

Hushed Was the Evening Hymn.

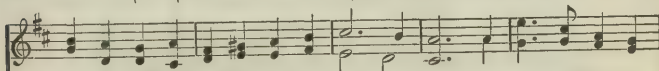
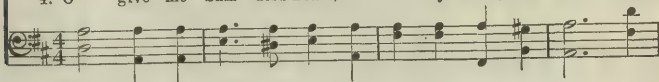
James D. Burns.

Samuel.

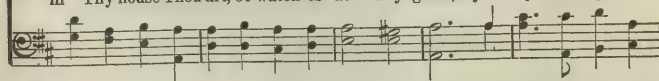
Arthur S. Sullivan.



1. Hushed was the eve - ning hymn, The tem - ple courts were dark; The
2. The old man, meek and mild, The priest of Is - rael, slept; His
3. O give me Sam - uel's ear,—The o - pen ear, O Lord, A-
4. O give me Sam - uel's heart,—A low - ly heart, that waits Where



lamp was burn-ing dim Be - fore the sa - cred ark; When sud - den - ly a
 watch the tem - ple child, The lit - tle Le - vite, kept; And what from E - li's
 live and quick to hear Each whisper of Thy word, Like Him to an - swer
 in Thy house Thou art, Or watch - es at Thy gates, By day and night, a



voice di - vine Rang thro' the si - lence of the shrine.
 sense was sealed The Lord to Han - nah's son re - vealed.
 at Thy call, And to o - bey Thee first of all!
 heart that still Moves at the breath-ing of Thy will! A - MEN.

