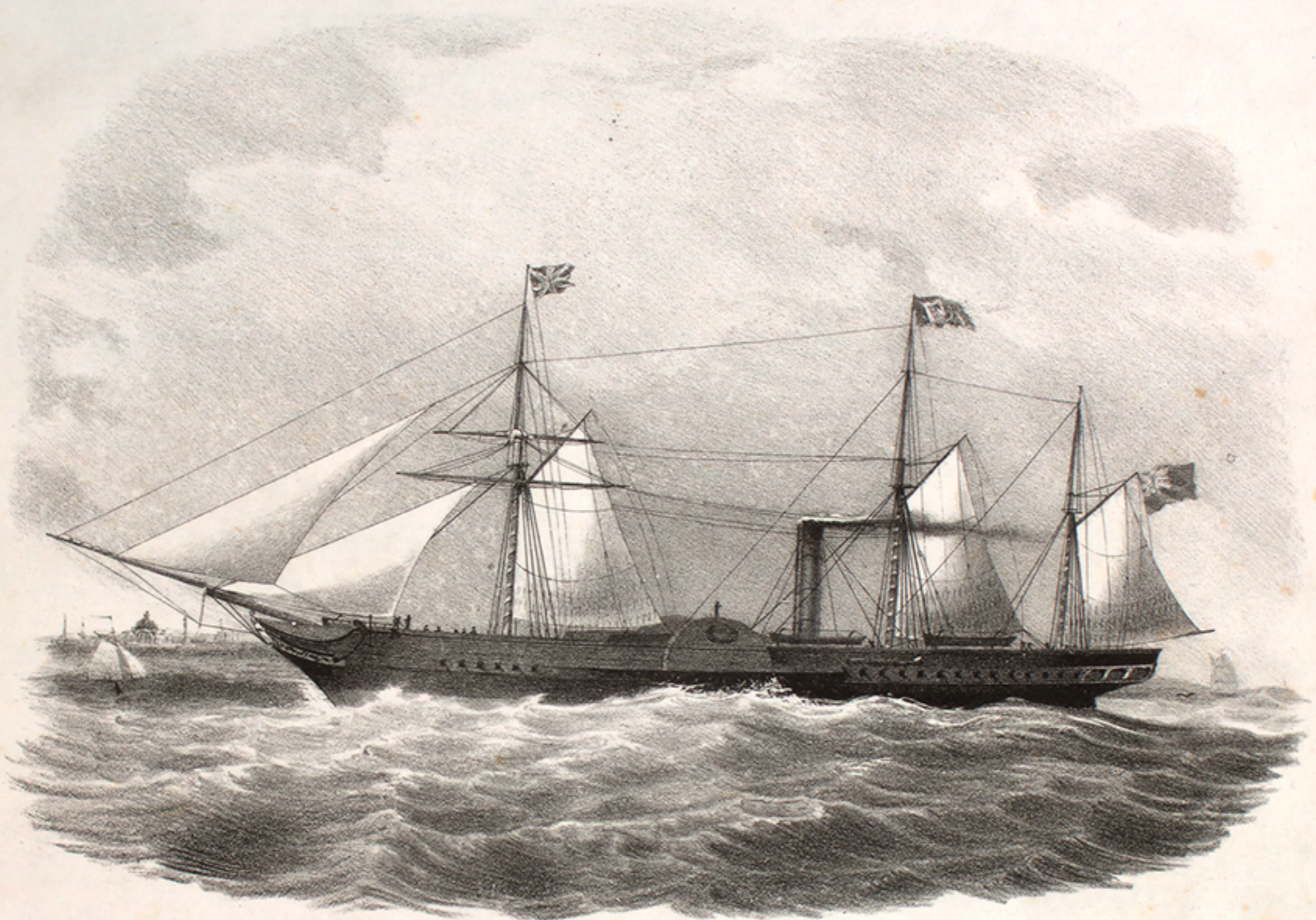


U P !



*"Up, up with the signal! the land is in sight!
We'll be happy, if never again boys, to night."*

A FAVORITE SONG.

Words by

GEO. P. MORRIS, ESQ.

The Music composed and dedicated to his friend

CAPTAIN C. H. E. JUDKINS

(of the Steam ship Hibernia)

by

HENRY RUSSELL.

Thayer & Co's Lith. Boston.

BOSTON.

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L A N D H O!

Words by G. P. MORRIS.

Music by HENRY RUSSELL.

The musical score is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). It consists of five systems of piano accompaniment and one system of vocal melody. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand and a more active melody in the right hand. The vocal line is a simple melody with lyrics: "Up, up with the signal!— the land is in sight!— We'll be".

Performance markings include *tr* (trills) and *gr* (grace notes) above the vocal line in the third and fourth systems. The lyrics are placed below the vocal staff in the fifth system.

happy, if nev-er a - gain, boys, to - night! The cold cheerless o - cean in

safety we've passed, And the warm, genial earth glads our vision at last, And the

warm genial earth glads our vision at last. In the land of the stranger true

hearts we shall find To soothe us in absence of those left behind Oh! Land

Lentando.

land, ho! - all hearts bound with joy at the sight! We'll be happy, if nev - er a -

gain boys to-night! We'll be happy if nev-er a - gain boys to-night! We'll be

happy if never a-gain boys to-night! We'll be happy a-gain boys to-night!

The sig - nal is waving!— Till morn we'll re-main, Then part in the hopes to meet

one day a - gain Round the hearth - stone of home, in the land of our birth, The
 ho - liest spot on the face of the earth! The ho - liest spot on the
 face of the earth! Dear country! our thoughts are as constant to thee As the
 steel to the star or the stream to the sea! Oh! Land land ho! we near it we
 bound at the sight! We'll be happy if never a - gain, boys, to - night, We'll be

happy if nev-er a-gain, boys, to-night, We'll be happy if

never a-gain boys to-night We'll be happy a-gain boys to night!

gra *gra* *gra*

The signal is answered!— the gay sparkles rise
 Like tears, from the fountain of joy, to the eyes:
 May rain-drops that fall from the storm-clouds of care,
 Melt away in the sun-beaming smiles of the fair!
 One health in the chime of the nautical bells,
 To woman—God bless her!— wherever she dwells!—
 The pilot's on board! and the land is in sight!
 We'll be happy, if never again, boys, to-night.