

Hymns
ON
Various Passages,
OF
SCRIPTURE,
Written & Composed
BY
Thomas Kelly.

Ent. of Sta. Hall.

Price 3s.

LONDON,

Published by J. Power, 34, Strand.



THE HISTORY OF THE

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LONDON

FROM ITS INSTITUTION

TO THE PRESENT TIME

BY JOHN DESHAUNES

ESQ. OF THE SOCIETY

AND JOHN HENRY

DE LAUNDELL

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ESQ. OF THE SOCIETY

HARK, TEN THOUSAND HARPS AND VOICES.

13

"Let all the angels of God worship him"

HEB. 1. 6.

ALLEGRO

HARK, ten thousand harps and voices, Sound the note of praise a - bove! Je - sus reigns, and heav'n re -

HARK, ten thousand harps and voices, Sound the note of praise a - bove! Je - sus reigns, and heav'n re -

- - - joi - ces: Je - sus reigns, the God of love: See, he fills yon azure throne! Je - sus rules the world a - lone:

- - - joi - ces: Je - sus reigns, the God of love: See, he fills yon azure throne! Je - sus rules the world a - lone.

2
Well may angels bright and glorious,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While on earth, he prov'd victorious;
Now, he bears a matchless name:
Well may angels sing of him,
Heav'n supplies no richer tieme.

3
Come, ye saints, unite your praises
With the angels round his throne;
Soon, we hope our Lord will raise us
To the place where he is gone.
Meet it is that we should sing,
Glory, glory to our king.

4
Sing how Jesus came from heaven,
How he bore the cross below;
How all pow'r to him is given;
How he reigns in glory now:
'Tis a great and endless theme:
O 'tis sweet to sing of him!

5
Jesus hail, whose glory brightens
All above, and makes it fair!
Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,
Cheers and clarifies thy people here:
When we think of love like thine,
Lord, we own it love divine.

6
King of glory, reign for ever,
Thine an everlasting crown:
Nothing from thy love shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own;
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destin'd to behold thy face.

7
Saviour, hasten thine appearing;
Bring, O bring the glorious day;
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heav'n and earth shall pass away:
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing —
"Glory, glory to our king!"

KING OF KINGS.

"King of Kings, and Lord of Lords."

REV. xix. 16.

"King of Kings, and Lord of Lords!" These are great and awful words; 'Tis to Jesus

"King of Kings, and Lord of Lords!" These are great and awful words; 'Tis to Jesus

they be long; Let his people raise their song, Let his peo-ple raise their song.

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2
Hark, how angels sound his praise!
Fill'd with transport while they gaze:
Glory, honour, praise and power,
These are thine for evermore.

3
Crown him then whom angels sing!
Crown him everlasting king!
Jesus fills the throne above,
Jesus is the God of love.

4
Holy, holy, holy, Lord!
Heav'n and earth thy name record:
Pow'r and praise to thee belong.
Lord, accept our feeble song

8
While we still continue here,
Let this hope our spirits cheer.
Till in heav'n thy face we see,
Teach us, Lord, to live to thee.

5
Rich in glory thou didst stoop:
This is now thy people's hope:
Thou wast poor, that they might be
Rich in glory, Lord, with thee.

6
When we think of love like this,
Joy and shame our hearts possess:
Joy, that thou could'st pity thus;
Shame, for such returns from us.

7
Yet we hope the day to see,
When we shall from earth be free;
Borne aloft, to heav'n be brought,
There to praise thee as we ought.

WIIENCE THOSE UNUSUAL BURSTS OF JOY

15

“And he hath on his vesture, and on his thigh, a name written King of Kings, and Lord of Lords.”

REV. xix. 16.

ALLEGRO

When these unusual bursts of joy, Whose sound thro' heaven rings? They welcome Jesus to the sky, And

When these unusual bursts of joy, Whose sound thro' heaven rings? They welcome Jesus to the sky, And

crow him "King of Kings," And crown him "King of Kings," And crown him "King of Kings," And crown him "King of Kings."

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2
At sight of him, yon seraphs bright
Exulting clap their wings;
They hail their Lord with new delight,
And crown him "King of Kings."

3
The brightest angel glory boasts,
To him his tribute brings
And join high heav'n's assembled hosts
To crown him "King of Kings."

4
Look up, ye saints, and while ye gaze,
Forget all earthly things,
Unite to sing the Saviour's praise,
And crown him "King of Kings."

5
While heav'n in honour of his name
With exultation sings,
His saints on earth will own his claim,
And crown him "King of Kings."

6
When here, he bore our sin and shame:
And thence our comfort springs;
'Tis meet we should exalt his name,
And crown him "King of Kings."

7
We hope ere long, beyond those clouds,
To tune celestial strings;
And join with heav'n's exulting crowds,
To crown him "King of Kings."

16 LOOK, YE SAINTS, THE SIGHT IS GLORIOUS.

“And he shall reign for ever and ever.”

REV. xi. 15.

ALLEGRO

Look ye saints, the sight is glorious, See "The man of sorrows" now:
 Look ye saints, the sight is glorious, See "The man of sor-rows" now:
 From the fight re_turn'd vic-to-ri-ous: Ey'-ry knee to him shall bow:
 From the fight re_turn'd vic-to-ri-ous: Ev'-ry knee to him shall bow:
 Crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him: Crowns be come the vic-tor's brow.
 Crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him: Crowns be come the vic-tor's brow.

2

Crown the Saviour, angels crown him:
 Rich the trophies that he brings:
 In the seat of pow'r enthroned him,
 While the vault of heaven rings:
 Crown him, crown him:
 Crown the Saviour "King of Kings!"

3

Sinners in derision crown'd him,
 Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
 Saints and angels crowd around him,
 Own his title, praise his name:
 Crown him, crown him:
 Spread abroad the victor's fame.

4

Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
 Hark, those loud triumphant chords!
 Jesus takes the highest station:
 O what joy the sight affords!
 Crown him crown him:
 "King of Kings, and Lord of Lords."

YE, WHO DWELL IN HEAV'N, DECLARE

"Who is this King of Glory?"

PSALM xxiv. 8.

Ye, who dwell in heav'n, declare Who 'The King of Glo-ry' is? Who is first and

Ye, who dwell in heav'n, declare Who 'The King of Glo-ry' is? Who is first and

highest there? Who is first and highest there? His the pow'r, the kingdom his?

highest there? Who is first and highest there? His the pow'r, the kingdom his?

2

'Tis the Lamb, the Lamb alone,
 Claims the title justly his:
 He it is that fills the throne:
 He "The King of Glory" is.

3

Blessed news! the Lamb is King:
 Glorious truth! he reigns alone:
 Come, ye saints, your tribute bring,
 Bow before the Saviour's throne.

4

Let the world deride his claim:
 Let the world refuse to bow:
 Angels triumph in his name;
 All in heav'n adore him now.

5

Jesus hail! whom angels sing;
 Lamb of God, for sinners slain;
 Reign for ever, glorious King;
 Thou art worthy, Lord, to reign.

HARK, 'TIS THE TRUMPET'S SOUND!

THE DAY OF CHRIST

"For the trumpet shall sound."

1-COR. xv. 52.

Hark, 'tis the trumpet's sound! It closes earthly things: It echoes all a--

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round, And great the news it brings: It says that Je-sus is at hand, And

round, And great the news it brings: It says that Je-sus is at hand, And

bids the world be-fore him stand. And bids the world be-fore him stand.

bids the world be-fore him stand. And bids the world be-fore him stand.

2
The sound is heard afar;
It goes thro' sea and land:
And now—before his bar
Th'assembled nations stand:
His friends are mingled with his foes,
But who are his, the Saviour knows.

3
And now he calls his own
To dwell with him above;
To sit upon his throne,
And share his endless love:
With joy they meet him in the clouds,
And mix with heav'n's exulting crowds.

4
But oh, what storms await
The trembling crowds below!
Their pleas are now too late:
This is the time of woe:
The Judge decrees their final doom:
Their portion is "The wrath to come!"

5
O that, in that great day,
We may with those appear!
To whom the Lord will say—
Ye blessed, now come near;
To you eternal life is giv'n;
Draw near, and share the joys of heav'n.

THE TRUMP OF GOD.

19

*“For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout,
with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God.”*

1 THESS. iv. 16.

The trump of God is heard on high; The shout of an-gels rend the sky: The shout of an-gels
The trump of God is heard on high; The shout of an-gels rend the sky: The shout of an-gels

rend the sky: 'Tis Jesus coming in the clouds, Attended by ex-ulting crowds, Attended by ex-ulting crowds.
rend the sky: 'Tis Jesus coming in the clouds, Attended by ex-ulting crowds, Attended by ex-ulting crowds.

2

How glorious is the Saviour now,
While many crowns adorn his brow
Upon his vesture mark the words —
“The King of Kings, and Lord of Lords”

3

The final day at length is come,
And sinners now must hear their doom:
What horror fills the trembling heart —
While Jesus speaks the words “Depart!”

4

In vain upon the rocks they call
To hide, or crush them by their fall;
To them ev'n death no help can give,
Whom God in justice dooms to live.

5

But O what transport fills their hearts,
To whom he thus his will impart! —
“The kingdom take, your blest reward,
“For you before the world prepar’d.”

6

This is the people, who on earth
Were subjects for the worldling's mirth;
But lo! the Saviour owns their name,
And fills their enemies with shame.

7

O may I now with those appear
Who dare confess the Saviour here!
So shall my happy portion be,
Jesus will then acknowledge me.

FROM FAR I SEE.

"But he shall appear to your joy, and they shall be ashamed"

ISAIAH. lxvi. 6.

From far I see the glorious day, When he who bore our sins a-way, Will all his ma-jes

From far I see the glorious day, When he who bore our sins a-way, Will all his ma-jes

- ty dis-play, Will all his ma-jes-ty dis-play, Will all his ma-jes-ty dis-play.

- ty dis-play, Will all his ma-jes-ty dis-play, Will all his ma-jes-ty dis-play.

2
 "A man of sorrows" once he was;
 No friend was found to plead his cause,
 For all prefer'd the world's applause.

3
 He groan'd beneath sin's awful load:
 For in the sinner's place he stood,
 And died to bring him back to God.

4
 But now he reigns with glory crown'd,
 While angel-hosts his throne surround,
 And still his lofty praises sound.

5
 To few on earth his name is dear:
 And they who in his cause appear,
 The world's reproach and scorn must bear.

6
 But yet there is a day to come,
 When he will seal the sinner's doom,
 And take his mourning people home!

7
 Jesus, thy name is all my boast;
 And thro' by waves of trouble tost,
 Thou wilt not let my soul be lost.

8
 Come then, come quickly from above,
 My soul, impatient, longs to prove
 The depths of everlasting love.

FLY, YE SEASONS, FLY STILL FASTER.

21

"Even so, come Lord Jesus!"

REV. xii. 20.

ANDANTE

Fly, ye seasons, fly still faster: Let the glorious day come on, When we shall behold our master

Fly, ye seasons, fly still faster: Let the glorious day come on, When we shall behold our master

Seated on his heavenly throne, When the Saviour When the Saviour Shall descend to claim his own.

Seated on his heavenly throne, When the Saviour When the Saviour Shall descend to claim his own.

2

What is earth, with all its treasures,
To the joy the gospel brings?
Well may we resign its pleasures,
Jesus gives us better things:
All his people
Draw from heav'n's eternal springs.

3

But if here we taste of pleasure,
What will heav'n itself afford?
There our joy will know no measure:
There we shall behold our Lord -
There his people
Shall obtain their bright reward.

4

Fly, ye seasons, fly still faster;
Swiftly bring the glorious day:
Jesus come, our Lord, our Master!
Come from heav'n without delay;
Take thy people,
Take, O take them hence away.

NOTHING KNOW WE OF THE SEASON.

"But ye, brethren, are not in darkness, that that day should overtake you as a thief."

1 THESS. iv. 5.

MODERATO

Nothing know we of the season When the world shall pass a way: But we know, the
 Nothing know we of the season When the world shall pass a way: But we know, the
 saints have rea-son To ex-pect a glorious day: When the Sa-viour will return,
 saints have rea-son To ex-pect a glorious day: When the Sa-viour will return,
 And his peo-ple cease to mourn, And his peo-ple cease to mourn.
 And his peo-ple cease to mourn, And his peo-ple cease to mourn.

2
 While a careless world is sleeping —
 Then it is the day will come:
 Mirth shall then be turn'd to weeping:
 Sinners shall receive their doom:
 But the people of the Lord,
 Shall obtain their bright reward.

3
 O what sacred joys await them!
 They shall see the Saviour then:
 Those who now oppose and hate them,
 Never can oppose again:
 Brethren, let us think of this:
 All is ours if we are his.

4
 Waiting for our Lord's returning,
 Be it ours his word to keep;
 Let our lamps be always burning:
 Let us watch while others sleep:
 We're no longer of the night:
 We are children of the light.

5
 Being of the favour'd number,
 Whom the Saviour calls his own,
 'Tis not meet that we should slumber,
 Nothing should be left undone:
 This should be his people's aim;
 Still to glorify his name.

JESUS IS THE LORD MY SHEPHERD.

23

CHRIST A SHEPHERD.

"The Lord is my Shepherd."

PSALM. xxiii. 1.

ANDANTE

JESUS is the Lord my Shepherd, Then let fear be far a way, From the lion, and the leopard,

And from ev'ry beast of prey, He will guard his help-less sheep; Jesus loves his own to keep.

2
When the foe desired to have me,
Jesus said "This sheep is mine,"
And resign'd his life to save me.
Jesus, what a love is thine!
All-victorious in its course,
Nothing can withstand its force.

3
In the path of life he leads me,
By the stream that gently flows:
In the verdant pastures feeds me,
Where no plant injurious grows.
There I hear the Shepherd's voice;
There he bids my soul rejoice.

4
When thro' death's dark valley going;
Fearful tho' the way appear,
I will dread no evil, knowing —
Thou, my Shepherd, still art near.
When I see thy rod and staff,
Then I know thy sheep is safe.

JESUS THE SHEPHERD OF THE SHEEP!

"I am the good Shepherd."

JOHN. x. 10.

ANDANTE

JESUS the Shep-herd of the sheep! Thy "Lit-tle flock" in safe-ty keep! The

JESUS the Shep-herd of the sheep! Thy "Lit-tle flock" in safe-ty keep! The.

flock for which thou cam'st from heav'n! The flock for which thy life was giv'n!

flock for which thou cam'st from heav'n! The flock for which thy life was giv'n!

2
 Thou saw'st them wand'ring far from thee;
 Secure as if from danger free;
 Thy love did all their wand'ring's trace,
 And bring them to "A wealthy place"

3
 O guard thy sheep from beasts of prey,
 And keep them that they never stray;
 Cherish the young, sustain the old:
 Let none be feeble in thy fold.

4
 Secure them from the scorching beam!
 And lead them to the living stream:
 In verdant pastures let them lie,
 And watch them with a Shepherds eye.

5
 O may thy sheep discern thy voice,
 And in its sacred sound rejoice!
 From strangers may they ever flee,
 And know no other guide but thee!

6
 Lord bring thy sheep that wander yet,
 And let the number be compleat!
 Then let thy flock from earth remove,
 And occupy the fold above.