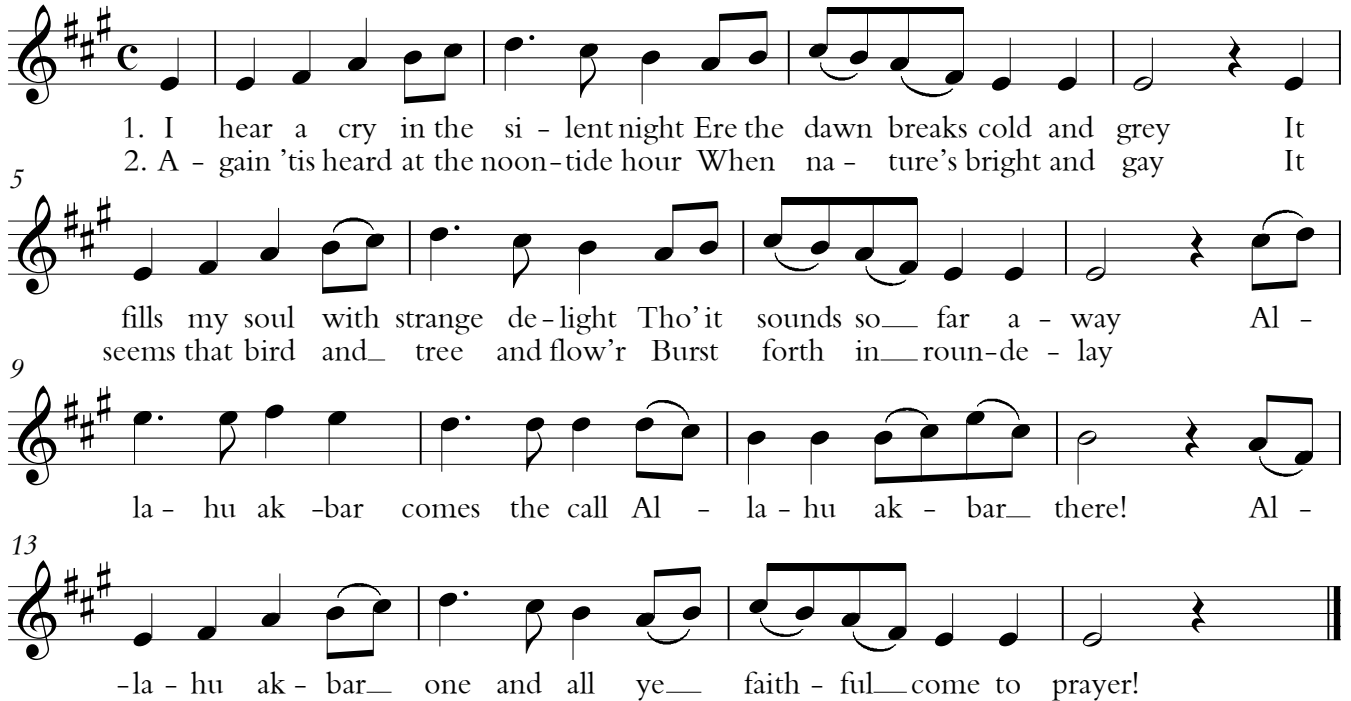


# The Call to Prayer (Allah! Hu Akbar!)

Anon.

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!