

ALL THINGS FAIR & BRIGHT ARE THINE.
(Favorite Hymn.)

FROM MOORE'S SACRED MELODIES. COM BY

O. Shaw.

Sung at the Centrio performed by the
HANDEL & HAYDN SOCIETY in Boston, July 5th 1877,
in presence of the

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

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ANDANTE

AFFETUOSO

2nd VOICE. Thou art, O God, the life and light Of

1st VOICE. Thou art, O God, the life and light Of

all this won--drous world we see;

all this won--drous world we see; Its

its smile by night,
glow - - by day, Are but re - - flec - - tions

The first system of musical notation features a vocal melody in the upper staves and a piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line begins with a triplet of eighth notes. The lyrics are: "its smile by night, glow - - by day, Are but re - - flec - - tions".

caught from thee, Are but re - - flec - - tions
caught from thee, Are but re - - flec - - tions

The second system continues the musical piece. The vocal line has a crescendo marking above the phrase "Are but re - - flec - - tions". The piano accompaniment also features a crescendo marking. The lyrics are: "caught from thee, Are but re - - flec - - tions" and "caught from thee, Are but re - - flec - - tions".

caught from thee.
caught from thee.

The third system concludes the musical piece. The vocal line ends with a fermata over the final note. The piano accompaniment also ends with a fermata. The lyrics are: "caught from thee." and "caught from thee."

VIVACE

Where'er we turn, thy glories shine, And all things fair and bright are thine,
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine, And all things fair and bright are thine,

Where'er we turn, thy glo-ries
Where'er we turn, Where'er we turn, thy glo-ries

shine, And all things fair and bright are thine,
shine, And all things fair and bright are thine,

And all things fair - and bright are thine, are

mf *p*

thine, And all things fair - and bright are thine. *ad lib.*

f

f

When youthful Spring around us breathes,
 Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
 And every flower the summer wreathes
 Is borne beneath that kindling eye.
 Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are thine.