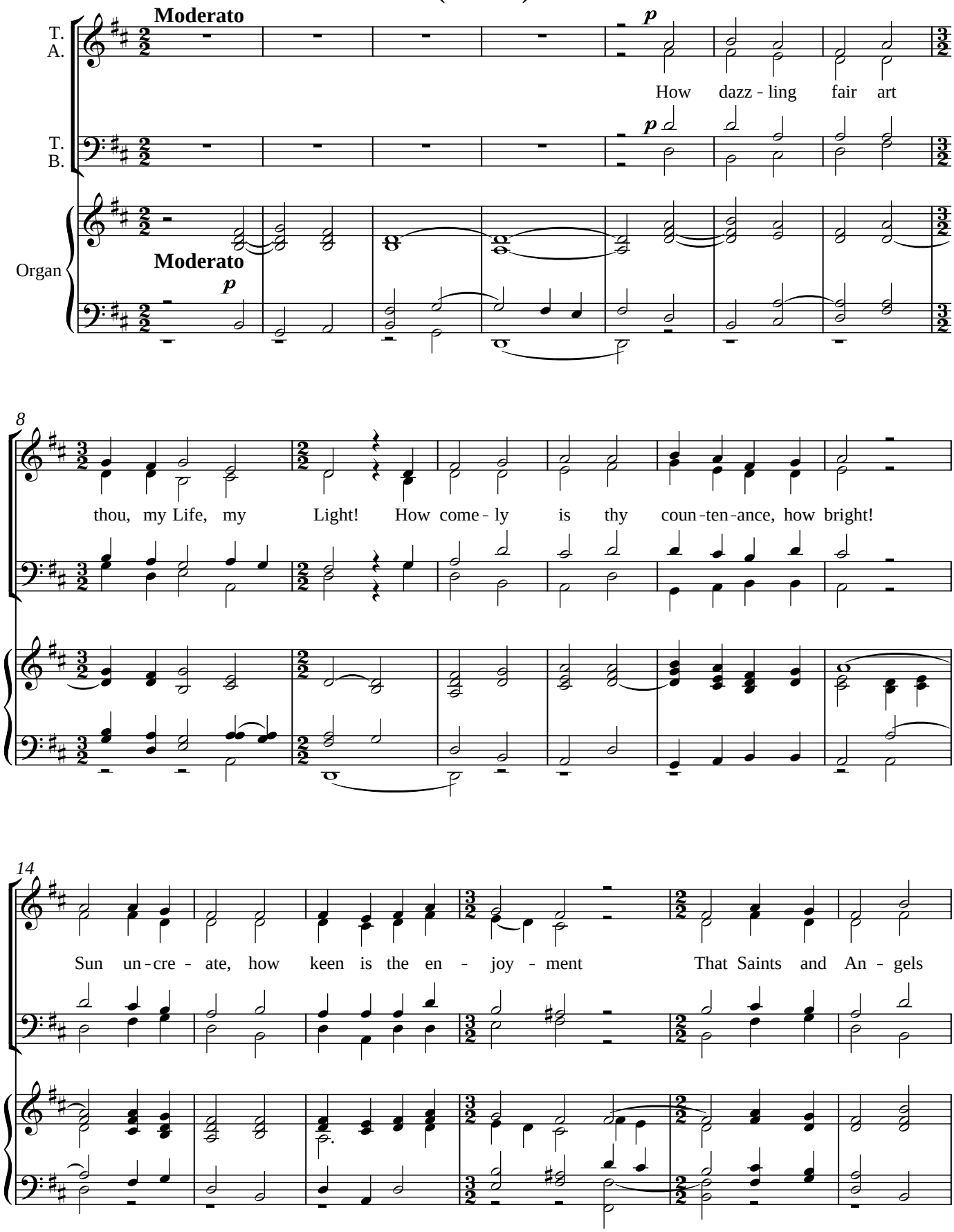
How dazzling fair

Words by Rev. G. R. Woodward
(After Johann Scheffler 1624-77)

Anthem for four voices
(S.A.T.B.)

Charles Wood
(1866 - 1926)



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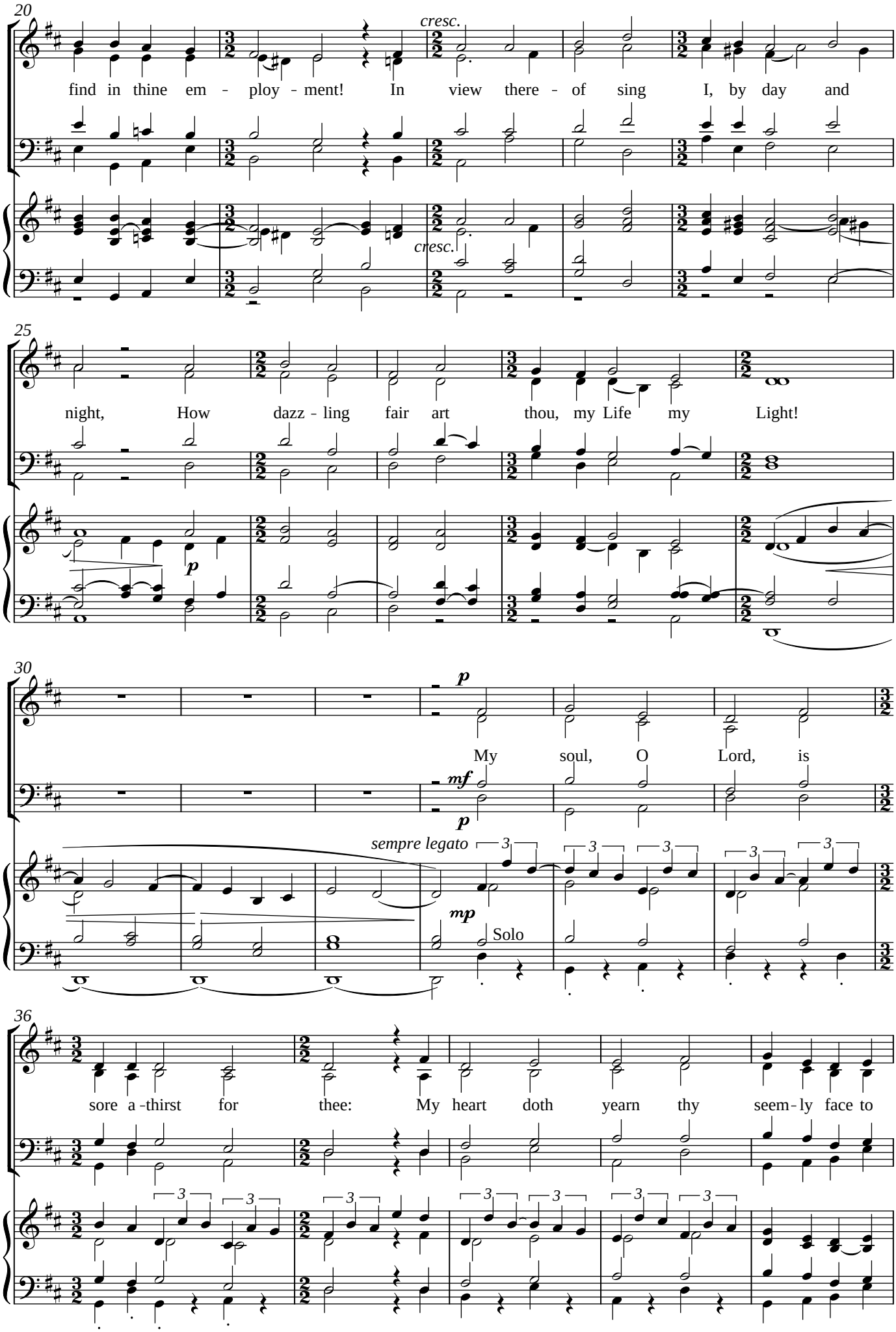
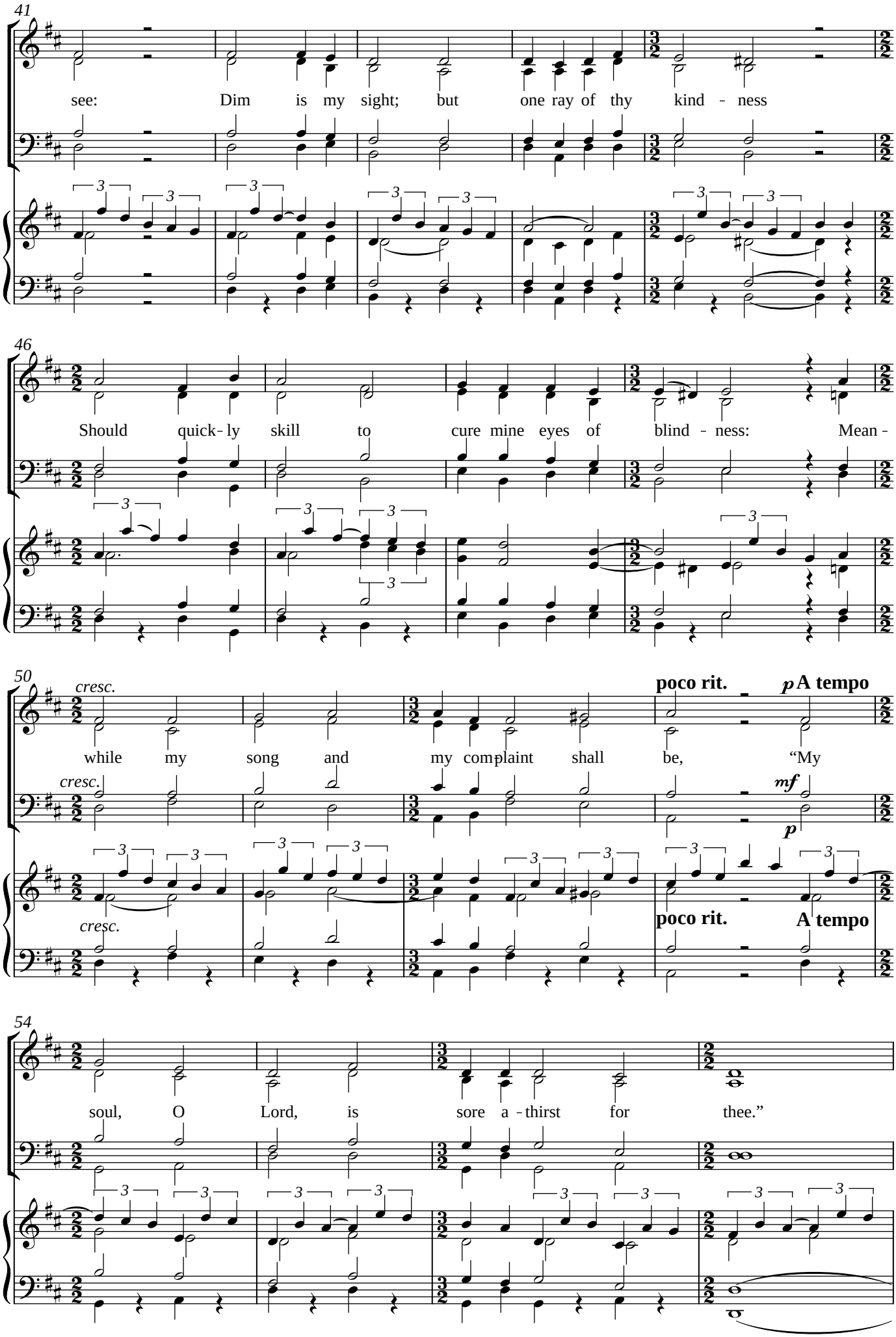
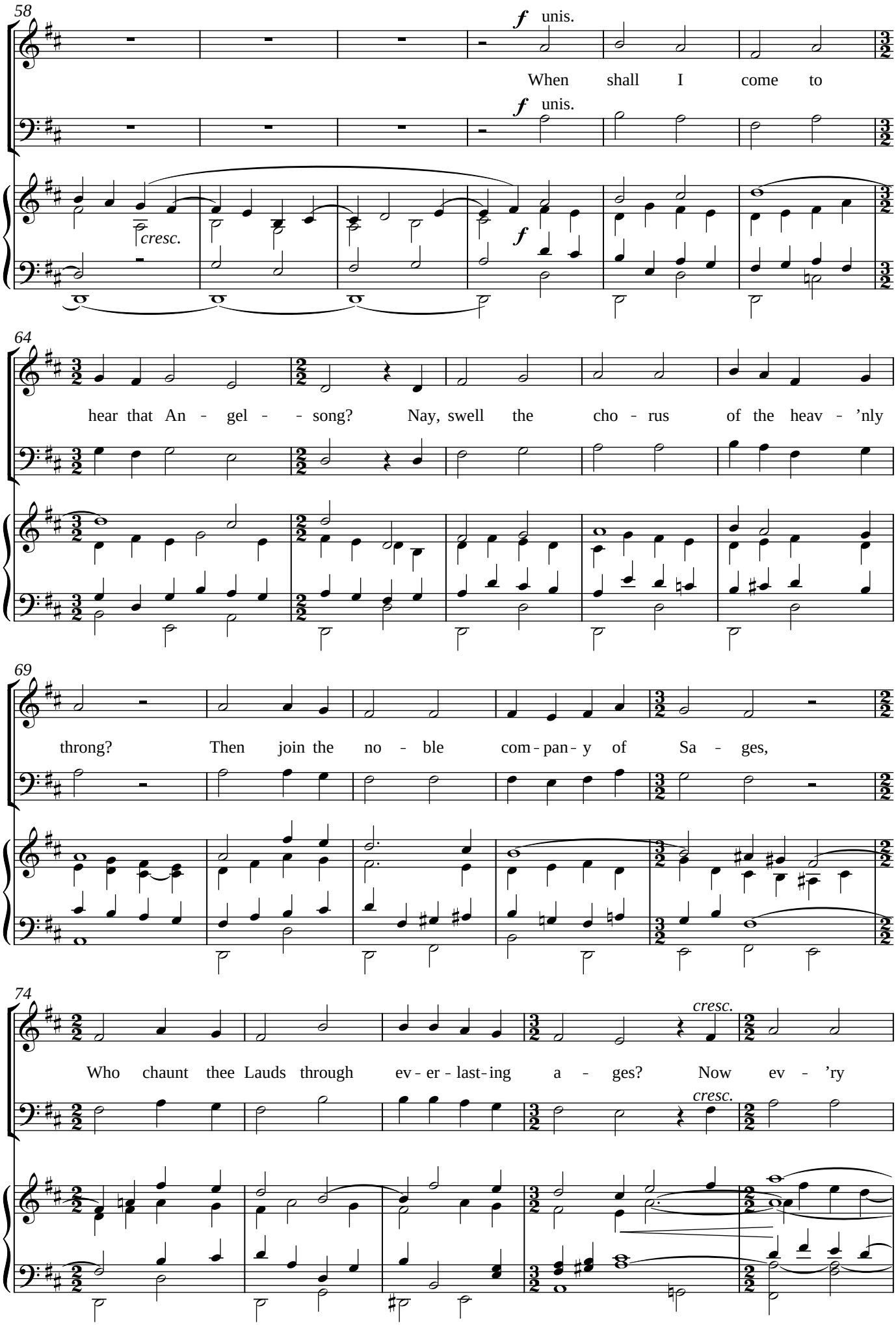
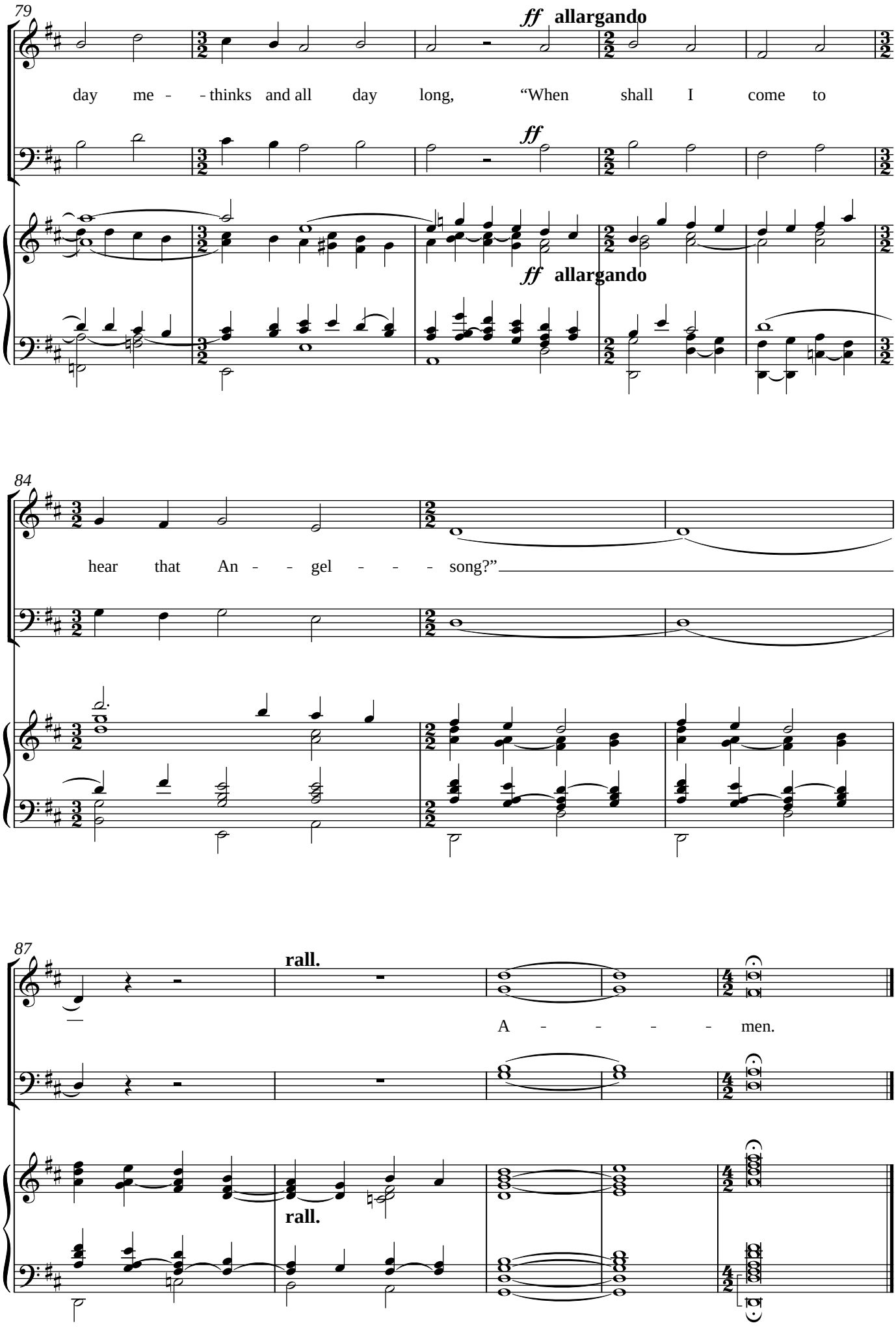

20
cresc.
find in thine em - ploy - ment! In view there - of sing I, by day and
cresc.
25
night, How dazz - ling fair art thou, my Life my Light!
p
30
p
My soul, O Lord, is
mf
p
sempre legato
mp
Solo
36
sore a - thirst for thee: My heart doth yearn thy seem - ly face to


41
see: Dim is my sight; but one ray of thy kind - ness
46
Should quick- ly skill to cure mine eyes of blind - ness: Mean -
50
cresc.
while my song and my com-plaint shall be, "My
poco rit.
p A tempo
mf
p
cresc.
poco rit.
A tempo
54
soul, O Lord, is sore a - thirst for thee."


58
f unis.
When shall I come to
f unis.
cresc.
f
64
hear that An - gel - - song? Nay, swell the cho - rus of the heav - 'nly
69
throng? Then join the no - ble com - pan - y of Sa - ges,
74
cresc.
Who chaunt thee Lauds through ev - er - last - ing a - ges? Now ev - 'ry
cresc.


79
ff allargando
day me - - thinks and all day long, "When shall I come to
ff
ff allargando
84
hear that An - - gel - - - song?"
87
rall.
A - - - - - men.
rall.