

London Gallery Quire 143

Samuel Medley (1738-99)

Mortals, awake, with angels join

Lyngham, by Thomas Jarman (1776-1861)
Edited and symphony added by Francis Roads.

[♩=100] *Symphony*

9

S
Mor - tals a - wake, with an - gels join, And chant the so - lemn lay, And
In heav'n the rapt - 'rous song be - gan, And sweet se - ra - phic fire, And
Swift through the vast ex - panse it flew, And loud the e - cho rolled, And
Down from the por - tals of the sky Th'im - pe - tuous tor - rent ran, Th'im -

A
Mor - tals a - wake, with an - gels join, And chant the so - lemn lay, And
In heav'n the rapt - 'rous song be - gan, And sweet se - ra - phic fire, And
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Swift through the vast ex - panse it flew, And loud the e - cho rolled, And
Down from the por - tals of the sky Th'im - pe - tuous tor - rent ran, Th'im -

15

S
chant the so - lemn lay; Joy, love, and gra - ti - tude com - bine
sweet se - ra - phic fire Through all the shin - ing le - gions ran,
loud the e - cho rolled; The theme, the song, the joy was new,
pe - tuous tor - rent ran; The an - gels flew with ea - ger joy

A
chant the so - lemn lay; Joy, love, and gra - ti - tude com - bine
sweet se - ra - phic fire Through all the shin - ing le - gions ran,
loud the e - cho rolled; The theme, the song, the joy was new,
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pe - tuous tor - rent ran; The an - gels flew with ea - ger joy

5. Wrapt in the silence of the night
Lay all the Eastern world;
: When bursting, glorious heav'nly light
The wondrous scene unfurled. :|

6. With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
"Glory to God on High!";
: Goodwill and peace are now complete,
Jesus was born to die! :|

7. Hail prince of Life! For ever hail,
Redeemer, brother, friend!
: Though earth, and time, and life should fail
Thy praise shall never end. :|

Mortals, awake, with angels join 143

21 (Alto)

A

(Tenor)

T

(Bass)

B

To hail th'au - spi - cious morn, To
 And strung and tuned the lyre, And
 'Twas more than heav'n could hold, 'Twas
 To bear the news to man, To

24

S

A

T

B

To hail th'au - spi - cious morn, To hail th'au - spi - cious morn. morn.
 And strung and tuned the lyre, And strung and tuned the lyre. lyre.
 'Twas more than heav'n could hold, 'Twas more than heav'n could hold. hold.
 To bear the news to man, To bear the news to man.

hail th'au - spi cious morn, To hail th'au - spi - cious morn. morn.
 strung and tuned the lyre, And strung and tuned the lyre. lyre.
 more than heav'n could hold, 'Twas more than heav'n could hold. hold.
 bear the news to man, To bear the news to man. man.

morn, To hail th'au - spi cious morn, To hail th'au - spi - cious morn. morn.
 lyre, And strung and tuned the lyre, And strung and tuned the lyre. lyre.
 hold, 'Twas more than heav'n could hold, 'Twas more than heav'n could hold. hold.
 To bear the news to man, To bear the news to man. man.

hail th'au - spi cious morn, To hail th'au - spi - cious morn. morn.
 strung and tuned the lyre, And strung and tuned the lyre. lyre.
 more than heav'n could hold, 'Twas more than heav'n could hold. hold.
 bear the news to man, To bear the news to man. man.

29 Symphony

S

A

T

B