

# London Gallery Quire 598

Verse 1: Anon.,  
Verses 2-4: Alexander Pope (1688-1744)

Have you not heard our Saviour's love?

Anon.,  
Edited by Francis Roads

[♩=120]

Soprano

1. Have you not heard, not heard our Sa - viour's love, That  
2. *Hark a glad voice the lone - ly de - sert cheers; Pre -*  
3. 'Tis he th'ob - struc - ted paths of sound shall clear And  
4. *The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke de - cay, Rocks*  
5. All glo - ry be to God en - throned on high, Who

Alto

Tenor [Air]

1. Have you not heard, not heard our Sa - viour's love, That  
2. *Hark a glad voice the lone - ly de - sert cheers; Pre -*  
3. 'Tis he th'ob - struc - ted paths of sound shall clear And  
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5. All glo - ry be to God en - throned on high, Who

Bass

5

S

he was born to save our souls a - bove; There -  
*pare the way, a God, a God ap - pears; A*  
bid new mu - sic charm th'un - fol - ding ear: The  
*fall to dust and moun - tains melt a - way But*  
sent his Son to save our souls there - by. There -

A

T

he was born to save our souls a - bove; There -  
*pare the way, a God, a God ap - pears; A*  
bid new mu - sic charm th'un - fol - ding ear: The  
*fall to dust and moun - tains melt a - way But*  
sent his Son to save our souls there - by. There -

B

## Have you not heard our Saviour's love? 598

9

S  
fore let us to heav'n our voi - ces raise, And  
*God, a God, the vo - cal hills re - ply, And*  
dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch fore - go, And  
*fixed thy word, thy sa - ving pow'r re - mains: Thy*  
fore re - jice; re - jice a - gain I say! For

A

T  
8  
fore let us to heav'n our voi - ces raise, And  
*God, a God, the vo - cal hills re - ply, And*  
dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch fore - go, And  
*fixed thy word, thy sa - ving pow'r re - mains: Thy*  
fore re - jice; re - jice a - gain I say! For

B

13

S  
sing to God in so - lemn hymns of praise.  
*rocks pro - claim th'ap - proa - ching De - i - ty.*  
leap ex - ul - ting like the boun - ding roe.  
*realms shall last, thine own Mes - si - ah reigns.*  
now once more is come the hap - py day.

A

T  
8  
sing to God in so - lemn hymns of praise.  
*rocks pro - claim th'ap - proa - ching De - i - ty.*  
leap ex - ul - ting like the boun - ding roe.  
*realms shall last, thine own Mes - si - ah reigns.*  
now once more is come the hap - py day.

B

Source: W. A. Pickard-Cambridge, *A Collection of Dorset Carols*  
(London: A. W. Ridley & Co., 1926), #34b

This version of *Have you not heard our Saviour's love?*  
is the only example of a tenor-led setting in  
Pickard-Cambridge's editions.

□ □ show instrumental notes.