

REVISED
EDITION.

H Y M N S .

OR

Various Passages

OF

S C R I P T U R E ,

Written & Composed:

By

THOMAS KELLY.

No. 4.

Ent. Sta. Hall,

Price 3/6.

D U B L I N .

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Just Published & may be had as above.

A selection of Hymns written by M. Kelly, with Music composed by Dr. John Smith. 3.



BEHOLD THE LAMB WITH DEEPLY CROWN'D.

To the right of the frame — a copy of it had been given.

A handwritten musical score consisting of six staves. The first two staves are for the vocal line, with lyrics written below them. The lyrics are: "He hold the Lamb with glo'ry crown'd To him all hearts are giv'n; No Be'hold the Lamb with glory crown'd To him all hearts are giv'n; No". The remaining four staves are for a keyboard accompaniment. The notation is in a historical style, likely from the 17th or 18th century.

8
 that sing his people then he found
 transported with the sight;
 To see the Lamb with glory crown'd,
 that yield them sweet delight.

9
 This soul he cuts, and this shows
 that celebrates the name
 Of him that sits upon the throne,
 And that equals the Lamb.

7
 To him whom men despise and slight,
 To him be glory giv'n,
 For crown is his, and he is King,
 The trumpet plays in heav'n.

10
 He has the crown the throne above,
 The Lamb with glory crown'd,
 The Lamb with glory crown'd,
 The Lamb with glory crown'd.

11
 This is the Lamb who sits upon the throne,
 The Lamb who sits upon the throne,
 The Lamb who sits upon the throne,
 The Lamb who sits upon the throne.

12
 To him be glory giv'n,
 To him be glory giv'n,
 To him be glory giv'n,
 To him be glory giv'n.

BEHOLD THE LAMB WITH GLORY CROWN'D.

"In the midst of the throne— a Lamb as it had been slain."

Rev. V. 6.

QUICK

Be hold the Lamb with glo ry crown'd, To him all pow'r is giv'n; No
 Be hold the Lamb with glo ry crown'd, To him all pow'r is giv'n; No
 place too high for him is found, No place too high in Heavn.
 place too high for him is found, No place too high in Heavn.

2
 He fills the throne, the throne above;
 He fills it without wrong;
 Sole object he of angels' love:
 Sole theme of angels' song.

3
 With faces veild yon seraphs bright
 Upon his glory gaze;
 Not seraphs could endure the light,
 The full resplendent blaze.

4
 Though high, yet he accepts the praise
 His people offer here:
 The faintest, feeblest cry they raise,
 Will reach the Saviour's ear.

5
 Well may his people then be found
 Transported with the sight;
 To see the Lamb with glory crown'd,
 Must yield them sweet delight.

6
 This song be ours, and this alone,
 That celebrates the name,
 Of him that sits upon the throne,
 And that exalts the Lamb.

7
 To him whom men despise and slight,
 To him be glory giv'n:
 The crown is his, and his by right,
 The highest place in Heavn.

YES WE HOPE THE DAY IS NIGH.

"And so all Israel shall be saved."

Rom. XI. 26.

MODERATO

Yes, we hope the day is nigh, When many nations long enslaved, When many na-tions

Yes, we hope the day is nigh, When many nations long enslaved, When many na-tions

long enslaved, shall break forth and sing with joy! Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna to the son of David. Ho-

long enslaved, shall break forth and sing with joy! Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna to the son of David. Ho-

sanna, Hosanna, Hosanna to the son of David. Ho-san-na to the son of Da-vid.

sanna, Hosanna, Hosanna to the son of David. Ho-san-na to the son of Da-vid.

Abraham's seed, cast off so long,
 Shall then appear among the saved;
 Shall arise, and join the song;
 "Hosanna to the Son of David!"

Jews and Gentiles shall unite.
 By Satan's pow'r no more enslaved;
 And shall sing with great delight,
 "Hosanna to the Son of David!"

4
 But a brighter day is nigh,
 When Jesus shall collect his saved:
 Men and angels then shall cry,
 "Hosanna to the Son of David!"

THE TRUMPET SHALL SOUND.

"The trumpet shall sound."

I. Cor. XV. 52.

ALLEGRO

The trumpet shall sound, And fill the world round; From shore it shall e-cho to shore; The
 The trumpet shall sound, And fill the world round; From shore it shall e-cho to shore; The
 Angel shall stand, with up-lift-ed hand, Pro-claiming that time is no more.
 Angel shall stand, with up-lift-ed hand, Pro-claiming that time is no more.

2

And now shall the tomb
 Discharge from its womb,
 The load it no more can contain,
 The Earth and the Sea,
 The call shall obey,
 And give up their myriads of slain.

3

The Saviour with crowds,
 Shall come in the clouds;
 His glory to all shall appear:
 All power is giv'n,
 In Earth and in-Heav'n,
 To him who was crucified here.

4

Then joy to the saints!
 Whatever complaints
 Attend on their state here below;
 They all in that day
 Shall vanish away;
 No more shall their tears ever flow.

5

Their Lord they shall see;
 With him they shall be;
 With him in his Kingdom above
 For ever to gaze;
 For ever to praise;
 For ever to sing of his love.

IN HIM WHOSE PRESENCE GLADDENS HEAV'N.

"Rejoice in the Lord?"

Phil: III. 1.

will re - joice; And blest are they to whom 'tis giv'n, and blest are they to whom 'tis giv'n To
 will re - joice; And blest are they to whom 'tis giv'n, and blest are they to whom 'tis giv'n To
 hear and know, To hear and know, To hear and know his voice.
 hear and know, To hear and know, To hear and know his voice.

2
 Against the Lord we once bore arms,
 His mercy we oppos'd:
 The charmer's voice possess'd no charms,
 For those whose ears were clos'd.

3
 He might have left us to endure,
 The wrath we seem'd to brave:
 Our case would then admit no cure,
 For who but he could save?

4
 But tho' resisted long, he strove,
 His purpose was to save;
 He shew'd the greatness of his love,
 And tho' provok'd, forgave.

5
 Then let us sing of grace alone,
 And magnify the name
 Of him that sits upon the throne,
 And join to praise the Lamb.

LET SINNERS SAÛD GIVE THANKS AND SING.

"I will sing and give praise."

PS. CVIII. 1.

MODERATO

Let sinners say'd give thanks, and sing, Of mer - cies past, of
 joys to come; The Lord their Sa - viour is, and King; The cross their
 hope, and Heavn their home, The cross their hope, and Heavn their home.

2
 Let sinners say'd give thanks, and sing;
 Salvation theirs, and of the Lord;
 They draw from Heavn's eternal spring,
 The living God their great reward.

4
 Let sinners, say'd give thanks, and sing;
 The Lord has kept in dangers past;
 And, O sweet thought! the Lord will bring
 His people safe to Heavn at last.

3
 Let sinners say'd give thanks, and sing;
 Sweet is th' subject of their song,
 Who, made the children of a king,
 Expect to sing in Heavn ere long.

5
 Let sinners say'd give thanks, and sing;
 Of Jesus sing, thro' all their days;
 In Heavn their golden harps they'll string,
 And there for ever sing his praise.

HARK THE SOUNDS OF GLADNESS.

"The Isles and the inhabitants thereof."

Isaiah XLII. 10.

MODERATO

Hark, the sounds of gladness From a distant shore; Like relief from
 sadness, sadness now no more: 'Tis the Lord has done it, He has
 won the day, His own arm has won it, Joyful we may say.

2
 Idols lately bow'd to
 Lie by all abhorr'd;
 And the people crowd to
 Temples of the Lord:
 What a change! how glorious!
 Lord, thine arm is strong;
 Thou hast prov'd victorious,
 Though the fight was long.

3
 Long the foe resisted,
 Loth to yield his prey;
 All his pow'rs enlisted,
 And maintain'd the day.
 But his arm is shatter'd,
 And the slaves are free:
 All his force is scatter'd:
 Glory, Lord, to thee.

4
 Hence those sounds of gladness,
 From a distant shore;
 Then away with sadness;
 And despond no more.
 Ye who mourn with Zion,
 And her welfare seek:
 Think of Judah's lion,
 Never faint nor weak.

5
 When he wakes from slumber,
 And puts on his might,
 What is skill or number,
 Match'd with him in fight?
 When his foes assemble
 Hoping to prevail;
 Soon the valiant tremble,
 And the mighty fall.

ETERNAL HONOUR BE TO HIM.

"Hereby perceive we the love of God, because he laid down his life for us."

I. John III. 1.

E-ter-nal ho-nour be to him, Who sav'd us by his blood! His love shall

be our joy-ful theme, The boundless love of God, The boundless love of God.

2
But few would die to save a friend,
He died to save his foes;
His love nor measure has, nor end,
'Tis such as no man knows.

3
No words can tell its depth and height,
No love can equal his;
The love of God is infinite,
Like God himself it is.

4
No sacrifice appear'd too great,
The love of God to prove;
And thence we learn to estimate
The greatness of his love.

5
Yet all we know is, that his love
Exceeds all others far;
How far, not all the hosts above
Are able to declare.

6
But what we know makes wealth and fame,
And pleasure seem but loss;
And renders dear the glorious name
Of him who bore the cross.

GLAD WE HEAR FROM DAY TO DAY.

"And they caused great joy to all the brethren."

Acts xv. 3.

ALLEGRO

Glad we hear, from day to day, What the Lord is do - ing, How the Gos - pel wins its

Glad we hear, from day to day, What the Lord is do - ing, How the Gos - pel wins its

way, Sinners hearts sub - du - ing: What a glorious work is his? Work for e - ver

way, Sinners hearts sub - du - ing: What a glorious work is his? Work for e - ver

last - ing, Ev - ry o - ther work but this fa - ding is and wast - ing.

last - ing, Ev - ry o - ther work but this fa - ding is and wast - ing.

2
While the judgments of the Lord
Heav'n and earth are shaking:
Rous'd from slumber by his word,
Thousands are awaking:
Swiftly flies "the joyful sound,"
Heav'nly truth declaring:
To a guilty world around,
News of pardon bearing.

3
Saviour, let thy message run,
Message of salvation:
Take its circuit like the sun;
Visit ev'ry nation.
Earth has long been overspread,
Overspread with sadness:
Let the day-spring come with speed,
Bringing light and gladness.

WELL SING OF THE SHEPHERD THAT DIED.

"I lay down my life for the sheep."

John X. 15.

Well sing of the Shepherd that died, That died for the sake of the flock; His

Well sing of the Shepherd that died, That died for the sake of the flock; His

love to the ut-most was tried, And im-mov-a-ble stood as a rock.

love to the ut-most was tried, And im-mov-a-ble stood as a rock.

2
 When the blood of a victim must flow,
 The shepherd by kindness was led,
 To stand between them and the foe,
 And willingly died in their stead.

3
 Our song then for ever shall be
 Of the shepherd who gave himself thus;
 No subject so glorious we see,
 And none so affecting to us.

4
 Well sing of this subject alone:
 No other our tongues shall employ;
 But better his love will be known,
 In yonder bright regions of joy.

5
 'Tis there that we hope we shall be,
 Among the redeem'd to appear;
 From sin and infirmity free,
 We'll sing as we can not do here.

SOUND, SOUND THE TRUTH ABROAD.

"Cry aloud, spare not."

Isaiah LVIII. 1.

ALLEGRO

Sound, sound the Truth a-broad, Bear ye the word of God Through the wide world; Tell what our Lord has done, Tell how the day is won, And from his lofty throne Sa-tan is hurl'd.

Far over sea ² and land;
(Tis our Lord's own command;)

Bear ye his name.
Bear it to ev'ry shore,
Regions un'known explore,
Enter at ev'ry door,
Silence is shame.

³
Speed on the wings of love,
JESUS, who reigns above;
Bids us to fly,
They who his message bear,
Should neither doubt nor fear,
He will their friend appear,
He will be nigh.

⁴
When on the mighty deep,
He will their spirits keep
Stay'd on his word;
When in a foreign land,
No other friend at hand,
JESUS will by them stand,
JESUS their Lord.

⁵
Ye who, forsaking all,
At your lov'd master's call,
Comforts resign.
Soon will your work be done,
Soon will the prize be won,
Brighter than yonder sun
Then shall ye shine.

IF I HAD WINGS THEN I WOULD FLY.

"Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ."

Phil. I. 23.

If I had wings, then I would fly With speed to yon-der
 realms of light; I'd bid farewell to all be-low, And take my e-ver
 last-ing flight. And take my e-ver last-ing flight.

2
 I'd ask admittance there, as one
 Without pretension aught but this:
 A sinner sav'd by grace alone;
 That grace that for the vilest is.

3
 I'd join in praise with those above,
 Who owe like me their place in Heav'n
 To royal mercy; much they love,
 Because that much has been forgiv'n.

4
 I thought, vain hope, that I might claim
 A place in Heav'n to merit due:
 'Twas then I gloried in my shame,
 And deem'd him wise, who nothing knew.

5
 The thought of grace, so precious now,
 Had then no charms, or none for me,
 My haughty mind disdain'd to bow,
 A debtor then I scorn'd to be.

6
 But, O that grace, despis'd so long,
 How rich it is! it came to me;
 'Tis now the subject of my song,
 And while I live, I trust, shall be.

7
 Of grace abounding, here I'll sing,
 'Tis meet I should as one forgiv'n
 Of grace abounding, grace the spring
 Of hope on earth, and joy in heav'n.

8
 And when I reach yon glorious place,
 Where sinners sav'd shall sin no more;
 I hope to sing triumphant grace,
 And taste of joys unknown before.

YE WHO LOVE THE CAUSE OF ZION.

"For the Lord hath chosen Zion."

P. CXXXII. 13.

SLOW

Ye who love the cause of Zi-on, Tho' despis'd of men, and few, Arm'd with boldness

like the Li-on, Fear not all that men can do: What tho' all the world op- pose,

God is stronger than her foes. God is stronger than her foes.

Friends of Zion, mark the promise,
 "Zion shall become a praise;"
 Earth and Hell would wrest it from us:
 But in vain, our Saviour says
 Zion's king is Lord of Lords;
 His are true and faithful words.
 Zion's foes may all³ assemble,
 But their counsel cannot stand:
 Soon the stoutest heart will tremble,
 When the Lord shall raise his hand.
 Who to her would ruin bring,
 First must vanquish Zion's king.

Now, ye people,⁴ walk around her,
 View her walls, and count her tow'rs;
 See how God, her gracious founder
 Keeps her safe from hostile pow'rs.
 Zion's children dwell secure;
 God has made their dwelling sure.
 See her firm and⁵ deep foundation,
 Zion stands upon a rock;
 God hath call'd her walls "salvation;"
 Form'd to stand each adverse shock.
 Strength and glory here unite:
 Zion is the Lord's delight.

6
 Foes of Zion, fight no longer;
 Here submission will be gain.
 Zion's King will prove the stronger;
 And with pow'r her cause maintain:
 He secures her gates and walls:
 'Tis on you the ruin falls.