The Phantom Ship
from
Legendary Ballads
by
THOMAS MOORE
Arranged for one or three Voices
by
HENRY, R, BISHOP.
Price 30 clp

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"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 Indian shore; And to
night shall be our prize, With her freight of golden ore.
Sail on, sail on, When morning shone, He saw the gold still clearer, But, tho' so fast the waves he passed, That boat seemed never the nearer.

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 seemed never the higher.

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.

(Phantom Ship.4)
1st Voice.
"Twas midnight dark, The seaman's bark Swift o'er the waters bore him, When,

2nd 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.

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(Phantom Ship., 4.)
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Sail ............

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fast he pass'd, That boat seem'd never nearer.

(Phantom Ship 4.)