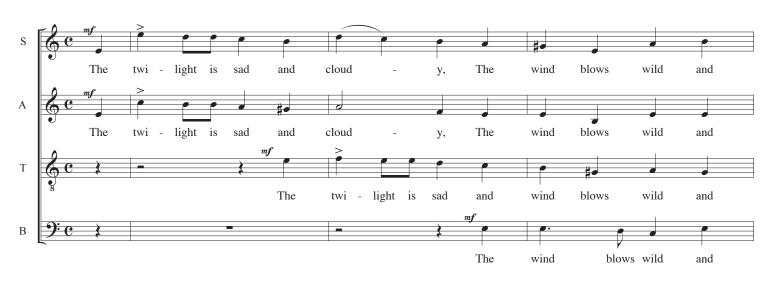
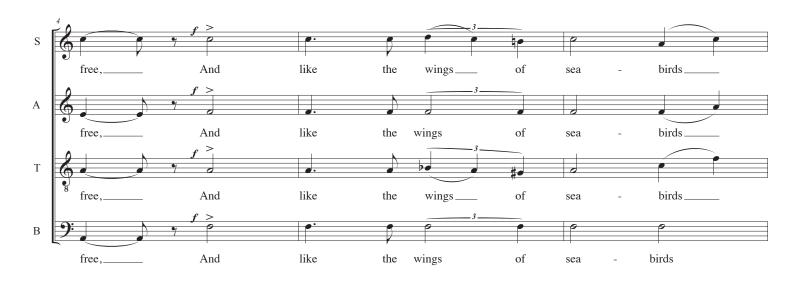


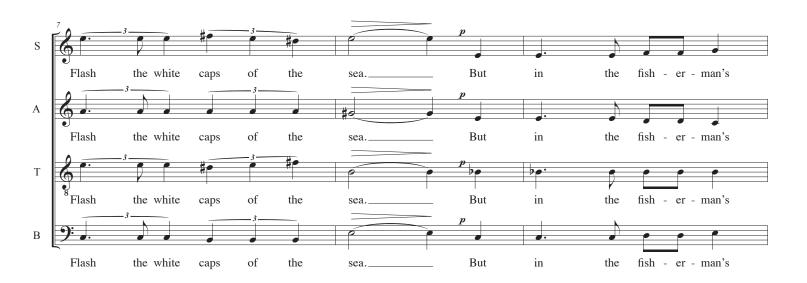
## Henry Smart (1813-1879)

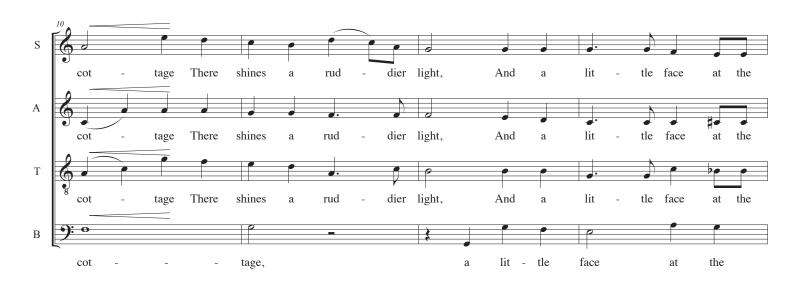


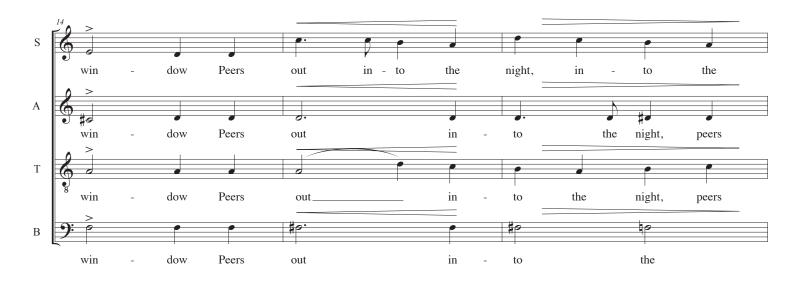


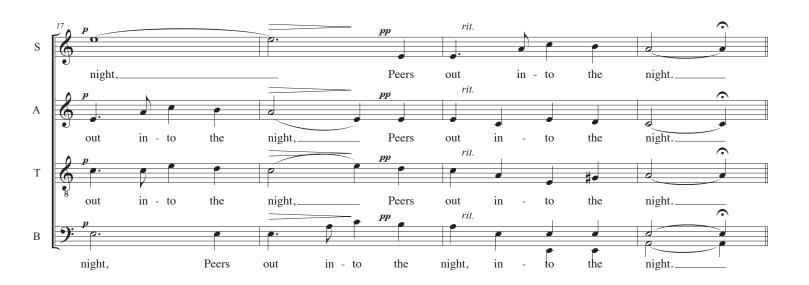
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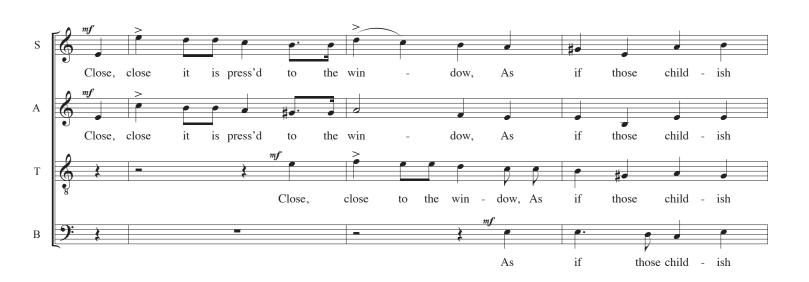


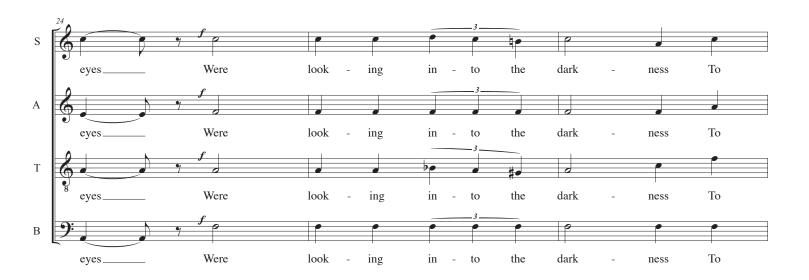


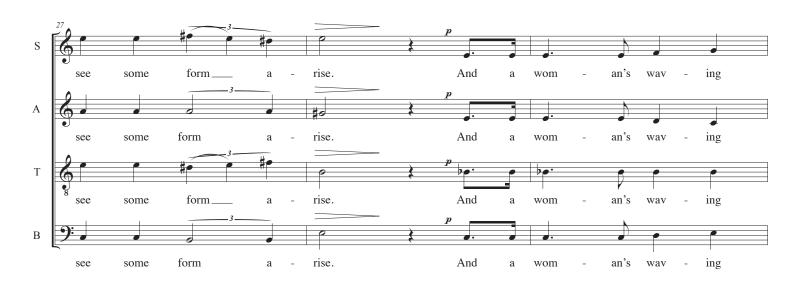


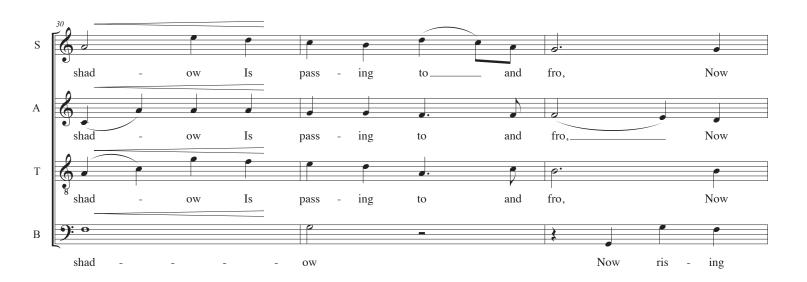


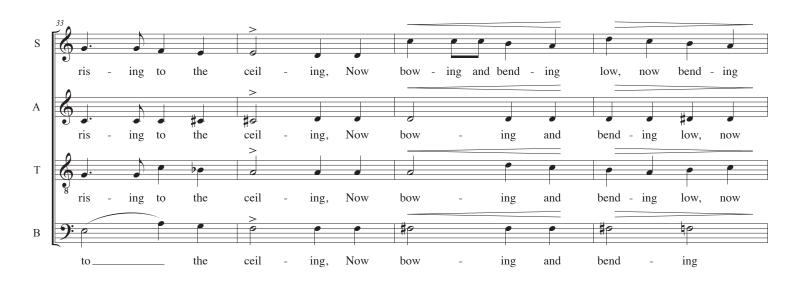


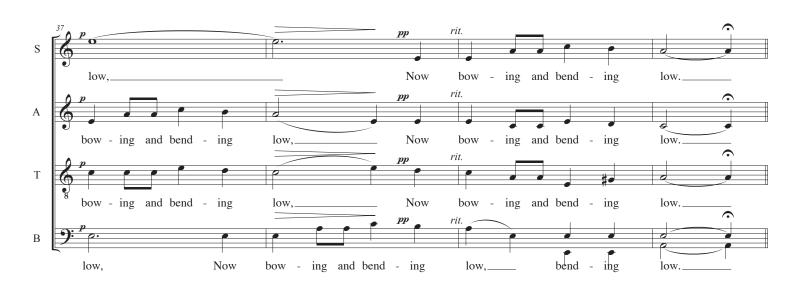


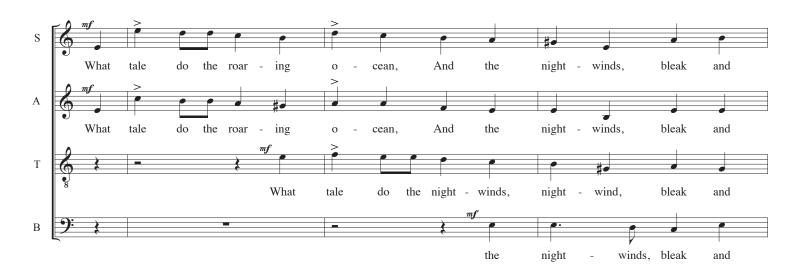


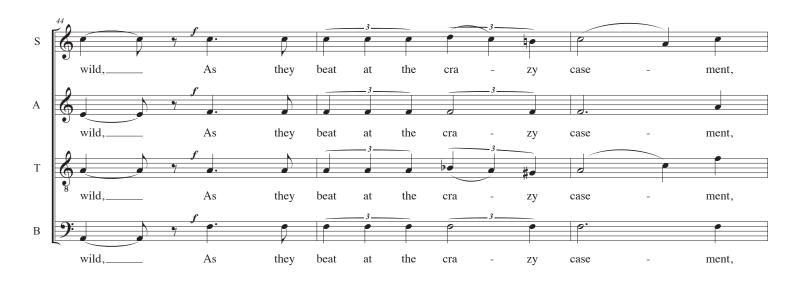


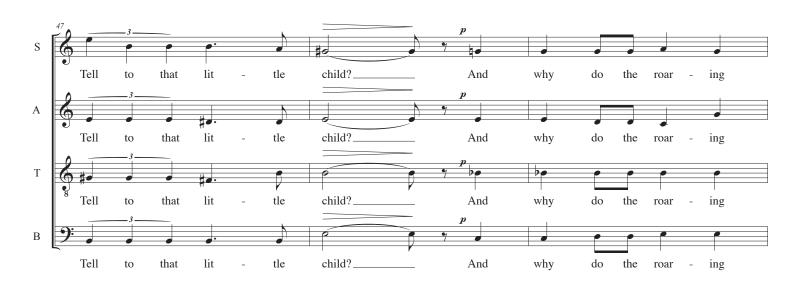


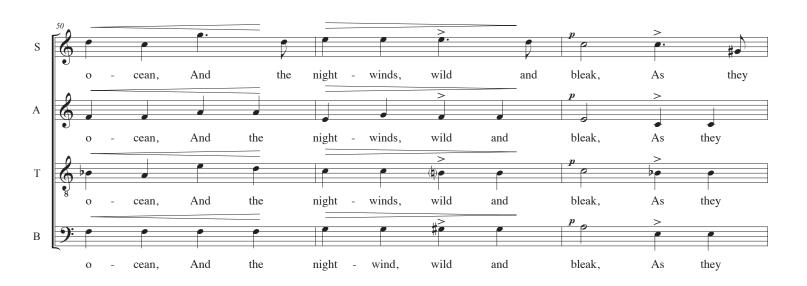


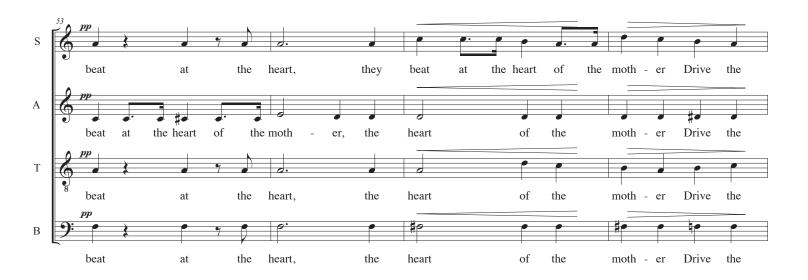


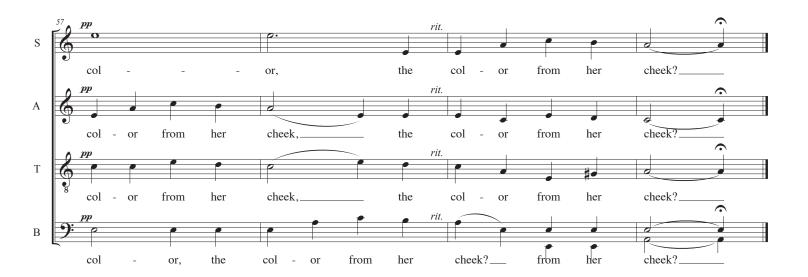












Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co. (1876)

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.

The twilight is sad and cloudy, The wind blows wild and free, And like the wings of sea-birds Flash the white caps of the sea.

But in the fisherman's cottage There shines a ruddier light, And a little face at the window Peers out into the night.

Close, close it is pressed to the window, As if those childish eyes Were looking into the darkness To see some form arise.

And a woman's waving shadow Is passing to and fro, Now rising to the ceiling, Now bowing and bending low.

What tale do the roaring ocean, And the night-winds, bleak and wild, As they beat at the crazy casement, Tell to that little child?

And why do the roaring ocean,
And the night-wind, wild and bleak,
As they beat at the heart of the mother
Drive the color from her cheek?

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882)

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