

## It is well with my soul

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Horatio G. Spafford, 1828-1888, born in New York, moved to Chicago, and became a lawyer and professor of medical jurisprudence at Lind University. Active Presbyterian lay person. His life was marked by tragedy. In 1871 he put all his money and more in real estate in what is now Lincoln Park, on the shore of Lake Michigan, and lost it all in the Chicago Fire of 1871. Two years later, on the advice of his family doctor, he planned a trip to Europe for his wife's health. At the last moment he could not go, but planned to join his wife and four daughters soon. On November 22, 1873, the *Ville du Havre* was hit by a British ship, the *Lochearn*, and sank in twelve minutes. His wife survived, but his daughters died. A daughter, Bertha, born in 1878, said he wrote this hymn "on the high seas, near the place where his children perished," on his way to Paris to meet his wife. In 1876 a son, Horatio, was born. Both Horatio and Bertha contracted scarlet fever; Horatio died. The church asked what the Spaffords had done to suffer such. One of the church's leaders offered to adopt Bertha. There was more misunderstanding, and Spafford said he could not believe his babies were "consigned to hell." His words were shocking, and the newspapers picked up the conflict. The family was asked to leave Fullerton Avenue Presbyterian Church. In January 1881 a daughter, Grace, was born. In August the family left Chicago for Jerusalem, engaged in social service, education, child welfare, on behalf of Christians, Jews, and Muslims.



## VILLE DU HAVRE

Philip P. Bliss, 1838-1876, born in a log cabin in Pennsylvania, worked on farms and in lumber camps, and joined a Baptist church when he was twelve. In 1860 he became an itinerant singing school teacher with a horse and a melodeon. He became a composer and directed the choir at the First Congregational Church in Chicago. He and his wife died when a bridge collapsed in Ohio and the train they were riding fell seventy feet and burned. Story is he survived and died trying to save her.

Named VILLE DU HAVRE after the ship, also IT IS WELL after the text. Published in a collection of hymns by Ira Sankey and Philip Bliss.



1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my  
 2. Though sa - tan should buf - fet, though tri - als should  
 3. My sin— oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous  
 4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be

1. way, When sor - rows like sea - bil - lows roll;  
 2. come, Let this blest as - sur - ance con - trol,  
 3. thought— My sin— not in part, but the whole—  
 4. sight, The clouds be rolled back as a scroll,

1. What - ev - er my lot, thou hast taught me to  
 2. That Christ has re - gard - ed my help - less es -  
 3. Is nailed to the cross and I bear it no  
 4. The trump shall re - sound and the Lord shall de -

1. say, It is well, it is well with my soul.  
 2. tate, And has shed His own blood for my soul.  
 3. more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!  
 4. scend, "E - ven so"— it is well with my soul.

It is well with my soul, It is well with my

It is well, it is well with my soul.  
 soul,

James E. Moore, Jr., b. 1951, LaCrosse, Virginia. Studied at Virginia State University in Petersburg, Virginia Commonwealth University in Richmond, College-Conservatory of Music at the University of Cincinnati. Piano, conducting. In 1984 he moved to Vienna, Austria, where he teaches voice, piano, and conducting.

Written in 1982 for the twenty-fifth anniversary of the ordination of Rev. Paul Rehling, pastor of St Agnes Catholic Church in Cincinnati, where Moore served as musician. First self-published, but then "taken over" by GIA publishers when Moore conducted the Chicago Archdiocesan Choral Festival in 1984. It has been sung all over the world, including for the pope's visits to the United States and Australia.



## TASTE AND SEE

Intended for leader and congregation.

### Refrain – All



Taste and see, taste and see the good-ness of the Lord. Oh,



taste and see, taste and see the good-ness of the Lord, of the Lord.

### Leader or All



1 I will bless the Lord at all times.  
2 Glo - ri - fy the Lord with . . . me.  
3 Wor-ship . . . the Lord, all you peo-ple.



Praise shall al - ways be on my lips;  
To - geth - er let us all . . . . praise God's name.  
You'll want for noth-ing . . . if you ask.



my soul shall glo - ry in the Lord;  
I called the Lord, . . who an - swered me;  
Taste and see . . . that the Lord is good;

for God has been so good to me.  
 from all my trou - bles I was set free.  
 in God we need put all our trust.

Text: James E. Moore Jr., b. 1951, based on Ps. 34  
 Music: TASTE AND SEE, James E. Moore Jr.  
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## How great thou art

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Carl Boberg, 1859-1940, was born in Sweden, son of a shipyard carpenter. Worked as a sailor and taught crafts. Became a preacher after a conversion experience at the age of nineteen. 1885, a response to the beauty of nature and the ringing of church bells. Walking home from a meeting in Krönobäck, Sweden, Carl Boberg was caught in a violent storm that subsided as suddenly as it began.



"It was that time of year when everything seemed to be in its richest coloring; the birds were singing in trees and everywhere. It was very warm; a thunderstorm appeared on the horizon and soon thunder and lightning. We had to hurry to shelter. But the storm was soon over and the clear sky appeared.

"When I came home I opened my window toward the sea. There evidently had been a funeral and the bells were playing the tune of 'When eternity's clock calling my saved soul to its Sabbath rest.' That evening, I wrote the song, 'O Store Gud.'"

This hymn was translated and adapted by Stuart K. Hine.

## O STORE GUD

Swedish folk melody, origins unknown. Originally in three.

1. O Lord my God, when I in awe - some won - der Con - sid - er  
 2. When through the woods and for - est glades I wan - der And hear the  
 3. And when I think that God, his Son not spar - ing, Sent him to  
 4. When Christ shall come with shout of ac - cla - ma - tion And take me

1. all the worlds\* thy hands have made, — I see the stars I hear the roll - ing\*  
 2. birds sing sweet - ly in the trees, — When I look down from loft - y moun - tain  
 3. die, I scarce can take it in, — That on the cross, my bur - den glad - ly  
 4. home, what joy shall fill my heart! — Then I shall bow in hum - ble ad - o -

1. thun - der, Thy pow'r through - out the u - ni - verse dis - played. —  
 2. gran - deur, And hear the brook and feel the gen - tle breeze. —  
 3. bear - ing, He bled and died to take a - way my sin. —  
 4. ra - tion, And there pro - claim, my God how great thou art. —

Then sings my soul, my Sav - ior, God, to Thee: — How great Thou

\* The translator's original words are "works" and "mighty."

art, — how great Thou art! — Then sings my soul, my Sav - ior, God, to

Thee: — How great Thou art, — how great Thou art! —

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 Peace, and be well.