# HYMNS WRITTEN FOR THE USE OF HEBREW CONGREGATIONS

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Hymns written for the use of Hebrew Congregations by Various

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### **VARIOUS**

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## HYMNS

WRITTEN

### FOR THE USE

OF

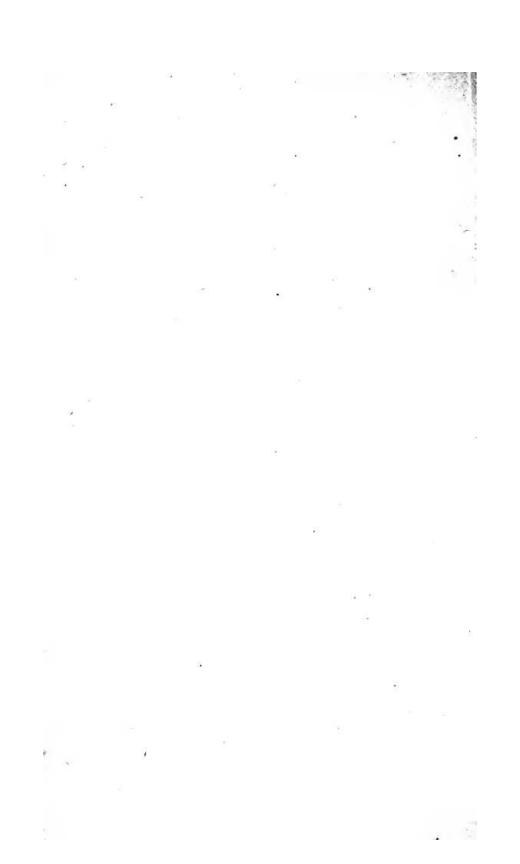
## HEBREW CONGREGATIONS.

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

FOURTH EDITION, REVISED AND CORRECTED.

CHARLESTON, S. C., PUBLISHED BY THE
CONGREGATION BETH ELOHIM.
A. M. 5627.

## HYMNS.



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### 1. CONSECRATION HYMNS.\*

1 When Faith, too young for a sublimer creed,

Hersimple 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.
Leud, lend our chords, ye seraph-pair,
The soul of Jesse's son,
That we may in harmonious prayer,

\* 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.

Exalt the Holy One!

Applications of the con-

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 scraph'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.