

BLESSED SACRAMENT

Adoro Te Devote

St. Thomas Aquinas (1225 - 1274)

Francis M. de Zulueta (1853 - 1937)

Moderato molto e sostenuto

mp
ped.

dim.

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time, starting with a mezzo-piano (mp) dynamic. It features a melodic line in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The piece concludes with a decrescendo (dim.) and a fermata.

p tranquillo *cresc.*

1. A - do - ro Te de - vo - te la - tens De - i - tas
2. * Vi - sus gus - tus, tax - tus in te fal - li - tur
3. * Pi - e Pel - li - ca - ne Je - su Do - mi - ne
4. * Je - su quem ve - la - tum nunc as - pi - ci - o

p *cresc.*

The first system includes the vocal line with lyrics and the piano accompaniment. The piano part begins with a piano (p) dynamic and includes a crescendo (cresc.) marking.

p *p*

Quae sub his fi - gu - ris ve - re la - ti - tas
Sed au - di - tu so - lo tu - to cre - di - tur
Me im - mun - dum mun - da tu - o san - gui - ne
O - ro fi - at il - lud quod tam si - ti - o

p

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part maintains a piano (p) dynamic throughout.

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mp *cresc. poco a poco*

Ti - bi se cor me - um To - tum sub - ji - cit
 Cre - do quid - guid dix - it De - i Fi - li - us
 Cu - jus un - na stil - la Sal - vum fa - ce - re
 Ut Te re - ve - la - ta Cer - nens fa - ce - e

mp *cresc. poco a poco*

mf *dim. rit.* *p* *morendo* *pp*

Qui - a Te con - tem - plans to - tum de - fi - cit.
 Nil hoc Ver - bo ve - ri - ta - tis ve - ri - us.
 To - tum mun - dum quit ab om - ni sce - le - re.
 Vi - su sim be - a - tus tu - ae glo - ri - ae.

mf *dim. rit.* *p* *morendo* *pp*

Translation: Godhead here in hiding whom I do adore, masked by these bare shadows, shape and nothing more. See, Lord, at thy service low lies here a heart lost, all lost in wonder at the God thou art. Seeing, touching, tasting are in thee deceived; how says trusty hearing? that shall be believed; what God's Son has told me, take for truth I do; truth himself speaks truly or there's nothing true. Like what tender tales tell of the Pelican, bathe me, Jesus Lord, in what thy bosom ran blood that but one drop of has the pow'r to win all the world forgiveness of its world of sin. Jesus whom I look at shrouded here below, I beseech thee, send me what I thirst for so, some day to gaze upon thee face to face in light and be blest forever with thy glory's sight.