

Words by  
Baka'ii'Clak

# Hear Me ye Mortal Birds!

Music Arr.  
Mendelssohn

Hear Me, ye mortal birds! In the

Rose Garden at changeless splendor a Flower hath be-

*cresc.* *dim.*  
gun - to bloom, com - pared to which every other flower is but a

*cresc.*  
thorn and before the bright-ness of whose glo-ry the very ex - sence of

*cresc.*  
beau - ty must pale and wither: Rise, therefore, and with the whole en-

*cresc.*  
thus i - tam of your hearts, with all the ea - ger-ness of your

Quintet Arranged and Harmonized by  
Louise C. Rich

THE BAHÁ'Í WORLD

*rit.*

souls, the full fervour of your will, - and the earnest

*cresc.*

trated ef-fort, of your en-tire-be-ing, strive to at-

tain the para-dise - of - His - Presence, and en-

*cresc.* *rall.*

deavot to inhale the fra-grance of the incorrupt-ible

*rall. & dim.*

Flower, to breathe the sweet savours of ho-li-ness, and to ad-

*rall. & dim.*

tain a portion of this - perfume of ce-les-tial glory

*a tempo cresc.* *decrease.*

Who-so fol-low-eth this-coun-sel will break his chains-a-

*cresc.* *decrease.*

sun-dae, will taste the a-ban-don-ment of en-rapt-ured

*a tempo* *cresc.*

love, - will - at - tain unto his heart's-de-sire, - and will sur-

*rall. e. dim.*

ren-der his Soul - in - to the hand of his De-ty

*a tempo. cresc.*

Bur-ting through his cage - he will - even as the bird of the spirit

*rall. e. dim.*

wing - - his flight - - to his ho - ly, and everlast - ing - nest