INTERDENOMINATIONAL HYMNS

In keeping with their tradition of using religious material from other cultures, the Doukhobors have borrowed hymns from Christian sects of non-Russian origin—the Mennonites, the Baptists, the Seventh Day Adventists, and so on. These are known as interdenominational hymns to distinguish them from the sectarian hymns borrowed from the strictly Russian sects such as the Molokans and the New Israelites. Since coming to Canada the Doukhobors have also acquired a sizeable body of material from other Christian sects. Such well-known hymns as The Old Rugged Cross and What a Friend We Have in Jesus have found their way into the repertoires of Doukhobor congregations both on the prairies and in British Columbia. Far from imitating the original sources, however, the Doukhobors have stamped these hymns with their own unique and inimitable style of singing. They have even borrowed material of English origin. I was amazed to hear a little girl sing in Russian a hymn entitled Father, Dear Father, Come Home with Me Now, a sentimental temperance song which the Doukhobors use as a didactic hymn to point out to children the evils of alcohol.

By and large, the interdenominational hymns have not the musical interest nor the literary import of the religious material of Doukhobor and Russian origin but sound rather flaccid and sentimental by comparison.

I Shall Tell to All Living People

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Расскажу я всем живущим, Как Христос мой пострадал, Как под бременем гнетущим На кресте Он умирал. Расскажу я всем живущим, Как Христос мой пострадал, Как Он всем, к Нему идущим, Мир и радость обещал.

Часто я не слышу зова
И блуждаю, как овца,
Но меня находит снова
Он с любовию Отца.
Я в борьбе с грехом был ранен,
Я устал и изнемог,
Взор был скорбью затуманен —
Он же мне во всем помог.

Мимо смерти прохожу я, Много зол в пути моем, Но пред ними не паду я, Их сражу святым мечом. Он берет меня за руку И опять вперед ведет; Я не знаю с Ним разлуку, Я не знаю с Ним забот.

Translation:

I shall tell to all living people
How my Christ once suffered,
How under an endlessly heavy burden
He died upon the Cross.
I shall tell to all living people
How my Christ once suffered,
How, to all who turned to Him,
He promised peace and joy.

Often I do not hear His voice
And wander around like a sheep,
But He finds me anew
With His fatherly love.
In the struggles with evil I was wounded,
I was tired and exhausted too,
My horizon was darkened by grief,
But He has helped me in all my needs.

I am passing death daily,
Many evils are on my path;
But I do not fall before them,
I will conquer them with my sacred sword.
He takes me by the hand
And leads me onward again;
With Him I know no estrangement,
With Him I know no troubles.

DATA:

This interdenominational hymn, sung by both the Mennonites and the Russian Baptists, was learned in Russia from these sources. This particular version was sung by one of the girls' choirs from Grand Forks, B.C. Notice how the melody remains as an inner voice despite the closeness of the harmony.



Young sisters from Grand Forks, British Columbia



Outdoor oven, still used in Kamsack, Saskatchewan