

PART II.

March in E flatWely
9"The Angel's Serenade." (with Organ Solo and Accomp.)Braga
MISS MURRACK.
What lovely tones awaken me, swelling upon the breeze,
As it sweeps through the open balcony, on to the distant trees!
Hear'st thou them not? So beautiful: they seem to bid me follow them afar.
(I hear no tones of melody; calm is the summer air,
Only the gentle zephyr, steals through the moonlight fair.
What are these tones? O dearest daughter, what is this song so sweet,) Hush!
Oh they are not earthly music! but angel's festal lays,
Calling to lands of beauty, to cloudless summer days.
O mother dear! I cannot stay, I must away!
10
11
12Gounod
MR. CLEMENT ROWLANDS.
There is a green hill far away, without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified, who died to save us all.
We may not know, we cannot tell, what pains he had to bear;
But we believe it was for us, He hung and suffered there.
He died that we may be forgiven. He died to make us good,
That we may go at last to Heaven, saved by His precious blood.
There was no other good enough, to pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate of Heaven, and let us in.
Oh dearly, dearly as he loved, and we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming love, and try His works to do,
And we must love Him too, and try His works to do.
13Batiste
God Save the Queen