

GRACE DARLING.



A BALLAD

Written and Composed by

GEORGE LINDLEY

Pr. 50 cts

The heroic conduct of Grace Horsley Darling, who with her Father rescued nine Persons from the wreck of the Forfarshire Steamer, has furnished the subject of this Ballad.

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VOICE.

SLOWLY WITH EXPRESSION

The first system of music features a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line begins with a treble clef, a 3/4 time signature, and a key signature of one flat. The piano accompaniment also uses a treble clef for the right hand and a bass clef for the left hand, with a 3/4 time signature and one flat. The piano part includes a dynamic marking of *mf* and a hairpin crescendo leading to a *mfz* marking.

Oh! Father lov'd, the Storm is ra - - ging, And cold and heavy the night mist

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a single staff with lyrics underneath. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The lyrics are: "Oh! Father lov'd, the Storm is ra - - ging, And cold and heavy the night mist".

falls; Some hap - - less Crew, a prey to dan - - - ger, For help, for

The third system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a single staff with lyrics underneath. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The lyrics are: "falls; Some hap - - less Crew, a prey to dan - - - ger, For help, for".

help despairing calls. Trim, trim the Lamp, the Boat launch quick - - ly, Tho' danger

threaten, the worst we'll brave: The toil I heed not, if we can

piu lento. res - - - cue The Ship wreck'd Wand - - - 'rers from the Grave. *a tempo.* Oh! Father

lov'd the Storm is rag - - - ing, And cold and hea - - vy the night mist

falls; The Boat launch quick - - - ly, the Boat launch quick - - - ly, Some hap - less

Crew for help now calls.

2

My gentle Child! 'twere worse than madness,
 To tempt the Billow this fearful Night;
 Again to Sleep, to rest betake thee,
 Await, await, the Morning's Light."
 I cannot sleep, their shrieks appal me,
 Oh! Father, heard ye that piercing cry?
 Arise ye, hasten, the day is breaking,
 Look out, look out, a wreck I spy.
 Oh! Father lov'd I fear no danger,
 With you I will boldly breast the Wave,
 The boat launch quickly the boat launch quickly
 Yon hapless Crew we yet May Save.

3

The boat is launch'd thro' breakers roaring,
 Like to some wild bird, the frail Skiff flew
 That Gentle Girl, with love unshaken
 Has saved from Death that hapless Crew;
 The danger past, her heart beats lightly,
 Her silent transport no pride betrays,
 Tho' grateful tears are round her falling,
 And hearts are throbbing to her praise.
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 Her silent transport no pride betrays,
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