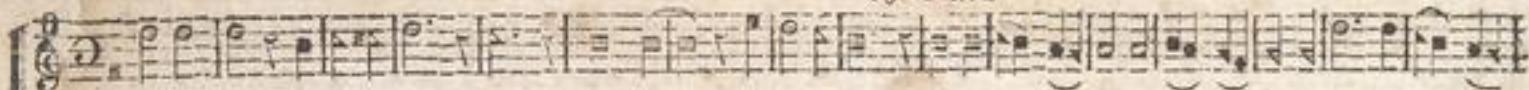


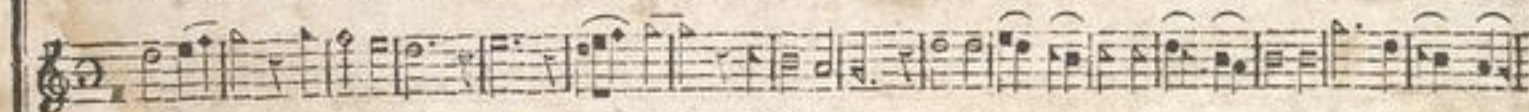
NEW YORK ANTHEM

Billing.

155

soft & slow

Vital spark of heav'nly flame, Quit O quit this mortal frame; Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying, O the pain, the bliss of



dying Cease fond nature, cease thy strife, And let me languish into life, Hark!

Hark they whisper, angels say, they



Hark! they whisper, angels say,

