

CATHEDRAL HYMN.

A dim and mighty minster of Old Time!
 A temple shadowy with remembrances
 Of the majestic past!—the very light
 Streams with a colouring of heroic days
 In every ray, which leads through arch and aisle
 A path of dreamy lustre, wandering back
 To other years;—and the rich fretted roof,
 And the wrought coronal of summer leaves,
 Ivy and vine, and many sculptor'd rose—
 The tenderest image of mortality—
 Binding the slender columns, whose light shafts
 Cluster like stems in corn-sheaves—all these things
 Tell of a race that nobly, fearlessly,
 On their heart's worship pour'd a wealth of love!
 Honour be with the dead!—the people kneel
 Under the helms of antique chivalry,
 And in the crimson gloom from banners thrown,
 And midst the forms, in pale shroud slumber carv'd
 Of warriors on their tombs.—The people kneel
 Where mail-clad chiefs have knelt; where jewelled
 crowns
 On the flushed brow of conquerors have been set;
 Where the high anthems of old victories
 Have made the dust give echoes. Hence vain
 thoughts!

Memories of power and pride, which long ago,
 Like dim processions of a dream, have sunk
 In twilight depths away. Return, my soul!
 The cross recalls thee.—Lo! the blessed cross!
 High o'er the banners and the crests of earth
 Fix'd in its meek and still supremacy!
 And lo! the throng of beating human hearts,
 With all their secret scrolls of buried grief,
 All their full treasures of immortal hope,
 Gathered before their God! Hark! how the flood
 Of the rich organ harmony bears up
 Their voice on its high waves!—a mighty burst!—
 A forest sounding music!—every tone
 Which the blasts call forth with their harping
 wings

From gulfs of tossing foliage, there is blent:
 And the old minster—forest-like itself—
 With its long avenues of pillared shade,
 Seems quivering all with spirit, as that strain
 O'erflows its dim recesses, leaving not
 One tomb unthrilled by the strong sympathy
 Answering the electric notes.—Join, join, my soul!
 In thine own lowly, trembling consciousness,
 And thine own solitude, the glorious hymn.

*Felicia Dorothea Bronne (Mrs. Hemans) born at
 Liverpool, Sep. 21, 1793, died at Dublin, May 16, 1835.*

MY VOICE SHALT THOU HEAR IN THE MORNING, O LORD.

ANTHEM, BY THE CHEVALIER NEUKOMM.

Moderato. *Hitherto unpublished.*

1st TREBLE. My voice shalt thou hear in the morn - ing O

2d TREBLE. My voice shalt thou hear in the morn - ing, O

TENOR. My voice shalt thou hear in the morn - ing, O

BASS. My voice shalt thou hear in the morn - ing, O

ORGAN
OR
PIANO
FORTE. *f*

Lord! I will di - rect my pray - er un - to
 in the morning will I di - rect my prayer un - to
 Lord! I - - - will direct my pray - er my pray - er un - to
 Lord in the morn - ing will I di - rect my prayer un - to

thee, and will look up, I will look up, O Lord! O Lord! my
 thee, and will look up, O Lord! O Lord! my
 thee, and will look up, O Lord! O Lord! my
 thee, and I will look up O Lord! O Lord!

voice shalt thou hear in the morn - ing, O Lord! A - rise, O

voice shalt thou hear in the morn - ing, O Lord! A - rise, O

voice shalt thou hear in the morn - ing, O Lord! A - rise, O

O Lord! A - rise, O

This system contains four vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal parts are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment is in bass clef. Dynamics include *f* (forte) and *f* (forte) markings.

Lord, A - rise, O Lord! A - rise, and lift up thine hand! For-

Lord, A - rise, O Lord! A - rise, and lift up thine hand! For-

Lord, A - rise, O Lord! A - rise, and lift up thine hand! For-

Lord, A - rise, O Lord! A - rise, and lift up thine hand! For-

This system contains four vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal parts are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment is in bass clef. Dynamics include *f* (forte) and *p* (piano) markings.

get not the poor, for - get not the poor! My voice shalt thou

get not the poor, for - get not the poor! My voice shalt thou

get not the poor, forget not for - get not the poor! My voice shalt thou

get not the poor, for - get not the poor! My voice shalt thou

f

f

f

f

f

f

hear in the morn - ing, O Lord! in the morning will I di -

hear in the morn - ing, O Lord! in the morning will I di -

hear in the morn - ing, O Lord! in the morning will I di -

hear in the morn - ing, O Lord! in the morning will I di -

p

f

p

f

p

f

p

f

rect my pray - er un - to thee, O Lord! and will look up O
 O Lord, O

rect my prayer un - to thee, O Lord! and will look up O
 up, and will look

Lord! I will look up, my voice shalt thou hear in the morning, my voice shalt thou hear, O
 Lord! I will look up, my voice, my voice shalt thou hear, O
 Lord! I will look up, my voice, my voice shalt thou hear, O
 up O Lord, my voice, my voice shalt thou hear, O

f
 Lord, I will di - rect my prayer un - to thee O
f
 Lord, I will di - rect my prayer un - to thee O
f
 Lord, I will di - rect my prayer un - to thee, un - to thee I will di -
f
 Lord, I will di - rect my prayer - - un - to thee I will di -

p *f*
 Lord! I will di - rect my prayer un - to thee, and will look up, and will look
p *f*
 Lord! I will di - rect my prayer un - to thee, and will look up, and will look
p *f*
 rect my prayer - - my prayer un - to thee, and will look up, and will look
p *f*
 rect my prayer - - my prayer un - to thee, and will look up, and will look

up, O Lord! I will look up, O Lord. *f*

up, O Lord! I will look up, O Lord, I will look

up, O Lord! I will look up, O Lord, I will look

up, O Lord - - - I will look up, I will look

f I will look up, I will look up, O Lord!

up, I will look up, I will look up, O Lord!

f up, I will look up, I will look up, O Lord!

up, I will look up, O Lord!