

# The Vicar's Hymnal 2010



The 2010 Lake Pepin Three Speed Tour

# I Sing a Song of the Chaps on Bikes

John Henry Hopkins Jr.



I sing a song of the chaps on bikes; \_\_\_\_\_ pa - tient and brave and  
They loved their three speed tour so well, and \_\_\_\_\_ this love \_\_\_\_\_ made them  
They lived not on - ly in a - ges past, there are gen - tle - men cy - clists



true, who ate and drank and \_\_\_\_\_ rode real slow on the ride they \_\_\_\_\_ loved and  
strong. They stayed well right for \_\_\_\_\_ safe - ty's sake for the whole of the two days  
still. The world is bright with the cy - cling chaps who \_\_\_\_\_ love to ride Bri - tish



knew. \_\_\_\_\_ One's name was Noel and an - oth - er was Jon, and \_\_\_\_\_  
long. And \_\_\_\_\_ one was a sai - lor and one was a priest and \_\_\_\_\_  
steel. You can meet them in pubs, or in lanes, or at sea, or in



then there was Dave and \_\_\_\_\_ don't for - get Ron! They are all of them Gen - tle -  
one was \_\_\_\_\_ chased by a fierce, wild \_\_\_\_\_ beast! And there's not a - ny rea - son,  
church, or in trains, or in shops, or at tea. For those chaps on \_\_\_\_\_ bikes are



men and I mean, chaps, help me to be one, too.  
no, not the least, why and I should n't be one, too.  
Nut - ters like me, and I mean to be one, too!

This year's **Blessing of The Bicycles** hymn is a change from our prior years' Amazing Gears, found elsewhere in *The Vicar's Hymnal 2010*. "I Sing a Song of the Chaps on Bikes" is based on "I Sing a Song of the Saints of God", the lyrics for which were written by Lesbia Scott (1989-

### **I Sing a Song of the Saints of God**

*(the original)*

I sing a song of the saints of God,  
patient and brave and true,  
who toiled and fought and lived and died  
for the Lord they loved and knew.  
And one was a doctor, and one was a queen,  
and one was a shepherdess on the green;  
they were all of them saints of God, and I mean,  
God helping, to be one too.

They loved their Lord so dear, so dear,  
and his love made them strong;  
and they followed the right for Jesus' sake  
the whole of their good lives long.  
And one was a soldier, and one was a priest,  
and one was slain by a fierce wild beast;  
and there's not any reason, no, not the least,  
why I shouldn't be one too.

They lived not only in ages past;  
there are hundreds of thousands still.  
The world is bright with the joyous saints  
who love to do Jesus' will.  
You can meet them in school, or in lanes, or at sea,  
in church, or in trains, or in shop, or at tea;  
for the saints of God are just folk like me,  
and I mean to be one too.

parents came, especially the lines in verse 3 about "in lanes or at sea or in church or in trains or in shops or at tea". For purposes of *The Vicar's Hymnal*, I just changed "school" to "pubs" and it works wonderfully.

Other references in the Vicar's version are to the founders of the Three Speed Tour, Jon Sharratt and Noel Robinson, and other notables such as David Brierly (the sailor) and Ron Grogg. The reference to those who love to ride British steel hearkens to the inscription on some Sheffield-built Dunelths saying "Ride Awheel on British Steel", the "awheel" being dialect for "awhile".

1986), the wife of a Royal Navy officer who wrote many songs for her children, including this one, meant to teach them about saints and encourage them to become saints as well, presumably through being good people rather than getting burned at the stake (St. Joan of Arc, the shepherdess on the green) or eaten by lions (St. Ignatius, tossed into the Coliseum for being a Christian). Lesbia (and there's a name you don't hear much these days) wrote the music, words and did the illustrations and in 1929 published "Everyday Hymns for Little Children". It made its way to the United States, where a retired Episcopal priest wrote the new tune ("Grand Isle") and it got into the 1940 Episcopal Hymnal. When the Episcopalians considered dropping it for the new 1982 Hymnal, there was a huge outcry and so the hymn remains. The Presbyterians, Methodists and the Book of Worship for United States Forces all also include this hymn.

Although Lesbia was British, this hymn is hardly known in Britain but is a huge favorite of longtime Episcopalians. The Vicar finds it deeply nostalgic for the 1950/60s England from whence his par-

# Oh Danny Boy (adapted)

Londonderry Air

Oh Dan - ny boy, come the bikes, the bikes are ri - ding down Thir - ty  
And if you come when all the flow'rs are dy - ing, and I am

3

Five to - wards old Wa - ba - sha. The win - ter's gone and all the weeds are  
gone, as gone I may well be. You'll come and find the place where I am

6

sprou - ting. 'Tis now 'tis we must go and we must ride. But come ye  
ri - ding a - long the migh - ty Miss - i - sip - pee. And I shall

9

back when sum - mer's in the mea dow, or when the val - ley's hushed and white with  
hear, 'tho soft you ride a - bove me on mea - dow lanes a - bove old Mai - den

12

snow. 'Tis I'll be here in Pe - pin or in Stock - holm. The Three Speed  
Rock. Your three speed cy - cles creak - ing down the road - way, but Coun - ty

15

Tour, of gosh I love it so.  
Dou - - - ble A's too steep for me.

**O Danny Boy** has been part of the Three Speed repertoire since we've started singing. The song is based on the words written by English lawyer Frederick Weatherly in 1910. As with many songs, the lyrics were originally written for a different tune, but Weatherly modified them to

### **O Danny Boy**

*(the original)*

Oh Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling  
From glen to glen, and down the mountain side  
The summer's gone, and all the flowers falling  
T'is you, T'is you must go and I must bide.  
But come ye back when summer's in the meadow  
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow  
and I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow  
Oh Danny boy, oh Danny boy, I love you so.

But when ye come, and all the flow'rs are dying  
If I am dead, as dead I well may be  
ye'll come and find the place where I am lying  
And kneel and say an "Ave" there for me.  
And I shall hear, tho' soft you tread above me  
And all my grave will warmer, sweeter be  
For ye will bend and tell me that you love me  
And I shall sleep in peace until you come to me.  
Oh Danny boy, oh Danny boy, I love you so.

The Vicar rewriting the words is in keeping with traditions for the song, for over 100 different verses are extant. The words work in the references to the springtime ride down the Wisconsin side, on Highway 35 towards Wabasha. The references to Maiden Rock and County AA are to the steep climb to the blufftops (the group to the right is on the approaches to the steep bits of County E in 2008) to visit the Maiden Rock outcrop itself, a lovely spot on the heights, while Stockholm and Pepin are towns along the route. So, turn on your most syrupy Irish tenor, take a last swig of Guinness, and let 'er rip!

work with "Londonderry Air" when his sister-in-law in America sent him a copy she had been given by some Australian miners working in the Colorado gold fields. The song, set with its new tune, was first recorded in 1915 and became very popular in the early part of the 20<sup>th</sup> century.

The song was originally intended to be sung by a woman to a man and in fact Weatherly suggested "Eily dear" for men to sing. However, it is usually sung by men and virtually always as "Danny Boy". Although written by an Englishman, it is considered by many North American Irish to be sort of an unofficial signature song. The exact circumstances of the departure in the song were left deliberately vague, and so there are many interpretations of what it means and what the relationship is between the singer and Danny Boy.



# Comfort, Comfort ye my People or, The Brooks Lament

Claude Goudimel (1514-1572)



Com - fort, com - fort ye my peo - ple. Ride on Brooks, thus saith our Jon.  
Hear the cy - clist's voic - es cry - ing on the high - way far and near.  
Make ye straight what long was crook - ed, Make the rough - er pla - ces plain;



Com - fort those who sit on lea - ther, mourn - ing 'neath their bot - tom's load.  
Break - ing in those brand new sad - dles, it on - ly hurts for 'bout a year.  
Leath - er seats will keep you hum - ble, — as be - fits the end - less pain.



Ride ye to old Wa - ba - sha, on Brooks it feels near twice as far!  
O, that warn - ing cry o - bey! Proof - hide your seat be - fore to - day!  
For the glo - ry of the Brooks, — which you bought just for its looks;



Tell him that my seat I cov - er 'til the rain - fall now is ov - er.  
Let the val - leys rise to meet you, and the hills bow down to greet you.  
And your flesh shall see the to - ken that the seat is nev - er bro - ken.

## Comfort Comfort Ye My People

*(the original)*

Comfort, comfort ye my people,  
speak ye peace, thus saith our God;  
comfort those who sit in darknes  
mourning 'neath their sorrows' load.  
Speak ye to Jerusalem  
of the peace that waits for them;  
tell her that her sins I cover,  
and her warfare now is over.

Hark, the voice of one that crieth  
in the desert far and near,  
calling us to new repentence  
since the kingdom now is here.  
O that warning cry obey!  
Now prepare for God away;  
let the valleys rise to meet him  
and the hills bow down to greet him.

Make ye straight what long was crooked,  
make the rougher places plain;  
let your hearts be true and humble,  
as befits his holy reign.  
For the glory of the Lord  
now o'er earth is shed abroad;  
and all flesh shall see the token  
that the word is never broken.



The original words to “Comfort Comfort Ye My People” were written by Johannes Olearius (1635-1711) in 1671, based on Isaiah 40:1, and later translated into English by Catherine Winkworth, (1829-1878). The tune is "Freu dich sehr" first published in the Genevan Psalter of 1551. It is a quirk of your Vicar that I am likely to be fond of most any tune that has survived from the 16<sup>th</sup> Century (time has a way of stripping away the worst of the dross) and this is one of my favorite hymns. Although written for Saint John the Baptist’s Day (June 24), it is usually sung during Advent, the beginning of the church year, the four weeks lead-ing up to Christmas (aka The Christmas Shopping Season) and a time of waiting.

My re-written version is all about the Brooks saddles and the trials and tribulations they represent. As it happens, I have ridden Brooks pretty much continuously since 1975 when my Motobecane 10-speed came with a Brooks Professional. I’ve added saddles when Brooks has looked terminal (1999?) and a couple of years ago even traded a bike I didn’t own for a B-17T I use on my main bicycle. Very savvy, the titanium rails shaving 100g off the saddle on a bike with a kickstand, fenders and two racks. Brooks work well for me, but they don’t for everyone, and the break-in period can be trying. On the 2008 Tour, Ellie was on a brand new B-18 tooled leather ladies unit (she’s seen on the left northbound from Wabasha on this saddle) and found it excruciating. That was the year this song first appeared on the Tour, and she said she thought it could have been written for her!

I’ve even written some baiku about Brooks saddles:

Stiff black leather taut  
Against my nether regions ouch  
A new Brooks saddle

Maybe we should do baiku readings next year?

# I Like to Jump Upon a Bike

Box & Cox, Gibson & Butler



Put me on a bi - cy - cle and I'm a hap - py chap, a tin of lu - bri -  
Al the week we work and work from ear - ly morn til night, but when the week-end



ca - ting oil, a span-ner and a map. — Up the hills and down the hills, and  
comes a - round there's lots of fun in sight. — Take a tip and try a trip up -



up the hills a - gain; and as the wheels go round and round, I'm sing-in' this re -  
on a pair of wheels; just jump in - to the sad - dle, see how won - der - ful it



frain: I like to jump up-on a bike, and ped-al a-round the coun - try -  
feels!



side. — I like to jump up-on a bike, a - long the o - pen



road I ride. — I — was cra - zy o - ver hi - king, but



now I'm hap - py when I'm bi - king. I like to jump up-on a



bike, and ped-al a-long, sing-ing a song, ov - er the coun - try - side.





## *A Note from the Vicar*

Music these days is too often thought of as something to be consumed, something purchased at \$0.99 per song on iTunes or half-listened to on the radio on the way to work. And live music, and especially live singing by groups, is becoming less common.

*The Vicar's Hymnal, 2010*, is my attempt to help change this. I am not a professional musician but am a longtime church choir member married to an experienced church Music Director. Singing in choir is a real delight, and our choirs are composed of ordinary people stretched beyond our own capabilities to sound much better as a group than we could possibly sound individually. There is much comfort in singing in a group! Public singing by groups other than church choirs seems to be getting less common, although in college at our dorm house had a regular series of songs we'd sing at house meetings, old chestnuts like "Chris Colombo", "Barnacle Balls the Sailor" and "The Twelve Erotic Days of Christmas". That really is where I started singing in public, and there was an infectious joy to those sessions before the house meetings each week. Having a howl during the Three Speed Tour is another opportunity for us ordinary people to have a good time. Have a beer or two to reduce inhibitions, grab a Hymnal, sing with gusto and enjoy!



The Vicar atop the Bay City Hill, 2009