

Some lesser known hymnwriters

Sing Aloud in Jesus' Name



Jesus Thy Blood and Righteousness

B. A. Ramsbottom

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Some Lesser Known Hymnwriters

by

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“Now begin the heavenly theme;
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
Ye who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.”

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Preface

The question is sure to be asked: what need is there for another book about hymns and hymnwriters? Well might that question be asked. There seems to have been a spate in recent years – witness the shelves in Christian bookshops. It is *for* this very reason that I have ventured with this book – because there is obviously such interest.

But this book is different. It is the story of *lesser known* hymns and hymnwriters. However, I would emphasize that some of these lesser known hymns and lesser known hymnwriters are exceedingly interesting. And some of the hymnwriters were only “lesser known” *as* hymnwriters. As men and ministers they were exceedingly well known, and more than that, greatly blessed by God.

I have found researching these lesser known hymnwriters fascinating. Not only were they gracious men, but many of them remarkable men. We have rich and poor; Church of England and Dissenters; ministers and laymen; learned and unlearned. One was a poor cobbler, three were ironmongers, one killed an highwayman, one was a nobleman, one spent three months in prison. They were all so different, yet all fired by the same theme, to “sing aloud in Jesus’ name.” Let good old Daniel Herbert speak for them all:

“Then let us all unite and sing
The praises of free grace;
Those souls who long to see Him now,
Shall surely see His face.”

But not just the hymnwriters. Especially their hymns! At the beginning of each chapter I have included what was possibly the author’s best hymn. Some of these are exceedingly beautiful and deserve to be better known. So I do hope this book will be interesting, but more than that, profitable, and to the honour and glory of God.

B. A. Ramsbottom

The reason there are no *lady* hymnwriters included is because none of them are little known!

“Sing Aloud in Jesus’ Name”

The title is taken from the hymn beginning:

“Now begin the heavenly theme;
Sing aloud in Jesus’ name.”

This hymn is usually marked “Langford.” This John Langford has been described as “the black sheep of hymnwriters.” He preached at two or three places in London, but receiving a large inheritance, he extravagantly squandered it, and died in wretchedness about 1790.

Little is known about him. But he published a collection of hymns in 1776 in which “Now begin the heavenly theme” appeared. However, though he marked all his own hymns, this he did not. It seems probable Langford did not write it. But whether he did or did not, whether he was a good man or not, it is certainly a beautiful hymn. “The excellent and well-known hymn,” says Dr. Julian in his mammoth work on hymnology. The whole hymn reads:

Now begin the heavenly theme;
Sing aloud in Jesus’ name;
Ye who His salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

Ye who see the Father’s grace
Beaming in the Saviour’s face,
As to Canaan on you move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

Mourning souls, dry up your tears;
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancelled by redeeming love.

Welcome all by sin oppressed,
Welcome to His sacred rest;
Nothing brought Him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

When His Spirit leads us home,
When we to His glory come,
We shall all the fulness prove
Of our Lord’s redeeming love.

He subdued the infernal powers,
Those tremendous foes of ours

From their cursed empire drove,
Mighty in redeeming love.

Hither, then, your music bring;
Strike aloud each cheerful string;
Join, ye saints, the hosts above;
Join to praise redeeming love.

This hymn became known worldwide from its appearance two hundred years ago in the incredibly popular *The Dairyman's Daughter and other Annals of the Poor* by Legh Richmond. Translated into several languages, it is estimated that two million copies of this book sold in England alone.

In the lovely, touching chapter on “The Negro Servant,” when poor William, once a slave, was welcomed by a company of Christian believers, “Now begin the heavenly theme” was sung. The former slave could not refrain from interjecting, “No, nothing, nothing but redeeming love, bring Him down to poor William. Nothing but redeeming love.” Two verses were specially added for the welcome, and William was overwhelmed as he was received as a brother.

Simon Browne: 1686=1732

*Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
My sinful maladies remove;
Be Thou my light, be Thou my guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.*

*The light of truth to me display,
That I may know and choose my way;
Plant holy fear within mine heart,
That I from God may ne'er depart.*

*Conduct me safe, conduct me far
From every sin and hurtful snare;
Lead me to God, my final rest,
In His enjoyment to be blest.*

*Lead me to Christ, the living way,
Nor let me from His pastures stray;
Lead me to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.*

*Lead me to holiness, the road
That I must take to dwell with God;
Lead to Thy Word, that rules must give,
And sure directions how to live.*

*Lead me to means of grace, where I
May own my wants, and seek supply;
Lead to Thyself, the spring from whence
To fetch all quickening influence.*

*Thus I, conducted still by Thee,
Of God a child beloved shall be;
Here to His family pertain,
Hereafter with Him ever reign.*

Strange and mysterious are the ways of God. Simon Browne was the able pastor of the influential Independent congregation in Old Jewry, London, a congregation originally gathered by Dr. Edmund Calamy. Here seemed to be the marks of prosperity – but then terrible tragedy struck.

Those were the days when highwaymen infested the roads, and one day as Mr. Browne was journeying, he was suddenly attacked by a highwayman brandishing two pistols. Bravely grappling with him, and laying him on the floor, he found to his horror that the highwayman was dead.

The thought that he had killed a man preyed on his mind. Things were made worse when his own wife and his son died shortly afterwards. Simon Browne developed a peculiar mental state in which he claimed he could not think, and had no mental powers. He said they had been annihilated. The affliction continued till his death.

Obviously he had to cease preaching and resign his pastorate. The love and respect of his congregation were shown in their handsome farewell present to him of £300 (worth many thousands today). He retired to his

native Shepton Mallet and strangely was still able to write – a defence of Christianity, a work on the Trinity, and a commentary!

His hymns were published in 1720 while he was pastor at Old Jewry, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs, in three books, designed as a supplement to Dr. Watts*. Simon Browne was a contemporary of Dr. Watts, and his hymns held a prominent position in the old hymnbooks.

Remarkably, the Earl of Selbourne, the Lord Chancellor and a staunch High Churchman, included four of Browne's hymns in his *The Book of Praise* (1863), a selection of the finest pieces of Christian poetry.

Today Simon Browne is best known for his hymn, "Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove," a hymn still sung at weddings in both church and chapel – and what a suitable prayer it is! Dr. Julian states that "few hymns in the English language have been subjected to so many alterations and changes as this." We include the version as originally composed by Browne. Later this appeared as:

"Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above.
Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide,
O'er every step and thought preside."

It is not clear where J.C. Philpot found the 8.8.6. metre version that appears in the supplement he selected for Gadsby's hymnbook; it was always headed, "S. Browne (altered)":

"Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above,
Our waiting souls set free;
Be Thou our guardian, Thou our guide,
O'er every thought and step preside,
And draw us after Thee."

Dr. Julian lists various versions, but not this.

Simon Browne died and was buried at Shepton Mallet. He has left one most interesting memorial behind. Matthew Henry's Commentary has always been most highly valued by the church of God. But very few who peruse its pages realise that the commentary on the First Epistle to the Corinthians was written, not by Matthew Henry but by Simon Browne. (Mathew Henry died before he had completed his commentary on the New Testament.) And, almost unbelievably, Simon Browne wrote the commentary *after* he believed his mental powers were gone. What hath God wrought!

Robert Seagrave: 1693=1750

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Toward heaven, thy native place.
Sun and moon and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun,
Both speed them to their source.
So a soul that's born of God
Pants to view His glorious face;
Upward tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.

Fly me riches, fly me cares,
Whilst I that coast explore;
Flattering world, with all thy snares,
Solicit me no more.
Pilgrims fix not here their home;
Strangers tarry but a night,
When the last dear morn is come,
They'll rise to joyful light.

Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies.
Yet a season, and ye know
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

It is amazing how many selections of hymns were published in the 1700s. One such was *Hymns and Spiritual Songs* by Robert Seagrave, first published in 1742, and reprinted in 1860 by the hymnologist Daniel Sedgwick. At the beginning Seagrave wrote:

“It is highly reasonable that the singing of Psalms and hymns should be a part of Christian worship, since it makes the whole of that, which the worshippers above are continually engaged in. Exercises of this kind, commemorating thankfully our perfect redemption through the love of God by the blood of Christ, are the most acceptable religious service believers can possibly offer.

“In the place where I am ministerially concerned, and elsewhere, hymns of this kind have been attended with great usefulness; and I trust the spirit of true devotion is breathing among us.

“In respect to the Psalms of David, I would observe, though they were suitable to the then state of the Jewish church, the gospel, which hath made a great alteration, nowhere directs the use of them; especially of them and none other. In my opinion every religious assembly, with reverence and sobriety, may lawfully use even their own compositions, provided they speak

a language agreeable to Scripture. This I conceive a part of Christian liberty, as much as to preach or pray in our own words. Why not as lawful to sing in our own words as to preach or pray in them?"

These were the sentiments of Dr. Watts, the father of English hymnology.

Today, Seagrave's "Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings," is still sung by evangelical congregations. When George Whitefield issued his selection of hymns, he chose one of Seagrave's hymns as the opening hymn in the selection:

"Now may the Spirit's holy fire,
Descending from above,
His waiting family inspire
With joy, and peace, and love."

In one of Whitefield's letters he refers to a verse in one of Seagrave's hymns:

"Glad I forsook my righteous pride,
My tarnished, filthy, sinful dress;
Exchanged my loss away for Christ,
And found a robe of righteousness."

Whitefield's comment was:

"These lines I think are very emphatical. I trust you can now repeat them from your heart; if so, hail happy man! Jesus hath washed you in His blood, and given you eternal life."

Strangely, John Gadsby in his interesting *Memoirs of Hymnwriters* (those whose hymns appear in his father's selection) includes a piece about Robert Seagrave, yet there is no hymn written by him in Gadsby's.

Educated like John Berridge at Clare College, Cambridge, and "taking holy orders" (becoming a minister in the established church), Seagrave became one of the most earnest ministers in the Evangelical Revival. In 1739 he was appointed Lecturer at Latimers' Hall, London, and also often preached at Whitefield's Tabernacle.

Latimers' Hall belonged to a community dating back to 1488. It was a small, neat building, like many of the old trade halls used by Dissenters for worship, but now in the hands of the Calvinistic Methodists. Here his ministry was blessed to many who regularly, or just occasionally, attended his preaching.

One was a young man named John Griffith, who heard of Seagrave, and that "none could be saved who did not believe *his* doctrines." This excited his curiosity, and he liked the discourse, but being prejudiced against Dissenters, would not go again till *compelled*. This time it was "Christ and Him crucified,"

which his soul now thirsted for. This Griffith lived on till 1798, holding a few pastorates in London, Coventry and Brigstock in Northamptonshire.

In his day Robert Seagrave was not known as a composer of hymns, but rather as a writer, especially of pamphlets. Most of them were in a similar vein: the vital importance of the precious doctrines of the gospel and the awful way in which, especially in the Church of England, these had been superseded by human learning and wisdom. He boldly contended for the “true old divinity of the Reformation.”

A sermon on Galatians 3. 24 was published under the title *A Draught of the Justification of Man, Different from the Language of our Pulpits*. In this he shows the danger of “sitting down short of Christ,” and the necessity of “every man’s religion centring in Christ,” and works being “not the causes, but the fruits of salvation, finished by Christ.”

Numbers of similar publications followed.

It is interesting to recall that “The Draught” (mentioned above) was made a great blessing to one of the eminent William Grimshaw’s associates, Paul Greenwood, and to Grimshaw himself – as he rejoiced in the truth of justification by faith through the imputed righteousness of Christ. “Really virtuous persons are glad to renounce their own righteousness for that of Christ.” (See Faith Cook’s *William Grimshaw of Haworth*, pages 29-30, where Seagrave is described as “a friend of Whitefield,” and we are told that this pamphlet and others were “widely used by God and were among the earliest publications of the revival.”)

Concerning Seagrave’s last days little can be ascertained but, from what his contemporaries have recorded, he was “a man of eminent piety, great humility and remarkable zeal and diligence, and very exemplary in the whole of his conversation.”

Nicolaus Ludwig Von Zinzendorf: 1700=1760

Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

When from the dust of death I rise,
To take my mansion in the skies,
E'en then shall this be all my plea:
"Jesus has lived and died for me."

Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay,
While through Thy blood absolved I am,
From sin's tremendous curse and shame?

Thus Abraham, the friend of God,
Thus all the armies bought with blood,
Saviour of sinners, Thee proclaim –
Sinners, of whom the chief I am.

This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruined nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue;
The robe of Christ is ever new.

O let the dead now hear Thy voice;
Bid, Lord, Thy banished ones rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord our righteousness.

The godly Countess of Huntingdon, referring to 1 Corinthians 1. 26 ("Not many noble, are called") thanked God that it does not say "not *any*." She was, of course, thinking of "the nobility." But one eminent nobleman whom God used was Nicolaus Ludwig, Count and Lord of Zinzendorf.



The son of an important office bearer under the Elector of Saxony, brought up in a castle, Zinzendorf studied law at Wittenburg University, of Martin Luther fame. By the age of twenty-one he was a judge and member of the council in Saxony. But early in life he was brought under the influence of the German Pietists, who emphasised personal religion and communion with God. It is interesting to learn that when, because of his position, he had the right to appoint the local parish minister, he appointed John Andrew Rothe, author of "Now I have found the ground wherein / My anchor, hope, shall firm remain."

It is said that in looking at a painting of the crucifixion, Zinzendorf was deeply impressed – underneath were the words: "This have I done for thee. What hast thou done for Me?" So the wealthy young nobleman renounced his riches, opening his estate to the Moravian Brethren (descendants of the

followers of John Huss), who fled from cruel persecution under the Austrian empire. About this time a preaching carpenter founded a settlement close by, calling it HERRNHUT (“under the protection of the Lord”). Zinzendorf devoted his time, energy and money to this, which became the centre of the Moravian movement which was soon sending preachers world-wide. Soon they had 165 mission stations throughout the world.

Zinzendorf himself preached and travelled overseas, setting forth the gospel. His great theme was love to a crucified Saviour.

The well-known German translator, Catherine Winkworth, described him: “He was a remarkably handsome man, tall and exactly of what is termed aristocratic bearing and manners; he was also a ready speaker, with a clear, ringing voice and graceful and imposing action.” Though such a great man naturally, he was free from all personal show or a desire to assert himself. Wherever they went the Moravians, his friends and followers, gladly endured disease, poverty, loneliness and persecution for Christ’s sake.

Count Zinzendorf wrote over 2,000 hymns, but his best known is that beautiful hymn, “Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness,” written when he was returning from the West Indies. It was translated from the German by John Wesley. However, at one time almost every German child was taught the hymn translated:

“Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest is won.”

Many are the stories told of the hymn “Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness.” One unusual one is when a little five year old girl, the daughter of a gardener, attracted the wife of Frederick II, Queen Elizabeth Christiana. The Queen brought her into the palace, interested to hear what she would say on seeing the gorgeous rooms and furniture. To everyone’s amazement she folded her hands and prayed.

“Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.”

At last one of the ladies of the court said to the Queen: “O the happy child! We stand far behind her.”

When Count Zinzendorf died, he had not enough money to pay for his grave.

Joseph Grigg: c.1720=1768

Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise;
Whose glories shine to endless days?

Ashamed of Jesus! Sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds His beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

Ashamed of Jesus! Just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul till He,
Bright Morning Star, bids darkness flee.

Ashamed of Jesus! That dear Friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

Ashamed of Jesus! Yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe; no good to crave;
No fears to quell; no soul to save.

Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

His institutions would I prize;
Take up my cross, the shame despise;
Dare to defend His noble cause,
And yield obedience to His laws.

It is amazing that the hymn which for generations has been sung at baptismal services was not written by a Baptist. But it is more amazing that it was written by a ten year old boy. What grace! – though Dr. Julian calls the verses “crude.” This is the original form in which Joseph Grigg wrote the hymn:

Jesus, and shall it ever be!
A sinful child ashamed of Thee?
Scorned be the thought by rich and poor;
O may I scorn it more and more!

Ashamed of Jesus! Sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star.
Ashamed of Jesus! Just as soon
Let midnight blush to think of noon!

'Tis midnight with my soul, till He,
That morning Star, bids darkness flee;
He sheds the beam of noon divine
O'er all this midnight soul of mine.

JOSEPH GRIGG: c.1720-1768

Ashamed of Jesus! shall yon field
Blush when it thinks who bids it yield?
Yet blush I most, while I adore,
I blush to think I yield no more.

Ashamed of Jesus! of that Friend
On whom, for heaven, my hopes depend!
It must not be! be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

Ashamed of Jesus! yes I may,
When I've no crimes to wash away;
No tears to wipe, no joy to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

Till then (nor is the boasting vain),
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain;
And O, may this my portion be,
That Saviour not ashamed of me!

This is how it appeared as Grigg first published it in 1765, but soon after it began to appear in various magazines and hymnbooks, more polished, and with amendments and alterations.

The version now used is that as shaped by the Particular Baptist minister, Benjamin Francis. It was he who added that last verse, making it specially suitable for a baptism:

“His institutions would I prize;
Take up my cross, the shame despise;
Dare to defend His noble cause,
And yield obedience to His laws.”

Joseph Grigg was the son of poor parents, and trained up in very ordinary work, but he later became a Presbyterian minister, and for some time was assistant pastor at Silver Street Chapel, London. However, marrying a wealthy widow, he retired from the ministry, moving to St. Albans. In his lifetime he published over forty works, some towards the end of his life.

Perhaps no hymn has ever been sung with deeper feeling than “Jesus, and shall it ever be?” as a believer is enabled to “take up the cross, the shame despise.” Of course, in former days this was often in the open air, with an unsympathetic crowd watching. One specially impressive occasion was when Krishna Pal, the first native in India to profess Christ, was baptized in the river in 1800.

SING ALOUD IN JESUS' NAME

We have vague memories of years ago seeing a picture of a baptism, and the people singing “Jesus! And shall it ever be?” The story was of a girl, convinced of believers’ baptism, shunned by her family, and rejected by her fiancé, a handsome young lawyer. But in the end, the young lawyer was himself convinced by the Spirit of God, and the picture was of his baptism in the river (in America) with underneath the words of this beautiful hymn which was being sung.

Benjamin Wallin: 1711=1782

Rejoice, ye saints, in every state,
Divine decrees remain unmoved;
No turns of Providence abate
God's care for those He once has loved.

Our Surety knows for whom He stood
And gave Himself a sacrifice:
The souls once sprinkled with His blood,
Possess a life that never dies.

Firmer than heaven His covenant stands,
Though earth should shake and skies depart.
You're safe in your Redeemer's hands,
Who bears your names upon His heart.

Though darkness spread around our tent,
Though fear prevail and joy decline,
God will not of His oath repent:
Dear Lord, Thy people still are Thine!

Maze Pond seems a strange name for a Particular Baptist chapel right in the middle of Southwark, London. Apparently the area was formerly the palace of the abbots of Battle, and the mazes were luxurious windings in a magnificent garden.

Here Benjamin Wallin was brought up, his father being the honoured pastor, a friend of Dr. Gill. The doctor, not given to flattery gave Wallin (senior) a wonderful character at his funeral. Benjamin for a time was completely unaffected by his father's excellent preaching, later speaking of "the insufficiency of the best of means without a special blessing." But before his father died, his son was called by grace and baptized.

He was well educated – under John Needham and Dr. Joseph Stennett. Having had an accident as a child, he was lame, with difficulty in walking, though this improved after his fourteenth year. Going into business, he seemed to prosper, and believed this was how he ought to spend his life.

However, God's purposes are not our purposes, and the Lord had other designs for him. The deacons and church members at Maze Pond pressed him again and again to preach, following the death of his father. Again and again he declined. His only reason was: "When I consider the design of such a call to be employed in preaching the gospel, the very thought strikes me with terror. It is a work of an awful nature."

Eventually, led by the Lord, he accepted the call, and after a time was appointed pastor at Maze Pond, an office he honourably held for over forty years. At one time he wrote for advice, whether he should preach, to Gill, Stennett, Wilson and Brine, all eminent men, and each one said, "Yes."

In one way it is remarkable that Wallin should be a hymnwriter, and that he should publish a collection of his hymns. The church at Maze Pond had

originally been formed by members who seceded from Benjamin Keach's church because they did not believe in congregational singing!

Benjamin Wallin was an extensive writer, most of his publications being sermons or prose works. When Dr. Samuel Stennett took his funeral, he described him as "an able and faithful minister of the gospel" and spoke of how "holily, justly and unblameably he lived." Hearers during his lifetime were especially struck with his reverence in prayer. In earlier days he himself had taken the service at the grave at Dr. Gill's funeral in Bunhill Fields.

Wallin's beautiful hymn, "Hail, mighty Jesus, how divine!" has often been claimed for Toplady. Toplady may have amended it and added a verse, but the hymn is Benjamin Wallin's. Toplady's editor and the compiler of his works, Walter Row, had a bad habit of claiming other writer's hymns (even Wesley's) as Toplady's.

The one point that filled Wallin's heart and soul at the end of his life was the faithfulness of God. His last words, feeble and broken, were: "O! pardon! – rejoicing! ---I ---."

John Fellows: ?=1785

Jesus, mighty King in Zion!
Thou alone our Guide shalt be,
Thy commission we rely on;
We would follow none but Thee.

Fearless of the world's despising,
We the ancient path pursue;
Buried with our Lord, and rising
To a life divinely new.

As an emblem of Thy passion,
And Thy victory o'er the grave,
We, who know Thy great salvation,
Are baptized beneath the wave.

John Fellows is *par excellence* the *Baptist* hymnwriter. Altogether he wrote 55 hymns on believer's baptism, some of which were well-known in former days, and often sung at baptismal services.

Fellows was quite a voluminous writer. He wrote an elegy on the death of Whitefield, and another on the death of Dr. Gill. Perhaps his most unusual work is his *The History of the Holy Bible Attempted in Easy Verse* (in four volumes). This begins:

“The great Jehovah held His throne,
In glory and in bliss unknown,
Before He gave creation birth,
Or spread the skies, or formed the earth.”

John Fellows was no mean poet.

All that is known of him is that he was a poor shoemaker (like William Carey), and that he probably lived first in Bromsgrove, and later Birmingham, being a member of the Particular Baptist churches there. His pastors at each place would have been Rossendale Valley men, James Butterworth (one of the four brothers who were all pastors) at Bromsgrove, and James Turner (Cannon Street, Birmingham), followed by another man from “the Valley,” Henry Taylor. This was the chapel where soon after Fellows's death “the seraphic Pearce” (Samuel Pearce) became minister.

An interesting account of a baptism at Bradford-on-Avon in the mid-nineteenth century shows how the baptismal hymns of John Fellows were widely used. The three verses are from his, “Dear Lord! and will Thy pardoning love/ Embrace a wretch so vile?” The following extract is from *Lydia and Philip* by William Hawkins:

SING ALOUD IN JESUS' NAME

“On arrival at the river, some twelve or fourteen hundred persons had assembled; and just then, as the old church clock was striking eight, their usual time for baptizing there, the pastor, attired in a black gown for the occasion, was seen coming under the old archway, having on his right hand one of the deacons, and on his left Mr. T...., clad in a black gown too, for the purpose of walking into the water to remove any stones that may have been thrown in, to ascertain the depth, and also to render any assistance needed.

“After these followed fourteen couples, one of each being a candidate, attired in a light-coloured woollen dress if a female, and her friend attending with her. The male candidates being clothed in black dresses [*sic*] each accompanied by a friend to wait on him. In this order they slowly approached the river bank, when the worship began with a hymn of praise. After an address and prayer another hymn was sung containing the following words:

‘Hast Thou the cross for me endured,
And all its shame despised?
And shall I be ashamed, O Lord,
With Thee to be baptized?’

‘Didst Thou the great example lead,
In Jordan’s swelling flood?
And shall my pride disdain the deed
That’s worthy of my God?’

‘Dear Lord the ardour of Thy love,
Reproves my cold delays;
And now my willing footsteps move,
In Thy delightful ways.’

“On the singing ceasing the pastor took one of the candidates by the hand, and said, ‘Let us go down into the water together, my brother, in honour of the Lord, who died to save; the agonies of whose death was a saving baptism for us. If thou believest with all thine heart thou mayest, saith the sacred Word, and this qualification thou hast manifested to the satisfaction of many; I therefore baptize thee, immerse thee, bury thee, in the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.’ So saying, he gently put him under the water for an instant; and in that instant the singers sang,

‘Hinder me not, ye much loved saints,
For I must go with you.’”