

REVISED EDITION.

H Y M N S .

OR

Clarions Passages

OF

S C R I P T U R E .

Written & Composed,

By,

THOMAS KELLY.

N<sup>o</sup> 8

Ent. Sta. Hall.

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D U B L I N .

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*A selection of Hymns written by M<sup>r</sup> Kelly, with Music composed by D<sup>r</sup> John Smith . 3<sup>d</sup>*





## JESUS OUR LORD IS KING.

"Now unto the King eternal be honour and glory."

1 Tim. I. 17.

Jesus our Lord is king, Come then ye saints and sing, Jesus our theme; High o-ver  
all he is, Yonder bright throne is his, Triumph, ye saints, in this, Triumph in him.

2  
Angels confess his claim,  
Angels exalt his name,  
"Angels of light";  
Spirits around his throne,  
Blessed in him alone,  
Making his glory known,  
Day without night.

3  
High on his throne above,  
His is a throne of love,  
Jesus is seen;  
In yonder glorious place,  
Angels adore his grace,  
Angels behold his face,  
No cloud between.

4  
While we remain below,  
"Only in part we know;  
More is not giv'n;  
But there's a day at hand,  
When, at our Lord's command,  
We hope with joy to stand  
Near him in heav'n.

5  
Then in triumphant songs,  
(Such joy to heav'n belongs,)  
All shall unite;  
All shall unite to sing  
Jesus our glorious king,  
Then shall all heav'n ring,  
Ring with delight.

6  
While ages roll away,  
Joy suffers no decay,  
Ever the same:  
Let us then praise our king,  
Tribute and homage bring;  
Lord, 'tis thy name we sing,  
Jesus! thy name.

GRACE IS THE SWEETEST SOUND.

"Of faith, that it might be by grace."

Rom: IV. 16.

Grace is the sweet-est sound; That e-ver reach'd our  
 ears, When con-science charg'd, And jus-tice frown'd, 'Twas  
 grace re-mov'd our fears, 'Twas grace re-mov'd our fears.

Grace is a theme indeed,  
 A hope-inspiring theme,  
 'Tis all we can desire or need,  
 'Tis more than fancy's dream.

'Tis freedom to the slave,  
 'Tis light and liberty;  
 It takes its terror from the grave,  
 'Tis joy and victory.

Grace is a mine of wealth,  
 Laid open to the poor;  
 Grace is a sovereign spring of health,  
 'Tis life for evermore.

Of grace then let us sing,  
 A joyful, wondrous theme;  
 The God of grace is Israel's king,  
 And grace proceeds from him.

We hope to see his face,  
 With all the saints above,  
 And sing for ever of his grace,  
 For ever of his love.

## LO HE COMES TIS ZION'S KING.

"Hosanna to the son of David."

Mat: XXI, 9

Lo! he comes, 'tis Zi-on's King, Rejoice ye whom his grace has sa-ved; Re-  
 joice ye, whom his grace has sa-ved; Let the saints to-ge-ther sing, Hosannah, Ho-  
 sannah, Ho-sannah to the son of Da-vid, Ho-sannah Ho-sannah, Ho-  
 sannah to the son of Da-vid, Ho-sannah to the son of Da-vid.

2  
 Though in lowly guise a King,  
 And long his people were enslaved,  
 Freed by him, they now may sing,  
 "Hosannah to the son of David."

3  
 Strike ye saints, a cheerful string,  
 Your King for you all danger braved;  
 Were we mute, the stones would sing,  
 "Hosannah to the son of David."

4  
 Tho' the world no plaudits bring,  
 The world by Satan still enslaved;  
 Yet angelic voices sing,  
 "Hosannah to the son of David."

5  
 Heav'n's high arches soon shall ring,  
 While angels join with all the saved;  
 And while both together sing,  
 "Hosannah to the son of David."

## SILENT ON A FOREIGN SHORE.

"How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?"

Ps. CXXXVII. 14.

Si - lent on a foreign shore, Ju - dah's Harp is heard no more,

Ju - dah's Harp is heard no more, See, it hangs on yonder bough,

No one comes to touch it now, Whence this silence, whence this sadness,

Where's the voice of joy and gladness, Where's the voice of joy and gladness?

Can the pining captive sing?  
 Can he wake the silent string?  
 Can the Exile far from home,  
 Aught express but grief and gloom?  
 Hence this silence, hence this sadness!  
 Hence the want of joy and gladness.

Yet the Exile's day will come,  
 And he shall regain his home,  
 Zion's children shall return,  
 And for ever cease to mourn;  
 Whence this silence whence this sadness!  
 Where's the voice of joy and gladness.

Zion's sons, tho' far from home,  
 Yet may live on joys to come;  
 Mighty their redeemer is,  
 And his people's cause is his,  
 Whence this silence, whence this sadness?  
 Where's the voice of joy and gladness?

Let the harp of Judah now,  
 Hang no more on yonder bough;  
 Wake its silent strings again;  
 Hope has its peculiar strain;  
 Hope is not allied to sadness;  
 Hope is full of joy and gladness.

SING SING HIS LOFTY PRAISE.

"Praise thy God, O Zion."

P. CXLVII.

Sing, sing his lo - ty praise, Whom an - gels cannot raise, But whom they

Sing, sing his lo - ty praise, Whom an - gels cannot raise, But whom they

sing; Je - sus, who reigns a - bove, Ob - ject of an - gels' love,

sing; Je - sus, who reigns a - bove, Ob - ject of an - gels' love,

Je - sus, whose grace we prove, Je - sus our King.

Je - sus, whose grace we prove, Je - sus our King.

2  
Once upon earth he was,  
Sin the mysterious cause,  
Love brought him down:  
Was ever love like his?  
Stronger than death it is;  
Was ever sight like this?  
His be the crown.

3  
Jesus the curse sustain'd,  
Bitter the cup he drain'd,  
Happy for us,  
Angels were fill'd with awe,  
When their own king they saw.  
Honour his holy law,  
Honour it thus.

6  
Hail, our eternal king!  
Jesus, whose name we sing,  
Heavn is thy throne;  
Heavn, where thine angels are,  
Where all is bright and fair,  
Reign thou for ever there,  
Reign thou alone.

4  
Rich is the grace we sing,  
Poor is the praise we bring,  
Not as we ought:  
But when we see his face,  
In yonder glorious place,  
Then we shall sing his grace,  
Sing without fault.

5  
Yet we will sing of him,  
Jesus our happy theme,  
Jesus we'll sing;  
Glory and pow'r are his,  
His too the kingdom is;  
Triumph, ye saints, in this,  
Jesus is king.

## CHILDREN ONCE WERE HEARD TO SING.

"Hearest thou what these say?"

Mat: XXI. 16.

Children once were heard to sing, When so ma - ny si - lent were;

Glad they wel - con'd Is - rael's king, And Ho - san - nah's

fill'd the air, And Ho - san - nah's fill'd the air.

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of three systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the vocal lines.

2  
 David's son, and David's Lord,  
 Hear'd their praises, and approv'd;  
 Be our Saviour's grace ador'd,  
 Be our Saviour's name belov'd.

3  
 Count us not, O Lord, too bold,  
 If we try our song to raise,  
 Children we, like those of old,  
 Taught, like them, to lisp thy praise.

6  
 There we'll sing hossannah's loud;  
 To a Saviour's praise we'll sing;  
 Mix with yonder joyful crowd,  
 And for ever praise our king.

4  
 Jesus hail, we sing of thee;  
 Welcome to thine house of pray'r;  
 Let our hearts thy temple be;  
 Lord set up thy kingdom there.

5  
 Make us wise, thy name to know;  
 Let us feel thy pow'r and love;  
 Ours to serve thee, Lord, below;  
 And to dwell with thee above.

## TO GOD OUR SAVIOUR.

"Praise him all ye people." &amp;c.

Ps. CXVII.

To God our Saviour and our King, Let saints their voices raise: The people of the

Lord should sing, Since he accepts their praise, Since he accepts their praise.

2  
Yes, he on whom the angels gaze  
With wonder, love, and fear,  
Disdains not to accept the praise.  
His people offer here.

3  
On yonder throne, exalted high,  
He reigns his people's head:  
He knows their wants, he hears their cry,  
And gives them all they need.

4  
How sweet to know his name who reigns  
Supreme on yonder throne!  
His love supplies, his pow'r sustains,  
His love and pow'r alone.

8  
Let everlasting praise be his,  
Whose life for us was giv'n:  
His name the greatest, sweetest is,  
Of all in earth and heav'n.

5  
The source from whence we draw our store  
Is full, and overflows;  
It yields its treasures to the poor,  
Enriching freely those.

6  
We'll praise the name of him who gives  
What worlds could never buy:  
He once was dead, but now he lives!  
He lives no more to die.

7  
The name he bears is pow'r and love,  
'Tis wisdom, truth, and grace;  
'Tis all that angels know above,  
Who see "with open face".

## BEHOLD HOW THE LORD.

"Conquering, and to conquer."

Rev: VI. 2.

Be- hold how the Lord Has girt on his sword, And from conquest to

conquest pro- ceeds; And from conquest to conquest pro- ceeds; How hap- py are

they Who live in this day, How hap- py are they Who live in this day, And

wit- ness his won- der- ful deeds, And wit- ness his won- der- ful deeds.

2  
 He sends his word forth  
 From the south to the north,  
 From the east to the west it is heard;  
 The rebel is charm'd,  
 The foe is disarm'd,  
 No day like this day has appear'd.

3  
 Our voices we'll raise,  
 We'll sing and give praise  
 To him, who from yonder bright throne,  
 Dispenses his grace  
 In every place,  
 We'll sing of his glory alone.

4  
 How glorious is he!  
 How blessed are we  
 Ascribing salvation to him!  
 His footsteps we trace,  
 His triumphs of grace,  
 And joyfully dwell on the theme.

5  
 To Jesus alone,  
 Who sits on the throne,  
 Salvation and glory belong;  
 All hail the blest name!  
 For ever the same,  
 Our boast, and the theme of our song.

THE HEAD THAT ONCE WAS CROWN'D.

"Perfect through sufferings."

Heb. II. 10.

The head that once was crown'd with thorns Is crown'd with glo - ry now,  
 A roy - al di - a - dem a - - dorns A roy - al di - a - dem a - -  
 dorns The mighty vic - tor's brow, The migh - ty vic - - tor's brow.

The musical score consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff with treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

2  
 The highest place that heaven affords  
 Is his, is his by right,  
 "The King of Kings, and Lord of Lords,  
 And heaven's eternal light.

3  
 The joy of all who dwell above,  
 The joy of all below  
 To whom he manifests his love,  
 And grants his name to know.

6  
 The cross he bore is life and health,  
 Tho' shame and death to him;  
 His people's hope, his people's wealth,  
 Their everlasting theme.

4  
 To them the cross, with all its shame,  
 With all its grace, is given;  
 Their name an everlasting name,  
 Their joy the joy of heav'n.

5  
 They suffer with their Lord below,  
 They reign with him above;  
 Their profit and their joy to know  
 The mystery of his love.

## WHY SLEEPS THE HARP OF JUDAH NOW.

"Yea, we wept when we remembered Zion."

P<sup>s</sup> CXXXVII. 1.

Why sleeps the harp of Ju - dah now, Whose sounds were once so  
sweet so loud? Why laid un - heed - ed on the bough. That o - ver - hangs Eu -  
- phra - tes' flood. That o - ver - hangs Eu - phra - tes' flood.

2  
Why sleeps the harp of Judah now?

Will no one touch its silent strings?

Are all restrain'd by solemn vow

That none will praise the "King of Kings?"

3  
Why sleeps the harp of Judah now?

Let Zion's children answer why,

"We cannot sing, while here we bow

Beneath the yoke, and lonely sigh.

4  
Our foes insulting ask a song;

And of their captives mirth demand,

But who can sing their foes among,

Or smile, when in a foreign land?

5  
From Zion far, we mourn and pine;

Our hearts are sad, our tongues are dumb,

No prophet have we now, or sign;

No friend, no guide, no King, no home?"

6  
And is that arm of pow'r bereft,

That wonders wrought in ages past?

Jehovah's people, are they left

To sorrows that for ever last?

7  
The Lord from exile will recal

His people to their native shore;

And Babylon's proud walls, shall fall

In ruins, to arise no more.

8  
Then let the harp of Judah ring,

With sounds of joy, — the day is near.

When Zion shall behold her king,

No more to weep, no more to fear.

WHY ASKERS THE WAY OF THE LORD  
**JESUS MY LORD TO THEE.**

"In my distress I called upon the Lord."

Ps. XVIII. 6.

Je - sus, my Lord, to thee In my dis - tress I flee, Hear thou my call; Jesus, the

name I love, Jesus, all names above, Jesus, whose grace I prove, Jesus, my all.

2  
 Lord, when I fly to thee,  
 Be a defence to me,  
 In the dark hour;  
 Strong, because thou art strong,  
 When foes around me throng.  
 Be thou my boast and song,  
 Be thou my tow'r.

3  
 When thou my Lord art nigh,  
 Foes I may well defy,  
 Strong is thine arm;  
 Mercy and truth are thine,  
 Wisdom and love divine;  
 Triumph and peace be mine,  
 Nothing shall harm.

4  
 Nothing shall greatly move  
 Those who thy kindness prove,  
 Blessed alone;  
 Strong their Redeemer is,  
 Greatness and grace are his,  
 This, and far more than this,  
 Lord, is thine own.

5  
 Lord, let thy favour be  
 Dearer than life to me,  
 Be thy name dear;  
 When foes against me fight,  
 Then raise thine arm of might,  
 Then save thy worm from flight,  
 Save him from fear.

## LORD DISMISS US HENCE.

"Happy is that people whose God is the Lord."

P.CXLIV. 15.

Lord, dismiss us hence with gladness, Be thy people's lot our choice;

'Tis thy foes have cause of sadness, But thy people may rejoice; Who shall harm them,

Who shall harm them, While they hear and know thy voice?

2  
From thy word with food provided,  
May way we feed thereon and grow;  
And by thee, our Saviour, guided,  
Thro' the pathless desert go:  
While the gospel  
Charms our hearts from all below.

3  
Saviour, keep all evil from us,  
Go before us in the way;  
Till we reach the land of promise,  
Be thy word our guide and stay:  
Joy and triumph  
Shall be ours in that bright day.

4  
Then thy people's griefs are over;  
Then thy people cease to fight:  
In that day thou wilt discover  
All thy glory to our sight:  
God our portion,  
God our everlasting light.

LORD DISMISS US GRACIOUSLY

Happy is that people whose God is the Lord.

15.

The musical score consists of three systems, each with a vocal line and a lute line. The lyrics are written below the vocal lines.

System 1:  
 Lord, dismiss us gracious, He thy people let our choice.

System 2:  
 'Tis thy foes have cause of, and need; But thy people may rejoice; Who shall be their

System 3:  
 Who shall harm them, Who shall harm them, While they hear and know thy voice.

2  
 Set out, keep all out from us,  
 Go before us in the way;  
 Till we reach the land of promise,  
 Be thy word our guide and stay;  
 Joy and triumph  
 Shall be ours in that bright day.

2  
 From thy word with food provided,  
 Whate'er way we lead thitheron and grow;  
 And thy flock, our Saviour, guided,  
 Thine the pathless desert go;  
 While the keep,  
 Let us our hearts from all below.

4  
 Then thy people, which are men,  
 Then thy people, which are men,  
 In that day, thou wilt discover,  
 All thy King, to our stay;  
 God our portion,  
 And our everlasting day.

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The God of Abrah'm praise, . . . . .	1 0	Behold the Saviour of mankind, . . . . .	1 6
Rise my soul, and stretch thy wings, . . . . .	1 0	To thee, my God and Saviour, . . . . .	1 0
Father, how wide thy glory shines, . . . . .	1 6	Great God indulge my humble claim, . . . . .	1 0
Eternal Pow'r, whose high abode, . . . . .	1 0	Sweet is the work, my God, my King, . . . . .	1 0

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Behold the Lamb with glory crown'd,  
Yes, we hope the day is nigh,  
The trumpet shall sound,  
In Him, whose presence gladdens Heav'n,  
Let sinners sav'd give thanks and sing,  
Hark, the sounds of gladness,  
Eternal honour be to Him,  
Glad we hear from day to day,  
We'll sing of the Shepherd who died,  
Sound, sound the truth abroad,  
If I had wings then would I fly,  
Ye who love the cause of Zion,

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Jesus, our Lord, is King,  
Grace is the sweetest sound,  
Lo, he comes, 'tis Zion's King,  
Silent on a foreign shore,  
Sing, sing His lofty praise,  
Children once were heard to sing,  
To God, our Saviour and our King,  
Behold how the Lord,  
The head that once was crown'd with thorns,  
Why sleeps the harp of Judah now?  
Jesus, my Lord, to thee,  
Lord, dismiss us hence with gladness.

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Let those who are agreed,  
God is love,  
Jesus drains the cup of sorrows,  
Whence those sounds symphonious?  
To Israel's God let praise be giv'n,  
Tho' all these things substantial seem,

Lord, I trust in thee,  
While I wander'd Jesus sought me,  
Arise ye saints, arise and tell,  
How sweet to leave the world awhile,  
Tho' others be sad,  
Sing aloud to God our strength.

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