London Gallery Quire 274

All my hope on God is founded Robert Bridges (1844-1930) J Neander (1650-80) Edited and a symphony added by Francis Roads []=96] Soprano P [Air] 1. All He doth still my hope on God is foun - ded; my new, trust re 2. Hu - man pride and earth ly glo - ry, Sword and crown be trav our trust: 3. God's great good - ness dur - eth, ay en Deep his wis - dom, pas - sing thought: 4. Dai - ly doth th'al migh Boun - teous gifts tow; ty Gi - ver us bes on 5. Still from earth to God e ter - nal Sac ri fice of praise be done, Alto Tenor God is foun - ded; He doth still 1. All my hope on my trust re new. 2. Hu - man pride and earth ly glo - ry, Sword and crown be tray our trust; 3. God's great good - ness wis - dom, ay en dur - eth, Deep his pas - sing thought: *Gi - ver* ter - nal migh th'al tow; 4. *Dai* - *ly* doth ty Boun - teous gifts onus bes 5. Still from earth praise be God Sac - ri of done, to e fice 0 Bass 5 S Me through change and gui - deth, On good ly chance he ly and on true. toil What with care and he build - eth, Tow'r and tem - ple fall to dust. Splen-dour. light life at tend him. Beau - ty spring - eth naught. and out of -Plea - sure His de sire our soul de _ light - eth, leads us where we *g0*. prais - ing High bove all For the Christ, his Son. а prai ses gift of А 0 Т 10 Me through change and chance gui - deth, On good he ly ly____ true. and on ple What with care and toil he build - eth, Tow'r and tem fall to_ _ dust. Beau - ty Splen-dour, light and life of_ naught. at tend him, spring - eth out His de sire our soul de light - eth, Plea - sure leads us where we____ go. High all prai Christ, bove ses prais - ing For the gift of his__ Son. а -В \mathbf{O} Symphony S 10 ŧ۶ 10 Calls my God un - known, he a - lone heart to be his own. But God's pow'r, hour by hour, Is my tem - ple and my tow'r. New-born worlds rise and a - dore. E - ver - more from his store Love doth stand at his hand; Joy doth wait on his com-mand. Christ doth call one and all: Ye who fol - low shall not fall. А Θ Т 10 he Calls God un - known, a - lone my heart to his be own. But God's pow'r, hour by hour, Is тy tem - ple and my tow'r. from his store New-born worlds rise and E - ver - more a - dore. Love doth stand at his hand; Joy doth wait on his com-mand. Christ doth fol - low shall not call one and all: Ye who fall. B

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