

THE STEERSMAN'S SONG.

Written aboard the Boston Frigate by T. MOORE Esq^r

Composed by M^r C. Gilfert.

PHILADELPHIA. Published by G. E. BLAKE N^o 1 South 3^d Street. (pr. 25 cents)

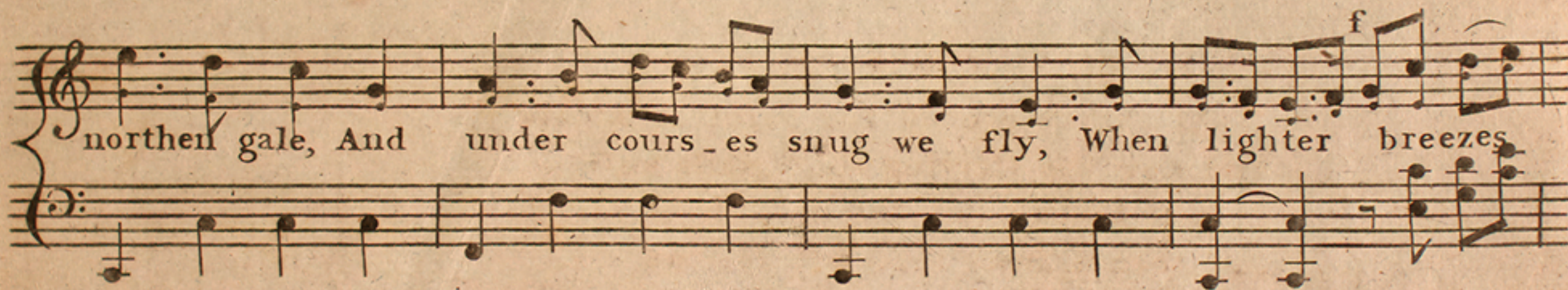
Lively.



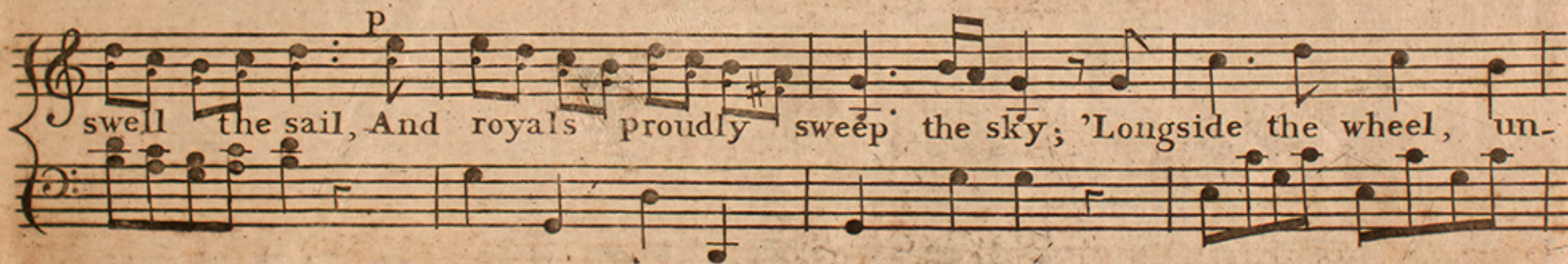
Musical notation for the first system, including treble and bass staves with notes and dynamics like p and ff.



When fresh-ly blows the



northern gale, And under cours-es snug we fly, When lighter breezes



swell the sail, And royals proudly sweep the sky; 'Longside the wheel, un-



wearied still I stand, and as my watchful eye Doth mark the needle's

faithful thrill I, think of her I love, and cry Port, my boy!

port. p

When calms delay, or breezes blow
 Right from the point we wish to steer;
 When by the wind close-haul'd we go,
 And strive in vain the port to near;
 I think 'tis thus the fates defer
 My bliss with one that's far away,
 And, while remembrance springs to her,
 I watch the sails, and, sighing, say,
 Thus, my boy! thus.

But see, the wind draws kindly aft,
 All hands are up, the yards to square,
 And now the floating stu'n-sails waft
 Our stately ship through waves and air.
 Oh! then I think that yet for me
 Some breeze of fortune thus may spring,
 Some breeze may waft me, love, to thee!
 And in that hope I smiling sing,
 Steady, boy! so.

Flute.

p f p f ff