

VITAL SPARK OF HEAVENLY FLAME.

FOR THREE VOICES.

WORDS BY POPE—MUSIC BY PRING & HARWOOD.

Largo. — pia.

Secondo. Vi-tal spark of heav'n-ly flame, Quit, O quit this mor-tal frame; Trem-bling, ho-ping, ling'-ring, fly-ing,

Primo. Vi-tal spark of heav'n-ly flame, Quit, O quit this mor-tal frame; Trem-bling, ho-ping, ling'-ring, fly-ing,

Bass. O quit, O quit.

Oh! the pain, the bliss of dy-ing! Cease fond na-ture, cease thy strife, And let me lan-guish in-to life.

Oh! the pain, the bliss of dy-ing! Cease fond na-ture, cease thy strife, And let me lan-guish in-to life.

And let me lan-guish lan-guish in-to life.

Allegro Moderato. *pia.*

Hark they whis-per An-gels say, they whis-per An-gels, say, Hark! they whis-per An-gels say,

Hark! they whis-per, An-gels, say, they whis-per An-gels say, Hark! Hark! they whis-per, An-gels say,

Hark! they whis-per An-gels, say.

for. *Affettuoso.*

Sister spirit, come a-way. Sister spi-rit come a-way. What is this ab-sorbs me quite, Steals my sen-ses, shuts my sight,

Sister spirit, come a-way. Sister spi-rit come a-way. What is this ab-sorbs me quite, Steals my sen-ses, shuts my sight,

pia.

Drowns my spi-rits draws my breath? Tell me my soul, can this be death? Tell me my soul, can this be death?

Drowns my spi-rits draws my breath? Tell me my soul, can this be death? Tell me my soul, can this be death?

TRIO—*pia.**Crescendo.*

The world re - - cedes, it dis - - ap - - pears, Heav'n o - pens on my eyes, My ears with sounds se - raphic ring.

CHORUS—*Con Spirito.*

Lend, lend your wings, I mount I fly; O grave where is thy vic - to - ry? O grave where is thy vic - to - - ry? O death where is thy

*pia.**for.*

sting? O grave where is thy vic - to - - ry? O death where is thy sting? Lend, lend your wings, I mount I fly; O grave where is thy

pia.

vic - to - ry, thy vic - to - ry. O grave where is thy vic - to - ry, thy vic - to - ry. O death where is thy sting? O death where is thy sting?

*for.**pia.**for.*

Lend, lend your wings, I mount I fly, O grave where is thy vic - to - ry, thy vic - to - ry, O death, O death, where is thy sting?

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