

183-

THE SEA,



A SEA SONG.

AS SUNG BY

MIS C. CUSHMAN.

POETRY BY

BARRY CORNWALL.

The Music

CHEVALIER S. NEUKOMM.

Pr. 50 Cts.

THE SEA THE SEA,
— A —
FAVORITE BALLAD,
the Poetry by

BARRY CORNWALL,

— Composed and Arranged —

— by —

SIGISMOND NEWKOMM.

Allegro

The musical score is arranged in four systems, each with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The first system begins with the tempo marking 'Allegro' and a dynamic marking 'f'. The second system continues the piece with a 'f' dynamic. The third system features a 'sf' dynamic and includes a section marked 'Boatswains whistle' with a dotted line above the staff and 'sva' below it. The fourth system concludes the piece with a 'f' dynamic. The music is in 2/4 time and features a variety of rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests.

The sea, the sea, the o...pen sea, The blue the fresh the ever free, the

p *f* *p* *f* *p* *f* *p*

ever ev. er free Without a mark without a

f *fp*

bound it runneth the earth's wide regions round. It plays with the clouds, it mocks the

f *p*

skies, Or like a cradled crea. Or like a cradled creature lies.

tr *tr* *f*

I'm on the sea, I'm on the sea, I

f *sf* *sf* *f* *f*

am where I would ever be, with the blue above & the blue below, And silence whereso . . e'er I go, If a

storm should come, and a . . wake the deep, What matter, what matter;

I shall ride & sleep, what matter, what matter, I shall ride & sleep.

I love, O how I love to ride, On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide, When every mad wave drowns the moon, Or whistles aloft his tempest tune; And tells how he goeth the world below, And why the sou-west blast doth blow; I never was on the dull tame shore, But I lov'd the great sea, more and more, And backwards flew to her billowy breast, Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest; And a mother she was, and is to me, For I was born on the open sea.

2

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3

The waves were white and red the morn,
 In the noisy hour when I was born,
 And the whale it whistled, the porpoise roll'd,
 And the dolphins bar'd their backs of gold;
 And never was heard such an outcry wild,
 As welcom'd to life the ocean child;
 I have liv'd since then in calm and strife,
 Full fifty summers a rovers life,
 With wealth to spend and a pow'r to range,
 But never have sought, or sigh'd for change;
 And death whenever he comes to me,
 Shall come on the wide unbounding sea.