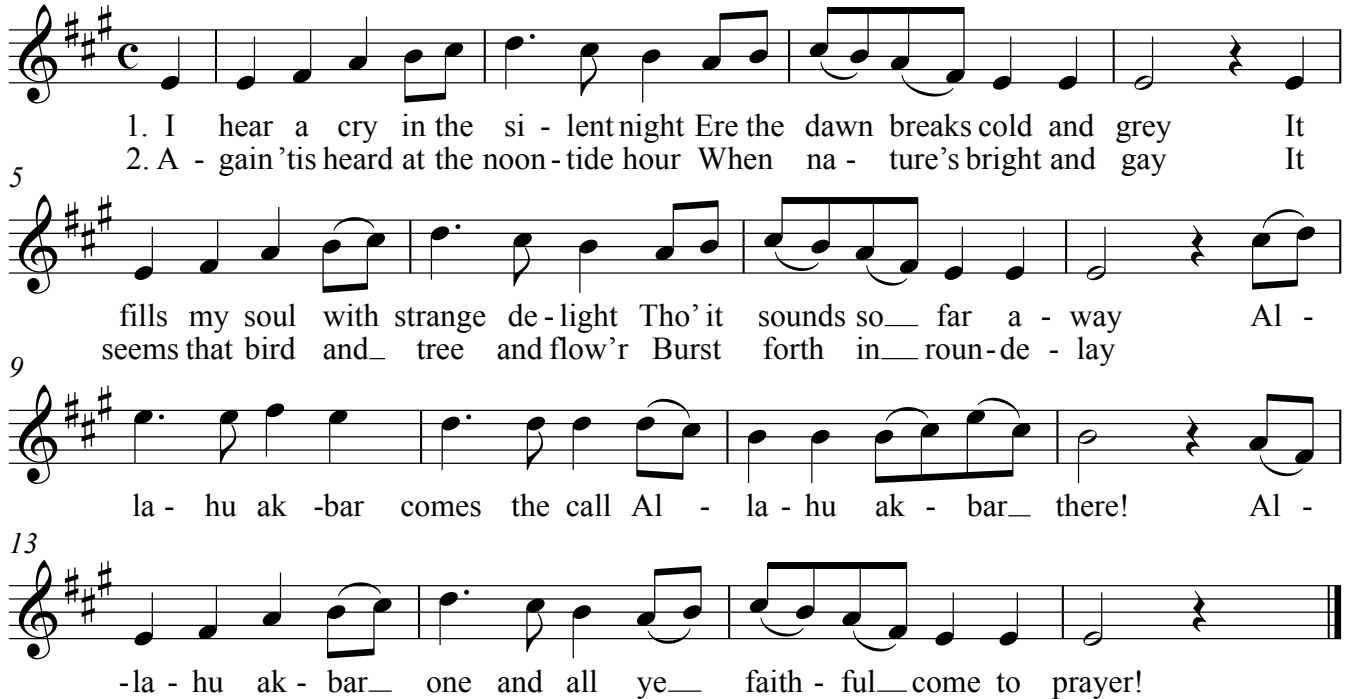


The Call to Prayer (Allah! Hu Akbar!)

Words: Anon.

Tune: Irish traditional

Moderato ♩ = 120



1. I hear a cry in the si - lent night Ere the dawn breaks cold and grey It
 2. A - gain 'tis heard at the noon - tide hour When na - ture's bright and gay It
 5 fills my soul with strange de - light Tho' it sounds so far a - way Al -
 9 seems that bird and tree and flow'r Burst forth in roun - de - lay
 la - hu ak - bar comes the call Al - la - hu ak - bar there! Al -
 13 -la - hu ak - bar one and all ye faith - ful come to prayer!

1. I hear a cry in the silent night
 'Ere the dawn breaks cold and grey:
 It fills my soul with strange delight,
 Though it sounds so far away
 Allah, Hu Akbar! comes the call
 Allah, Hu Akbar, there!
 Allah, Hu Akbar, one and all
 Ye faithful come to prayer!

2. Again 'tis heard at the noontide hour
 When Nature's bright and gay
 It seems that bird and tree and flow'r
 Burst forth in roundelay
 Allah, Hu Akbar! comes the call
 Allah, Hu Akbar, there!
 Allah, Hu Akbar, one and all
 Ye faithful come to prayer!

3. Again I hear it as day declines
 And the labourer's task is o'er!
 Its echoes stir the lofty pines
 And above the city's roar.
 Allah, Hu Akbar! comes the call
 Allah, Hu Akbar, there!
 Allah, Hu Akbar, one and all
 Ye faithful come to prayer!

4. When the sun goes down 'tis heard again
 When the weary seek their rest,
 When clouds fly past, and a sound of rain
 Comes sobbing from the west;
 Allah, Hu Akbar! comes the call,
 Allah, Hu Akbar, there!
 Allah, Hu Akbar, one and all
 Ye faithful come to prayer!

5. By night and day, by eve and morn,
 The call rings in mine ears:
 It can admonish, it can warn,
 Can rouse, or calm our fears.
 Allah, Hu Akbar! comes the call,
 Allah, Hu Akbar, there!
 Allah, Hu Akbar, one and all,
 Despise the call who dare!