

DEDICATED TO
M^{RS} A. POWELL.

WHEN THE BOATS COME SAILING IN
Song,

WORDS BY

Mortimer Wheeler. M.A.

Music by

SV. SVEINBJÖRNSSON.

ENT. STA. HALL.

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Songs by the same Author:

UP IN THE NORTH	SOLDIERS DREAM	SOLDIER REST
THE CHALLENGE OF THOR	SONG OF THE COUNTRY	THE FISHERS CALL
THE WINDMILL	MIRANDA	SERENADE
WEE FOLK GOOD FOLK	THE WILLOW SONG	THE VIKINGS GRAVE
HYMN OF PRAISE (PART SONG)		

WHEN THE BOATS COME SAILING IN.

WORDS BY
MORTIMER WHEELER.

MUSIC BY
SV. SVEINBJÖRNSSON.

Allegretto.

Voice.

Piano.

The first system of the score features a piano accompaniment and a vocal line. The piano part is written in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of two sharps (D major) and a common time signature. It includes dynamic markings of *mf* and *p*, and a fermata with the number 8 above it. The vocal line is in a single treble clef with a common time signature.

The second system continues the piano accompaniment and vocal line. The piano part includes a *mf* dynamic marking. The vocal line has the lyrics: "A cry on the heights and a cry in the town, And a".

The third system continues the piano accompaniment and vocal line. The piano part includes a *mf* dynamic marking. The vocal line has the lyrics: "hur-ry of rac-ing feet, And a laugh-ter and sing-ing the whole way down The".

Ped.

*

steep of the wind-ing street. The doors are swung and the windows flung, The

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

gray gulls scream at the din. For it's O to stand on the

rit. *p* *a tempo.*
rit. *p* *a tempo.*
Ped. *

gol - - den sand, When the boats come sail - - ing in, When the

ten. *Cres:*
ten. *Cres:*

boats come sail - - ing in.

Ped. *

A gleam of white and a glow of brown

mf

ten. Far o-ver the line of sea, Full well they know that the eager town Looks

Cres.

Cres.

rit: f out where the boats run free, *mf a tempo.* And what is the freight, And

rit: f *mf a tempo.*

Ped. *

steer they not straight, And which is the boat to win? For it's

p

Then the boats come sailing in.

Cres:

O to stand on the gol - den sand, When the boats come sail - - - ing

Cres:

f

in, When the boats come sail - ing in.....

f

Ped. *

mp *poco meno mosso.*

The day ebbs out, and the

mp

rit: *f tempo 1*

sails are black on the gold of the ev - - - ning glow. But it's

rit: *f tempo 1*

laugh - ter and song, for the men come back, With a fair wind laugh - ing

low. And the torches gleam, and the shadows stream, And merrier grows the

din... For it's O to stand on the golden sand, When the boats come sail - - ing

in, When the boats come sail - ing in, sail - - ing in . . .