

The sea king's bride.

Mould, J. Wrey (Jacob Wrey), 1825-1886 Philadelphia: Lee & Walker (120 Walnut Street), 1847

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Piano, 25 cts. net. Guitar, /7/2, ".

[Nº1. THE DREAM .] [Nº2. MY HOME, MY HAPPY HOME.] [Nº3. FAREWELL MY FATHERLAND.] GR. (Nº4. I'VE LEFT MY SNOW CLAD HILLS.) (Nº5. SEA KINGS BRIDE.) (Nº6. THE STARS OF HEAVEN ARE GLEAMING.)

PHILADE LPHIA.

Lee & Walker, 120 Walnut Street. W.T. Mayo. S. Campstr New Orleans.

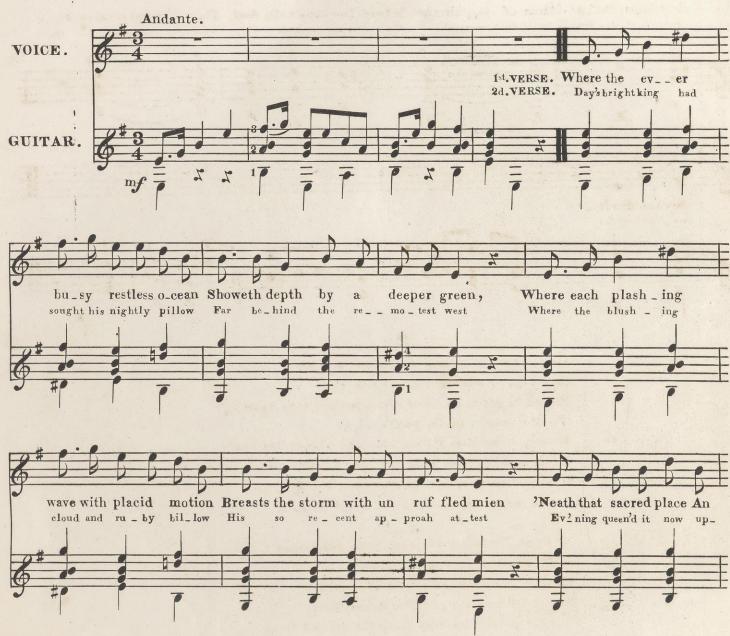


"THE SEA KING'S BRIDE"

The Poetry by J. Wrey Mould.

Arr: for the Guitar by F. Weiland.

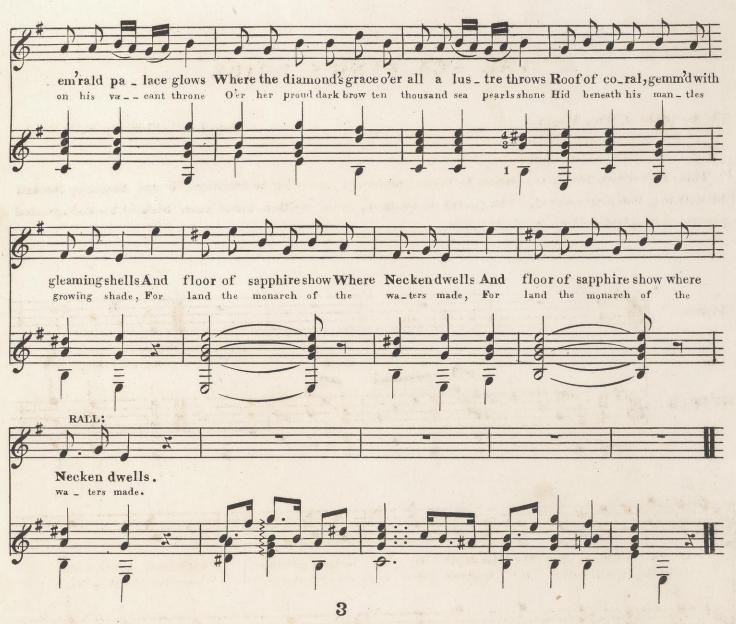
This old Swedish Dance is common to many provinces; according to tradition, it was taught by Necken himself to a listening peasant. The poetry is modern, being written many years back by the distinguished popular Archoelogist Herr A. A. Afzelius.



Necken is a kind of River-god or Water-king, still firmly believed in by numbers of the Scandina-vian peasantry. The same faith is found among other Northern Nations, And has prevailed in our own Country, as is proved by the Anglo Saxon Nicor, the North English Nick or Nix, and one of our popular names of the Devil, namely, Old Nick, equivalent to the Old Demon.

247. 2.

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On a shore his ocean realm was leaving,
As the moon with a cold chaste eye
Pierc'd a grove of limes whose boughs were bending
To the music of Zephyr's sigh.
Danc'd a maiden throng, to pure almost for earth
Leading them with song was one whose beauty's worth
All the visions fancy paints on air
: Could never chronicle 'twas angel fair.:

To that little spot there stole perfidious
Wily Necken a creeping flood
Parting her from all with wave insidious
Round the luckless girl the waters stood
O'er her palid face they fling the crisped foam
While in strong embrace the sea_king drew her home
Oft the depth is prob'd by eagles glance
:'Tis said below she still prolongs her dance.: