



As down in the sunless retreats
A Song,
 FROM MOORE'S SACRED MELODIES.
 Composed and respectfully dedicated to N. S. Chace.
BY OLIVER SHAW.

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MODERATO
ESOSTENUTO

As down in the sunless retreats of the ocean, Sweet flowers are springing, no mortal can

Expressivo.
 see, Sweet flowers are springing, no mortal can see; So deep in my

mf *ad lib.*
soul the still pray'r of devotion, Unheard by the world rises silent to Thee; My God! silent to

Expressivo.
Thee; Pure, warm, silent to Thee! So, deep in my soul the still pray'r of de-vot-ion, Un-

mf *Cres.* *f*
heard by the world; rises silent to thee, Unheard by the world; rises silent to thee!

Cres. *mf*

2

As still, to the star of it worship, tho' clouded,
The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea,
So, dark as I roam, in this wintry world shrouded,
The hope of my spirit turns trembling to Thee;
My God! trembling to Thee:
True, fond, trembling to Thee! —
So, dark as I roam, in this wintry world shrouded,
The hope of my spirit turns trembling to Thee!