

# Holy

Words: Shoghi Effendi, *The Dawnbreakers*, p 352

Music: Ernestine Atkins

*Start with Altos, add Melody, then Sopranos. Repeat as often as desired, adding ad lib towards the end.*

The musical score is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of three staves: Sopranos, Melody, and Altos. The lyrics are as follows:

Sopranos: "Ho - ly, ho - ly, the Lord our God, the Lord of the

Melody: "Ho - ly, ho - ly, the Lord our God, the Lord of the

Altos: Ho - ly. He's ho - ly, He's ho - ly. My God is ho - ly. He's

6 an - gels and the spir - it!"

6 an - gels and the spir - it!"

6 ho - ly. He's ho - ly. My God is

The news of the impending arrival of Quddus bestirred the occupants of the fort of Tabarsi. As he drew near his destination, he sent forward a messenger to announce his approach. The joyful tidings gave them new courage and strength. Roused to a burst of enthusiasm which he could not repress, Mulla Husayn started to his feet and, escorted by about a hundred of his companions, hastened to meet the expected visitor. He placed two candles in the hands of each, lighted them himself, and bade them proceed to meet Quddus. The darkness of the night was dispelled by the radiance which those joyous hearts shed as they marched forth to meet their beloved. In the midst of the forest of Mazindaran, their eyes instantly recognized the face which they had longed to behold. They pressed eagerly around his steed, and with every mark of devotion paid him their tribute of love and undying allegiance. Still holding the lighted candles in their hands, they followed him on foot towards their destination. Quddus, as he rode along in their midst, appeared as the day-star that shines amidst its satellites. As the company slowly wended its way towards the fort, there broke forth the hymn of glorification and praise intoned by the band of his enthusiastic admirers.

"Holy, holy, the Lord our God, the Lord of the angels and the spirit!"

rang their jubilant voices around him. Mulla Husayn raised the glad refrain, to which the entire company responded. The forest of Mazindaran re-echoed to the sound of their acclamations.