

## PRAISE CHORUSES AND HYMNS

An old farmer went to the city one weekend and attended a large church. He returned home and his wife asked him how it was. "Well," said the farmer, "It was good. They did something different, however. They sang praise choruses instead of hymns." "Praise choruses," said his wife, "What are they?" "Oh, they're okay. They're sort of like hymns only different," said the farmer. "Well, what's the difference?" asked the wife.

"Well it's like this -- if I were to say to you: 'Martha, the cows are in the corn,' well, that would be a hymn. If on the other hand, I were to say to you: 'MARTHA, MARTHA, MARTHA, the cows, the big cows, the white cows, the brown cows, the black and white cows, the COWS, COWS, COWS are in the CORN, CORN, CORN,' Then if I were to repeat the whole thing two or three times, well, that would be a praise chorus."

Coincidentally, that same Sunday that the farmer was in the city, a young business man, from a contemporary praise and worship church was in the old farmer's town and visited the old farmer's church. He came home and his wife asked him how it was. "Well," said the young man, "It was good. They did something different, however. They sang hymns instead of praise songs." "Hymns," said his wife, "what are those?"

The young man said, "Well, it's like this -- if I were to say to you, 'Martha, the cows are in the corn,' well that would be a praise chorus. If, on the other hand, I were to say to you: 'Oh Martha, dear Martha, hear thou my cry, Incline thine ear to the words of my mouth. Turn thou thy whole wondrous ear by and by to the righteous inimitable, glorious truth. For the way of the animals who can explain: Yea those cows in glad bovine, rebellious delight have broken free their shackles, their warm pens eschewed. Then goaded by minions of darkness and night, They all my mild Chilliwak sweet corn have chewed. So look to that bright shining day by and by, where all foul corruptions of earth are reborn. Where no vicious animal makes my soul cry and I no longer see those foul cows in the corn.' Then, if I were to do only verses, one, two and four and do a key change on the last verse, well, that would be called a hymn."

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