

# Hymn Night 03/25/2026

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Date: 25 March 2026

Preacher: Jamey Simmons

[ 0 : 00 ] Amen. All right, get those hymnals warmed up.

! I'm not sure if any of you know this book.

It's called Then Sings My Soul. It's by Robert J. Morgan, and it tells the story of some of the hymns. So I might take three or four of these and just read a quick page and talk about them a little bit.

Let's turn first to number 314 in the hymnal. 314, all hail the power of Jesus' name. 414, all hail the power of Jesus' name.

Let angels' blast him fall. Bring forth the royal diadem. And crown him, Lord, heal him.

[ 1 : 29 ] Bring forth the royal diadem. And crown him, Lord, heal him.

The chosen seed of Israel's grace He went some fall of hope.

Hail him, who saved you by his grace. And crown him, Lord, heal him.

Bring forth the royal diadem. He saved you by his grace. And crown him, Lord, heal him.

Let every king, let every tribe Call this to rest to be born.

[ 2 : 29 ] To him, O majesty, As one year, To him, To him, To him, To him, To him, And as he has come, and down here, here above.

Good. I'll read just a little quick thing about this, about this hymn. And that's a good one.

And I don't know if you noticed, when it says, bring forth the royal diadem, that, by the way, is a natural set of pitches that trumpets and French horns make without even having to change their valves.

So what's interesting about when a king would process, you would hear that kind of a trumpet call. Isn't that kind of an interesting? So this is talking about, what's that? They don't have to push any of the buttons.

So isn't that cool? So it's kind of a kingly thing to put at that part in the hymn. I like that. So this is a story, a little bit about this hymn.

[ 3 : 50 ] And the scripture it has in this book is, Who has gone into heaven and is at the right hand of God? Angels and authorities and powers having been made subject to him.

1 Peter 3, 22. In the November 1799 issue of the Gospel magazine, edited by Augustus Toplady, there appeared an anonymous hymn entitled, On the Resurrection, The Lord is King.

And it went like this. All hail the power of Jesus' name. Let angels prostrate fall. Bring forth the royal diadem and crown him Lord of all.

And the diadem, I believe, was the thing that a king would carry, right? And the author, it was later revealed, was Reverend Edward Perrinet.

Edward's Protestant grandparents had fled Catholic France, first going to Switzerland, then to England. Edward's father had become a vicar in the Anglican church, and Edward followed in his footsteps.

[ 4 : 57 ] For several years, they became allied with the Wesleys, who were great hymn writers also, right? Traveling with them and sometimes caught up in their adventures. In John Wesley's journal, we find this entry.

Edward Perrinet was thrown down and rolled in mud and mire. Stones were hurled and windows broken. In time, however, Edward broke with the Wesleys over various Methodist policies, and John Wesley excluded his hymns from Methodist hymnals.

Edward went to pastor a small independent church in Canterbury, where he died in 1792. His last words were, Glory to God in the height of his divinity.

Glory to God in the depth of his humanity. Glory to God in his all-sufficiency. Into his hands I commend my spirit. So that was the writer of that hymn.

Let's open up. This one will be familiar to all of us. A Sweet Hour of Prayer, 429. Let's read it on. Let us be proud of you.

[ 6 : 34 ] And build me at my Father's feet. Make all my minds and tears feel.

In seasons of distress and greed. My soul has looked for me.

And oft escaped the tender snare. By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

Sweet hour of prayer. Sweet hour of prayer. The winds shall not appear.

To give those truth and faithfulness. And make the way in sin to grace.

[ 7 : 44 ] And since he bids me see his face. Believe his word and trust his grace.

I'll cast on you my every year. And with the winds shall not appear.

That's a good one. Notice it didn't say sweet one minute of prayer. It says sweet hour of prayer.

That's a good goal.

The next one is, this should be familiar. This is one of my favorites. One, 184. And thank, by the way, thanks to you that requested some of these.

This is a good one. I'm sorry. 447. We're not, it's not the, not Advent. I'm sorry.

[ 8 : 48 ] I have to, I have to balance two sets of page numbers here. So excuse me. 447. It is well with my soul.

And we will do two verses of this. Let's sing. The Lord has given me to say, It is well, it is well with my soul.

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

It is well, it is well with my soul. Though Satan should know, and how trials should come.

That this must assure God's control. That Christ has been guarded by help, this is his name.

[ 10 : 40 ] It has shown his own way, with my soul. It is well, it is well with my soul.

It is well, it is well with my soul.

Good. And this has a, I don't know if you know the history behind this one. I'll just read this one.

This will be probably the last one I read.

When the great Chicago fire consumed the Windy City in 1871, Horatio G. Spafford, an attorney heavily invested in real estate, lost a fortune.

About that time, his only son, aged four, succumbed to scarlet fever. Horatio drowned his grief in work, pouring himself into rebuilding the city and assisting the 100,000 who had been left homeless.

[ 11 : 49 ] In November of 1873, he decided to take his wife and daughters to Europe. He was close to D.L. Moody and Ira Sankey and wanted to visit their evangelistic meetings in England, then enjoy a vacation.

When an urgent matter detained Horatio in New York, he decided to send his wife, Anna, and their four daughters, Maggie, Tanetta, Annie, and Bessie, on ahead.

As he saw them settled into a cabin aboard the luxurious French liner Ville du Havre, an unease filled his mind, and he moved them to a room closer to the bow of the ship.

Then he said goodbye, promising to join them soon. During the small hours of November 22nd, 1873, the Ville du Havre glided over smooth seas, and the passengers were jolted from their bunks. The ship collided with another vessel, and water poured in like Niagara. It tilted dangerously. It was a nightmare of unmeasured terror.

[ 12 : 59 ] Loved ones fell from each other's grasp and disappeared into the blackness. Within two hours, the mighty ship vanished beneath the waters. 226 fatalities included Maggie, Tanetta, Annie, and Bessie.

Mrs. Spafford was found nearly unconscious, clinging to a piece of wreckage. When 47 survivors landed in Wales, she tabled her husband, saved alone.

Horatio immediately booked passage to join his wife. En route, on a cold December night, the captain called him aside and said, I believe we're now passing over the place where the ship went down.

Spafford went to his cabin, but found it hard to sleep. He said to himself, it is well. The will of God be done. And he later wrote his famous hymn based on those words.

So he had, his response was to write a beautiful hymn that we all sing today, and we can just remember that even through storms, he is with us.

[ 14 : 07 ] Let's go on. Let's do number 453. Let's do number 453. Let's do number 453.

Let's do number 453.

