

## THE LAST HYMN.

Words by **MARIANNE FARRINGHAM**Music by **J. W. HICKS.**

*Moderato.* *pp*

*Soft stops.*

**SOPRANO.**

1. The Sabbath day was end-ing in a vil-lage by the sea, The  
 2. But they look'd a-cross the wa-ters, and a storm was rag-ing there; A fierce  
 3. Very anxious were the people on that rock-y coast of Wales, Lest the  
 4. With the rough winds blowing round her, a brave wo-man strain'd her eyes, And she  
 5. Then the pitying peo-ple hurried from their homes and throng'd the beach, Oh! for  
 6. She has parted in the middle! Oh! the half of her goes down! God have  
 7. Near-er the trembling watchers, came the wreck toss'd by the wave, And the  
 8. Any mem'ry of his sermon? First-ly? Sec-ond-ly? Ah, no, There was



ut - ter'd ben - e - dic-tion touch'd the peo - ple  
 spir - it moved a - bove them, the wild spir - it  
 dawns of com - ing mor-rows should be tell - ing  
 saw a - long the bil - lows a large ves - sel  
 power to cross the wa - ters and the per - ish -  
 mer - cy, is his heav-en far to seek for  
 man still clung and float-ed, though no power on  
 but one thing to ut - ter, in the aw - ful

eres cen do.

ten - der - ly, And they rose to face the sun-set  
 of the air, And it lash'd, and shook and tore them,  
 aw - ful tales, When the sea had spent its pas-sion,  
 full and rise, Oh! it did not need a proph-et  
 ing to reach! Help less hands were rung for sor-row  
 those who drown? Lo! when next the white shock'd fa-ces  
 earth could save, Could we send him a short mes-sage?  
 hour of woe; So he shout - ed through the trum-pet,

ritard

*p*



in the glow - ing light - ed west, And then has - tened  
till they thun - dered groaned and boomed, And a - las! for  
and should cast up - on the shore, Bits of wreck and  
to tell what the end must be, For no ship could  
ten - der hearts grew cold with dread, And the ship urged  
look with ter - ror on the sea, On - ly one last  
here's a trump - et! Shout a - way! 'Twas the preach - er's  
"Look to Je - sus! can you hear?" "And Aye, aye sir!"

*p* *rall.*

to their dwellings, for God's bless - ed boon of rest.  
an - y ves - sel, in the yawn - ing gulfs en - tombed.  
swoll - en vic - tims, as it had done here - to - fore.  
ride in safe - ty, near that shore on such a sea.  
by the tempest to the fa - tal rock shor sped.  
cling - ing figure on a spar was seen to be.  
hand that took it and he won - dered what to say.  
rang the answer o'er the wa - ters loud and clear.



9<sup>th</sup> Verse.

*p* Then they listened, He is sing-ing! *mf* "Je - sus lov - er of my soul;"

*ad lib.*

*a tempo.* And the winds brought back the ech-o,— "While the near - er wa - ters roll;"

*a tempo.* Strange, in - deed it was to hear him,— "Till the storm of life is past."

*a tempo.* Sing - ing brave - ly from the wa - ters, "Oh re - ceive my soul at last."



10<sup>th</sup> Verse.

He could have no oth-er refuge! Hangs my helpless soul on thee: Leave, oh leave me

*a tempo.*

not— the sing-er dropped at last in to the sea. And the watch-ers

look-ing home-ward through their eyes by tears made dim, Said He passed to

Or this ending.

be with Je-sus in the sing-ing of that hymn. sing-ing of that hymn.