

## 'Tis but a Little Faded Flower

J. R. THOMAS

*Andante semplice*

1. 'Tis but a lit - tle fa - ded flow'r, But, oh, how fond - ly dear! 'Twill  
2. Where is the heart that doth not keep With - in its in - most core, Some

*express.* *p*  
bring me back one gold - en hour, Through many, thro' ma - ny a wea - ry year. I  
fond remembrance, hid - den deep, Of days, of days that are no more?

may not to the world im - part The se - cret, the se - ret of its pow'r, But  
Who hath not sav'd some trifling thing, More priz'd, more priz'd than jewels rare! A

*cres.* *dim.* *p rit.*  
treas - ur'd in my in - most heart, I keep my fad - ed flow'r, I keep my  
fad - ed flow'r, a bro - ken ring, A tress of gold - en hair, A tress of  
*dim.* *p colla voce*

fad - ed flow'r. 'Tis but a lit - tle fad - ed flow'r, But oh, how fond - ly  
gold - en hair? 'Tis but a lit - tle fad - ed flow'r, But oh, how fond - ly

*mf* *p*

dear ! 'Twill bring me back one gold-en hour, Through ma - ny, thro' ma - ny a wea - ry year.

*poco rit.*  
*p colla voce*

### Old Hundred

Rev. ISAAC WATTS

GOUDIMEL

1. From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise;  
2. E - ter - nal are Thy mer - cies, Lord; E - ter - nal truth at - tends Thy word;

Let the Re - deem - er's name be sung Throughev - 'ry land, by ev - 'ry tongue.  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.