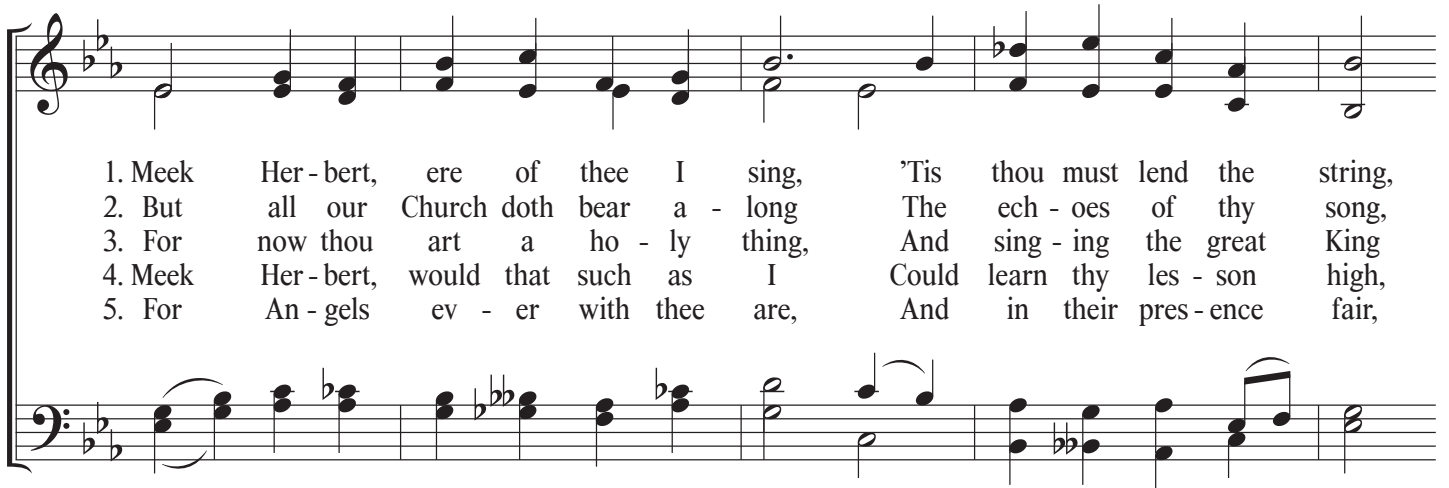


HERBERT

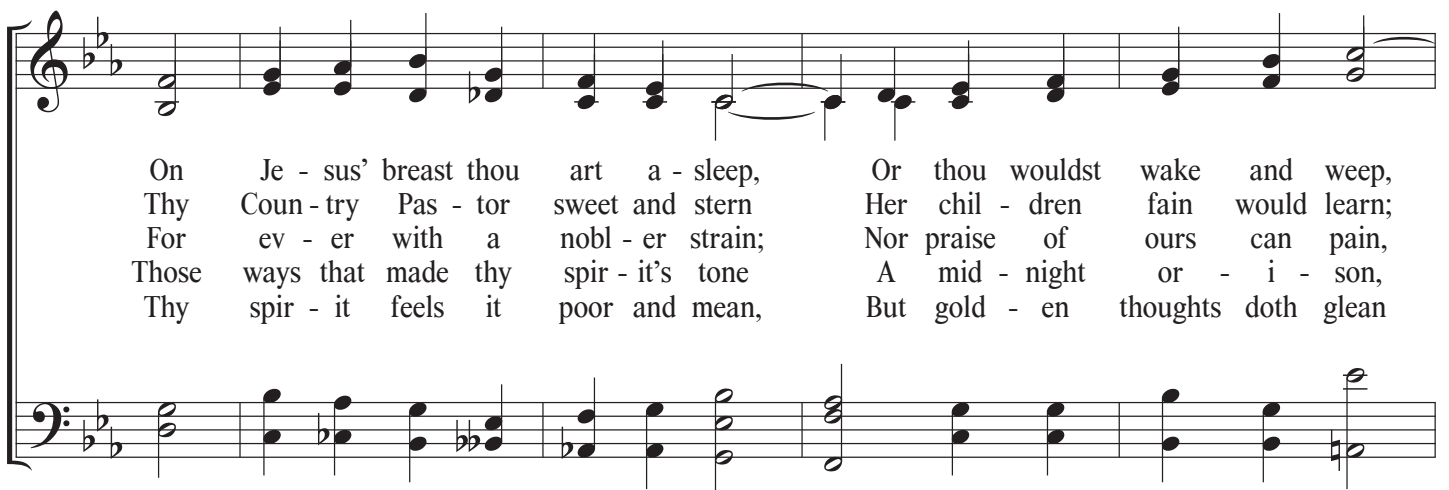
Isaac Williams, 1838

8.6.8.6.8.6


Andrew Dittman, 2022



1. Meek Her - bert, ere of thee I sing, 'Tis thou must lend the string,
2. But all our Church doth bear a - long The ech - oes of thy song,
3. For now thou art a ho - ly thing, And sing - ing the great King
4. Meek Her - bert, would that such as I Could learn thy les - son high,
5. For An - gels ev - er with thee are, And in their pres - ence fair,



On Je - sus' breast thou art a - sleep, Or thou wouldst wake and weep,
Thy Coun - try Pas - tor sweet and stern Her chil - dren fain would learn;
For ev - er with a nobl - er strain; Nor praise of ours can pain,
Those ways that made thy spir - it's tone A mid - night or - i - son,
Thy spir - it feels it poor and mean, But gold - en thoughts doth glean



That an - y one should sing of thee Laid in thy pov - er - ty.
Then let the light that fills her shrine On thy meek urn re - cline.
If we be tun - ed by thy lays To sing thy "Mas - ter's" praise.
Thy more than man - y wis - dom free, And child's sim - plic - i - ty.
Which fall like light from off their wings, When bow'd to earth it sings.