

# Hymn

for male choir (TTB)

the first and third verses very slowly  
the second verse brightly and more lively

words by Edgar Allan Poe  
music by Rob Peters

1. At morn, at noon,  
2. When the hours  
3. Now, when storms

at twi - light dim,  
flew bright - ly by,  
of fate o'er - cast,

Ma - ri - a! thou hast heard my hymn. In joy and woe,  
And not a cloud ob - scured the sky, My soul, lest it  
Dark - ly my Pre - sent and my Past, Let my Fu -

in good and ill,  
should tru - ant be,  
ture ra - dant shine

Mo - ther of God, be  
Thy grace did guide to  
With sweet hopes of

with me still!  
thine thee. thee.  
thee and thine!  
and and

A - men, a - men, a - men!