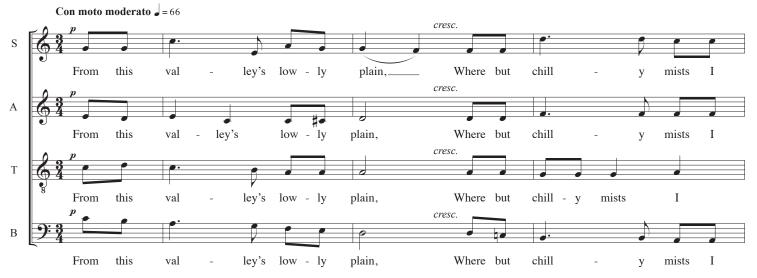
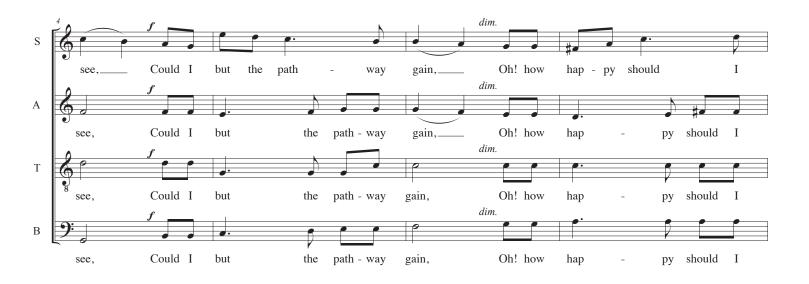
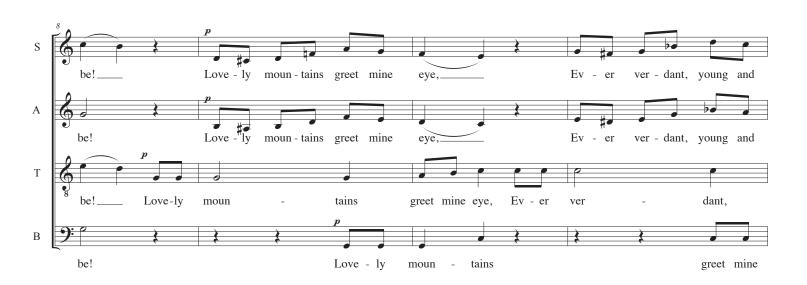


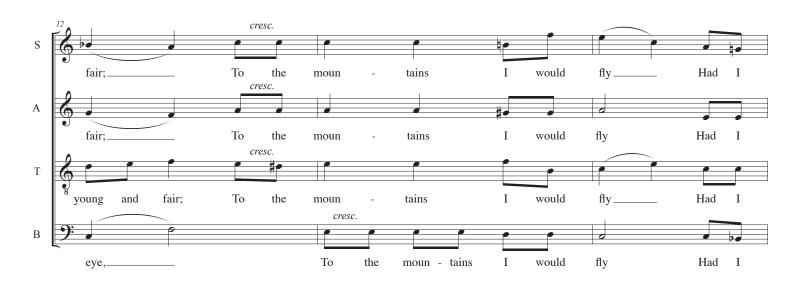
Henry Smart (1813-1879)

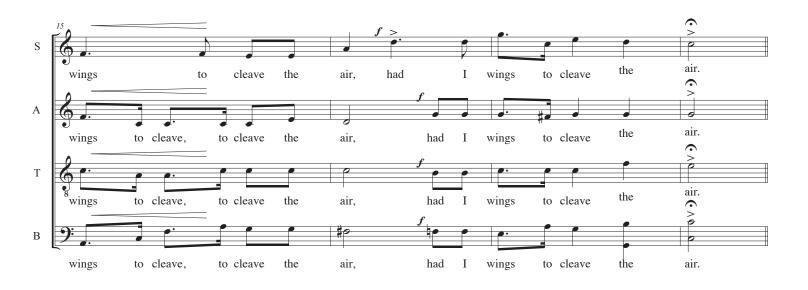


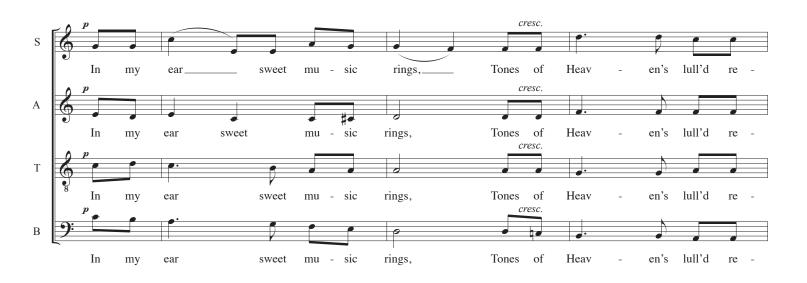


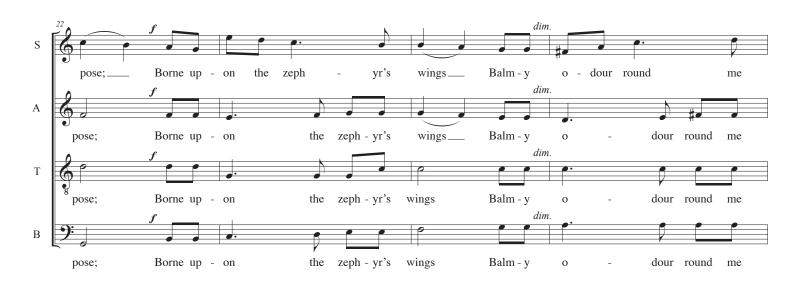


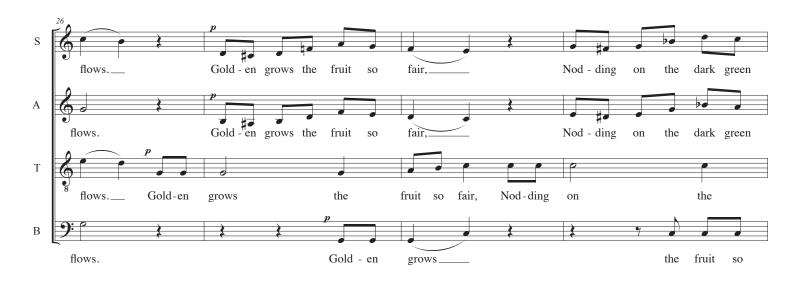


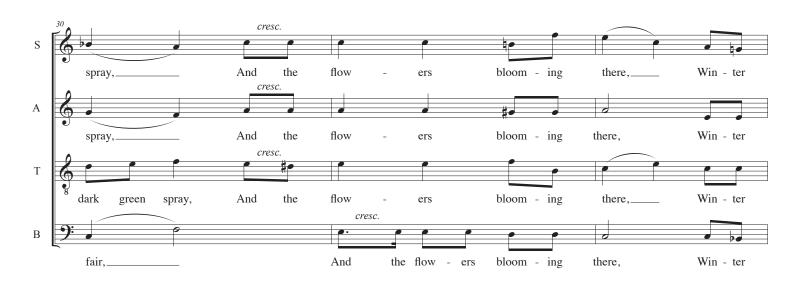


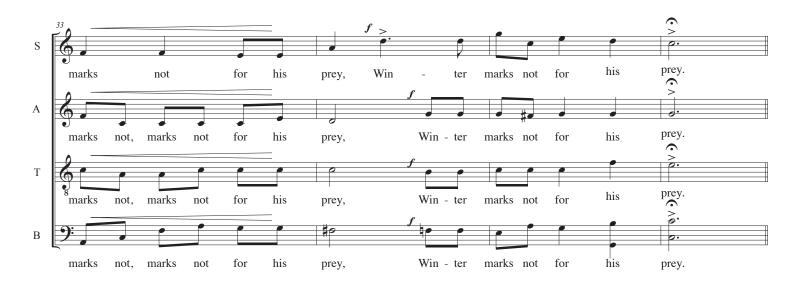


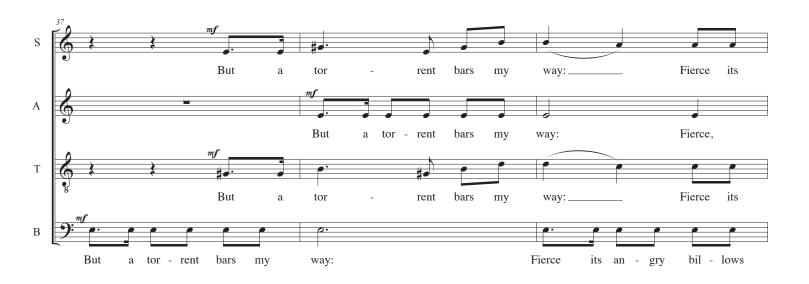


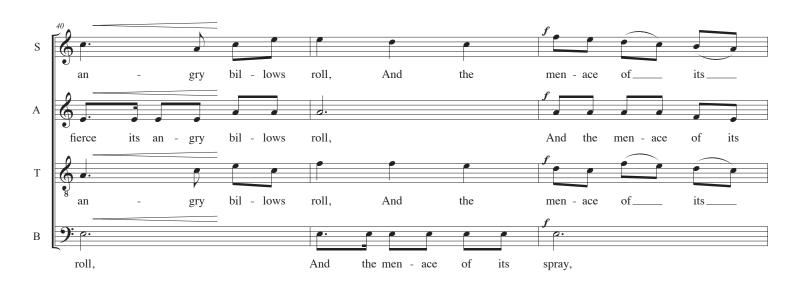


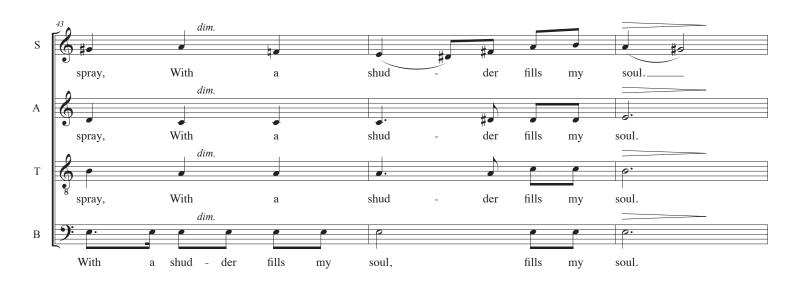


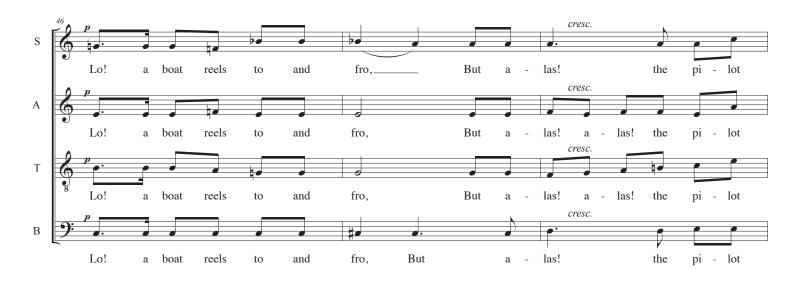


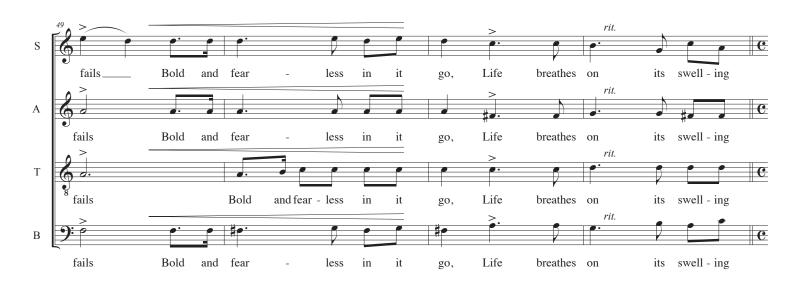


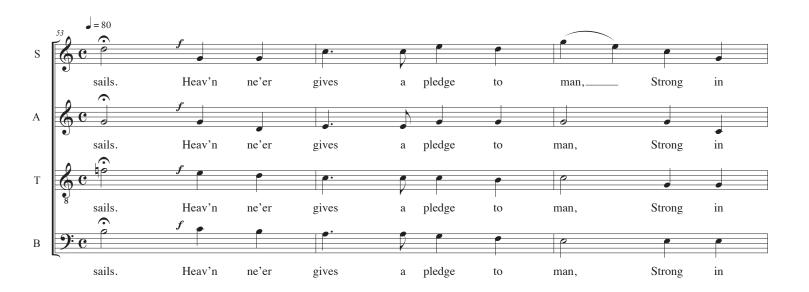


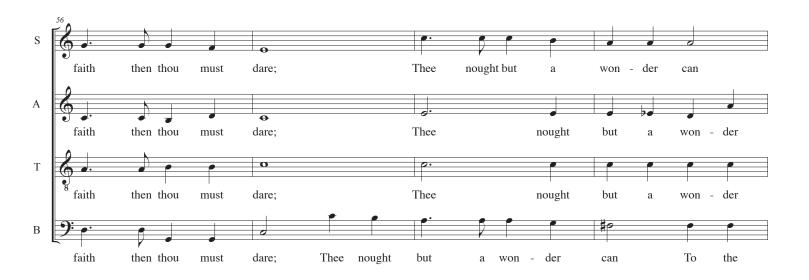


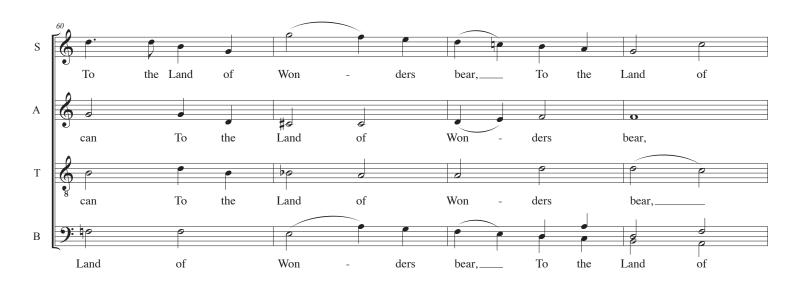


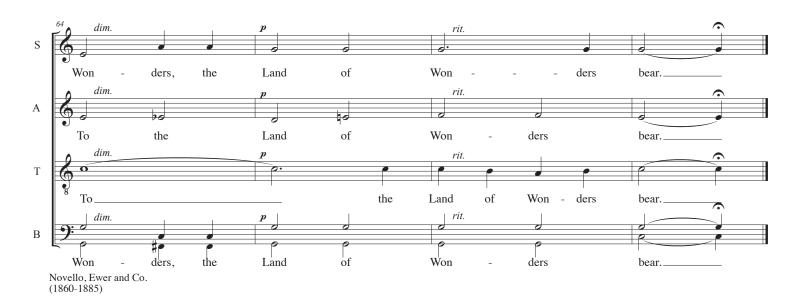












Henry Thomas Smart (1813-1879) was born in London, son of a music publisher, orchestra director and violinist. He declined a commission in the Indian army and planned to work in law, but he gave it up for a musical career. He was organist of Blackburn parish church; St. Giles-without-Cripplegate; St. Luke's, Old 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 left fifteen warm of his in Square Squa the last fifteen years of his life Smart was practically blind. He composed by dictation, primarily to his daughter.

From this valley's lowly plain,
Where but chilly mists I see,
Could I but the pathway gain,
Oh! how happy should I be!
Lovely mountains greet mine eye,
Ever verdant, young and fair;
To the mountains I would fly
Had I wings to cleave the air.

In my ear sweet music rings,
Tones of Heaven's lulled repose;
Borne upon the zephyr's wings
Balmy odour round me flows.
Golden grows the fruit so fair,
Nodding on the dark green spray,
And the flowers blooming there,
Winter marks not for his prey.

But a torrent bars my way: Fierce its angry billows roll, And the menace of its spray, With a shudder fills my soul. Lo! a boat reels to and fro, But alas! the pilot fails Bold and fearless in it go, Life breathes on its swelling sails.

Heav'n ne'er gives a pledge to man, Strong in faith then thou must dare; Thee nought but a wonder can To the Land of Wonders bear.

Friedrich Schiller (1759-1805) based on translation by Alfred Baskerville

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