

# Stanton. 8s & 7s. (Double.)

E minor *Baptist Memorial and Monthly Chronicle, 1842.*

Aldous, 2007.

Musical score for Stanton. 8s & 7s. (Double.) in E minor, 6/4 time. The score consists of four staves: three vocal staves and one bass staff. The first staff is marked with a repeat sign and a double bar line. The second staff is marked with a repeat sign and a double bar line. The third staff is marked with a repeat sign and a double bar line. The fourth staff is marked with a repeat sign and a double bar line. The lyrics are as follows:

*Fine* *D.C.*

1. Bro - ther, rest from sin and sor - row! Death is o'er, and life is won;  
On thy slum - ber dawns no mor - row; Rest! thine earth - ly race is run. Hark! The gold - en harps are ring - ing; Sounds an - ge - lic fill the air;  
Mil - lions now in hea - ven sing - ing, Greet our joy - ful en - trance there.

2. Bro - ther, wake! the night is wan - ing; End - less day is round thee pour'd;  
En - ter thou the rest re - main - ing, For the peo - ple of the Lord. Hark! The gold - en harps are ring - ing; Sounds an - ge - lic fill the air;  
Mil - lions now in hea - ven sing - ing, Greet our joy - ful en - trance there.

3. Fare thee well! tho' woe is blend - ing With the tones of earth - ly love,  
Tri - ump high and joy un - end - ing Wait thee in the realms a - bove! Hark! The gold - en harps are ring - ing; Sounds an - ge - lic fill the air;  
Mil - lions now in hea - ven sing - ing, Greet our joy - ful en - trance there.

# Plummer. 11s.

B minor *Mrs. Plummer, c.1848.*

Aldous, 2007.

Musical score for Plummer. 11s. in B minor, 4/4 time. The score consists of four staves: three vocal staves and one bass staff. The lyrics are as follows:

1. What se-raph-like mu-sic falls sweet on my ear Those rich, flow-ing num-bers, so li-quad and clear,  
In strains so de-light-ful? Oh! list, that ye hear - Breathe rap-ture un-told from some hea-ven-ly sphere.

2. The sweet, flow-ing mu-sic that steals o'er the wave 'Tis mu - sic of an - gels, who has - ten to bear  
Of Jor-dan's lone stream, as its bil-lows I brave - My soul o'er the wa-ters to that bless-ed shore.

3. A glimpse of bright glo-ry now beams on my sight, Bright spi-rits are whisp'-ring so soft in my ear  
I sink in sweet vi-sions of heav'n's dawn-ing light; Of hea-ven, sweet hea-ven! I long to be there.