

THE WANDERER'S HYMN,

Words by

EDWIN WAUGH

Music by

H. BOND.

ENT. STA. HALL.



PRICE 3/-

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Moderato.

PIANO.

mf

cresc.

f

p

cresc.

f

f

f

p

Ad.

*

Ad.

*

mf Happy the heart that's sim - ply pure, Happy the

mf heart that's no - bly brave, *f* Happy is he that

f rall. shuns the lure that winds like death round fol - ly's *p ritard.*

f rall. *p ritard.*

a tempo slave. *a tempo* Wand' - ring in the world - ly throng, the

p *crescendo e*

dust of earth still keeps us blind; The judg - ment's

p *crescendo e*

accelerando f p rall.

weak the pas - sions strong, the will is fit - ful

accelerando f sf p rall.

as the wind.

Dis -

guised in joy's de - ceit - - ful beams, A thou - sand

cres -

- - - cen - - - do

dan - cing me - teors ply A - long our path, the

f p

- - - cen - - - do

f p

de - - - mon - schemes That glit - ter on - - ly to des -

p ritard. poco rall.

p rit. poco rall.

troy. Who can we ask for aid but Thee? Our

mf a tempo

a tempo

mf

f on - - ly friend, *p* our on - - ly guide; What o - ther

Coun - sel - lor have we? Where else, oh where can

ritard. we a - bide! *a tempo*

f *p*

Oh! hear and help us while we pray, And

f tra - vel with us all the way, *p*

Oh! hold our hands and be our stay, Oh! set us

rall. p right When - e'er we stray.

p rall. *f* *p*