

# THE MARINER;

or

## SOFT BLEW THE AIR.

BOSTON, published and Sold by G. GRAUPNER, at his Music Store, N<sup>o</sup> 6, Franklin Street.

*ANDANTINO*

Soft blew the air, and smooth flow'd the tide, and blue the Heavn's in its

mirror smild; the white sail trem-bling and ex-panding wide, the

busy sai-lor at the anch-or toild, the last dread moment comes, the



sailor youth hides the big drop and smiles amid his pain;

sooths his sad bride and vows E-ter-nal truth, Fare-well farewell fa

- well, he crys we soon shall meet again.

2<sup>d</sup>.

Eve yields to night, the breeze of wintry Gales,  
 In one vast head, the seas and shores repose,  
 He turns his aching Eyes, his spirits fail,  
 The chill tear falls, sad to the deck he goes,  
 The storm of midnight swells, the sails are furld,  
 Deep sounds the lead, but sounds alas in vain,  
 Then o'er the waves, the wretched bark is hurl'd,  
 Fairwell he crys, we ne'er shall meet again.

3<sup>d</sup>.

Oh! what avails the seamans toiling care  
 The straining chords are burst the mast are riven  
 Sad sounds of terror groan along the air  
 Then from afar, the bark on rock was driven  
 Fierce o'er the wreck, the whelming waters pass'd  
 The helpless crew sunk in the Roaring main  
 Henry's faint accents trembled in the Blast  
 Farewell my love, we ne'er shall meet again.