

Sing to Him a New Song!

Part 6



Review Hymn:

Glory be to Jesus (Alfonso M. de' Liguori)



Glory be to Jesus,
Who, in bitter pains,
Poured for me the lifeblood
From His sacred veins!



Grace and life eternal In that blood I find Blest be His compassion, Infinitely kind.



Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream
Which from endless torments
Doth the world redeem.



Abel's blood for vengeance Pleaded to the skies But the blood of Jesus For our pardon cries.



Oft as it is sprinkled On our guilty hearts, Satan in confusion Terror struck departs.



Oft as earth exulting Wafts its praise on high, Angel hosts, rejoicing, Make their glad reply.



Lift we then our voices,
Swell the mighty flood
Louder still and louder
Praise the Lamb of God!

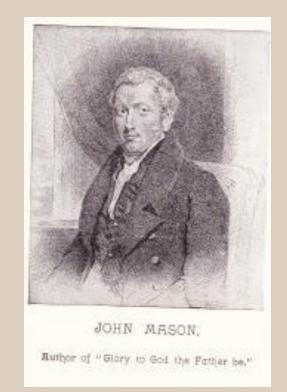


This Week's Hymn:

How Shall I Sing That Majesty (John Mason, ca. 1646 – 1694)



Born Northamptonshire Family of clergymen Graduated B.A. 1664, M.A. 1668 Briefly acting curate in Isham Vicar in Stantonbury (Bucks.) Water Stratford 1674





Prone to depression/melancholy Constant pains in the head Slightest noise could be problematic Liable to vivid, terrifying dreams and visual hallucinations



Calvinist but somewhat antinomian
Became obsessed with millennium
Started to interpret apocalyptic
passages in light of current events



Ceased to administer the Lord's Supper

Preached only on Christ's personal reign on earth (about to begin in Water Stratford)



Encampment of followers south of village – lived on communistic principles

Noisy meetings, constant service of singing and dancing in the parsonage



Described a vision of Christ Easter Monday, 16 April 1694

Announced his work accomplished – reign on earth begun

Died of peritonsillar abscess a month later



Followers refused to believe he was dead Successor had body exhumed and exhibited

Many remained unconvinced Meetings continued for 16 years



He was one of the earliest writers of hymns for congregational worship (as opposed to metrical psalms)

Lines were known to Alexander Pope, Charles Wesley

Isaac Watts borrowed freely from them



Setting the Scene...

Daniel 10:15–18 — When he had spoken to me according to these words, I turned my face toward the ground and became speechless. 16 And behold, one who resembled a human being was touching my lips; then I opened my mouth and spoke and said to him who was standing before me, "O my lord, as a result of the vision anguish has come upon me, and I have retained no strength. 17 "For how can such a servant of my lord talk with such as my lord? As for me, there remains just now no strength in me, nor has any breath been left in me." 18 Then this one with human appearance touched me again and strengthened me.



How shall I sing that majesty Which angels do admire? Let dust in dust and silence lie Sing, sing, ye heavenly choir. Thousands of thousands stand around Thy throne, O God most high; Ten thousand times ten thousand sound Thy praise; but who am I? The Problem

December 14, 2013



Thy brightness unto them appears,

Whilst I Thy footsteps trace;

A sound of God comes to my ears,

But they behold Thy face.

They sing because Thou art their sun;

Lord, send a beam on me;

For where heaven is but once begun,

There alleluias be.



Thy brightness unto them appears, Whilst I Thy footsteps trace; A sound of God comes to my ears,

John 3:8 — "The wind blows where it wishes and you hear the sound of it, but do not know where it comes from and where it is going; so is everyone who is born of the Spirit."

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There alleluias be.



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The Solution

– what is he asking for?



Enlighten with faith's light my heart, Inflame it with love's fire;

Then shall I sing and bear a part With that celestial choir.

I shall, I fear, be dark and cold,
With all my fire and light;
Yet when Thou dost accept their gold,
Lord, treasure up my mite.

What the "beam" does!

Problem Solved!



How great a being, Lord, is Thine, Which doth all beings keep!

Thy knowledge is the only line To sound so vast a deep.

Thou art a sea without a shore,

A sun without a sphere;

Thy time is now and evermore,

Thy place is everywhere.

Here is his mite



Let's Hear the Tune and Sing!



How shall I sing that majesty Which angels do admire? Let dust in dust and silence lie Sing, sing, ye heavenly choir. Thousands of thousands stand around Thy throne, O God most high; Ten thousand times ten thousand sound Thy praise; but who am I?



Thy brightness unto them appears, Whilst I Thy footsteps trace; A sound of God comes to my ears, But they behold Thy face. They sing because Thou art their sun; Lord, send a beam on me; For where heaven is but once begun, There alleluias be.



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