

Shouting Hymn

Transcribed from Ingalls' *Christian Harmony*, 1805.

Tr.  5

1. God's power and wisdom is displayed In every thing his hands have made; But more his mercy and his grace, In saving
2. How could the Lord, the Cre-a-tor Stoop to be a fee-ble creature, And leave his glorious realms of bliss, To sojourn
3. He veiled his Godhead with our flesh, And un-der-went a human birth; Full thirty years both night and day, He bore our

T.  8

4. But this was nothing what he felt, He bore our load of sin and guilt; By im-pu-ta-tion he was then The grea-test
5. Since you es-pouse the sinners cause, You must ful-fill my righteous laws; Al-though you are my darling Son, I will have
6. I give my-self into thy hands, Let justice have its full de-mands; If all my blood will pay the debt, Man shan't be

B. 

7. A-midst his sorrows for a space, His Father hid his smiling face, Which did extort such bitter cries As filled all
8. Well might the sun its glo-ry veil, And every thing in nature fail And blush, had they but eyes to see Their Ma-ker

Tr.  10 15

1. fal-len A-dam's race. The matchless grace and love of God, Ap-pears in shedding of his blood, For poor a-
2. in this wil-der-ness? That God who heaven and earth did frame, Who counts the stars and calls their name, He for our
3. hea-vy load of clay. O! was not this hea-ven's won-der, He suf-fered wea-ri-ness and hu-nger? In all the

T. 

4. sin-ner of all men. Me-thinks I heard his Father say The ut-most far-thing you shall pay; My in-jured
5. right and justice done. Hark! how the Sa-vior then re-plied: Since jus-tice must be sa-tis-fied; I am your
6. lost for want of that. If that my life will but a-tone For the of-fense that man has done, I free-ly

B. 

7. na-ture with sur-prise. Those piercing words E-li, E-li, Like-wise La-ma Sa-bach-thi-ni! Which our ex-
8. hang-ing on a tree. What a-da-man-tine hearts of stone Could hear our Sa-vior's dy-ing groan, And not la-

Tr.  20

1. -pos-tate A-dam's seed, Was con-de-scen-ding love in-deed.
2. sakes did stoop so far, As to be-come a car-pen-ter.
3. works his hands had made, Could find no where to lay his head.

T. 

4. jus-tice must have right, I can't a-bate one sin-gle mite.
5. most o-be-dient Son; My Fa-ther, let thy will be done!
6. will re-sign my breath To save their pre-cious souls from death.

B. 

7. -pi-ring Lord did speak, They made the u-ni-verse to shake.
8. -ment in a-ny shape, Ex-cept some har-dened re-pro-bate?

9. How could the spotless Lamb of God
Consent to spill his precious blood
To save a stubborn guilty wretch?
Twas love indeed without a match!
O! what is sin? that spawn of hell,
His dreadful nature who can tell?
No man on earth, nor Gabriel's tongue,
Can e'er express what sin has done.

10. Arise ye stupid souls and view
What your dear Lord has done for you;
And spend the remnant of your days
In striving to advance his praise.
The Father, Son, and Spirit too,
All praise and honor is their due,
From spotless angels round the throne,
And human creatures every one.

A folk hymn, derived from an 18th-century folk song tune, Just as the Tide Was A-Flowing (Jackson 1953b, No. 119; Steel and Hulan 2010). The tune was re-harmonized in four parts in Supplement to the Kentucky Harmony, 1820, renamed Clamanda and attributed to "Chapin." This re-harmonization was the basis for Clamanda, page 42 in The Sacred Harp, 1844 to the present, from 1844-1911 reduced to three parts. In 1911 it acquired an Alto part unrelated to the Counter part written by Chapin; Warren Steel (web addenda to The Makers) says "Alto after W. M. Cooper, 1902."

Edited by B. C. Johnston, 2017: Measure 13, Tenor: first note changed from G to G#.