

HYMNS FROM A HOSPITAL ROOM

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*for prayer
for praise*





These ordinary melodies and reflections were composed in the year 2018, penciled onto manuscript paper during the long hours spent within waiting rooms and the intensive care units of multiple hospitals. They are printed here for someone else, in another year, and in another hospital to have a song to sing.

PSALM 67:1

♩ : ♪ : ♫ : ♬ : ♭ : ♮ : ♯ : ♪ : ♫ : ♬ : ♭ : ♮ : ♯

Jason Dyba

Fm/E♭ Eb Fm/E♭ Eb Ab/C Ab Eb

May God be gra-cious to us and bless us and make His face to shine on us.

Fm/E♭ Eb Fm/E♭ Eb Ab/C Ab Fm⁷ Eb

May God be gra-cious to us and bless us and make His face to shine on us.

Alternate verses:

Though doubt be a thunder
and faith but a whisper
let it be faith enough for me.
[repeat]

As quick as I falter
Spirit, bring water
and surely my cup will overflow.
[repeat]

Behind and before me
ever surrounding
the cross be the center of my life.
[repeat]

And let us be certain
our God is working
all things for His glory and our good.
[repeat]

We welcome You, Jesus
come in and heal us
we pray in the power of Your name.
[repeat]

O Wonderful Maker
Beautiful Savior
O come make Your face to shine on us.
[repeat]

I NEED YOU



Jesus, in the sun and moon
Jesus, in the hospital room
Jesus, in the first communion
Jesus, in the long reunion
Jesus, in the all alone
Jesus, in I'm-coming-home
Jesus, in the greatest test
Jesus, in a baby's breath.

Jesus, in the summer days
Jesus, in the just okay
Jesus, in the sleepless hours
Jesus, in the falling towers
Jesus, in the speechless void
Jesus, in the tearful joy
Jesus, in I've-nothing-left
Jesus, in the final breath.

Jesus, in the bane and toll
Jesus, in the no-control
Jesus, in the never planned
Jesus, in the doctor's hand
Jesus, in a constant friend
Jesus, in the start again
Jesus, in the sit and rest
Jesus, in my every breath.

EVEN THOUGH // I WILL



Jason Dyba

D- F⁵ C/E F/A B^b% F D- F⁵ C/E F/A B^b

You will find me in the qui - et when the words to pray are lost; when
 You're the Sav - ior in the gar - den with the stain of ev' - ry tear; in the
 Thro' the val - ley of the sha - dow, You're the Sheph - erd of my faith; You a -

D- F⁵ C/E F/A B^b% Dm G⁻⁷ B^b² F

all my strength is emp - tied I will hold on to the cross. I will
 hou - rs of this dark - ness I can know that You are near. I can
 noint my head with oi - l, there is hea - ling in Your name. There is

B^b/D B^b F F⁴ F⁴ F

hold on to the cross. You're sov - ereign o - ver sor - row, bring - ing
 know that You are near. Who spoke the star - ry brill - iance, will You
 hea - ling in Your name. But if it's not in Your will, then

B^b/D F/C C D- F⁵ C/E F/A B^b% Dm

beau - ty from the bro - ken. E - ven though my song be sil - ent I will
 meet me in my mid - night? E - ven though the dawn is dis - tant I will
 still my soul with Your hand. E - ven though it's not as I wish, I will

G⁻⁷ B^b² F B^b/D B^b F

wor - ship e - ven then. I will wor - ship e - ven then.
 wor - ship 'til the light. I will wor - ship 'til the light.
 trust You e - ven then. I will trust You e - ven then.

MATTHEW 6:10

♩ ♪ ♫ ♬ ♭ ♮ ♯ ♯♯

Jason Dyba

E A E/G# A C#m A E

Your king - dom come and let Your will be done.

To Coda ◊

E A E/G# A C#m A/C# E

Your king - dom come and let Your will be done.

E E/G# A G#m A C#m B(add4) E

Your king - dom come and fill us with Your love.

E E/G# A G#m A C#m B(add4) E **D.C. al Coda**

Your king - dom come; breathe Hea - ven in - to us.

◊ A C#m B⁵ E

let Your will be done.

YOUR LOVE



Jason Dyba

G G Cmaj9 Cmaj9

Thun-der, Your love is thun - der; it wakes the dead_ heart with a song to_ sing._
Mer - cy with-out boun - daries; there is no____one who es-capes Your love.____ Oh, You

G G Cmaj9 Cmaj9

Won-der, I stand in won - der: You tra-ded Hea - ven to res- cue me, You res - cued me.
chase us when we are faith - less, un - re- len - ting, no, You don't give up, You don't give up.

G G C D(sus4) Em G

Oh____ how po-wer-ful how un-stop-pa-ble is Your love. Oh____

C D(add4) Em G C G/B C

You took the cross now I'm a-live be-cause of Your love Je- sus, oh____ **Fine**

C Em D G/B C Em D G/B C Em

Sva second time only
You have con- quered the grave, You have

D G/B C Em

o - pened the way; You are migh - ty to save! Hal - le -

D(sus4) D G/B C Em D G/B

lu - jah! You are Lord o - ver Man, You are co - ming a- gain; all of

C Em D(sus4) D G/B D(sus4) D C Em D G/B

1. dark-ness will end, Hal- le - lu - jah! You have lu - jah! 2. Oh____ **D.S. al Fine**

THE INVENTION OF WONDER



At 4:11 the baby arrived, quiet and listless — ten hopelessly tiny fingers dangling in the sterilized space, Lilliputian shoulders sinking into the sky blue latex of the doctor’s left hand, and without music. A nurse leaned over, lips pursed with question. The door was closed. A miniature oxygen mask rested on a stainless steel cart nearby, its thin plastic tubing pooling up beside it, awaiting its chance to kiss the mouth of the child — the child who had come early, too early, unexpectedly early, urgently early. In view of the human frame, the hospital room paused the way an acrobat pauses at the height of her routine, in the air, in the space between swings, between safety, between the collective breath of everyone under the tent, the circus gone silent. No movement, no sound.

Just one day earlier, the still-pregnant mother had skimmed through an electronic article about the viability of her unborn child at its current gestational age. It began with a celebratory line that read, "your child might survive if it was born today!" The blogger had composed it with pure intentions. Nonetheless, the mother had read it unaware that the piece (with its purple, suburban your-baby-is-now-the-size-of-a-Japanese-eggplant heading) was actually an omen — and now, in the delivery room, almost 3 months before the due date, its bouncy “your child might survive if it was born today!” announcement felt woefully indecisive, if not sinister — “might survive”?

All the clocks were asleep. The next few seconds took an hour to pass. Every torso began bending towards the foot of the bed, as if the two-pound newborn were a celestial body with its own unique gravitational pull, compelling the mooning hearts to draw closer and take notice. Even the walls were curious, leaning in... and the room became small.

To the untrained ear, the timbre of a hospital can be unnerving: the urgency of rubber-wheeled beds racing, high-pitched pulses from heartbeats and heart attacks, the foreign chatter of neosynepherine-add-dobutamine-patent-ductus-arteriosis-metastic-site-acetabular-fracture and the more familiar phrases we-can't-proceed-until... we'll-have-to-wait-until... we-won't-know-until... the hum of alarming mechanics, oscillators, compressors,

endless palliative repetitions, chemicals, drips, brightly-labeled gases pushing through tanks and tubes into noses and necks, every sudden unanticipated movement by the staff, by the monitor, by the laboring chest, and the muted epidemic of inquiries why-this? why-God? why-me? Every hospital conversation seems inappropriately loud or uncomfortably hush. None of the volumes are correct. Caring, concerned aunts and co-workers wade through the long corridors, the labyrinth of swishing magnetically-unlocking automated double doorways and alternating currents of shift-changing medical workers. There is laughter and unfiltered squeals, too, which only serves to exasperate those already bearing an extremity of emotion. But even these are much preferred to that one dreaded tone: the sound of nothingness – the absent song, the end of conversation, the after-goodbye, the empty sheets. Silence has long been the most unnerving sound of all because it is the sound of the dead.

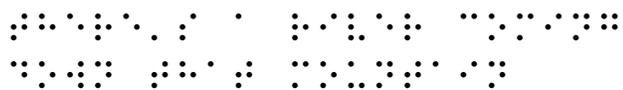
A light flickered, then dimmed. Clamping one of the red, translucent feet between his thumb and index finger, the doctor peered at the humble form – shuttered eyelids the breadth of rain drops – hoping that a firm stimulation might provoke the little mouth to gasp. The mother wished to weep. So did the angels. But there was no time. Before the terrible grief could be realized on the earth, the heavens interrupted. There, in the pale room, God breathed and the lungs of the child ballooned into motion.

The fragile lips parted and out came a solitary cry – a cry that swam through the air, sweeping around the doctor's uncombed hair, a gold-and-purple whimper that began like a muted cello and then swelled into a brassy dawning, a windstorm arrival, a dream crashing into the eardrums of the nurses, wrapping around the mother's bosom in its first embrace, assuring her, prompting her to glance at the clocks on the wall and see the little hands still ticking and the future still coming; it was a cry that rang and rose until the delivery ward was flooded with its shrill celebration, soaking into the floors, the cabinets, seeping underneath the doorway, down the fluorescent-lit hallways, kicking off the walls, rushing recklessly around the corners, a headlong cry running with its eyes closed, flinging open the doors of every bedridden patient and unsuspecting

resident, tambourines ringing, bells tolling — a holy cry that carried with it the light of its Maker, drawing back the curtains and pouring out into the world through all the glass panes, a siren, soaring, a single wailing cry of possibility and innocence, renaissance, future, bliss, beginning — out the windows, through the cracks, tearing down the buckling-blacktop streets, awakening old men on their porches, on stoops, waking them up with the sound of raw and original youth, that perpetual miracle of a soul arriving in the open air, in the image of Elohim, the invention of wonder, the incomprehensible inception of consciousness and character and creativity, like Tito Puente's first strike of the timbales, like MJ's first dribble, like Jane Austen's first story, like the natural harmonics of a string, like a forest awakening from winter, like 3.14159265359 and the way some things were written down long before they existed, like August dusk, like a Seussian heart growing 3 sizes that day, like the thick mist of a river careening over the cliffs above, like music, like even God had teared up while writing it down, like walking down the aisle, like opening a package that you weren't expecting and finding within it the truest form of happiness; one perfect, piercing cry from a baby's mouth, that song from the Creator, whose lyrics echo again and again: "Life is come! Life is come! Life, it's come!"

THERE'S A RIVER COMING DOWN THAT MOUNTAIN

Jason Dyba



D G/D D , D A⁴

There's a ri - ver com - in' down that moun - tain! There's a ri - ver that can - not be__
 There's a shout com - in' from God's peo - ple! There's a shout that will bring down
 There's a tomb__ where they laid my Sav - ior. There's a tomb__ but it's an emp - ty__

D , D G/D D , D A⁴

tamed. There's a ri - ver com - in' down that moun tain and it's wash - in' ev'-ry sin a -
 walls. There's a shout com - in' from God's peo - ple; at that ho - ur ev'-ry fear must
 grave. There's a tomb__ where they laid my Sav - ior, Hal - le - lu - jah! He's a - live to -

D A , B- G

way. It's the wa - ter of the one sal - va - tion, it is roa - ring with the tide of grace.
 fall. We are vic - tors in the name of Je - sus; we will tri - umph when the trum pet calls!
 day. And the po - wer that_ lives with - in us is the po - wer of__ Jes - us raised!

G B- A/C# D , Gmaj⁹ A⁴ D

There's a ri - ver com - in' down that moun - tain, it's a ri - ver that can - not be__ tamed.
 There's a shout com - in' from God's peo - ple, there's a shout that will bring down walls.
 There's a tomb__ where they laid my Sav - ior, there's a tomb_ but it's an emp - ty__ grave.

O, COME AND SEE



Jason Dyba

A C#m B/D# A E⁴ E E⁴ E

O, come and see! O, come and see what God is do-ing; He is mo-ving! O, come be-

A C#m B/D# A E⁴ E E⁴ E E/G#

lieve, come and be-lieve that He will save us! Our God will save us! O, come and

A E/G# A E⁴ E E⁴ E E/G#

see! O, come and see what God is do-ing; yes, He is mo-ving! O, come be-

A E/G# A E⁴ E E⁴ E

lieve, come and be-lieve that He will save us! Our God will save us! O, come and

GOD OF THE BEDSIDE



Heaven is the hue of You —
a satisfying perfection, a perfect satisfaction,
the unabated luminescence of love
and its innumerable refractions.
Gold rests on Your brow
where once pierced the thorns.
You arise and a symphony is born
in heaven and on earth and under the earth,
horns on the cliffs,
pulsing seas around the archipelago,
a million angels bow, a billion cellists bow —
the grand motif of righteousness
and the counterpoint of mercy,
with a refrain that haunts the enemy:
“the Lamb! the Lamb is worthy!”
But here You are,
the Crown
kneeling down beside me:
this room for the mortal now for the majesty.
The Subject of seraphic anthems,
in these muted prayers You reside:
You are both God of Heaven
and God of the Bedside.

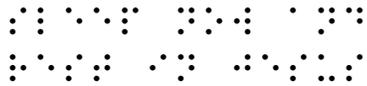
The centuries are drops on Your canvas,
burgeoning universes await Your brush.
In 6 days
You furnished our home with prismatic springs
and emerald landscapes.
(why not 6 minutes? 6 seconds?
were You teaching us not to rush?)
Magellanic Clouds and constellations
follow Your command
all things held together
light bending beneath the gravity of Your pen —
the enigmatic Author speaks
and His wildest enigma is disclosed:
He cares. He knows.
the Foremost, the Friend
Composer, Companion collide:
You are God of Creation
and God of the Bedside.

Your name is a stone amidst the sands of history —
eras begin only to end,
but You've watched over every pauper, prince,
president,
populace and person who will gasp, breathing
rising, receding, wanting, needing,
hoping, hiding, pressing, promising, lying,
and the tax on our rebellious human estate: dying.
But God,
the persistent Father
that good grave robber
whose steals us back in the night,
takes the keys, breaks the lock —
You amassed all the hours, the years of our regrets...
and then You shattered all the clocks.
The full payment, the final payment,
the final verdict, the last word,
the “it was very good” breathing “it is finished”,
the whisper heard around the world.
O Your love — the Mercy Storm —
that furious derecho of compassion
downpour, drowning enmity and entropy
revealing hope beneath the ashes.
On a Sunday,
swallowing darkness and reigniting light —
Your rising was our waking
blurring seizing sudden resuscitated life.
The highest hallmark of the human chronicle:
Emmanuel
God with us
God with me
God in the mundane and the miracles
God in the before, the after,
and the right now: the in-between
the Interminable in our temporary
the Cornerstone in our commute
Wonderful in our wandering
Holiness in the hospital room
vast and far beyond our knowing
but close enough to hear our sigh:
You are God of Salvation
and God of the Bedside.





SLEEP NOW AND REST IN JESUS



Jason Dyba

C C(sus₄) C C(sus₄) C /B Am Dm⁷ G⁷

Peace, be still, be - calm thy will; sleep now and rest in Je - sus.

C C(sus₄) C C(sus₄) C /B Am D⁷ G⁷ G^{#7}

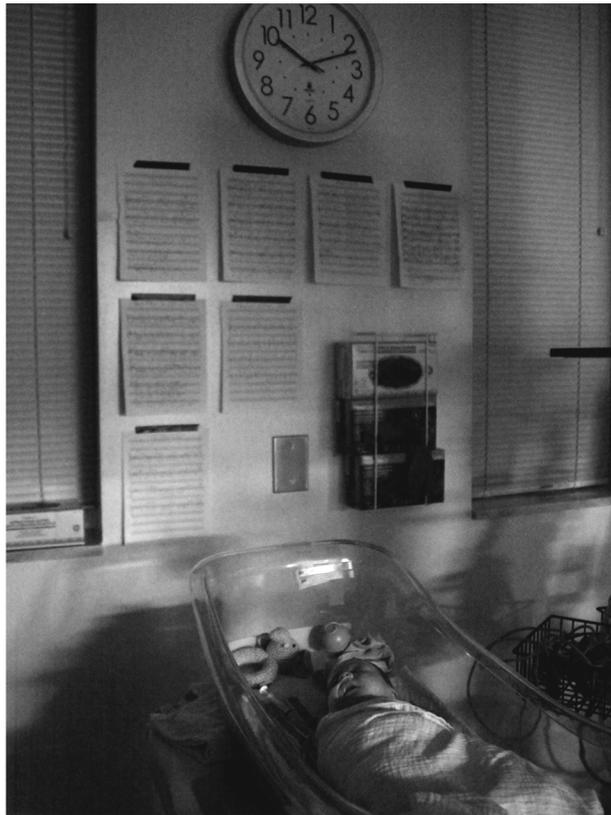
He is nigh by day, by night, sing-ing His mer - cies o'er us.

Am Em/G Dm/F C/E Dm E^{o7} Dm/F D⁷/F[#] C/G G⁷

Sea - sons change, our hearts do wane but He ne - ver breaks His pro - mise.

C /B^b F/A C/G G^{#o7} Am F G⁷sus G⁷ C(sus₄) C

Don't be haste, to - mor-row can wait; sleep now and rest in Je - sus.





Roman Thomas Dyba
16:11 19 May 2018
2 lbs 12.4 oz
16.14"