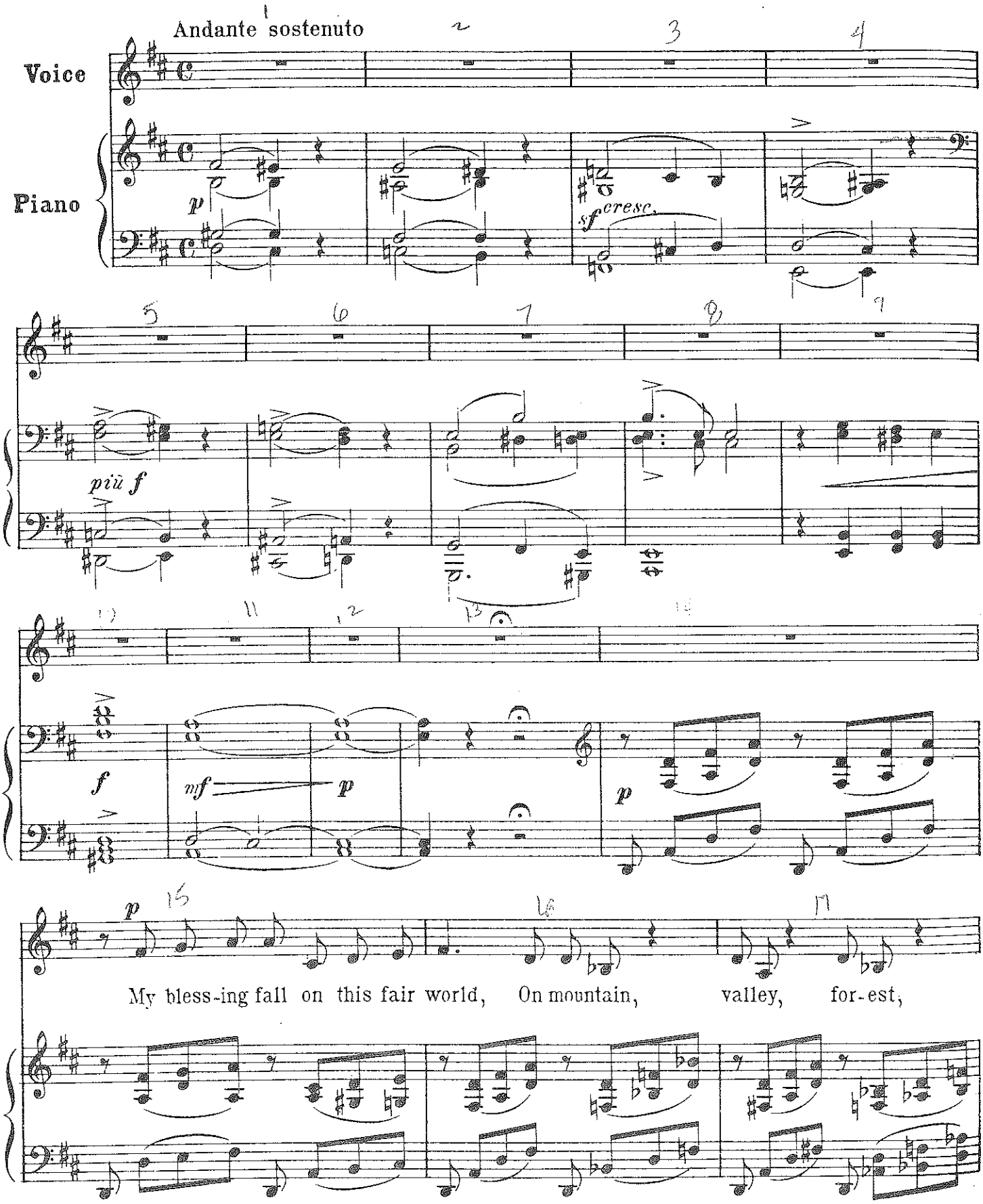
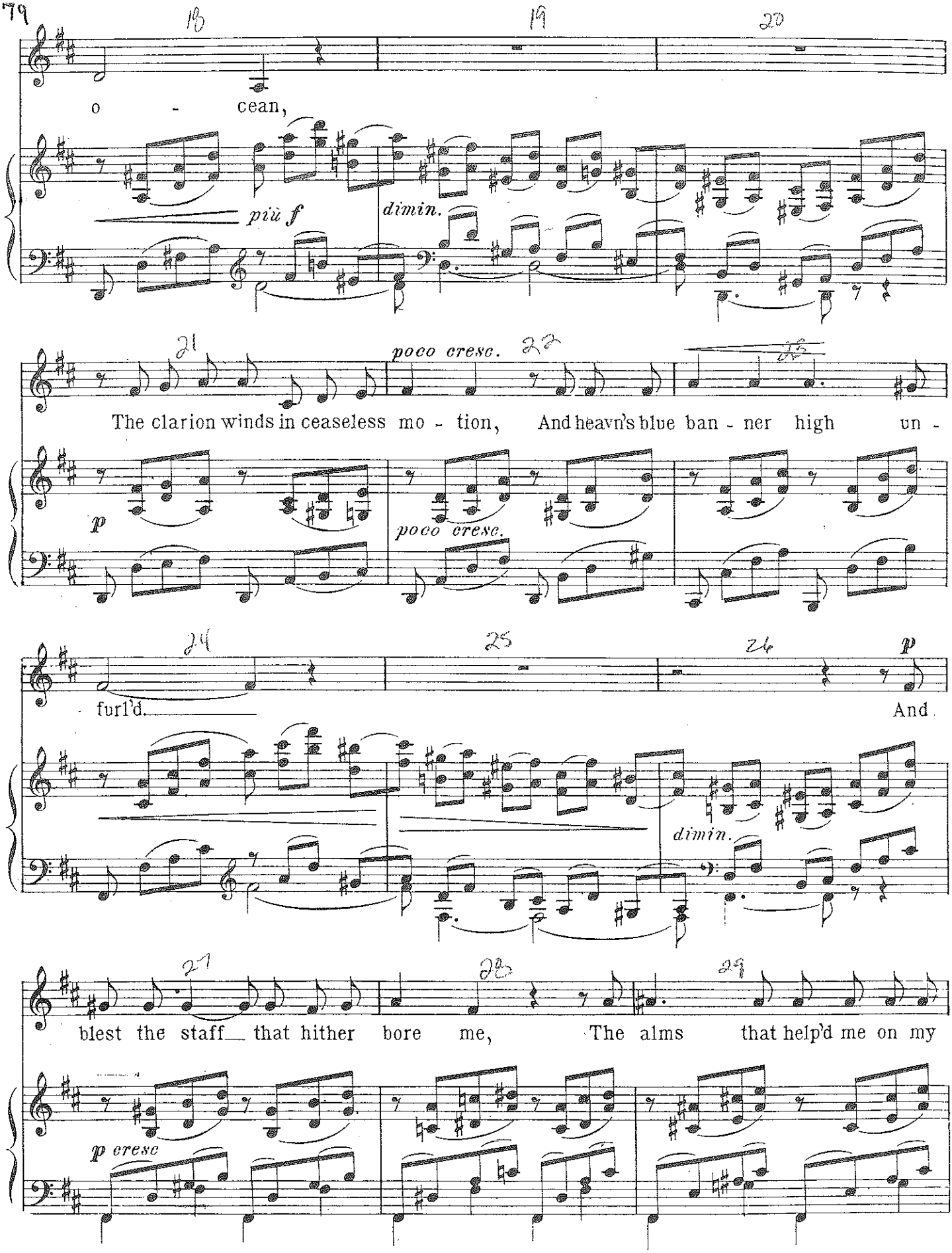
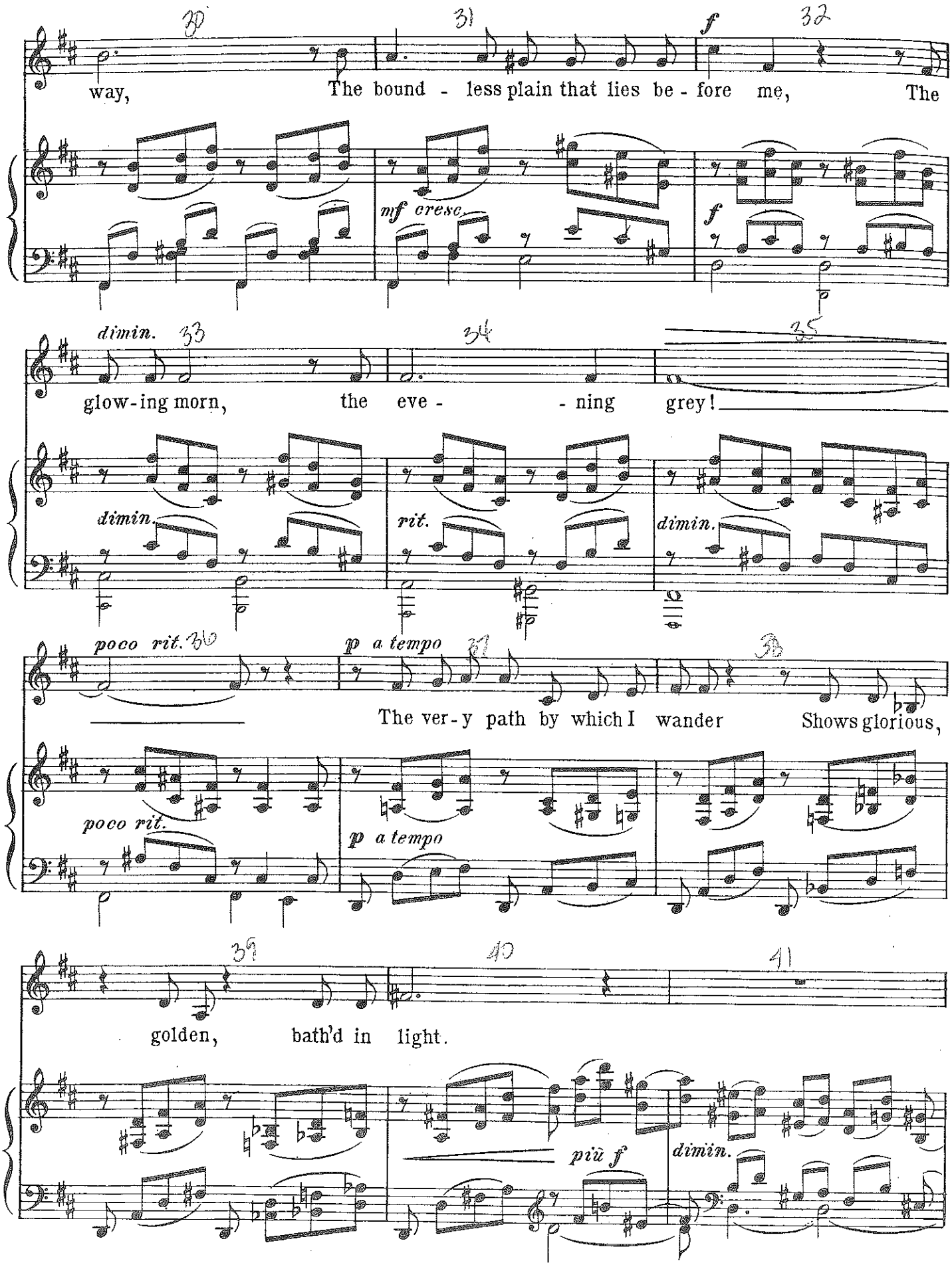
PILGRIM'S SONG

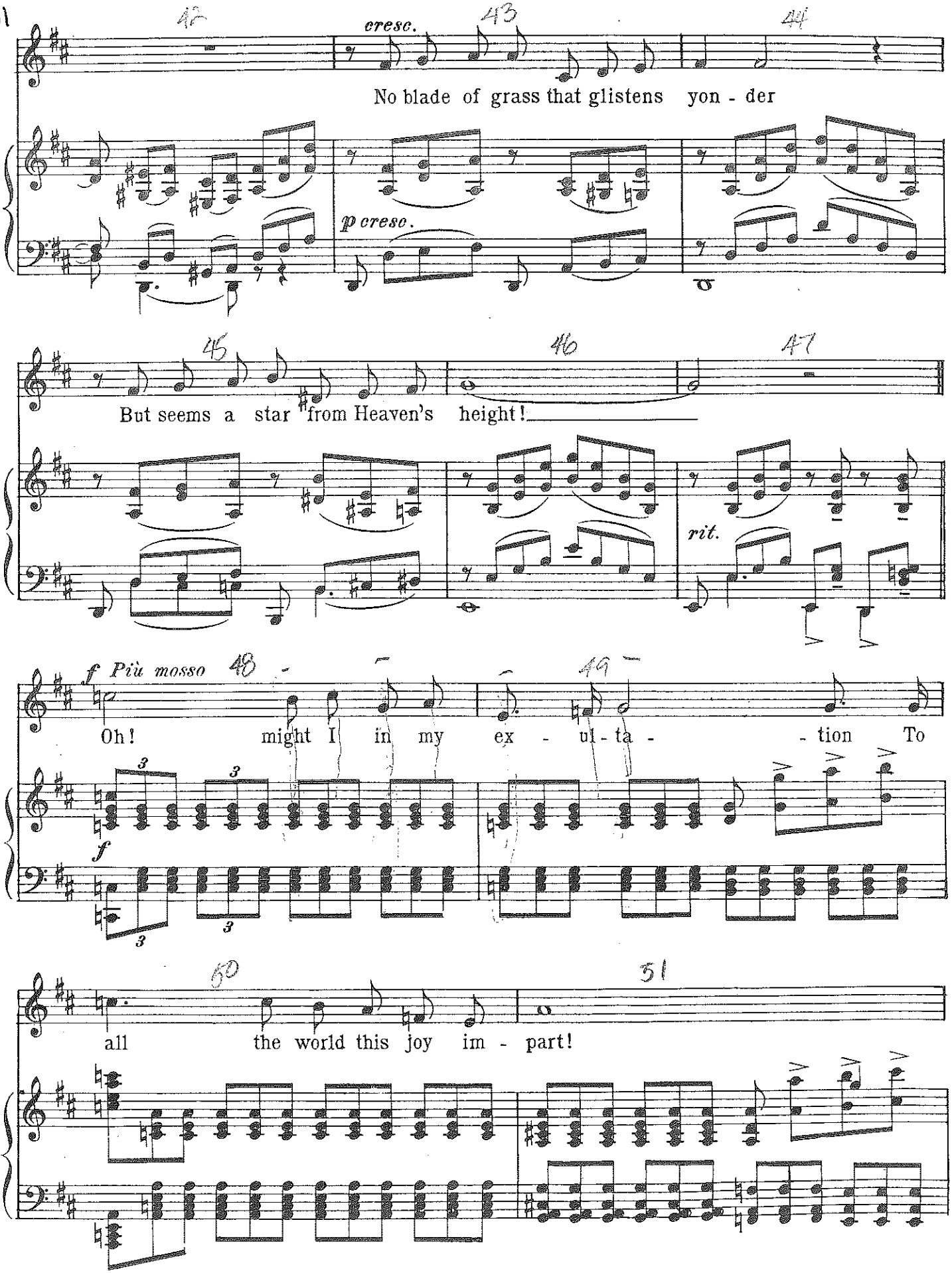
Paul England

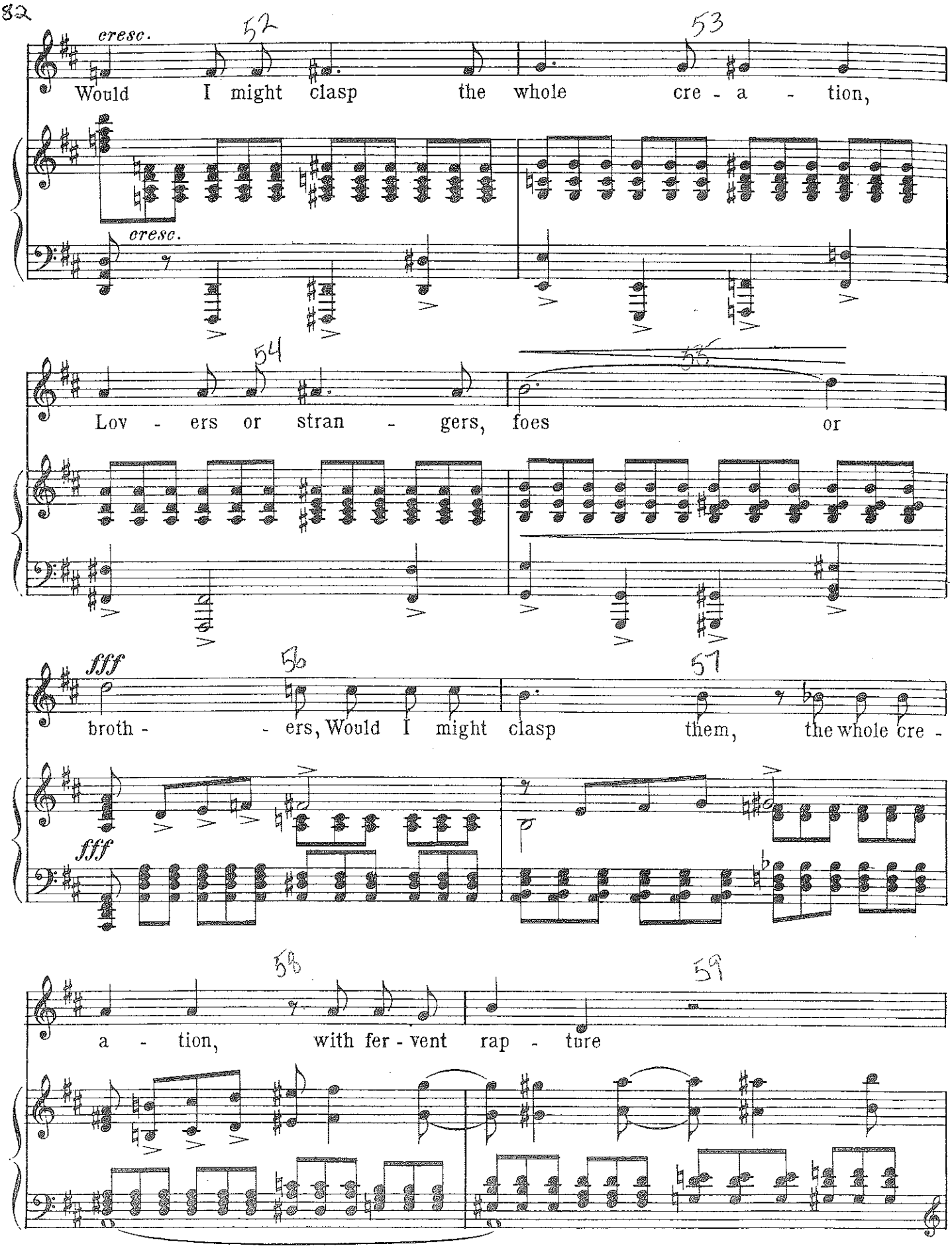
Pytor Il'yich Tchaikovsky

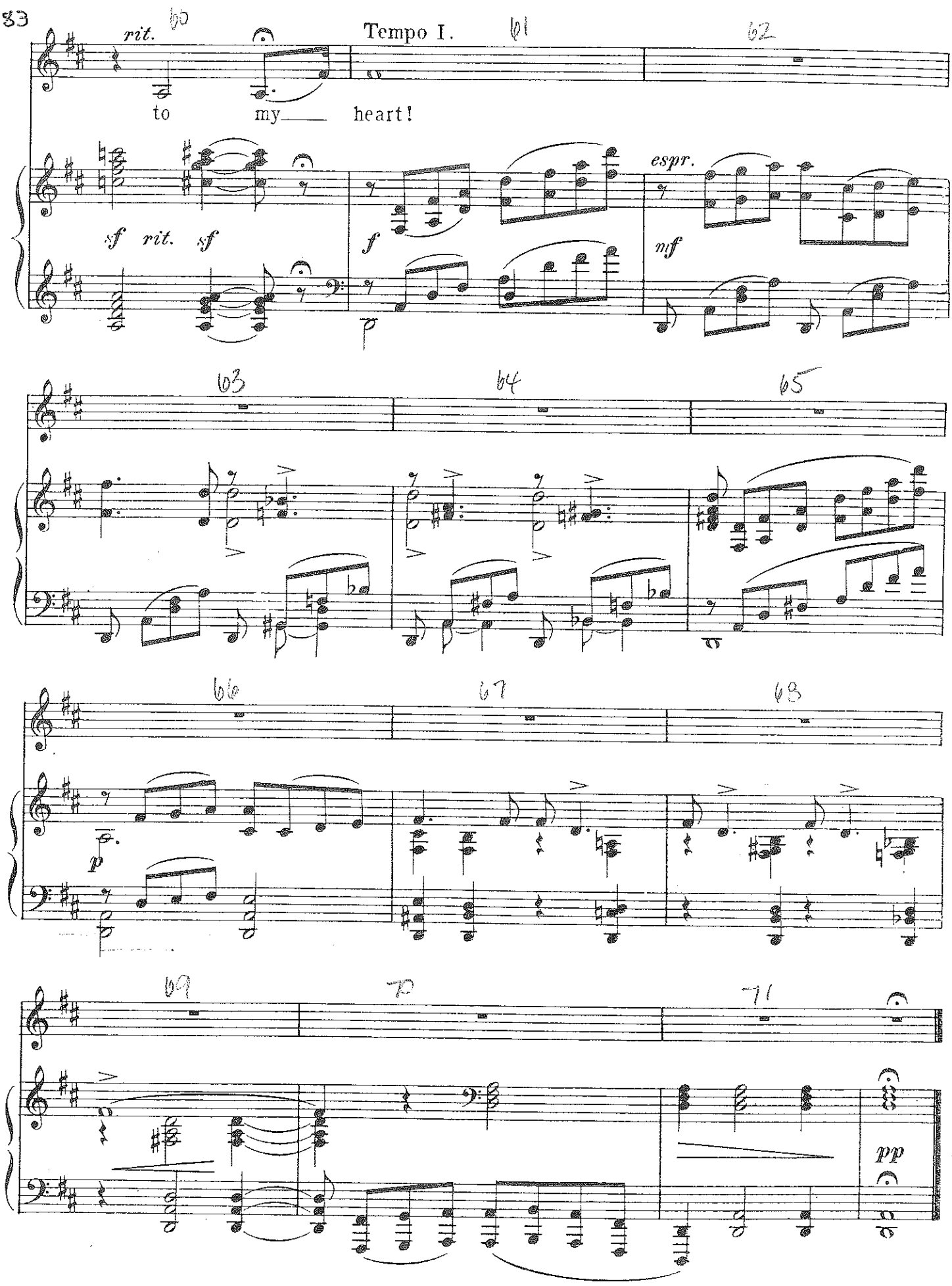



o - cean,
più f
dimin.
The clarion winds in ceaseless mo - tion, And heavn's blue ban - ner high un -
p
poco cresc.
furl'd. And
dimin.
blest the staff that hither bore me, The alms that help'd me on my
p cresc


way, The bound - less plain that lies be - fore me, The
mf cresc.
f
dimin.
glow-ing morn, the eve - - ning grey!
dimin.
rit.
dimin.
poco rit.
p a tempo
The ver-y path by which I wander Shows glorious,
poco rit.
p a tempo
golden, bath'd in light.
più f
dimin.


cresc.
No blade of grass that glistens yon - der
p cresc.
But seems a star from Heaven's height!
rit.
f Più mosso
Oh! might I in my ex - ul - ta - tion To
all the world this joy im - part!


82
cresc.
52
53
Would I might clasp the whole cre - a - tion,
cresc.
54
55
Lov - ers or stran - gers, foes or
fff
56
57
broth - - ers, Would I might clasp them, the whole cre -
fff
58
59
a - tion, with fer - vent rap - ture


rit.
Tempo I.
to my heart!
espr.
sf rit. sf
f
mf
p
pp