Be Still, My Soul

Jane L. Borthwick, 1855 (1813-1896)

Be still, my soul: the Lord is on thy side; Bear patiently the cross of grief or pain; Leave to thy God to order and provide; In every change he faithful will remain. Be still, my soul: thy best, thy heavenly Friend Through thorny ways leads to joyful end.

Be still, my soul: thy God doth undertake To guide the future as he has the past. Thy hope, thy confidence let nothing shake; All now mysterious shall be bright at last. Be still, my soul: the waves and winds still know His voice who ruled them while he dwelt below.

Be still, my soul: when dearest friends depart, And all is darkened in the vale of tears, Then shalt thou better know His love, His heart, Who comes to soothe thy sorrow and thy fears. Be still, my soul: thy Jesus can repay From His own fullness all He takes away.

Be still, my soul; the hour is hastening on When we shall be forever with the Lord, When disappointment, grief and fear are gone, Sorrow forgot, love's purest joys restored. Be still, my soul; when change and tears are past, All safe and blessed, we shall meet at last.

Stille, mein Wille!

Katharina von Schlegel, 1752 (1697-1768)

Stille, mein Wille! Dein Jesus hilft siegen; Trage geduldig das Leiden, die Not; Gott ist's, der alles zum Besten will fügen, Der dir getreu bleibt in Schmerzen und Tod. Stille, mein Wille! Dein Jesus wird machen Glücklichen Ausgang bedenklicher Sachen.

Stille, mein Wille! Der Herr hat's in Händen; Hält sich dein Herz nur im Glauben an ihn, Wird er den Kummer bald wenden und enden; Herrlich wird endlich, was wunderbar schien. Stille, mein Wille! Dein Heiland wird zeigen, Wie vor ihm Meer und Gewitter muß schweigen.

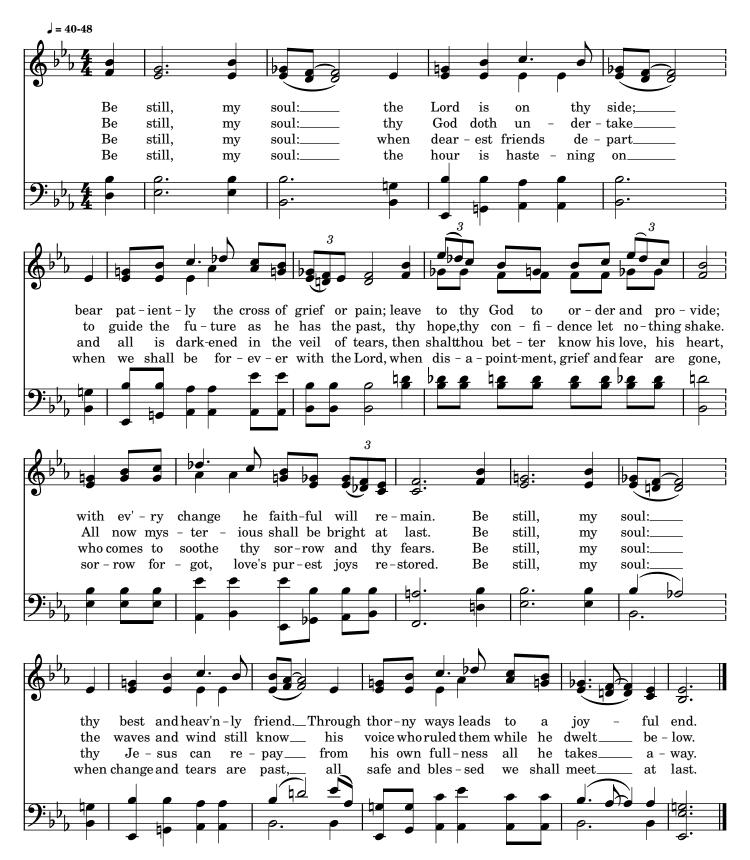
Stille, mein Wille! Wenn Freunde sich trennen, Die du so zärtlich und innig geliebt, Wirst du die Freundschaft des Höchsten erkennen, Der sich zum Eigentum treulich dir gibt. Stille, mein Wille! Dein Jesus ersetzet, Was dich beim Sterben der Liebsten verletzet.

Stille, mein wille! Es kommen die Stunden, Daß wir beim Herrn sind ohn' Wechsel der Zeit; Dann ist das Scheiden, der Kummer verschwunden, Ewige Freundschaft vergütet das Leid. Stille, mein Wille! Nach zeitlichem Scheiden Sehn wir uns wieder ohn' Schmerzen und Leiden. This special first print edition gifted by the composer to the Sanctuary Choir and Lawrence University Music Scholars of First Congregational United Church of Christ, Appleton, Wisconsin.

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text: public domain; original music: Joel "JD" Richard Jude Jicha

Be Still, My (hymn arrangement)



Words: Jane L. Borthwick Music: Joel R. Jicha

Be Still, My Soul

music by Joel Richard Jude Jicha poetic translation by Jane L. Borthwick (1813-1896) based on poem by Katharina von Schlegel (1697-1768)



Through thor-ny ways leads

to a

joy

best and heaven-ly

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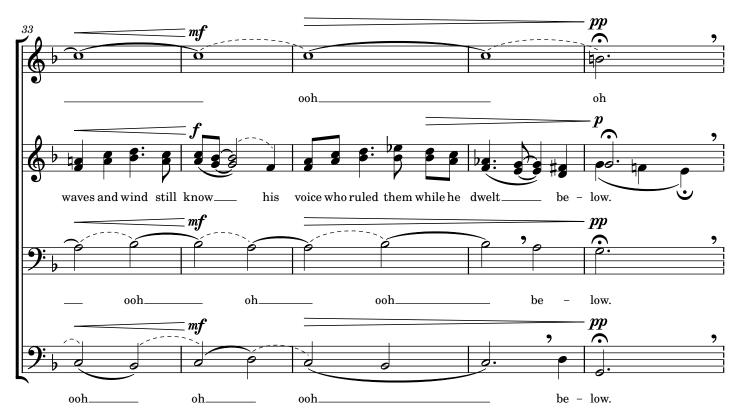
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All now mysterious shall be bright at last. Be still, my soul: the waves and wind still know his voice who ruled them while he dwelt below.
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convincing yourself,

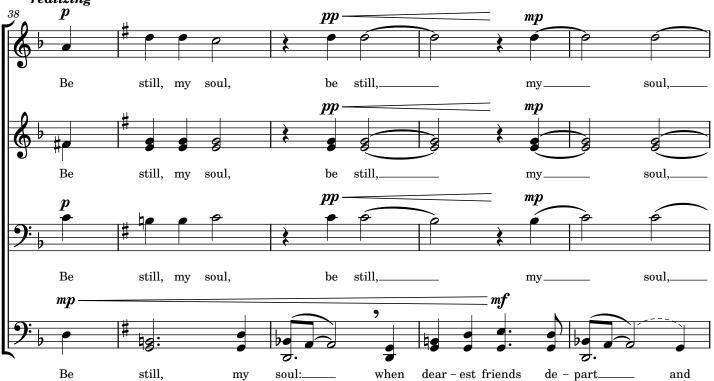


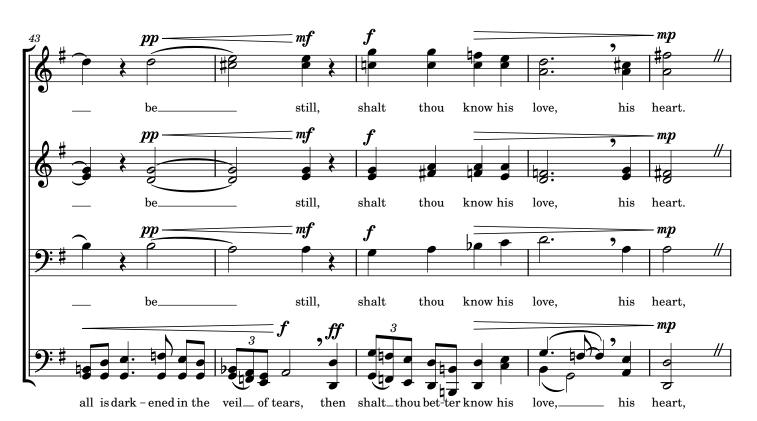




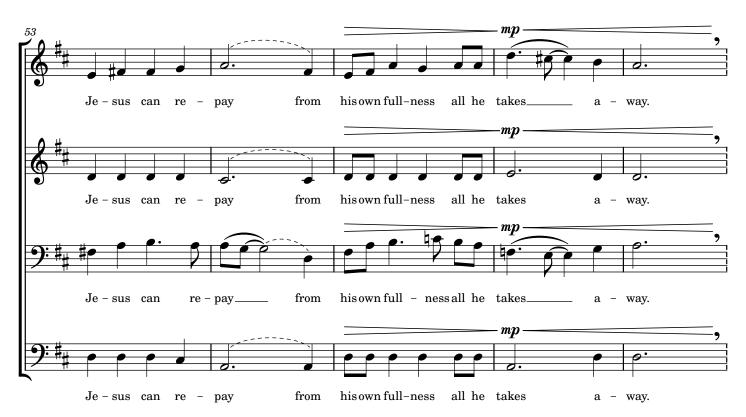
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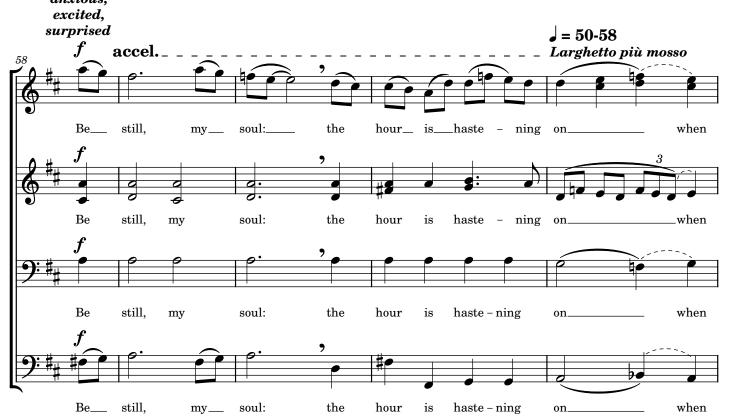






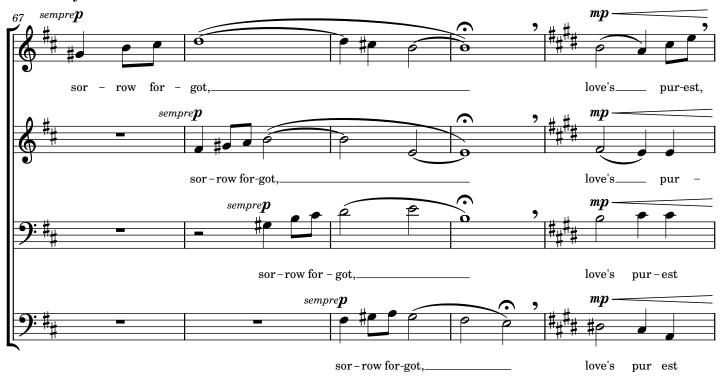


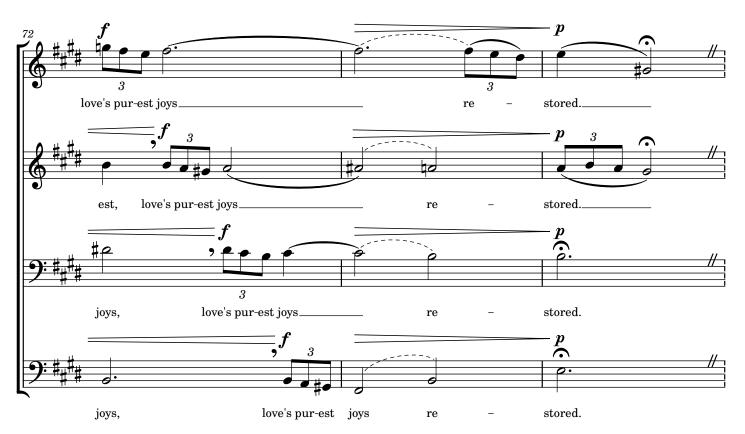
Be still, my soul: the hour is hastening on when we shall be forever with the Lord, when disappointment, grief, and fear are gone, sorrow forgot, love's purest joy's restored. Be still, my soul: when change and tears are past, all safe and blessed we shall meet at last. **anxious**,



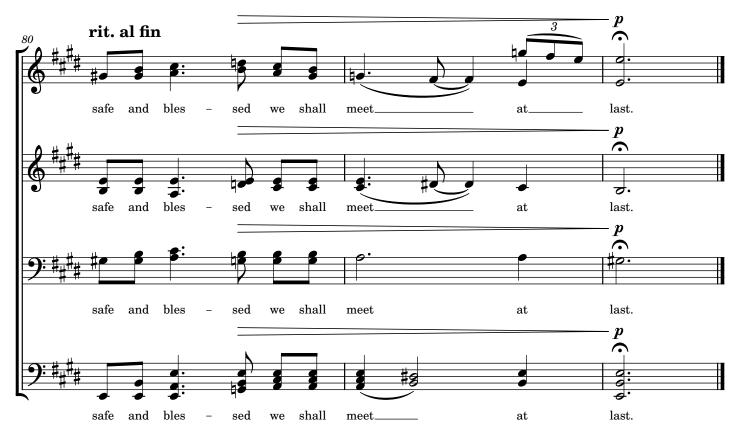


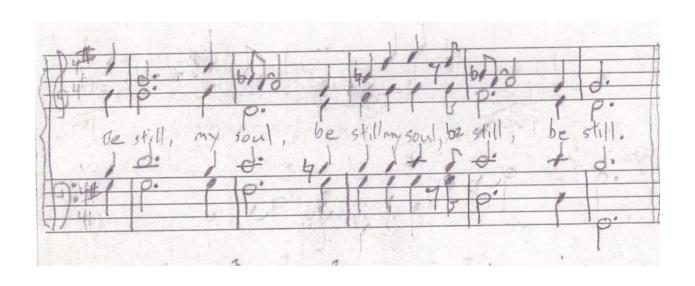
Tempo Primo absolutely astonished











Dear Beautiful Human:

I don't know about you, but I have experienced a lot of anxiety and depression in my lifetime ever since... um... birth, probably. As a young person facing frequent prejudice-based violence and verbal abuse both at school and at home, Jane Borthwick's words provided much-needed comfort: "the Lord is on thy side; bear patiently the cross of grief or pain...". My God remained faithful through my suffering and bolstered my confidence and motivation to survive, work hard, and let God give me hope for a mysterious but bright future. As as adult, through the deaths and departures of my closest friends, I was reminded that I may still discover divine love to fill the emptiness as I await our reunion beyond the "vale of tears." The final stanza of the poem has always been nearly inconceivable to me but is a description of something we must all seek. Can you imagine existing with a complete absence of disappointment, grief, and fear? Can you imagine what it would be like if you were incapable of remembering the feeling of sorrow? This is the promise of "love's purest joys" that we will receive after passing from this broken world. It is also a heaven we can create here on earth if only we all attempt to embrace one another. When we meet in a place that is safe for everyone, this is how we shall be blessed.

I discovered this poem as most choristers do, by performing one of the many versions set to the music of Jean Sibelius' "Finland, behold, thy daylight now is dawning..." from the 1899 tableaux Finlandia. While I love the tune, it was not written for Jane Borthwick's poetry. Therefore, I set myself the daunting task of crafting an original tune inspired by these beautiful words. After hard contemplation and a great many scribbles, I considered how I speak or sing these words to myself when I am in a state of extreme anxiety or depression. Obviously, this must be a blues song (with a bit of pentatonicism and modalism). So, when you are upset, triggered, anxious, fearful, depressed, or despairing, try to calm the tumult within you. When you have a severe case of the blues, tell yourself as I do: "Be still, my soul."

With Love, Joel "JD" Jicha