

VITAL SPARK OF HEAVENLY FLAME.

(The Dying Christian to his Soul.)

Words by POPE.

HARWOOD.

Molto andante religioso.

Key G. Lah is E. { 1 :1 | m :m_r | d :t, | l, :— }
 Vi - tal spark of Heav'n - ly flame,

p e dolce

mf

sempre col pedale

{ r :d | r :m | f :f | m :— } s :s | l.s :f.m | f :f | s.f :m.r
 Quit, O quit this mor - tal frame, Trem - bling, ho - ping ling - ring, fly - ing,

p

{ m :m | l :— .m | r.d :t, l, | m :m | s :— .s | l.s :f.m | f :f | s.f :m.r
 Oh! the pain, the bliss of dy - ing! Cease, fond Na - ture, cease thy strife, And

f rit.

E. t.m.l. *mf p*

{ m :m | l :s,f.m,r | d :t, l, | l, :— | l,d : .d | d.t:r.d | m.r:f.m | m :
 let me lan - guish in - to life. Hark! they whis - per, an - gels say,

f rit.

m : .m | m .r:f.m | s.f :l.s|s : | l :.t | d' | s | s.f:f.m | m :r
 Hark! they whis - per, an - gels say— Sis - ter spi - rit, come a - way,

cresc.
 m :fe | s :l.t,d' | s :fe | s : | s :s | s.f.e : fe | f :.f | f.m :
 Sis - ter spi - rit, come a - way. What is this ab - sorbs me quite,

f
 l.s :s.f | f.m :m.s | s.f:f.m | m :r | s :.s | s.f.e : fe | f :.f | f.m :
 Steals my sen - ses, shuts my sight, Drowns my spi - rit, draws my breath?

pp
 f
 l.s :s.f | f.m :m.s | s.f:f.m | m :r | s.l :l | t | d' : .f | m :r ,d | d :
 Tell me my soul, can this be death? Tell me my soul, can this be death?

f colla voce
 p rit.
 3
 d s :—s | s:f:m | r.f:m :r | r :m :d
 The world re - cedes, it dis - ap - pears, Heavn

p con espress.
 rit.
 3
 p dolce

1 : - : s | t : - : d' f : - : m | m : r : r | m : fe : s | l.d' : s : fe | s : - : ||
o - pens on my eyes, my ears With sounds se - raph - ic ring.

Allegro moderato.

s : m , f | s : s | l .d' t : r' d' t , l | l .s : s | l : f | s : m
Lend, lend thy wings, I mount, I fly, O grave where is thy

f , f : if .r | m , m : m | s | l , s : l .f | s , s : s
vic - to - ry, thy vic - to - ry, O grave where is thy vic - to - ry,

f .m : r .d | s : s : m , f | s : s | l .d' t : r' d' t , l | l .s : s | l : d' | s | d' : s
death where is thy sting, Lend, lend your wings I mount, I fly, O grave where is thy

poco rit.

d' , d' : d' .d' | t , l : s | s : - | - : d' | d' : - | - : { r' | d' : t : d' | d' : - | - :
vic - to - ry, thy vic - to - ry, O death! O death where is thy sting!

largamente

ritard.