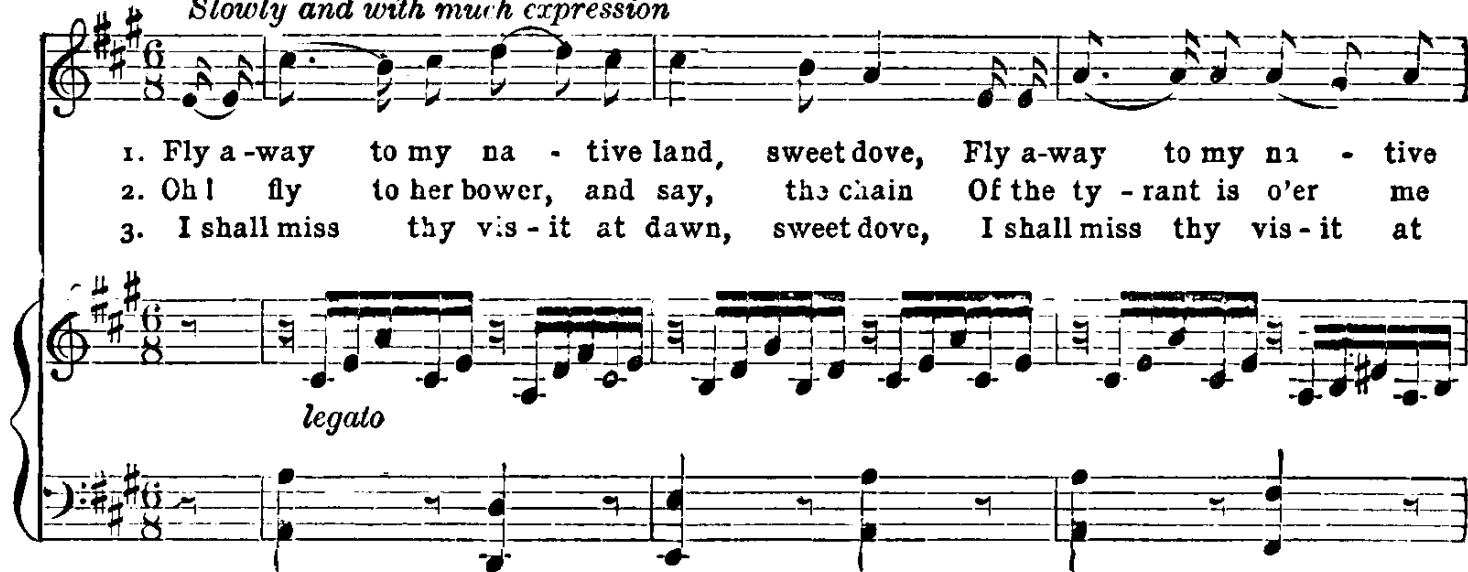


The Carrier Dove

DANIEL JOHNSON

Slowly and with much expression


1. Fly a-way to my na - tive land, sweet dove, Fly a-way to my na - tive
 2. Oh! fly to her bower, and say, the chain Of the ty - rant is o'er me
 3. I shall miss thy vis - it at dawn, sweet dove, I shall miss thy vis - it at

legato



land, . . . And bear these lines to my la - dy love, That I've
 now, . . . That I nev - er shall mount my steed a - gain, With
 eve, . . . But bring me a line from my la - dy love, And



trac'd with a fee - ble hand. . . . She mar - vels much at my long de - lay. A
 hel - met up - on my brow. . . . No friend to my lat - tice a sol - ace brings, Ex -
 then I shall cease to grieve! . . . I can bear in a dun - geon to waste away youth, I can

ru - mor of death she has heard,
 cept when your voice is heard,
 fall by the con-quer-or's sword,

Or she thinks per-haps I
 When you beat the bars with your
 But I can-not en-dure she should

ad lib.

false - ly stray,— Then fly to her bower, sweet dove.
 snow - y wings,— Then fly to her bower, sweet dove.
 doubt my truth,— Then fly to her bower, sweet dove.

Sun of My Soul

J. KEBLE

W. H. MONK

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
 2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea-ried eye - lids gen - tly steep,
 3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can - not live;
 4. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take,

Oh, may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy ser-vant's eyes.
 Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For - ev - er on my Sav - iour's breast!
 A - bide with me when night is nigh, For with-out Thee I dare not die.
 Till in the o - cean of Thy love We lose our - selves in heav'n a - bove.