

Ask Me What Great Thing I Know

Johann C. Schwedler, 1741

1 Cor. 2.2; Gal. 6:14

Transl. Benjamin H. Kennedy, 1863; alt.

1 Ask me what great thing I know that de - lights and stirs me so,
 2 Who de - feats my fierc-est foes? Who con - soles my sad - dest woes?
 3 Who is life in life to me? Who the death of death will be?
 4 This is that great thing I know; this de - lights and stirs me so:

What the high re - ward I win, whose the name I
 Who re - vives my faint - ing heart, heal - ing all that
 Who holds all my days se - cure, in God's heart where
 Faith in Christ who died to save, Christ who tri - umphed

glo - ry in: Je - sus Christ, the cru - ci - fied.
 grief im - parts? Je - sus Christ, the cru - ci - fied.
 love is sure? Je - sus Christ, the cru - ci - fied.
 o'er the grave, Je - sus Christ, the cru - ci - fied.

Johann Christoph Schwedler, one of the most powerful preachers of Germany, was author of more than 450 hymns. This hymn was frequently used at funerals in Schwedler's native Silesia.

Tune: HENDON 7.7.7.7.
H. A. César Malan, 1827

Forty Days and Forty Nights

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George Hunt Smyttan, 1856; alt.

Mat. 4:1-11; Heb. 2:18

1 For - ty days and for - ty nights you were fast - ing in the wild;
2 Shall we not your sor - row share and from world - ly joys ab - stain,
3 Then if Sa - tan on us press, flesh or spir - it to as - sail,
4 So shall we have peace di - vine: ho - lier glad - ness ours shall be;
5 Keep, O keep us, Sav - ior dear, ev - er con - stant by your side;

For - ty days and for - ty nights tempt - ed, and yet un - de - filed.
Fast - ing with un - ceas - ing prayer, strong with you to suf - fer pain?
Vic - tor in the wil - der - ness, grant that we not faint or fail!
'Round us, too, shall an - gels shine, such as served you faith - ful - ly.
That with you we may ap - pear at the e - ter - nal Eas - ter - tide.

The son of a doctor in Bombay, George Hunt Smyttan became a priest in the Church of England. He published several collections of verse. This hymn was one of three Lenten hymns that appeared in The Penny Post (1856).

Tune: HEINLEIN 7.7.7.7.
Attrib. to Martin Herbst, 1676

EVENING

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Abide with Me

Luke 24:29; 1 Cor. 15:55

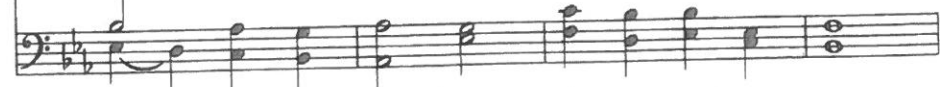
Henry F. Lyte, 1847; alt.



1 A - bide with me; fast falls the e - ven - tide;
2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day;
3 I need your pres - ence ev - ery pass - ing hour;
4 I fear no foe, with you at hand to bless;
5 Hold now your cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes;



The shad - ows deep - en, Lord, with me a - bide;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way;
I need your grace to foil the tempt - er's power.
Ills have no weight and tears no bit - ter - ness;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;



When oth - er help - ers fail, and com - forts flee,
Change and de - cay in all a - round I see;
Give me your love my guide and stay to be.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, your vic - to - ry?
Heaven's morn - ing breaks, and earth's vain shad - ows flee;



Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me.
O Christ who chang - es not, a - bide with me.
Through cloud and sun - shine, O a - bide with me.
I tri - umph still if you a - bide with me.
In life, in death, O Christ, a - bide with me.



Following the final sermon of his career, Henry F. Lyte handed a copy of this recently written hymn to a relative. He died two months later. The tune by W. H. Monk has contributed greatly to the popularity of the hymn.

Tune: EVENTIDE 10.10.10.
William H. Monk, 1861