

# Now that the sun (FM)

An evening hymn

Henry Purcell

5

Now, now that the sun hath

veil'd his light, And bid the world good-night, To the soft bed, To the

soft, the soft bed, my body I dispose, But where, where shall my soul re-

pose? Dear, dear God, even in Thy arms, even in Thy arms, and can there

BII -----





90 95

le- lu- jah, Hal- le- lu- jah, Hal- le- lu- jah, Hal-

BII BIII BII BIII

a a e r e r a r a a e r e r a

100

le- lu- jah, Hal- le- lu- jah, Hal- le- lu- jah, Hal- le-

a a a r r a a e r e r a r a

105 a

lu- jah, Hal-

a a e r e r a r a a r a a r

110 a

le- lu- jah, Hal- le- lu- - jah.

a a e r e r a r a a r a a