

# London Gallery Quire 583

Liverpool Liturgy 1763

Arise and hail the happy day  
Christmas hymn

Thomas Clark (1775-1859)

**Vivace** [♩ = 132] Symphony

Soprano [Air]

Alto

Tenor [original]

Bass

10

S  
1. A - rise and hail the hap - py day; Cast all low  
2. *If an - gels on that hap - py morn, The sa - viour*  
3. How won - der - ful, how vast His love, Who left the

A

T

B

16

S  
cares of life a - way, And thought of mea - ner things.  
*of the world was born, Pour'd forth their joy - ful song,*  
shin - ing realms a - bove, Those hap - py seats of rest;

A

T

B

4. While we adore his boundless grace,  
And pious joy and mirth take place  
Of sorrow, grief, and pain,  
Give glory to our God on high,  
And not among the general joy  
Forget good-will to men.

5. O then let heav'n and earth rejoice;  
Let ev'ry creature join his voice  
To hymn the happy day.  
When Satan's empire vanquish'd fell,  
And all the pow'rs of death and hell,  
Confess'd his sov'reign sway.

According to Prof. Temperley's *Hymn Tune Index* (Oxford, 1998), this tune "May well have come from Clark's missing 10th set". Some text sources in verse 1 have "thoughts" for "thought", and "The sun of righteousness" for "The Son ...". Circled numbers in the score correspond with lines of text.

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## Arise and hail the happy day 583

22 [♩=100]

S <sup>④</sup> This day to cure our dead - ly woes, The Son of right - eous - ness a - rose,  
*Much more should we, of hu - man race, A - dore the won - ders of his grace,*  
 How much for lost man - kind He bore, Their peace and par - don to re - store, <sup>⑤</sup>

A This day to cure our dead - ly woes, The <sup>⑤</sup>  
*Much more should we, of hu - man race,* A -  
 How much for lost man - kind He bore, Their

T This day to cure our dead - ly woes, The <sup>⑤</sup>  
*Much more should we, of hu - man race,* A -  
 How much for lost man - kind He bore, Their

B This day to cure our dead - ly woes, The Son of right - eous - ness a - rose,  
*Much more should we, of hu - man race, A - dore the won - ders of his grace,*  
 How much for lost man - kind He bore, Their peace and par - don to re - store,

27

S <sup>⑥</sup> With heal - ing in his wings. wings.  
*To whom — that grace be - longs. longs.*  
 Can ne - ver be expr - est. est.

A Son of right - eous - ness a - rose, With heal - ing in his wings. wings.  
*dore the won - ders of his grace, To whom — that grace be - longs. longs.*  
 peace and par - don to re - store, Can ne - ver be expr - est. est.

T Son of right - eous - ness a - rose, With heal - ing in his wings. wings.  
*dore the won - ders of his grace, To whom — that grace be - longs. longs.*  
 peace and par - don to re - store, Can ne - ver be expr - est. est.

B <sup>⑥</sup> With heal - ing in his wings. wings.  
*To whom — that grace be - longs. longs.*  
 Can ne - ver be expr - est. est.

33 Symphony D.S. al Fine

S

A

B