

Hymns
ON
Various Passages,
OF
SCRIPTURE,
Written & Composed
BY
Thomas Kelly.
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AT THE COURT OF CHANCERY

IN THE MATTER OF THE TRUSTS

OF THE ESTATE OF JOHN WILSON

DECEASED

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MAY THE POW'R THAT BRINGS SALVATION,
FOR A BLESSING ON THE WORD.

"For our gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in pow'r."

1 THESS. i. 5.

May the pow'r that brings sal - va - tion, Now ex - ert - ed in the word
May the pow'r that brings sal - va - tion, Now ex - ert - ed in the word

By its' quick'ning o - - per - a - tion, Life im - part and joy af - ford!
By its' quick'ning o - - per - a - tion, Life im - part and joy af - ford!

Life to sin - ners: Life to sinners: Joy to those who know the Lord!
Life to sin - ners: Life to sinners: Joy to those who know the Lord!

2

Hark the voice of love proclaiming,
Mercy thro' a Saviour's blood!
Vain the schemes of human framing:
This alone is own'd of God.
'Tis the gospel,
Points to heav'n and shews the road.

SINNERS WE BUT SINNERS SAVED,

FOR A REVIVAL

“Let all that are round about him bring presents unto him that ought to be fear'd.”

PSALM lxxvi. 11.

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). It consists of three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Sinners we but sinners saved, (Praise to sov'reign grace a lone!) Now approach thee, Son of David, Thee who fill'st the heav'nly throne When we turn our eyes around us, Thousands perish- ing we see; Thou who break'st the chains that bound us, Set our friends and neighbours free ing we see; Thou who break'st the chains that bound us, Set our friends and neighbours free".

2
 Tho' we can't but fear for many:
 So unthinking they appear
 Why should we despair of any,
 While we know what once *we* were?
 Bound with twice ten thousand fetters,
 Thou hast set thy servants free:
 Sure there's none can greater debtors
 Be to Sov'reign grace than we.

3
 What thou hast for us effected,
 Shows us what thy pow'r can do:
 We whom grace has thus selected.
 Would have others saved too.
 Thoughtless sinners Lord awaken,
 Let them see their fearful state;
 Lest their souls be snar'd and taken;
 And they mourn at length too late.

4
 Grant thy people too a blessing,
 Lord revive thy work in them:
 Peace and joy thee possessing,
 Let them glorify thy name.
 Still of thee their master learning,
 Let them grow in mutual love;
 And the world their grace discerning,
 Own the power from above.

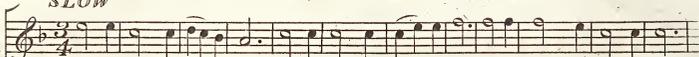
SAV'D OURSELVES BY JESU'S BLOOD,

51.

"The Lord openeth the eyes of the blind."

PSALM cxlvi. 8.

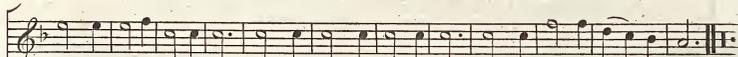
SLOW



Sav'd ourselves by Jesu's blood, Let us now draw nigh to God; Many round us blindly stray:



Sav'd ourselves by Jesu's blood, Let us now draw nigh to God; Many round us blindly stray:



Mov'd with pity let us pray; Pray that those who now are blind Soon the way of truth may find.



Mov'd with pity let us pray; Pray that those who now are blind Soon the way of truth may find.



2

Lord awaken all around;
Let them know the joyful sound:
Slaves to Satan heretofore,
Let them now be slaves no more:
Lord we turn our eyes to thee:
Set the captive sinner free.

3

Glorious things of thee are told;
What thine arm has wrought of old;
Thousands once its pow'r confess'd,
O for seasons like the past!
Lord revive the former days,
Thine the pow'r, and thine the praise.

THE DAY OF REST

LORDS' DAY.

*"Make thee two silver trumpets — that thou mayest
"use them for the calling of the assemblies"*

NUMB. x. 2.

SLOW

The day of rest once more comes round, A day to all be - lei - vers

dear: The sil - ver trumpets seem to sound, That call the tribes of Is - ra - l near. Ye

dear: The sil - ver trumpets seem to sound, That call the tribes of Is - ra - l near. Ye

people all O - bey the call; And in JE - HO - VAH's Courts ap - pear.

people all O - bey the call; And in JE - HO - VAH's Courts ap - pear.

2

Obedient to thy summons Lord,
We to thy sanctuary come;
Thy gracious presence here afford,
And send thy people joyful home.
Of thee our King
O may we sing;
And none with such a theme be dumb! 105

3

O hasten Lord the day when those,
Who know thee here shall see thy face:
When suff'ring shall for ever close
And they shall reach their destin'd place.
Then shall they rest,
Supremely blest,
Eternal debtors to thy grace.

SWEET DAY OF REST!

53

"There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God!"

HEB. iv. 9.

Sweet day of rest! for thee I'd wait, Emblem and earnest of a state. Where
Sweet day of rest! for thee I'd wait, Emblem and earnest of a state. Where

Saints are ful-ly blest! For thee I'd look, for thee I'd sigh! I'd count the days 'till
Saints are ful-ly blest! For thee I'd look, for thee I'd sigh! I'd count the days 'till

thou art nigh, Sweet day of sa-cred rest. Sweet day of sa-cred rest.
thou art nigh, Sweet day of sa-cred rest. Sweet day of sa-cred rest.

2
But oft (with shame I will confess)
My privilege my burden is.

No joy, alas! have I;
When I wou'd take my harp and sing,
I find it oft' without a string,

And lay it coldly by.

3
But while I thus confess my shame,
'Tis right that I should praise *his* name,
Who makes me sometimes sing,
Yes Lord, (I'll speak it to thy praise)
My cheerful song I sometimes raise,

And triumph in my King.

4
O let the case be always so;
My song no interruption know,
'Till death shall seal my tongue,
In Heav'n a nobler strain I'll raise;
And rest from ev'ry thing but praise,
My Heav'n an endless song.

GIVE US ROOM THAT WE MAY DWELL

MISSIONARY HYMNS.

"Then thou shalt say in thine heart, who hath begotten me these?"

ISAIAH xlix. 21.

The musical score is arranged in three systems. Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

System 1:
 "Give us room that we may dwell" Zi-on's children cry a-loud:
 "Give us room that we may dwell" Zi-on's children cry a-loud:

System 2:
 See their numbers how they swell, How they gather like a cloud: Go and tell the
 See their numbers how they swell, How they gather like a cloud: Go and tell the

System 3:
 joy-ful sto-ry: Tis the day of Zion's glo-ry. Tis the day of Zion's glo-ry.
 joy-ful sto-ry: Tis the day of Zion's glo-ry. Tis the day of Zion's glo-ry.

2
 O how bright the morning seems!
 Brighter from so dark a night:
 Zion is like one that dreams,
 Fill'd with wonder and delight:
 Zion's night of grief is ended:
 Zion of her God befriended.

3
 Zion now arise and shine;
 Lo! thy light from Heav'n is come:
 These that crowd from far are thine;
 Give thy sons and daughters room:
 Sorrow from thy cup is taken:
 Thou shalt be no more forsaken.

4
 Lo! thy sun goes down no more;
 God himself will be thy light:
 All that caus'd thee grief before,
 Buried lies in endless night.
 Earthly pomp is short and wasting;
 Thine is glory everlasting.

O 'TIS A SOUND SHOULD FILL THE WORLD!

55

"Let the earth hear"

ISAIAH xxxiv.1.

O 'tis a sound should fill the world! The sound of mer-cy thro' the

O 'tis a sound should fill the world! The sound of mer-cy thro' the

Lamb: Lo Sa-tan from his seat is hurl'd, Un-a-ble to with-stand his name! From

Lamb: Lo Sa-tan from his seat is hurl'd, Un-a-ble to with-stand his name! From

heav'n like light'ning see him fall! Struck by the arm that conquers all.

heav'n like light'ning see him fall! Struck by the arm that conquers all.

2

Lord give the word!—and wak'd by thee,
 Let many tongues thy vict'ry tell!
 That hopeless sinners now may see,
 That thou hast vanquish'd Death and Hell:
 Sound sound the joyful truth abroad!
 Let sinners now draw nigh to God!

3

And thou victorious Lord, all hail! ..
 Immortal honours shade thy brow!
 When Death and Hell thy friends assail,
 They find in thee a refuge now:
 Thy name shall furnish them with arms,
 And free their souls from all alarms.

ON THE MOUNTAIN'S TOP APPEARING,

“How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him who bringeth good tidings.”

ISAIAH, lli. 7.

On the mountain's top appear_ing, Lo the sa_cred he_rald stands;

On the mountain's top appear_ing, Lo the sa_cred he_rald stands;

Welcome news to Zi_on bear_ing, Zi_on long in hos_tile lands.

Welcome news to Zi_on bear_ing, Zi_on long in hos_tile lands.

Mourning cap_tive! Mourning capti_ve! God him_self will loose thy bands.

Mourning cap_tive! Mourning capti_ve! God him_self will loose thy bands.

2
 Has thy night been long and mournful?
 All thy friends unfaithful prov'd?
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
 By thy sighs and tears unmov'd?
 Cease thy mourning,
 Zion still is well belov'd.

3
 God, thy God will now restore thee!
 He himself appears thy friend:
 All thy foes shall flee before thee:
 Here their boasts and triumphs end.
 Great deliv'rance
 Zion's King vouchsafe to send.

4
 Enemies no more shall trouble,
 All thy warfare now is past:
 For thy shame thou shalt have double:
 Days of peace are come at last.
 All thy conflicts
 End in everlasting rest.

JESUS, IMMORTAL KING,

57

"Gird thy sword upon thy thigh O most mighty with thy glory and thy majesty."

PSALM, xlv. 3.

Je - sus, im - mor - tal King, go on; The glo - rious day will soon be
 Je - sus, im - mor - tal King, go on; The glo - rious day will soon be

won; Thine e - - ne - mies pre - pare to flee, And leave a con - quer'd world to thee.
 won; Thine e - - ne - mies pre - pare to flee, And leave a con - quer'd world to thee.

*** CHORUS**

Halle - lujah,
 Halle - lujah, Halle - lujah, Halle - lujah, Halle - lujah, Halle - lujah, Halle - lujah, Halle - lujah, Halle - lujah,

A - - - men! Halle - lujah, Halle - lujah, A - - - men!
 A - - - men! Halle - lujah, Halle - lujah, A - - - men! A - - - men! A - - - men! A - - - men!

2
 Gird on thy sword victorious Chief!
 The captive sinner's sole relief;
 Cast the usurper from his throne;
 And make the universe thine own.

3
 Thy footsteps, Lord, with joy we trace
 And mark the conquests of thy grace.
 Finish the work thou hast begun;
 And let thy will on earth be done.

4
 Then shall contending nations rest.
 For love shall reign in every breast;
 Weapons for war design'd shall cease;
 Or then be implements of peace.

5
 Hark, how the hosts triumphant sing!
 "The Lord omnipotent is King!"
 Let all his saints rejoice at this,
 The kingdoms of the world are his!

* NB The Chorus is to be sung only after the last Verse. Hallelujah! Amen!

HARK THE SOLEMN TRUMPET SOUNDING.

"Thou shalt cause the trumpet of the jubilee to sound."

LEV. xxv. 9.

The musical score is arranged in three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The first system contains the first two lines of lyrics. The second system contains the next two lines. The third system contains the final line of lyrics and ends with a double bar line. The piano accompaniment features a prominent bass line with a steady eighth-note rhythm.

Hark the solemn trumpet sounding, Loud proclaims the ju - bi - lee;

Hark the solemn trumpet sounding, Loud proclaims the ju - bi - lee;

'Tis the voice of grace abound - ing, Grace to sinners rich and free: Ye who know the

'Tis the voice of grace abound - ing, Grace to sinners rich and free: Ye who know the

joyful sound, Publish it to all a - round. Publish it to all a - round.

joyful sound, Publish it to all a - round. Publish it to all a - round.

2
Is the name of Jesus precious?
Does his love your spirits cheer?
Do you find him kind and gracious,
Still removing doubt and fear?
Think that what he is to you,
Such he'll be to others too.

3
Were you once at awful distance,
Wand'ring from the fold of God?
Could no arm afford assistance,
Nothing save but Jesus' blood?
Think how many still are found,
Strangers to the joyful sound.

4
Brethren, join in supplication,
Join to plead before the Lord;
'Tis his arm that brings salvation,
He alone can give the word.
Father, let thy kingdom come,
Bring thy wand'ring outcasts home.

5
Brethren, let us freely offer;
All we have is from above;
Let us *give*, and *act*, and *suffer*;
What is this to Jesus' love?
Did he die our souls to save?
Then we're his and all we have.

6
Hark the saints' triumphant chorus!
"Worthy is the Lamb," they cry;
They have gain'd the prize before us:
Soon we hope to share their joy:
But while here, remember still,
They who love him, do his will.

7
'Till we reach the wish'd for vision,
'Till we see him as he is:
Let us scorn the world's derision,
Let us prove that we are his:
Let us sound thro' all the earth,
Christ's inestimable worth.

YES, WE TRUST THE DAY IS BREAKING;

59

"The Lord hath made bare his holy arm, in the eyes of all the nations."

ISAIAH iii. 10.

Yes, we trust the day is breaking; Joy-ful times are near at hand:

Yes, we trust the day is breaking; Joy-ful times are near at hand:

God, the migh-ty God, is speaking, By his word, in ev'-ry land:

God, the migh-ty God, is speaking, By his word, in ev'-ry land:

Mark his pro-gress, Mark his pro-gress, Dark-ness flies at his command.

Mark his pro-gress, Mark his progress, Dark-ness flies at his command.

Mark his progress, Mark his progress, Darkness flies at his com - mand.

Mark his progress, Mark his progress, Darkness flies at his com - mand.

2

Let us hail the joyful season:
 Let us hail the rising ray:
 When the Lord appears, there's reason,
 To expect a glorious day;
 At his presence,
 Gloom and darkness fly away.

3

While the foe becomes more daring:
 While he enters like a flood:
 God, the Saviour, is preparing
 Means to spread his truth abroad:
 Ev'ry language
 Soon shall tell the love of God.

Copy

4

O! 'Tis pleasant, 'tis reviving,
 To our heart to hear each day;
 Joyful news, from far arriving:
 How the gospel wins its' way:
 Those enlight'ning,
 Who in death and darkness lay.

5

Babylon's proud walls are falling;
 All her wise-men are perplex'd:
 'Tis in vain we hear them calling,
 On their Gods; her cup is mix'd:
 She must drink it:
 God himself her doom has fix'd.

6

'Tis a time of expectation:
 Awful signs are seen around:
 Nation rising against nation:
 Kingdoms falling to the ground:
 Ancient kingdoms
 Perish, and no more are found.

7

God of Jacob, high and glorious;
 Let thy people see thy hand:
 Let the gospel be victorious,
 Through the world, in ev'ry land:
 Let the Idols,
 Perish, Lord, at thy command.