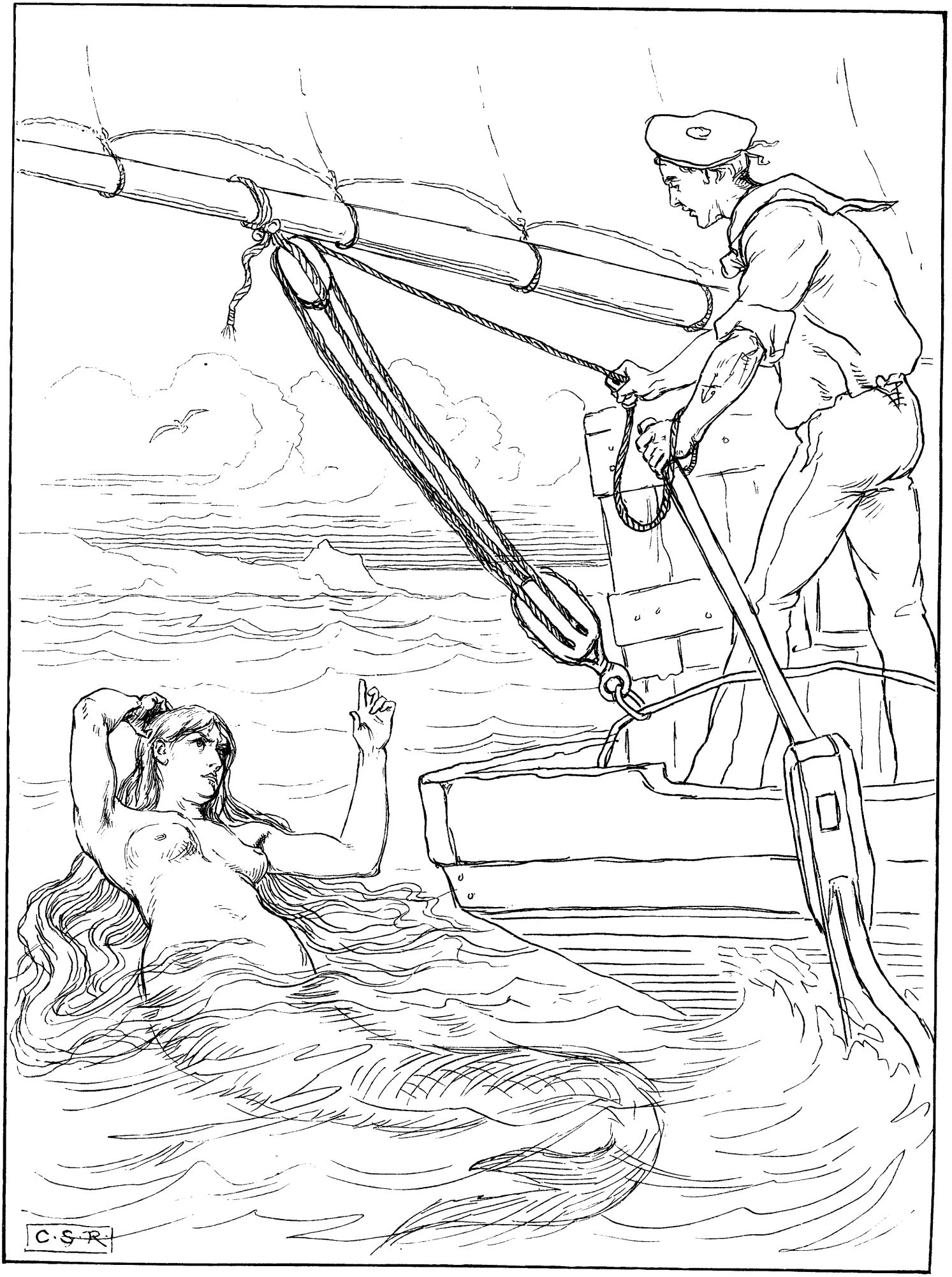

C·S·R

The Sailor-Boy.

THE SAILOR-BOY.

He rose at dawn, and, fired with hope,
Shot o'er the seething harbor-bar,
And reach'd the ship and caught the rope,
And whistled to the morning-star.

And while he whistled long and loud
He heard a fierce mermaiden cry,
"O boy, though thou art young and proud,
I see the place where thou wilt lie.

"The sands and yeasty surges mix
In caves about the dreary bay,
And on thy ribs the limpet sticks,
And in thy heart the scrawl shall play."

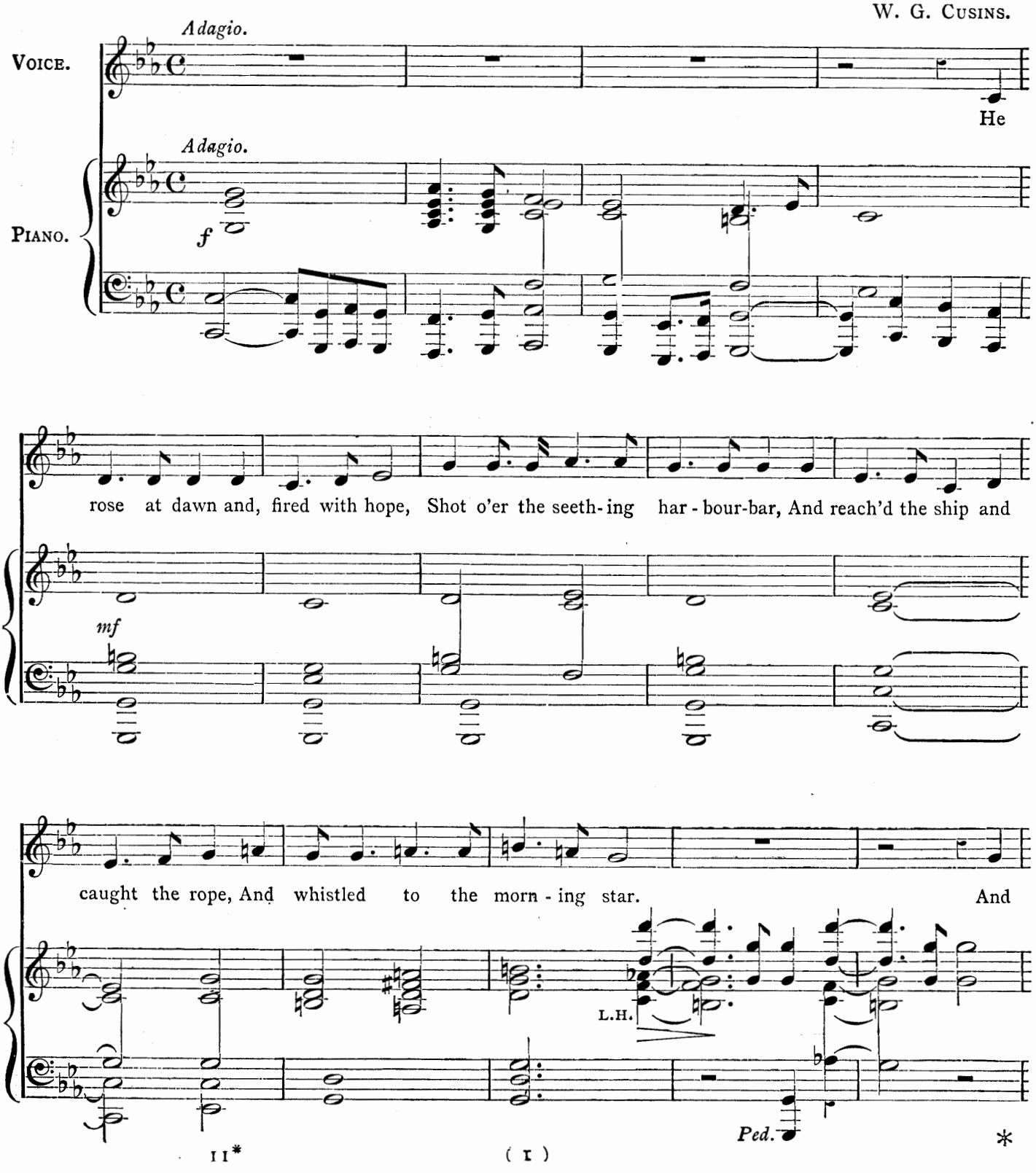
"Fool," he answer'd, "death is sure
To those that stay and those that roam;
But I will nevermore endure
To sit with empty hands at home.

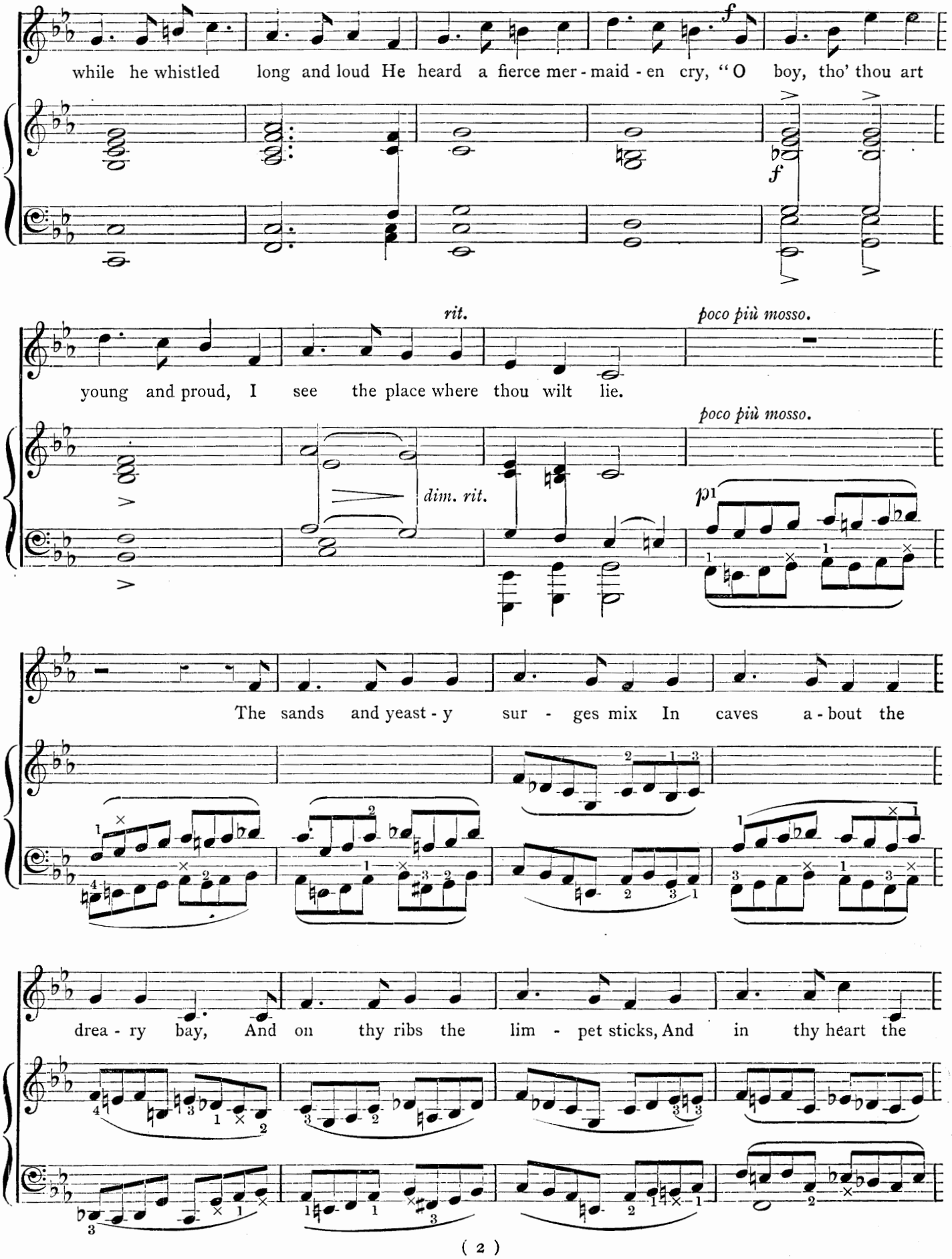
"My mother clings about my neck,
My sisters crying, 'Stay, for shame!'
My father raves of death and wreck:
They are all to blame, they are all to blame.

"God help me! save I take my part
Of danger on the roaring sea,
A devil rises in my heart,
Far worse than any death to me."

THE SAILOR BOY.

W. G. CUSINS.




while he whistled long and loud He heard a fierce mer - maid - en cry, "O boy, tho' thou art
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poco più mosso.
young and proud, I see the place where thou wilt lie.
poco più mosso.
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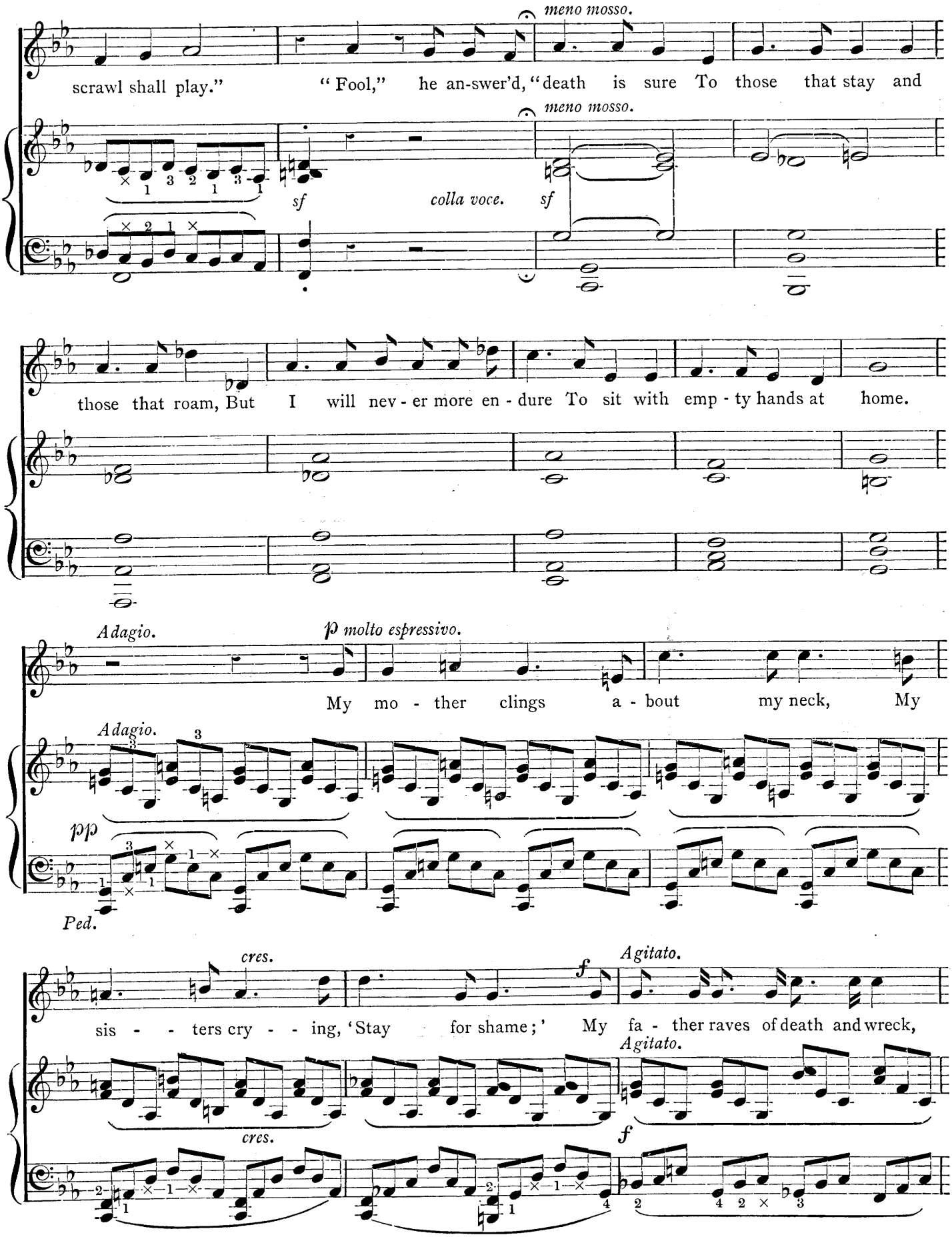
The sands and yeast - y sur - ges mix In caves a - bout the
drea - ry bay, And on thy ribs the lim - pet sticks, And in thy heart the


meno mosso.
scrawl shall play." "Fool," he an-swer'd, "death is sure To those that stay and
meno mosso.
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colla voce.
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those that roam, But I will nev - er more en - dure To sit with emp - ty hands at home.
Adagio.
p molto espressivo.
My mo - ther clings a - bout my neck, My
Adagio.
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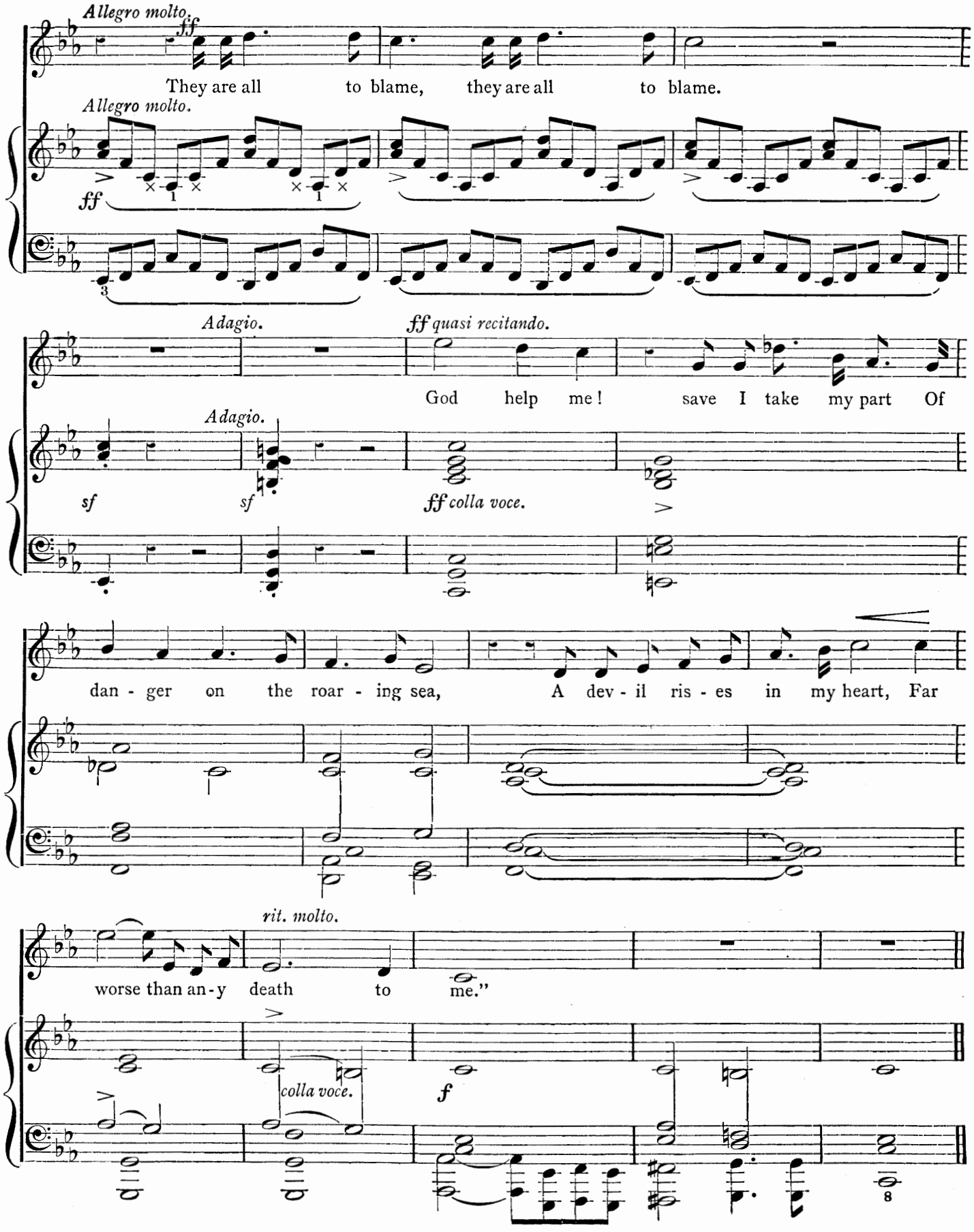
Allegro molto.
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They are all to blame, they are all to blame.
Allegro molto.
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Adagio.
ff quasi recitando.
God help me! save I take my part Of
Adagio.
sf
sf
ff colla voce.
dan - ger on the roar - ing sea, A dev - il ris - es in my heart, Far
rit. molto.
worse than an - y death to me."
colla voce.
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