

A SERIES
OF
SACRED SONGS
(with some new)

THE WORDS
BY
Thomas Moore Esq.

THE MUSIC
composed and adapted
BY
Sir John Stevenson Mus. Doc.
and Moore.

Printed at the Ball.

Price 1.1s.

L O N D O N .

Published by J. Power, 31. Strand.

To
Edward Tute Esq.

(The first number)

—

—

by his

very sincere

(and

affectionate friend)

Thomas Moore.

Hayfield Cottage,

6. Hillbourn.

May 1846.

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TO

THE FIRST NUMBER.

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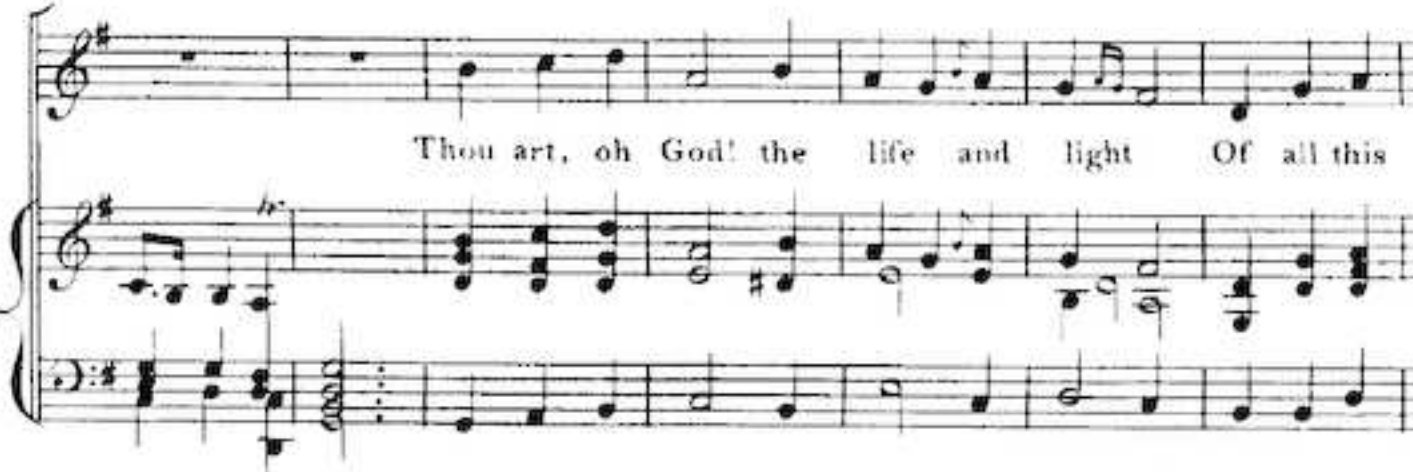
1

Thou art, oh God!

Chorus



Musical notation for the chorus, featuring a treble and bass staff with a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass staff.



Thou art, oh God! the life and light Of all this

Musical notation for the first line of the verse, featuring a treble and bass staff with a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass staff.



wondrous world we see; Its glow by day, its smile by night,

Musical notation for the second line of the verse, featuring a treble and bass staff with a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass staff.

Are but re-flec-tions caught from thee, Where'er we turn thy

glo-ries shine, And all things fair and bright are thine

Where'er we turn thy glo-ries shine, And all things fair and bright are

thine.

Thou art, oh God!

Harmonized for Three Voices.

Allegretto

Soprano
Thou art, oh God! the life and light Of all this wondrous

Alto
Thou art, oh God! the life and light Of all this wondrous

Bass
Thou art, oh God! the life and light Of all this wondrous

Piano
Tutti

world we see; Its glow by day, its smile by night,

world we see; Its glow by day, its smile by night,

world we see; Its glow by day, its smile by night,

Are but re-flec-tions caught from thee. Where'er we turn thy glories
 Are but re-flec-tions caught from thee. Where'er we turn thy glories
 Are but re-flec-tions caught from thee. Where'er we turn thy glories

shine, And all things fair and bright are thine. Where'er we
 shine, And all things fair and bright are thine. Where'er we
 shine, And all things fair and bright are thine. Where'er we

turn thy glo-ries shine, And all things fair and bright are thine.
 turn thy glo-ries shine, And all things fair and bright are thine.
 turn thy glo-ries shine, And all things fair and bright are thine.

THOU ART, O! GOD!

And—Unknown.

"The day is thine; the night also is thine; thou hast prepared the light and the sun;
 Thou hast set all the borders of the earth; thou hast made summer and winter."

PSALM LXXIV, 16, 17.

I.

THOU art, O! GOD! the life and light
 Of all this wondrous world we see;
 Its glow by day; its smile by night,
 Are but reflections caught from Thee,
 Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are Thine.

II.

When Day, with farewell beam, delays
 Among the opening clouds of Even,
 And we can almost think we gaze
 Thro' golden vistas into heaven;
 Those hues, that make the Sun's decline
 So soft, so radiant, LORD! are Thine.

III.

When Night, with wings of starry gloom,
 O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
 Like some dark, benighted bird, whose plume
 Is sparkling with unnumber'd eyes;
 That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
 So grand, so countless, LORD! are Thine.

IV.

When youthful Spring around us breathes,
 Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
 And every flower the Summer wreathes
 Is born beneath that kindling eye,
 Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are Thine.

* I have heard that this Air is by the late Mrs. Suckling. It is sung to the beautiful old words, "I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair."

THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEETING SHOW.

And—No. 2000

I.

THIS world is all a fleeting show,

For man's illusion given;

The smiles of Joy, the tears of Woe,

Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,—

There's nothing true but Heaven!

II.

And false the light on Glory's plume,

As fading hues of Even;

And Love and Hope, and Beauty's bloom,

Are blossoms gathered for the tomb,—

There's nothing bright but Heaven!

III.

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,

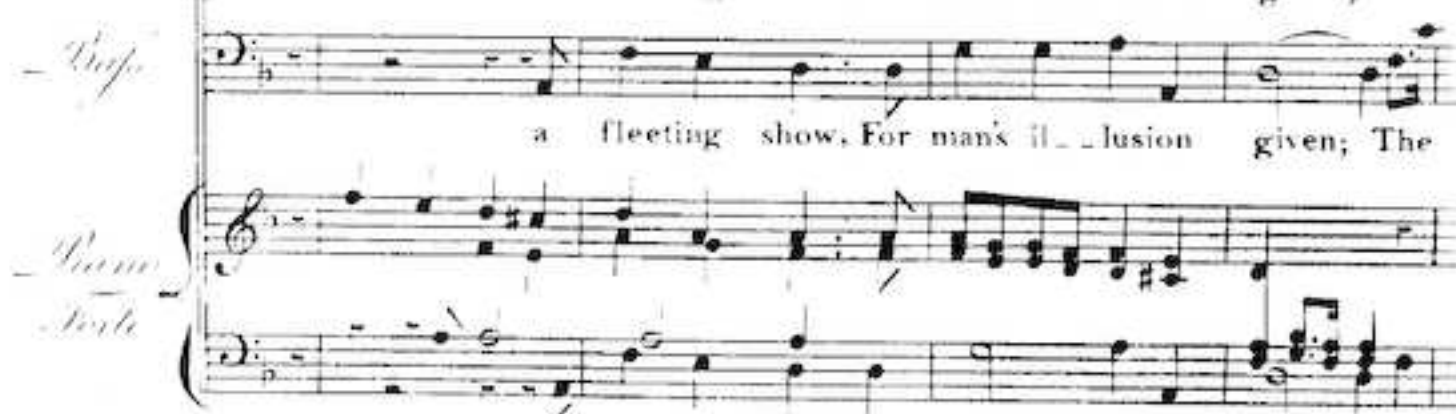
From wave to wave we're driven,

And Fancy's flash and Reason's ray

Serve but to light the troubled way,—

There's nothing calm but Heaven!

This World is all a fleeting show,
for three times



8

but Heaven! There's nothing true but Heaven! but
 but Heaven! There's nothing true but Heaven! but
 nothing true but Heaven! There's nothing true but Heaven! There's nothing true but

f

Heaven! There's nothing true but Heaven!
 Heaven! There's nothing true but Heaven!
 Heaven! There's nothing true but Heaven!

p *pp*

And false the light on Glory's plume; As fading hues of E - ven;
 the light on Glory's plume, As fading hues of E - ven;
 on Glory's plume, As fading hues of E - ven; And

9

and Beauty's bloom, Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb, —
 and Hope, and Beauty's bloom, Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb, —
 Love and Hope, and Beauty's bloom, Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb, There's

p

but Heaven! There's nothing bright but Heaven! but
 but Heaven! There's nothing bright but Heaven! but
 nothing bright but Heaven! There's nothing bright but Heaven! There's nothing bright but

f

Heaven! There's nothing bright but Heaven!
 Heaven! There's nothing bright but Heaven!
 Heaven! There's nothing bright but Heaven!

p *pp*

Fallen is thy throne.

Triplet

Fall'n is thy throne, oh Is-ra-el! Silence is o'er thy

plains; Thy dwell-ings all lie desolate, Thy

dwell-ings all lie desolate, Thy children weep in chains.

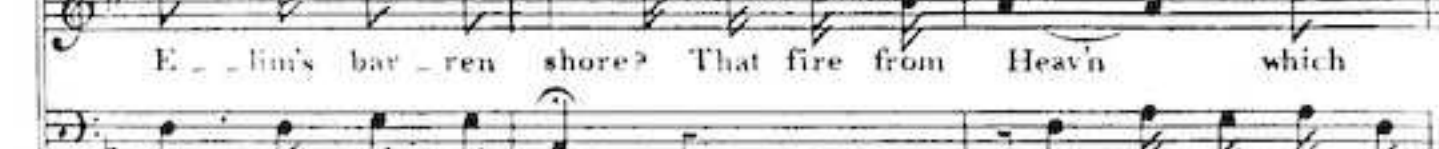
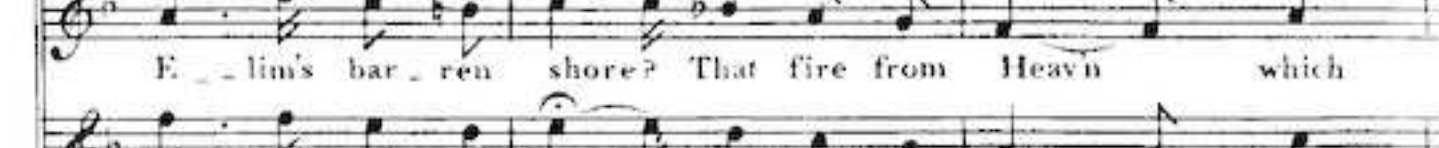
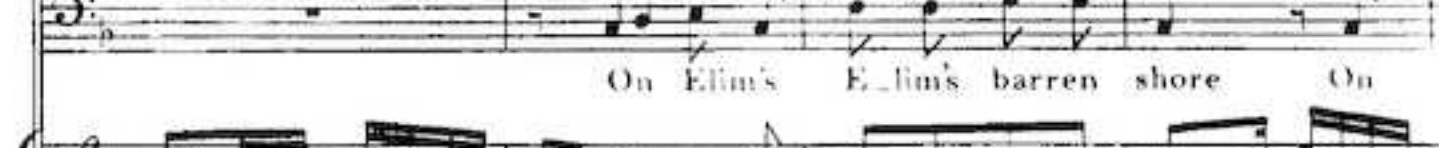
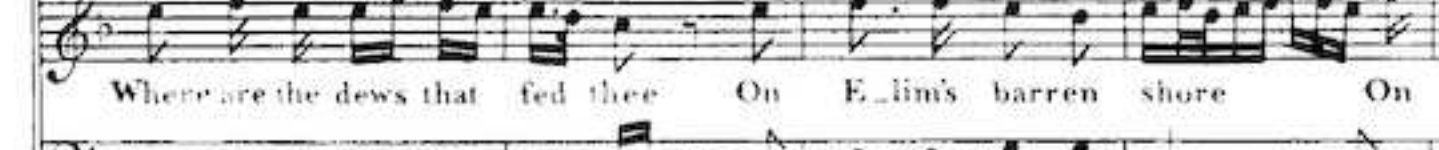
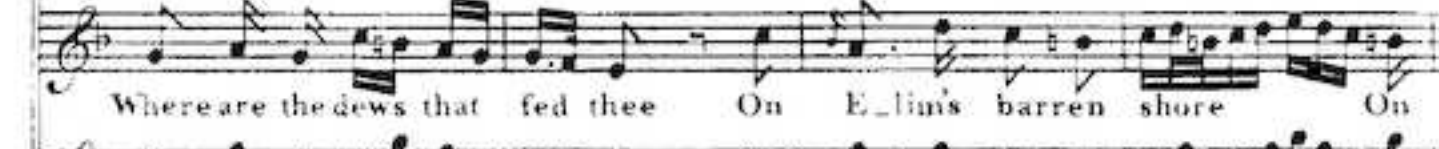
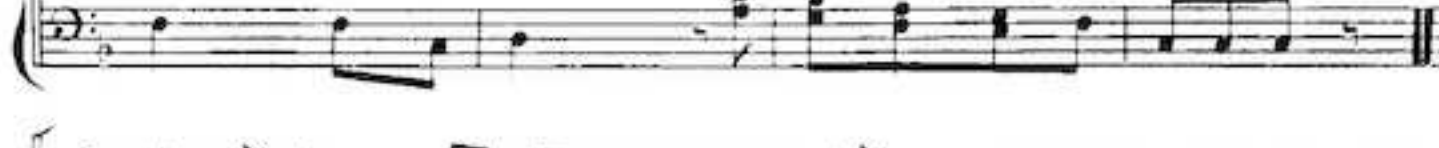
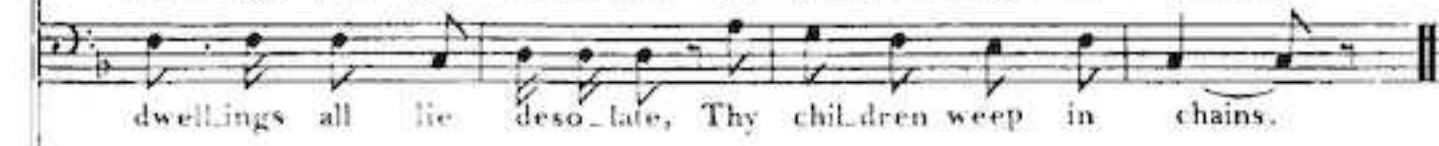
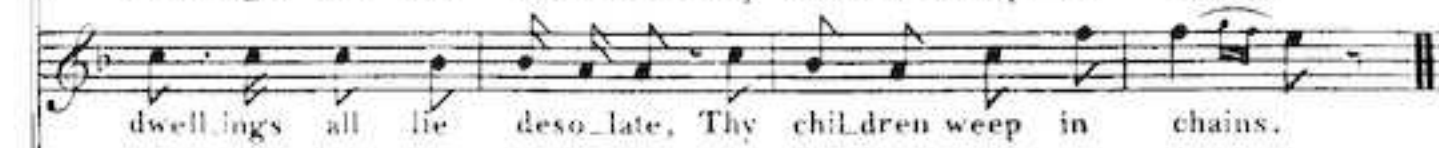
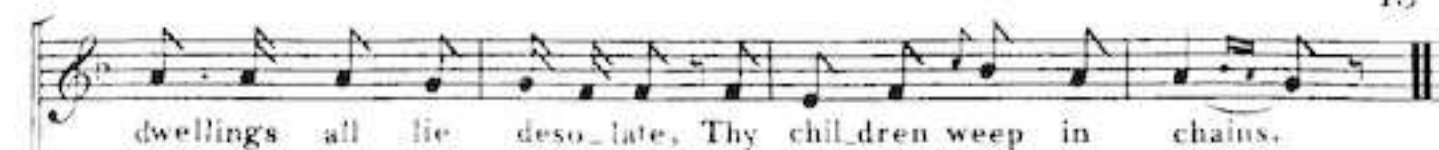
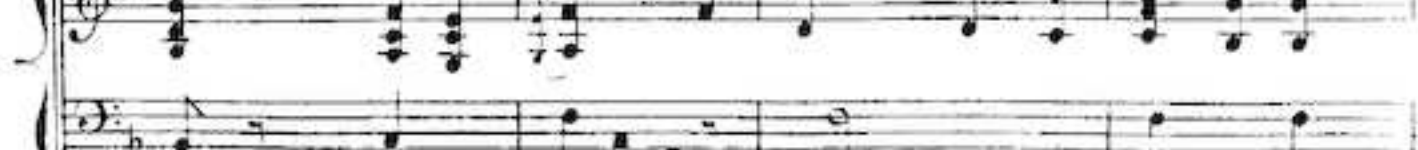
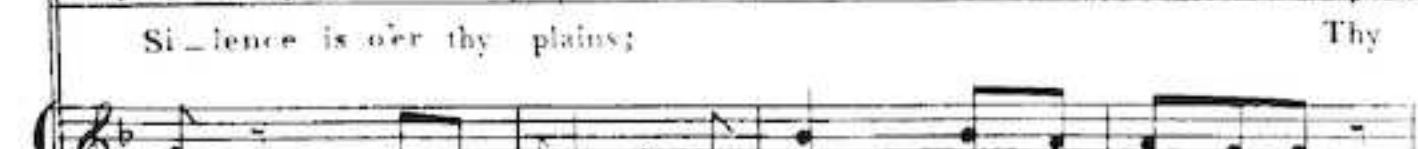
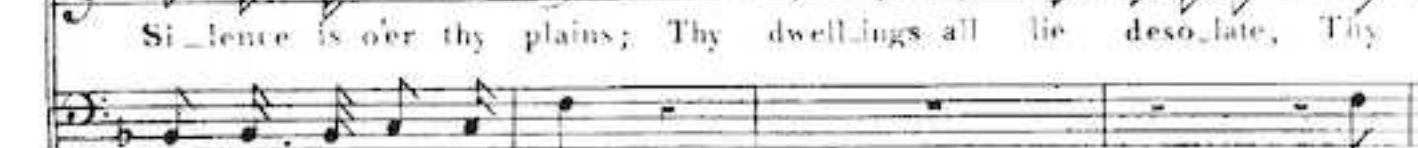
Where are the dews that fed thee On E-lim's bar-ren shore... On

E-lim's bar-ren shore? That fire from Heav'n which led thee, That

fire from Heav'n which led thee, Now lights thy path no more... Now

lights thy path no more... Now lights thy path no more.

Fallen is thy throne,
Harmonized for three voices



led thee, That fire from Heav'n which led thee, Now lights thy path no
 led thee, That fire from Heav'n which led thee, Now lights thy path no
 led thee, That fire from Heav'n which led thee, Now lights thy path no

more. Now lights thy path no more. Now lights thy path no
 more. Now lights thy path no more. Now lights thy path no
 more. Now lights thy path no more. Now lights thy path no

more.
 more.
 more.

FALLEN IS THY THRONE.

15

Anon—Mantuan.

I.

FALLEN is thy throne, oh Israel!
 Silence is o'er thy plains;
 Thy dwellings all be desolate;
 Thy children weep in chains.
 Where are the dews that fed thee
 On Etham's barren shore?
 That fire from Heaven which led thee,
 Now lights thy path no more.

II.

LORE! thou didst love Jerusalem;—
 Once, she was all thy own;
 Her love thy fairest heritage,
 Her power thy glory's throne;
 Till evil came, and blighted
 Thy long-loved olive tree;—
 And Salem's shrines were lighted
 For other Gods than Thee!

III.

Then sunk the star of Solyman;—
 Then pass'd her glory's day,
 Like heath that, in the wilderness,
 The wild wind whirled away.
 Silent and waste her bowers,
 Where once the mighty trod;
 And sunk those guilty towers,
 Where Baal reign'd as God!

IV.

"Go!"—said the Lord: "ye Conquerors!
 "Steep in her blood your swords,
 "And raze to earth her battlements;
 "For they are not the Lord's!
 "Till Zion's momentful daughter,
 "O'er kindred bones shall tread,
 "And Hinnom's vale of slaughter
 "Shall hide but half her dead!"

¹ "I have set mine heritage a fire, given the dearly-beloved of my soul into the hands of her enemies."—Jer. xxi. 12.

² "Do not disgrace the throne of thy glory."—Isa. xlii. 21.

³ "The Lord called thy name a green Olive Tree; fair and of goodly fruit."—Jer. xvi. 10.

⁴ "For he shall be like the bush in the desert."—Isa. xlii. 6.

⁵ "Take away her battlements; for they are not the Lord's."—Jer. v. 10.

⁶ "Therefore, behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that it shall no more be called Tophet, nor the valley of the son of Hinnom; but the Valley of Slaughter; for they shall bury in Tophet all those that be no place."—Jer. xlii. 22.

WHO IS THE MAID?

SAINT JEROME'S LOVE.

Atw—Beethoven.

I.

WHO is the maid my spirit seeks,
Through cold reproof and slander's blight?
Has she Love's roses on her cheeks?
Is her eye of this world's light?
No, wan and sunk with midnight pray'r
Are the pale looks of her I love;
Or if, at times, a light be there,
Its beam is kindled from above.

II.

I chose not her, my soul's elect,
From those who seek their Maker's shrine,
In gems and garlands proudly deck'd,
As if themselves were things divine!
No—Heav'n but faintly warns the breast,
That beats beneath a broader'd veil;
And she, who comes in glittering vest
To mourn her frailty, still is frail.

III.

Not so the faded form I prize
And love, because its bloom is gone;
The glory in those sainted eyes
Is all the grace her brow puts on,
And ne'er was Beauty's dawn so bright,
So touching as that form's decay,
Which, like the altar's trembling light,
In holy lustre wastes away!

* These lines were suggested by a passage in St. Jerome's reply, to some calumnious remarks that had been circulated upon his intimacy with the Matron Perpetua.—"Nuncupatque vestes coenae, intusque gemmas, picta facies, et non rapuit ambrosia." Nulla tunc alia fuit matronarum, quam mirari possit solennitate mentem, nisi lugens atque primum, nota pene coacta.—Epist. 78. Si tuu putem.

† Οὐ γὰρ ἡ γυνὴ τὴν τοῦ ἀνδρὸς ἐκείνου, ἀλλὰ τὴν τοῦ Θεοῦ ἐκείνου, ἀντιλαμβάνεται.

Who is the Maid?

SAINT JEROME'S LOVE.

Andante

And who is the Maid my spirit seeks, Through cold reproof and slander's blight? Has she Love's roses on her cheeks? Is hers an eye of this world's light? No,

wan and sunk with mid-night pray'r The ves-tal looks of

her I love; of her I love — Or if, at times, a

light be there, Its beam is kindled from — a — hove.

The Bird let loose,

for three voices

Andante

1st Voice
The bird, let loose in East-ern skies, When hast'ning fondly

2^d Voice
The bird, let loose in East-ern skies, When hast'ning fondly

3rd Voice
The bird, let loose in East-ern skies, When hast'ning fondly

Chorus

home, Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies Where i - die warblers

home, Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies Where i - die warblers

home, Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies Where i - die warblers

29

room. But high she shoots through air and light, A - bove all low de -
room. But high through air and light, A - bove all low de -
room. But high she shoots through air and light, A - bove all low de -

lay, Where nothing earthly bounds her flight, Nor sha - dow dims her
lay, Where nothing earthly bounds her flight, Nor sha - dow dims her
lay, Where nothing earthly bounds her flight, Nor sha - dow dims her

way. Where nothing earthly bounds her flight, Nor shadow dims her way.
way. Where nothing earthly bounds her flight, Nor shadow dims her way.
way. Where nothing earthly bounds her flight, Nor shadow dims her way.

lento *a tempo* *lento* *a tempo*

THE BIRD, LET LOOSE

Ann. Bethoven

1

THE bird, let loose in Eastern skies,
When hastening fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam.
But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

11

So grant me, GOD, from every care,
And stain of passion free,
Aloft, thro' Virtue's purer air,
To hold my course to Thee!
No sin to cloud—no lure to stay
My Soul, as home she springs;—
Thy Sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy Freedom in her wings!

* The Carrier Pigeon, it is well known, flies at an elevated altitude, in order to surmount every obstacle between her and the place to which she is directed.

And—Harp.

"He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds;"—PSALM CXLVII. 3.

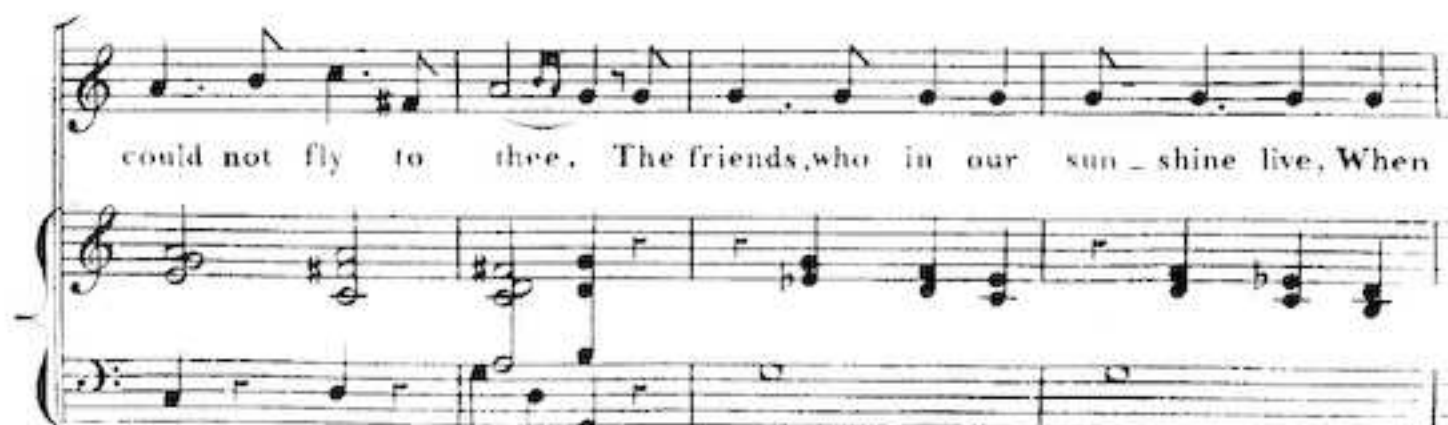
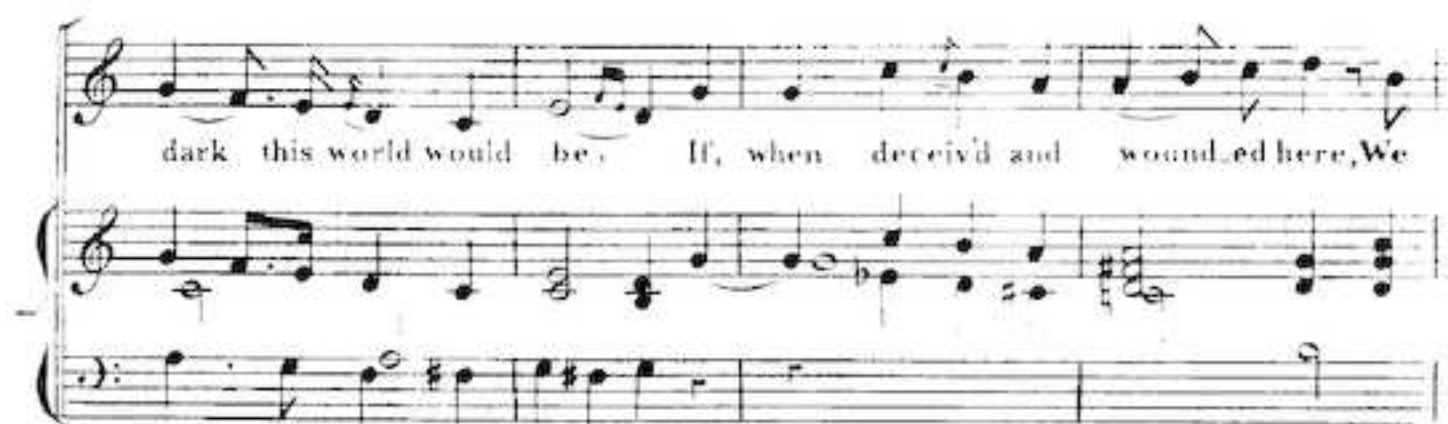
I.

OH! Thou, who dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceiv'd and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee.
The friends, who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes are flown;
And he, who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.
But thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

II.

When Joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And ev'n the Hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimm'd and vanish'd too!
Oh! who would bear Life's stormy doom,
Did not thy Wing of Love
Come, brightly wafting thro' the gloom
Our Peace-branch from above?
Then, Sorrow, touch'd by Thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray;
As Darkness shews us worlds of light
We never saw by day!

Oh! Thou who dry'st the mourner's tear.



winter comes, are flown: And he, who has but tears to give, Must

espress.
weep those tears a lone. But thou wilt heal that broken heart, Which,

like the plants that throw Their fragrance from the wounded part, Breathes

sweetness out of woe.

Hope not for these.

Allegro *Allegro*

Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb In life's early beauty hath

hid from our eyes; Ere Sin threw a blight over the spirit's young bloom, Or

Earth had profan'd what was born for the skies. Death came o'er the fountain, ere

sorrow had stain'd it, 'Twas frozen in all the pure light of its course; And but

sleeps till the sunshine of Heaven has unchained it. To water that Eden where
 first was its source! Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb. In
 life's early beauty hath hid from our eyes, Ere Sin threw a blight over the
 spirit's young bloom, Or Earth had profaned what was born for the skies.

Cres.

Weep not for these.

Harmonized for Three Voices.

Adagio

Soprano
 Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb. In

Alto
 Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb. In

Bass
 Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb. In

Piano

life's early beauty hath hid from our eyes; Ere Sin threw a
 life's early beauty hath hid from our eyes; Ere Sin threw a
 life's early beauty hath hid from our eyes; Ere Sin threw a

blight o'er the spi-rit's young bloom, Or Earth had pro-fand what was
 blight o'er the spi-rit's young bloom, Or Earth had pro-fand what was
 blight o'er the spi-rit's young bloom, Or Earth had pro-fand what was

born for the skies. Death came o'er the fountain, ere sor-row had
 born for the skies. Death came o'er the fountain, ere sor-row had
 born for the skies. Death came o'er the fountain, ere sor-row had

stain'd it, 'Twas fro-zen in all the pure light of its course; And but
 stain'd it, 'Twas fro-zen in all the pure light of its course; And but
 stain'd it, 'Twas fro-zen in all the pure light of its course; And but

sleeps till the sun-shine of Heav'n has un-chain'd it, To wa-ter that
 sleeps till the sun-shine of Heav'n has un-chain'd it, To wa-ter that
 sleeps till the sun-shine of Heav'n has un-chain'd it, To wa-ter that

E-den where first was its source! Weep not for those whom the
 E-den where first was its source! Weep not for those whom the
 E-den where first was its source! Weep not for those whom the

veil of the tomb, In life's ear-ly beauty hath hid from our
 veil of the tomb, In life's ear-ly beauty hath hid from our
 veil of the tomb, In life's ear-ly beauty hath hid from our

$$\Delta u = \Delta_{\text{free}}$$

1

WEEP not for those, whom the veil of the tomb,
 In life's happy morning bath hid from our eyes,
 Ere Sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom:
 Or Earth had profan'd what was born for the skies,
 Death chill'd the fair fountain, ere sorrow had stain'd it,
 'Twas frozen in all the pure light of its course,
 And but sleeps, till the sunshine of Heav'n has unchain'd it,
 To water that Eden, where first was its source!
 Weep not for those, whom the veil of the tomb
 In life's happy morning bath hid from our eyes,
 Ere Sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom:
 Or Earth had profan'd what was born for the skies,

11

Mourn not for her, the young Bride of the Vale?
Our gayest and loveliest, lost to us now:
Ere life's early lustre had time to grow pale,
And the garland of Love was yet fresh on her brow:
Oh! then was her moment, dear Spirit, for dying
From this gloomy world, while its gloom was unknown:—
And the wild hymns she warbled so sweetly, in dying,
Were echoed in Heaven by lips like her own!
Weep not for her,—in her spring-time she flew
To that land, where the wings of the soul are unfur'd,
And now, like a star beyond evening's cold dew,
Looks radiantly down on the tears of this world.

* This second verse, which I wrote long after the first, alludes to the fate of a very lovely and amiable girl, the daughter of the late Colonel BARNBROOK, who was married in Ashbourne Church, October 31, 1815, and died of a fever in a few weeks after. The sound of her marriage-bells seemed scarcely out of our ears, when we heard of her death. During her last delirium, she sang several hymns, in a voice even clearer and sweeter than usual, and among them were some from the present Collection, (particularly "There's nothing bright but Heaven," which this very interesting girl had often heard die on the summer-

Air—Serenade.

I.

THE turf shall be my fragrant shrine;
My temple, Lord! that Arch of thine,
My censer's breath the mountain airs,
And silent thoughts my only prayers.

II.

My choir shall be the moonlight waves,
When murmuring homeward to their caves,
Or when the stillness of the sea,
Even more than music, breathes of Thee!

III.

I'll seek, by day, some glade unknown,
All light and silence, like thy Throne!
And the pale stars shall be, at night,
The only eyes that watch my rite.

IV.

Thy Heaven, on which 'tis bliss to look,
Shall be my pure and shining Book,
Where I shall read, in words of flame,
The glories of thy wondrous Name.

V.

I'll read thy Anger in the rack
That clouds awhile the day-beam's track;
Thy Mercy in the azure hue
Of sunny brightness, breaking through!

VI.

There's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of thy Deity!

VII.

There's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace thy Love;
And meekly wait that moment, when
Thy touch shall turn all bright again!

* Fragrant turf.

The turf shall be my fragrant shrine.



34 The turf shall be my fragrant shrine.
Harmonized for four voices.

Moderate

pp

Tutti
Counter-tenor
Tenor
Bass
Piano Forte

The turf shall be my fragrant shrine, My temple, Lord! that

arch of thine. My Cen-ser's breath the moun-tain airs, And
 arch of thine. My Cen-ser's breath the moun-tain airs, And
 arch of thine. My Cen-ser's breath the moun-tain airs, And

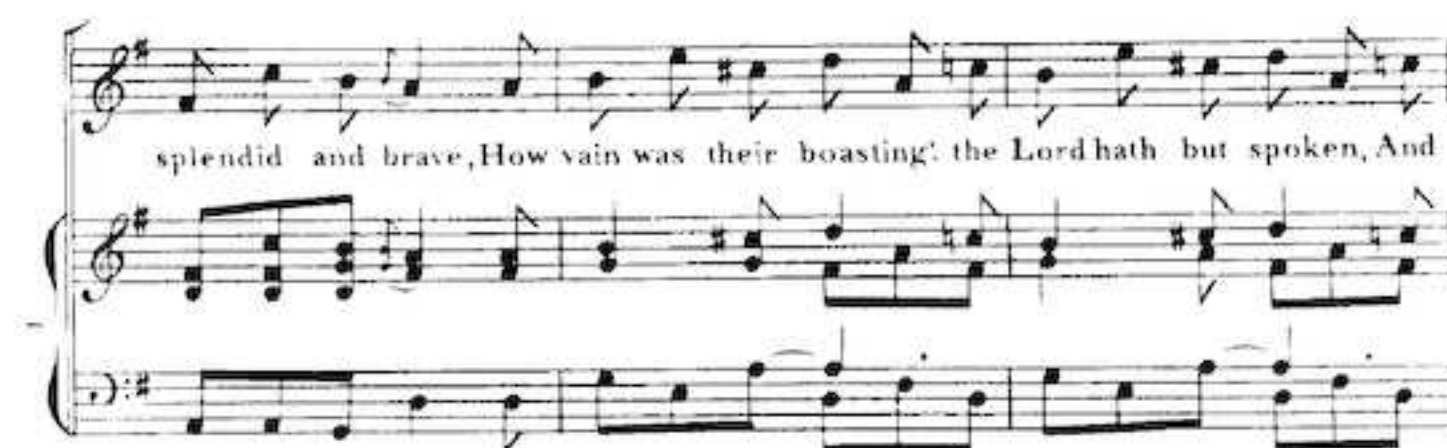
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 si-lent thoughts my on-ly pray'rs My Cen-ser's breath the

moun-tain airs, And si-lent thoughts my on-ly pray'rs.
 moun-tain airs, And si-lent thoughts my on-ly pray'rs.
 mountain airs, And si-lent thoughts my on-ly pray'rs,
 mountain airs, And si-lent thoughts my on-ly pray'rs.

pp *Cres.* f

Sound the loud Timbrel.

MIRIAM'S SONG.



peo-ple are free. Sound the loud Tim-brel o'er Eg-yp't's dark
 sea - - - Je-ho-vah has tri-umph'd, his people are free. his
 peo-ple are free. his peo-ple are free.

ff

Sound the loud Timbrel.

MIRIAM'S SONG.

Harmonized for Three Voices.

Con. Spirit

Three Voices
 Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea - Je-hovah has triumph'd, his
 Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea - Je-hovah has triumph'd, his
 Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea, Je-hovah has triumph'd, his

CHORUS, for:

people are free. Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea - - - Je-
 people are free. Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea - - - Je-
 people are free. Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea, Je-

ff

TRIO, *f* *ma:*

Jehovah has triumph'd his people are free. Sing for the pride of the Tyrant is
 Jehovah has triumph'd his people are free. Sing for the pride of the Tyrant is
 Jehovah has triumph'd his people are free. Sing for the pride of the Tyrant is
 broken, His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave, How vain was their boasting! The
 broken, His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave, How vain was their boasting! The
 broken, His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave, How vain was their boasting! The
 Lord hath but spoken, And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
 Lord hath but spoken, And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
 Lord hath but spoken, And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.

Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea - Jehovah has triumph'd his people are free.
 Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea - Jehovah has triumph'd his people are free.
 Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea, Jehovah has triumph'd his people are free.
 CHORUS, *f* *ma:*
 Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea - Je-ho-vah has triumph'd, his
 Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea - Je-ho-vah has triumph'd, his
 Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea, Je-ho-vah has triumph'd, his
 peo-ple are free. his peo-ple are free. his peo-ple are free.
 peo-ple are free. his peo-ple are free. his peo-ple are free.
 peo-ple are free. his peo-ple are free. his peo-ple are free.

2^d VERSE.

Praise to the Conqueror-praise to the Lord, His word was our arrow, his

Praise to the Conqueror-praise to the Lord, His word was our arrow, his

Praise to the Conqueror-praise to the Lord, His word was our arrow, his

CHORUS, *for:*

breath was our sword!— Praise to the Con-quer-or praise to the

breath was our sword!— Praise to the Con-quer-or praise to the

breath was our sword!— Praise to the Con-quer-or praise to the

Lord —, His word was our ar-row, his breath was our sword!—

Lord —, His word was our ar-row, his breath was our sword!—

Lord, His word was our ar-row, his breath was our sword!—

TRIO, *for: con espress:*

Who shall re-turn to tell Egypt the sto-ry Of those she sentforth in the

Who shall re-turn to tell Egypt the sto-ry Of those she sentforth in the

Who shall re-turn to tell Egypt the sto-ry Of those she sentforth in the

hour of her pride? For the Lord hath look'd out from his pil-lar of glory, And

hour of her pride? For the Lord hath look'd out from his pil-lar of glory, And

hour of her pride? For the Lord hath look'd out from his pil-lar of glory, And

all her brave thousands are dash'd in the tide.

all her brave thousands are dash'd in the tide.

all her brave thousands are dash'd in the tide.

14

p

Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea—Jehovah has triumph'd, his people are free.

Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea—Jehovah has triumph'd, his people are free.

Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea—Jehovah has triumph'd, his people are free.

p

CHORUS for:

Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea—Je-ho-vah has triumph'd, his

Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea—Je-ho-vah has triumph'd, his

Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea—Je-ho-vah has triumph'd, his

ff

peo-ple are free, his peo-ple are free, his people are free.

peo-ple are free, his people are free, his people are free

peo-ple are free, his people are free, his people are free.

f

ff

MIRIAM'S SONG.

Air—*Ad lib.*

*And Miriam, the Prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her, with timbrels, and with dances:—Exod. XV, 20.

I.

SOUND the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
 JEHOVAH has triumph'd,—his People are free,
 Sing—for the pride of the Tyrant is broken,
 His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave,
 How vain was their boasting!—the Lord hath but spoken,
 And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave,
 Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
 JEHOVAH has triumph'd,—his people are free.

II.

Praise to the CONQUEROR, praise to the LORD,
 His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword!—
 Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
 Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
 For the Lord hath look'd out from his pillar of glory,
 And all her brave thousands are dash'd in the tide,
 Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
 JEHOVAH has triumph'd, his people are free.

*I have so altered the character of this Air, which is from the beginning of one of Avion's old-fashioned Conceros, that, without this acknowledgment, it could, hardly, I think, be recognized.

*"And it came to pass, that in the morning watch, the Lord looked unto the host of the Egyptians, through the pillar of fire and in the cloud, and troubled the host of the Egyptians."—Exod. XIV, 24.

Arr.—Stetson.

I.

Go, let me weep! there's bliss in tears,
 When he, who sheds them, only feels
 Some lingering stain of early years
 Effac'd by every drop that steals.
 The fruitless showers of worldly woe
 Fall dark to earth, and never rise;
 While tears, that from repentance flow,
 In bright exhalation reach the skies.
 Go, let me weep! there's bliss in tears,
 When he, who sheds them, only feels
 Some lingering stain of early years
 Effac'd by every drop that steals.

II.

Leave me to sigh o'er hours that flew
 More idly than the summer's wind,
 And, while they pass'd, a fragrance threw,
 But left no trace of sweets behind.—
 The warmest sigh, that pleasure heaves
 Is cold, is faint to those that swell
 The heart, where pure repentance grieves
 O'er hours of pleasure, lov'd too well!
 Leave me to sigh o'er days that flow
 More idly than the summer's wind,
 And, while they pass'd, a fragrance threw,
 But left no trace of sweets behind.

Go, let me weep!

*Allegro
Moderato*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system concludes the piece. The tempo is marked 'Allegro Moderato'. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

Go, let me
 weep, there's bliss in tears, When he, who sheds them, in - ly
 feels Some ling'r-ing stain of ear - ly years Ef - fac'd by
 ev'-ry drop that steals. The fruit - less show'rs of world - ly woe

Fall dark to earth and ne-ver rise, While tears, that from re-pen-tance
 flow, in bright ex-ha-lement reach the skies. Go, let me weep, there's
 bliss in tears, When he, who sheds them in-ly feels Some ling'ring
 stain of ear-ly years Ef-fac'd by ev'-ry drop that steals.

So, let me weep!

Harmonized for Three Voices

*Allegro
Syllabus*

Treble
 Go, let me weep there's bliss in tears, When he, who
 Go, let me weep there's bliss in tears, When he, who
 Go, let me weep there's bliss in tears, When he, who

*Lower
Soprano*
 Go, let me weep there's bliss in tears, When he, who

Bass
 Go, let me weep there's bliss in tears, When he, who

*Same
Tune*

sheds them, in-ly feels Some ling'ring stain of ear-ly years
 sheds them, in-ly feels Some ling'ring stain of ear-ly years
 sheds them, in-ly feels Some ling'ring stain of ear-ly years

Ef-fac'd by ev'-ry drop that steals. The fruit-less show'rs of
 Ef-fac'd by ev'-ry drop that steals. The fruit-less show'rs of
 Ef-fac'd by ev'-ry drop that steals. The fruit-less show'rs of
 worldly woe, Fall dark to earth and ne-ver rise. While tears that from re-
 worldly woe, Fall dark to earth and ne-ver rise. While tears that from re-
 worldly woe, Fall dark to earth and ne-ver rise. While tears that from re-
 pentance flow, In bright ex-halement reach the skies. Go, let me
 pentance flow, In bright ex-halement reach the skies. Go, let me
 pentance flow, In bright ex-halement reach the skies. Go, let me

pp

weep, there's bliss in tears, When he, who sheds them in-ly feels Some
 weep, there's bliss in tears, When he, who sheds them in-ly feels Some
 weep, there's bliss in tears, When he, who sheds them in-ly feels Some
 ling'ring stain of ear-ly years Ef-fac'd by ev'-ry drop that
 ling'ring stain of ear-ly years Ef-fac'd by ev'-ry drop that
 ling'ring stain of ear-ly years Ef-fac'd by ev'-ry drop that
 steals.
 steals.
 steals.
 steals.

Some what Rich

Quintet

f *pp* *p* *s*

Come not, Oh Lord! in the
dread robe of splendor, Thou worst on the Mount, in the day of thine ire;
Come not Oh Lord! in the dreadrobe of splendor. Thou worst on the

Mount, in the day of thine ire; Come in those shadows, deep,
aw-ful, but ten-der, Which Mercy flings o-ver thy features of
fire. Come in those shadows, deep, aw-ful, but ten-der, Which
Mer-cy flings o-ver thy features of fire.

p *pp* *Cres* *Dim*

Come not, Oh Lord!

Harmonized for Three Voices

Guitar

Tutti

Come not, Oh Lord! in the dread robe of splendor, Thou

Three

Come not, Oh Lord! in the dread robe of splendor, Thou

Chorus

Come not, Oh Lord! in the dread robe of splendor, Thou

Three

Come not, Oh Lord! in the dread robe of splendor, Thou

worst on the Mount, in the day of thine ire;

worst on the Mount, in the day of thine ire;

worst on the Mount, in the day of thine ire;

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Come not Oh Lord! in the dread robe of splendor, Thou worst on the

Come not Oh Lord! in the dread robe of splendor, Thou worst on the

Come not Oh Lord! in the dread robe of splendor, Thou worst on the

Mount, in the day of thine ire; Come in those shadows, deep.

Mount, in the day of thine ire; Come in those shadows, deep.

Mount, in the day of thine ire; Come in those shadows, deep.

aw-ful, but ten-der, Which Mercy flings o-ver thy features of

aw-ful, but ten-der, Which Mercy flings o-ver thy features of

aw-ful, but ten-der, Which Mercy flings o-ver thy features of

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fire, Come in those sha-dows, deep, aw-ful, but ten-der, Which

Mer-cy flings o-ver thy fea-tures of fire,

Mer-cy flings o-ver thy fea-tures of fire,

And—Harp.

I.

COME not, oh LORD! in the dread robe of splendour
Thou wor'st on the Mount, in the day of thine ire;
Come veil'd in those shadows, deep, awful, but tender,
Which Mercy flings over thy features of fire!

II.

LORD! thou rememb'rest the night, when thy Nation¹
Stood fronting her Foe by the red-rolling stream;
On Egypt² thy pillar frown'd dark desolation,
While Israel bask'd all the night in its beam.

III.

So, when the dread clouds of anger enfold thee,
From us, in thy mercy, the dark side remove;
While shrouded in terrors the guilty behold thee,
Oh! turn upon us the mild light of thy love!

¹ And it came between the camp of the Egyptians and the camp of Israel; and it was a cloud and darkness to them, but it gave light by night, to these.—Exod. xiv. 20.—My application of this passage is borrowed from some late poet or writer, whose name I am ungrateful enough to forget.

² Instead of "On Egypt," here, it will suit the meter better to sing "On these," and in the third line of the next verse, "While shrouded," may, with the same view, be altered to "While wrapp'd."

—
 Air—Soprano.

I.

WERE not the sinful Mary's tears
 An offering worthy Heaven,
 When o'er the faults of former years
 She wept—and was forgiven?

II.

When, bringing every balmy sweet
 Her day of luxury stor'd,
 She o'er her SAVIOUR'S hallow'd feet
 The precious perfume pour'd;

III.

And wip'd them with that golden hair,
 Where once the diamond shone,
 Tho' now those gems of Grief were there
 Which shine for God alone!

IV.

Were not those sweets, so humbly shed,
 That hair,—those weeping eyes,
 And the sunk heart, that only bled,
 Heav'n's noblest sacrifice?

V.

Thou, that hast slept in error's sleep,
 Oh! would'st thou wake in heaven;
 Like Mary kneel, like Mary weep,
 "Love much!"—and be forgiven!

* Her sins, which are many, are forgiven, for she loved me better than I (John 8:14).

Were not the sinful Mary's tears
for three verses



o'er the faults of for-mer years She wept and was for-
 o'er the faults of for-mer years She wept and was for-
 o'er the faults of for-mer years She wept and was for-
 giv'n She wept and was for-giv'n She wept and
 giv'n She wept and was for-giv'n She wept and
 giv'n She wept and was for-giv'n She wept and
 was for-giv'n She wept and was for-giv'n
 was for-giv'n She wept and was for-giv'n
 was for-giv'n She wept and was for-giv'n

As down in the sunless retreats.

*Andante
con
Crescendo*

As down in the sunless re-treats of the Ocean, Sweet
 flowers are springing no mortal can see; So deep in my Soul the still
 pray'r of de-votion, Un-heard by the world ris-es si-lent to thee.

My God! Silent to thee Pure, warm,

Silent to thee So deep in my Soul the still pray'r of devotion, Un

heard by the world rises silent to thee, silent to thee,

Lento silent to thee, My God rises silent to thee.

—

And—Hymn

I

AS down in the sunless retreats of the Ocean;
 Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see,
 So, deep in my soul the still prayer of devotion,
 Unheard by the world, rises silent to Thee:
 My God! silent to Thee;
 Pure, warm, silent to Thee,—
 So, deep in my soul the still prayer of devotion,
 Unheard by the world, rises silent to Thee!

II.

As still, to the Star of its Worship, tho' clouded,
 The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea,
 So, dark as I roam, in this wintry world shrouded,
 The Hope of my Spirit turns trembling to Thee:
 My God! trembling to Thee;
 True, fond, trembling to Thee!—
 So, dark as I roam, in this wintry world shrouded,
 The Hope of my Spirit turns trembling to Thee!

Aria—Soprano

I.

BUT who shall see the glorious day,

When, thron'd on Zion's brow,

The Lord shall rend that veil away,

Which hides the nations now *!

When earth no more beneath the fear

Of His rebuke shall lie †;

When pain shall cease, and every tear

Be wip'd from every eye ‡!

II.

Then, O Exile! thou no more shalt mourn

Beneath the Heathen's chain;

Thy days of splendour shall return,

And all be new again §.—

The Fount of Life shall then be quaff'd,

In peace, by all who come ¶;

And every wind that blows shall waft

Some long-lost Exile home!

* "And he will destroy in this mountain the image of the covering east over all people, and the veil that is spread over all nations."—Isaiah, LVII. 7.

† "The rebuke of his people shall he take away from off all the earth."—Isaiah, LVII. 8.

‡ "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; neither shall there be any more pain."—Rev. XXI. 4.

§ "And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new."—Rev. XXI. 5.

¶ "And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."—Rev. XXII. 17.

But who shall see.



lento *tempo*

pain shall cease, and ev'ry tear Be wip'd from ev'ry eye. When

earth no more be-neath the fear Of his re-buke shall lie, When

lento *tempo*

pain shall cease, and ev'ry tear Be wip'd from ev'ry eye.

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Almighty God!

for Four Voices.

Alto *Tenor* *Bass* *Voice*

Al-migh-ty God! when

round thy shrine The Palm tree's heav'n-ly branch we twine,

Tenor *Voice*

Emblem of Life's e-ter-nal ray, And Love that "fa-deth

Treble

And Love that "fa-deth not a-way!"

Counter Tenor

And Love that "fa-deth not a-way!"

Tenor

not a-way!"

Bass

And Love that "fa-deth not a-way!"

And Love that "fa-deth not a-way!"

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And Love that fa - deth not a - way. We bless the flowers ex -

And Love that fa - deth not a - way.

And Love that fa - deth not a - way.

And Love that fa - deth not a - way.

Counter-Tenor

pand - ed all. We bless the leaves that ne - ver fall. And trembling

say, "in E - den thus Thy Tree of Life will flower for us!

Thy Tree of Life will flower for us! Thy Tree of Life will flower for us!"

Thy Tree of Life will flower for us! Thy Tree of Life will flower for us!"

Thy Tree of Life will flower for us! Thy Tree of Life will flower for us!"

Thy Tree of Life will flower for us! Thy Tree of Life will flower for us!"

2^d VERSE.

Bass Voice

When round thy Che - rubs, smil - ing calm With - out their flames, we

Tenor Voice

wreath the Palm, Oh God! we feel that em - blem true;—

Thy Mer - cy is e -

Thy Mer - cy is e -

Thy Mer - cy is e - - - ter - - - nal too! Thy Mer - cy is e -

Thy Mer - cy is e -

ter - - - nal too! Thy Mer - cy is e - - - ter - - - nal too!

ter - - - nal too! Thy Mer - cy is e - - - ter - - - nal too!

ter - - - nal too! Thy Mer - cy is e - - - ter - - - nal too!

ter - - - nal too! Thy Mer - cy is e - - - ter - - - nal too!

SAINT AUGUSTINE TO HIS SISTER.

Ave—Ave.

I.

Oh fair! oh purest! be thou the Dove;
 That flies alone to some sunny grove;
 And lives unseen, and bathes her wing,
 All vestal white, in the limpid spring.
 There, if the hovering hawk be near,
 That limpid spring in its mirror clear
 Reflects him, ere he can reach his prey,
 And warns the timorous bird away.

Oh! be like this Dove;

Oh fair! oh purest! be like this Dove.

II.

The sacred pages of God's own Book
 Shall be the spring, the eternal brook,
 In whose holy mirror, night and day,
 Thou wilt study Heaven's reflected ray;
 And should the foes of Virtue dare,
 With gloomy wing to seek thee there,
 Thou wilt see how dark their shadows lie
 Between Heaven and thee, and trembling fly!

Oh! be like the Dove;

Oh fair! oh purest! be like the Dove.

* In St. Augustine's Treatise upon the advantages of a solitary life, addressed to his sister, there is the following beautiful passage, from which the reader will perceive, the thought of this song was taken.—"Te, uxor, nunquam relinque secretum, sed timere stuporem tuum fragulatione, huiusce suspitionis, ad istam posse columbam frequentare, vixis apertum et quasi in speculo accipitoremque super volantis, aliquem in caveris. Rivoque quoniam sententia sunt et rapturam, que de limpidissima sapientia fonte profundiores, &c. &c.—De cit. L. i. ad Sororem."

Oh Fair! Oh purest!

SAINT AUGUSTINE TO HIS SISTER.

Andante

Oh fair oh! purest, be thou the Dove, That flies alone to some

qui—et grove, And lives un—seen, and bathes her wing All ves—tal white

Ures
Her wing all ves-tal white in the lim-pid

fortis
spring. There if the

pia
ho-vring hawk be near, That lim-pid

schert:
spring in its mir-ror clear Re-flects him Reflects him

f
Re-flects him ere he can reach his prey, And warns the timorous

ad lib. *a tempo*
bird a-way. Oh! be like this Dove Oh! be like this Dove Oh fair! oh

tr
purest! be like this Dove. Oh fair! oh purest! be like this Dove.

Dolce.

2^d VERSE.

The sa - - - cred pages of God's own book Shall be the spring, the e -

ter - nal brook, In whose ho - - ly mir - ror, night and day, Thou wilt muse on

Heaven on Heaven, Thou'lt muse on Hea - - - ven's re - flect - -

ed ray. And should the

foes of vir - - - tue dare, With gloo - my

wing to seek thee there, Thou'lt see how dark Thou'lt

see how dark their shadows lie Between Heaven and thee and

ad lib: *a tempo*
trembling fly, Oh! be like the Dove Oh! be like the Dove Oh fair! oh

h: purest! be like this Dove. Oh fair! oh purest! be like this Dove.

lento

