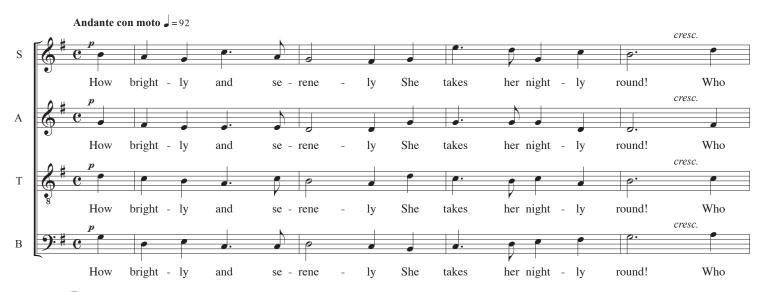
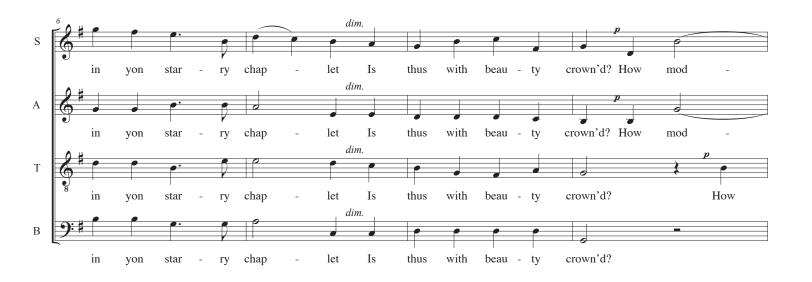
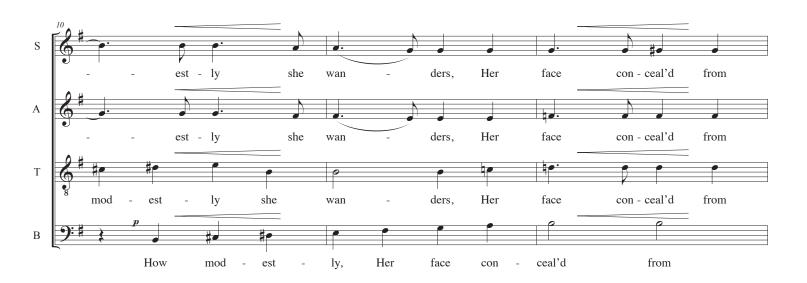


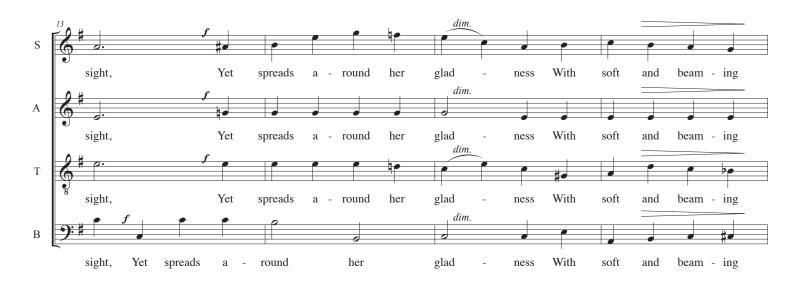
Henry Smart (1813-1879)

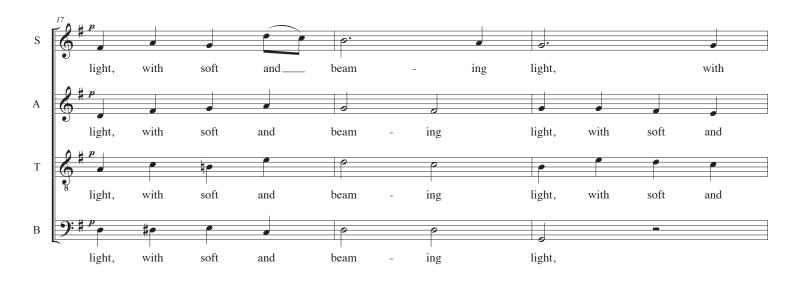


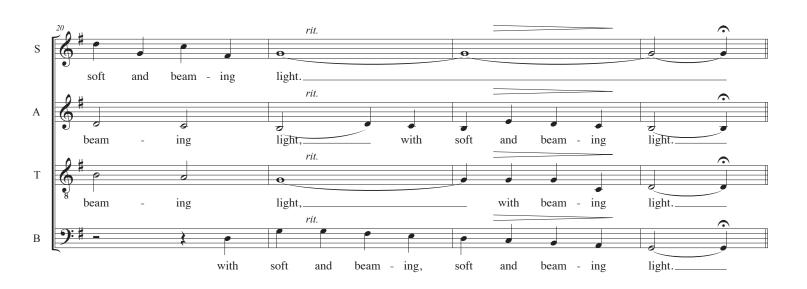


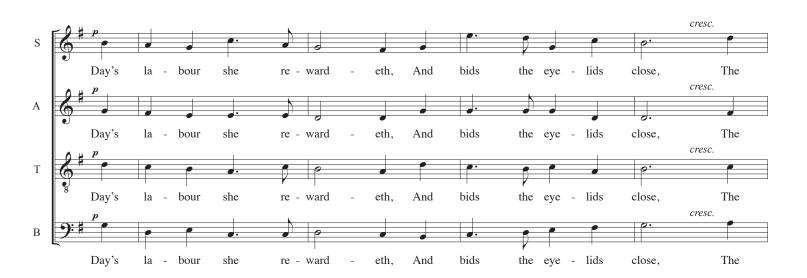


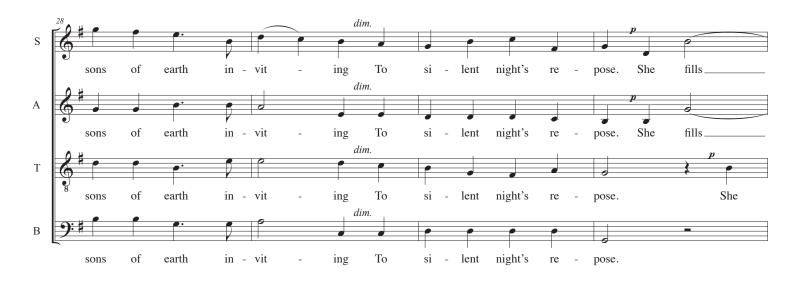


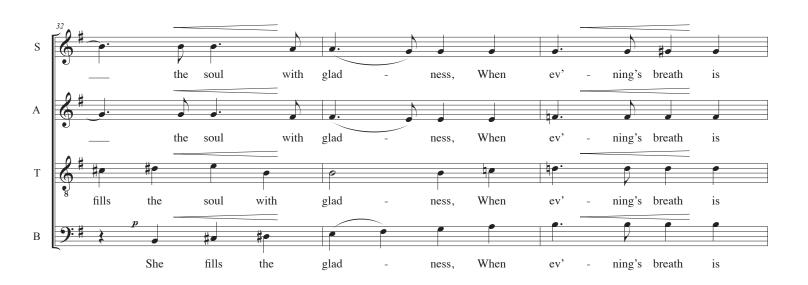


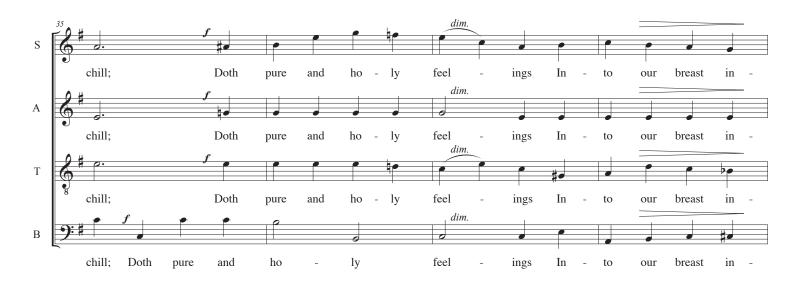


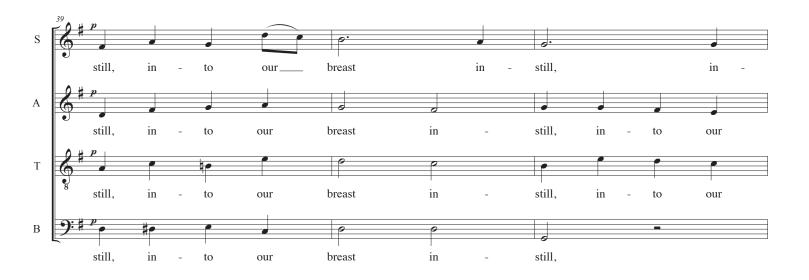


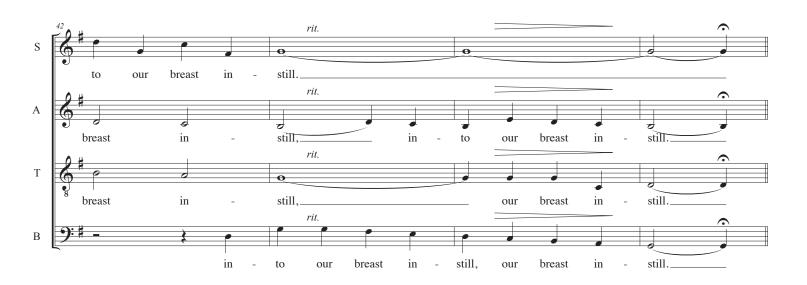


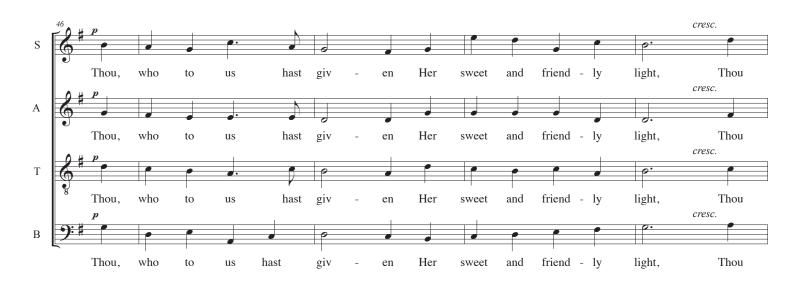


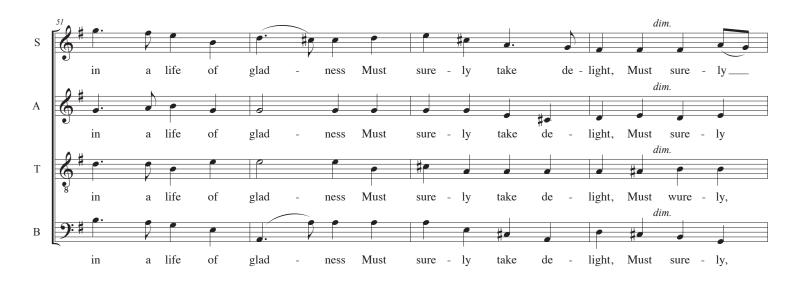


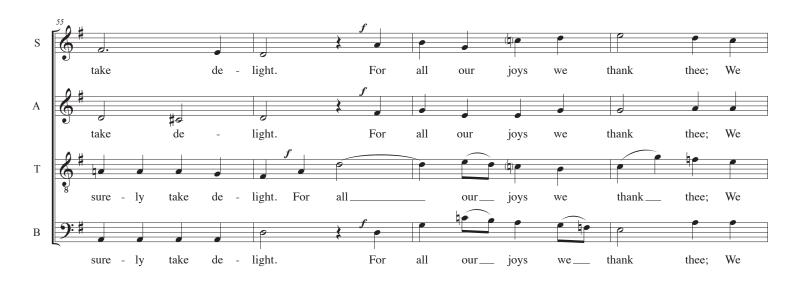


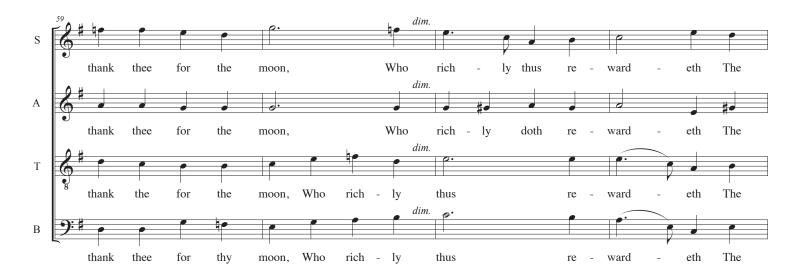


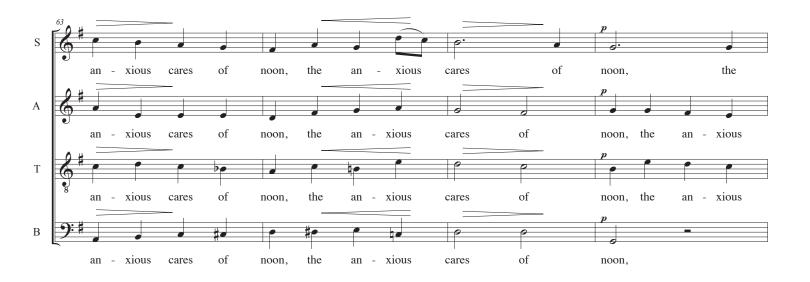


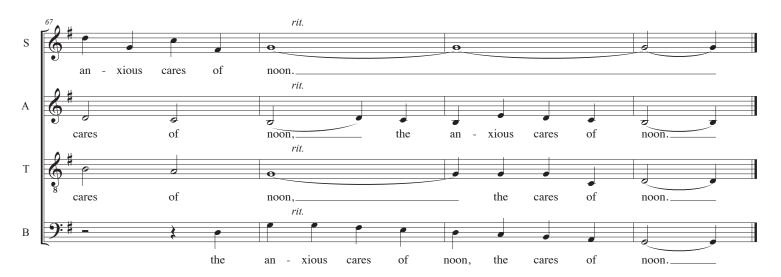












Novello, Ewer and Co. (1860-1885)

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 last fifteen years of his life Smart was practically blind. He composed by dictation, primarily to his daughter.

How brightly and serenely She takes her nightly round! Who in yon starry chaplet Is thus with beauty crowned?

How modestly she wanders, Her face concealed from sight, Yet spreads around her gladness With soft and beaming light.

Day's labour she rewardeth, And bids the eyelids close, The sons of earth inviting To silent night's repose.

She fills the soul with gladness, When evening's breath is chill; Doth pure and holy feelings Into our breast instill.

Thou, who to us hast given Her sweet and friendly light, Thou in a life of gladness Must surely take delight.

For all our joys we thank thee, We thank thee for thy moon, Who richly thus rewardeth The anxious cares of noon.

Matthias Claudius (1740-1815) trans. Alfred Baskerville

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