



The Phantom Ship

from

Legendary Ballads.

BY

T H O M A S M O O R E

Arranged for one or three Voices,

by

HENRY, R. BISHOP.

Price 50^{cts}

New York Published by E. RILEY, 29 Chatham St.

Lith. Russo & Browne.

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3

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SPRITOSO.

The piano introduction is written in 6/8 time and consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The piece begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and concludes with a *dol:* (dolce) marking.

'Twas midnight dark, The seaman's bark Swift o'er the wa - ters 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 Indian shore; And to

4

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

dol:

soave.

morning shone, He saw the gold still clear-er, 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 wa - ters bore him, When,

2^d Voice.

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

Bass.

'Twas midnight dark, The seaman's bark Swift o'er the wa - ters 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

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