

Arise and hail the happy day

Anon. Liverpool Liturgy 1763

Broadmead, anon. (1792)
 Edited by Francis Roads

[♩=100]

Soprano/
 Tenor [Air]

1. A - rise and hail the hap - py day, Cast all low
 2. *If an - gels on that hap - py morn The Sa - viour*
 3. How won - der - ful! How vast his love, Who left the
 4. *Whilst we ad - mire his bound - less grace, And pi - ous*

Alto

1. A - rise and hail the hap - py day, Cast all low
 2. *If an - gels on that hap - py morn The Sa - viour*
 3. How won - der - ful! How vast his love, Who left the
 4. *Whilst we ad - mire his bound - less grace, And pi - ous*

Bass

1. A - rise and hail the hap - py day, Cast all low
 2. *If an - gels on that hap - py morn The Sa - viour*
 3. How won - der - ful! How vast his love, Who left the
 4. *Whilst we ad - mire his bound - less grace, And pi - ous*

6

S

cares of life a - way, And thoughts of mean - er things.
of man - kind was born, Poured forth se - ra - phic songs,
 shin - ing realms a - bove, Those hap - py seats of rest:
mirth and joy takes place, Of sor - row, grief and pain,

A

cares of life a - way, And thoughts of mean - er things.
of man - kind was born, Poured forth se - ra - phic songs,
 shin - ing realms a - bove, Those hap - py seats of rest:
mirth and joy takes place, Of sor - row, grief and pain,

B

cares of life a - way, And thoughts of mean - er things.
of man - kind was born, Poured forth se - ra - phic songs,
 shin - ing realms a - bove, Those hap - py seats of rest:
mirth and joy takes place, Of sor - row, grief and pain,

Arise and hail the happy day

12

S
This day to cure our dead - - - ly woes The
Much more should we, of hu - - - man race, A -
How much for lost man - kind he bore, Their
Give glo - ry to our God on high, And

A
This day to cure our dead - ly_ woes The
Much more should we, of_ hu - man race, A -
How much for lost man - kind_ he_ bore, Their
Give glo - ry to our_ God_ on_ high, And

B
This day to cure our dead - - - ly woes
Much more should we, of hu - - - man race,
How much for lost man - kind he bore,
Give glo - ry to our God on high,

18

S
Sun of Right - eous - ness a - rose With heal - ing in his wings.
dore the won - ders of his grace, To whom the grace be - longs.
peace and par - don to re - store, Can ne - ver be expressed.
not, a - mong the gen' - ral joy, For - get good - will to men.

A
Sun of Right - eous ness_ a - rose With heal - ing in his wings.
dore the won - ders of his grace, To whom the grace be - longs.
peace and par - don to re - store, Can ne - ver be expressed.
not, a - mong the gen' - ral joy, For - get good - will to men.

B
The Sun of Right - eous - ness a - rose With heal - ing in his wings.
A - dore the won - ders of his grace, To whom the grace be - longs.
Their peace and par - don to re - store, Can ne - ver be expressed.
And not, a - mong the gen' - ral joy, For - get good - will to men.

Original key C.

Semiquavers in bar 10 soprano and tenor are demisemiquavers in the original.