All in the April Evening.

Sacred Song.

All in the April evening,
April airs were abroad;
The sheep with their little lambs
Passed me by on the road.

The sheep with their little lambs
Passed me by on the road;
All in the April evening
I thought on the Lamb of God.

The lambs were weary, and crying
With a weak, human cry,
I thought on the Lamb of God
Going meekly to die.

Up in the blue, blue mountains
Dewy pastures are sweet;
Rest for the little bodies,
Rest for the little feet.

But for the Lamb of God,
Up on the hilltop green,
Only a Cross of shame
Two stark crosses between.

All in the April evening,
April airs were abroad;
I saw the sheep with their lambs,
And thought on the Lamb of God.

Words by
KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON.

Music by
J. MICHAEL DIACK.

No. 3 in F minor

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All in the April evening I thought on the Lamb of God. The

lambs were weary and crying With a weak, human cry.

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No. 3 in F minor
Up in the blue, blue mountains; Dew-y pastures are sweet;

Rest for the little bodies, Rest for the little feet.

But for the Lamb of God,

Up on the hill-top green, Only a Cross of shame
Two stark cross-es be-tween.  
All in the A-pril even-ning,

A-pril airs were a-broad;  I saw the sheep with their lambs,

ad lib.

And thought on the Lamb of God.

No. 5 in F minor