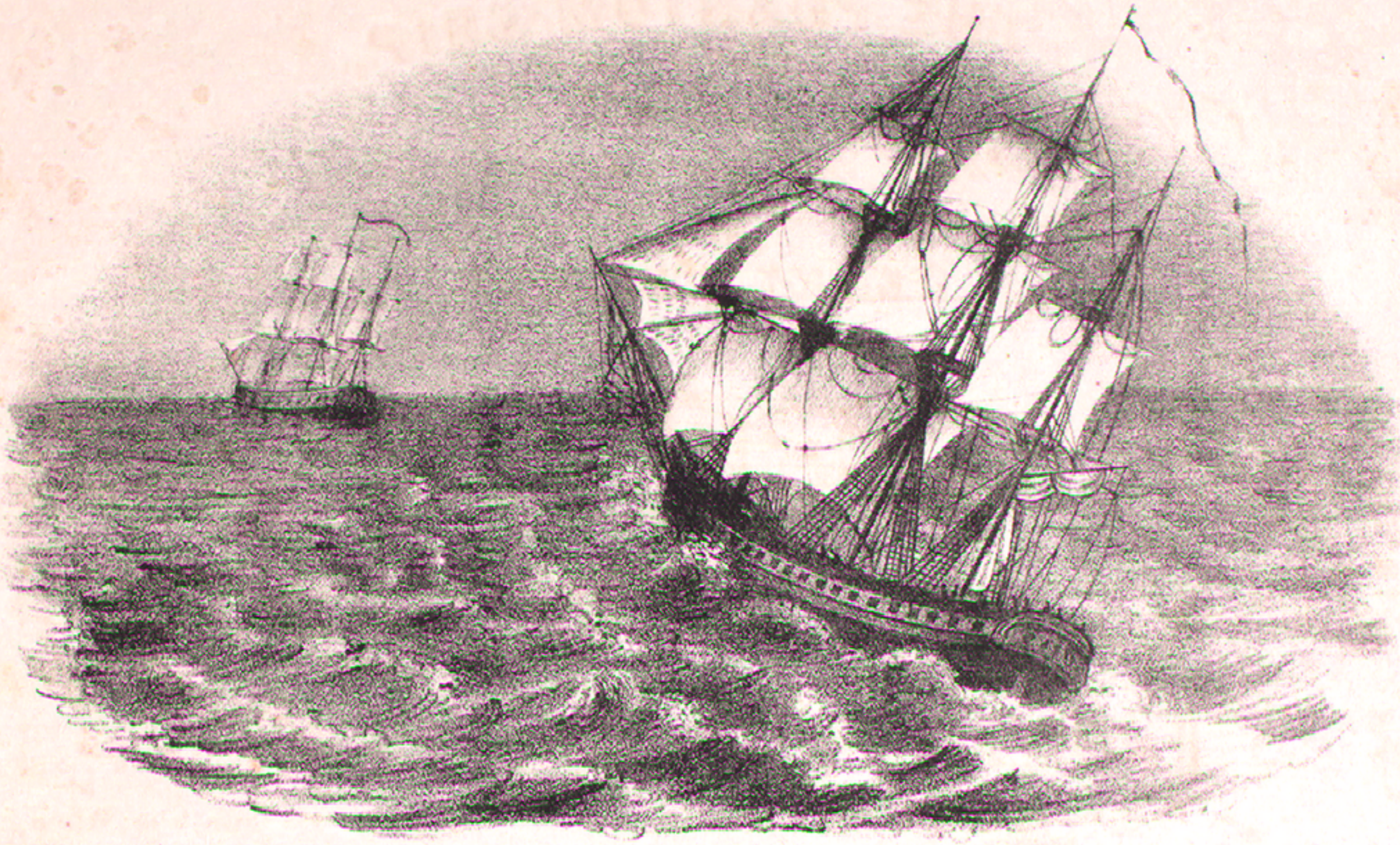

The Phantom Ship

from

Legendary Ballads

BY

THOMAS MOORE

Arranged for one or three Voices

by

HENRY. R. BISHOP.

Price 50 cts

NEW YORK,

Published by FIRTH & HALL, 1, Franklin-St.

THE PHANTOM SHIP,

Arranged for one, or three Voices.

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HENRY R. BISHOP.

New York Firth & Hall 1 Franklin Sq.r

SPIRITOSO.

dol:

'Twas midnight dark, The seaman's bark Swift o'er the waters bore him, When,

through the night, He spied a light Shoot o'er the wave be...fore him. "A

sail!.. a sail!" he cries.....She comes from the In-dian shore; And to

dol:

night shall be our prize, With her freight of golden ore." Sail on, sail on, When

soave.

morning shone, He saw the gold still clearer, But, tho' so fast The waves he pass'd, That

boat seem'd never the near...er.

2

Bright daylight came, and still the same
Rich bark before him floated,
While on the prize his wishful eyes
Like any young lover's doated.
"More sail!—more sail!" he cries,
While the wave o'er-tops the mast,
And his bounding galley flies,
Like an arrow before the blast.
Thus on and on, till day was gone,
And the moon thro' heav'n did hie her,
He swept the main but all in vain,
That boat seem'd never the nigher.

3

And many a day to night gave way,
And many a morn succeeded;
While still his flight thro' day and night
That restless mariner speeded.
Who knows—who knows what seas
He is now careering o'er,
Behind, the eternal breeze,
And that mocking bark before!
For, oh! till sky and earth shall die,
And their death leave none to rue it,
That boat must flee o'er the boundless sea,
And that ship in vain pursue it.

1st Voice. 'Twas midnight dark, The seaman's bark Swift o'er the waters bore him, When,

2d Voice. 'Twas midnight dark, The seaman's bark Swift o'er the waters bore him, When,

Bass. 'Twas midnight dark, The seaman's bark Swift o'er the waters bore him

Piano Forte.

through the night, He spied a light Shoot o'er the wave be_fore him. "A sail! _ a sail!" he

through the night, He spied a light Shoot o'er the wave be_fore him. "A sail! _ a sail!" he

He spied a light Shoot o'er the wave be_fore him. a sail!" he

cries, ... She comes from the Indian shore; And to night shall be our

cries, he cries, She comes from the Indian shore; And to night shall be our

cries, he cries, She comes from the Indian shore; And to night And to night shall be our

dolce.

prize, ... With her freigt of gol - den ore." Sail on, sail on When

prize, . . . With her freigt of gol - den ore." on sail on When

prize, ... With her freigt of gol - den ore." Sail . . . . . .

Soave.

morn - - ing shone He saw the gold still clear - - er, But, tho' so fast The

morn - - ing shone He saw the gold still clear - - er, But, tho' so fast The

on, sail on, He saw the gold still clear - - er, tho so

waves he pass'd, That boat seem'd never the near - - - er.

waves he pass'd, That boat seem'd nev - er near - - - er.

fast he pass'd, That boat seem'd nev - er near - - - er.

mf dim: *pp*