

**NATIONAL HYMNS,
ORIGINAL AND SELECTED;
FOR THE USE OF THOSE WHO
ARE "SLAVES TO NO SECT."**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649654963

National Hymns, Original and Selected; For the Use of Those Who Are "Slaves to No Sect." by
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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

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STEREOTYPE EDITION.



BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY J. P. MENDUM.

1870.

BV
459
1 K6
18'10

Entered according to an Act of Congress, in
the year 1884, By ABNER KNEELAND, in the
Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massa-
chusetts.

N^o I.
NATIONAL HYMNS.

I.—6 l. L. M.

Truth the best Ground of Fortitude.

- 1 A conscious fortitude sustains
The heart of him who guile disdains :
Firm on a rock his faith he builds,
Which to no storm or tempest yields ;—
He builds on Truth, whence every joy
Is lasting, free from all alloy.
- 2 Shall servile imitation's smile,
Us of this fortitude beguile ?
And, led by custom, vision's prize,
While truth seems little in our eyes ?
It must not be, vain dreams be gone !
Oh ! give us Truth, and Truth alone.
- 3 'Tis Truth from error purifies ;
While vice but borrows error's guise ;
With dazzling show to lure the sight,
And make what's wrong seem what is right ;
But Truth and Virtue seek no aid,—
Both best in "NATIVE WORTH" array'd.

II.—C. M.

Adapted from Mrs. A. C. M. 31.
Sunday,

So called from the ancients who worshipped the Sun.

- 1 AGAIN the harbinger of light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

- 2 O what a night was that which wrapp'd,
The human mind in gloom!
O what a sun which breaks this day
From superstition's doom!
- 3 This day be grateful thanks express'd,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And joy on every tongue.
- 4 Ten thousand differing lips will join
To hail this happy morn,
'Twill scatter blessings far and wide
To nations yet unborn.
- 5 Reason, the friend of human kind,
Long banish'd from her throne,
Has burst the veil of gloomy night,
And claims us as her own.
- 6 No more let pride and angry priests
Beguile the sons of men:
Let reason guide our footsteps all,
And none shall dare condemn.

Allied from the H. L. M. 382
Good Resolutions.

- 1 AH! wretched minds, who still remain
Mere slaves to superstition's din!
A nobler toil may I sustain,
A nobler satisfaction win.
- 2 I would resolve with all my heart,
With all my powers true peace pursue;
Nor from these precepts e'er depart,
Which have the good of man in view.

- 3 O be this service all my joy !
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blessed employ,
And join in labours so sublime.
- 4 Be this the purpose of my heart,
My solemn, my determined choice,
To ever act the virtuous part,
And in the ways of truth rejoice.
- 5 O may I never faint nor tire,
Nor wander from these sacred ways ;
For virtue is my heart's desire,
To fill the remnant of my days.

IV.—C. M.

Prospect of Happy Days.

- 1 Ah ! shall we see that glorious day,
When, throned on mercy's brow,
The truth shall rend that veil away,
Which binds the nations now ?
- 2 When earth no more with anxious fear
In discontent shall sigh ;
But guilt shall cease, and every tear
Be wiped from every eye.
- 3 The race of man no more shall mourn,
Bound down in error's chain,
Sweet innocence will then return,
And all be well again.
- 4 The fount of life shall then be quaff'd
In peace by all who come ;
And every wind that blows shall waft
Some wandering mortal home.

V.—L. M.

The Rational Sabbath.

- 1 ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another sabbath is begun :
Improve, my mind ! the social rest,
And learn for ever to be blessed.
- 2 This day may our devotions rise,
A willing offering, to the skies ;
May love that peace of mind bestow,
Which none, but those who feel it, know
- 3 This social calm within the breast,
Prepares for future days of rest,
Which for the sons of peace remains,
To ease from cares, to solace pains.
- 4 With joy the paths of life we view,
In varied scenes both old and new ;
With praise we think on pleasures past,
In hope we future prospects taste.
- 5 In cheerful duties let the day,
In cheerful pleasures pass away :
The various virtues which we praise
Prepare our minds for future days.

VI.—L. M.

Truth our Shepherd and Guardian.

- 1 As the good shepherd gently leads
His wandering flocks to verdant meads,
Where winding rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the flow'ry landscape flow ;

- 2 So truth, the guardian of our race,
Does all my erring steps embrace :
When lost in doubt's perplexing maze,
It brings my feet to virtue's ways.
- 3 Tho' I should journey through the plains
Where death in all its horror reigns,
My steadfast heart no ill shall fear,
For honest truth is with me there.
- 4 The aid of truth, in Providence,
Is my support and my defence :
With thee I am of all possess'd,
And in thy light am truly bless'd.
- 5 Of truth sincere ! my future days
Shall be devoted to thy praise ;
And in this house, thy sacred name
And wondrous light shall be my theme.

VII.—L. M.

Opening of Public Service.

- 1 AT the broad portals of this house,
O may we leave all passion's fires !
Let nobler thoughts employ our vows,
In songs of praise and fond desires.
- 2 For pure and humble hearts alone,
With honest minds the truth to seek,
E'er find acceptance at the throne
Where innocence and virtue meet.
- 3 Those hapless men, whose footsteps stray
Far from the paths of sweet accord ;
O virtue ! teach the better way,
And to their feet thy light afford.