

THE SOURCE

WORDS BY

JOSEPHINE P. PEABODY

MUSIC BY

GRACE CHADBOURNE

6

The John Church Company

Cincinnati New York London

I know, whatever God may be,
All Life it was, that lighted me
This little flame, whereby I see.

I know all strength did stir His hand,
To serve somehow, this poor command
Of what-so-e'er I understand;
I know all strength did stir His hand.

And from all love, there throbs the stress
Of pity and of wistfulness;
Both to be blessed and to bless.

There, by the source, that still doth pour,
On star and glowworm, reckoned for,
I will have more and ever more!

Josephine P. Peabody

The Source

JOSEPHINE P. PEABODY

GRACE CHADBOURNE

Andante con moto

f *non legato*

f *declamato*

I know, what-ever God may

rit *a tempo*

be, All Life it was, that light-ed me This lit - tle

flame, where-by I see. _____ I know all strength did

p cantabile

p cantabile meno mosso

stir His hand, To serve some - how, this poor com - mand Of

what - so - e'er I un - der - stand, I know all strength did

stir His hand. And

from all love, there throbs the stress Of

pit - y, of pit - y and of wist - - ful - ness;

Both to be bless - ed and to bless,

Both to be bless - - - ed and to

bless.

Tempo I

There, by the source, that still doth pour, On star and glowworm, reckoned for,—

poco più mosso *più cresc.* *rit*

I will have more and ever more, more and ever

ff

more!

ff *cresc.* *rit*