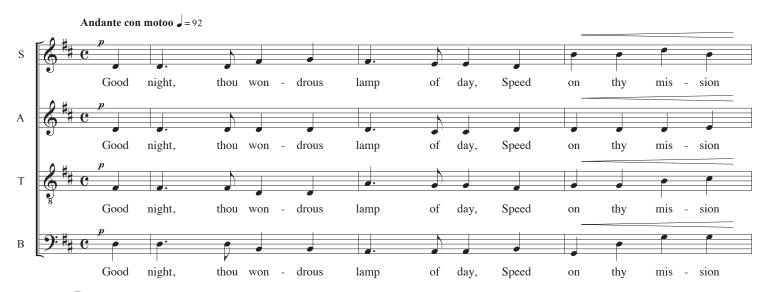
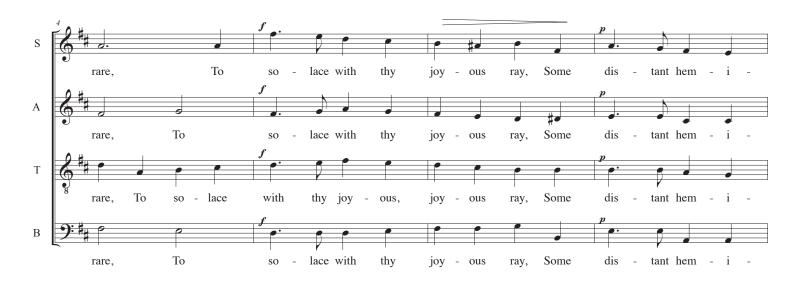


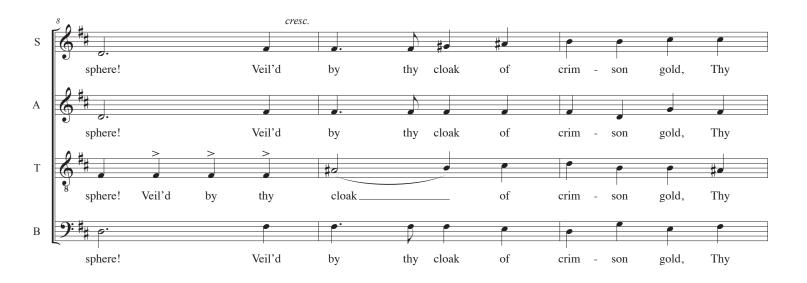
Henry Smart (1813-1879)

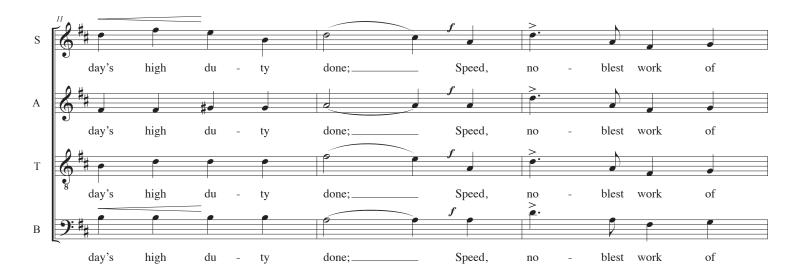


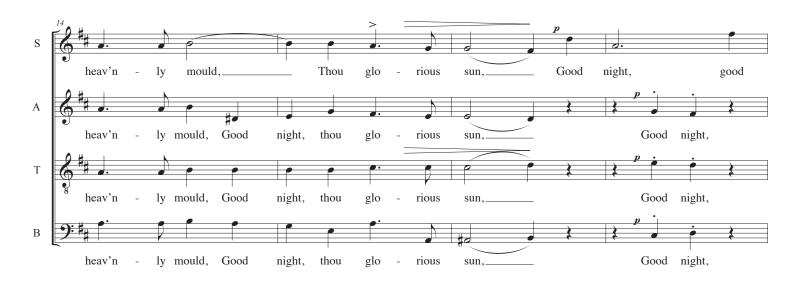


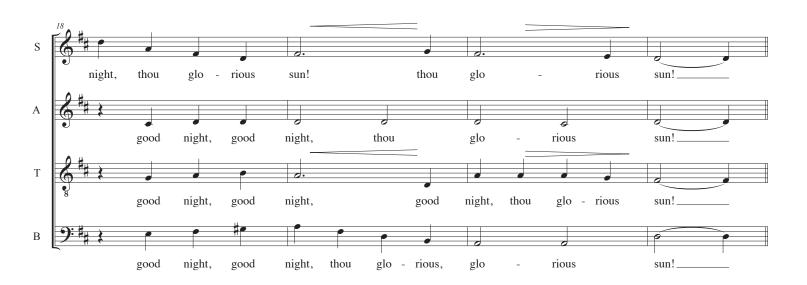
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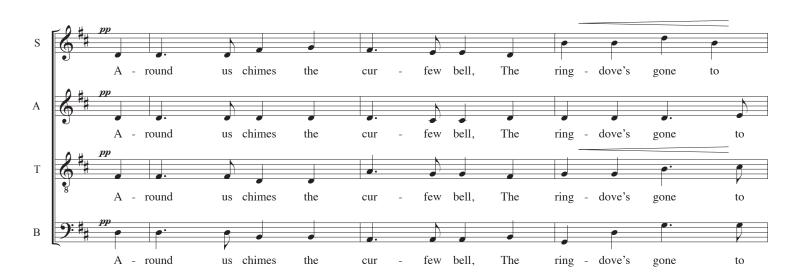


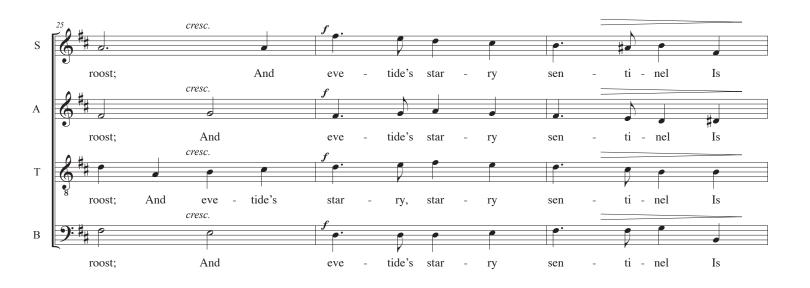


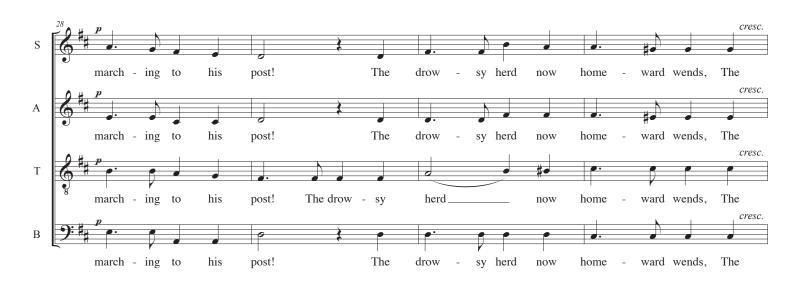


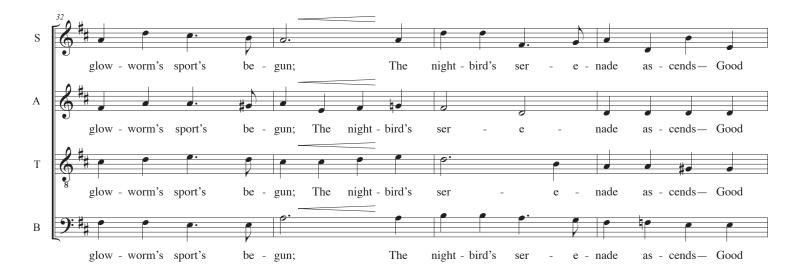


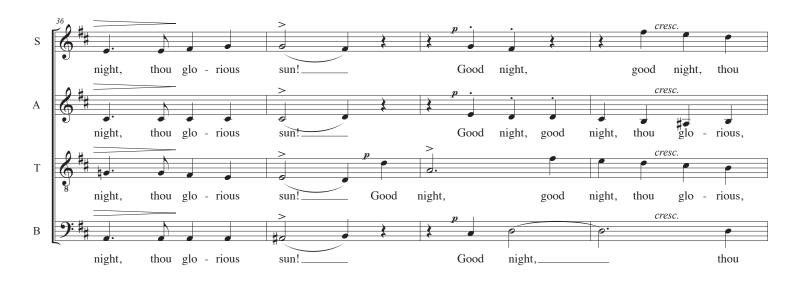


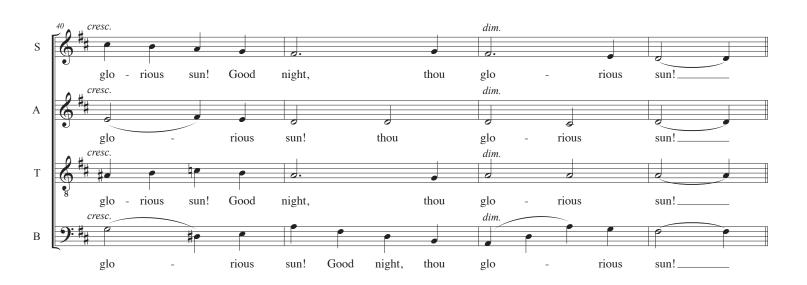


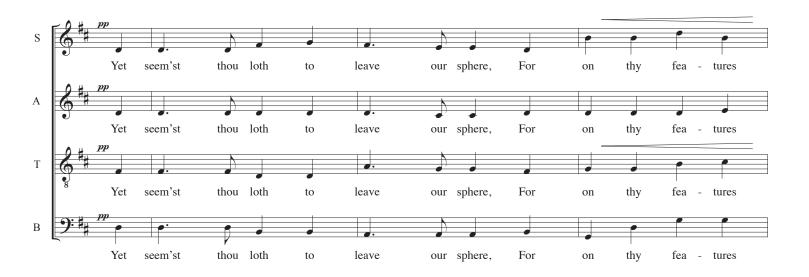


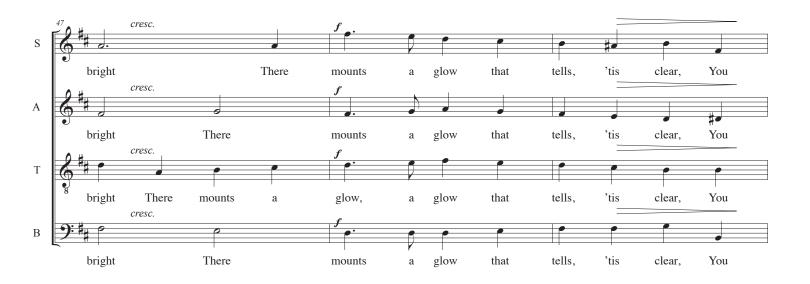


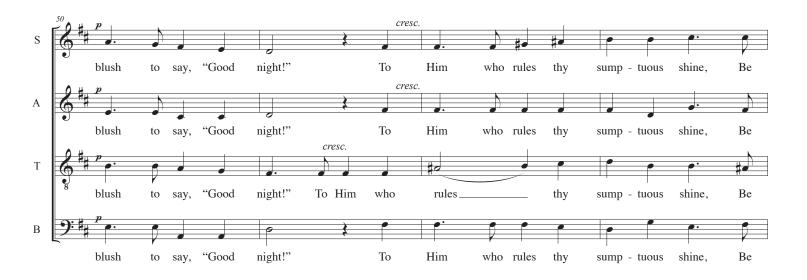


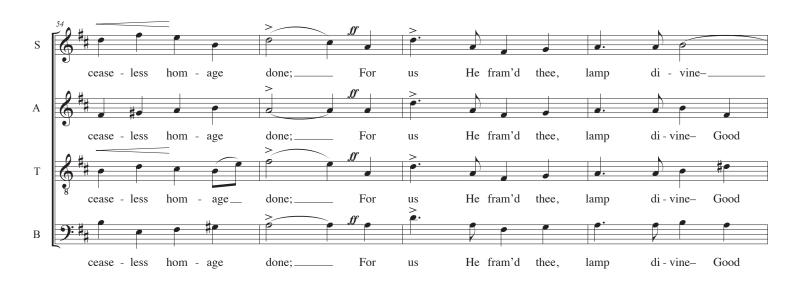


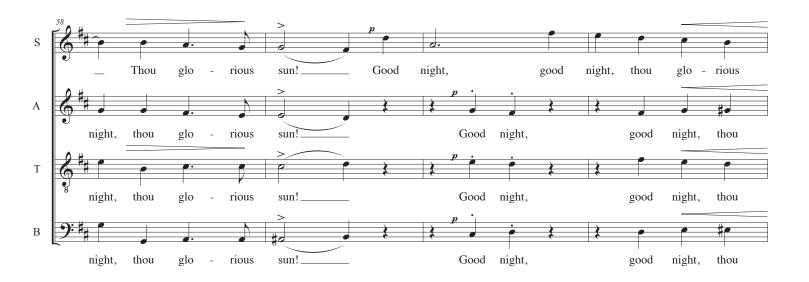


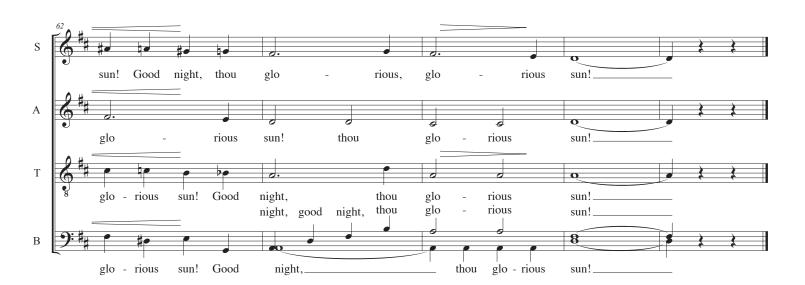












Novello, Ewer and Co. (1860-1885)

Henry Thomas Smart (1813-1879) was born in London, son of a music publisher, orchestra director and violinist. He declined a commission in the Indian army and planned to work in law, but he gave it up for a musical career. He was organist of Blackburn parish church; St. Giles-without-Cripplegate; St. Luke's, Old Street; and finally of St. Pancras New Church. He was the music editor for Psalms and Hymns for Divine Worship (1867), the Presbyterian Hymnal (1875), and the hymn book of the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland. He was a recognized authority on organs and designed many instruments, including those in the City Hall and St. Andrew's Hall in Glasgow, Scotland, and the Town Hall in Leeds. Smart was highly rated as a composer by his contemporaries, especially his organ works and part-songs. His best-known compositions are now probably the hymn tune "Regent Square", commonly sung with the words "Christ Is Made The Sure Foundation" and "Angels from the Realms of Glory". In the last fifteen years of his life Smart was practically blind. He composed by dictation, primarily to his daughter.

Good night, thou wondrous lamp of day,
Speed on thy mission rare,
To solace with thy joyous ray,
Some distant hemisphere!
Veiled by thy cloak of crimson gold,
Thy day's high duty done;
Speed, noblest work of heavenly mould,
Good night, thou glorious sun!

Around us chimes the curfew bell,
The ring-dove's gone to roost;
And eve-tide's starry sentinel
Is marching to his post!
The drowsy herd now homeward wends,
The glow-worm's sport's begun;
The night-bird's serenade ascends—
Good night, thou glorious sun!

Yet seem'st thou loth to leave our sphere,
For on thy features bright
There mounts a glow that tells, 'tis clear,
You blush to say, "Good night!"
To Him who rules thy sumptuous shine,
Be ceaseless homage done;
For us He framed thee, lamp divine—
Good night, thou glorious sun!

William Smallcombe Passmore (1817-1876)

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