega,
The beginning and the end."

There are moments—blesséd moments—
When such perfect joy we see,
That we stand upon the threshold
Of a life that soon shall be;
And again the Master speaketh
While in silent prayer we blend:
He again confirms the promise,
"I am with you to the end!"