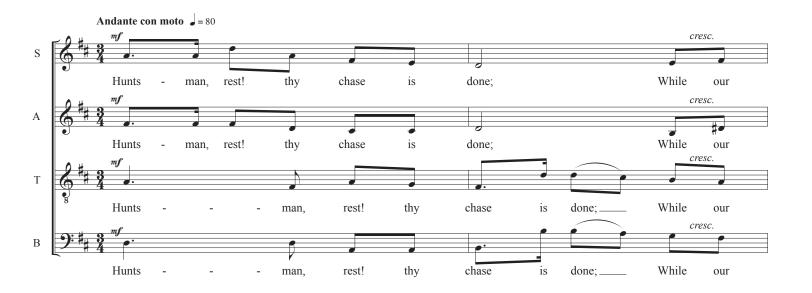


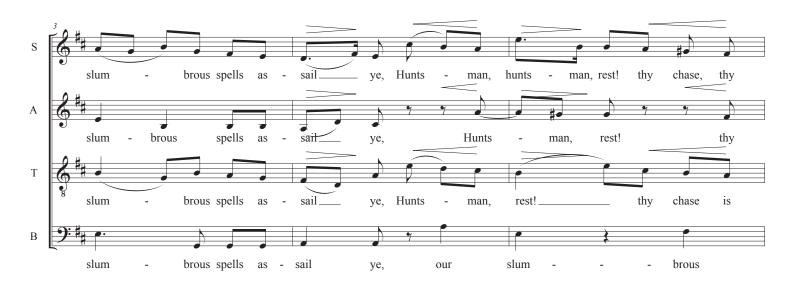
Seven Four-part Songs No. 5.

Huntsman, rest!

Samuel Reay (1828-1905)

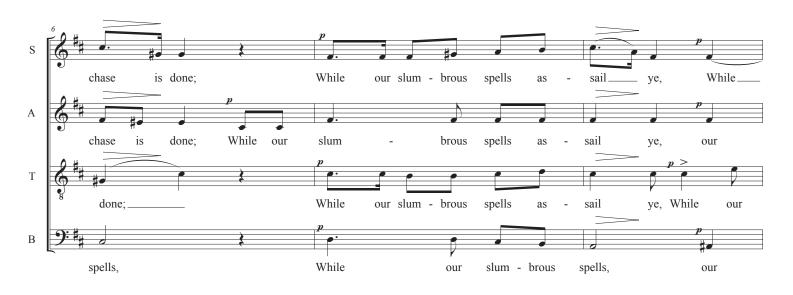
Samuel Reay

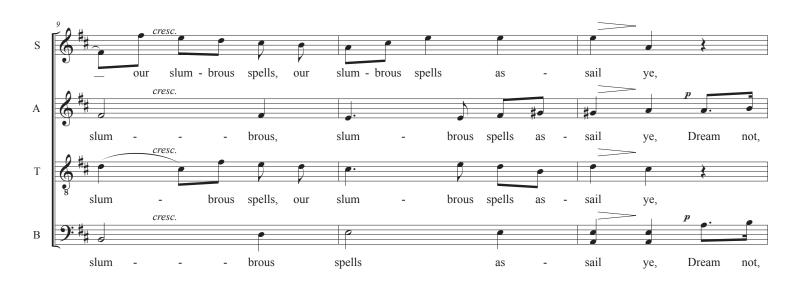


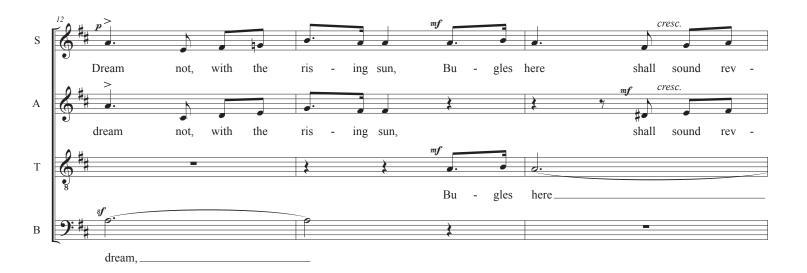


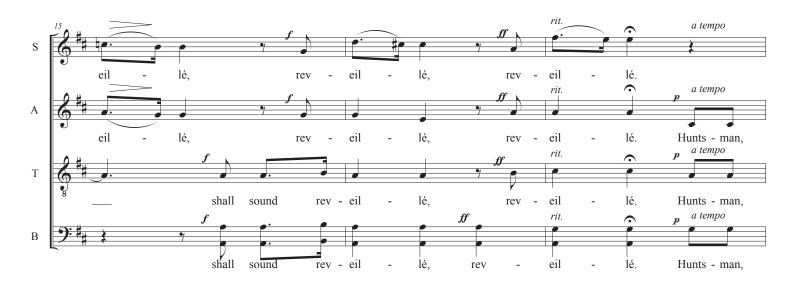


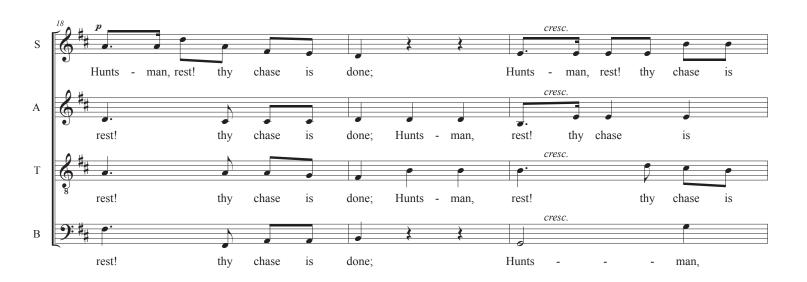
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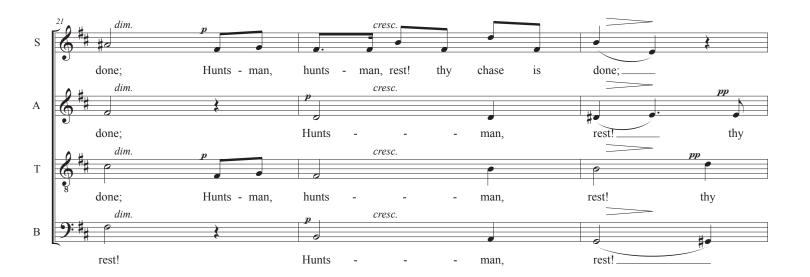


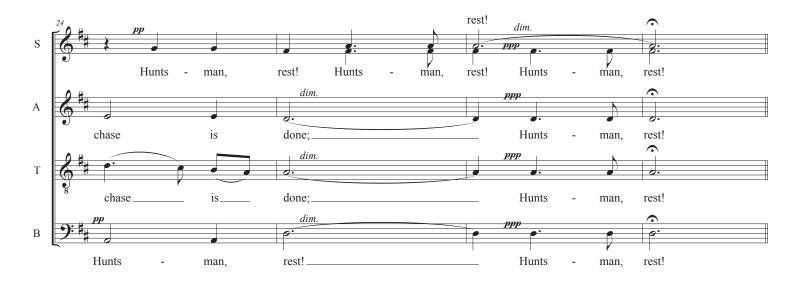


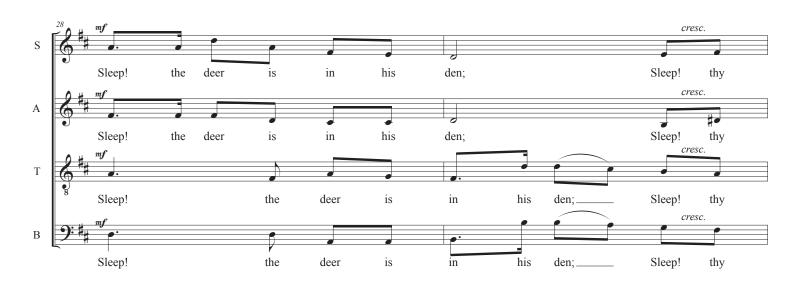


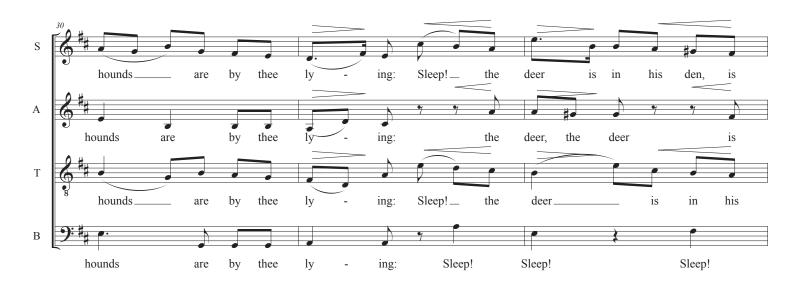


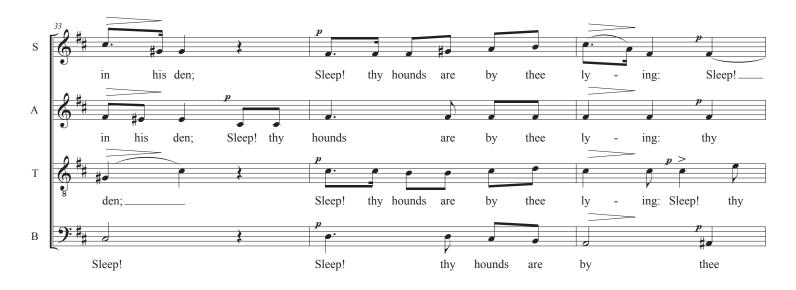


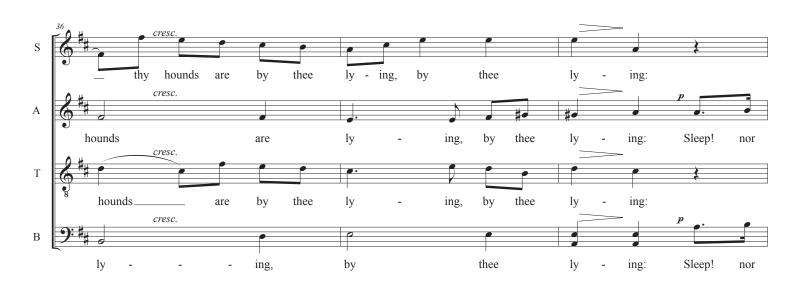


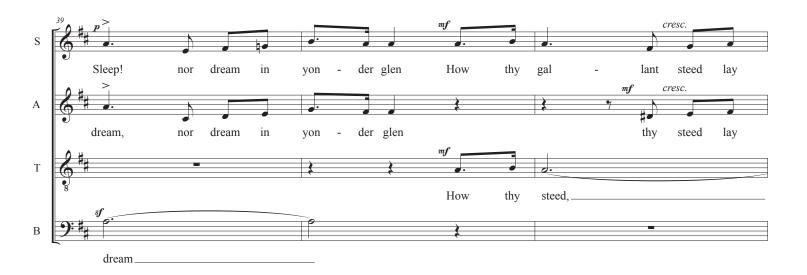


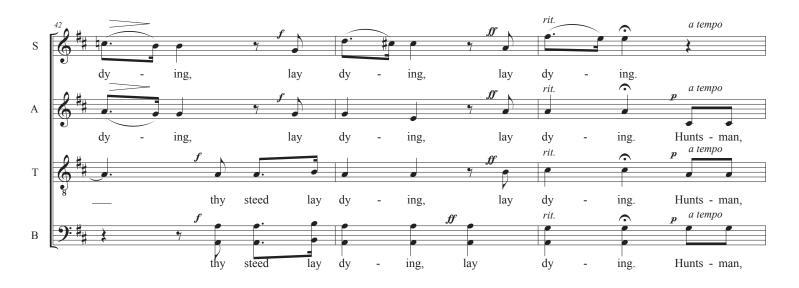


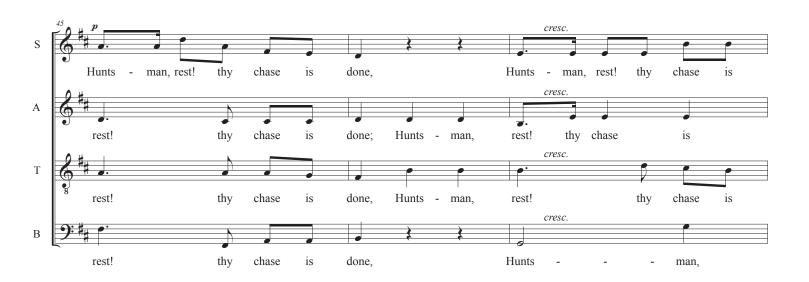


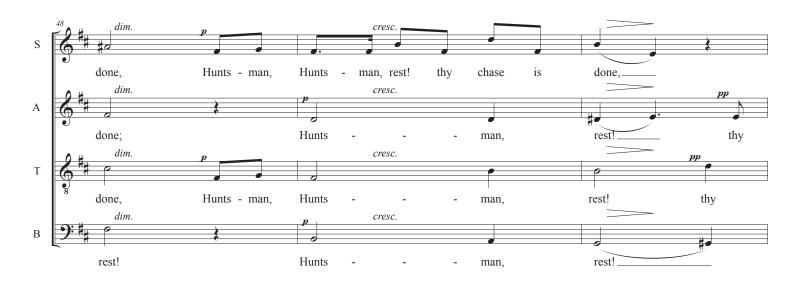


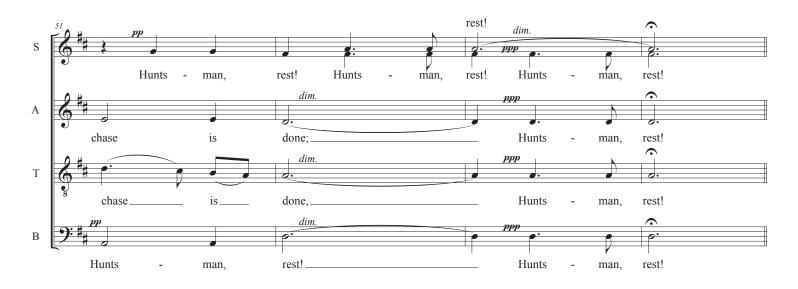


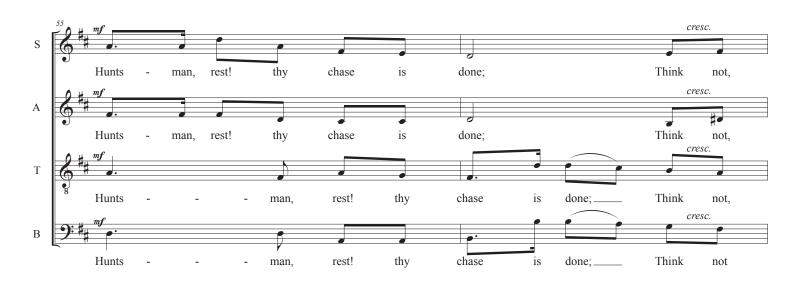


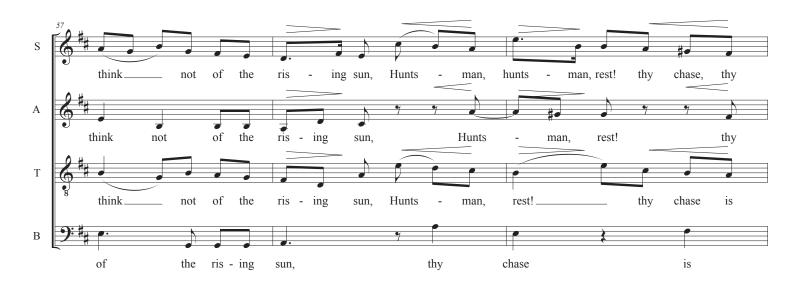


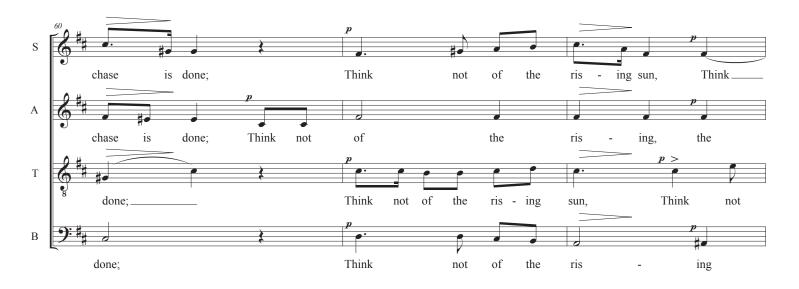


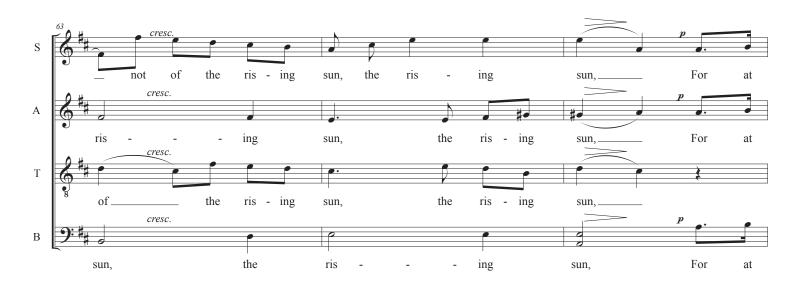


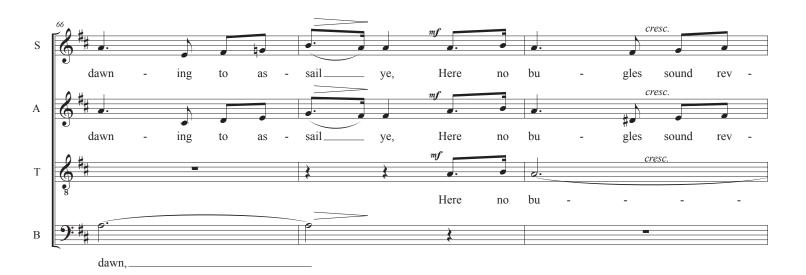


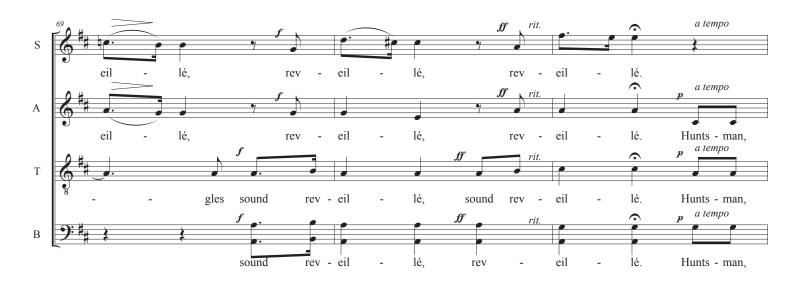


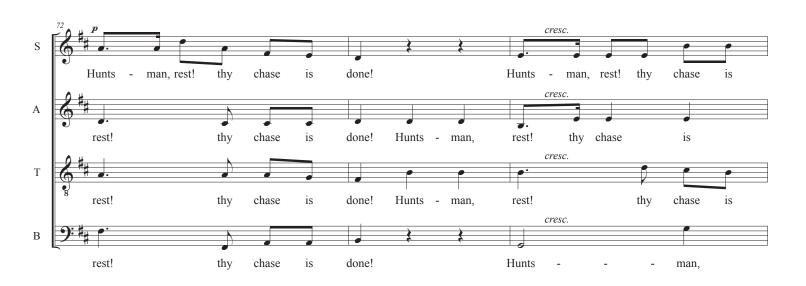


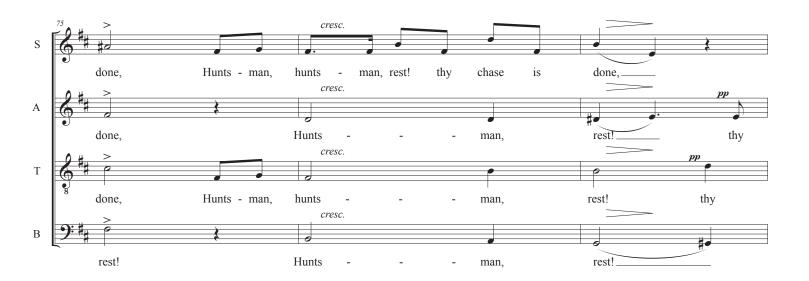


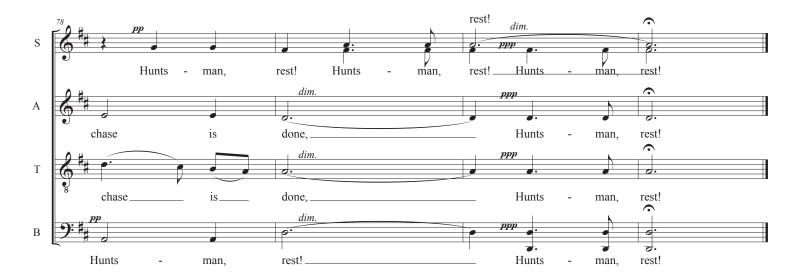












Novello, Ewer and Co. (1860-1885)

Samuel Reay (1828-1905) was born Hexham, England. He was a chorister at Durham Cathedral and was educated at Oxford. Reay held many organist positions, but was known primarily as organist of the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, Newark-on-Trent from 1864-1901 and Schoolmaster of Newark Parish Church. He was also conductor of the Newark Philharmonic Society. He is noted for having performed the first organ arrangement of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" which he arranged. His compositions include Morning and Evening Services as well as Anthems and Part-Songs.

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more;
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armour's clang, or war-steed champing,
Trump nor pibroch summon here
Mustering clan or squadron tramping.
Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
At the daybreak from the fallow,
And the bittern sound his drum,
Booming from the sedgy shallow.
Ruder sounds shall none be near,
Guards nor warders challenge here,
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
Shouting clans or squadrons stamping.

Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done;
While our slumbrous spells assail ye,
Dream not, with the rising sun,
Bugles here shall sound reveillé.
Sleep! the deer is in his den;
Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying:
Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen
How thy gallant steed lay dying.
Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done;
Think not of the rising sun,
For at dawning to assail ye
Here no bugles sound reveillé.

Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832)

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