

*S*ymphonic praise

Saturday 23rd September

St Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh

Sunday 24th September

Glasgow Cathedral, Glasgow

Programme

welcome

I don't think it's an exaggeration to say that, for many, singing together in church is one of the great joys of the Christian life.

And it is certainly true that the words we sing have an impact on our faith, our beliefs, and on our relationship to God. And for this reason it is of vital importance that the songs that we sing carry truth, and teaching about Him.

It is also important that the songs we sing should be sung to melodies that are simple, and straightforward to pick up: songs that are designed from inception to be sung by those who may not be musically trained, or capable of singing at the extremes of vocal ranges.

I'm sure we've all had the experience of being in church, and have the worship leader race around the song with his Ferrari-voice, showcasing his obvious talent and singing in the key that makes him feel great. Meanwhile, those of us in the congregation (and I include myself) struggle to keep up in our Fiat Punto voices. Often humming down the octave, jumping up when the melody goes down, and down when it goes up. Or simply giving up altogether and returning the church to pre-reformation days when the congregation simply observed the professional priestly class carry out the sacred rites at the front.

We need to return our churches to simple songs, sung in keys we can all manage, expressing deep truths of the faith. Songs that tell stories of His greatness, describe His glory, majesty, and grace. I, for one, am not interested in singing about me, or those around me, or repeating statements like "isn't He good" without being told why.

Bring me songs of the attributes and works of the King.

Colin Peckham
Ministry leader, Origin Scotland

Hosting free events comes with challenges! Hence the “donations when booking” model. We deeply appreciate everyone who has made a donation already. If you haven’t, and would like to, please see the box office staff at the door and they can take cash or card donations. Or scan the QR code on your phone to open our giving portal.

Symphonic Praise costs up to £4,000 to host. We’re here to serve the Lord, not to make money – even our full-time workers must raise their own support. But we must cover the costs.



Would you also consider becoming an **Origin Partner**? Support the ministry through regular monthly giving to either our general (programme costs) or staff funds. Email us or call for more info: 0131 541 0117 or info@originscotland.org

Welcome

Edinburgh
Colin Peckham
Ministry leader, Origin Scotland

Glasgow
Mark Johnstone
Minister, Glasgow Cathedral

Crown Him with many crowns

Words by Matthew Bridges (1800-94)

Music by George J Elvey (1816-93)

Arranged and orchestrated by Colin Peckham & Donald Cameron

Matthew Bridges was an Anglican clergyman in 1851. It is based on Revelation 19:12 ... "and on His head are many crowns" Each of the verses identifies a different aspect of God's character such as kingship, love and eternity.

Crown Him with many crowns, the Lamb upon His throne!
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns all music but its own.
Awake, my soul, and sing of Him who died for thee,
And hail Him as thy matchless King through all eternity.

Crown Him the Lord of life, who triumphed o'er the grave,
And rose victorious in the strife for those He came to save:
His glories now we sing, who died and rose on high;
Who died eternal life to bring, and lives that death may die.

Crown Him the Lord of love! Behold His hands and side.
His wounds yet visible above, in beauty glorified.
No angel in the sky can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye at mysteries so bright.

Crown Him the Lord of peace! Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease, and all be prayer and praise.
His reign shall know no end; and round His pierced feet,
Fair flowers of paradise extend their fragrance ever sweet.

Crown Him the Lord of years! The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres, ineffably sublime!
All hail! Redeemer, hail! For Thou hast died for me:
Thy praise shall never, never fail throughout eternity.

When morning gilds the skies

Words translated from the German by Edward Caswell (1814-78)

Music by Joseph Barnby (1838-96)

Arranged and orchestrated by Colin Peckham

When morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries:
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Alike at work and prayer
To Jesus I repair:
May Jesus Christ be praised!

Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Or fades my earthly bliss?
My comfort still is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
When evil thoughts molest
With this I shield my breast:
May Jesus Christ be praised!

Let all the earth around
ring joyous with the sound:
may Jesus Christ be praised!
In heaven's eternal bliss
the loveliest strain is this:
May Jesus Christ be praised!

Be this, while life is mine,
My song of love divine,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Sing this eternal song
Through all the ages long,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

Reading: 2 Corinthians 5:14-21

Heather Holdsworth

Christ is made the sure foundation

*Words Latin, 6th or 7th century, tr. J M Neale (1818-66)
Music WESTMINSTER ABBEY by Henry Purcell (1659-95)
Arranged and Orchestrated by Colin Peckham*

Christ is made the sure foundation,
Christ our head and cornerstone,
chosen of the Lord, and precious,
binding all the church in one,
holy Zion's help forever,
and her confidence alone.

To this temple, where we call You,
come, O Lord of Hosts, and stay;
come with all Your lovingkindness,
hear Your people as they pray;
and Your fullest benediction
speak within these walls today.

Grant, we pray, to all Your faithful
all the gifts they ask to gain,
what they gain from You, forever
with the blessed to retain,
and hereafter in Your glory
evermore with You to reign.

Praise and honour to the Father,
praise and honour to the Son,
praise and honour to the Spirit,
ever Three, and ever One,
one in might, and one in glory,
while unending ages run.

Yet not I but through Christ in me

*Words and music by Michael Farren, Rich Thompson & Jonny Robinson
Orchestrated by Colin Peckham*

City Alight released this sing in 2018 describing it as an exploration of one of the greatest mysteries of the Christian faith. Having Christ in us, we contend for the faith, but we contend with his power.

What gift of grace is Jesus, my Redeemer,
There is no more for heaven now to give.

He is my joy, my righteousness, and freedom;
My steadfast love, my deep and boundless peace.

To this I hold, my hope is only Jesus
For my life is wholly bound to His,
Oh how strange and divine, I can sing: "all is mine!"
Yet not I, but through Christ in me.

The night is dark but I am not forsaken,
For by my side, the Saviour He will stay.
I labour on in weakness and rejoicing,
For in my need, His power is displayed.

To this I hold, my Shepherd will defend me,
Through the deepest valley He will lead.
Oh the night has been won, and I shall overcome!
Yet not I, but through Christ in me.

No fate I dread, I know I am forgiven,
The future sure, the price it has been paid;
For Jesus bled and suffered for my pardon,
And He was raised to overthrow the grave!

To this I hold, my sin has been defeated,
Jesus now and ever is my plea.
Oh the chains are released, I can sing: "I am free",
Yet not I, but through Christ in me.

With every breath I long to follow Jesus,
For He has said that He will bring me home,
And day by day I know He will renew me,
Until I stand with joy before the throne.

To this I hold, my hope is only Jesus,
All the glory evermore to Him.
When the race is complete, still my lips shall repeat:
Yet not I, but through Christ in me.

Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus

*by William James Kirkpatrick, Canzetta Staton, Louisa M. Stead
arranged by Dustin Loehrs, Dan Galbraith & Colin Peckham*

This song was inspired by Louisa Stead's personal tragedy of losing her husband in a drowning accident. She found solace in trusting Jesus.

'Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus,
Just to take Him at His Word
Just to rest upon His promise,
Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord!"

*Jesus, Jesus, how I trust Him!
How I've proved Him o'er and o'er
Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus!
Oh, for grace to trust Him more!*

I'm so glad I learned to trust Him,
Precious Jesus, Saviour, Friend
And I know that He is with me,
Will be with me to the end.

In the garden

*Words and music: Charles Austin Miles (1868-1946)
Arranged and orchestrated by Colin Peckham*

I come to the garden alone,
While the dew is still on the roses;
And the voice I hear, falling on my ear,
The Son of God discloses.

*And He walks with me, and He talks with me,
And He tells me I am His own,
And the joy we share as we tarry there,
None other has ever known.*

He speaks, and the sound of His voice
Is so sweet the birds hush their singing;
And the melody that He gave to me
Within my heart is ringing.

I'd stay in the garden with Him
Tho' the night around me is falling;
But He bids me go; thro' the voice of woe,
His voice to me is calling.

All the way my Saviour leads me

Words by Francis Jane van Alstyne (Fanny J Crosby) (1820-1915)

Music by Robert Lowry (1826-1899)

Arranged and orchestrated by Colin Peckham

This hymn came from the grateful heart of Fanny Crosby after receiving a direct answer to prayer. She needed a certain amount of money for a particular purpose and was led to pray for it. Later that same day, a gentleman came to visit her and as he shook her hand placed in it the exact amount of money for which she had prayed.

All the way my Saviour leads me—
What have I to ask beside?
Can I doubt His tender mercy,
Who through life has been my guide?
Heavenly peace, divinest comfort,
Here by faith in Him to dwell!
For I know, whate'er befall me,
Jesus doeth all things well.

All the way my Saviour leads me—
Cheers each winding path I tread,
Gives me grace for every trial,
Feeds me with the living bread.
Though my weary steps may falter
And my soul athirst may be,
Gushing from the rock before me,
Lo! A spring of joy I see.

All the way my Saviour leads me—
Oh, the fullness of His love!
Perfect rest to me is promised
In my Father's house above.
When my spirit, clothed immortal,
Wings its flight to realms of day,
This my song through endless ages:
Jesus led me all the way.

Be Still

*Words and music by Rebecca Hardie
Arranged by Colin Peckham*

As I stand in the embers of the life I used to know,
The dreams I used to dream;
This was the life I gave You, Your plans should have prospered me,
Now I don't understand.

I hear You say "Be still and know that I am God",
Yet I turn away and try to make it on my own.

I've been fighting this fire for far too long now
Trying to hold onto what's mine.
I never thought that You'd want so much of me
When I gave you all I am.

I hear You say "Be still and know that I am God",
Yet I turn away and try to make it on my own.

And I know there's no more fighting You
As exhausted I kneel to pray.
And there in my surrender
New life begins to grow.

I hear You say "Be still and know that I am God",
And as I finally stop I feel the peace I've longed to know.

Reading: Psalm 31:1-7, 14-16, 24

Heather Holdsworth

I love You O Lord, You alone

*Words by Christopher Idle (b. 1938)
Music by Alistair Dewar (1985-2021)
Arranged and orchestrated by Colin Peckham*

This hymn, based on Psalm 18, was written and published in 1999. However, the melody we are singing today was written by Alistair Dewar for use in his church - Edinburgh North Church. Alistair was a director of Origin Scotland and served on the board from 2005-2021. This arrangement was written after he went to be with the Lord in August 2021 and is dedicated in his memory.

I love you O Lord, you alone,
My refuge on whom I depend;
My maker, my Saviour, my own,
My hope and my trust without end.
The Lord is my strength and my song,
Defender and guide of my ways,
My master to whom I belong,
My God who shall have all my praise.

The dangers of death gathered round,
The waves of destruction came near;
But in my despairing I found
The Lord who released me from fear.
I called for His help in my pain,
To God my salvation I cried;
He brought me his comfort again,
I live by the strength He supplied.

The earth and the elements shake,
With thunder and lightning and hail;
The cliffs and the mountaintops break
And mortals are feeble and pale.
God's justice is full and complete,
His mercy to us has no end;
The clouds are a path for His feet,
He comes on the wings of the wind.

My hope is the promise he gives,
My life is secure in His hand,
I shall not be lost, for He lives!
He comes to my side, I shall stand!
Lord God you are mighty to save;
Your Spirit will spur me to pray;
Your son has defeated the grave;
I trust and I praise you today.

Christ is mine forevermore

*Words and music by Jonny Robinson & Rich Thompson
Arranged and orchestrated by Colin Peckham*

Mine are days that God has numbered;
I was made to walk with Him,
Yet I look for worldly treasure
And forsake the King of kings.

But mine is hope in my Redeemer:
Though I fall, his love is sure,
For Christ has paid for every failing:
I am His forevermore.

Mine are tears in times of sorrow,
Darkness not yet understood.
Through the valley I must travel
Where I see no earthly good.

But mine is peace that flows from heaven,
And the strength in times of need;
I know my pain will not be wasted,
Christ completes his work in me.

Mine are days here as a stranger,
Pilgrim on a narrow way,
One with Christ I will encounter
Harm and hatred for his name.

But mine is armour for this battle,
Strong enough to last the war,
And he has said he will deliver
Safely to the golden shore.

And mine are keys to Zion city,
Where beside the King I walk.
For there my heart has found its treasure:
Christ is mine forevermore

Come rejoice now, O my soul,
For his love is my reward;
Fear is gone and hope is sure,
Christ is mine forevermore!

And mine are keys to Zion city,
Where beside the King I walk.
For there my heart has found its treasure:
Christ is mine forevermore.

It is well (responsive reading)*Words by Horatio Spafford (1828-88)**Music by Philip Paul Bliss (1838-76)**Arranged and orchestrated by Colin Peckham**Psalm 46:1-3*

When peace like a river attendeth my way,
 when sorrows like sea billows roll;
 whatever my lot You have taught me to say,
 "It is well, it is well with my soul."

Psalm 46:7-9

Though Satan should buffet, if trials should come,
 let this blest assurance control,
 that Christ has regarded my helpless estate,
 and has shed His own blood for my soul.

Hebrews 10:12-17

My sin - O the bliss of this glorious thought -
 my sin - not in part - but the whole
 is nailed to His cross; and I bear it no more:
 praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul.

Hebrews 10:19-23

For me be it Christ, be it Christ, hence to live!
 If Jordan above me shall roll.
 No pang shall be mine, for in death as in life,
 You will whisper Your peace to my soul.

*Psalm 46:10,11**Hebrews 10:24-25**(Please stand)*

But Lord, it's for You - for Your coming we wait,
 the sky, not the grave, is our goal:
 O trump of the angel! O voice of the Lord!
 Blessed hope! Blessed rest of my soul!

It is well with my soul,
 it is well, it is well with my soul.

Man of Sorrows

*Words and music: Philip P Bliss (1838-76)
Arranged and orchestrated by Colin Peckham*

Man of Sorrows! what a name
For the Son of God, who came
Ruined sinners to reclaim.
Hallelujah! What a Saviour!

Bearing shame and scoffing rude,
In my place condemned He stood;
Sealed my pardon with His blood.
Hallelujah! What a Saviour!

Guilty, vile, and helpless we;
Spotless Lamb of God was He;
"Full atonement!" can it be?
Hallelujah! What a Saviour!

Lifted up was He to die;
"It is finished!" was His cry;
Now in Heaven exalted high.
Hallelujah! What a Saviour!

When He comes, our glorious King,
All His ransomed home to bring,
Then anew His song we'll sing:
Hallelujah! What a Saviour!

Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious

*Words by Thomas Kelly (1769-1855)
Music REGENT SQUARE by H Smart (1813-79)
Arranged and orchestrated by Colin Peckham*

Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious;
See the Man of sorrows now;
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to Him shall bow;

*Crown Him! Crown Him!
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Crowns become the Victor's brow.*

Crown the Saviour! Angels, crown Him!
 Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
 In the seat of power enthrone Him,
 While the vault of heaven rings:

*Crown Him! Crown Him!
 Crown Him! Crown Him!
 Crown the Saviour King of kings.*

Sinners in derision crowned Him,
 Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
 Saints and angels crowd around Him,
 Own His title, praise His name:

*Crown Him! Crown Him!
 Crown Him! Crown Him!
 Spread abroad the Victor's fame.*

Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
 Hark! those loud triumphant chords!
 Jesus takes the highest station;
 O what joy the sight affords!

*Crown Him! Crown Him!
 Crown Him! Crown Him!
 King of kings, and Lord of lords!*

Fanfare and Processional: All creatures of our God and King

By Camp Kirkland

O praise the name

*Words and music by Marty Sampson, Ben Hastings, & Dean Usher
 Arranged and orchestrated by Colin Peckham*

This anthem was the result of a collaboration of three contemporary Christian composers, who desired to create a piece of music that would emulate great hymns of the past both in format and inspiration – a “How great Thou art” for the current age.

I cast my mind to Calvary
 Where Jesus bled and died for me
 I see His wounds, His hands, His feet
 My Saviour on that cursed tree

His body bound and drenched in tears
They laid Him down in Joseph's tomb
The entrance sealed by heavy stone
Messiah still and all alone

*O praise the name of the Lord our God
O praise His name forevermore
For endless days we will sing Your praise
Oh Lord, oh Lord our God*

And then on the third at break of dawn
The Son of heaven rose again
O trampled death where is your sting?
The angels roar for Christ the King
He shall return in robes of white
The blazing sun shall pierce the night
And I will rise among the saints
My gaze transfixed on Jesus' face

Chorale Prelude on 'Dundee'

Charles Hubert Parry (1848-1918)

How great Thou art

Words by Carl Gustav Boberg (1859-1940) tr. Stuart K Hine

Music by Stuart Hine (1899-1989)

Arranged and orchestrated by Colin Peckham

The origins of this hymn may be found with Swedish pastor Carl Boberg around 1886. Boberg's inspiration is said to have come one day when he was caught in a thunderstorm on the southeastern coast of Sweden. The violence of the storm followed by the return of the sun and the singing of the birds left him falling to his knees in awe. It was originally translated from Swedish to German, then Russian.

An English missionary heard the song in Ukraine and translated it into English, adding a fourth verse. Subsequently it became a favourite at Billy Graham crusades.

O Lord my God! when I in awesome wonder
Consider all the works Thy hand hath made,
I see the stars, I hear the mighty thunder,
Thy power throughout the universe displayed:

*Then sings my soul, my Saviour God to Thee,
How great Thou art! How great Thou art!*

When through the woods and forest glades I wander
And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees.
When I look down from lofty mountain grandeur,
And hear the brook, and feel the gentle breeze;

And when I think that God His Son not sparing,
Sent Him to die - I scarce can take it in.
That on the cross my burden gladly bearing,
He bled and died to take away my sin:

When Christ shall come with shout of acclamation
And take me home - what joy shall fill my heart!
Then shall I bow in humble adoration
And there proclaim, my God, how great Thou art!

Toccata in E minor

Joseph Callaerts (1830-1901)

THANK YOU!

Artistic Director

Colin Peckham

Reader/Narrator

Heather Holdsworth

Soloists

Rebecca Hardie, Fiona Crow

Organ

Ciaran Walker

Choir

Hannah Smith, Heather Merriman, Lynn Deans, Maxyn Kingston (Soprano); Michalina Pawlus, Aga Idczak, Sarah Howgego (alto); Mark Gibson, David Lang (tenor); Stephen Porter, Stephen Pritchard (bass)

Orchestra

Rachel Flynn, Kevin Flynn (flute); Peter Graham (oboe); Lesley Crawford, Moyra Lowrie (clarinet); Brenda Duncan (bassoon); Daniel Heanes, Joanne Armstrong, Shona Simmons (horn); Alistair Neally, Bruce Davis, Scott Garman (trumpet); Emily Greenwood, John Muir, Richard Haydock (trombone), Bill Guyan (tuba); Kim Sladdin, Jane Parmentor, Jane Hume, Daya Rasaratnam, Moray Rumney, Helen Adamson, Hilary Jones, Carina Reynolds, Fiona Scott, Joshua Lowrie, Knox Haggie (violin); Claire Griffiths, Heather Drysdale, Anita Gaw, Neil McCornick (viola); David Munn, Tracy Curle, Caitlin Frew, Shona Jones, Rafal Wotek (cello); Catherine Frew, Lynn Kerr (double bass); Jamie Lang (piano); Lizzie Hughes (timpani); Gareth Kennedy, Peter Leslie, Cara Thompson (percussion)

**correct at time of print. Not all perform at both events.*

THANK YOU!

Band

David Biddulph (bass guitar); Fiona Crow, Raymond Donaldson (guitar);
Jon Asshton (cajón)

Sound engineer

Gordon MacGregor

Crew

Alistair McLeod, Ezra Koh, Erlend Scott, Adrian Holdsworth,
Dougie Lynn, Euen Lockie

Graphic Design

Marc Jones

Thanks

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this event, and to Margaret Langlands for catering for the musicians
and singers.



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