THE SEA.

A Song

Sung by

Mr. PHILLIPS,

at the Public Concerts, &c.

The Poetry by

BARRY CORNWALL ESQr.

The Music

Composed & Dedicated to his Friend

CAPTAIN GOSLING, R.N.

BY

THE CHEVALIER SIGISMOND NEUKOMM.

Entr. at Sta. Hall *Price 3/-*

London, Published by Cramer, Addison & Beale, 201, Regent Street.

of whom may be had by the same Author:

"King Death!"
"David's lament for Absalom."
"Midnight Rhymes."

"The Storm."
"Sleep on. Sleep on."
"Wine."

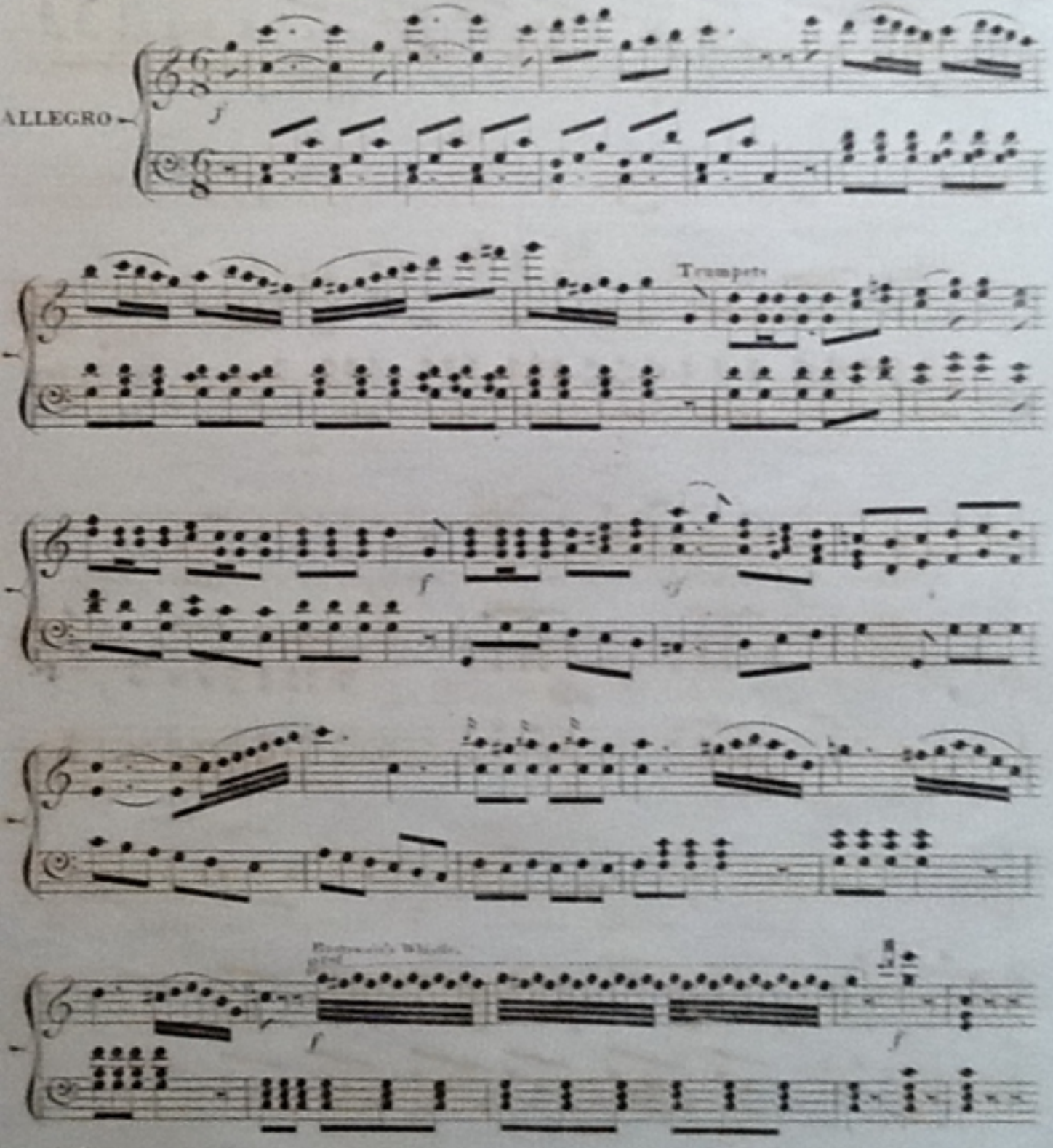
and

"Napoleon's Midnight Review."

THE SEA.

The Poetry by
Barry Cornwall Esq.*

The Music by
The Chevalier Neukomm.



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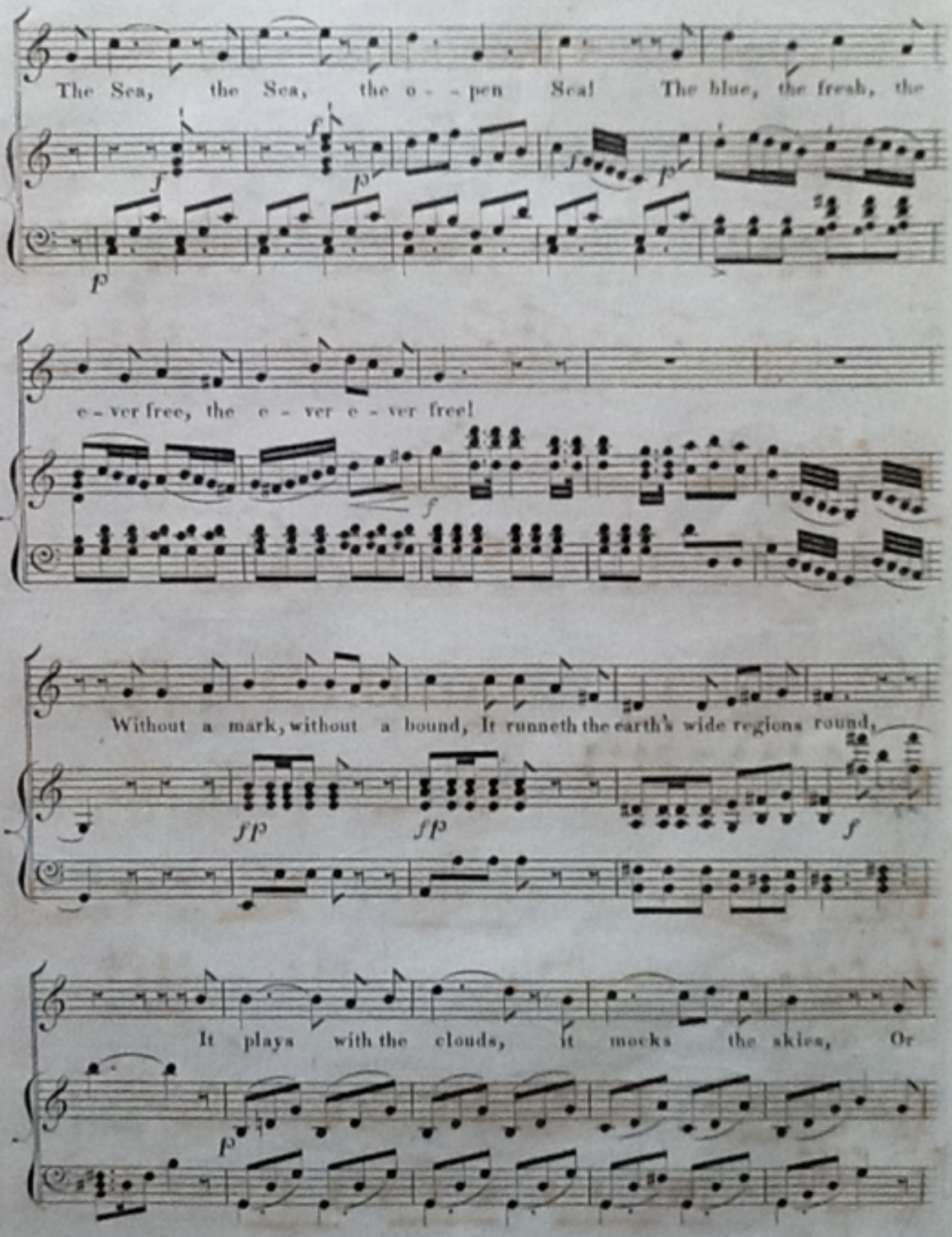
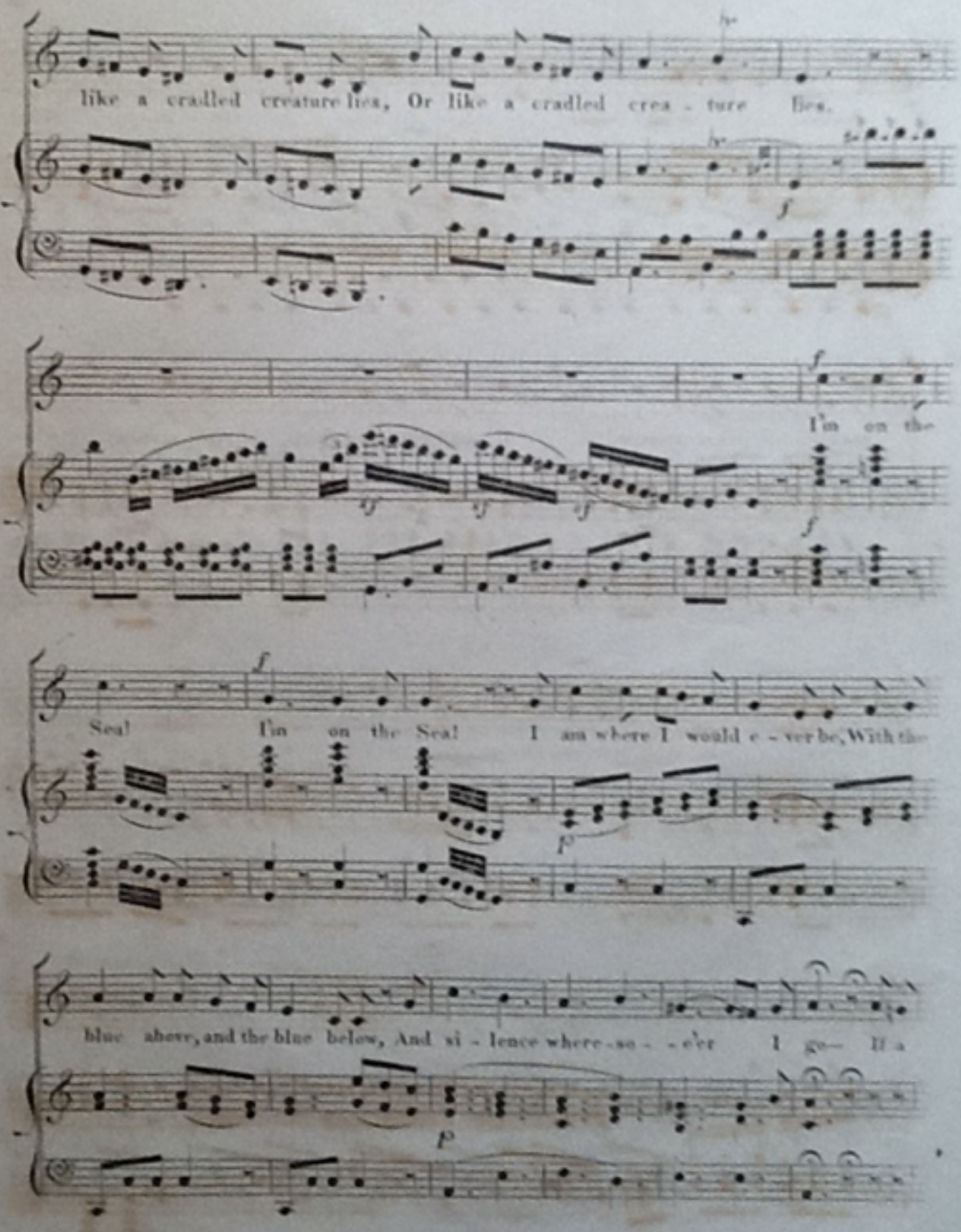
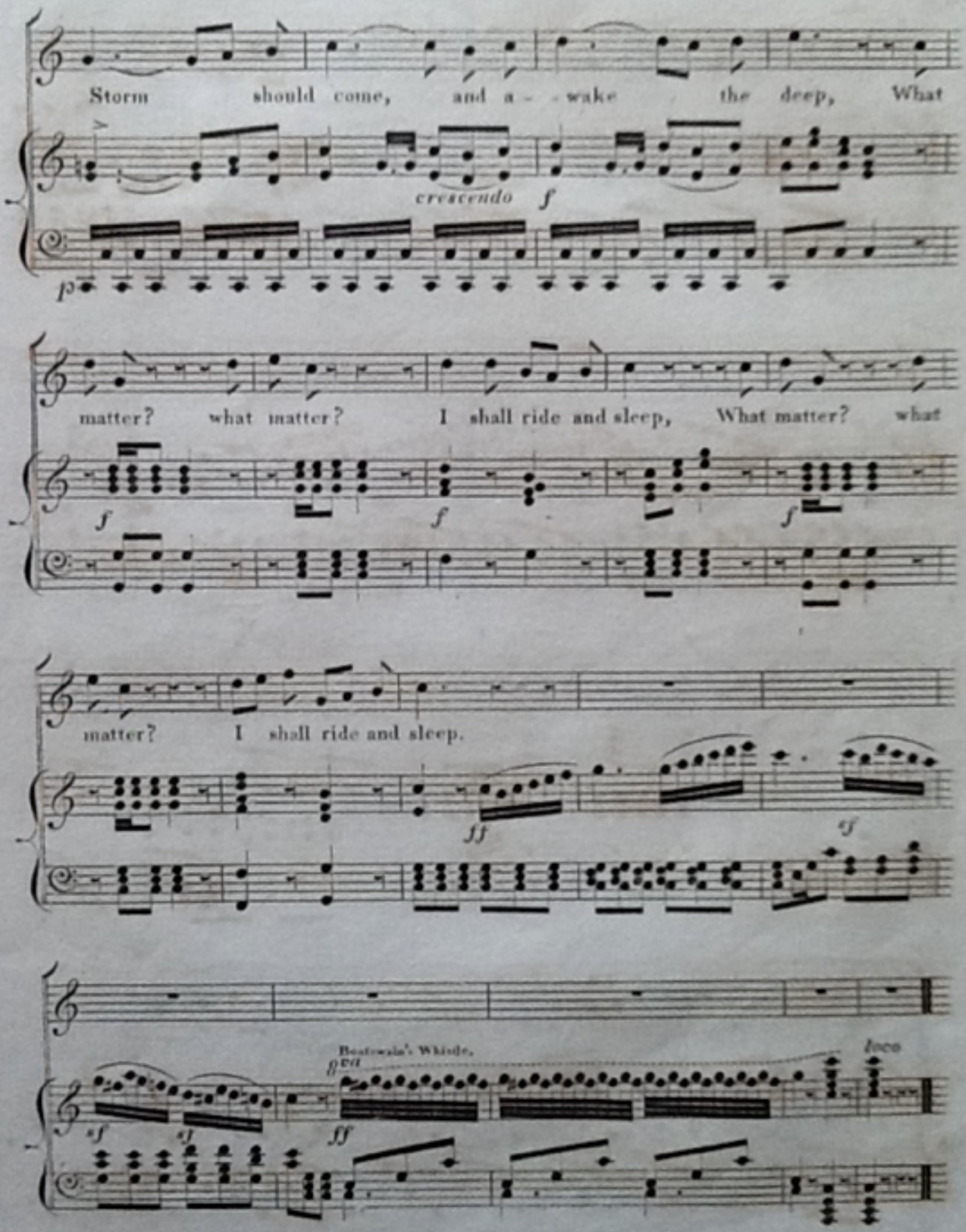
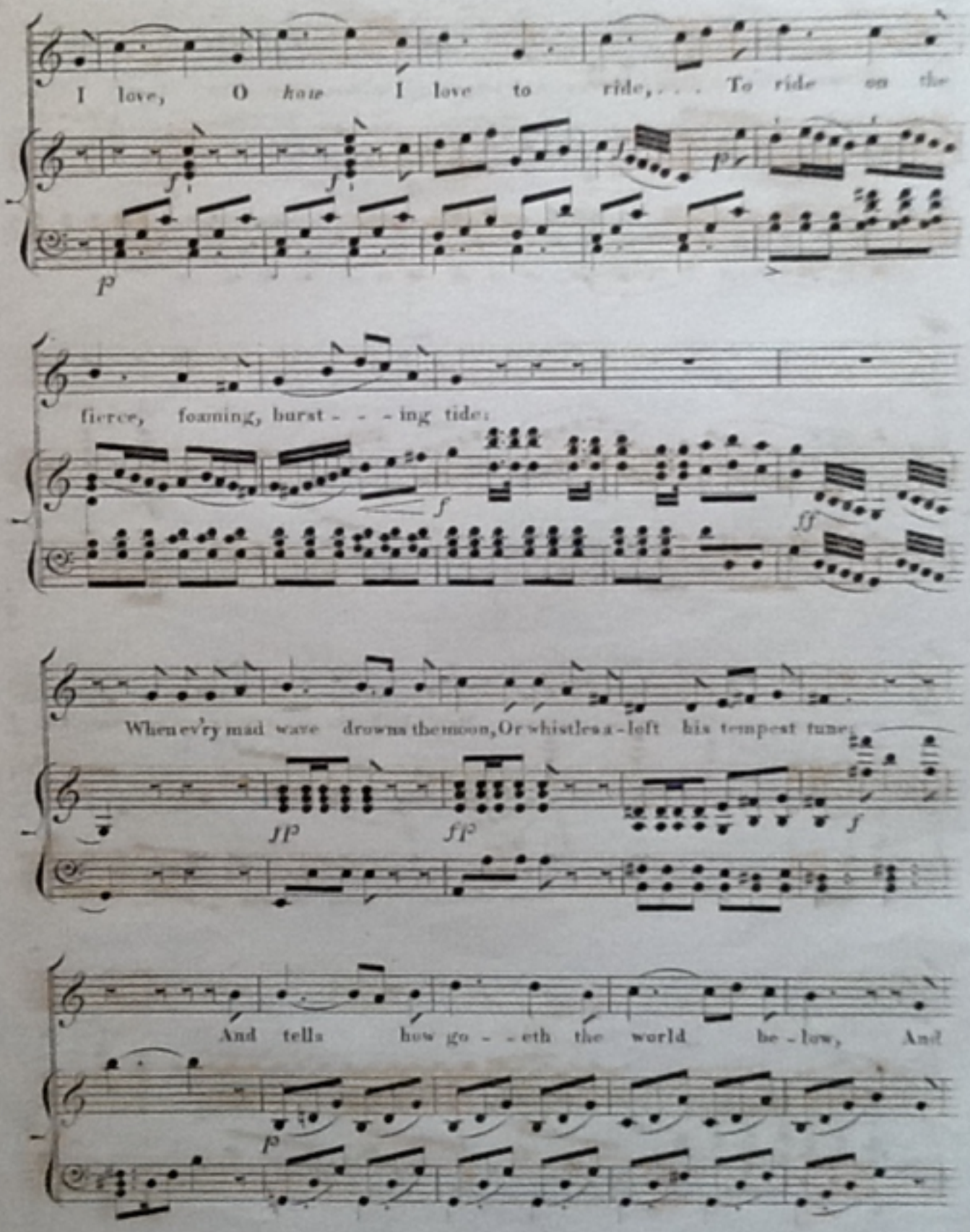
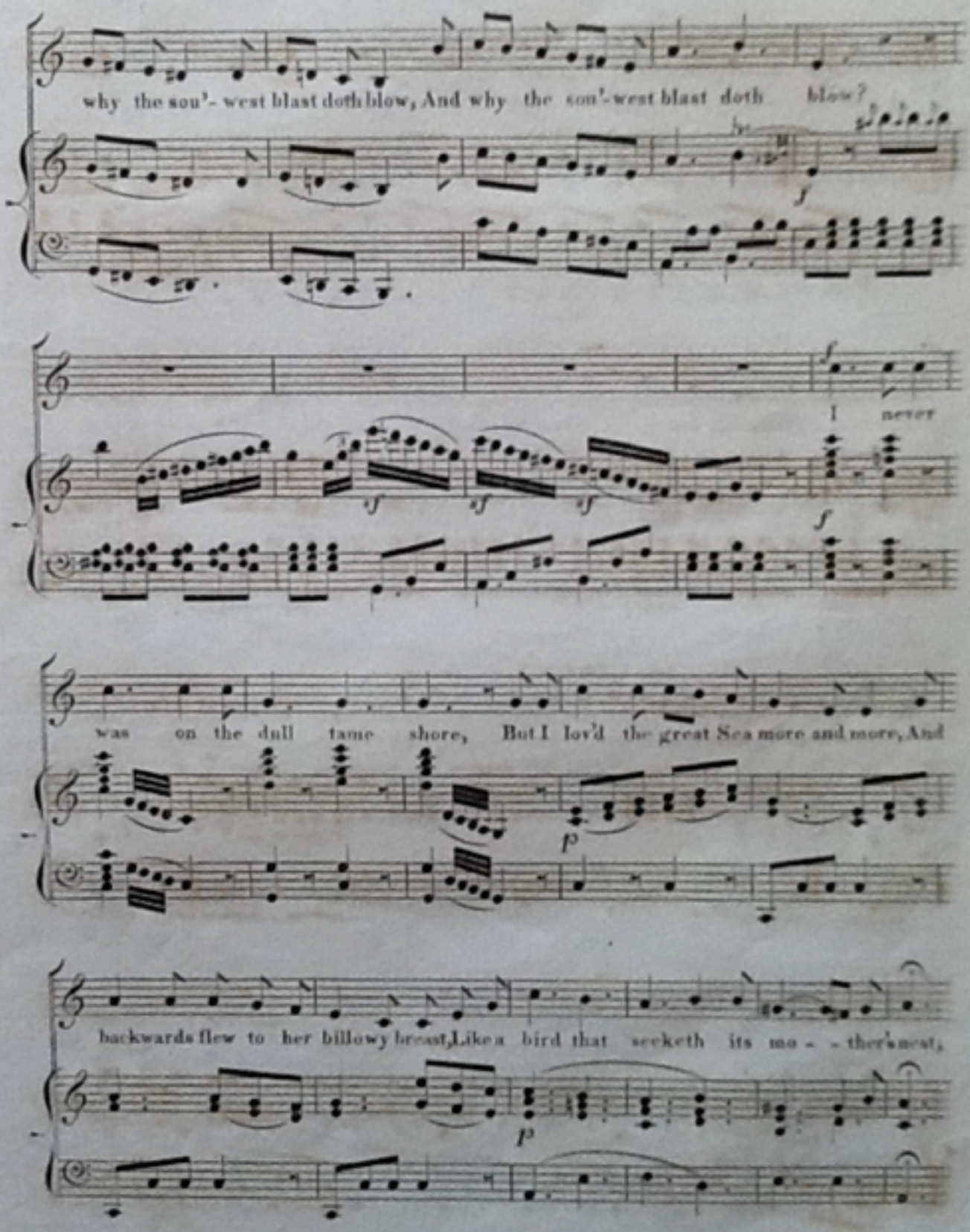
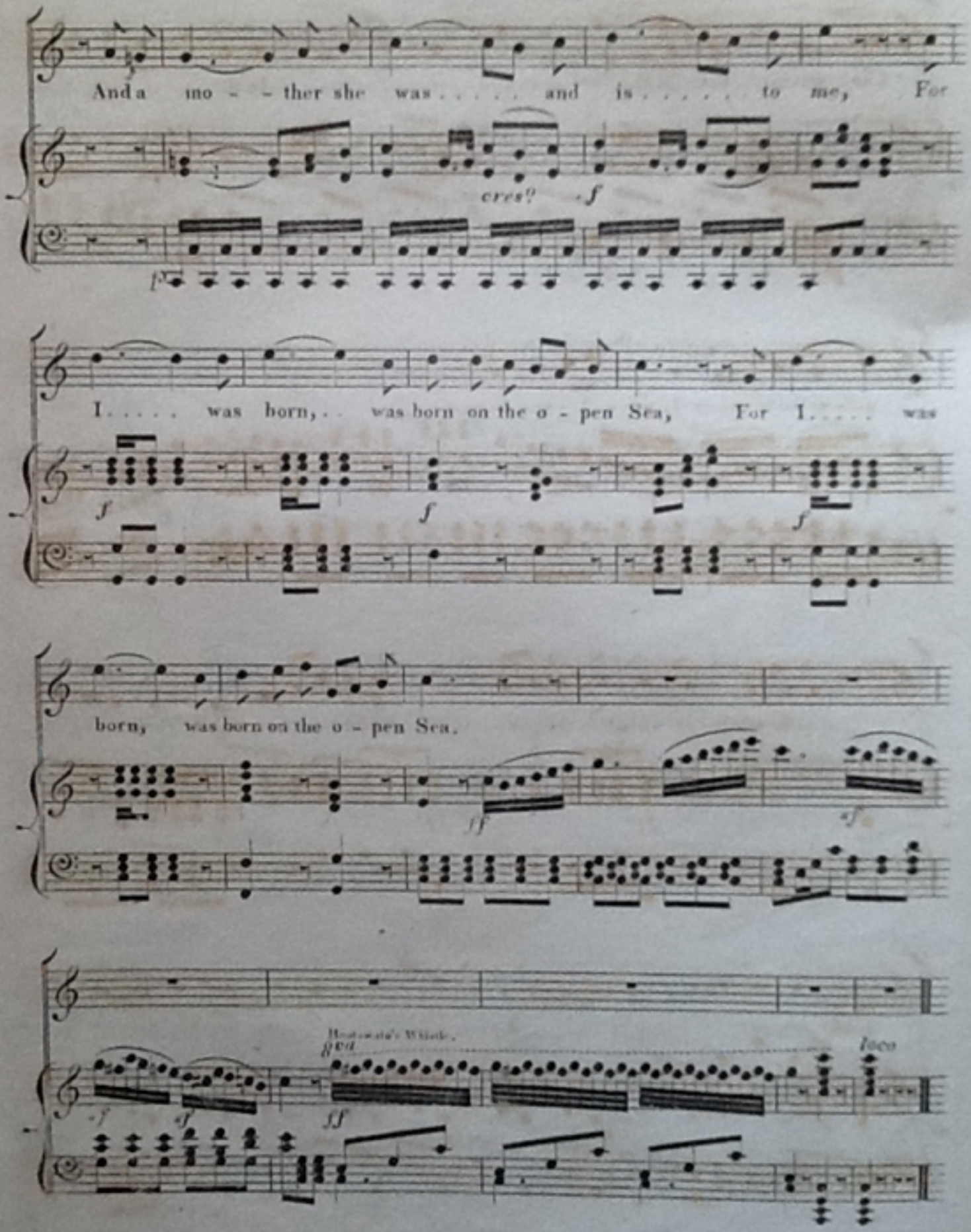

The Sea, the Sea, the o - - pen Sea! The blue, the fresh, the
e - ver free, the e - ver e - ver free!
Without a mark, without a bound, It runneth the earth's wide regions round,
It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies, Or


like a cradled creature lies, Or like a cradled crea - ture lies.
I'm on the
Sea! I'm on the Sea! I am where I would e - ver be, With the
blue above, and the blue below, And si - lence where-so - - e'er I go— If a

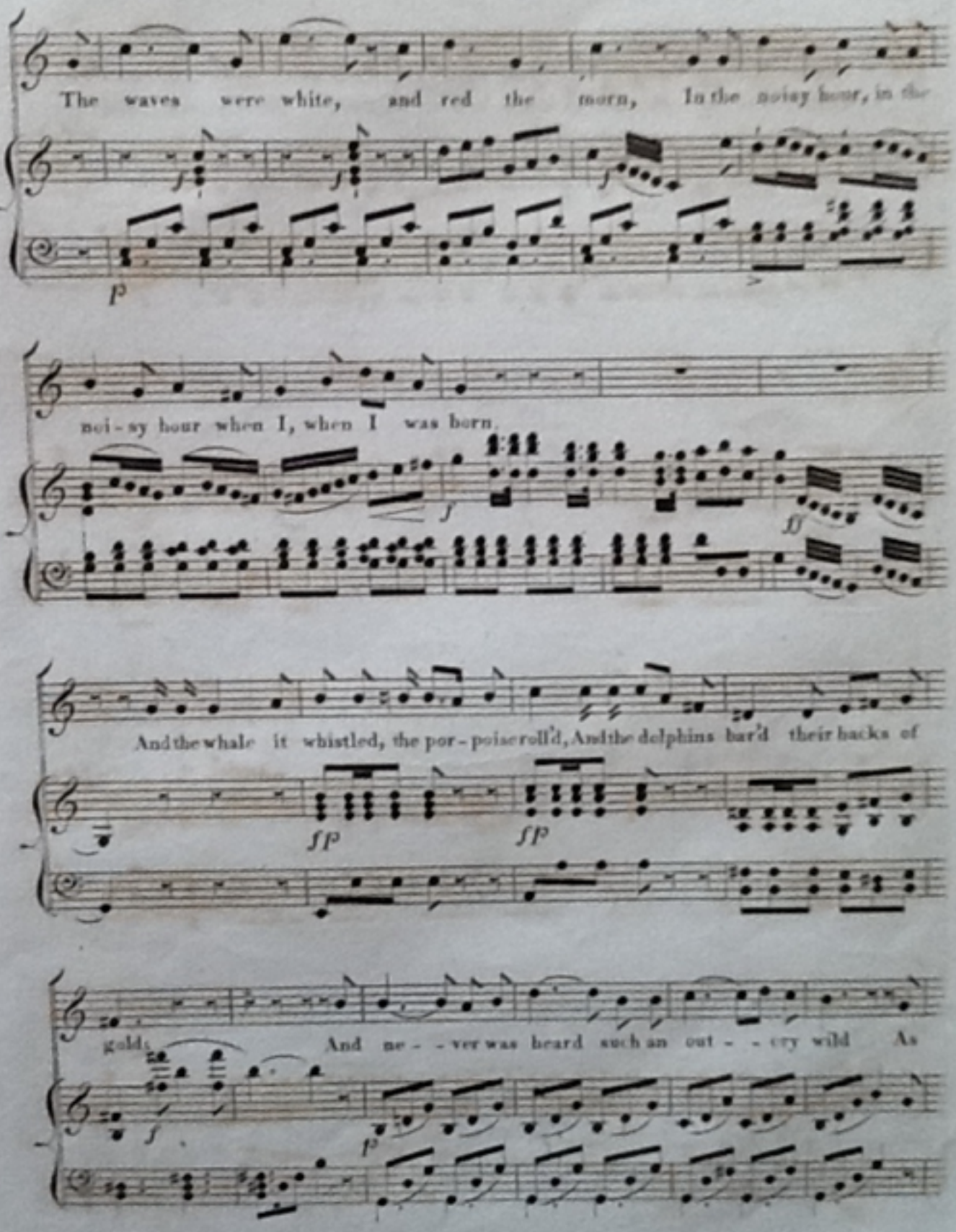

Storm should come, and a - - wake the deep, What
cresc.
f
p
matter? what matter? I shall ride and sleep, What matter? what
f
f
f
matter? I shall ride and sleep.
ff
sf
Boatswain's Whistle.
8va
loco
sf
sf
ff

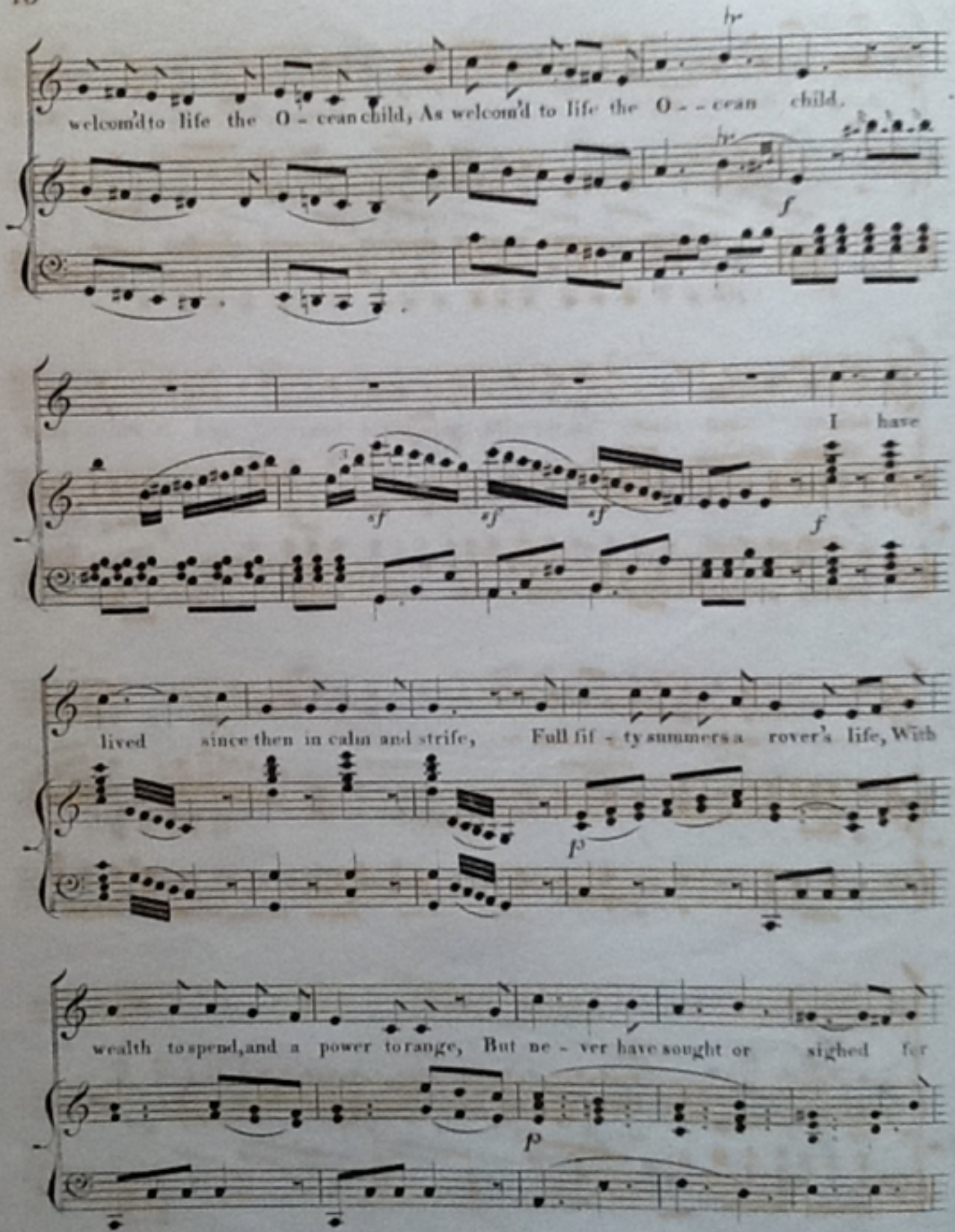

I love, O how I love to ride, . . . To ride on the
fierce, foaming, burst - - - ing tide:
When ev'ry mad wave drowns the moon, Or whistles a - loft his tempest tune;
And tells how go - - eth the world be - low, And

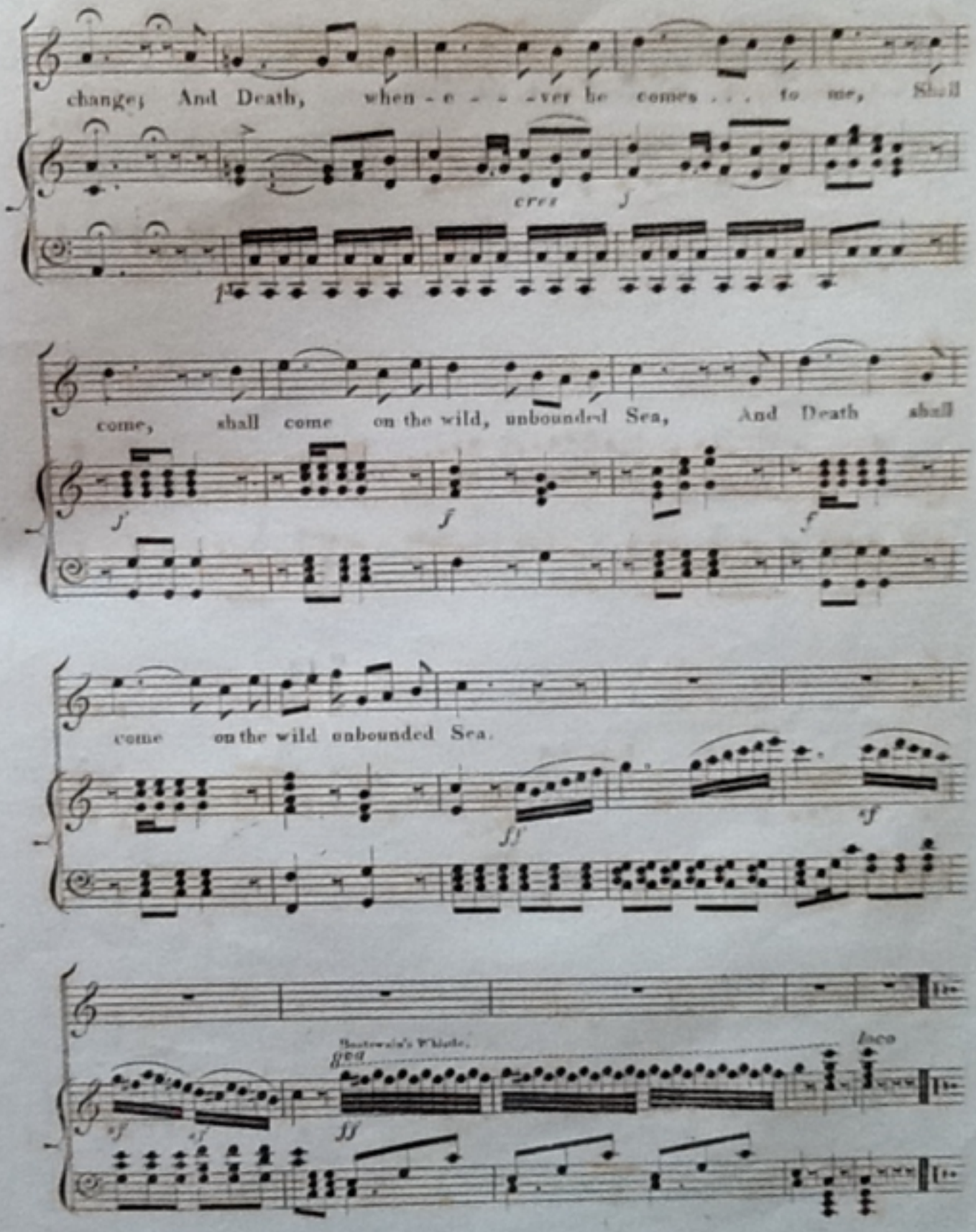

why the sou'- west blast doth blow, And why the sou'-west blast doth blow?
I never
was on the dull tame shore, But I lov'd the great Sea more and more, And
backwards flew to her billowy breast, Like a bird that seeketh its mo - - ther's nest,


And a mo - - ther she was . . . . . and is . . . . . to me, For

I . . . . . was born, . . was born on the o - pen Sea, For I . . . . . was
born, was born on the o - pen Sea.


The waves were white, and red the morn, In the noisy hour, in the
noi-sy hour when I, when I was born.
And the whale it whistled, the por-poise roll'd, And the dolphins bar'd their backs of
gold; And ne- -ver was heard such an out- -cry wild As


welcom'd to life the O - cean child, As welcom'd to life the O - - cean child.
I have
lived since then in calm and strife, Full fif - ty summers a rover's life, With
wealth to spend, and a power to range, But ne - ver have sought or sighed for


change; And Death, when - e - - - ver he comes . . . to me, Shall
cres
come, shall come on the wild, unbounded Sea, And Death shall
come on the wild unbounded Sea.
Boatswain's Whistle.
loco