

Hymns

Jerry James

This is a small and incomplete collection of hymn texts I have written. I was able to talk a friend, Weldon Whipple, into writing music for the first two, “When I Think Upon His Sorrows” and “Come Ye Saints of God”. Those were submitted for the new hymn book. The next 3, “Stone of Israel”, “Lord of Mercy”, and “The Bitter Cup”, were submitted without music.

A few years ago, a thought struck me. After the Second Coming, we are going to need some new hymns. We will no longer be singing hymns of anticipation, but rather hymns of fulfillment. I thought somebody had better get started writing those hymns. I’ve written about a dozen so far. One, “The Lord in Glory Comes Again”, appeared in the 2019 BYU Idaho Hymn Festival. (See if you can spot the chiasmus.) For that festival, the public is invited to submit hymn texts, and the music students at the school set them to music. The next year I submitted “When on the Sea My Soul is Tossed”, which was also chosen for the festival. Then I got lazy and haven’t submitted the last couple of years.

I hope you enjoy these hymns, and I also hope to some day talk another composer into writing music for those currently without.

When I Think upon His Sorrows

Worshipfully ♩ = 63

1. When I think up - on His sor - rows, Glad - ly suf - fered for my soul,
2. When I eat the bread so bles - sed, Sanc - ti - fied in prayer to Thee,
3. When I drink the sa - cred sym - bol Of the blood of our dear Lord,
4. When I pon - der on His good - ness, Sac - ri - fic - ing all for man,

How can tongue ex - press my glad - ness That His pains have made me whole?
I think of His bod - y of - fered, O - pen - ing the grave for me.
I re - pent of my wrong - do - ing, Right - cous - ness a - gain re - stored.
I re - solve a - gain to fol - low My part in His heav'n - ly plan.

Text: Jerry James

Music: Weldon Whipple

© 2019 Jerry James and Weldon Whipple

This work may be copied for incidental, noncommercial church or home use.

Come Ye Saints of God

Version 13

Joyfully ♩ = 96-112

1. Come ye saints of God, as - sem - ble! Hear God's cho - sen proph - et — speak.
2. Come ye saints of God with sing - ing! Hymns we'll sing to Christ the — Lord.
3. Come ye saints of God and lis - ten To a - pos - tles' mes - sage clear!
4. Come ye saints of God, re - joic - ing In the truths to earth re - stored!

Heed his words, so wise and hum - ble. He will teach us to be meek.
We will lis - ten to His proph - et, Rev - e - la - tion our re - ward.
Let us turn our hearts to heav - en. Let us heed God's cho - sen seer.
Treas - ure up the words we're giv - en From those cho - sen by our Lord.

Text: Jerry James

Music: Weldon Whipple

© 2019 Jerry James and Weldon Whipple

This work may be copied for incidental, noncommercial church or home use.

Stone of Israel

I am the Stone of Israel. Upon me you may build.

Though mighty tempests rage about, my strength will never yield.

The world despised my meekness, but I have overcome.

O, build on me and then to storms of life you'll not succumb.

I am the Stone of Israel, unmoved by Satan's guile.

Depend on me although the world will scorn you and revile.

Heed not the mocking of the blind, who do not understand

That they've rejected the sure stone, instead to build on sand.

I am the Stone of Israel, the one who comes to save.

Let me loose your chains, to sin no longer be a slave.

Be assured that in me you can find the peace you seek.

O, build on me and join the congregation of the meek.

I am the Stone of Israel, the rock of faith for thee.

Look upon my countenance, the Father you will see.

Let not the worldly winds of doctrine toss you to and fro,

But build upon my sure foundation, then your faith will grow.

Lord of Mercy

Lord of mercy, Lord of light,
Help me in my hopeless plight.
I am snared in chains of sin.
Wilt thou make me free again?

Lord of mercy, Savior dear,
I can feel thy presence near.
Now the Spirit helps me see
Thou hast come to rescue me.

Lord of mercy, God above,
Thou who shows us perfect love,
Thou hast struck my chains from me.
May I ever dwell with thee.

The Bitter Cup

When in the garden, Jesus knelt in prayer to God above.
He showed the great abiding depths of his redeeming love.
He asked the cup be taken from him, but I surely see
He stayed to drink the last dregs of that bitter cup for me.

When evil men accosted him with flaming torch and sword,
They could not overpower the great Son of God, our Lord.
He was able to escape them, but he stayed most willingly.
My Lord drank to its last depths of that bitter cup for me.

With brutal stripes they beat him, but he could have walked away.
He was the son of God. How could mere mortals make him stay?
He stayed there and endured the pain they gave, distressingly.
He could escape but stayed to drink that bitter cup for me.

They put him on the cross, drove piercing nails through hands and feet.
He need not suffer, yet he gave his grace so full and sweet.
He died there on the cross, that my Redeemer he would be.
My Lord gave me his life. He drank the bitter cup for me.

The Lord in Glory Comes Again

Triumphantly ♩ = 52

1. The Lord in glo - ry comes a - gain To rule up -
 2. The stain of sin he burned a - way Re - veal - ing
 3. For - ev - er - more he'll be our king. Let all who
 4. No dark - ness stains his maj - es - ty. Re - joice in

on this world of men, His maj - es - ty un -
 a new shin - ing day, Let all - give - praise to
 live his prais - es sing. The world in dark - ness
 him e - ter - nal - ly. Our glo - rious Lord has

par - al - leled, The wick - ed - ness of Sa - tan felled.
 he who reigns, To he who ev - er - more re - mains.
 la - bored long, But now we sing a joy - ous song.
 come a - gain To rule up - on this world of men.

Text: Jerry James © 2020
Music: Thomas Tallis, 1505-1585

Psalm 102:16
 D&C 133:46-47

When On the Sea My Soul is Tossed

Fervently ♩ = 84

1. When on the sea my soul is tossed, In
 2. When shrie - king gales tear at my soul And
 3. When I am burned with blaz - ing fire, Con -
 4. The Sav - ior comes with words of peace; He

ra - ging storm my voice is lost, I cry to Him who
 clouds of dust ob - scure my goal, I cry to Him who
 sum - ing flames that mount still high'r, There's One whose might can
 caus - es storms of life to cease. O may my love for

bore the cost of bring - ing me to shore.
 makes me whole And gives joy ev - er - more.
 calm its ire, Whose help I oft im - plore.
 Him in - crease; The One whom I a - - - dore.

1.
 2.

Text: Jerry James © 2020
 Music: Lilian DeForest © 2021

Matthew 8:23-27
 John 14:27