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N. 1004

No. 3

CHARITY

A Sacred Song.

The Words by Montgomery

The Music Newly Arranged for the

PIANO FORTE

BY

CHARLES E. HORN.

- 1. HE COMETH HE COMETH. 4
- 2. GOD IS EVERY WHERE. 5
- 3. CHARITY. 6

These songs have been expressly adapted

FOR

SABBATH EVENING RECREATIONS.

Pr. 25 Cents

New York: Published by C. E. HORN 367 Broadway.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1840 by C. E. Horn in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

CHARITY.

Music Arranged by C. E. Horn.

Words Written by Montgomery.

ANDANTE

VOICE.

PIANO FORTE
OR
ORGAN.

The first system of music features a voice line and piano/organ accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'ANDANTE'. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The piano/organ part begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and consists of a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

A poor way fa- ring

The second system continues the musical notation. The voice line begins with the lyrics 'A poor way fa- ring'. The piano/organ part continues with the same accompaniment, marked with piano (*p*) and piano-piano (*pp*) dynamics.

man of grief Hath of-ten cross'd me on my way, Who sued so humbly

The third system continues the musical notation. The voice line begins with the lyrics 'man of grief Hath of-ten cross'd me on my way, Who sued so humbly'. The piano/organ part continues with the same accompaniment.

for relief that I could nev.er answer "nay," I had not power to

ask his name, Whith.er he went, or whence he came, Vet

Ritard. *A tempo.*

was there something in his eye,That won my love, I knew not why,That

won my love, I knewnotwhy.

Ad Lib. *mf*

Once, when my scanty meal was spread, He enterd, not a
word he spake; Just perishing for want of bread; I
gave him all; he blessd it, brake, And ate, but gave me part a-gain;
Mine was an Angels portion, then, For while I sped with

p
pp
MAJOR.
Ritard. *A tempo.*

ea...ger haste, That crust was man..na to my taste. That crust was man-na
 to my taste.

3

I spied him where a fountain burst.
 Clean from a rock, his strength was gone;
 The heedless water mocked his thirst,
 He heard it saw it hurrying on;
 I ran to raise the sufferer up;
 Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,
 Dipt, and returned it running o'er;
 I drank and never thirsted more.

4

Stript, wounded, beaten, nigh to death,
 I found him by the highway side;
 I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
 Revived his Spirit, and supplied
 Wine, oil, refreshment, he was healed;
 I had myself a wound concealed;
 But from that hour forgot the smart,
 And peace bound up my broken heart

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