

The Land of the Blest

Words by
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Music by
Joseph Philip Knight

Andantino

Piano introduction in G major, 6/8 time. The piece begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'Andantino'. The first staff (treble) starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic and features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The second staff (bass) provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The introduction concludes with a pianissimo (*pp*) dynamic.

Piano accompaniment for the first system, measures 6 through 10. The treble staff continues the melodic line with various ornaments and a 'rall.' (rallentando) marking at measure 8. The bass staff provides a steady accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

Vocal and piano accompaniment for the second system, measures 10 through 13. The vocal line (treble staff) begins at measure 10 with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The lyrics are: "Hast thou heard of the land, where no sor - row or sad - ness Can". The piano accompaniment (bass staff) also begins at measure 10 with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic, featuring sustained chords.

13

dim for a mo-ment the light of the skies? Hast thou heard of the land, where the

16

deep tones of glad-ness Ne'er melt in - to tears, ne'er are ech-oed in sighs; Where

19

mu - sic, sweet mu - sic for - ev - er is flow - ing, And

21

flow'rs, ev - er bloom - ing, waft fra - grance a - round; And Zeph - yr's soft wings, for no

24

rough winds are blow - ing, Are lad - en with sweets from the balm - breath - ing ground. Where the

p

27

wea - ry re - pose, all their trou - bles at rest, 'Tis the Ca - naan a - bove, 'tis the

30

land of the blest. Where the wea - ry re - pose, all their trou-bles at rest, 'Tis the

33

Ca - naan a - bove, 'tis the land of the blest.

pp

37

No eye hath e're seen its bright

mf

41

splen-dors, ex - cel-ling The vi-sions of fan - cy, the dream of the soul, No

44

thought can e'er soar where heav'ns an-them is swell-ing, — Ear hath not heard its deep

47

mel - o - dies roll; Death, with the touch of his cold, i - cy fin - ger, No

50

more can a-larm, for his tri - umphs are o'er, Time cannot breath on its

53

p

glo-ries, or lin - ger A - mid the fair scenes of that heav'n - ly shore Where the

p

56

wea - ry re - pose, all their trou - bles at rest, 'Tis the Ca - naan a - bove, 'tis the

59

land of the blest, Where the wea - ry re - pose, all their trou - bles at rest, 'Tis the

62

Ca - naan a - bove, 'tis the land of the blest.

pp

65