My Soul, There Is A Country

My soul, my soul, there is a country far beyond the stars, where stands a winged sentry, a sentry all skilful in the wars. There, above noise and danger, sweet-winged sentry, a sentry all skilful in the wars. There, above noise and danger, sweet—wings an, all skilful, all skilful in the wars. There, above noise and danger, sweet—wings an, all skilful, all skilful in the wars. There, above noise and danger, sweet

Peace sits crowned with smiles. And one, born in a manager, commands the beautiful files. He is thy gracious friend, and—O my soul, awake! Did in pure love descend—

Animato

Slower

espresss. to die here

espress. to die here

espress. to die here
for thy sake. If thou canst get but thither, there grows the flower of peace, the
rose that cannot wither, thy fortress and thy ease. Leave then thy foolish
ranges, for none can thee secure, but One who never changes, thy
ranges, for none can thee secure, but One, One who never changes, One who never
ranges, for none can thee secure, but One, One who never changes, One who never
ranges, for none can thee secure, but One who never changes, One who never
ranges, for none can thee secure, but One who never changes, who
God, they life, thy cure:
One who never changes, One who never changes, thy God, thy life, thy cure:

SOPRANOS & ALTOS

TENORS & BASSES

allargando

rit.

None can thee secure, but One who never changes, thy God, thy life, thy cure.