

CELEBRATING THE LIFE OF ROBERT F. JUDD

A tribute from Stephen Crist



As we come to the end of our celebration of Bob Judd's life, in a moment there will be the opportunity to sing a hymn together. But before we do so, I'd like to offer just a few words about this specific hymn and why it's especially appropriate for this occasion.

Bob was steeped in the Anglican tradition of Christianity. He was a chorister (a boy soprano), a lifelong Episcopalian, and he earned his doctorate at the University of Oxford. The words of this hymn originated in Victorian England. As you can see in the fine print at the bottom, they were penned by an English clergyman, Bishop William How, and first published in 1864. That was the same year as the first appearance of the children's hymn "Onward, Christian Soldiers," which shares some of the same kind of militaristic imagery, which I realize isn't everyone's cup of tea. The most strident of the original eight stanzas has been omitted here—"O may thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold, / fight as the saints who nobly fought of old." Generally speaking, though, the hymn is a simple prayer, addressed to Jesus.

The first reason why this hymn appears on the tonight's program is that it was one of Bob's favorites. Although I don't know for sure, I suspect that Bob's affection for this hymn may have had more to do with the grandeur of its tune than with its words. The music was composed by Ralph Vaughn Williams, and first published in the *English Hymnal* of 1906, for which Vaughn Williams served as musical editor. I was able to locate a copy of the first edition of the *English Hymnal*, and I'll be playing from it tonight. I'd like to think that Bob would approve.

The second reason why this song is important for our celebration tonight is that it was the closing hymn at the Rite of Burial and Mass of the Resurrection for Bob on August 29. So it provides a point of connection for those of us who wanted to be there, but who were unable to attend.

Finally, as many of you are aware, today's date—November 1—is widely observed in many Christian traditions as All Saints' Day, a festival in honor of all saints, known and unknown. As it happens, that's the occasion associated with this hymn—so in addition to being a favorite hymn that was sung at the end of Bob's funeral, it's liturgically appropriate for today.

I'm told that Bob was a great proponent of singing all the verses of hymns—so we'll sing seven of them, verses 1 and 2 and 6 and 7 in unison, and 3 through 5 in parts.



PROCESSIONAL

641

SUITABLE FOR USE IN PROCESSION

LINE NOMINE. (D. H. 10. 1.)
In unison time. $\frac{2}{4}$ 122.

Verses 1, 2, 3, and 5, 6.

VOICES IN UNISON.

Bishop W. W. How, 1823-97.

826

PROCESSIONAL

641 (continued)

HARMONY.

Verses 4, 5, and 6.

NOTE.—Verses 4 and 6 may be sung by the CHOIR ALONE.

A simpler Alternative TUNE to this HYMN is added below.

LUCCOMBE. (H. D. 10. L.)

Moderately slow. $\frac{2}{4}$ 84.

828

SUITABLE FOR USE IN PROCESSION

641 (continued)

For verses 1, 2, 3, turn to next page.

827

SUITABLE FOR USE IN PROCESSION

641 (continued)

NOTE.—Another tune to this hymn will be found in the Appendix.

Bishop W. W. How, 1823-97.

FOR all the Saints who from their labours rest,
Who these by faith before the world confess,
They name, O Jesus, be for ever blest.

All day?

2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou in the darkness drear their one true Light.3 O may thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the Saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.4 O blest communion! fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in thee, for all are thine.5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.7 But let these break a yet more glorious day;
The Saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of glory passes on his way.8. From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

829