NUGÆ SACRÆ; OR, PSALMS AND HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS

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Nugæ Sacræ; Or, Psalms and Hymns and Spiritual Songs by William Ball

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WILLIAM BALL

NUGÆ SACRÆ; OR, PSALMS AND HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS



J. H. 1826

NUGÆ SACRÆ.

OR,

PSALMS AND HYMNS, AND SPIRITUAL SONGS.

UNTO THRE, O LORD, WILL I SING.
PRALE CL. 1.

LONDON:

J. HATCHARD AND SON, 187, PICCADILLY.

M DCCCXXV.

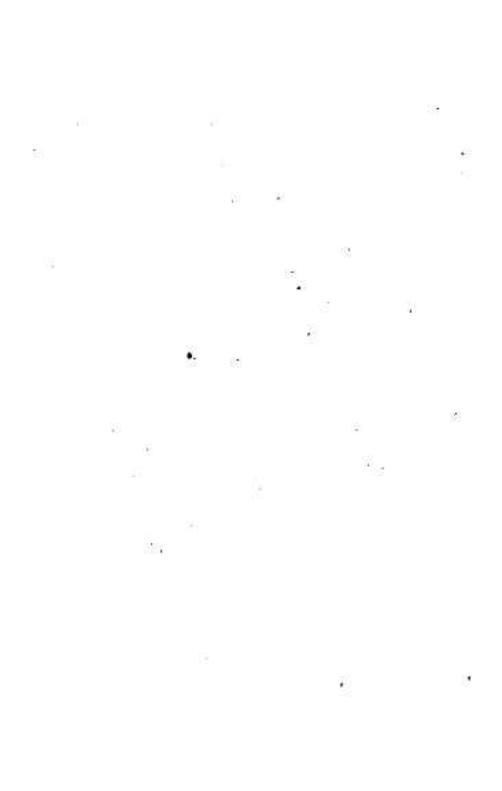
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PREFACE. .

Though these little sacred Pieces were certainly not composed with any design of publication, yet having imperceptibly accumulated, the writer willingly presents them to the public; not only in the hope, that they may prove an acceptable though trifling acquisition in, perhaps, the only department of poetry that is but scantily supplied; but also in the serious recollection, that he who held but one talent, was not on that account exculpated, in hiding "his Lord's money."

N. B.—If any of the writer's friends should chance to recognize some of the hymns, he feels assured that, as such, they will favour his earnest wish to conceal his name.



INTRODUCTORY DEDICATION.

To

THE strain, that naught but truth can boast, The fond and grateful strain, receive: But ah! 'tis those who owe the most, Have least to give!

It asks indulgence tow'rd the lays
Which it anew * inscribes to thee;
Asks that the love it thus displays
May welcome be.

The first manuscript copy of them was thus inscribed,

Rude as they are—no more I seek:

Nor would repress the humbling thought,

Much of the cross, that those may speak

Who bear it not:

That worshippers with lip and tongue Yet fix'd to earth, may lingering stand; And e'en may Zion's harp have strung In a strange land.

Though clear the head, that darkness still
May o'er the inmost heart prevail;
As light, more oft, plays o'er the hill
Than threads the dale.

Nor are these simple lays design'd,
While of celestial themes they treat,
As transcripts of the private mind,
Thine eye to meet;

For well my heart might mourn to thee The lingering gloom of error's night; Oh, ask for me, the blest decree, Let there be light!

And may this light in purest ray
Still o'er thy path be brightly given;
Pour o'er thy way the perfect day,
The dawn of heaven!

July, 1825.

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