

Sacred Songs

Hark! Hark, My Soul!

A Song

By

Harry Rowe Shelley

Arr. from the Duet for Sop. and Alto by the Composer



High

~~50 cents~~
(in U. S. A.)

Price, 75 cents, net



T



Low

Other Recent Publications

Hark! hark, my soul
Now the wings of day are furled
As it began to dawn
Like as the hart desireth the water-brooks
Just for to-day
The fatherland
The shadow of the Almighty

Harry Rowe Shelley
Harry Rowe Shelley
C. Whitney Coombs
F. Flaxington Barker
F. Flaxington Barker
Edward Shippen Barnes
Edward Shippen Barnes

~~Price 40 cents each, net~~
(in U. S. A.)

G. Schirmer, Inc., New York

R 5

"Hark! Hark, My Soul!"

(Arranged for Solo by the composer)

F. W. Faber

Harry Rowe Shelley

Non lento

Voice

Organ

Sw. *p*

p

Hark! hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing

mf

O'er earth's green fields_ and o - cean's wave - beat shore; How sweet the

truth those bless-ed strains are tell-ing Of that new life when sin shall

be— no more! *f* An - gels of Je - sus, An - gels of light,

f Sing - ing to— wel - come the pil - grims of the night. An - gels of Je - sus,

mf

Ped.

An - gels of light, *f* Sing - ing to— wel - come the pil - grims of— the

pp

night. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come, wear - y

p dim.

Ch. coup.
Sw.

Sw.

souls, for Je - sus bids you come"; And through the dark, its

Gt. coup.
p Sw.

cresc.

ech - oes sweet - ly ring - ing, The mu - sic of the Gos - pel leads us

home. An - gels of Je - sus, An - gels of light, Sing - ing to

f

p Sw.

wel - come the pil - grims of the night.

p

a mezza voce

Far, far a - way, far, far a -

Ch.

mf

way, like bells at eve - ning peal - ing, The voice of Je - sus

sounds o'er land and sea, And lad - en souls by thou - sands meek - ly

steal-ing, Kind Shep-herd, turn their wear-y steps to Thee;— kind Shep-herd,

turn their wear-y steps to Thee. An-gels of Je-sus, An-gels of

light, Sing-ing to wel-come the pil-grims of the night.

Rest comes at length, though life be long and drear-y,

The day must dawn,— and dark-some night be past; Faith's jour - neys

end in wel-come to the wear-y, And heav'n, the heart's true home, will

come— at last. An - gels of Je - - sus, An - gels of

light, Sing - ing to— wel - come the pil - grims of— the

mf
 night. An - gels, sing on! your faith-ful watch-es keep - ing;

Ch.
 Sw.

p dim.
 Sing us sweet frag - - ments of the songs a - bove;

p dim.

mp *cresc.* *f*
 Till morn - ing's joy shall end the night of weep - ing, And life's long

Gt. coup. Sw. *cresc.* *f*

p
 shad-ows break in cloud - less love. An - gels of Je - sus,—

Ch.
cresc. Gt.

f

An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the

Gt.

mp

night, — sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night, to

Ch.

Gt.

wel - come, to wel - come the pil - grims of the night,

Gt.

lunga

Molto largo

sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night.

Sw. *pp*

«H New Sacred Songs H»»

Consider the Lilies

Matthew vi. 28-34.

John Prindle Scott

Andante

Voice

Piano or Organ

sid - er the lili-ies of the field, how they

Copyright, 1921, by G. Schirmer, Inc.

VIBBARD, HARRY

A mountain Te Deum. Med., Cm.

WYATT, EUGENE W.

Just for to-day. Med., F

BARNES, E. S.

Communion. High, A \flat . Low, F

CANDLYN, T. F. H.

I will lay me down in peace. Med., E \flat

GRUNN, HOMER

Tarry ye. Med.

HYATT, N. I.

Now the day is over. Med.

JOSTEN, WERNER

The three Holy Kings. (Xmas.) Med., A

MATTHEWS, H. A.

Voices of the sky. (Xmas.) High, E \flat

ROGERS, JAMES H.

Candlelight. (Xmas.) High or Med., B

RUTENBER, C. B.

I will lift up mine eyes. Med., F

Come unto me. High, A \flat

Let not your heart be troubled. Med., F

SCOTT, J. P.

Consider the lilies. High, D \flat . Low, B \flat

Light's glittering morn. (Easter.) High, F.

Low, D \flat

They that trust in the Lord. High, D \flat .

Low, B \flat

SHELLEY, H. R.

Come see the place where Jesus lay. (Easter.)

High, E \flat . Low, B \flat

The King of love my Shepherd is. Med., D \flat

SPEAKS, OLEY

Saviour, breathe an evening blessing.

High, C. Low, A

THOMPSON, SYDNEY

When I survey the wondrous Cross. High,
or Med., F

Saviour, Breathe an Evening Blessing

Evening Hymn

Edward Henry Bickersteth

Oley Speaks

Moderato

mp tranquillo

Voice

Piano

Sav - iour, breathe an

eve - ning bless - ing Ere re - pose our spir - its seal... Sin and want we

Copyright, 1921, by G. Schirmer, Inc.