



General Topics :: Tender Love of Jesus - song

Tender Love of Jesus - song - posted by ginnyrose (), on: 2010/6/19 10:50

I was surfing the web for info and came across this song. The lyrics are rich. Listen and be blessed!

You can hear it at:

<http://www.cyberhymnal.org/htm/t/l/tlojesus.htm>

TENDER LOVE OF JESUS

Tender love of Jesus, so lovely and so pure;
Flowing thru this vessel to strengthen, fill and cure
All the doubt and turmoil that's caused by sin and shame,
Making me a witness to His most holy Name.
Yes, love, Christ's love, pure love, great love;
With joy my heart is singing, the things of life grow dim,
For Christ is love!

Thru the passing ages flowed down this love divine,
Lighting men and angels and causing them to shine,
What a heav'nly radiance, His glory from above,
Sunshine of the Spirit, the holy light of love.
Yes, love, Christ's love, pure love, great love;
With joy my heart is singing, the things of life grow dim,
For Christ is love!

Tender love from Heaven in Jesus came to live,
Showing us how God loves, and then His life to give;
Came to be a servant, with God's great pow'r and peace
Leads us to the Father, whose love will never cease.
God's love, sweet love from Heav'n above.
This love is like an ocean, its waves are reaching me;
Christ came this love to be.

Love is mine in Jesus, this Babe of Bethlehem,
Prince of Peace forever, the Christ, the great I Am.
Angels gave the message, and shepherds passed it on,
Love will be the story when Heav'n and earth are gone.
God's love, sweet love from Heav'n above.
This love is like an ocean, its waves are reaching me;
Christ came this love to be.

~Ruth Ems-wil-er and Mar-tha Mill-er, 1970; arranged by John J. Overholt, 1970

Re: Tender Love of Jesus - song, on: 2010/6/19 12:51

Hi Ginnyrose, very beautiful words indeed. I wonder if we did a poll of all those who came to Christ as adults, what would they say brought them to Christ? I am thinking of Jesus when He proclaimed and described His ministry.....

Luk 4:18 "The Spirit of the Lord is on Me; because of this He has anointed Me to proclaim the Gospel to the poor. He has sent me to heal the brokenhearted, to proclaim deliverance to the captives, and new sight to the blind, to set at liberty those having been crushed,

Luk 4:19 to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord."

I know that for me, who came to Christ when I was 26 that I am described above. I was poor, brokenhearted, captive and crushed. Now I am rich, I have a new heart, I am a free man and I am renewed. "Beware the angry watchmen," as Carte

r Conlon put it, that you do not preach the same Gospel as the Lord.....brother Frank

Re: History of the song "My Jesus , I love Thee" - posted by ginnyrose (), on: 2010/6/19 20:01

QUOTE:

"I wonder if we did a poll of all those who came to Christ as adults, what would they say brought them to Christ?"

This could be a very edifying thread - why don't you start it, Frank?

I was searching the web for the history of a hymn when I found the story below. I used it in our church bulletin. It blessed me. And since I had a little space left I did a search on SI's quotes tread and found a very appropriate one that goes with the testimony.

These two pieces blessed me - hope they will you, too.

ginnyrose

HISTORY of the SONG "MY JESUS I LOVE THEE"

This beloved hymn which so profoundly expresses the believer's love and gratitude to Christ, was written by a very young man, named William Ralph Featherston. (at times spelled Featherstone)

William was born on July 23, 1846 in Montreal, Canada. He was the son of John and Mary Featherston. Ralph's family were all members of the Wesleyan Methodist Church of Montreal. It has been told that young Featherston penned the words to this lovely hymn at the time of his conversion experience, when he was sixteen years of age. Though information about William Featherston is scarce it is believed that after it was written he sent the text to his aunt Mrs. E. Featherston Wilson living in Los Angeles, she quickly asked for its publication. The original copy of this much loved poem, in the author's boyish handwriting, is still a cherished treasure in the family. Strangely, however, the hymn text appeared anonymously with a different tune in an English hymnal, The London Hymn Book, published in 1864.

A Protestant Minister once related the following story regarding this hymn "My Jesus I Love Thee," to a large audience in one of the Rev. E. P. Hammond's meetings in St. Louis.

"A young, talented and tender-hearted actress was passing along the street of a large city. Seeing a pale, sick girl lying upon a couch just within the half-open door of a beautiful dwelling, she entered, with the thought that by her vivacity and pleasant conversation she might cheer the young invalid. The sick girl was a devoted Christian, and her words, her patience, her submission and heaven-lit countenance, so demonstrated the spirit of her religion that the actress was led to give some earnest thought to the claims of Christianity, and was thoroughly converted, and became a true follower of Christ. She told her father, the leader of the theater troupe, of her conversion, and of her desire to abandon the stage, stating that she could not live a consistent Christian life and follow the life of an actress. Her father was astonished beyond measure, and told his daughter that their living would be lost to them and their business ruined, if she persisted in her resolution. Loving her father dearly, she was shaken somewhat in her purpose, and partially consented to fill the published engagement to be met in a few days. She was the star of the troupe, and a general favorite. Every preparation was made for the play in which she was to appear. The evening came and the father rejoiced that he had won back his daughter, and that their living was not to be lost. The hour arrived; a large audience had assembled.

The curtain rose, and the young actress stepped forward firmly amid the applause of the multitude. But an unwonted light beamed from her beautiful face. Amid the breathless silence of the audience, she repeated:

'My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine;
For Thee all the follies of sin I resign;
My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art Thou;
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.'

This was all. Through Christ she had conquered and, leaving the audience in tears, she retired from the stage, never to appear upon it again. Through her influence her father was converted, and through their united evangelistic labors many were led to God.

~http://www.biblestudycharts.com/HH_My_Jesus_I_Love_Thee.html

Shun all the wretched foolishness and corruption--of light, silly, and amorous songs; on the same principle that you would shun books of the same nature. Sacred music is the true refuge of the Christian. I wish your ears, your hearts, and your tongues were often tuned to such melodies. The play-house, the opera, and the concert-hall--have deluged our society with perversions of the heavenly art of music. Music was designed to lead the soul to heaven--but the depravity of man has greatly corrupted God's merciful design for music. -- Legh Richmond

Re: THERE'S NO DISAPPOINTMENT IN HEAVEN - posted by ginnyrose (), on: 2010/6/23 21:15

Here is another beautiful song "There's No Disappointment in Heaven".

This song is just beautiful if sung a cappella - the alto leads the melody in the refrain.

It can be heard here: <http://www.cyberhymnal.org/htm/t/h/e/theresno.htm>

There's No Disappointment in Heaven

There's no disappointment in Heaven,
No weariness, sorrow or pain;
No hearts that are bleeding and broken,
No song with a minor refrain.
The clouds of our earthly horizon
Will never appear in the sky,
For all will be sunshine and gladness,
With never a sob or a sigh.

Refrain

I'm bound for that beautiful city,
My Lord has prepared for His own;
Where all the redeemed of all ages
Sing "Glory!" around the white throne;
Sometimes I grow homesick for Heaven,
And the glories I there shall behold;
What a joy that will be when my Savior I see,
In that beautiful city of gold.

We'll never pay rent for our mansion,
The taxes will never come due,
Our garments will never grow threadbare,
But always be fadeless and new,
We'll never be hungry or thirsty,
Nor languish in poverty there,
For all the rich bounties of Heaven
His sanctified children will share.

Refrain

There'll never be crepe on the doorknob,
No funeral train in the sky;
No graves on the hillsides of glory,
For there we shall nevermore die.
The old will be young there forever,
Transformed in a moment of time;
Immortal we'll stand in His likeness,

The stars and the sun to outshine.

Refrain

~written by Frederick Lehman, 1914; he wrote these words in Chi-ca-go, Il-li-nois, while suf-fer-ing fi-nan-cial re-vers-es

Re: Tender Love of Jesus - song - posted by Lydo (), on: 2010/6/24 6:24

Hi Ginnyrose, Hi Appolus,
Thank you very much for what you posted on this page.
It was very blessed and encouraging.

I too want to post the lyrics of a poem that I heard yesterday in church.
I know it will be a blessing to all who read.
I don't know who wrote it, but it is lovely.

"In the secret of His presence"

In the secret of His presence how my soul delights to hide!
Oh, how precious are the lessons which I learn at Jesus'side!
Earthly cares can never vex me, neither trials lay me low;
For when Satan comes to tempt me, to the secret place I go,
To the secret place I go.
When my soul is faint and thirsty, 'neath the shadow of His wing
There is cool and pleasant shelter, and a fresh and crystal spring;
And my Savior rests beside me, as we hold communion sweet:
If I tried, I could not utter what He says when thus we meet,
What He says when thus we meet.

Only this I know: I tell Him all my doubts, my griefs and fears;
Oh, how patiently He listens! and my drooping soul He cheers:
Do you think He ne'er reproves me? What a false Friend He would be,
If He never, never told me of the sins which He must see,
Of the sins which He must see.

Would you like to know the sweetness of the secret of the Lord?
Go and hide beneath His shadow: this shall then be your reward;
And whene'er you leave the silence of that happy meeting place,
You must mind and bear the image of the Master in your face,
Of the Master in your face

Re: - posted by ginnyrose (), on: 2010/6/24 8:08

Lydo,

Beautiful! Glad you posted this song...

Hiding under the shadow of Jesus brings up a memory, one so sweet and precious.

Ever see a hen protecting her chicks? When danger threatens the chicks will run to her, get under her body and she will cover them with her wings. To the ignorant it looks like an huge chicken sitting there when in reality she may have a lot of chicks seeking shelter there. Occasionally you will see a chick or two poke its head out from under the hen to check out the environment...so cute...and these chicks look so safe and secure and content...

Blessings,
ginnyrose