

They are at rest - Edward Elgar (1857-1934)

Tekst: John Henry Newman (1801-1890)

They are at rest.

We may not stir the heav'n of their repose

By rude invoking voice, or prayer address

In waywardness to those

Who in the mountain grotts of Eden lie,

And hear the fourfold river as it murmurs by.

And soothing sounds

Blending with the neighb'ring waters as they glide;

Posted along the haunted garden's bounds,

Angelic forms abide,

Echoing, as words of watch, o'er lawn and grove

The verses of that hymn which Seraphs chant above.