

# Northampton

The first system of the musical score for 'Northampton' consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef, the middle in bass clef, and the bottom in bass clef. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The music features a series of chords in the upper staves and a simple bass line in the lower staff.

The second system of the musical score for 'Northampton' also consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef, the middle in bass clef, and the bottom in bass clef. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The music continues with chords and a bass line, showing some melodic movement in the upper staves.

## Rockingham

*molto legato*

Descant

Tune


Were the whole realm of na - - ture mine, that  
 were a pre - sent far too small; Love so a - ma - zing,  
 so di - vine, De - mands my soul, my life, my all.

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|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 WHEN I survey the wondrous Cross,<br/>         On which the Prince of glory died,<br/>         My richest gain I count but loss,<br/>         And pour contempt on all my pride.</p>       | <p>3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,<br/>         Sorrow and love flow mingled down;<br/>         Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,<br/>         Or thorns compose so rich a crown?</p> |
| <p>2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast<br/>         Save in the death of Christ my God;<br/>         All the vain things that charm me most,<br/>         I sacrifice them to his blood.</p> | <p>4 His dying crimson like a robe,<br/>         Spreads o'er his body on the Tree;<br/>         Then am I dead to all the globe,<br/>         And all the globe is dead to me.</p>               |
| <p>5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,<br/>         That were a present far too small;<br/>         Love so amazing, so divine,<br/>         Demands my soul, my life, my all.</p>           |                                                                                                                                                                                                   |


## Victory

Descant




Lord, by the stripes which woun - - ded thee

Tune



From death's dread sting thy ser - - - vants free,



that we may live, and sing to thee. Al - le - lu - ya!

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|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 THE strive is o'er, the battle done;<br/>Now is the Victor's triumph won;<br/>O let the song of praise be sung.<br/><i>Alleluya!</i></p>                   | <p>3 On the third morn he rose again<br/>Glorious in majesty to reign;<br/>O let us swell the joyful strain.<br/><i>Alleluya!</i></p>                        |
| <p>2 Death's mightiest powers have done their worst,<br/>And Jesus hath his foes dispersed;<br/>Let shouts of praise and joy outburst.<br/><i>Alleluya!</i></p> | <p>4 He brake the age-bound chains of hell;<br/>The bars from heaven's high portals fell;<br/>Let hymns of praise his triumph tell.<br/><i>Alleluya!</i></p> |
| <p>5 Lord, by the stripes which wounded thee<br/>From death's dread sting thy servents free,<br/>That we may live and sing to thee.<br/><i>Alleluya!</i></p>    |                                                                                                                                                              |

Latin 17th century  
Tr FRANCIS POTT 1832-1909