

# WITH ONE VOICE

Discovering Christ's Song  
in Our Worship

REGGIE M. KIDD



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# 1

## “A RED GUITAR, THREE CHORDS, AND THE TRUTH”

### *Why We Sing*

**A** theology that cannot be preached is not worth having,” I once heard a preacher declare. I can’t argue with that. Truth that can’t be applied isn’t worth bothering about. It’s what was right about philosopher Søren Kierkegaard’s claim that “truth is subjectivity”—the whole premise of Christianity is that to do us any good God’s love had to come down from heaven, right here to where we live.

Here’s a corollary to the preacher’s quip: a theology that cannot be *sung* is not worth having either. Authentic Christian faith is not merely believed. Nor is it merely acted upon. It is sung—with utter joy sometimes, in uncontrollable tears sometimes, but it is sung. “Words and music did for me what solid, even rigorous,

religious argument could never do, they introduced me to God, not belief in God, more an experiential sense of GOD”—that’s the way Bono, lead singer of the band U2, puts it.<sup>1</sup>

What is it about singing that takes us beyond mere belief or behavior?

Think of singing as a language that allows us to embody our love for our Creator. Song is a means he has given us to communicate our deepest affections, to have our thoughts exquisitely shaped, and to have our spirits braced for the boldest of obediences. Through music, our God draws us deeper into a love affair with himself.

“Do you love me?” What a moment it is when Tevye sings these words to his wife, Golde, in *Fiddler on the Roof*. Their oldest daughter has turned her parents’ world upside down by telling them she plans to marry a man of her choosing rather than theirs. Stunned at such world-shaking bravado, Tevye realizes he can no longer take anything for granted. He looks at his wife of twenty-five years as though she were a stranger. He has to know: Have we simply been acting the part? With his musical question, “Do you love me?” he acknowledges a profound reality: acts of love are important to a relationship, but no less vital is the embodiment of that love in words.

No, it’s not enough that for twenty-five years Golde has cooked her husband’s meals, washed his clothes, milked his cows, shared his bed, and given him children. To his poignant, “Then you love me?” Tevye needs to hear Golde’s (superbly understated), “I suppose I do.” The song that passes between them bears a sacramental message: behind the cooking and the milking and the birthing, there is after all something exotic and mysterious.

That’s the way it is with God and us. The singing makes our covenant relationship more than a mere contract. It is a mysteriously romantic intimacy as well.

Love, to be love, requires “fleshing out,” and just as we could speak of Jesus as being God’s incarnate song of love to us, the love

we have for God is made incarnate in our songs. Our songs are the way we bring ourselves to him. They're the way we answer his, “Do you love me?”

I will never forget the intimacy of a night God and I spent in my '63 Rambler on a roadside somewhere in rural—very rural—Virginia. My brave little car had broken down trying to get me home from college. Since we had limped pretty far off the interstate, there were no Holiday Inns in sight. My surroundings reminded me of the then current movie *Deliverance* (released 1972), about outsiders' misadventures in Southern backwoods. Even so, the only thing I could think to do was to stay in the car overnight. The road was dark and narrow, and headlights kept whizzing by. It was unsettling. Late into the night, my guitar and I explored psalms: “As a father pities his children, so the LORD pities those who fear him” (103:13 RSV) . . . “Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? Or whither shall I flee from thy presence?” (139:7 RSV). In the midst of the words—sung out into what Simon and Garfunkel had mistakenly called “darkness, my old friend”—God showed up. And I knew for myself what David meant when he praised God as One who was “enthroned on the praises of Israel.”

Would God have been there without my songs that night? Of course. But his presence would have been lost on me. That's my point. Song shapes our love for him and makes us “there” to his “thereness.” That's why he asks, “Do you love me?” Not because he doesn't know but because he delights in our pleasure in him.

### **The Bible: A Biography of Song in the Church**

In the biblical history, ironically, music begins outside the covenantal line as God's gift to nonbelieving Jubal.<sup>2</sup> But song eventually comes to mark the most significant of moments in the relationship between Israel and Yahweh, Israel's redeeming Lord. In fact, over the course of Old Testament history, singing

emerges as a sure gauge of Israel's relationship to the Lord and the progress of her redemption.

Yahweh parts the Red Sea and the children of Israel sing, play instruments, and dance. Just before Yahweh takes them across the River Jordan, lest they forget what is going on, Moses teaches the Israelites a song about who is waging the upcoming campaign of conquest. Singing gets built into the covenant relationship both as fortification for battle and as warning against faithlessness.<sup>3</sup>

The warrior-poet David is dubbed "Sweet Singer of Israel."<sup>4</sup> He becomes both musical soul-soother to his predecessor Saul and designer of the sound system for a temple to be built by his own son and successor Solomon. There is a grain of truth in novelist James Michener's notion that, before David, Israel's faith is more austere and less lyrical.<sup>5</sup> With David's songs, a God who is invisible shows the shape he can take in the human heart. The One whose story of redemption from sin seems abstract compared to the Baals' earthy guarantees of procreation and harvest becomes more accessible. It soon becomes apparent that Israel's whole faith venture will take on a new flavor in the way that David has bared his soul before God through his psalms. His songs become the impetus for a generations-long project: hymn writers and collectors embody Israel's story and emotional life in the book of Psalms.<sup>6</sup>

Once the Israelites build the temple, God's glory cloud shows up as though in answer to the people's chorus and orchestra. In war, Judah sends a choir before, or rather instead of, the army, singing, "Give thanks to the LORD, for His lovingkindness is everlasting!" Increasingly, the prophets of the Old Covenant point to a future in which a new and final exodus will call forth "a new song" of deliverance and victory. As a result, in the latter stages of Old Testament revelation, God himself claims to be the prime Singer, exulting in his joyful victory over his people's enemies and quieting them in his love.<sup>7</sup>

Singing continues in the New Testament. Mary’s Magnificat sounds the overture of the New Song Symphony to the God who keeps covenant with his people and extends his mercy to the nations. Jesus maintains that while John the Baptist came to teach a dirge of judgment, by contrast he (Jesus) came to lead a dance of joy. Accordingly, the Gospel writers lace their teachings about who Jesus is with lines from Israel’s songbook. On his way to his arrest, Jesus pauses to sing a hymn with his disciples.<sup>8</sup>

In the first of many trips to prison for telling of Jesus’s death and resurrection, the apostle Paul sings hymns. Paul tells Christians to fill their time together with song. In fact, his letters are so laced with poetry, scholars are still trying to figure out whether he composed hymns himself or whether he was so filled with his churches’ worship that their songs thrust their way into his writing.<sup>9</sup>

In the book of Revelation, the apostle John sees the worship that is going on in heaven. Accordingly, he challenges churches on the earth, struggling as they are with persecution from without and faithlessness from within, to take their bearings from heaven’s worship, and especially from songs that trumpet the triumph of the Lion/Lamb (Revelation 5). In anticipation of the sweet resolution of a new heaven and a new earth, John climaxes his book with a fourfold “Hallelujah Chorus” in triple forte at the wedding feast of the Lamb (Rev. 21:1–2; 19:1–10).

For two millennia, Christians have sung their theology—from catacombs to dorm rooms, and from cathedrals to football stadiums. Every distinctive shape the faith takes finds its own musical voice. Ambrose’s robust trinitarianism both created and was supported by the florid hymnody of the church of fourth-century Milan. Gregorian chant both bespoke a quest of a spiritual music for the church and announced the ascendancy of the medieval church. In the sixteenth century, Martin Luther trumpeted his newfound grace as much through broadsheets and hymns as

through sermons and books. Along the way, preachers and songsters have paired off, and sometimes the songsters have shaped the message as much as the preachers: John Calvin and Louis Bourgeois, John and Charles Wesley, Dwight Moody and Ira Sankey, Billy Graham and Cliff Barrows. The evangelical uprising that began right after World War II and persists into the beginning of the third millennium is characterized as much by its “praise and worship” as by anything else. When groups think about starting new churches, they are as anxious to establish their “sound” as they are their message.

God is in the process of reclaiming our lost planet, and we who know the Redeemer are at the center of the action. Singing suits the way things are. As a result, Christians have been irrepressible singers from day one. If I believed that “all we are is dust in the wind,” I, unlike the rock group Kansas, would have a hard time dressing the situation up with song. My motto would be, “Stuff happens, and then you die.” If I believed that at the base of reality lay pure chance, I’d have to wave a butane lighter in salute of John Cage’s “music” of random sound, instead of wishing the whole corpus could be torched. As it is, however, I believe that what J. R. R. Tolkien said is true: every fairy tale is a foreshadowing or an echo of the biblical drama—we were lost, and then we were found. Praise and thanks come unbidden to the surface of my being—and precisely in the unbiddenness of my singing lies its rightness.

A song will illustrate. One of my coworkers teases me: “I always know it’s you coming down the hall, because I hear the music first.” I can’t imagine it’s a pretty thing, but I am an incorrigible singer, hummer, and whistler. My neighbors must get irritated, because whenever I mow my grass I find myself singing—and you have to sing loudly to hear yourself over a lawnmower. When I mow, the one song that forces itself into my consciousness more than any other is this, a folk hymn written in the 1860s and added to in the 1950s:

My life goes on in endless song, above earth's lamentations.  
 I hear the real, though far-off hymn, that hails a new creation.  
 Above the tumult and the strife, I hear its music ringing.  
 It sounds an echo in my soul. How can I keep from singing?

When tyrants tremble, sick with fear, and hear their death-knell  
 ringing,

When friends rejoice both far and near, how can I keep from  
 singing?

In prison cell and dungeon vile our thoughts to them are winging.

When friends by shame are undefiled, how can I keep from  
 singing?

What though my joys and comforts die, the Lord my Savior  
 liveth.

And though the darkness round me close, songs in the night he  
 giveth.

No storm can shake my inmost calm while to that Rock I'm  
 clinging.

Since Christ is Lord of heaven and earth, how can I keep from  
 singing?<sup>10</sup>

Composed in the middle of a most uncivil Civil War and reshaped during the Cold War and its attendant paranoia, this is a hymn of courage in the face of tempest and darkness and tyrants. Launched though it is from a wounded and lamenting earth, it is nonetheless a song of hope in the Christ who lives. Despite the tendency to blunt the song's theology in most performances these days,<sup>11</sup> the original verses by Anne Warner are explicitly Christian: “The Lord my Savior liveth . . . Since Christ is Lord of heaven and earth . . . The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart.” Thus, when Noel Paul Stookey sings it, he tellingly sings of “*the new creation*,” recalling the apostle Paul's claim that Christ's work has made old things yield to God's new creation. When my friends at Northland Church decided to record the song they added a

chorus to articulate the song the singer can't help but sing: "Singing, glory, glory to the Lamb."<sup>12</sup>

My absolute favorite version of the song is Eva Cassidy's kicking "gospel" rendering.<sup>13</sup> She sang it while she was trying to fight off the malignant melanoma that would eventually take her life. Perhaps that's why she sings with an urgency most who take up this song don't have. I know that there are different kinds of "prison cells" and "dungeons vile," and that melanoma—which I too contracted—is one of them. I know therefore that the gift of a song in the night does keep the darkness back, if barely—"Dear God, do not let my children grow up without a father." And I know that a response of unbidden song rings true because, and only because, Christ is indeed Lord of heaven and earth. I hope this was Eva Cassidy's hope—it is mine, for though my cancer was found at a much earlier stage than hers and appears to have been treated successfully, I know that the "far-off hymn" isn't as far off as it was pre-cancer. I know in a way I didn't before that Christ's victory over the grave promises "new creation." More importantly, I know that in the worst of my fears I can't keep from singing; death and hell have been plundered.

This hymn is a parable of the entire history of song in the church. It explains why we are such a singing lot. My friend Richard Pratt wrote a book about biblical interpretation called *He Gave Us Stories*. I was tempted to title this book *He Gave Us Songs, Too*. For, from the very beginning, God has been orchestrating a grand drama, the reclamation of his lost creation—and in operatic fashion, he has used his people's singing to carry the story line.

### The "Fifth Voice"

Barbershop quartet singers claim that when their voices blend just right, they hear a "fifth voice." That aural illusion created by harmonics is, I believe, a divine whisper of something that is

absolutely true of our singing when we gather in worship. For the Bible says that in the church Jesus is singing hymns to the Father (Heb. 2:12) and that, in fact, he is our Worship Leader (Heb. 8:2, literally, “Liturgist”). It is important for us to sing so we can hear that “fifth voice.”

I said earlier that we sing because song is a gift that connects us to God—when we sing our theology, we own it more personally. But it’s not enough to say that our singing connects us to God—somehow, it connects *him* to *us* too. I also said that we sing because to do so fits reality—song is an appropriate, even an unavoidable, response to the Christian story line. But there’s more: God has written his Son into the story line as lead Singer. It’s as though we were the congregation in a cosmic call-and-response spiritual, where the Leader’s voice lays out a line, and we the congregation sing it back. This means we sing so we can sing *with* Jesus.

The Bible has been called “the greatest story ever told.” It could also be called “the greatest song ever sung.” It’s a song of a Warrior-King who is intent on winning back his beloved from her false suitors and exulting over her with loud singing (Zeph. 3:17). It’s a song of a Son-King who wails, “My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?” as he goes into exile for his beloved-turned-harlot. It’s a song of his rising to claim a purified bride and leading a *Jubilate Deo* to the Father of all (Heb. 2:12).

When Paul tells his churches to “let the word of Christ dwell . . . richly” among them by means of “psalms, hymns and spiritual songs” (Col. 3:16 NIV), he’s inviting them to do more than use music as a “warm-up” to the sermon. The song is not ornamentation; it is participation in the very redemption of all creation. It plays its own role in God’s showcasing his saving power before humans and angels (Eph. 3:10).

The singing Paul talks about is more than a duty. It’s more than a warm-up. It’s a sacred activity, by which God’s life and

ours interpenetrate. When we sing, we are not alone. We join a song our Savior is singing, and our singing is a sharing in his reclamation of our lost race.

I believe that much of the difficulty we face in the church stems from the fact that we think it's all about us—our tastes, our preferences, our principles. So we debate styles, genres, levels of participation, and levels of volume. When we factor in the other Singer as well—this Singing Savior—our conversations, I submit, will take on a different tone.

### **Music as Mission**

To recapitulate, we need to sing our theology because song is a means by which we relate to God, because song makes sense given the Christian view of reality, and because our singing is a participation in the very song of God. Further, we need to sing for the sake of a world that has lost the ability even to dream that the Christian vision might be true.

Disbelief today is not a function of logic; it stems from a loss of imagination. When a college student is told by her professor that Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John cannot be read as literal truth anymore, it's not the supporting evidence he offers that does her in. Nobody has found Jesus's bones in a tomb. No scandalous news bulletin is "just in" on the apostles. It's the professor's imperious tone of voice—and the fact that when our student looks around the classroom she sees no hands raised in dissent. She doesn't know anybody whose life is governed by the Gospels. Her soul has been shaped entirely outside the reach of places or people of soulcraft, like churches or ministers. Arguably the chief icon-maker of her day, Walt Disney, taught her to "wish upon a star" but not to pray to a living God.<sup>14</sup> This is what theologian David Kelsey means when he says that faith is faltering because "plausibility structures"

have decayed<sup>15</sup>: “authoritative community” has been in decline, and a culture of disbelief has taken over. The facts haven’t changed. The things that make the Christian hope thinkable have changed.

As though to anticipate a day like ours, Paul wrote that the church is the “pillar and support of the truth” (1 Tim. 3:15 NASB). He meant that God’s people, gathered in life, in belief, and in worship, are his “plausibility structure.” God’s people—loving one another, submitting to a common life, praising his name, and telling his story—are the case God makes to a watching world, both visible and invisible (see Eph. 3:10).

I believe that in our day it’s as important to help people “see” from their inner being again as it is to rehearse evidence that “demands a verdict.” Prove to a person who believes chance is king that a dead man came back to life, and you’re likely to get a shrug: “Hey, anything can happen. So what?” Embody the faith in a living community, and the dead indeed rise.<sup>16</sup> Sometimes we simply need to tell our story and sing our song. As Bob Dylan put it:

Many try to stop me, shake me up in my mind,  
 Say, “Prove to me that He is Lord, show me a sign.”  
 What kind of sign they need when it all come from within,  
 When what’s lost has been found, what’s to come has already  
 been?<sup>17</sup>

In the face of the deconstruction of the Christian view of reality, the great cultural task of Christians is the reclamation of the imagination. This needs to be worked out across a broad front—from the way Christians conduct themselves in the marketplace and in politics to the way they educate the next generation and shape their churches. As vital as anything is the way they engage the arts: painting, sculpture, literature, poetry, cinema, dance, architecture, and, of course, music.

For many people today, music is as close to God as they ever get. “Music is the young person’s religion,” offers a local minister, explaining why his ministry rents a bar on Saturday nights and pumps out the tunes.<sup>18</sup> Once more, I like Bono’s verbal craftsmanship: “Music is Worship; whether it’s worship of women or their designer, the world or its destroyer, . . . whether the prayers are on fire with a dumb rage or dove-like desire . . . the smoke goes upwards . . . to God or something you replace God with . . . usually yourself.”<sup>19</sup>

In such a world, it seems lame to admit, “All I got is a red guitar, three chords, and the truth. . . . All I got is a red guitar, the rest is up to you,” as Bono ad-libbed to Dylan’s “All Along the Watchtower.”<sup>20</sup> But, really, as fractured and skeptical as our world is, and as inadequate as our song seems to be, it’s enough that our “smoke goes upwards” to the God who is and ever shall be.

Music opens the imagination to the possibility that what we see is not all there is. Felix Mendelssohn composed no religious works until he encountered Bach’s *Passion According to St. Matthew*—after that, his work was God-soaked. Our singing says clearly that all other loves are idolatries without love of God. And it’s not just the world “out there” who needs to hear that song; Christians can be as imagination-challenged as anybody.

I went to graduate school to test my faith in the truthfulness of the Bible against nonbelieving scholarship. I am not foolish enough to think that my faith emerged intact because I am so smart. What sustained me was worship with my brothers and sisters. Invading my reading Monday through Friday were Sunday’s worshiping faces and voices. The faces were points of accountability. The voices made the Christian vision imaginable. The songs we shared kept my spirit from wilting.

It was the gospel music wafting out onto the street from “a ramshackle building with a cross on top” that got writer Anne

Lamott to look inside. She joined in on the “glorious noise” long before she could even stand to listen to a sermon:

Something inside me that was stiff and rotting would feel soft and tender. Somehow the singing wore down all the boundaries and distinctions that kept me so isolated. Sitting there, standing with them to sing, sometimes so shaky and sick that I felt like I might tip over, I felt bigger than myself, like I was being taken care of, tricked into coming back to life.<sup>21</sup>

Christian belief is necessarily sung because when we sing it we own it better, because we just can't help ourselves, because singing puts us in the company of the Savior himself, and because it's part of what “tricks” those he's still after into coming back to life.

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In the following chapters, I hope to take us further into why our relationship with God can be deepened through song. In chapter 2, we will look at the book of Psalms—there is no better source for finding words to let us respond to who God is and what he does for and in us. All by itself, the Psalter is a concise telling of Israel's story: one long pilgrimage from suffering to glory—it's our story as well. In a most amazing way, each generation of believers finds its experience of God enhanced by these songs.

In chapter 3, we will look at David's life—for good reason he was called Israel's “Sweet Singer.” He is the clearest example ever to emerge—in the Bible or since—of a person whose relationship with God was shaped by song. As composer, proto-guitarist, singer, and sponsor of the book of Psalms, he has much to teach us about clinging to God in hard times, celebrating the victories he gives us, and pursuing his presence always.

One of David's psalms, the 22nd, receives closer examination in chapter 4, and that for two reasons. First, in this recounting of

a time when God miraculously delivered him from attack, there is a perfect crystallization of Israel's journey from shame to fame. And second, in this psalm we find that David pointed to another singer, One who would sing of the deeper shame of the cross and rise to the greater fame of his resurrection. Psalm 22 introduces us to our Singing Savior.

From there, in separate chapters (chapters 5 and 6), we will explore how Jesus Christ takes up both sides of Psalm 22: the lament of abandonment and the chant of victory. It is no small thing to know that in the deepest sadness I will ever know, One has come to take my side—he sings a blues deeper than I can imagine and comforts me in my most desperately lonely moments. And there is nothing better—nothing—than knowing that the risen Christ lives right now in heaven, singing over his people—singing over me—with love. We all need to know much, much more fully the pleasure of joining his song.

In the final chapters (chapters 7 through 10), we will look at the rich texture—the timbre—of the Singing Savior's voice. Psalm 22 anticipates Jesus singing in a "great assembly" that includes Jew and Gentile, rich and poor, those who have already died and those who have yet to be born. It is a breathtaking panorama. Because those voices give Jesus's voice its special tonal quality, we have reason to think about how we may honor his voice by valuing one another's.

## NOTES

### Chapter 1 “A Red Guitar, Three Chords, and the Truth”

1. Bono, Introduction to *Selections from the Book of Psalms* (New York: Grove Press, 1999), ix.

2. Genesis 4:21. For more on Jubal, see chapter 8, pp. 138.

3. Exodus 15:1–21 for the song at the Red Sea; Deuteronomy 31:30–32:43 for the song that precedes the crossing of the River Jordan.

4. See 2 Samuel 23:1, where David is described as “the man raised up as the ruler chosen by the God of Jacob, Israel’s beloved singer of songs” (NET Bible). This last phrase, *ne’im zamirôt yisrā’el*, means something like the sweetness (or pleasantness or loveliness) of the songs of Israel, yet most translators consider it to be a description of David himself, in parallel with his being God’s champion (*haggēber*) and messiah (*mešīh*). David is Israel’s ruler and the embodiment of her rich life of song. My rendering as “Sweet Singer of Israel” is a conflation of NASB’s, NKJV’s, and ESV’s “sweet psalmist of Israel” and NET’s “Israel’s beloved singer of songs.” The conflation was suggested to me by James A. Michener’s use of it in *The Source* (New York: Random House, 1965), 263.

5. *Ibid.*, 257 (in general, the chapter “The Psalm of the Hoopoe Bird,” 199–273).

6. For the complementary portraits of David as “Sweet Singer” and as Architect of Praise, see chapter 3.

7. For God’s glory cloud at the temple dedication, see pp. 69 and 2 Chronicles 5:11–14. Second Chronicles 20:14–25 narrates Jehoshaphat’s sending singers “out before the army” of Judah. At their song, the Lord “set ambushes against

the sons of Ammon, Moab, and Mount Seir, who had come against Judah; so they were routed” (v. 22 NASB). Isaiah promises that beyond her exile as punishment for sin, Judah will experience a new exodus and a new song in celebration thereof (e.g., 42:10–13; 43:1–7). Similarly, Zephaniah looks beyond Judah’s exile to her return to Jerusalem where Judah sings with joy and God sings over her with love (3:14–20).

8. Mary’s Magnificat, Luke 1:46–55; John the Baptist’s and Jesus’s respective contradictions of people’s expectations, Luke 7:31–35. From the medieval carol “Tomorrow Shall Be My Dancing Day” to Steven Curtis Chapman’s “Lord of the Dance,” believers have sung of Jesus’s incarnation and redemptive mission under the metaphor of a “dance.” Justification for doing so lies in the cryptic terms of the proverb Jesus introduces at Luke 7:31–32: “To what then will I compare the people of this generation, and what are they like? They are like children sitting in the marketplace and calling to one another, ‘We played the flute for you and you did not dance; we wailed, and you did not weep.’” If I may unpack the explanation that follows: No, Jesus had not come (though John the Baptist had) to sing a prophetic jeremiad and to weep over how awful sinners were (v. 33). Instead, Jesus had come to start the dance of deliverance for gluttons, drunks, tax collectors, and sinners; and the “righteous people” should have been playing their flutes to accompany his dance (vv. 34–35). For examples of the way Israel’s psalms anticipate Jesus’s identity in Matthew’s Gospel alone, see Matthew 13:35—Psalm 78:2; Matthew 21:9; 23:39—Psalm 118:26; Matthew 21:16—Psalm 8:2 (and compare Matthew 11:25); Matthew 22:44—Psalm 110:1. Jesus sings a hymn before going to the Mount of Olives, Matthew 26:30.

9. Paul sings hymns in prison, Acts 16:25. Paul’s instructions to sing, Ephesians 5:19; Colossians 3:16 (see note 1 in chapter 2). On the matter of the hymnic nature of Paul’s writing, see pp. 111.

10. I have merged texts from several versions, with that printed in Joseph Hillman’s *The Revivalist* (1868) serving as my baseline; Anne Warner’s original lyrics are ca. 1864. Noel Paul Stookey performs it on his 1979 *Band & Bodyworks* (Newworld Media). Enya does a two-stanza version on her 1991 *Shepherd Moons* CD (Time Warner). Tim Manion, formerly of the St. Louis Jesuits, does a three-stanza version on his *There Is a River* (Phoenix: North American Liturgy Resources, 1985). The melody is by Rev. Robert Lowry (ca. 1864). Doris Plenn added the verse—“When tyrants tremble sick with fear”—to honor friends imprisoned during the McCarthy period (Peter Blood-Patterson [ed.], *Rise Up Singing* [Bethlehem, PA: A Sing Out Publication, 1988], 43).

11. Most singers know the last line as “Since love is Lord of heaven and earth, how can I keep from singing?”

12. *How Can I Keep From Singing: A Northland Worship Album* (Northland foundation for the Arts CD 0100-2 © 2000).

13. “How Can I Keep From Singing,” *eva by heart* (Blix Street Records CD G2-10047 © 1997).

14. See Mark Pinsky, *The Gospel According to Disney: Faith, Trust, and Pixie Dust* (Louisville: Westminster John Knox Press, 2004), 1.

15. David Kelsey, *The Uses of Scripture in Recent Theology* (Philadelphia: Fortress Press, 1975).

16. See the chapter “Apologetics: From Rationalism to Embodiment,” in Robert Webber’s *The Younger Evangelicals: Facing the Challenges of the New World* (Grand Rapids: Baker, 2002), 94–106.

17. Bob Dylan, “Pressing On,” Special Rider Music (© 1980), recorded by Dylan in 1980 on *Saved* (Columbia CD CK 36553), and by the Chicago Mass Choir in 2003 on *Gotta Serve Somebody: The Gospel Songs of Bob Dylan* (Columbia CD CK 89015). All rights reserved. Used by permission.

18. Reported by Mark Pinsky, “Have Bible, Will Rock,” *The Orlando Sentinel*, April 5, 2003, E1.

19. Bono, Introduction to *Selections*, x, xi.

20. “All Along the Watchtower,” U2, *Rattle and Hum* (Island CD 422-842 299-2 © 1988).

21. Anne Lamott, *Traveling Mercies: Some Thoughts on Faith* (New York: Pantheon Books, 1999), 46, 48.

## Chapter 2 The Psalms

1. See Colossians 3:16; Ephesians 5:19. Concerning what Paul means by “psalms, hymns and spiritual songs,” I follow the general schematization laid out by Donald P. Hustad, *Jubilate II: Church Music in Worship and Renewal* (Carol Stream, IL: Hope Publishing Co., 1981, 1993), 146–148. Hughes Oliphant Old provides a profitable discussion of the way Old Testament psalms underlie the emergence in the New Testament of Christian psalmody (e.g., Mary’s song in Luke 1:46–55) and hymnody (e.g., Paul’s hymn to Christ in Colossians 1:15–20) (*Worship: Reformed According to Scripture* [Louisville: Westminster John Knox Press, revised and expanded 2002], 36–39). In an unpublished article (“Song in Worship: the Fruit of the Richly Indwelling Word of Christ”), Edmund P. Clowney contends, and I think rightly so, that by “spiritual songs” Paul means not only Spirit-prompted exclamations but also songs the church composes that are expressive of the “wisdom and spiritual insight” toward which Paul prays in Colossians 1:9.

2. Eugene Peterson, *Answering God: The Psalms as Tools for Prayer* (San Francisco: Harper Collins, 1991).

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