

WALSALL C.M.

Attributed to HENRY PURCELL

E. B. S.*

1. Be firm, ye sen - ti - nels of Truth, God's
 2. Your con - stant chal - lenge, Who goes there? As . .
 3. With heal - ing in his wings he comes, God's

day of rest is near; All scowl - ing shapes of
 i - dle words must cease. How can the prince of
 mes - sen - ger of love, 'Tis yours to sound the

dark - ness flee; The morn - ing star shines clear.
 this world now De - lay the Prince of Peace?
 trum - pet call, His Sci - ence yours to prove.

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