

HYMNS
on Various Passages of
Scripture
Written & Composed by
THOMAS KELLY.
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L O N D O N ,

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THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON

IN TWO VOLUMES.
BY NATHANIEL BENTLEY.
VOL. I.
BOSTON: PUBLISHED BY
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WE'LL SING IN SPITE OF SCORN.

1

NATIVITY

"For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given"

ISAIAH ix. 6.

The musical score is arranged for four voices: Tenor, Contra, Treble, and Bass. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words in italics. The score includes a 'Bis' marking above the Tenor and Bass staves. The lyrics are: 'We'll sing in spite of scorn; Our theme is come from heav'n; To us a child is born, To us a son is giv'n. To us a son is giv'n. These sweetest news that ever came, We'll sing tho' all the world should blame.'

2

The long expected morn,
Has dawn'd upon the earth;
The Saviour Christ is born,
And angels sing his birth:
We'll join the bright seraphic throng,
We'll share their joys, and swell their song.

3

O 'tis a lofty theme
Supplied by angels tongues!
All other subjects seem
Unworthy of our songs.
This sacred theme has boundless charms,
It fills, it captivates, it warms.

4

Now sing of peace divine,
Sing of good will to man;
No wisdom, Lord, but thine,
Cou'd form the gracious plan:
Cou'd find a way to save the lost,
Thyself not ceasing to be just.

5

Give praise to God on high,
With angels round his throne;
Give praise to God with joy;
Give praise to God alone;
'Tis meet his saints their songs should raise,
And give the Saviour endless praise.

HARK WHAT SOUNDS SALUTE OUR EARS.

"We have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him."

MATTHEW ii.2.

ALLEGRO

Hark! what sounds sa-lute our ears, Christ the Lord at length ap-pears:

Hark! what sounds sa-lute our ears, Christ the Lord at length ap-pears:

"Un-to us a son is giv'n: Angels bring the news from heav'n

"Un-to us a son is giv'n: An-gels bring the news from heav'n

2
Come, ye saints, arise and sing,
Glory be to God our King!
"Unto us a child is born,"
Zion is no more forlorn.

3
Who are these that come from far,
Led by Jacobs rising star?
Lo, they gather like a cloud;
Or, as doves, their windows crowd.

6
Sons of Zion, sing aloud;
See her sky without a cloud:
God will make her joy compleat:
Zions sun shall never set.

4
Strangers these, to Zion come,
There to seek a peaceful home.
Zion wonders at the sight:
Zion feels a strange delight.

5
Zion now no more shall sigh;
God will raise her glory high:
He will send a large increase:
He will give her people peace.

ANGELIC MESSENGER REPEAT.

3

"Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people, &c."

LUKE ii. 10.

MODERATO

An-gel-ic messen-ger, re-peat Those joy-ful sounds once more; For

sure no accents half so sweet E'er reach'd my ears be-fore. Glad tidings glad

ALLEGRO

sure no accents half so sweet E'er reach'd my ears be-fore. Glad tidings glad

tidings glad tidings from Heaven I bring, Glad tidings to all up-on earth. This
tidings glad tidings from Heaven I bring, Glad tidings to all up-on earth. This

day is Christ born to be king, This day is Christ born to be king "And
 day is Christ born to be king, This day is Christ born to be king "And

Beth'hem's the place of his birth? Sounds se_raphic fill the air, Angel-bands as -
MODERATO

Beth'hem's the place of his birth? Sounds se_raphic fill the air, Angel-bands as -

semble there: Angel-bands as - - semble there: Heav'n it_self, come down to earth,

semble there: Angel-bands as - - semble there: Heav'n it_self, come down to earth,

Heav'n it_self, come down to earth Ce_le-brates ce_le-brates the Saviour's birth.

Heav'n it_self, come down to earth Ce_le-brates ce_le-brates the Saviour's birth.

CHORUS

5

Glory to God glory glo-ry to God, glory glory to God on high be giv'n;

ALLEGRO

to God glory glo-ry to God, glory glory to God on high be giv'n;

Glory to God on high be giv'n; "And on earth peace, And on earth peace, good

Glory to God on high be giv'n; "And on earth peace, And on earth peace, good

will from heav'n" Halle-lu-jah Halle-lujah Halle-lujah Halle-lujah Halle-lujah

will from heav'n" Halle-lu-jah Halle-lujah Halle-lujah Halle-lu-jah Halle-lujah

Halle-lujah Halle-lujah Halle-lujah Amen a-men a-men a - - men.

Halle-lujah Halle-lujah Halle-lujah Amen a-men a-men a - - men.

HARK TEN THOUSAND VOICES CRY

RESURRECTION

"Death is swallowed up in victory."

1 COR. xv. 54.

CON SPIRITO

Hark ten thousand voices cry Hark ten thousand voices cry

Hark ten thousand voices cry Hark ten thousand voices cry

Victo-ry, victory, victory victo-ry, thro' the sky! Swiftly flies the welcome sound;

Victo-ry, victory, victory victo-ry, thro' the sky! Swiftly flies the welcome sound;

** ANDANTE*

Spreading rapt'rous joy a-round. Jesus comes his conflict o-ver, Comes to claim his

Spreading rapt'rous joy a-round. Jesus comes his conflict o-ver, Comes to claim his

great re-ward: Angels round the victor ho-ver Crowding to be-hold their Lord.

great re-ward: Angels round the victor ho-ver Crowding to be-hold their Lord.

* This Tune to be repeated with the three following verses.

3

O what honours now await him!
 Friends and foes shall hear his voice.
 Tremble, tremble, ye that hate him;
 Ye who love his name, rejoice.

4

Yonder throne for him erected,
 Now becomes the victor's seat:
 Lo, the man on earth rejected!
 Angels worship at his feet.

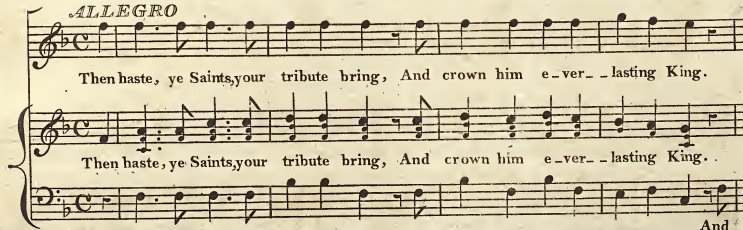
7

5

Day and night they cry before him,
 "Holy, holy, holy Lord!"
 All the pow'rs of heav'n adore him:
 All obey his sov'reign word.

CHORUS

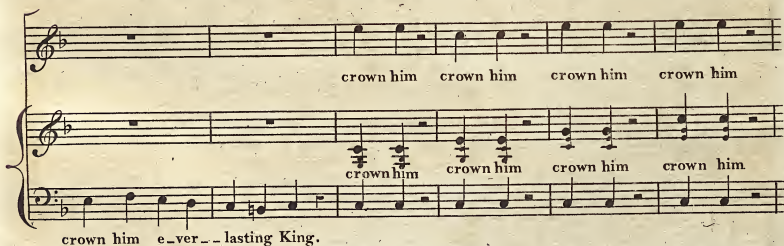
ALLEGRO



Then haste, ye Saints, your tribute bring, And crown him e-ver - lasting King.

Then haste, ye Saints, your tribute bring, And crown him e-ver - lasting King.

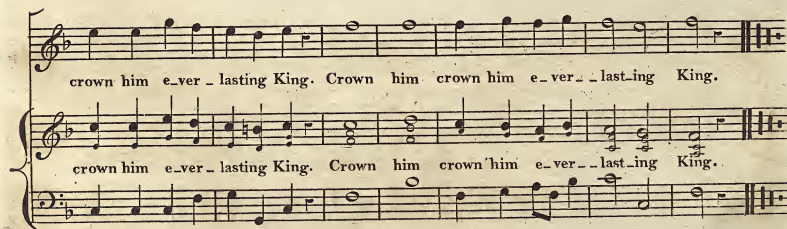
And



crown him crown him crown him crown him

crown him crown him crown him crown him

crown him e-ver - lasting King.



crown him e-ver - lasting King. Crown him crown him e-ver - last-ing King.

crown him e-ver - lasting King. Crown him crown him e-ver - last-ing King.

THE LORD IS RISEN INDEED.

"The Lord is risen indeed."

LUKE xxiv. 34.

Tenor

Treble

Bass

"The Lord is ris'n in-deed," And are the ti-dings true? Yes,

"The Lord is ris'n in-deed," And are the ti-dings true? Yes,

we be held the Sa-viour bleed, And saw him liv-ing too.

we be held the Sa-viour bleed, And saw him liv-ing too.

2

"The Lord is ris'n indeed,"
Then Justice asks no more;
Mercy and Truth are now agreed,
Who stood oppos'd before.

3

"The Lord is ris'n indeed,"
Then is his work perform'd;
The captive surety now is freed,
And death, our foe disarm'd.

4

"The Lord is ris'n indeed,"
Then hell has lost his prey;
With him is ris'n the ransom'd seed,
To reign in endless day.

5

"The Lord is ris'n indeed,"
He lives to die no more:
He lives the sinners cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame he bore.

6

"The Lord is ris'n indeed,"
This yields my soul a plea:
He bore the punishment decreed,
And satisfied for me.

7

"The Lord is ris'n indeed,"
Attending angels hear;
Up to the courts of heav'n, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear

8

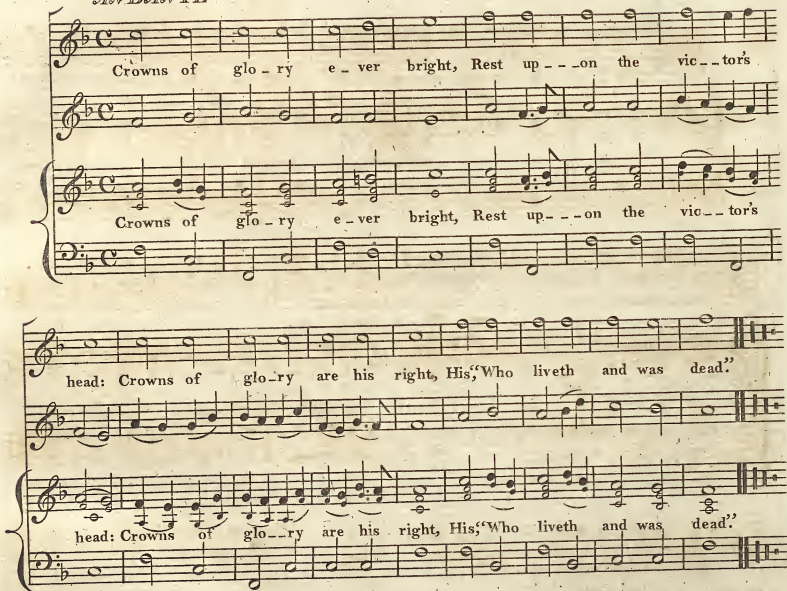
Then take your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord,
Join all the bright celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

CROWNS OF GLORY EVER BRIGHT.

"I am he that liveth and was dead."

REV. i. 18.

ANDANTE



Crowns of glo-ry e-ver bright, Rest up--on the vic--tor's
 Crowns of glo-ry e-ver bright, Rest up--on the vic--tor's
 head: Crowns of glo-ry are his right, His, "Who liveth and was dead."

2

Jesus fought, and won the day;
 Such a day was never fought:
 Well his people now may say,
 See what God, our God has wrought.

3

He subdued the pow'rs of hell;
 In the fight he stood alone,
 All his foes before him fell,
 By his single arm o'erthrown.

4

They have fall'n to rise no more:
 Final is the foe's defeat:
 Jesus triumph'd by his pow'r,
 And his triumph is complet.

5

His the fight, the arduous toil;
 His the honours of the day;
 His the glory and the spoil;
 Jesus bears them all away!

6

Now proclaim his deeds afar:
 Fill the world with his renown:
 His alone the victor's car:
 His the everlasting crown.

COME, YE SAINTS, LOOK HERE

"Behold the place where they laid him."

MARK xvi. 6.

CON SPIRITO

Come, ye saints, look here and wonder, See the place where Jesus lay: He has burst his
 Come, ye saints, look here and wonder, See the place where Jesus lay: He has burst his
 bonds asunder; Death could not protract his stay: Joyful tidings! Joyful tidings!
 bonds asunder; Death could not protract his stay: Joyful tidings! Joyful tidings!
 Joyful tidings! Joyful tidings! Yes, the Lord is risen to day. Yes, the Lord is risen to day.
 Joyful tidings! Joyful tidings! Yes, the Lord is risen to day. Yes, the Lord is risen to day.

2
 Jesus triumphs! sing ye praises:
 By his death he overcame:
 Thus the Lord his glory raises;
 Thus he fills his foes with shame:
 Sing ye praises!
 Praises to the victors name.

3
 Jesus triumphs! countless legions
 Come from heav'n to meet their king:
 Soon, in yonder blessed regions,
 They shall join his praise to sing.
 Yes, their praises
 Shall through heav'n's high arches ring.

FOR WHOM IS YONDER CROWN PREPAR'D.

EXALTATION OF CHRIST.

"Endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God."

HEB. xii. 2.

ALLEGRO

2
Beneath the earth awhile he lies,
A pris'ner with the dead:
A victor soon the Lord will rise,
And glory wreathes his head.

3
He saw the cross, despis'd its shame,
And bow'd beneath its weight;
For this he bears the greatest name,
And gains the highest seat.

6
Let saints on earth their tribute bring
And echo back the sound:
For he who saves them is the king
By hosts angelic crown'd.

4
To him shall ev'ry knee be bow'd:
His claim shall angels own:
Around the rising victor crowd,
And bear him to his throne.

5
Methinks I see the glorious king
By hosts angelic crown'd:
They shout, and heav'n's high arches ring
With the triumphant sound.

HARK, THE NOTES OF ANGELS SINGING.

"Worthy is the Lamb."

REV. v. 12.

MODERATO

Hark, the notes of an-gels singing— "Glo-ry, glo-ry to the Lamb!"

Hark, the notes of an-gels singing— "Glo-ry, glo-ry to the Lamb!"

All in heav'n their tri-bute bringing, Rais-ing high the Saviour's name.

All in heav'n their tri-bute bringing, Rais-ing high the Saviour's name.

2
Ye for whom his life was given,
Sacred themes to you belong:
Come assist the choir of heaven;
Join the everlasting song.

3
Saints and angels thus united,
Songs imperfect still must raise;
Tho despis'd on earth and slighted,
Jesus is above all praise.

6
Endless life in him possessing,
Let us praise his precious name:
Glory, honour, power and blessing,
Be for ever to the Lamb.

4
See, th'angelic hosts have crown'd him,
Jesus fills the throne on high:
Countless myriads hov'ring round him,
With his praises rend the sky.

5
Fill'd with holy emulation,
Let us vie with those above:
Sweet the theme— a free salvation!
Fruit of everlasting love.