

# London Gallery Quire 412

John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892)

Immortal love, forever full

Bishop Thorpe, by Jeremiah Clark (1768-1803)

Edited by Nicholas Markwell and Francis Roads

[♩=120]

Soprano [Air]

1. Im - mor - tal Love, for - e - ver full, For - e - ver flo - wing free,  
 2. Our out - ward lips con - fess the name All o - ther names a - bove;  
 3. O warm, sweet, ten - der, e - ven yet A pre - sent help is he;  
 4. The heal - ing of his seam - less dress Is by our beds of pain;

Alto

Tenor

1. Im - mor - tal Love, for - e - ver full, For - e - ver flo - wing free,  
 2. Our out - ward lips con - fess the name All o - ther names a - bove;  
 3. O warm, sweet, ten - der, e - ven yet A pre - sent help is he;  
 4. The heal - ing of his seam - less dress Is by our beds of pain;

Bass

7

S

For - e - ver shared, for - e - ver whole, A ne - ver eb - bing sea!  
 Love on - ly know - eth whence it came And com - pre - hen - deth love.  
 And faith has still its O - li - vet, And love its Ga - li - lee.  
 We touch him in life's thron - g and press, And we are whole a - gain.

A

T

For - e - ver shared, for - e - ver whole, A ne - ver eb - bing sea!  
 Love on - ly know - eth whence it came And com - pre - hen - deth love.  
 And faith has still its O - li - vet, And love its Ga - li - lee.  
 We touch him in life's thron - g and press, And we are whole a - gain.

B

15 Symphony

S

A

T

B

5. Through him the first fond pray'rs are said  
 Our lips of childhood frame;  
 The last low whispers of our dead  
 Are burdened with his name.

6. Alone, O love ineffable!  
 Thy saving name is given;  
 To turn aside from thee is hell,  
 To walk with thee is heaven!