

Miss E. Louisa

*Miss Elizabeth Donaldson
Malibu*

OH SHALL WE GO A SAILING?
Written by

W. H. Bellamy Esq^{re}

AND SUNG WITH THE MOST RAPTUROUS APPLAUSE
By

MADAME MALIBRAN

For whom the Music was expressly Composed

By
M. W. BALFE.

Pr 75 Cts.

NEW-YORK.

Published by J. L. Hewitt & Co. N^o 239 Broadway

*Miss E. Donaldson
E. Donaldson*

OH SHALL WE GO A SAILING

The Poem by W. H. Bellamy Esq.

The Music by M. W. Balfe

ALLEGRETTO
MODERATO.

p *dolce.*

f *pp* *pp*

Shall we go a Sail-ing? a Sailing? a Sailing? The winds breathe soft o'er the

slumb'ring main, Leaving the rest at the banquet re-ga-ling,

Long 'ere 'tis en - ded we'll scud back a - gain The fays of the forest will

cres *f* *p*

joy - fully lend us, An a - - corns emp or a fil - berts shell;

pp

And with rose-leaf sails and Sylphs to at - tend us, Oh shall we not skim the

Cres

wave passing well Oh shall we not skim the wave passing well? Oh

rallent. *a poco* *a*

f *rallent.* *a poco* *a*

poco. ad lib. tempo 1^{mo}

shall we not skim the wave passing well? Oh shall we go a Sailing? a

poco. colla parte. tempo 1^{mo}

Sailing, a Sailing? The winds breathe soft o'er the slumb'ring main

Leaving the rest at the banquet re-ga-ling, Long'ere'tis ended we'll

scud back again

deeres P

What though the Sun has set! still never fear thee; Safe shall we sail ere the

night falls, now; We shall have light enough, trembler, to cheer thee, For

I've got a Glow-worm to burn at the bow.. For I've got a Glow-worm to

burn at the bow, For I've got a Glow-worm to burn at the bow. Oh

tempo

shall we go a Sail - ing? a Sail - ing, a Sail - - ing? The

tempo

winds breathe soft o'er the slumb'ring main; Leaving the rest at the

banquet re_ga - ling, Long ere'tis en_ded we'll scud back again.

deces.

ff

Let's go and climb where the coral is growing, Or gather the Amber that's

strew'd on the strand, And long 'ere the Sea o'er the rocks can be flowing

We shall get back to our own Fairy land. We shall get back

We shall get back, We shall get back to our own Fairy land. Oh

p

cres

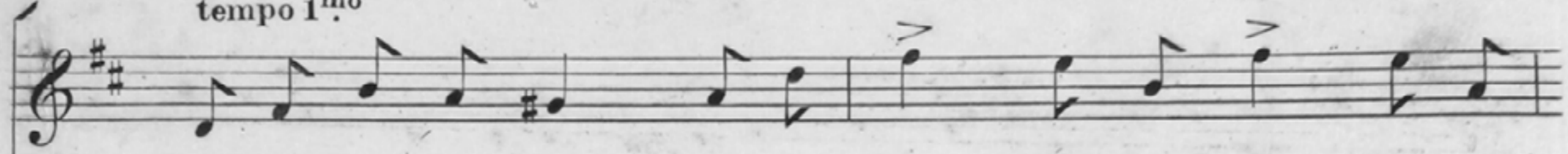
rallent a

f

pp colla parte

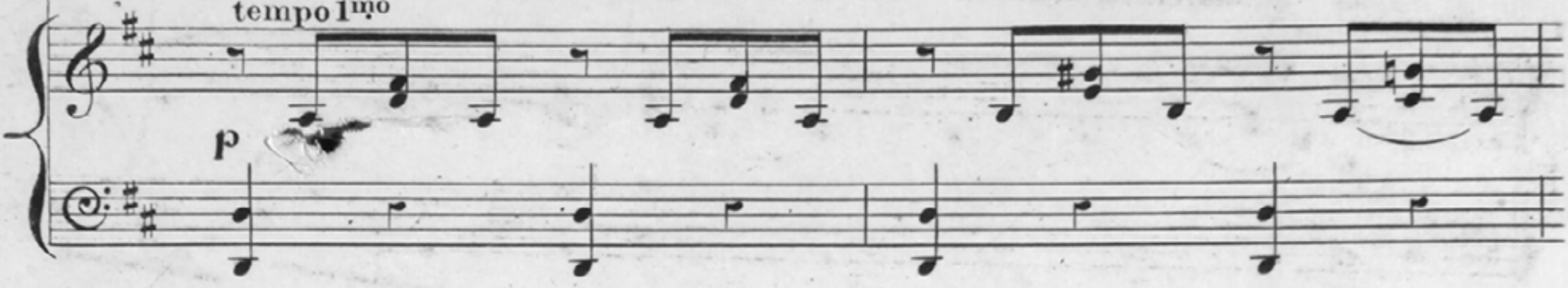
poco a poco ad lib

tempo 1^{mo}

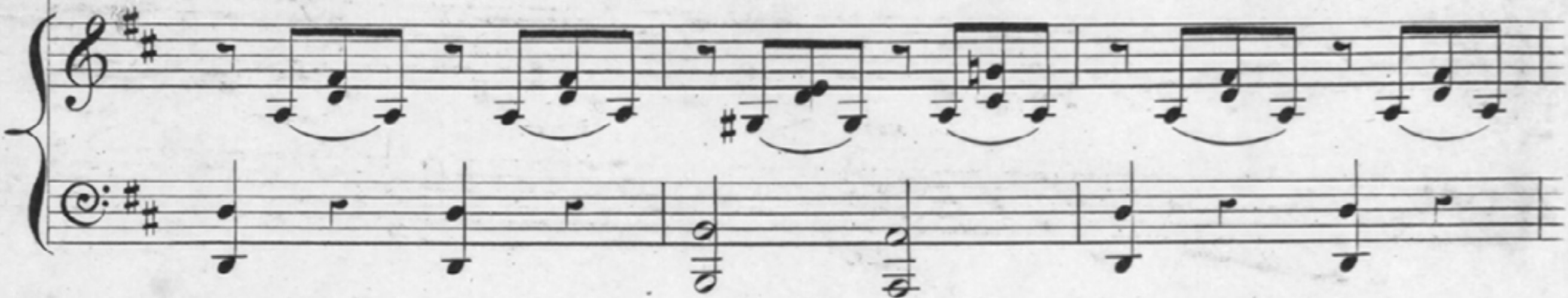
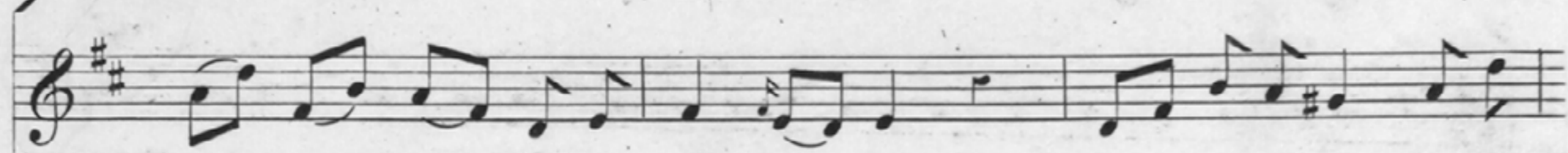


shall we go a Sail - - ing? a Sail - - ing, a Sail - - ing? The

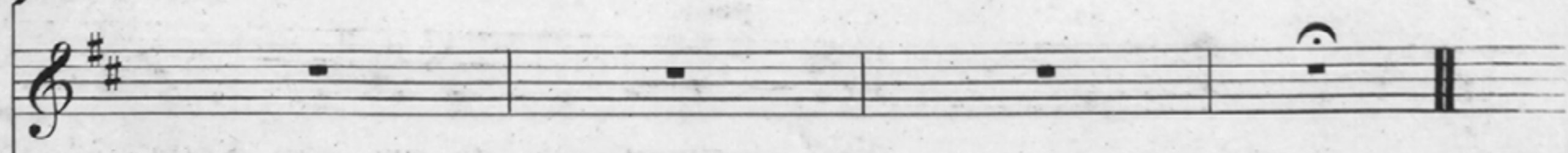
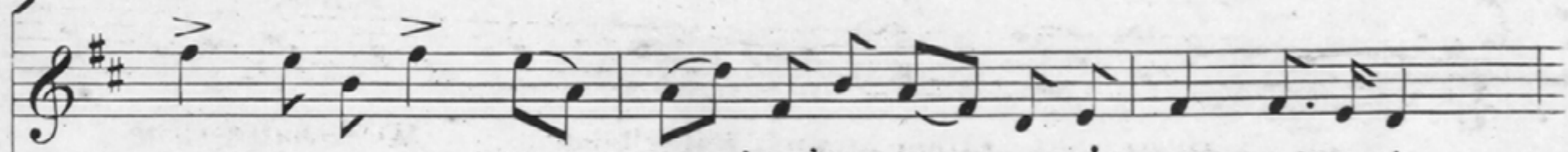
tempo 1^{mo}



winds breathe soft o'er the slumb'ring main; Leaving the rest at the



banquet re-ga - ling, Long'ere 'tis en - ded we'll scud back again.



decres.

cres..

ff

