

A True Hymne

J. Guy Stalnaker

George Herbert

My Joy, My Life, My Crown!
My heart was meaning all the day,
Somewhat it fain would say;
And still it runneth mutt'ring up and down,
with only this, My Joy, My Life, My Crown!

Yet slight not these few words;
If truly said, they may take part
Among the best in art.
The finenesse which a hymne or psalme affords,
Is, when the soul unto the lines accords.

He who craves all the minde,
And all the soul, and strength, and time,
If the words onely ryme,
Justly complains, that somewhat is behinde
To make his verse, or write a hymne in kinde.

Whereas if th'heart be moved,
Although the verse be somewhat scant,
God doth supplie the want.
As when th' heart says, (sighing to be approved,)
O, could I love! and stops: God writeth, Loved.

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A True Hymne

George Herbert

J. Guy Stalnaker

Soprano
Alto

$\text{♩} = 92$

1. My Joy, My Life, My Crown! My heart was mean-ing all the
2. Yet slight not these few words; If tru - ly said, they may take
3. He who craves all the minde, And all the soul, and strength, and
4. Where-as if th'heart be moved, Al - though the verse be some - what

Tenor
Bass

day, Some - what it fain would say; And still it run - neth mutt - 'ring up and
part A - mong the best in art. The fine - nesse which a hymne or psalme af -
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down, with on - ly this, My Joy, My Life, My Crown!
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proved, O, could I love! and stops: God writ - - eth, Loved.