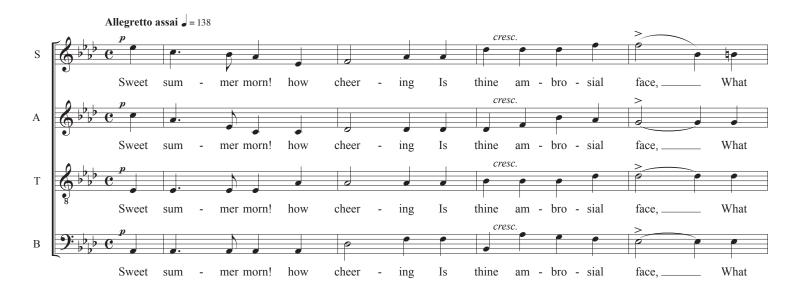
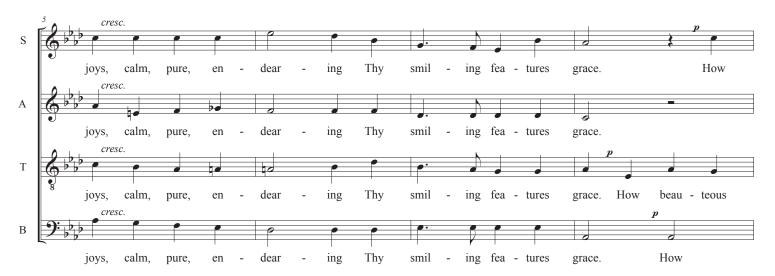


Henry Smart (1813-1879)

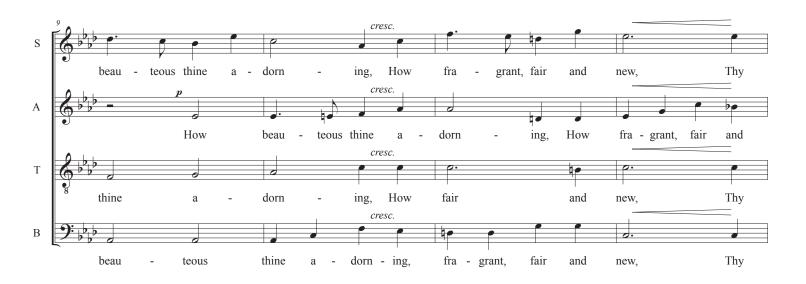
Henry Smart

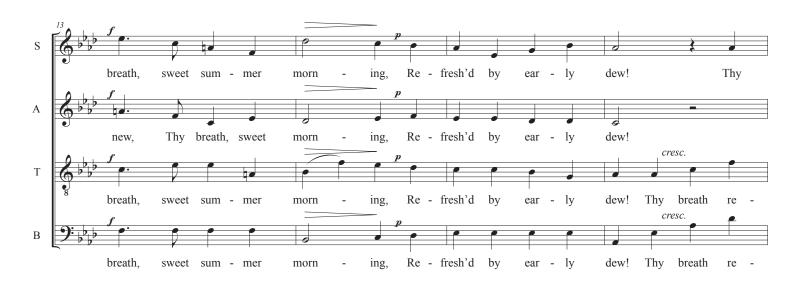


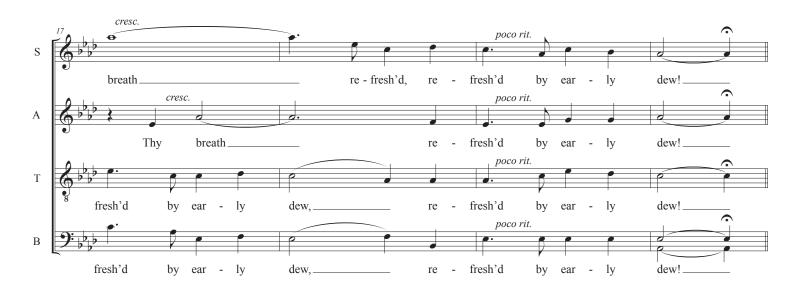


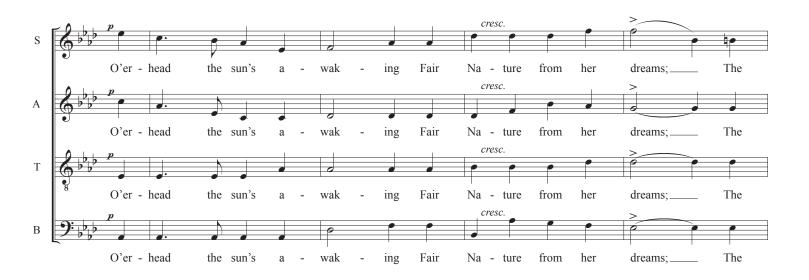


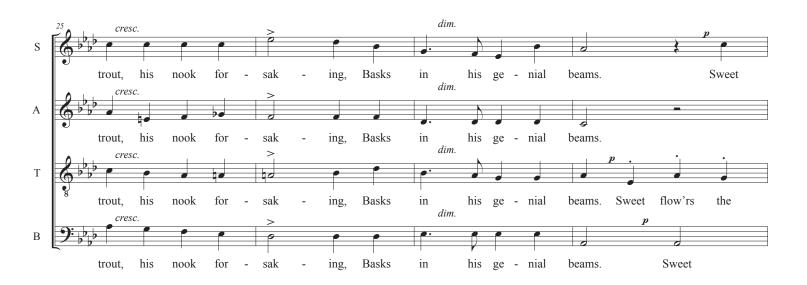
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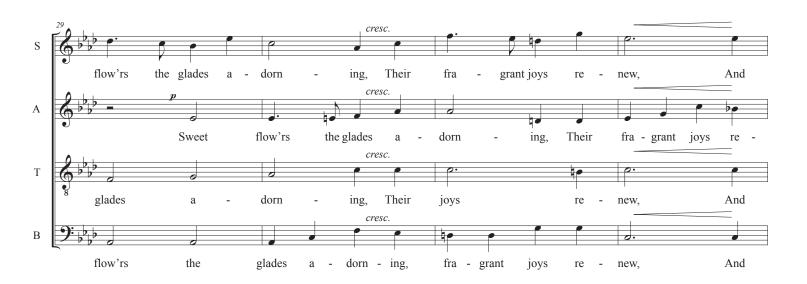


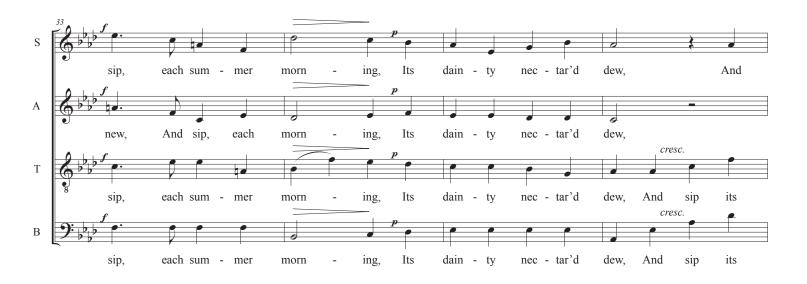


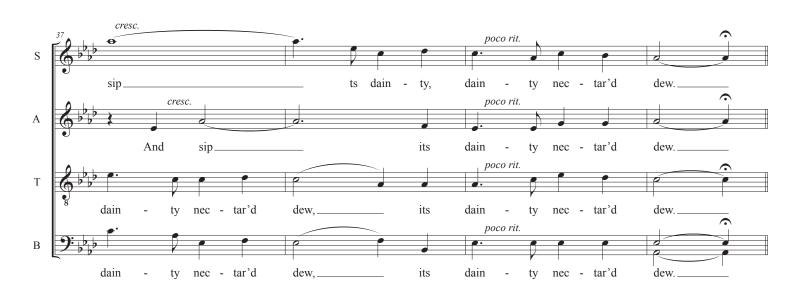


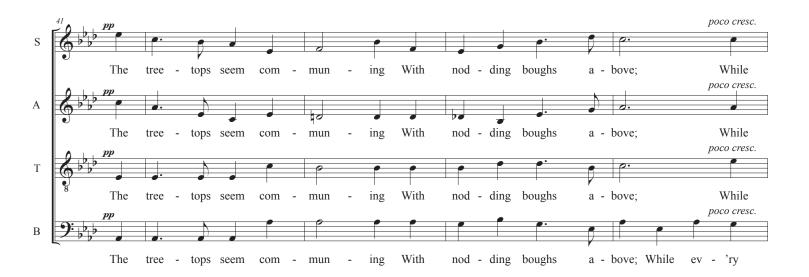


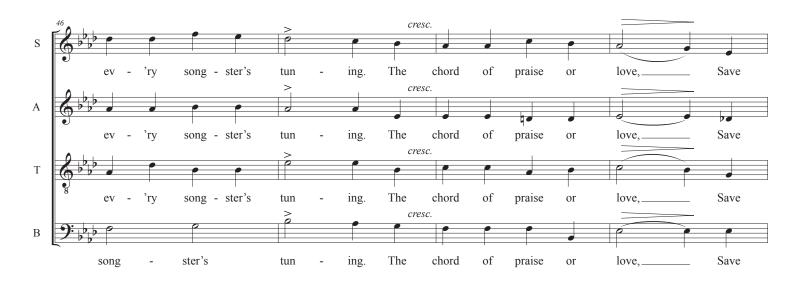


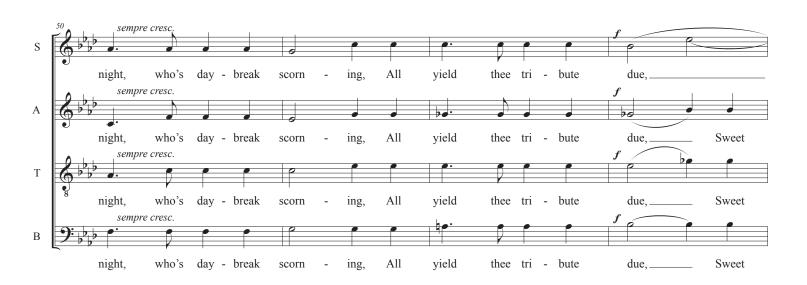


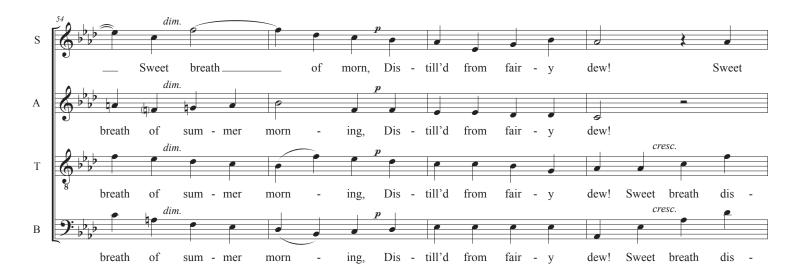


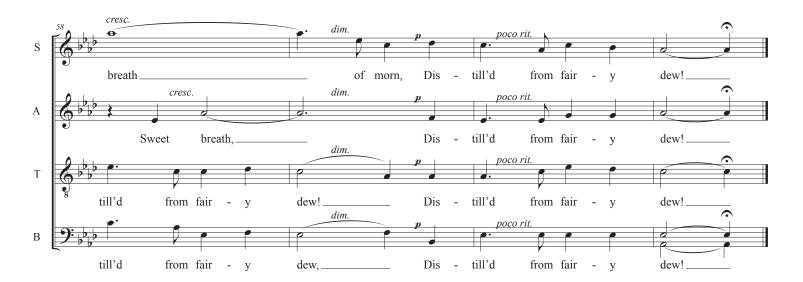












Novello, Ewer and Co. (1860-1885)

Henry Thomas Smart (1813-1879) was born in London, son of a music publisher, orchestra director and violinist. He declined a commission in the Indian army and planned to work in law, but he gave it up for a musical career. He was organist of Blackburn parish church; St. Giles-without-Cripplegate; St. Luke's, 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 compositions are now probably the hymn tune "Regent Square", commonly sung with the words "Christ Is Made The Sure Foundation" and "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.

Sweet summer morn! how cheering Is thine ambrosial face, What joys, calm, pure, endearing Thy smiling features grace. How beauteous thine adorning, How fragrant, fair and new, Thy breath, sweet summer morning, Refreshed by early dew!

O'erhead the sun's awaking
Fair Nature from her dreams;
The trout, his nook forsaking,
Basks in his genial beams.
Sweet flowers the glades adorning,
Their fragrant joys renew,
And sip, each summer morning,
Its dainty nectared dew.

The treetops seem communing With nodding boughs above; While ev'ry songster's tuning. The chord of praise or love, Save night, who's daybreak scorning, All yield thee tribute due, Sweet breath of summer morning, Distilled from fairy dew!

William Smallcombe Passmore (1817-1876)

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