

74-1830-

ENGLANDS DEAD,

A Ballad,

The Words by

M^{RS}. HEMANS,

The Music by

HER SISTER.

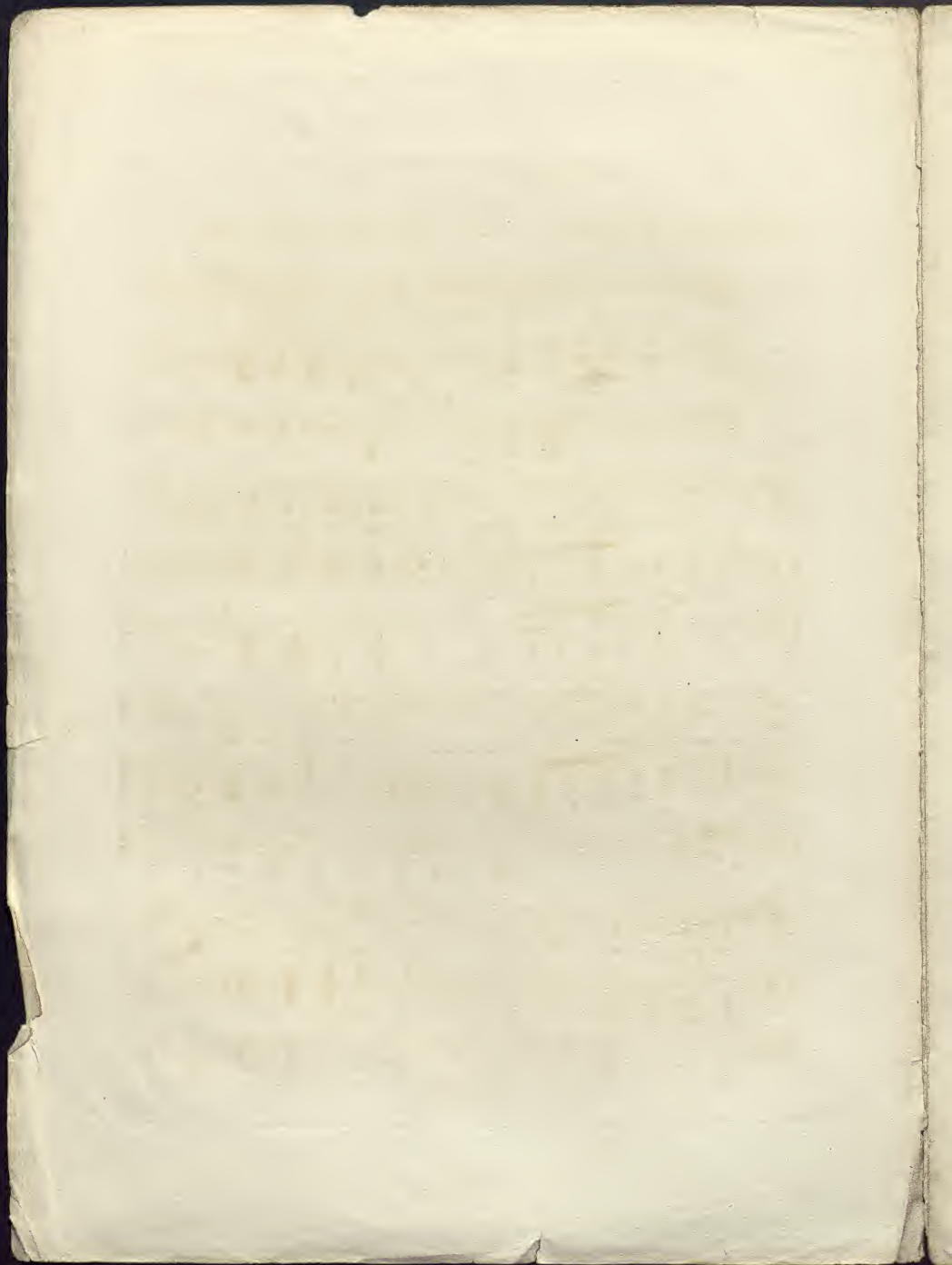
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ENGLAND'S DEAD.

A SONG.

The Words by M^{rs} Hemans.

The Music by her Sister.

SON OF THE O-CEAN ISLE! WHERE SLEEP YOUR MIGHTY DEAD?

PIANO
FORTE.

SHOW ME WHAT HIGH AND STATELY PILE, IS REARED O'ER GLO-RY'S BED;

SHOW ME WHAT HIGH AND STATELY PILE, IS REARED O'ER GLO-RY'S BED.

STRANGER! GO TRACK THE DEEP, FREE, FREE THE WHITE SAIL SPREAD!

ROYAL MUSICAL
1010
REDUCED COPY

Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep, Where rest not England's Dead,

risoluto

Wave may not foam nor wild wind sweep, Where rest not England's Dead!

risoluto

On Egypt's burning plains, By the Py-ramid oerswayed, With fearful pow'r the

p

noonday reigns, And the palm trees yield no shade. But let the angry Sun, From

f

Heaven look fiercely red; Un-felt by those whose task is done,

p *espress* *dim.*

There slumber England's Dead!

L.H. *rallentando*

piu lento

On the frozen Deep's repose, 'Tis a dark and dreadful hour, When

pp

round the ship the ice-fields close, When round the ship the ice-fields close, To

Cres. *cen* *do*

chain, to chain her with their power.

f *Con forza*

But let the ice drift on, Let the cold blue desert spread Their course with

p *espress.*

mast and flag is done, their course is done There slumber England's

-Dead!

dol.

Animato

The warlike of the isles! The

rallentando

men of field and wave! Are not the rocks their funeral piles, The

rallentando

seas and shores their grave? Stranger, go track the Deep, Free, free the white sail

Tempo primo.

spread, Wave may not foam nor wild wind sweep, Where rest not England's Dead!

risoluto *p*

Wave may not foam nor wild wind sweep, Where rest not England's dead.

Con Spirito

P

f

P

f