O sweet and dim the lights and shade
Across the Minster stealing;
I heard the grand old organ played,
The anthem upward pealing;
One boy's sweet voice above the rest
I heard so clearly ringing;
The angels must his dreams have blest
To teach him such sweet singing.

His earnest eyes to heaven were bent,
With yearning pure and lowly,
To follow where his singing went
And joined the angels holy;
No gentle mother's love had he,
But God had comfort given,
For he might sing on earth, and she
Might hear her child from heaven.

Last night I dreamt of harps of gold,
Heaven's gates were rolled asunder;
I saw the grave sweet face of old
Upraised in joy and wonder.
He sings among the angels now
Beside the crystal river;
The light of God is on his brow
Forever and forever.

11. RECITATIVES AND CHORUS . . "Unfold ye Portals Everlasting." Gounod

(With Harps and Trumpets.)

EDWARD BRANSCOMBE (Tenor), ALEERT ARCHDEACON (Baritone), AND UNITED CHOIRS.

Tenor:

"The apostles that were left at evening met together, the doors now being shut; and, while they were assembled, the Lord Himself came, and stood in the midst. They were greatly afraid at the sight, but He said:

Baritone:

"Be not afraid; it is II your heart need not be troubled. Behold! for I am not a shadow, an apparition; I am such as I was when I walked on the sea. Behold! for a spirit can have neither flesh nor bones.

Tenor:

"And the disciples did obeisance; and they fell on their knees, in fear, giving Him worship; and the Lord then approached and said: