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Song of a sailor.

Campbell-Tipton, Louis, 1877-1921; Scollard, Clinton, 1860-1932
Milwaukee, Wisconsin: Rohlfing Sons Music Co., 1896

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Beatrice Sullivan

Nº1 in F. 

Nº2 in G. 

Nº3 in B^b 

200



Song of a Sailor

Matrosenlied

Words by CLINTON SCOLLARD

Music by

Louis Campbell-Tipton.

Pr. 50 cts.
Mk. 1.-

MILWAUKEE,
Rohlfing Sons Music Co.

LEIPZIG,
Fritz Schuberth jr.

SONG OF A SAILOR.

Matrosenlied.

Words by Clinton Scollard.
Uebersetzung von Helen D. Tretbar.

By Louis Campbell-Tipton.

Con Spirito.

Voice.

Piano. *ff*

f

1. Up sail! The breeze is fair: We'll leave the land a - lee; There's
 2. Once we have won the waste Where nev - er was man's foot set, A -
 1. Auf! hisst die Se - gel stramm Wir las - sen das Land in Lee Nie
 2. Nah'n wir dem fer - nen Strand, Den nie noch be - trat ein Fuss, Recht

f a tempo

f sf

nev - er a mesh of care On the broad bright op - en sea. What
 dieu to the stress of haste, And the worn world's dream of fret!
fin - det sich Sorg' und Gram Auf der of - fe - neu wei - ten See. Ob
weit von dem bö - sen Land Und der mü - den Welt Ver - druss!

ff *rall.* *a tempo* *mf*

tho' the West-wind veer, And the sky grow grim as hate, We'll
 Now for the clear-ing eye, And the heart a - burst with glee!
West - windsich auch dreht Murrts der Him - mel schwarz und graus Ein
Froh wird der Blick und traut Uns' - re Her - zen kum - mer leer

mf

whis - tle a - way all fear, And laugh in the face of Fate. We'll
 Ov - er, the great blue sky; Un - der, the great blue sea,
Lied die Furcht ver - weht Wir la - chen das Schick - sal aus. Ein
O - ben, der Him - mel blaut Un - ten das gro - sse Meer.

rall. *a tempo*

rall. *a tempo* *f*

cre - - - scen - - - do ***ff*** *rall.*

whistle a - way all fear; And laugh in the face of Fate. Oh! _____ A
 Ov - er the great blue sky, Un - der the great blue sea. Oh! _____ A
 Lied die Furcht ver weht Wir la - chend das Schicksal aus. Jo - ho! ein
 O - ben der Him - mel blaut, Un - ten das gro - sse Meer. Jo - ho! ein

Con Bravura.
f a tempo (buoyantly)

free song for a sea - song, With a tang of the swashing brine, That'll
 heh-res Lied sei des Mee-res Lied Ei - ne Pro - be der salz'-gen Fluth Schwillt so

f a tempo

rall.

make the light in the eye leap bright, Like the ting - ling taste of wine! Oh! A
 frei die Brust, glänzt das Aug' vor Lust, Wie vom per - len - den Trau - ben - blut! Ach! ein

rall.

ff a tempo

free song for a sea - song, With a dash of the sting - ing brine; And
 heh - res Lied sei des Mee - res Lied Ei - ne Pro - be der salz' - gen Fluth Die

a tempo

rall. ff sf

ff 1. allargando

ev - er - y word a - wing like a bird In the ear - ly morn - ing shine.
 Wor - te so klar wie Schwi - gen des Aar In der Däm - nung ros' - ger Gluth.

ff

allargando

1st tempo e Martellato

D. C. 2. allargando

ear - ly morning shine.
 Däm - nung ros' - ger Gluth.

ff

allargando

a tempo e Martellato

ff sf sf sf sf sf

fff

Fine.

EDUARD HOLST'S FAMOUS SONGS.

List No 2.

List No 2.

A DEAR LITTLE MAID OF TWO.

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REFRAIN.

Come, hap-py maid, with the sea - bright eyes, And prat-tle a - bout my knee; Then lay your soft round cheek to mine, And

LITTLE BIRD, HOW SWEET YOUR SONG. WITH WALTZ REFRAIN.

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REFRAIN.

Oh, bird, how sweet your song, it fills my soul with glad - ness; ev - er ten-der and low, it is no

LITTLE SCENTED BILLETDOUX.

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Oh litt-le scent - ed bil-let-doux, what strange e - mo - tions have you brought, what ten-der trains of pensive thought, 'Tis

MY OWN JESSIE. WALTZ SONG.

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When I re-marked her gol - den hair, Swoon on her glo - rious shoul - ders, I mar-vel not that sight so rare, Doth ra - vish

SWEET LITTLE PICTURE. WITH WALTZ REFRAIN.

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REFRAIN.

Though you are now a wo - man grown, A la - dy grand and fair, with - in my heart I treas - ure still The

WHAT THE LITTLE LIPS ARE SAYING.

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REFRAIN.

Home would seem a place so lone-ly, If no chil-dren watched at night, For the safe re - turn of loved ones with their eag-er eyes so bright.

WHEN THE PANSIES ARE BLOOMING AGAIN. SONG AND CHORUS.

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I will meet you when skies are the fair - est, When the warm days of sum-mer are near, When the clov - er is

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