

London Gallery Quire 274

Robert Bridges (1844-1930)

All my hope on God is founded

J Neander (1650-80)

Edited and a symphony added by Francis Roads

[♩=96]

Soprano [Air]

1. All my hope on God is foun-ded; He doth still 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 ay en - dur - eth, Deep his wis - dom, pas - sing thought:
 4. *Dai - ly doth th'al - migh - ty Gi - ver Boun - teous gifts on us bes - tow;*
 5. Still from earth to God e - ter - nal Sac - ri - fice of praise be done,

Alto

Tenor

1. All my hope on God is foun-ded; He doth still my trust re - new,
 2. *Hu - man pride and earth - ly glo - ry, Sword and crown be - tray our trust;*
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 5. Still from earth to God e - ter - nal Sac - ri - fice of praise be done,

Bass

5

S

Me through change and chance he gui - deth, On - ly good and on - ly true.
What with care and toil he build - eth, Tow'r and tem - ple fall to dust.
 Splen-dour, light and life at - tend him, Beau - ty spring - eth out of naught.
His de - sire our soul de - light - eth, Plea - sure leads us where we go.
 High a - bove all prai - ses prais - ing For the gift of Christ, his Son.

A

T

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 High a - bove all prai - ses prais - ing For the gift of Christ, his Son.

B

9

S

God un-known, he a - lone Calls my heart to be his own.
But God's pow'r, hour by hour, Is my tem - ple and my tow'r.
 E - ver - more from his store New - born worlds rise and a - dore.
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.

A

T

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B

7

Symphony