

**HYMNS WRITTEN FOR
THE USE OF HEBREW
CONGREGATIONS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649008032

Hymns written for the use of Hebrew Congregations by Various

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

VARIOUS

**HYMNS WRITTEN FOR
THE USE OF HEBREW
CONGREGATIONS**

James K. Polk and others

H Y M N S

WRITTEN

FOR THE USE

OF

HEBREW CONGREGATIONS.

"I will sing unto the Lord while I live: I will sing praise unto
my God while I exist." PSALM CIV., v. 33.

FOURTH EDITION, REVISED AND CORRECTED.

CHARLESTON, S. C.

PUBLISHED BY THE

CONGREGATION BETH ELOHIM.

A. M. 5627.

HYMNS.



H Y M N S.

1. CONSECRATION HYMNS.*

- 1 1 When Faith, too young for a sublimer creed,
Her simple text from nature's volume taught,
She 'wakened Melody, whose shell and reed,
Though rude, upon her spirit gently
wrought.
But soon from sylvan altars she took wing,
And music followed still the angel's flight;
Savage no more, she touched a golden string,
And sung of God, in Revelation's light.
Lend, lend our chords, ye seraph-pair,
The soul of Jesse's son,
That we may in harmonious prayer,
Exalt the Holy One!

* Hymns 1, 2, and 3 were sung at the consecration of the Synagogue of the Congregation Beth Elohim, on Friday, the 26th of Adar, A. M., 5601.

- 2 Girt in His lightning robe, God gave the law,
 From trembling Sinai, to His eldest-born ;
 Tablets, that time from memory could not draw,
 A talisman in Judah's bosom worn.
 His spirit before thousands past,
 To *one* alone revealed ;
 And 'mid the thunder's awful blast,
 Faith's covenant was sealed.
- 3 " Him first, Him last," Him let us ever sing,
 Whose promise yet the Hebrew pilgrim
 cheers ;
 Who shall His wandering people once more
 bring
 Back to the glory of departed years.
 Bright pillar of our desert path,
 Through shame and scorn adored ;
 Thy mercy triumph's o'er thy wrath,
 Creator, King, and Lord !
- 4 Lost is the pomp, that in the land of palms
 Thy regal temple on Moriah graced ;
 No wreathing incense *here* Thy shrine embalms,
 No cherub-plumes are round its altars
 placed.
 Our censer is the " vital urn,"
 Our ark 's upborne by zeal ;
 To these, Almighty ! wilt thou turn
 At Israel's appeal.
- 5 Now, let joyous Hallelujah's ring,
 The *fallen* casts her ashes far away ;
 Behold another fane from ruin spring,
 In brighter and more beautiful array.

Enter in brotherly accord
 God's holy dwelling-place ;
 Chastened in spirit and in word,
 There supplicate His grace.

- 6 Hear, O Supreme ! our humble invocation ;
 Our country, kindred, and the stranger
 bless !
 Bless, too, this sanctuary's consecration,
 Its hallowed purpose on our hearts impress.
 Still, still let choral harmony
 Ascend before Thy throne ;
 While echoing seraphim reply :
 The Lord our God is One ! P. M.

COMFORT YE ! COMFORT YE !

ISAIAH, CHAP. XL., V. 1.

- 2 1 By Babel's streams Thy children wept ;
 Then mute, O Israel ! was thy choir ;
 While as thy weary exiles slept,
 And on the willow hung thy lyre,
 A seraph's voice, soft as the dew,
 Fell on their dream with "Nahamoo."
- 2 No song made glad that mournful voice ;
 No ease was for that bruised breast,
 'Till He who led thee to rejoice,
 Sent forth from Zion His behest !
 Firm as thy faith in Him was true,
 Like manna fell the "Nahamoo."
- 3 The stranger hath usurped the seat
 Where, crowned with glory, blaz'd thy fane

“The flow’ry brooks thy hallow’d feet
 Still wash,” O Zion! still remain
 To mark the ruin and renew
 The memory of the “Nahamoo.”

- 4 God’s mercies shine, a lingering beam,
 The pilgrim on his path to light;
 From Sinai’s brow, from Jordan’s stream,
 From off’rings of the heart contrite,
 His promises all our hopes imbue
 With blessings of the “Nahamoo.”

J. C. L.

- 3 1 Israel! to holy numbers
 Tune thy harp’s exalting strain;
 From its long entranced slumbers
 Wake to life its soul again.
- 2 Give to song its ancient glories,
 Let the pealing anthems rise,
 Proudly to rehearse the stories—
 Gem’d with glory from the skies.
- 3 Gently chaunt fair Miriam’s praise,
Faith sustained her heart sincere;
 ’Twas *her* first enraptured lays,
 Sounding timbrils tuned to prayer.
- 4 Rejoicing went the welcome song,
 As to heaven up it rose,
 Sweet spirits would the sound prolong,
 Half awak’ning from repose.
- 5 Almighty God! before this shrine
 Man his Maker worships free;
 Oh! bless it with Thy love divine,
 Fill it with Thy charity.