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Rockaway.

Russell, Henry, 1812-1900; Sharpe, Henry John
Boston, MA: Geo. P. Reed (17 Tremont Row), 1845

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*Published by Geo. P. Reed
Springfield
1864*



B. W. Thayer's Lith. Boston.

ROCKAWAY
OR, ON OLD LONG ISLAND'S SEA-GIRT SHORE,
A BALLAD.

WORDS BY
HENRY JOHN SHARPE.

MUSIC COMPOSED AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO
MRS. T. C. GRATAN,
BY
HENRY RUSSELL.

Price 50 cts. nett.

Henry Russell

BOSTON.
Published by **GEO. P. REED**, 17 Tremont Row.

Entered, according to act of Congress in the year 1864, by Wm. H. Oakes in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

OLD
GEO. P. REED
17 TREMONT ROW
BOSTON

Rockaway.

Words by HENRY JOHN SHARPE.

Music by HENRY RUSSELL.

SEMPRE
MODERATO.

p

8va

p Cres.

On old Long Island's sea girt shore, Many an hour I've whil'd away, In

Colla voce

list'ning to the breaker's roar That wash the beach at Rockaway. On old Long Island's sea girt shore

Many an hour I've whild away, In list'ning to the breaker's roar, That wash the beach at Lockaway. Trans-

fix'd I've stood while nature's lyre, In one harmonious concert broke, And catching its' promethean fire, My

Quasi andante

Colla voce

inmost soul to rapture woke. Oh! On old Long - Is - land's sea - girt shore,

8va

Many an hour I've whild a - way, In list' - ning to the breaker's roar, That

wash the beach at Rockaway. Ch

how de-light-ful 'tis to stroll, Where murmur'ing winds and waters meet, Marking the bil-lows as they roll, And

break re-sist-less at your feet; To watch young I-ris, as she dips Her man-tle in the sparkling dew, And

chas'd by Sol a-way she trips, O'er the ho-ri-zon's quiv-ring blue. Oh! On

old Long Is - land's sea - girt shore, Man - y an hour I've whild a - way, In
Eva.....



list' - ning to the break - ers' roar, That wash the beach at Rockaway.

lcco

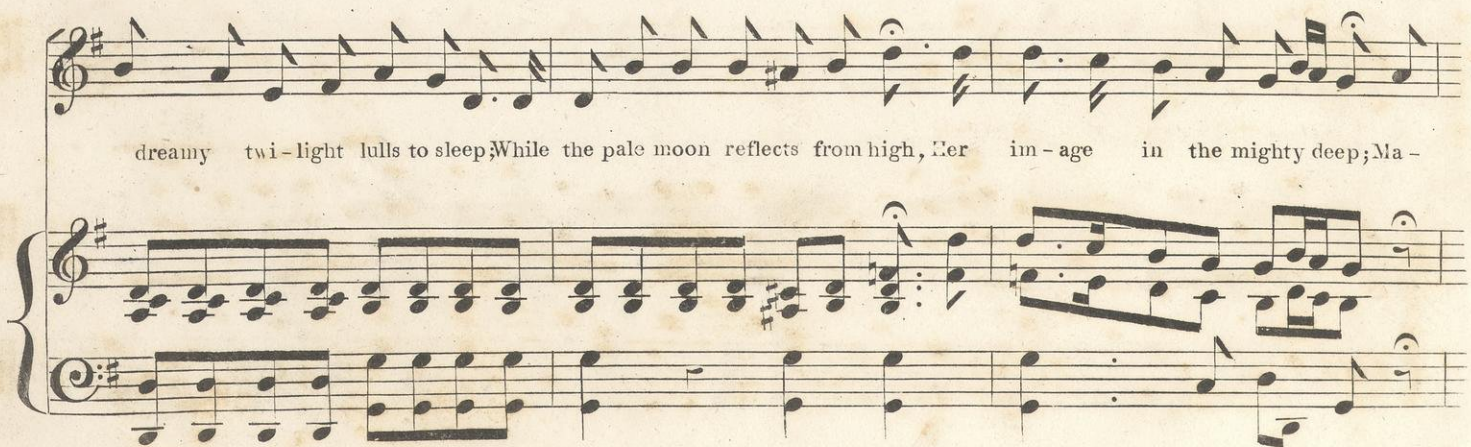


a poco

To hear the start - ling night - winds sigh, As



dreamy twi - light lulls to sleep, While the pale moon reflects from high, Her im - age in the mighty deep; Ma -



jes - tic scene where nature dwells, Profound in ev - er - last - ing love, While her unmeasur'd mu - sic swells, The

vaulted fir - ma - ment a - bove . Oh! On old Long Is - land's sea girt shore,

8va

Man - y an hour I've whil'd a - way, In list' - ring to the break - ers' roar, That loco

wash the beach at Rockaway.