

Ho! For a Rover's Life

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Song of the Pirate
A Descriptive Ballad

Words & Music by
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The musical score is written for piano in 6/8 time, featuring a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of four systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The first system (measures 1-4) begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic in the bass staff and a piano (*p*) dynamic in the treble staff. The second system (measures 5-8) continues with *f* in the bass and includes a *rall.* (rallentando) marking over a triplet in the treble, followed by a return to *a tempo p* (piano). The third system (measures 9-15) features a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic in the bass staff. The fourth system (measures 16-21) alternates between *f* and *p* dynamics in both staves. The score includes various musical notations such as eighth notes, sixteenth notes, triplets, and slurs.

21

Ho! for a rov-er's life, Bat - tle and storm-y strife! Fear-less he braves

26

Wild wind and waves, Like an im-pris-oned bird set free! Seek - ing the

30

storm-y deep, Where moun-tain bil-lows leap, He's the mon-arch of the sea, The

35

mon - arch of the sea. Moored in the friend - ly cove, Oft turn his

40

thoughts to love; The dark - eyed maid, Hears his ser - e - nade, And is

dolce

43

rall. *a tempo affettuoso*

charmed by his wild min - strel - sy. Lis - ten sweet maid to thy

rall. *p*

49

lov-er's gui - tar, While he wor-ships thy beau-ty, thou bright south-ern star! Come brave the

49

f

56

o - cean, be - lov'd one with me, There's joy on the bil-lows when smiled on by thee.

56

63 **Allegro**

A gun is heard! All hands on board, A sail ap-pears out

63

f *p* *f* *dim.*

69

on the sea, And we give her chase right mer - ri-ly, Hur - rah! my boys, our guns tell true, She

69

74

Tempo primo

strikes! Hur-rah for the pi-rate crew! Ho! for a rov - er's life, Bat - tle and

74

79

storm-y strife; Fear-less he braves Wild wind and waves, A rov - er's life for me - A

79

f

84

rov - er's life for me. —

84

p *f*

90

Thus sung the proud chief of the

90

ff *p*

96

pi - rate crew, As his trim schoo - er danced o'er the wa - ters blue; But

96

dim.

99

soon thro' the mist was a war-ship spied, With her teeth grin-ning death on ei-ther side, "Stand,

cresc.

103

stand to your guns! - nail our flag to your mast!" Was the cry of the chief as the

mp

106

thun - der rolled past. He falls! - while the blood down his pale fore-hand runs, And his

accelerando

109 *a tempo*

sink - ing craft groans, he cries "stand to your guns! Stand to your guns, my boys,

112 *rall.*

Stand to you guns, stand, stand, stand to your guns."

f *rall.* *a tempo*

117

f *p*