



The Sailor-Boy.

## THE SAILOR-BOY.

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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.

VOICE.                    *Adagio.*

PIANO.

rose at dawn and, fired with hope, Shot o'er the seeth-ing har - bour-bar, And reach'd the ship and

caught the rope, And whistled to the morn - ing star. And

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THE SAILOR BOY.

The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time, key signature of two flats. The top staff is for Treble clef, the middle staff for Bass clef, and the bottom staff for Alto clef. The lyrics are integrated with the music, appearing below the notes where appropriate.

**Top Staff:**

- While he whistled long and loud He heard a fierce mer-maid-en cry, "O boy, tho' thou art
- rit.*
- poco più mosso.*
- young and proud, I see the place where thou wilt lie.
- poco più mosso.*

**Middle Staff:**

- dim. rit.*
- p1*

**Bottom Staff:**

- 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

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meno mosso.

scrawl shall play." " Fool," he an-swer'd, " death is sure To those that stay and

meno mosso.

*colla voce.*

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.*

*pp*

Ped.

*cres.*

*Agitato.*

sis - - ters cry - - ing, 'Stay for shame;' My fa - ther raves of death and wreck,

*Agitato.*

*cres.*

*f*

THE SAILOR-BOY.

*Allegro molto.*

They are all to blame, they are all to blame.

*Allegro molto.*

*ff*

*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.*      *f*