

# Milton

S. 5 10 15  
 How far our high - est praises fall Below th' immense original! Weak creatures we that strive in vain To reach an un-cre-a-ted strain!

A.   
 How far our high - est praises fall Below th' immense original! Weak creatures we that strive in vain To reach an un-cre-a-ted strain!

T.   
 How far our high - est praises fall Below th' immense original! Weak creatures we that strive in vain To reach an un-cre-a-ted strain!

B.   
 How far our high - est praises fall Below th' immense original! Weak creatures we that strive in vain To reach an un-cre-a-ted strain!

S. 20 25  
 A song so vast, a theme so high, Calls for the voice that tuned the sky.

A.   
 A song so vast, a theme so high, Calls for the voice that tuned the sky.

T.   
 Great God, forgive our feeble lays, Sound out thine own eternal praise: A song so vast, a theme so high, Calls for the voice that tuned the sky.

B.   
 Great God, forgive our feeble lays, Sound out thine own eternal praise: A song so vast, a theme so high, Calls for the voice that tuned the sky.

Edited by B. C. Johnston, 2021  
 Whole piece transposed down from F major to E major.  
 Four staves Tr-C-T-B converted to four staves S-A-T-B, by  
 T > S, C > A, Tr > T, and B > B.