

Emma Frances Shuttleworth Bevan, 1827-1909.

Born: September 25, 1827, Oxford, England.

Died: February 13, 1909, Cannes, France.

Buried: Trent Park, London, England

Bevan was the daughter of Philip Shuttleworth, warden of New College at Oxford, and later bishop of Chichester, England. In 1856, she married Robert Cooper Lee Bevan, of the Lombard Street banking firm. She published several books translating German hymns into English.

Her works include:

Songs of Eternal Life, 1858

Songs of Praise for Christian Pilgrims, 1859

The Hymns of Tersteegen, Suso and Others, 1894

The Gospel According to Saint Paul

Translations

A Homeless Stranger Amongst Us Came
Allured into the Desert
Am I Not Enough, Mine Own?
Art Thou Weary, Sad, and Lonely
As the Bridegroom to His Chosen
As the Lily of the Valley
As the Song of Him Who Singeth
At the Lord's Right Hand There Are Pleasures
Bread That Camest Down from Heaven
Child of the Eternal Father
Christ Receiveth Sinful Men
Come, Children, On and Forward!
Draw Me to Thee
For Him the Wilderness Did Not Sing
From the Brightness of the Glory
From the Glory and the Gladness
From the Palace of His Glory
From the Rock That God Has Riven
Glorious and Solemn Hour
Glorious River of God's Pleasures
God in Heaven Hath a Treasure
God Is Present with Us
Hath Not Each Heart a Passion and a Dream?
He Found Me the Lost and the Wandering
Here on Earth a Temple Stands
His Priest Am I
How Good It Is, When Weaned from All Beside
"I Am Not"; O Words Unwelcome
I Go on My Way Rejoicing
I Was Journeying in the Noontide
I Would Bear in My Body the Dying
In Him We Live
In the Depths of His Bright Glory
In the Distant Land of Famine
In the Great and Terrible Wilderness
In the Paradise of Glory
In the World Ye Shall Have Tribulation
It Ends—The Vigil of High Festival
It Was on a Winter's Morning
Jesus, the One Unchanging
Let Him Lead Thee Blindfold Onwards
Man, Earthy of the Earth
'Midst the Darkness, Storm, and Sorrow
My Beloved, from Earth's Many Voices
Name of Jesus! Highest Name!
No More Veil! God Bids Me Enter

No Other Voice Than Thine
Now Have I Seen Thee and Found Thee
O Father! Not My Will, but Thine Be Done!
O God, a World of Empty Show
O God, Through Christ the Living Way
O Lord, in My Songs I Have Praised Thee
O Lord, the Most Fair, the Most Tender
O Name, the Psalm and the Music
O Past and Gone!
O Path Which No Eagle Knoweth
O That Thy Name May Be Sounded
Oft Comes to Me a Blessed Hour
Oh When Shall the Fair Day Break
On, O Beloved Children
One with Christ—Within the Golden City
Peace! O Restless Heart of Mine
Rise, Ye Children of Salvation
Soul, Journeying Through the Desert Wild
Still, O soul! The Sign and Wonder
Stillness Midst the Ever Changing
Sweet Shades and Fields That Glow with Summer Flowers
Sweet to Trace His Toiling Footsteps
Take Me, Jesus, to Thy Breast
The Evening Comes
The Hart Panteth after the Waters
The Land! The Glory of All Lands
The Little While! How Nearly Gone
There Is a Balm for Every Pain
There It Is Fair
There Sounds a Glorious Music
Thou Knewest Not Where to Lay Thy Head
Thou Sayest, "Fit Me, Fashion Me for Thee"
Thou Who Givest of Thy Gladness
To Heart and Soul How Sweet Thou Art
To Learn, and Yet to Learn
To Me to Live Is Christ
To Praise Him in the Dance!
To Thee, Lord, My Heart Unfoldeth
Wanderer, Rest Thy Weary Feet
We Slept—A Sleep of Death
We Thank Thee, Lord, for Weary Days
"Where Is a God?" Doth Weary Reason Say
Where Is the School for Each and All
Wherefore Goest Thou with Me?
Who Are These Who Come Amongst Us
Who are These Whose Faces Are Irradiate