How all's to one thing wrought!
The members, how they sit!
O what a tune the thought
Must be that fancied it.

Nor angel insight can
Learn how the heart is hence:
Since all the make of man Is law's indifference.
[Who shaped these walls has shewn
The music of his mind,
Made known, though thick through stone, What beauty beat behind.]

Not free in this because
His powers seemed free to play:
He swept what scope he was
To sweep and must obey.
Though down his being's bent
Like air he changed in choice,
That was an instrument
Which overvaulted voice.

What makes the man and what The man within that makes: Ask whom he serves or not Serves and what side he takes.

For good grows wild and wide, Has shades, is nowhere none; But right must seek a side And choose for chieftain one.

Therefore this masterhood, This piece of perfect song; This fault-not-found-with good Is neither right nor wrong,

No more than red and blue, No more than Re or Mi, Or sweet the golden glue That's built for by the bee.
[Who built these walls made known
The music of his mind,
Yet here he has but shewn
His ruder-rounded rind,
His brightest blooms lie there unblown, His sweetest nectar hides behind.]

Calmo

Tenor 1

Baritone 1

Bass 1

How all's to one__ thing wrought__ Themem -

A. 1


Bar. 1
B. 1
bers, how they sit!
$\qquad$ what a tune $\qquad$ the thought mustbe that

A. 1
T. 1

Bar. 1

A. 1


Bar. 1
B. 1



Bar. 2

B. 1


Who shaped
these walls hasshewn The mu-
sic of his mind, Made
B. 2


Rit.

A. 2

T. 1

T. 2


Bar. 1


Bar. 2

B. 1

B. 2

A tempo
A. 2


T. 2

Bar. 2

B. 2




## $\square$

Bar. 1




$\square$





Bar. 1


Bar. 2

B. 1

B. 2



A. 2
$\qquad$




Bar. 1


Bar. 2

B. 1

B. 2


