

Hymn of the Week

December 30/31 • Christmas I/New Year's Eve

Grey Ashes Fall

Text: Rae E. Whitney.

Music: McGEHEE: David Ashley White, 1983 [tune named for the
Rev. Pittmann McGehee, former dean of Christ Church Cathedral, Houston]
EMBERS: Austin C. Lovelace, 1989

I wrote this poem while sitting alone by a dying fire in my parents' home on a New Year's Eve. I was then a student at the University of Bristol, and was at some kind of crisis in my life (now long forgotten!). It was first published under the title "Decision" in *Nonesuch*, Journal of the University of Bristol (1948-49). I never saw it as a hymn until Austin Lovelace did!

–Rae E. Whitney

Topics: Old Year/New Year

Publications

Fear Not, Little Flock, Vol. I (Selah, 2007)

With Joy Our Spirits Sing (Selah, 1995)

Grey Ashes Fall

Grey ashes fall where flames have burned,
and silence speaks where noise was dumb;
the present from the past has turned
to see the future come.

The past a heavy burden weighs,
and present debts hang still unpaid;
uncertain are the future days
to flourish or to fade.

The future comes, stirred by this life
new fire within the dust glows red,
till, overcoming death in strife,
bright flames rise from the dead.

Grey Ashes Fall

1 Grey ash - es fall where flames have burned, and si - lence
 2 The past a heav - y bur - den weighs, and pres - ent
 3 The fu - ture comes, stirred by this life new fire with -

speaks where noise was dumb; the pres - ent from the
 debts hang still un - paid; un - cer - tain are the
 in the dust glows red, till, ov - er - com - ing

past has turned to see the fu - ture come.
 fu - ture days to flour - ish or to fade.
 death in strife, bright flames rise from the dead.

Text: Rae E. Whitney, 1948.

Music: David Ashley White, 1983.

Text © 1991 and music © 1995 Selah Publishing Co., Inc.

Grey Ashes Fall

Unison

1 Grey ash - es fall where flames have burned, and si - lence
 2 The past a heav - y bur - den weighs, and pres - ent
 3 The fu - ture comes; stirred by this life new fire with -

speaks where noise was dumb; the pres - ent from the past has
 debts hang still un - paid; un - cer - tain are the fu - ture
 in the dust glows red, till, ov - er - com - ing death in

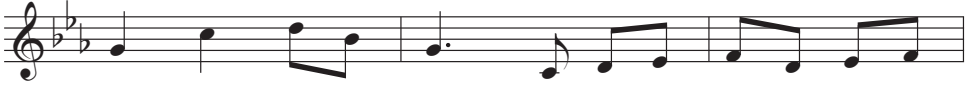
turned to see the fu - ture come.
 days to flour - ish or to fade.
 strife, bright flames rise from the dead.

Text: Rae E. Whitney, 1948.
 Music: Austin C. Lovelace, 1989.
 Text © 1991 and music © 1994 Selah Publishing Co., Inc.

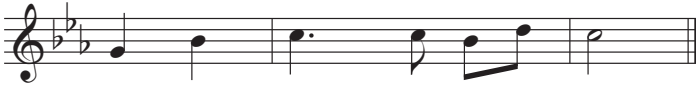
Grey Ashes Fall



1 Grey ash - es fall where flames have burned, and si - lence
2 The past a heav - y bur - den weighs, and pres - ent
3 The fu - ture comes; stirred by this life new fire with -



speaks where noise was dumb; the pres - ent from the past has
debts hang still un - paid; un - cer - tain are the fu - ture
in the dust glows red, till, ov - er - com - ing death in



turned to see the fu - ture come.
days to flour - ish or to fade.
strife, bright flames rise from the dead.

Text: Rae E. Whitney, 1948.

Music: Austin C. Lovelace, 1989.

Text © 1991 and music © 1994 Selah Publishing Co., Inc.