

A Story of Three Saints

Henry Formby (1817-1884)
Saint Monica

Old English Air
I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say



To an - cient Mi - lan's ci - ty fair, where ho - ly Am - brose dwelt,
He wan - ders to and fro on earth, his spi - rit seek - ing rest;
"Rise, daugh - ter, rise," the saint re - plied, "Take cour - age from thy fears;



A wo - man came in deep - est woe, and at his feet she knelt: "Fa -
And fin - ding none, he drains a cup, by God and man un - blest. His
The child will not be lost for whom, a mo - ther sheds such tears." For



ther, I weep both day and night, my ve - ry heart is riv - en,
voice, O Fa - ther, still up - holds, each im - pious sect in turn,
Au - gus - tine un - bap - tized it was, that weep - ing mo - ther prayed,



My un - be - liev - ing son is still by pride and pas - sion driv'n.
And men from his im - pa - sion'd words, per - ni - cious er - rors learn."
And on Saint Aus - tin's breast at last, her dy - ing head was laid.

