

THE PILGRIM'S ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

" ALL THINGS ADORE THEE! SO DO I."



A SACRED MELODY

WRITTEN BY

HENRY JOHN SHARPE,

The Music composed and respectfully dedicated to

THE RIGHT HON^EE LADY FALKLAND.

BY

HENRY RUSSELL.

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THE PILGRIM'S ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

The Poetry by Henry John Sharpe

The Music by Henry Russell.

ANDANTE

CON ANIMA.

Staccato.

The musical score consists of six staves of music. The first three staves are for two voices (Soprano and Alto) and piano, set in common time with a key signature of one sharp. The first staff begins with a dynamic of *p*. The fourth staff starts with a dynamic of *f*. The fifth staff is labeled *RECITATIVO.* The sixth staff concludes with a dynamic of *p*. The lyrics are placed below the music:

Praise the Lord, oh! my soul!

Praise the Lord, oh! my soul!

Lord, oh! my soul!

And all that is within me

Praise his

ho-----ly name! Praise his holy name! Praise his ho_ly name!

Praise his holy name! Praise his holy name! Praise his holy name!

Praise his ho_ly name! his name!

The musical score consists of six staves of music. The top staff is soprano, the middle staff is alto, and the bottom staff is basso continuo. The music is in common time, with a key signature of two sharps. The vocal parts sing in a three-part homophony style, while the continuo part provides harmonic support with sustained notes and chords. The lyrics are integrated into the musical structure, appearing at specific intervals throughout the piece.

Thou art, O God! the fount di-vine, From whence all earthly
blessings flow; Where_e'er we turn, thy glo ries shine, And all things praise thee
here be_low; The ra_diant sun which gilds the day, The count-less stars that
gem the night, Owe all their splendor to thy sway, Great source of all things

fair and bright; If pil-grim pray'rs a--vail on high, All things a-dore thee!—
 so do I. Thou reign'st, O. God! in realms of light, Ma--
 jes--tic, so--lemn and a--lone!— In a----do--ra--tion to thy might Cre--
 a--tion bends be--neath thy throne; The thunder's roar, the lightning's glare, The

murm'ring of the boundless sea, Are but the uni---ver-sal pray'r Which nature offers
 up to Thee! If pilgrim thoughts as-cend on high, All things adore Thee!—so do I.

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We hail O God! the vital ray
 With holy inspiration rife—
 Its bright reflection points the way
 Which leads to everlasting life;
 The changing seasons as they roll,
 Thy power and wisdom, Lord, proclaim!
 All creatures join from pole to pole,
 In loud hosannas to thy name;
 If pilgrim pray'rs are heard on high,
 All things adore Thee!— so do I.