



Psalm of Life

Henry Smart
(1813-1879)

Andante con moto ♩ = 84

S *p* Tell me not, in mourn-ful num-bers, Life is but an emp - tydream!— For the soul is dead that *cresc.*

A *p* Tell me not, in mourn-ful num-bers, Life is but an emp - ty dream!— For the soul is dead that *cresc.*

T *p* Tell me not, in mourn-ful num-bers, Life is but an emp - ty dream!— For the soul is dead that *cresc.*

B *p* Tell me not, in mourn-ful num-bers, Life is but an emp - ty dream!— For the soul is dead that *cresc.*

S ⁶ slum - bers, And things are not what they seem, *f* And things are not what they seem. *p* Life is *f*

A *f* slum - bers, And things are not what they seem, *f* And things are not what they seem. *p* Life is *f*

T *f* slum - bers, And things are not what they seem, *f* And things are not what they seem. *p* Life is *f*

B *f* slum - bers, And things are not what they seem, *f* And things are not what they seem. *p* Life is *f*

Psalm of Life

11

S re - al! Life is earn - est! And the grave is not its goal; Dust thou art, to dust re -

A re - al! Life is earn - est! And the grave is not its goal; Dust thou art, to dust re -

T re - al! Life is earn - est! And the grave is not its goal; Dust thou art, to dust re -

B re - al! Life is earn - est! And the grave is not its goal; Dust thou art, to dust re -

16

S turn - est, Was not spo - ken of the soul, Was not spo - ken of the soul.

A turn - est, Was not spo - ken of the soul, Was not spo - ken of the soul.

T turn - est, Was not spo - ken of the soul, Was not spo - ken of the soul.

B turn - est, Was not spo - ken of the soul, Was not spo - ken of the soul.

21

S Not en - joy - ment, and not sor - row Is our des - tin'd end or way; But to act, that each to -

A Not en - joy - ment, and not sor - row Is our des - tin'd end or way; But to act, that each to -

T Not en - joy - ment, and not sor - row Is our des - tin'd end or way; But to act, that each to -

B Not en - joy - ment, and not sor - row Is our des - tin'd end or way; But to act, that each to -

Psalm of Life

27

S mor - row Find us far - ther than to - day, Find us far - ther than to - day. Art is

A mor - row Find us far - ther than to - day, Find us far - ther than to - day. Art is

T mor - row Find us far - ther than to - day, Find us far - ther than to - day. Art is

B mor - row Find us far - ther than to - day, Find us far - ther than to - day. Art is

32

S long, and Time is fleet - ing, And our hearts, though stout and brave, Still, like muf - fled drums, are

A long, and Time is fleet - ing, And our hearts, though stout and brave, Still, like muf - fled drums, are

T long, and Time is fleet - ing, And our hearts, though stout and brave, Still, like muf - fled drums, are

B long, and Time is fleet - ing, And our hearts, though stout and brave, Still, like muf - fled drums, are

37

S beat - ing Fu - neral march - es to the grave, Fu - neral march - es to the grave.

A beat - ing Fu - neral march - es to the grave, Fu - neral march - es to the grave.

T beat - ing Fu - neral march - es to the grave, Fu - neral march - es to the grave.

B beat - ing Fu - neral march - es to the grave, Fu - neral march - es to the grave.

Henry Thomas Smart (1813-1879) was born in London, son of a music publisher, orchestra director and accomplished violinist. He declined a commission in the Indian army, and had planned to work in law, but gave it up for a musical career. He was organist of Blackburn parish church; St. Giles-without-Cripplegate; St. Luke's, Old Street; and finally of St. Pancras New Church. He was the music editor for Psalms and Hymns for Divine Worship (1867), the Presbyterian Hymnal (1875) and the hymn book of the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland. He was a recognized authority on organs, and designed many instruments, including those in the City Hall and St. Andrew's Hall in Glasgow, Scotland, and the Town Hall in Leeds. Smart was highly rated as a composer by his contemporaries, especially his organ works and part-songs. His best-known composition is now probably the hymn tune "Regent Square", commonly sung with the words "Christ Is Made The Sure Foundation" or "Angels from the Realms of Glory". In the last fifteen years of his life Smart was practically blind. He composed by dictation, primarily to his daughter.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!—
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow
Is our destin'd end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882)

TERMS OF USE

These editions are available as a service to the choral community, offering inexpensive access to public domain literature. Choir resources can purchase other literature still under copyright, especially to support those creating and publishing new compositions and arrangements. These editions have been created using public domain sources under U. S. copyright law. Out of respect to the research, time and effort invested:

please print and issue an edition in its entirety, retaining notices, attributions, and logos.
please do not consider this edition a source for creating another edition.

If recorded, notification and attribution would be appropriate professional courtesies.

For a full description of these requests and more scores, visit:
www.shorchor.net

