

I WILL SING UNTO THE LORD.

ANTHEM FROM THE XV. CHAP. OF EXODUS.

DUET.

*J. Key.*

TREBLE.

BASS.

I will sing - - - - - un - to the Lord, for

I will sing - - - un - to the Lord, for

he hath tri - umphed glo - rious - ly, The horse and his

he hath tri - umph - ed glorious - ly, The horse and his ri - der,

rid - er hath he thrown into the sea, The horse and his ri - der hath he thrown into the sea.

hath he thrown into the sea, The horse and his ri - der hath he thrown into the sea.

CHORUS. *Slow.*

TENOR.

ALTO.

TREBLE.

BASS.

The Lord is my strength, the Lord is my strength, my

The Lord is my strength, the Lord is my strength, my

strength and song, my strength and song, And he is be - come, and he is be -

come my sal - va - tion. *fr* The

come my sal - va - tion. *fr* The Lord is a man of war - - - - The

The Lord is a man of war, The

Lord is a man of war, a man of war, The Lord is his name,

Lord is a man of war, a man of war, The Lord ia his name, Thy right hand, O

Thy right hand O Lord, thy  
 Lord is become glo - - - rious, thy right hand O Lord, thy  
 Thy right hand O Lord is be - come glorious,

right hand O Lord is be - come glorious in pow'r, And in the greatness, the greatness of thine  
 right hand O Lord is become glorious in pow'r, And in the greatness, the greatness of thine

ex - cellency thou hast o - verthrown them, thou hast overthrown them that rose up against thee.  
 ex - cellency thou hast o - verthrown them, thou hast overthrown them that rose up against thee.

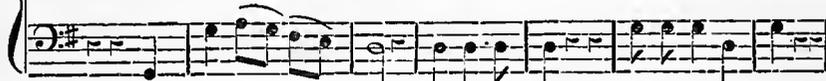
DUET.

TENOR.



The e - ne - my said, I will pur - sue, I will over - take,

BASS.



The e - ne - my said, I will pursue, I will over - take,



I will di - vide the spoil, my lust shall be sa - tis - fy'd up - on them, I will



I will di - vide the spoil, my lust shall be sa - tis - fy'd up - on them, I will

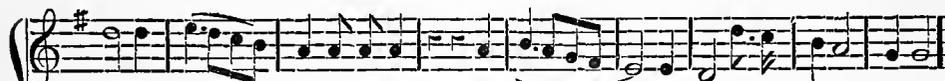


draw my sword, my hand shall destroy them.

Thou didst blow with thy



draw my sword, my hand shall destroy them, Thou didst blow with thy wind - - -



wind, the sea covered them, they sank as lead in the mighty waters.



- - - the sea covered them, they sank as lead in the mighty waters.

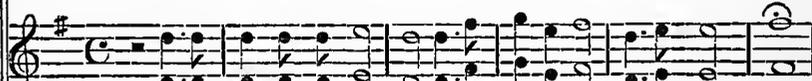
CHORUS. *Slow.*

TENOR.

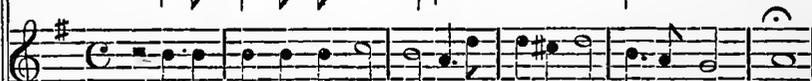


Who is like un - to thee O Lord amongst the gods, who is like thee,

ALTO.



TREBLE.



Who is like un - to thee O Lord amongst the gods, who is like thee,

BASS.



*Allegro.*

glorious in ho-li-ness, fearful in prais-es, doing wonders, Hal-le-lu-jah!

Hal-le-lujah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Halle-lujah! Hal-le-lujah! Hal-le-lu-jah!

Halle-lujah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Halle-lu-jah! Halle-lujah! Hal-le-lu-jah!

### THE GRAVE OF DERMID.

This beautiful and affecting sketch by the late Rev. Charles Wolfe, (the author of the so much admired ode on the death of Sir John Moore,) is extracted from the "Remains" of that highly gifted man, edited by his early friend the Archdeacon of Clogher. It was designed originally as a characteristic introduction to the well known and admired song, "The Last Rose of Summer," and can scarcely be read by any one without deep and heartfelt emotion. Of the work itself it may justly be said, that every page bears the impress of the powerful and masterly hand of its talented author.

"This is the grave of Dermid! He was the best minstrel amongst us all—a youth of a romantic genius, and of the most tremulous, yet most impetuous feelings. He knew all our old national airs of every character and description. According as his song was in a lofty or a mournful strain, the village represented a camp or a funeral; but if Der-

mid was in a merry mood, the lads and lasses were hurried into the dance with a giddy and irresistible gaiety. One day our chieftain committed a cruel and wanton outrage against one of our peaceful villagers. Dermid's harp was in his hand when he heard it. With all the thoughtlessness and independent sensibility of a poet's imagination, he struck the chords that never spoke without response—and the detestation became universal. He was driven from amongst us by our enraged chief; and all his relations, and the maid he loved, attended our banished minstrel into the wide world. For three years there were no tidings of Dermid, and the song and the dance were silent; when one of our little boys came running in, and told us that he saw Dermid approaching at a distance. Instantly the whole village was in commotion; the youths and the maidens assembled in the green, and agreed to celebrate the arrival of the poet with a dance; they fixed upon the air he was to play for