To Mrs. Georgia Mc Coy

THE SEA-MAIDEN

A MUSICAL RECITATION

by

ERNEST R. KROEGER

Op. 79

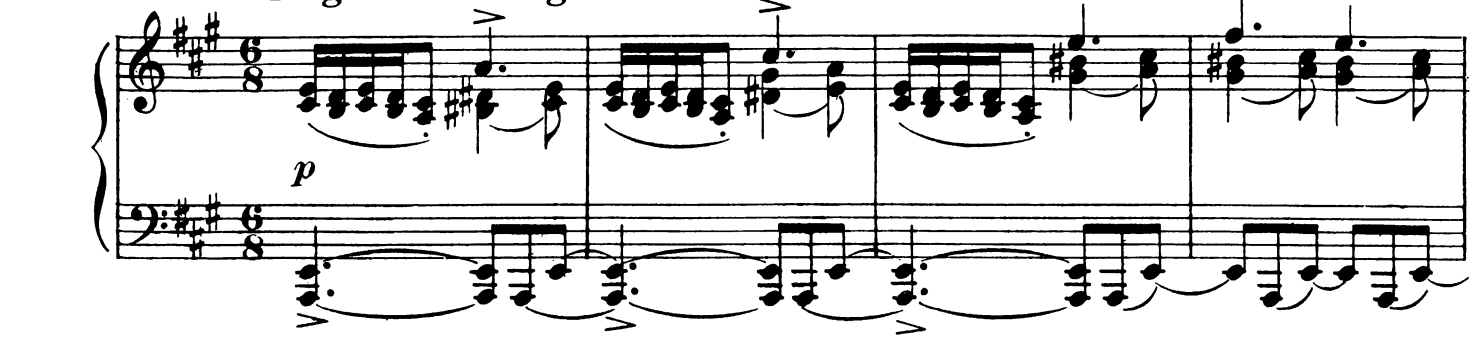
PRICE $1.00 NET

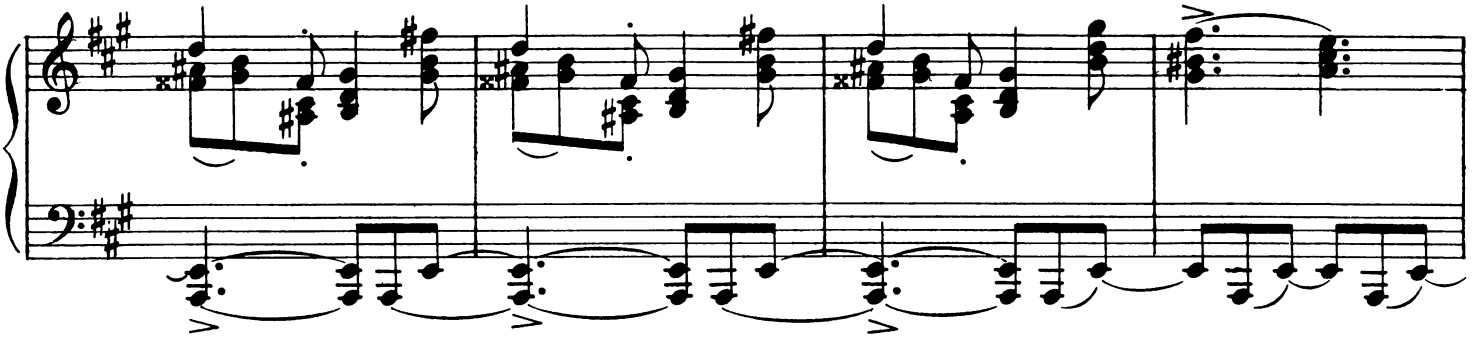
THE WILLIS MUSIC COMPANY
CINCINNATI
OHIO

The Sea-Maiden

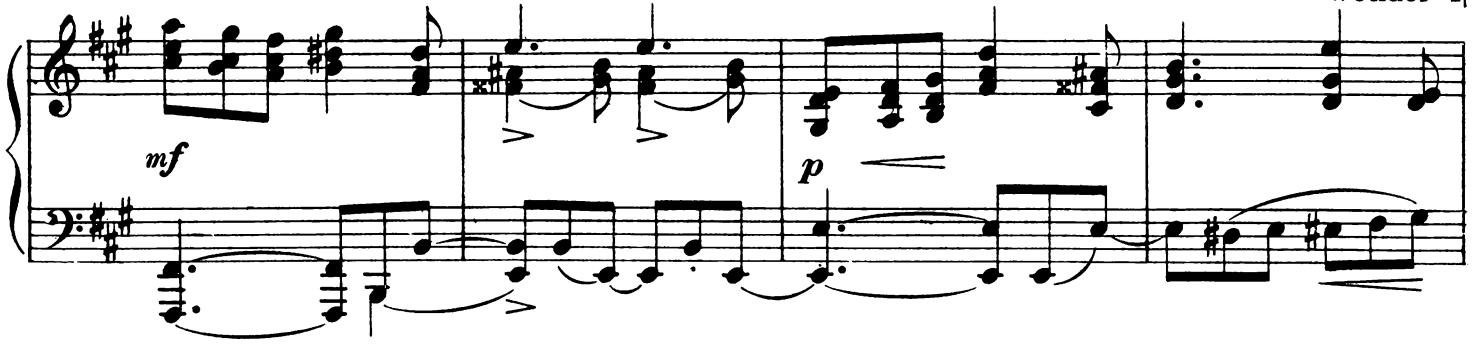
E. R. KROEGER
Op. 79

Allegretto con grazia

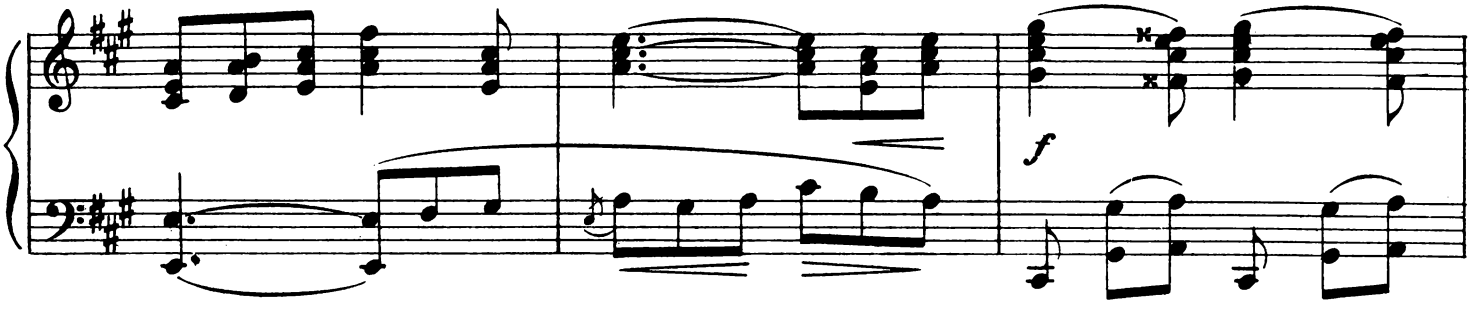




It was ages and ages ago in life's first wonder I



found you, Virgilia, wild sea-heart; And 'twas ages ago that we went a-



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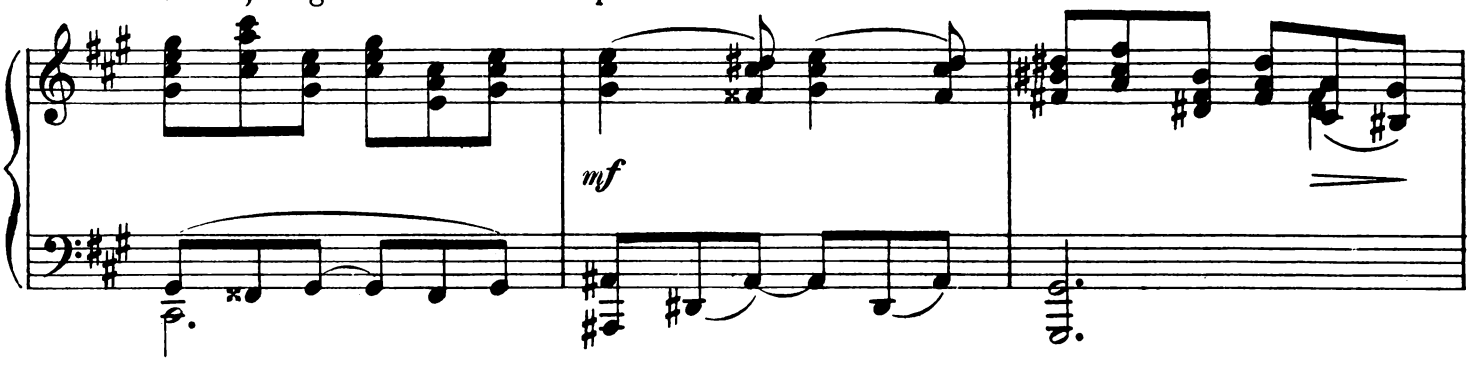
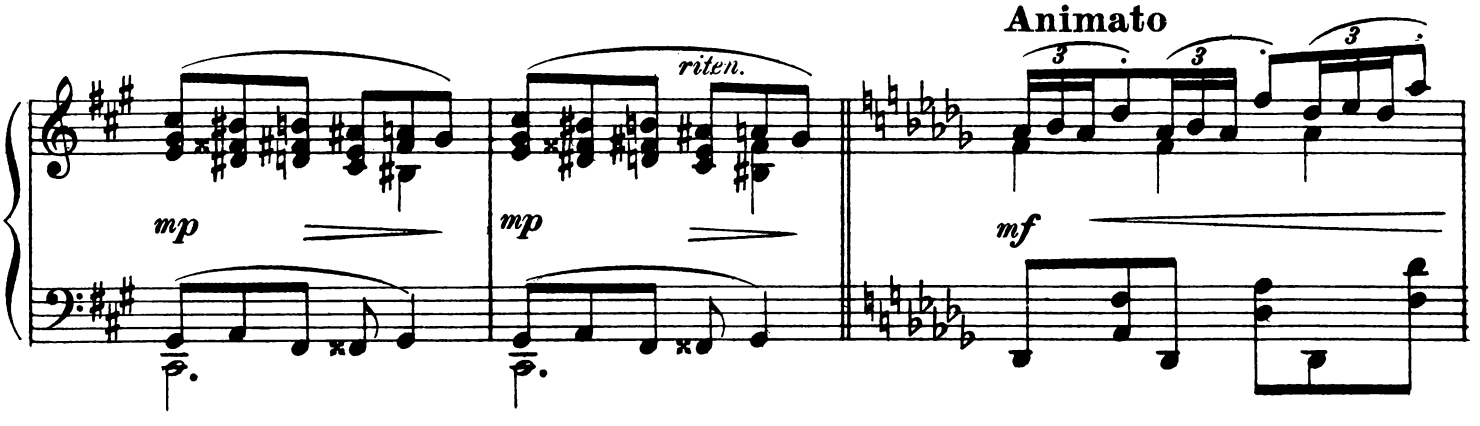
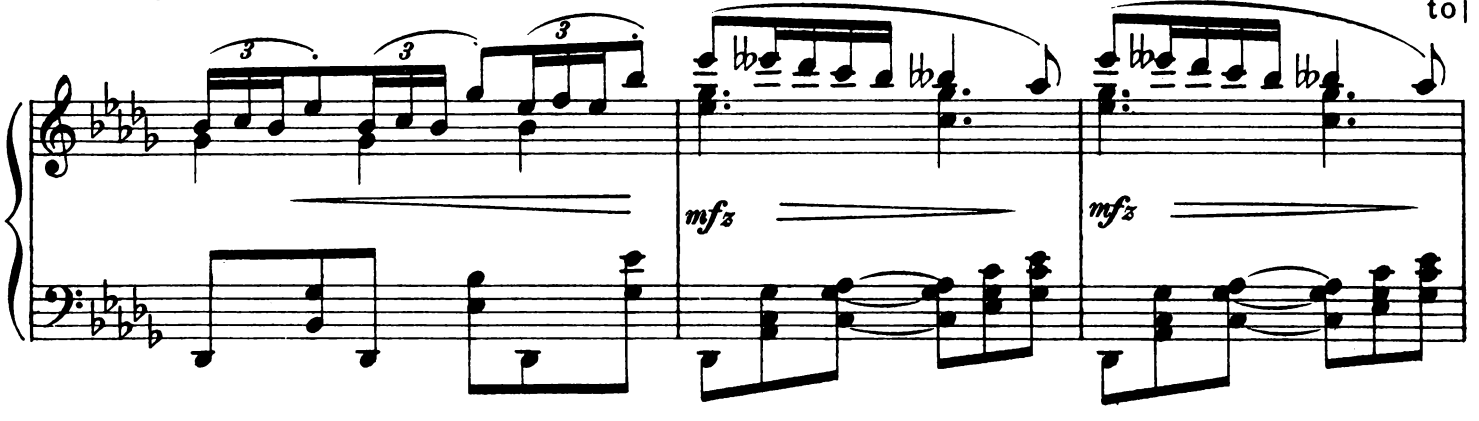
sunder, Ages and worlds a-part.



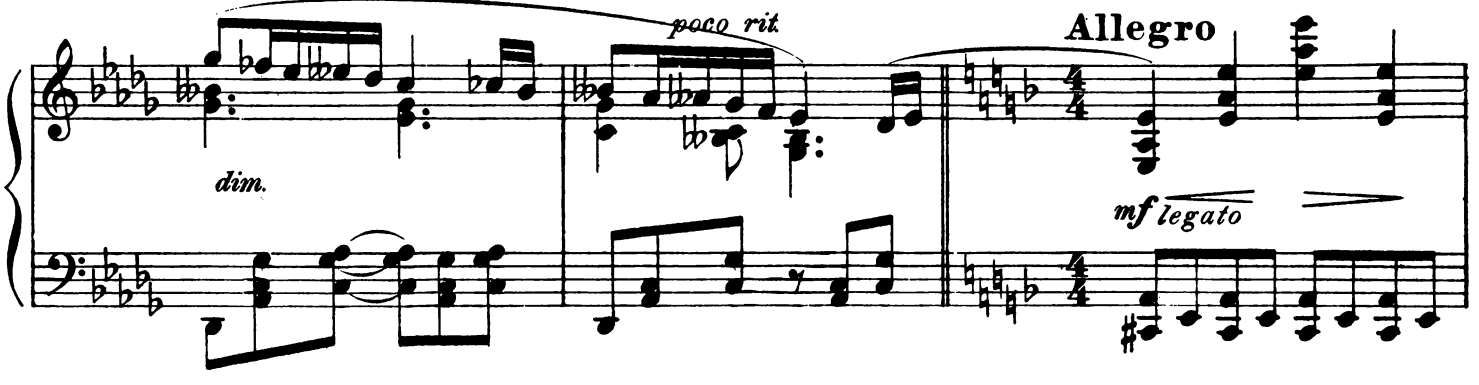
Your lightsome laugh and your hair's dark



glory, I knew them of old by an ocean stream, In a far, first world, now turned to



story, Now faded back to dream.



I saw you there with the sea-girls fleeing, And I

followed fast over rock and reef; And you sent a sea-fire into my being,

The lure of the lyric grief.

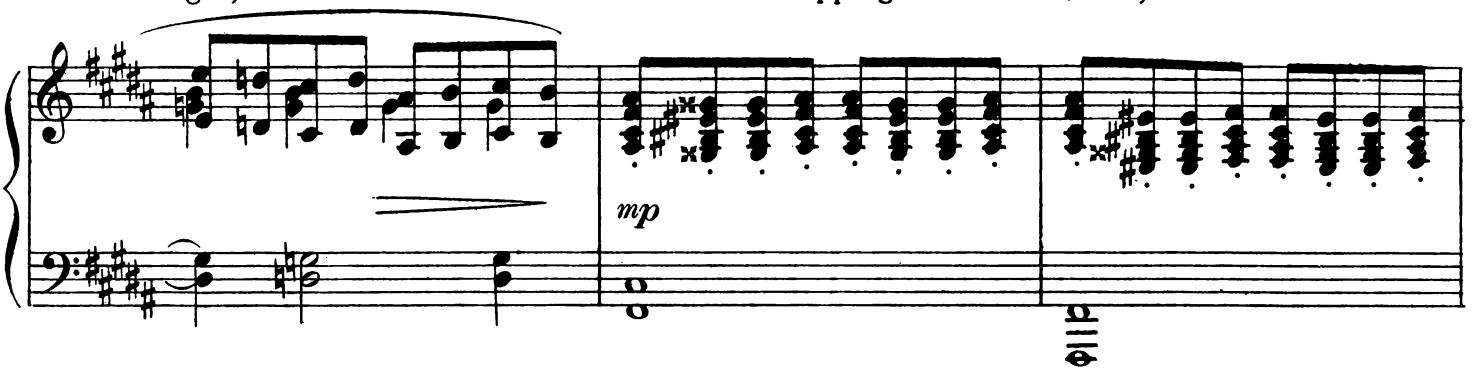
sfz *mf*

L'istesso tempo

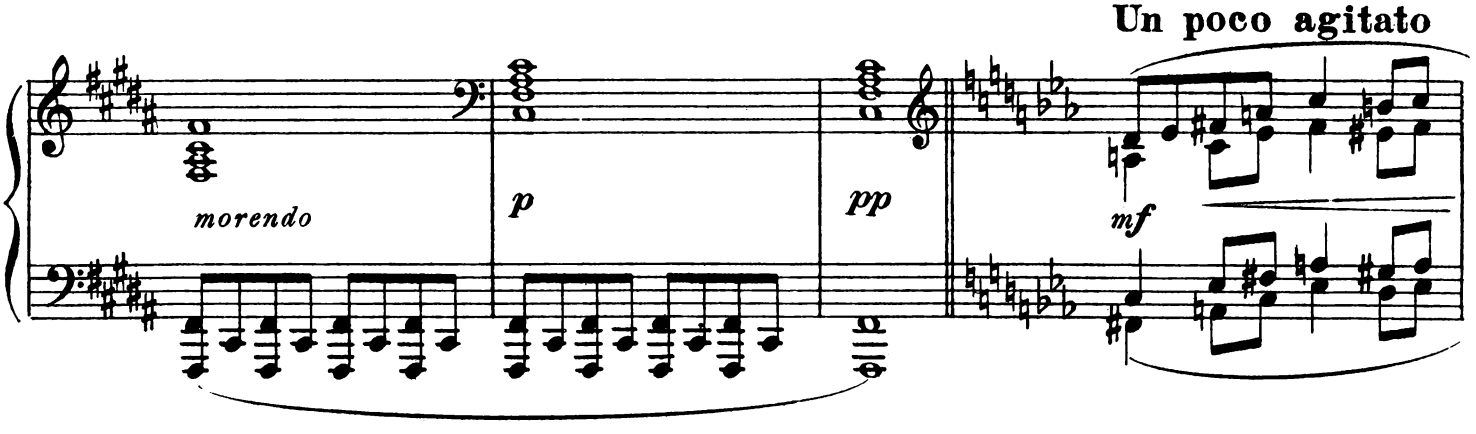
One after one the stars were slipping, Pearl after pearl to the bowl of

f *mf* *mp*

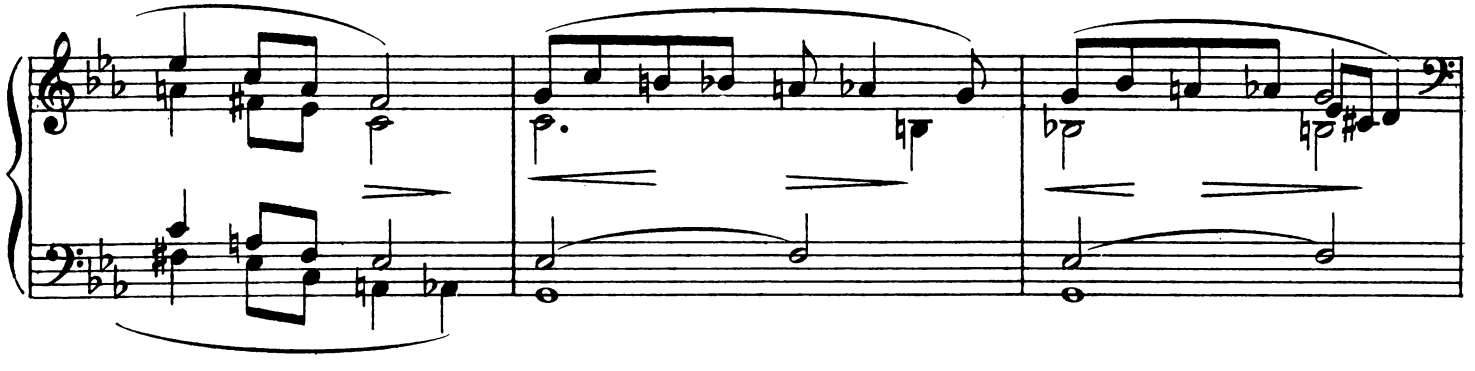
night; And down the west three moons were dipping Into the waves, all white.



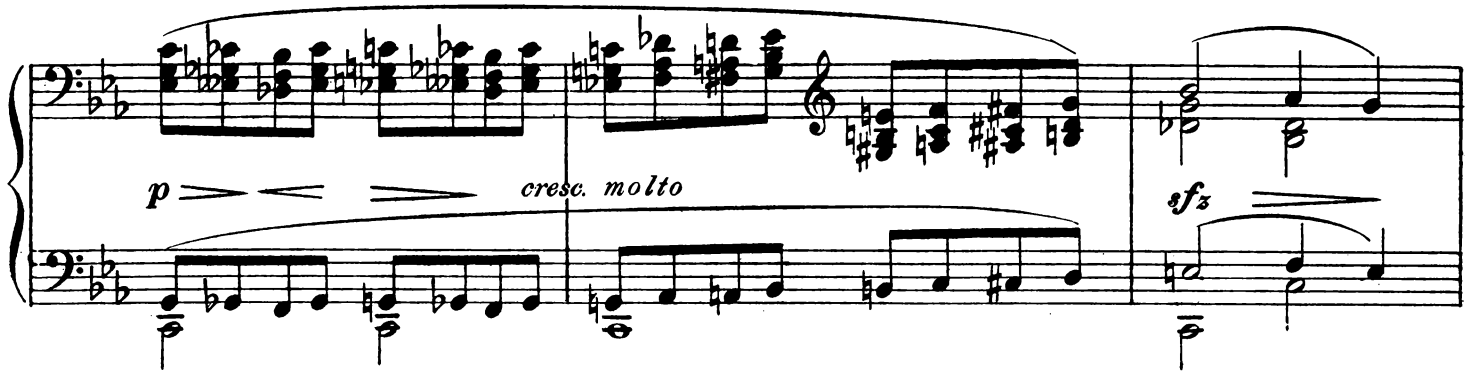
Un poco agitato



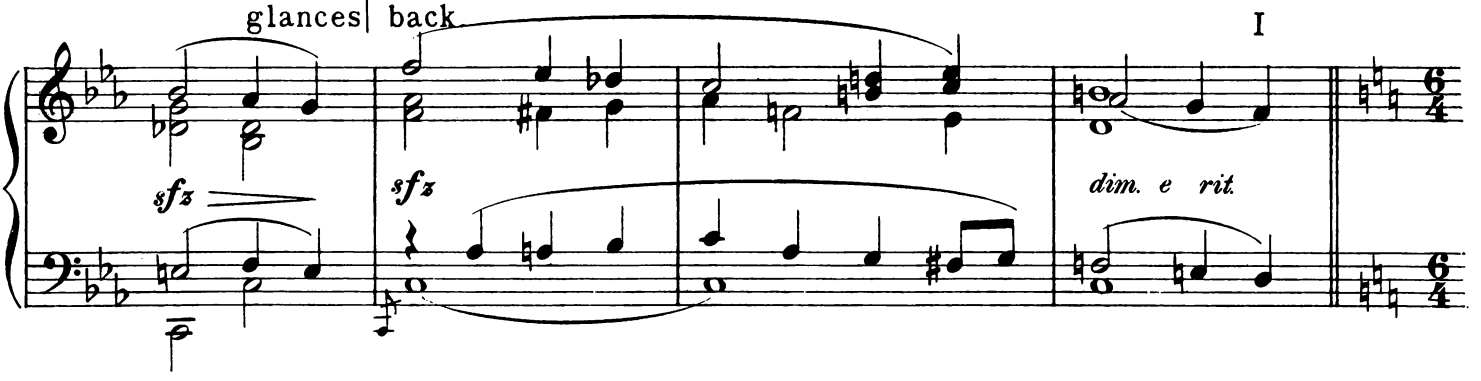
I know not now where the moons were misting, On



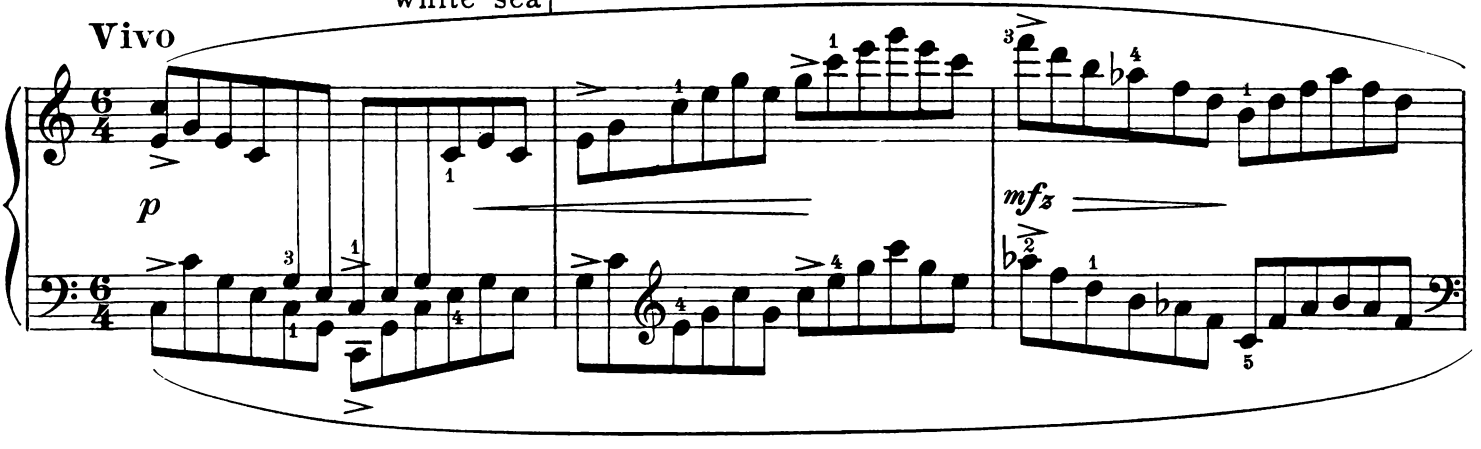
what lost sea in the milky track; But I know that you swore to a love's trysting



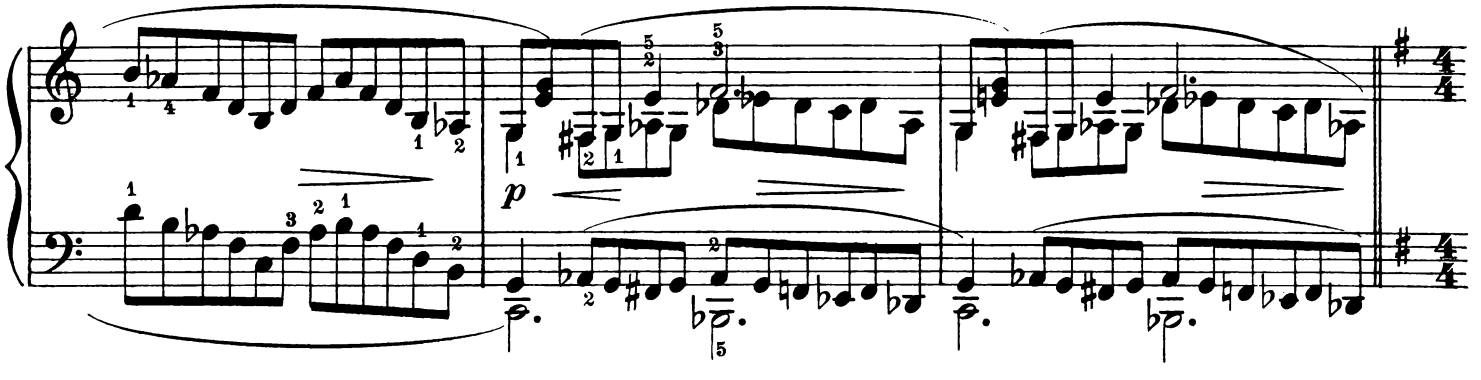
In those quick glances back



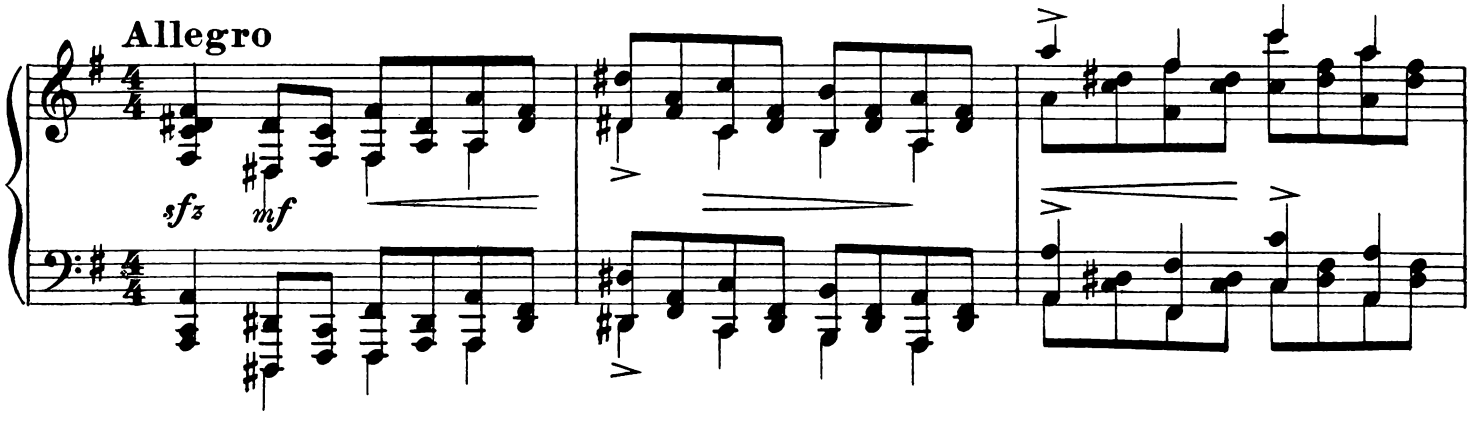
followed you fast through the white sea splendor, On into the rush of a blown, black rain; Drawn



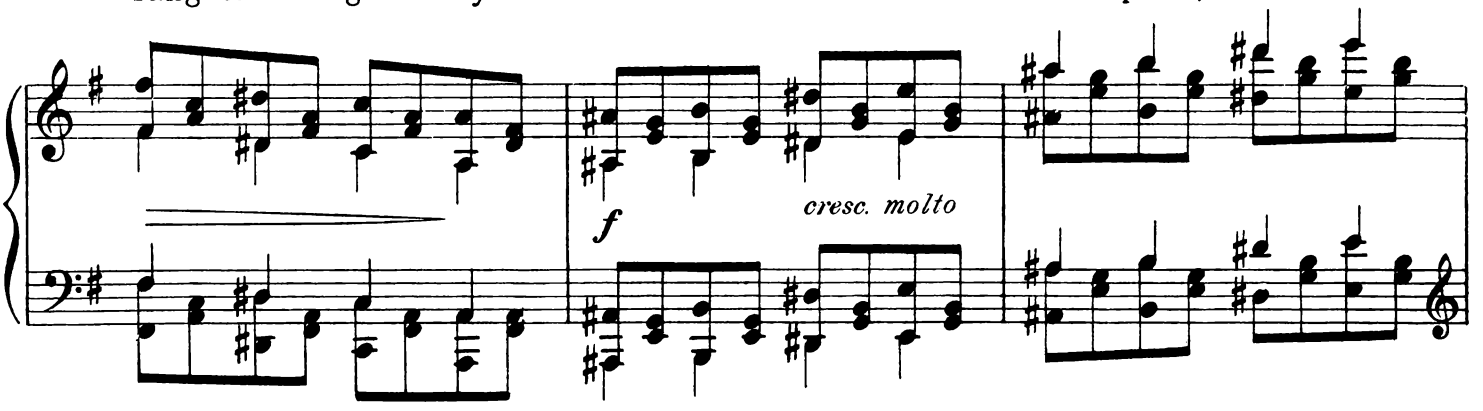
on by that mystery strangely tender, The lure of the lyric pain.



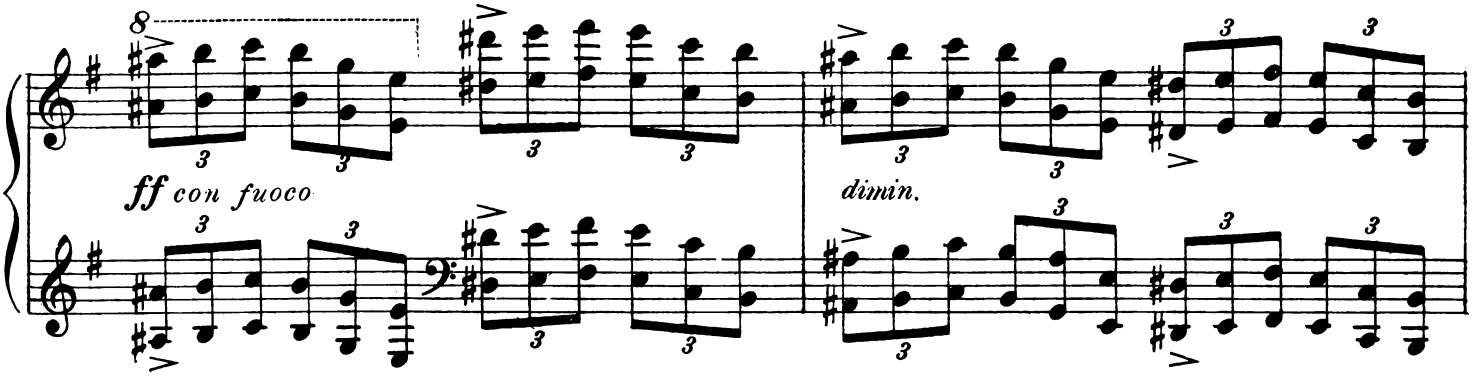
As up round a headland the tides came hurling, You

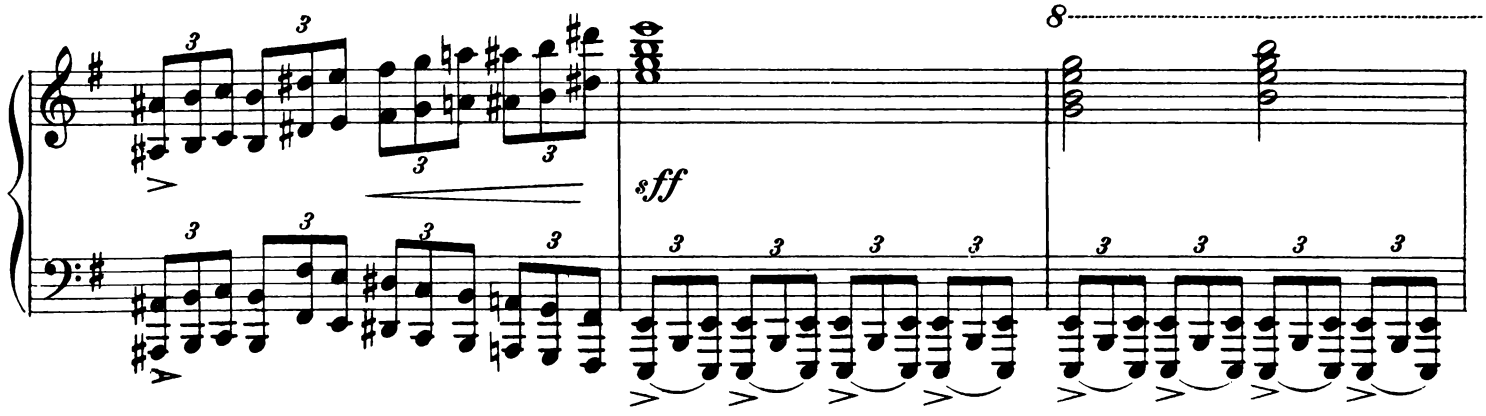


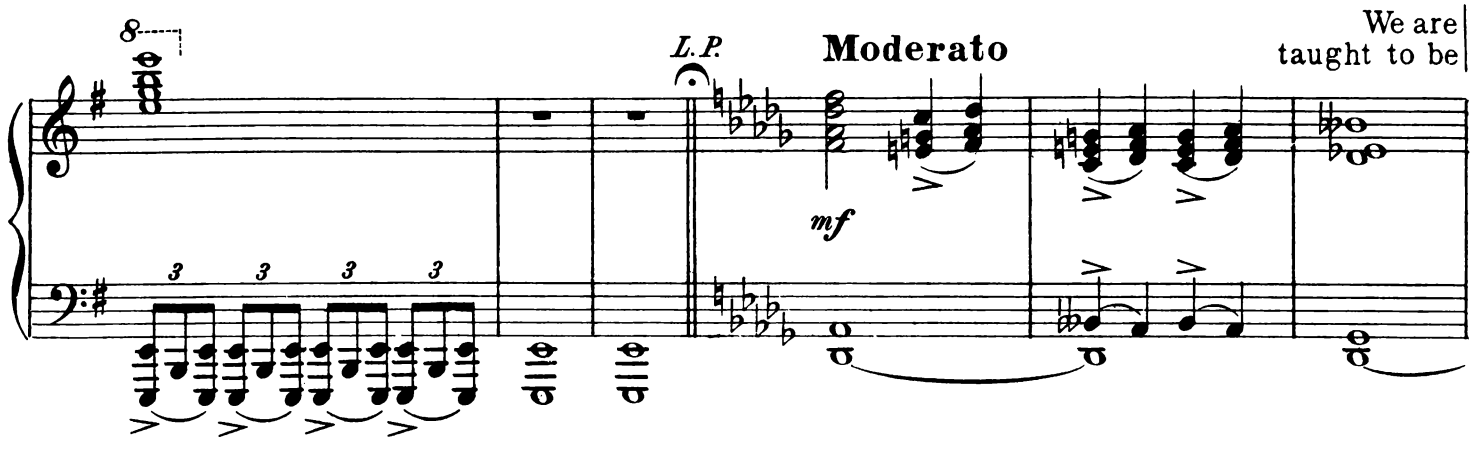
sang one song from your wild sea-heart: Then a mist swept in, and we two

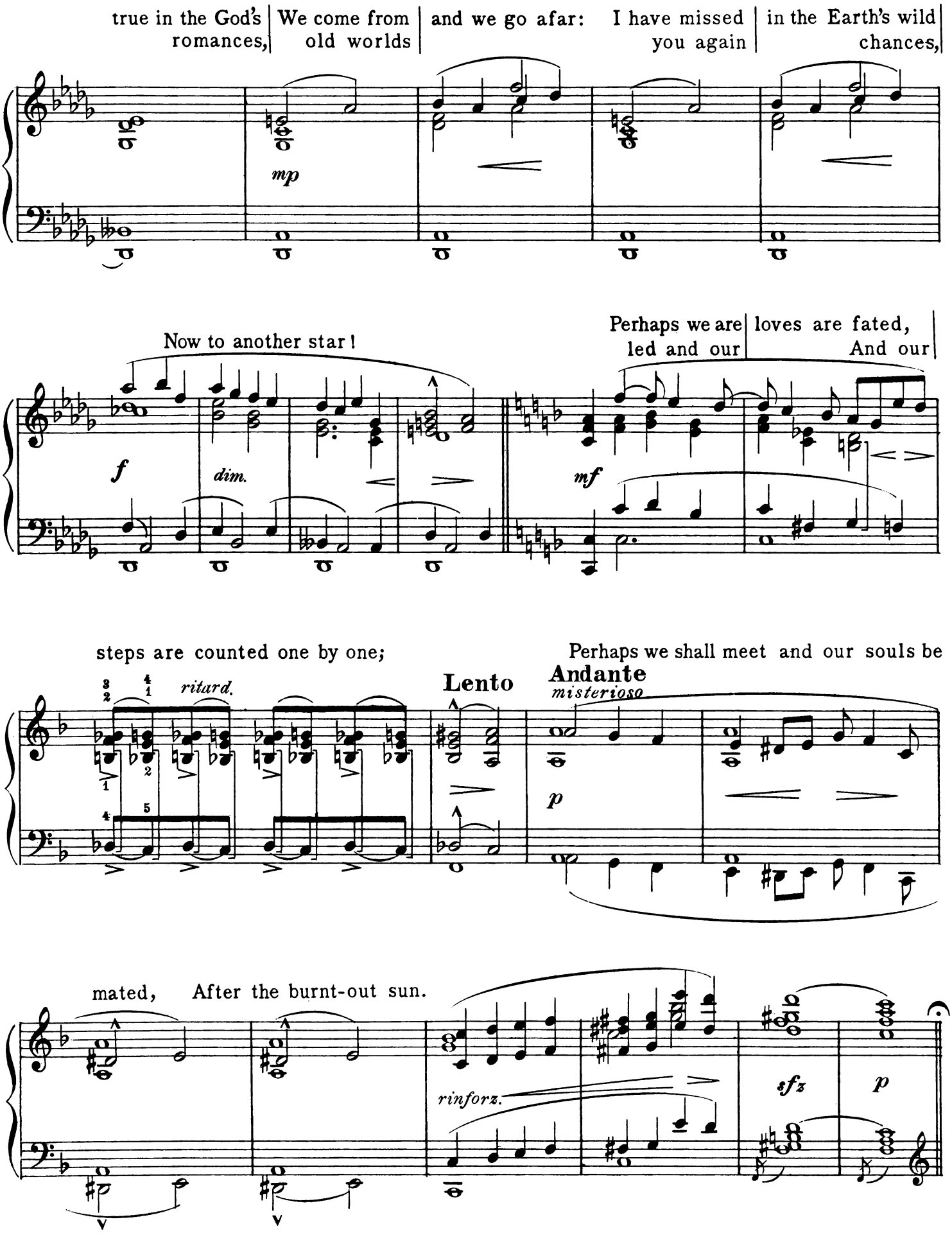


went whirling, Ages and worlds a-part.

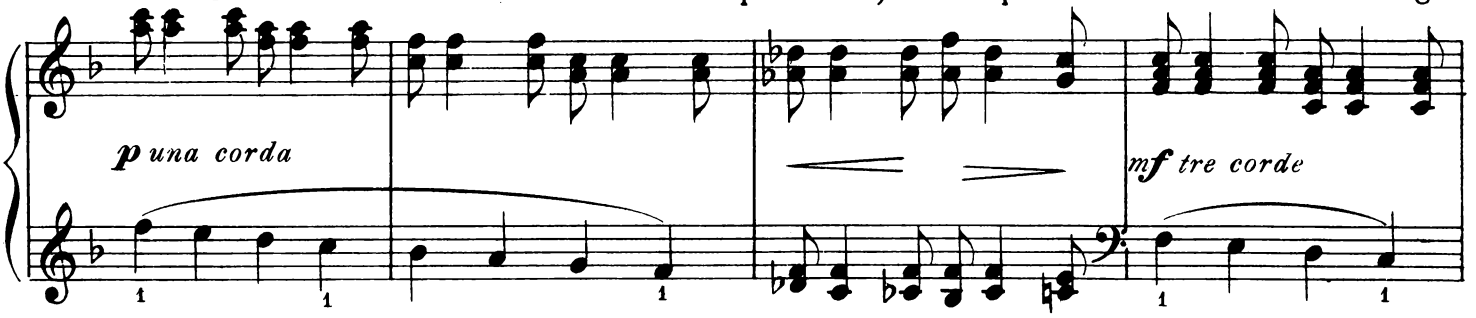




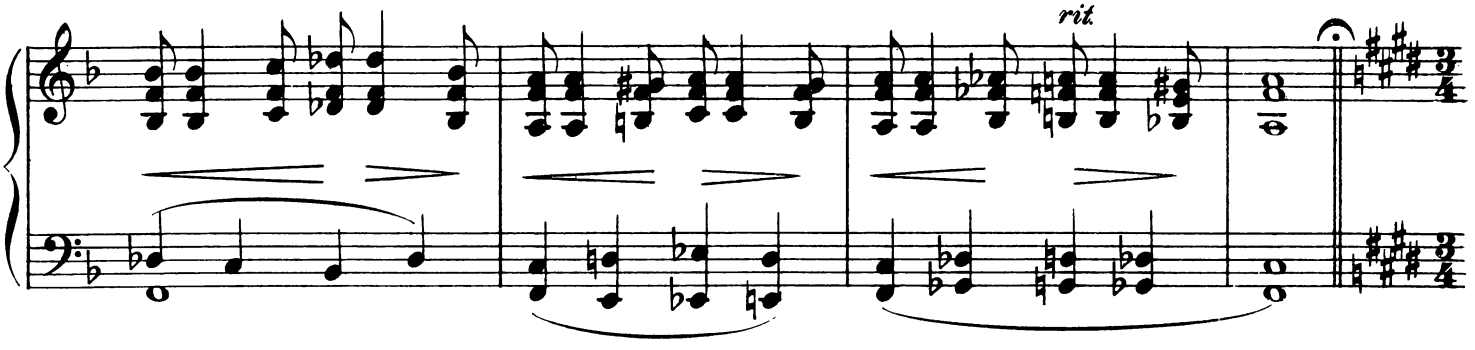



true in the God's romances,
We come from old worlds
and we go afar:
I have missed you again
in the Earth's wild chances,
mp
Now to another star!
Perhaps we are led and our loves are fated,
And our
f
dim.
mf
steps are counted one by one;
Perhaps we shall meet and our souls be
ritard.
Lento
Andante
misterioso
p
mated,
After the burnt-out sun.
rinforz.
sfz
p

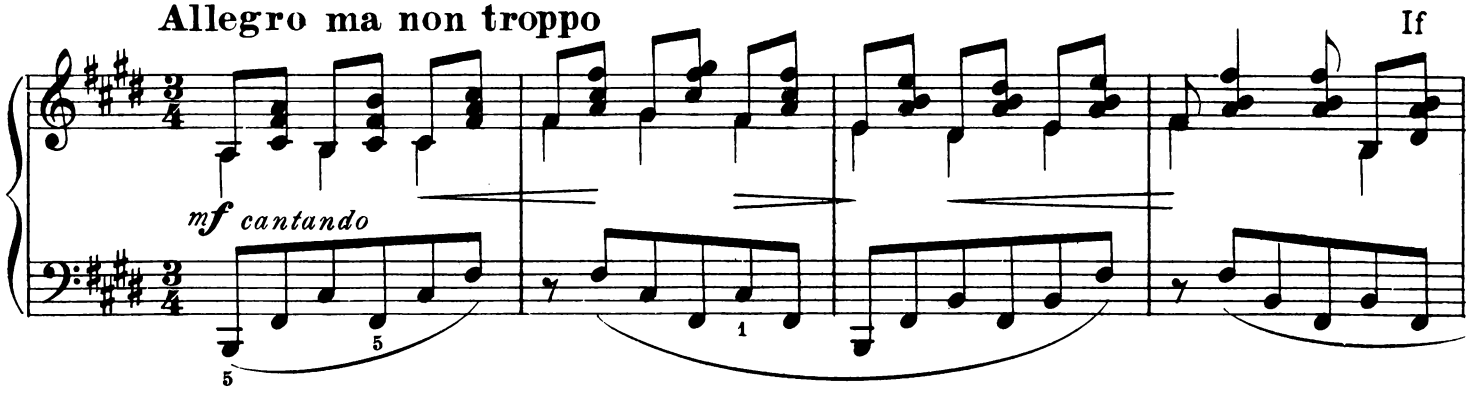
Allegretto For over the world a dim hope hovers, The hope at the heart of all our songs



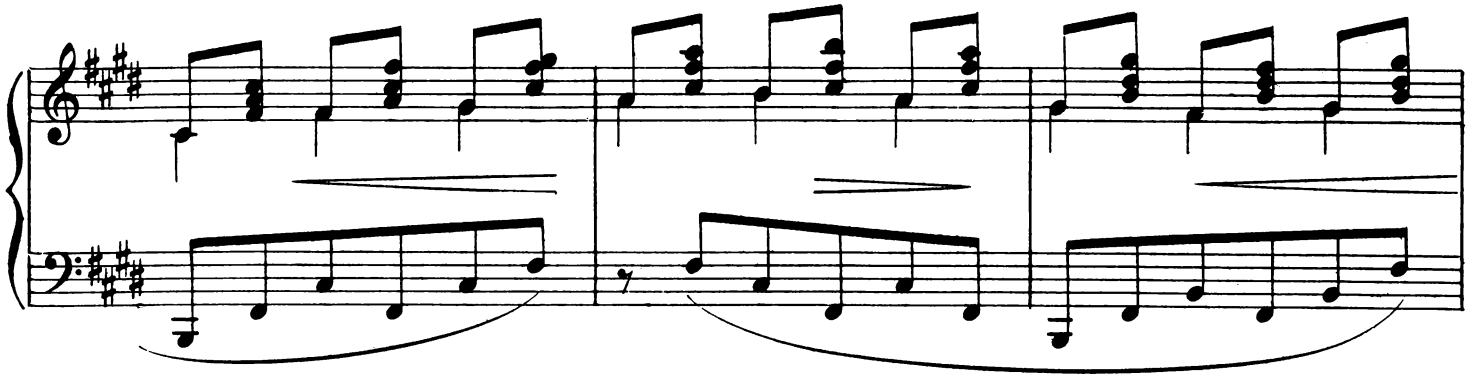
That the banded stars are in league with lovers, And fight against their wrongs.



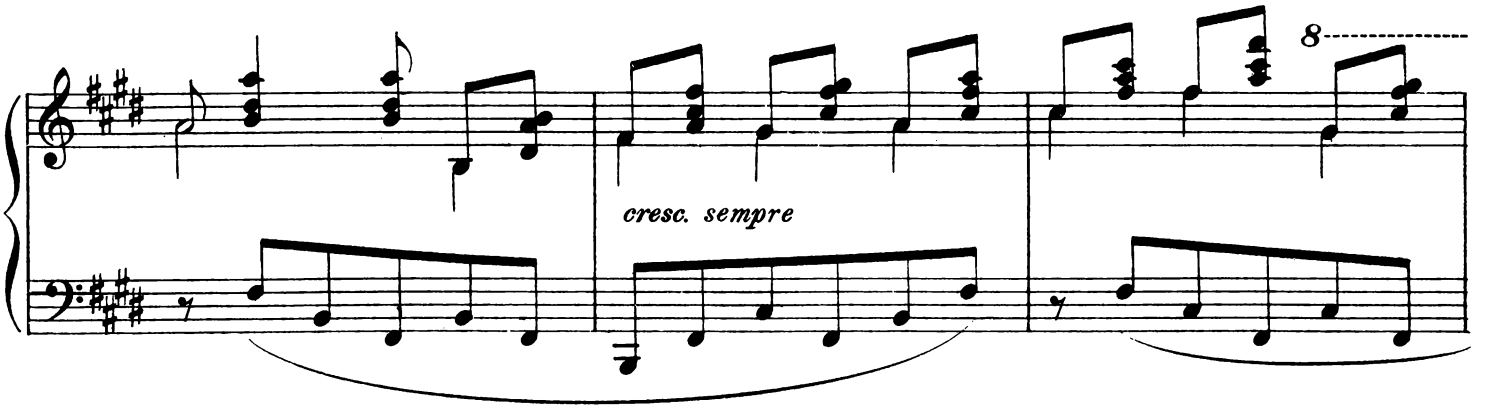
Allegro ma non troppo If



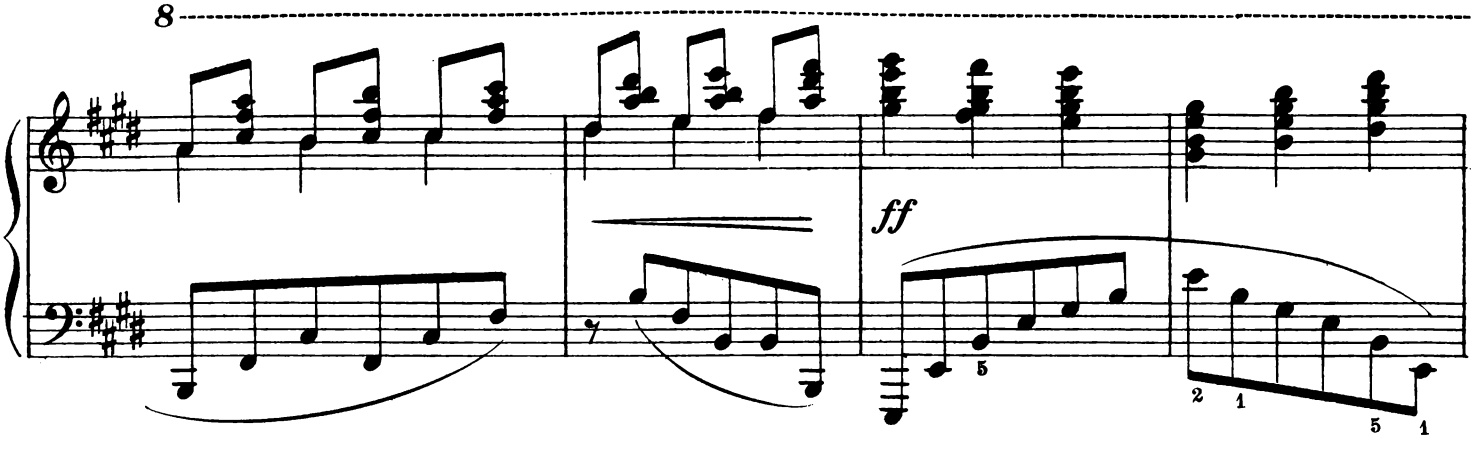
this is all a dream, then perhaps our dreaming Can touch life's height

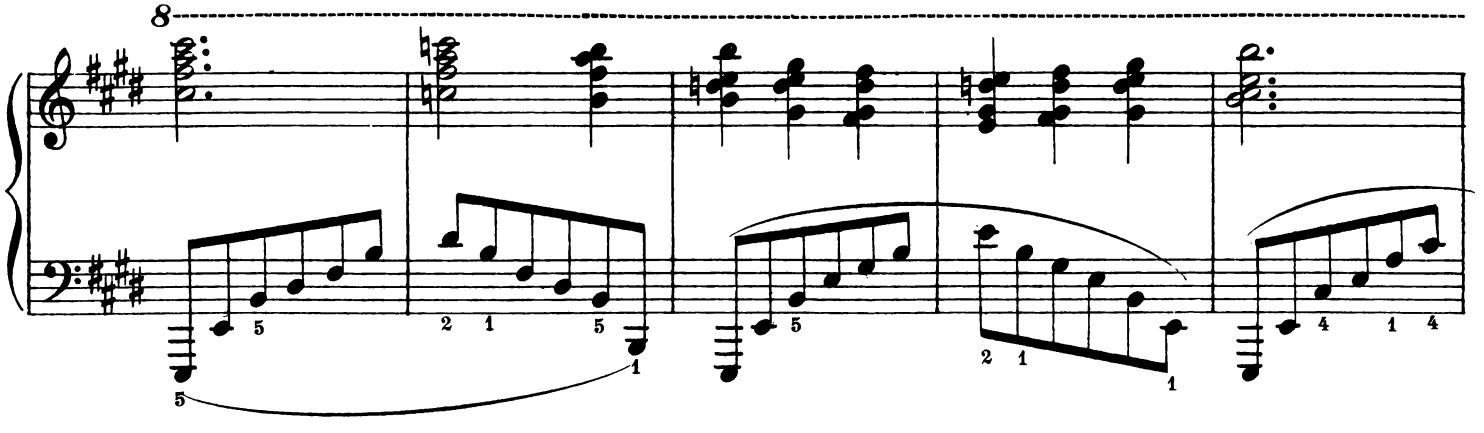


to a finer fire: Who knows but the heavens and all their seeming

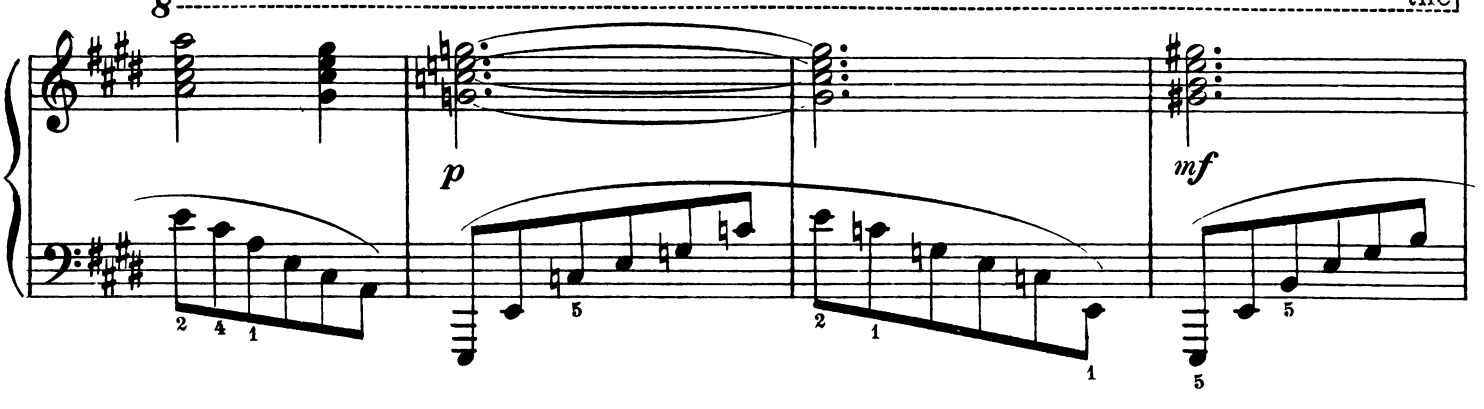


Were made by the heart's desire?

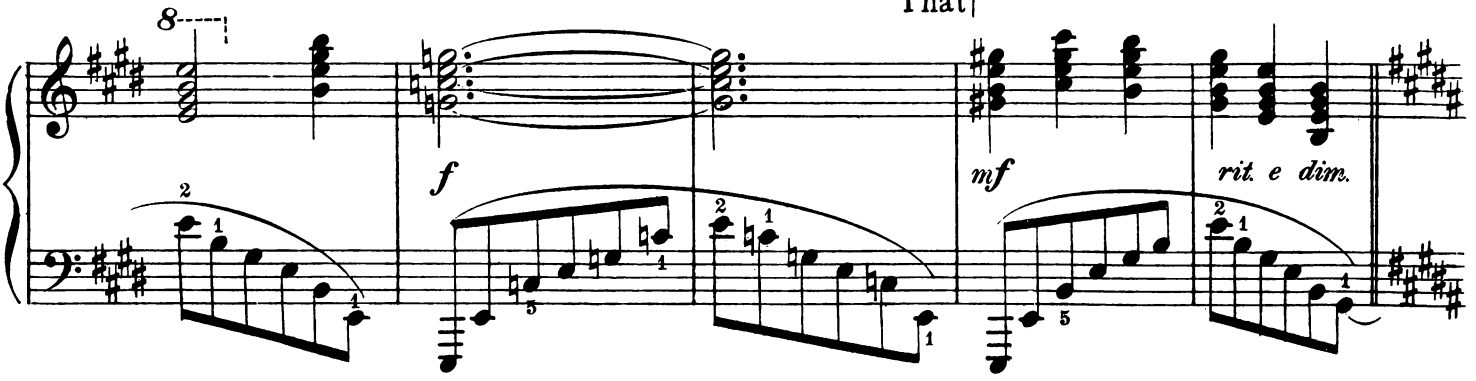


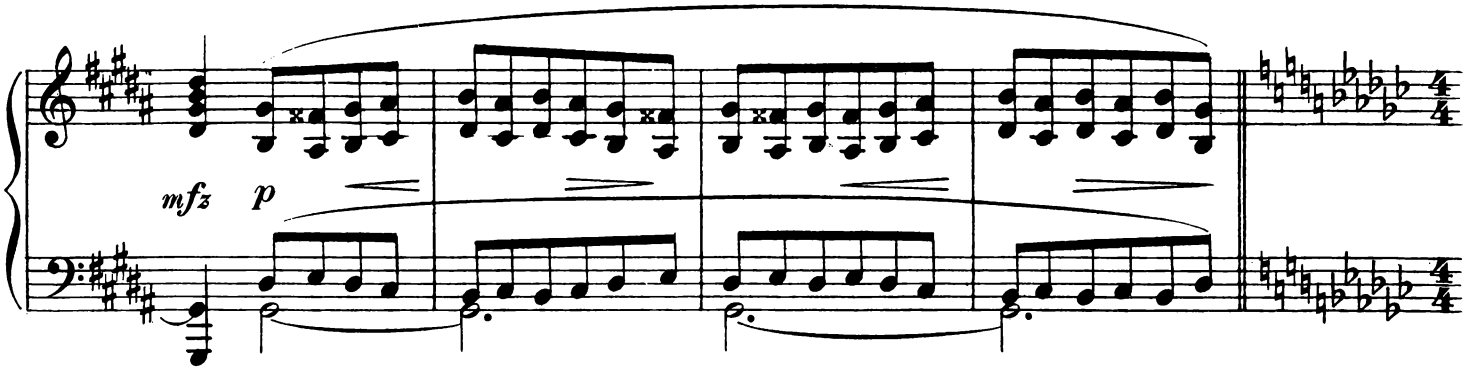


One thing shines clear in the heart's sweet reason, One lightning over the



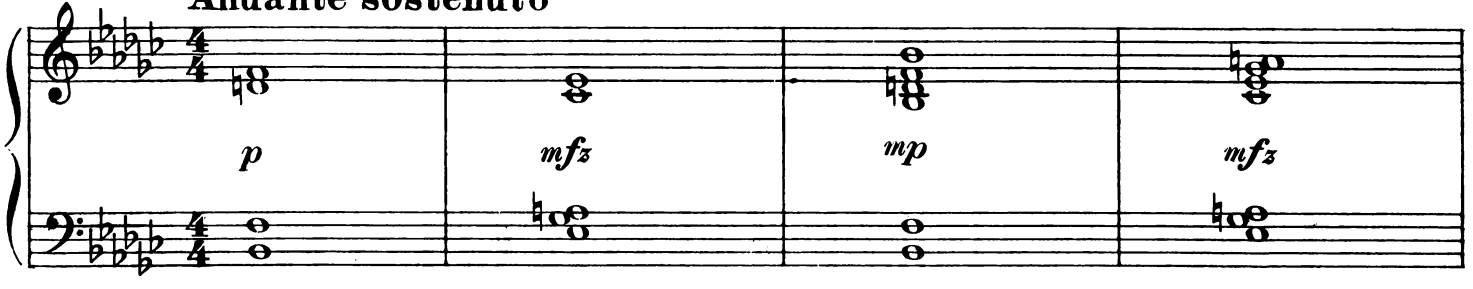
chasm runs, That to turn from love is the world's one treason | That | treads down all the suns.



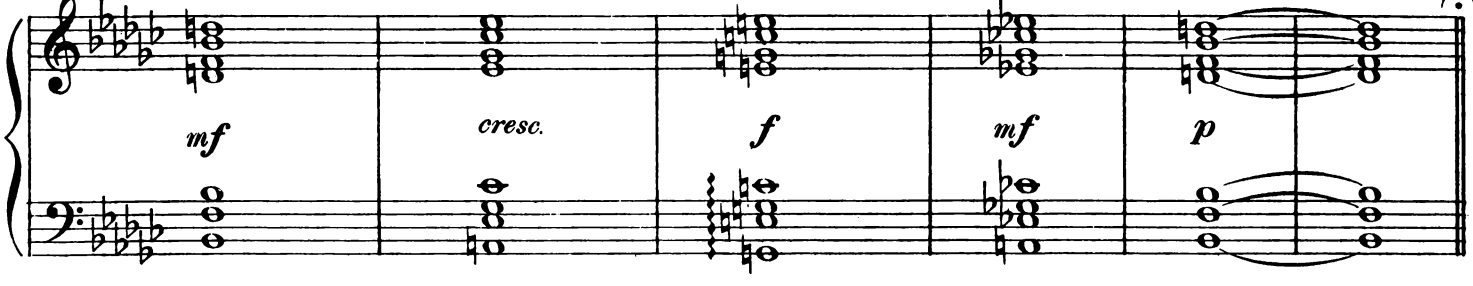


So I go to the long ad- | venture | lifting My face to the far, mysterious goals,

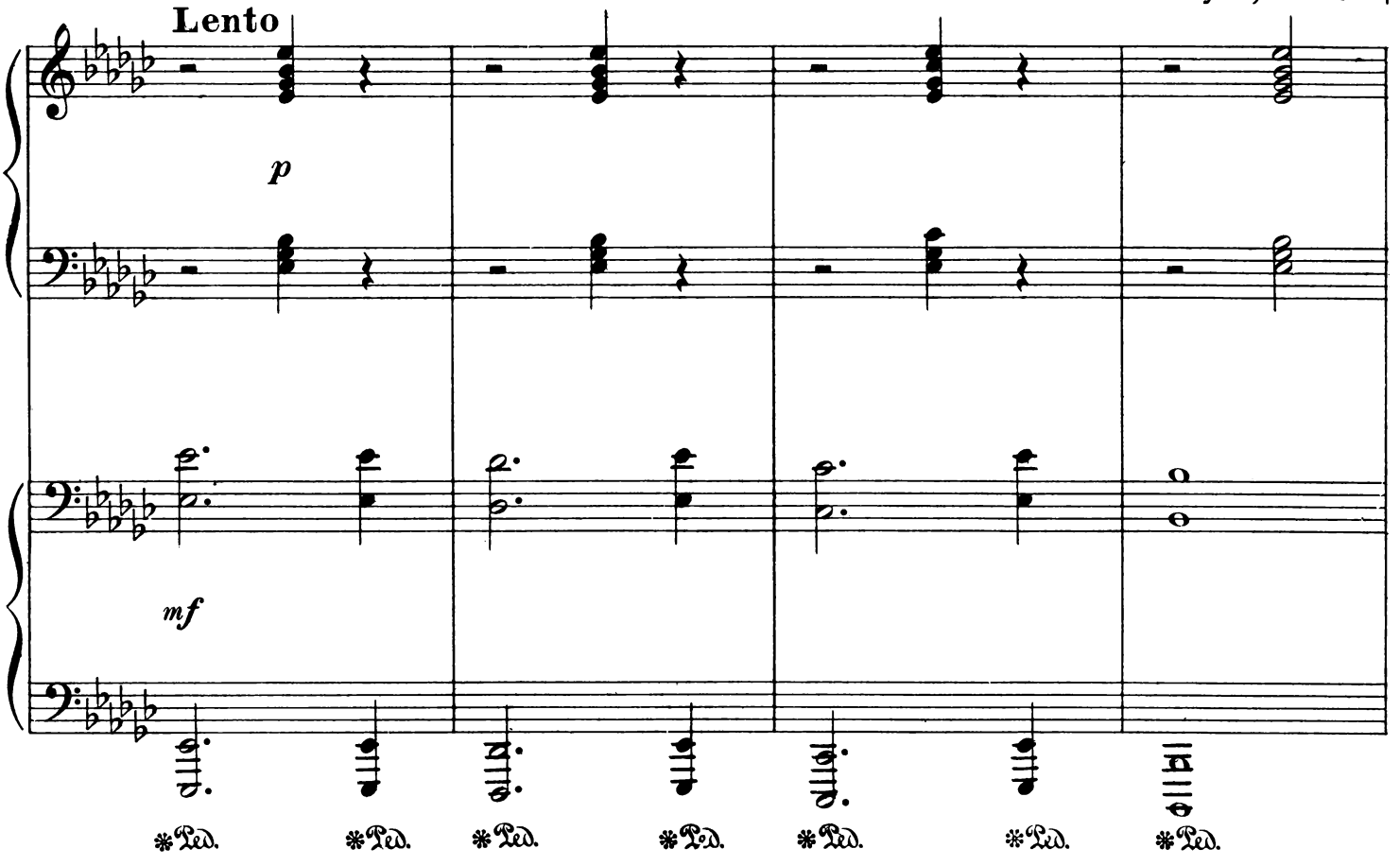
Andante sostenuto



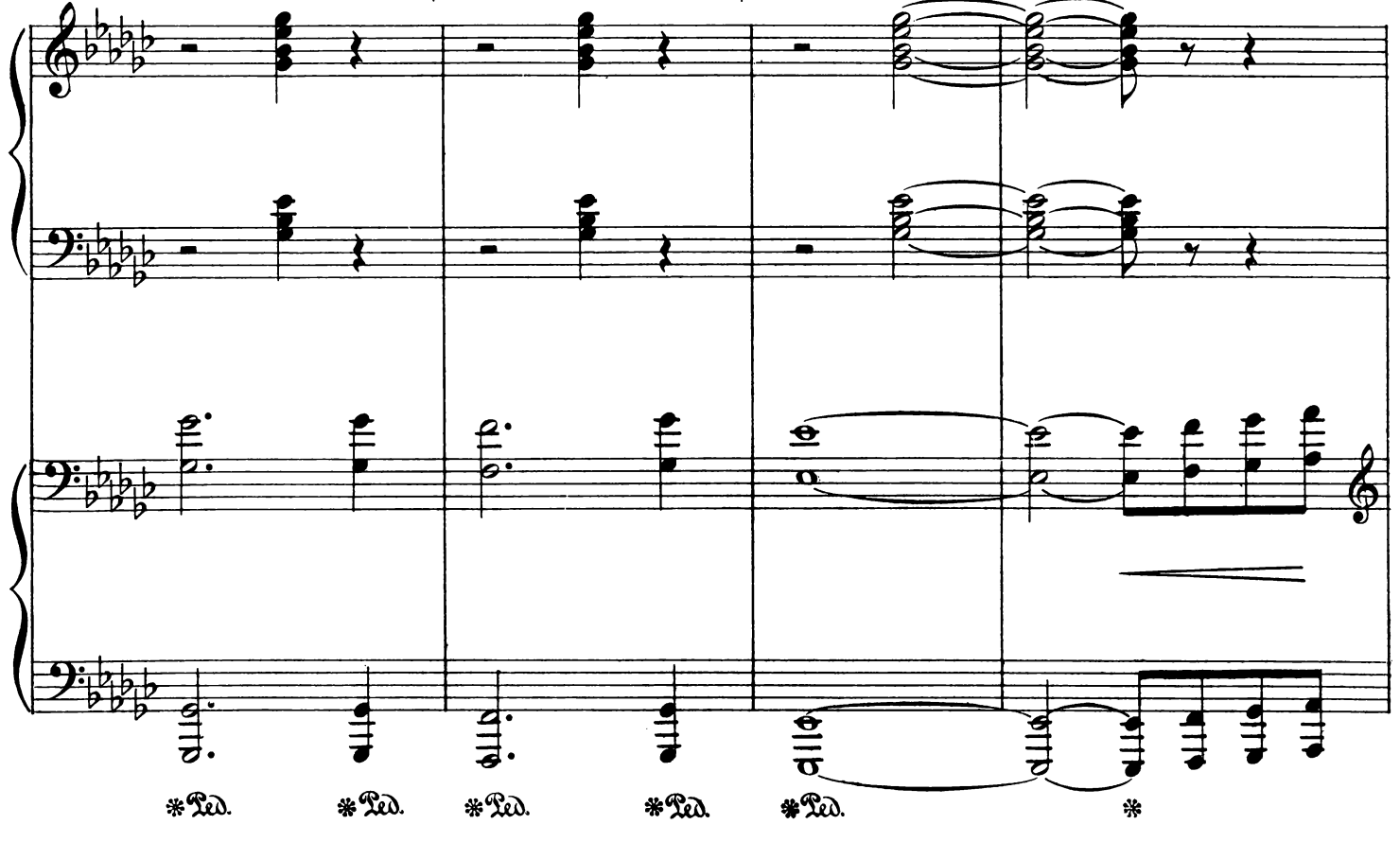
To the last | assize, | to the final sift- | ing Of | gods and stars and souls.



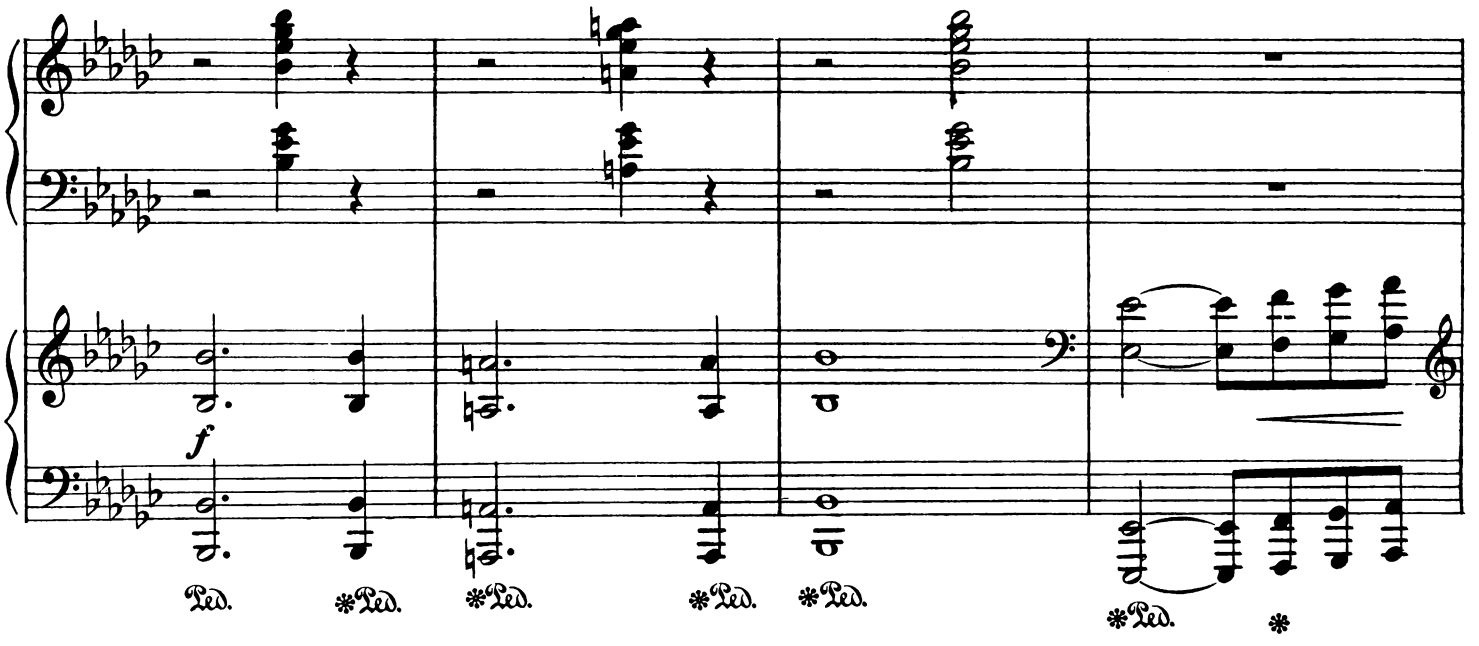
Our ways go wide and I know not whither, But my song will search through the worlds for you, Till the



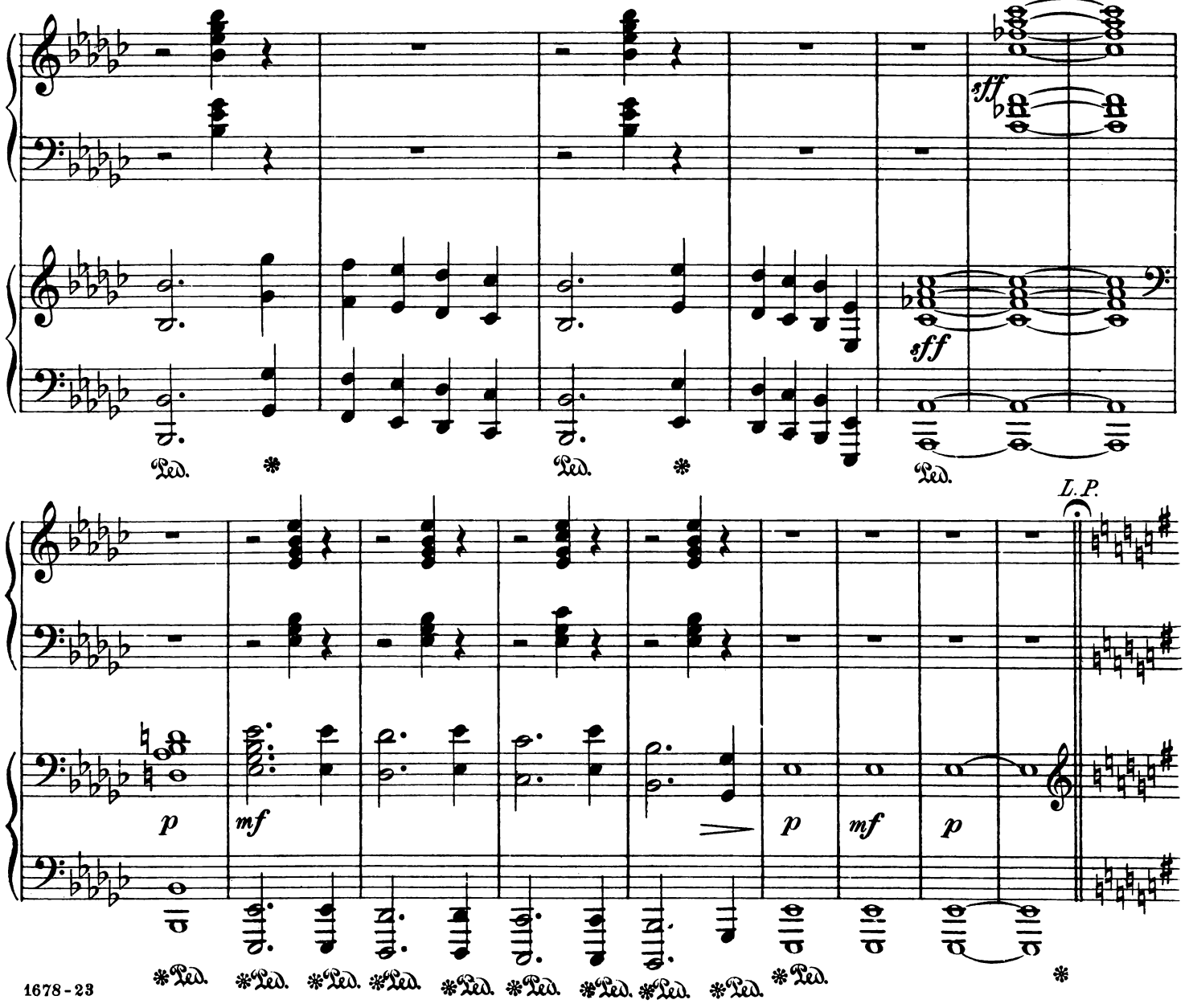
Seven Seas waste and the | Seven stars wither, And the | dream of the heart comes true.



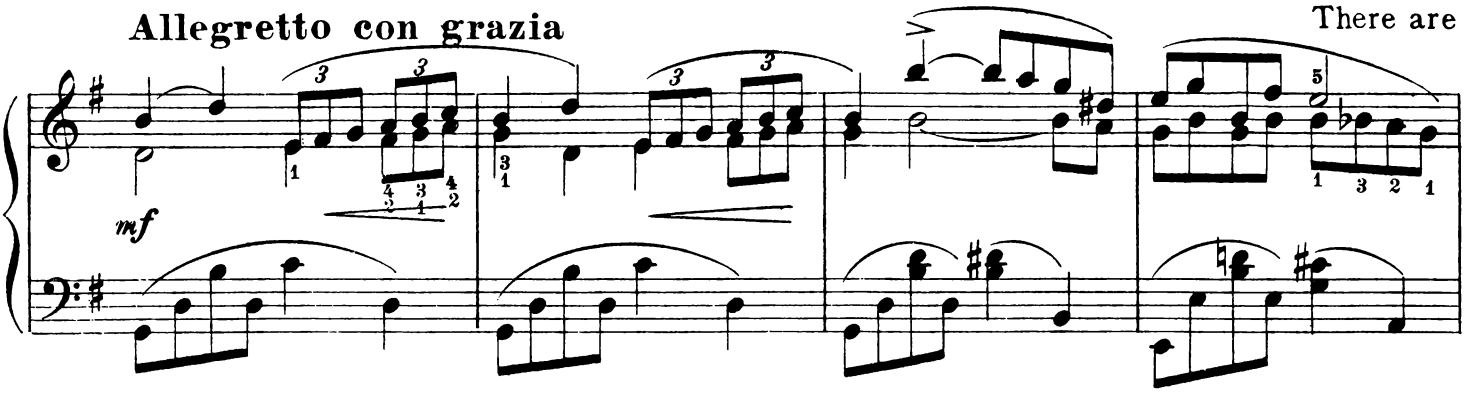
I am out to the roads and the long, long questing, On dark tides driven, on great winds



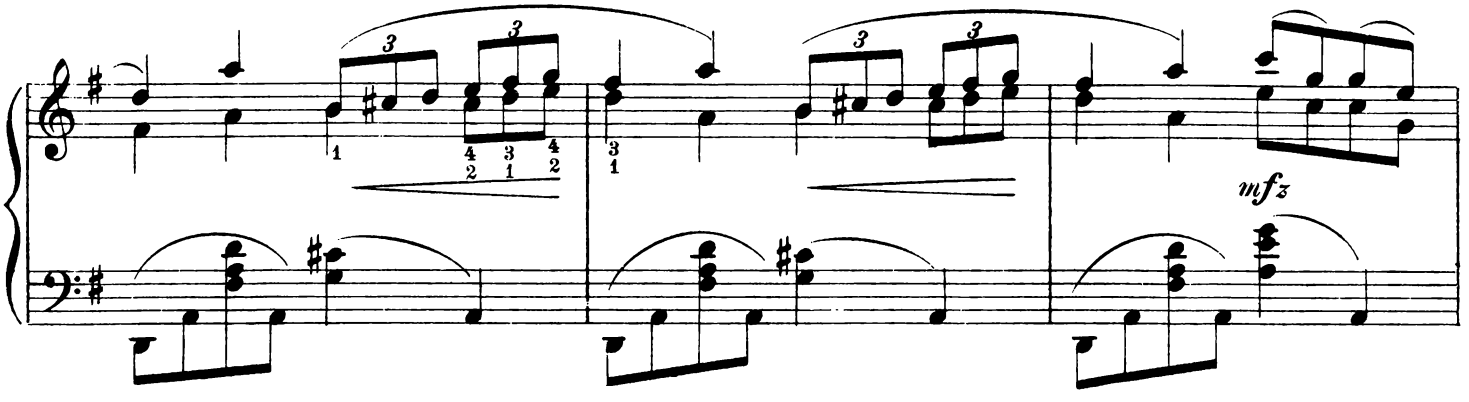
blown: I pass the ruins of the worlds unresting, I sail the great unknown.



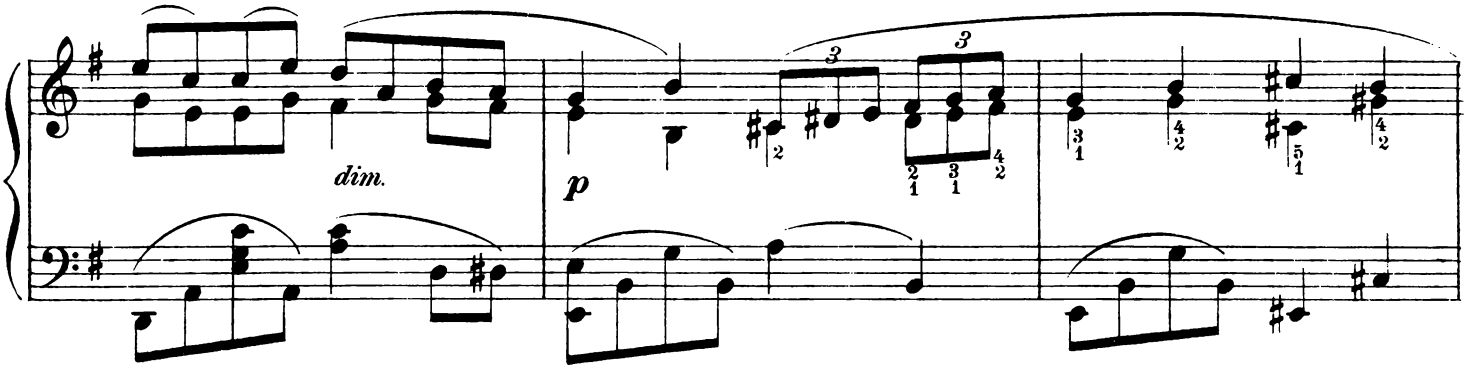
Allegretto con grazia

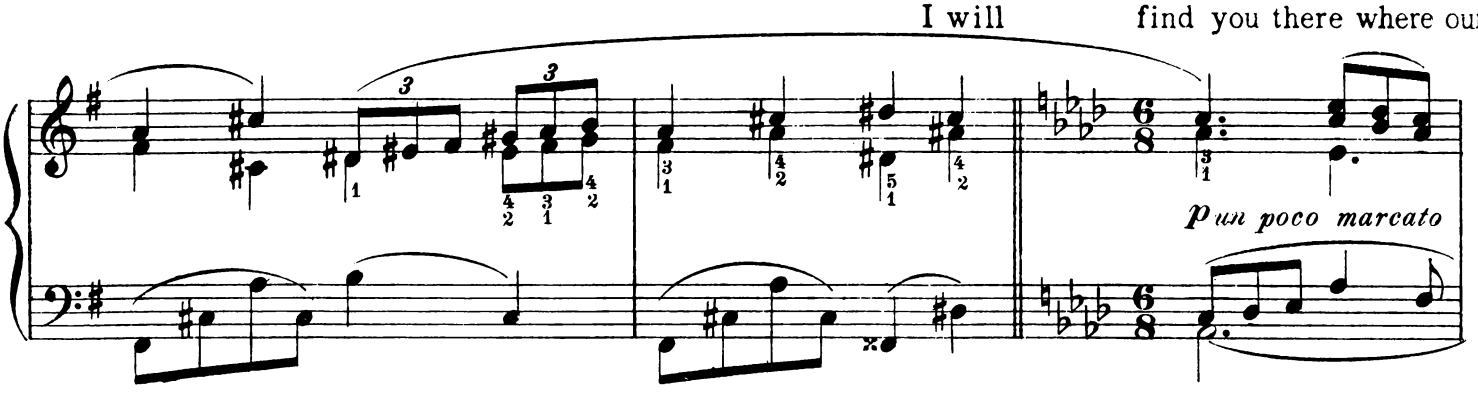


more lives yet, there are more worlds waiting, For the way climbs up to the eldest sun,

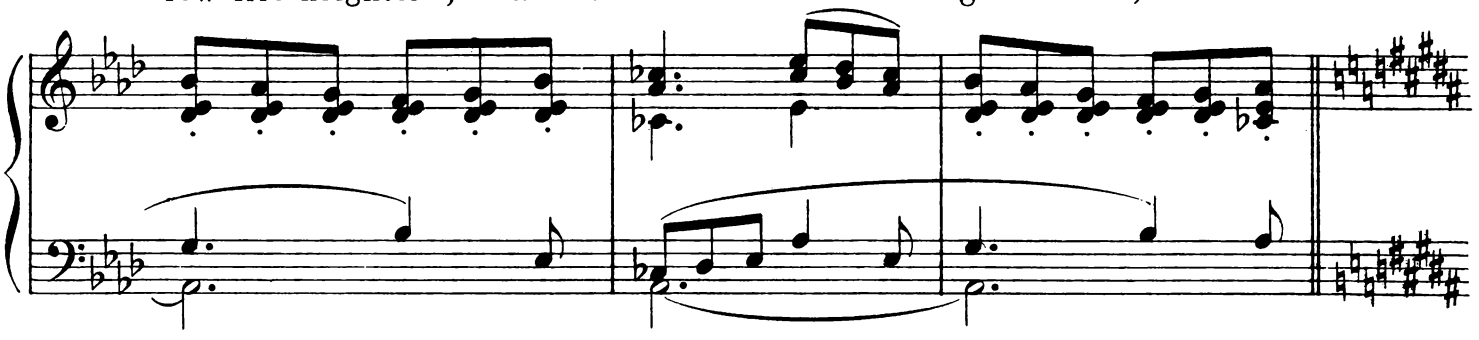


Where the white ones go to their mystic mating, And the Holy Will is done.

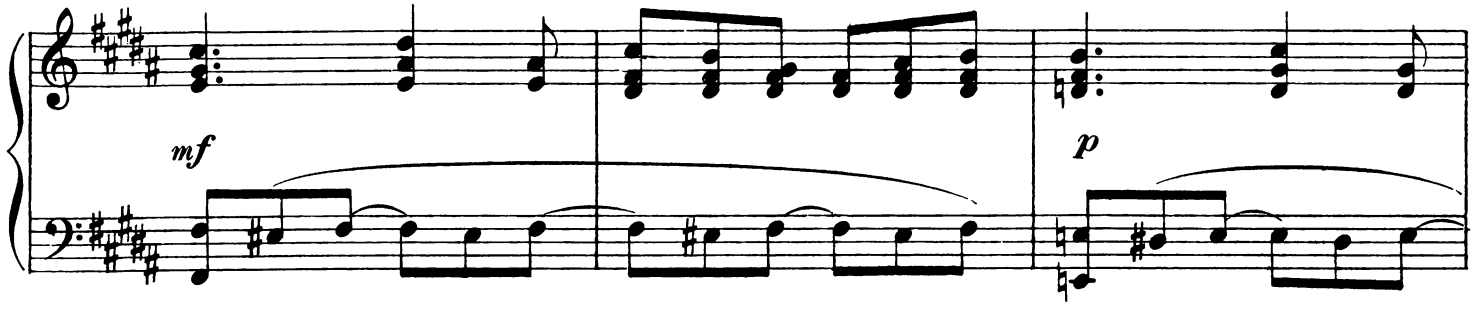




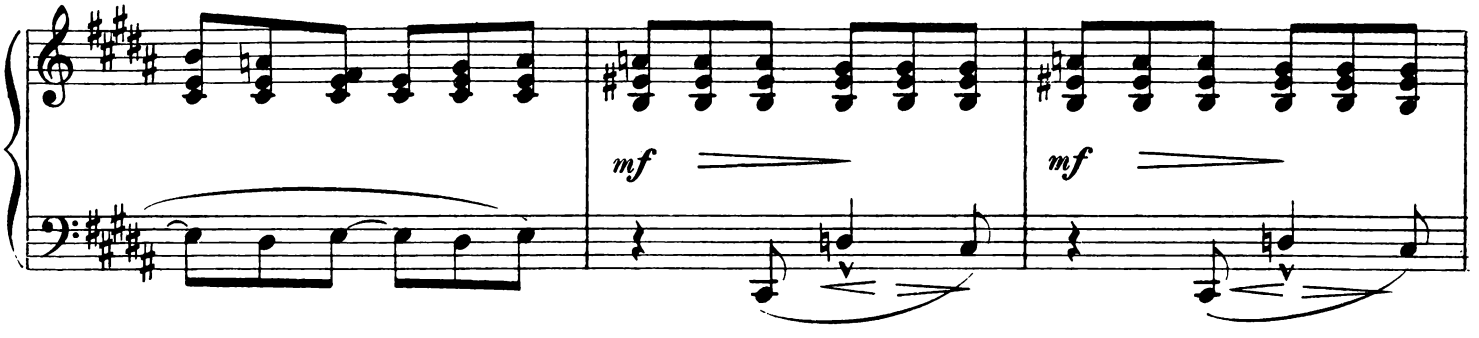
low life heightens, Where the door of the Wonder again unbars, Where the



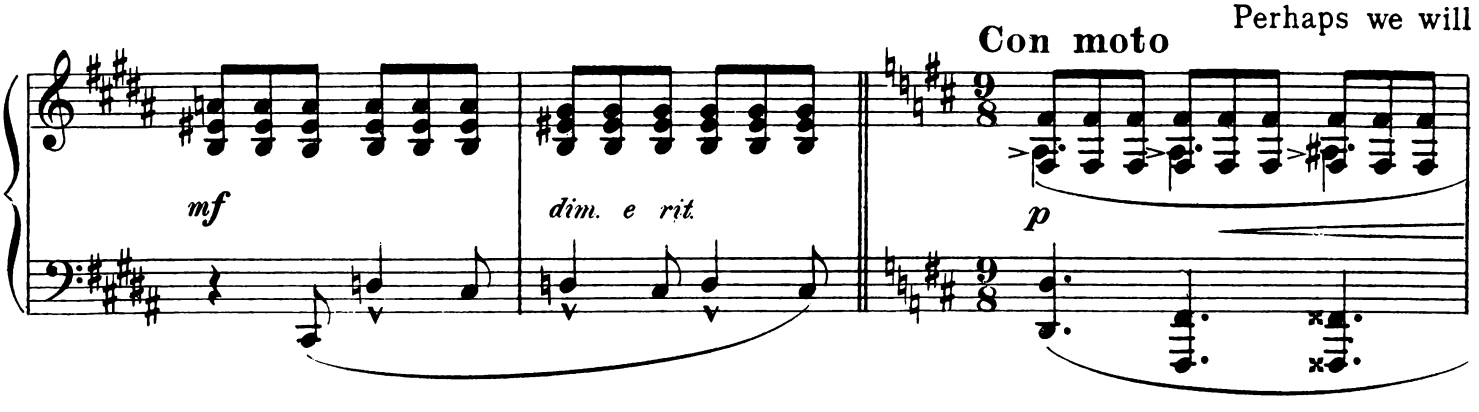
old love lures and the old fire whitens, In the Stars behind the



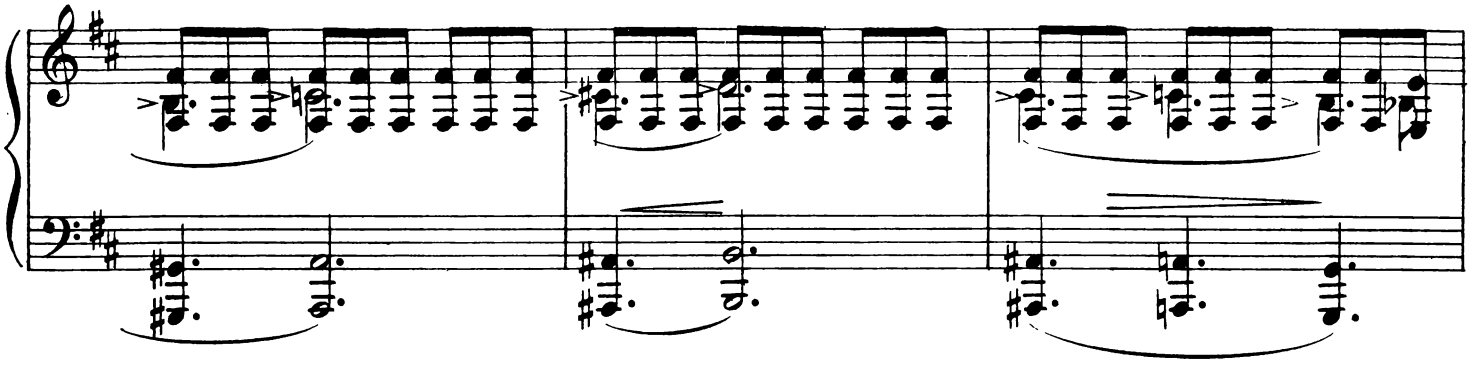
stars.



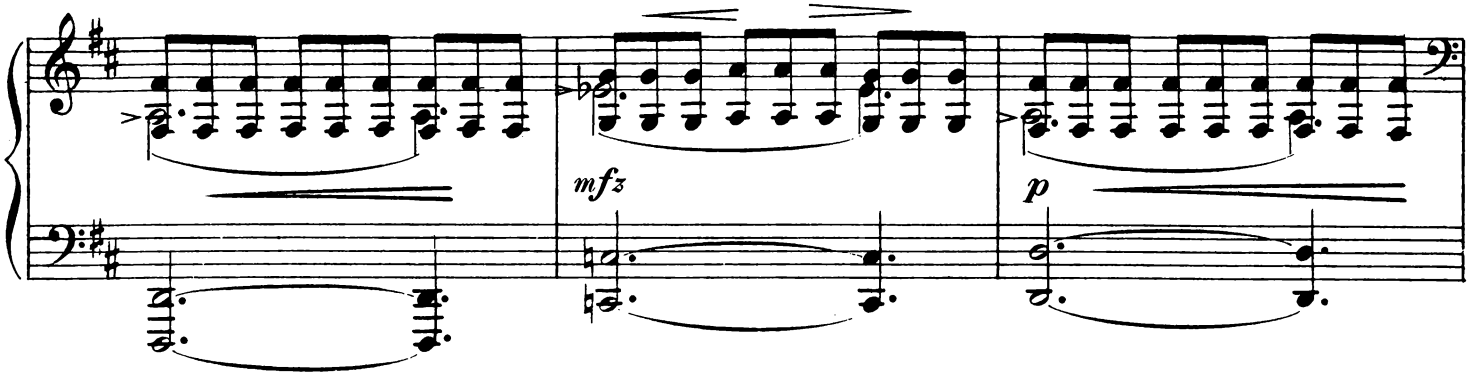
Perhaps we will



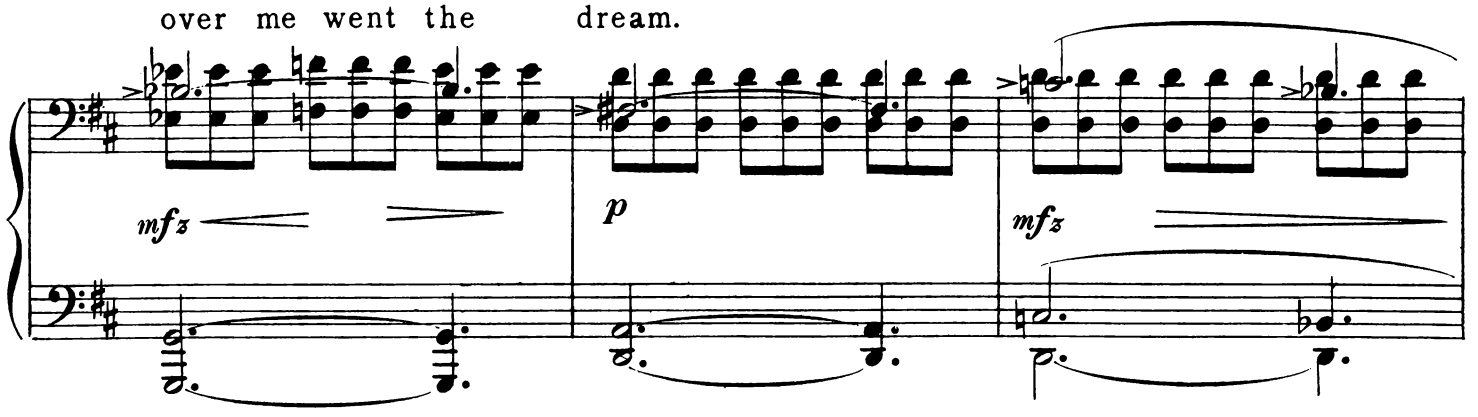
meet where the boughs for rafters Shelter a cliff by an ocean-stream,

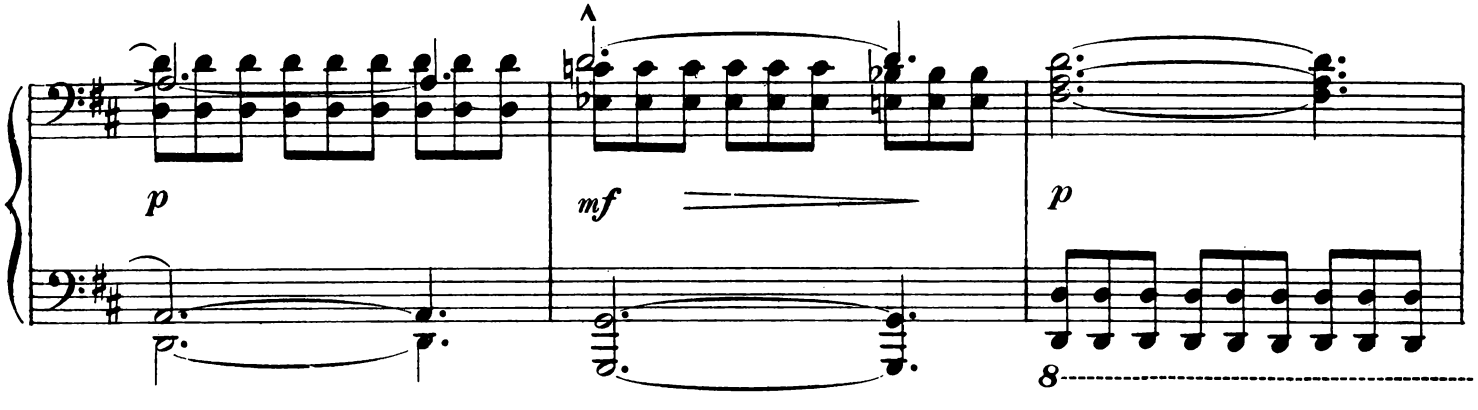


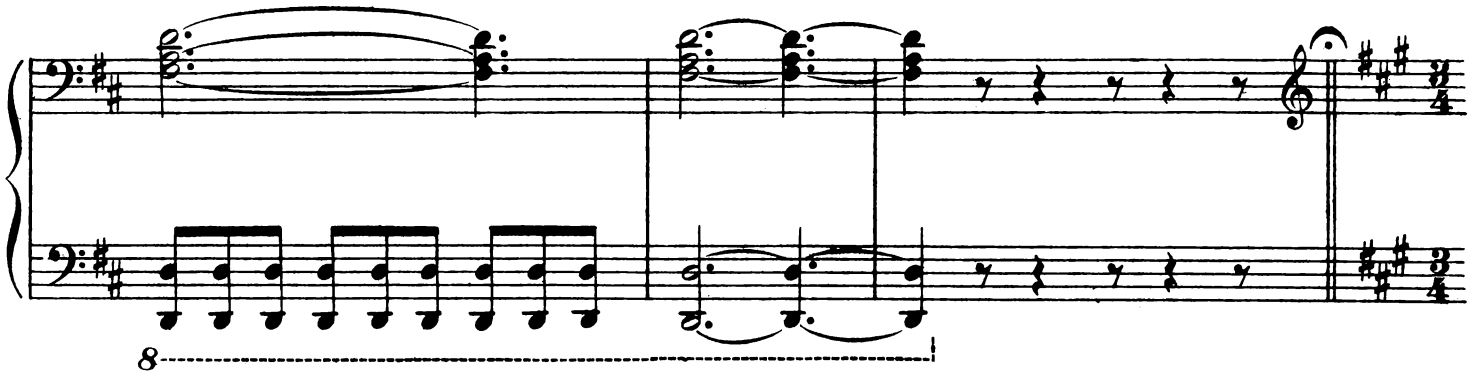
As we met long ago in the light sea-laughters When

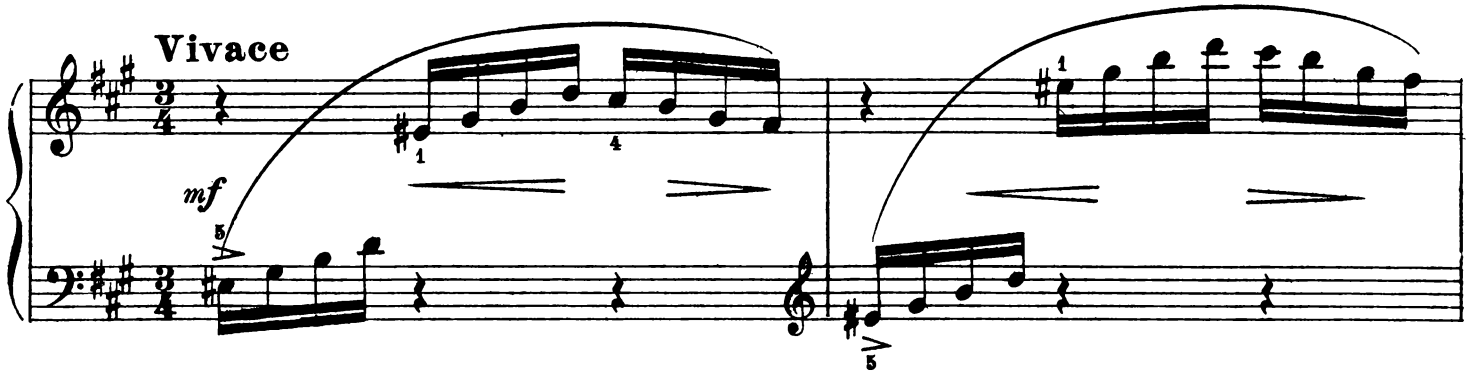


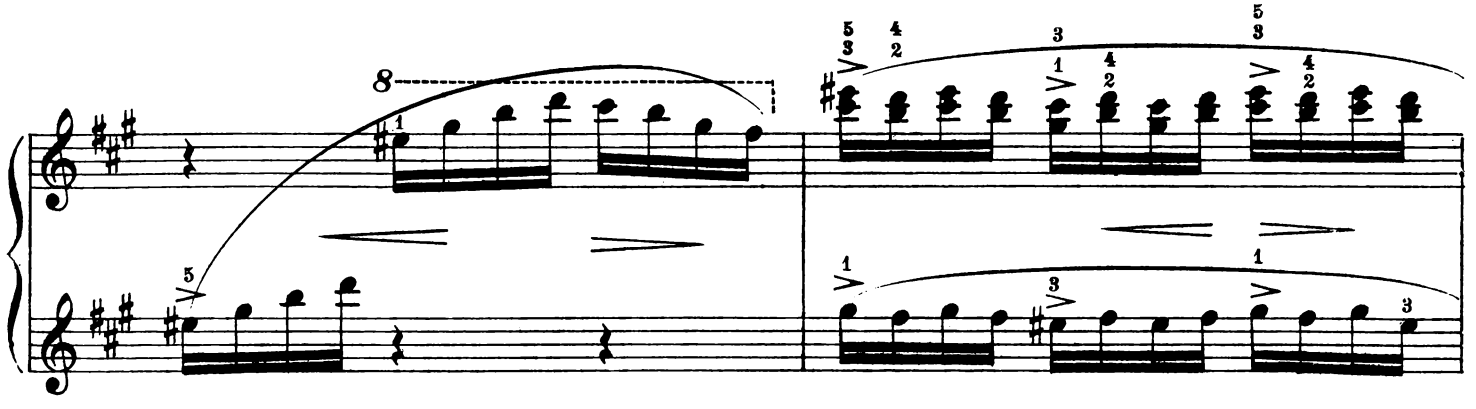
over me went the dream.



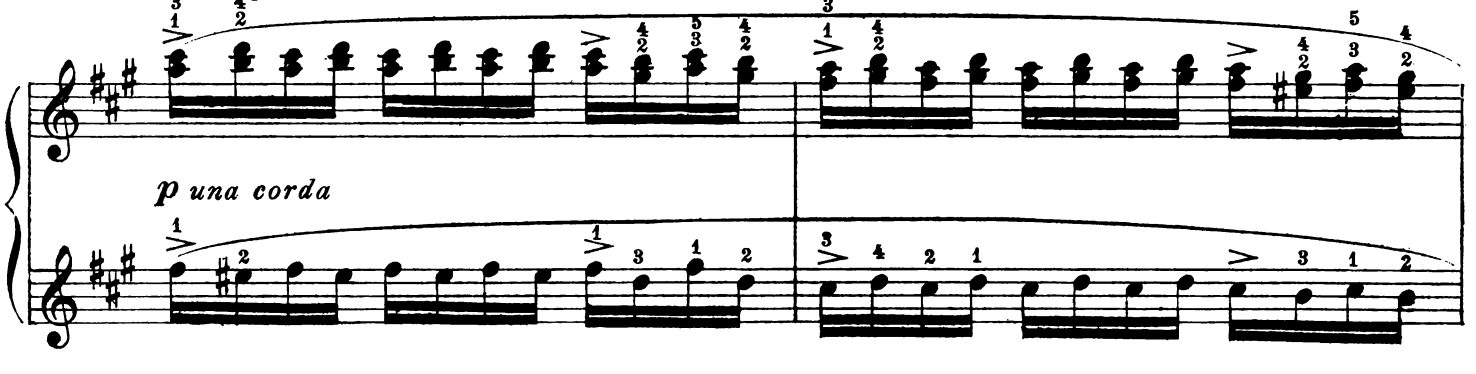




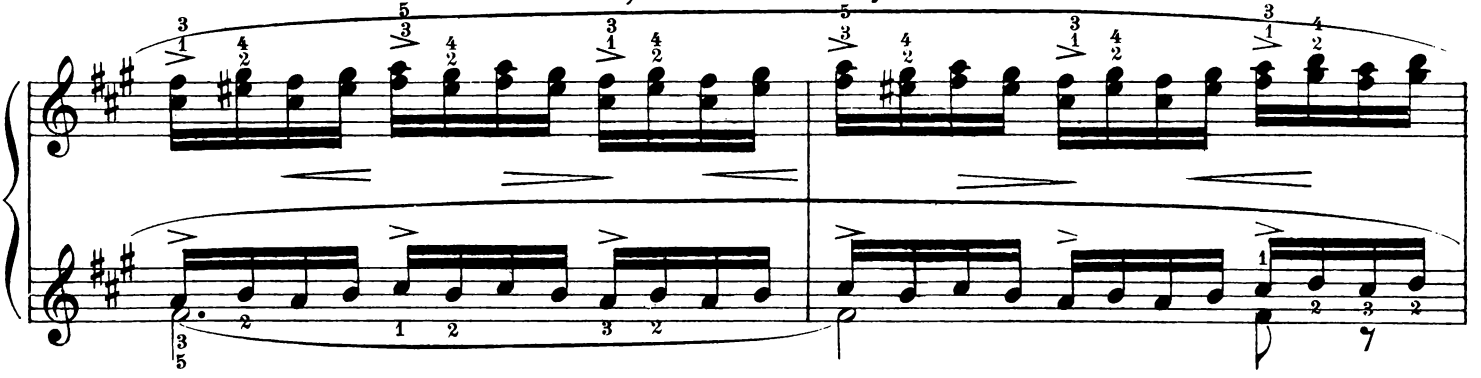




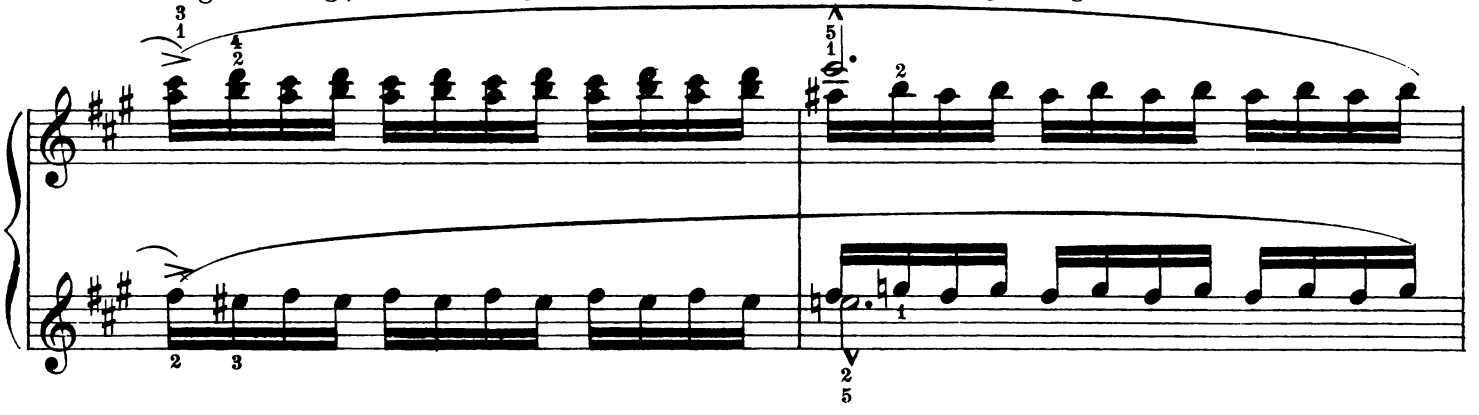
Perhaps we will meet in some field of faery, Twined round by the

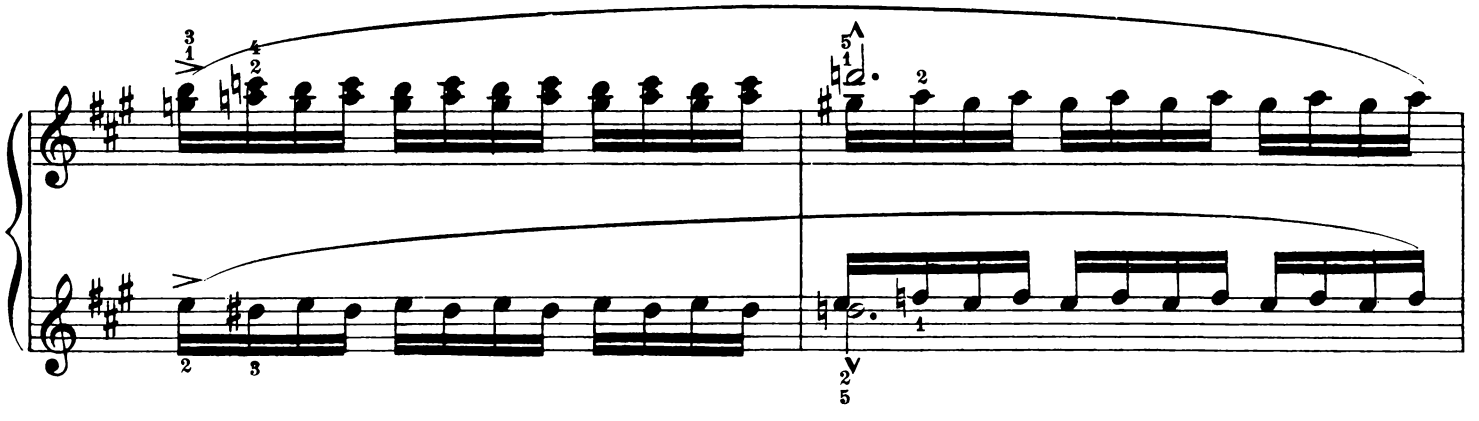


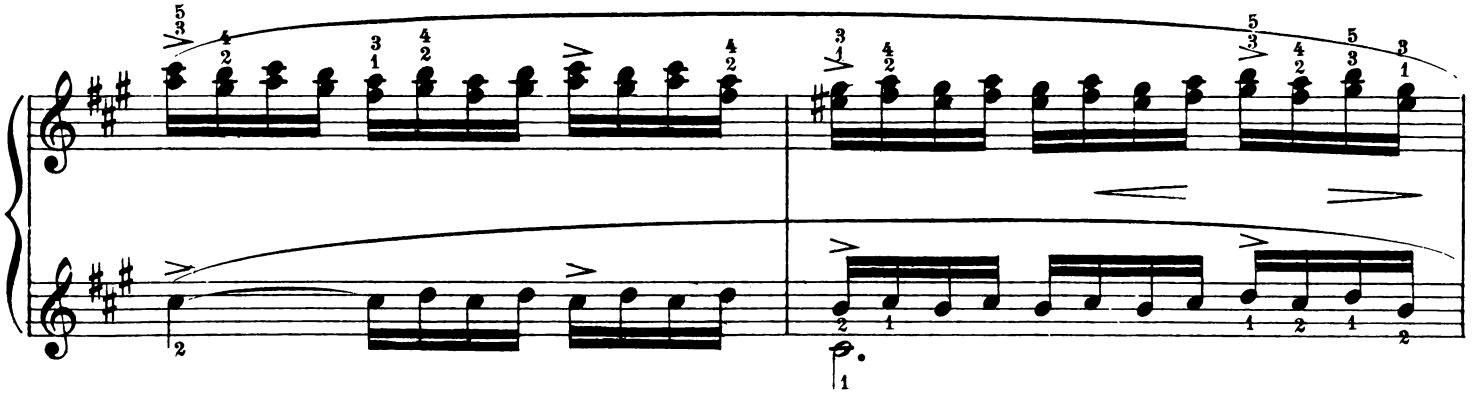
sea and the scented vales, To stray moon-charmed in a

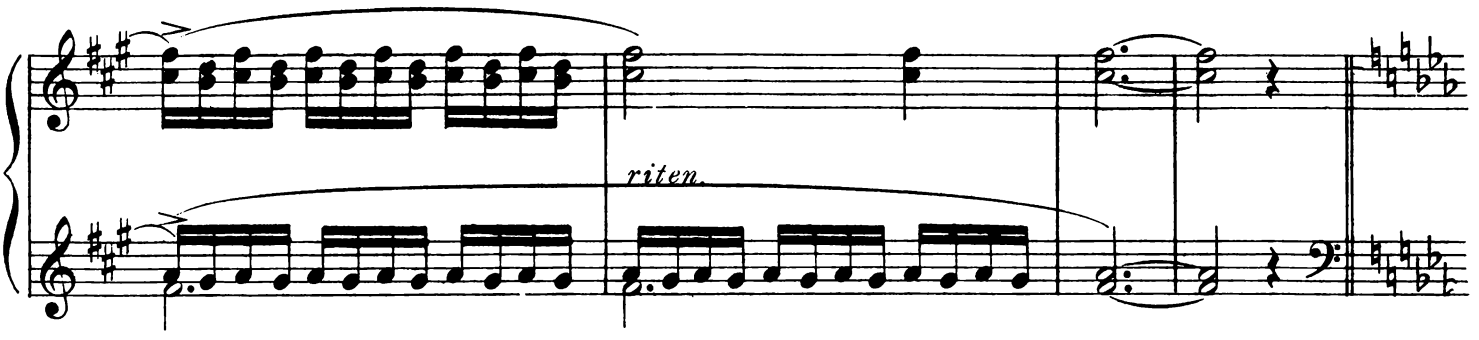


high-hung, airy Dream-wood of nightingales.

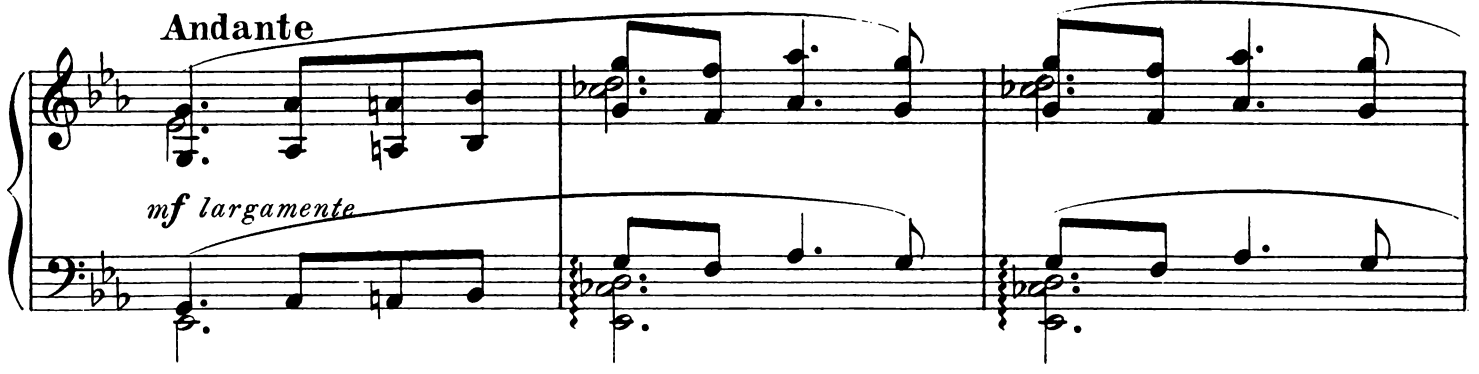




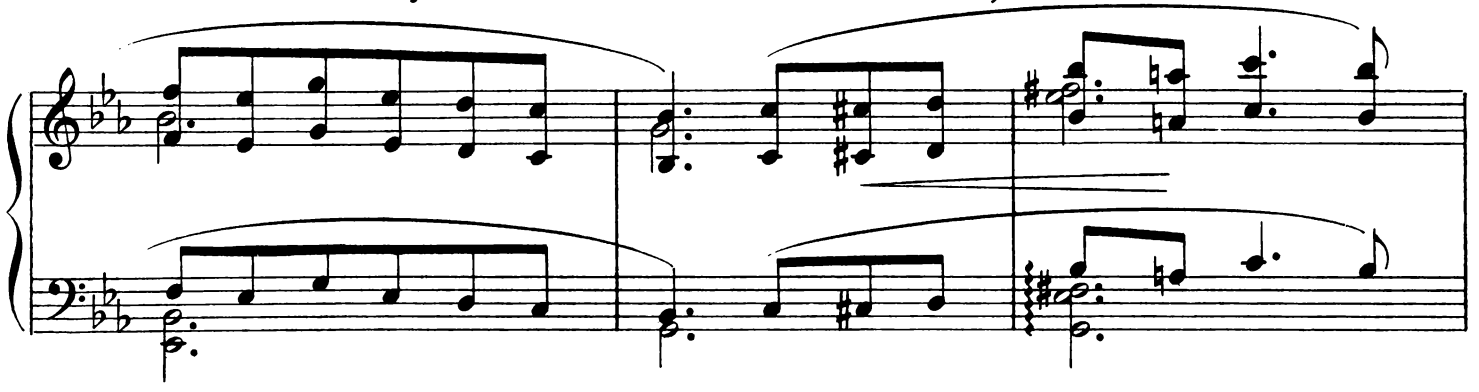




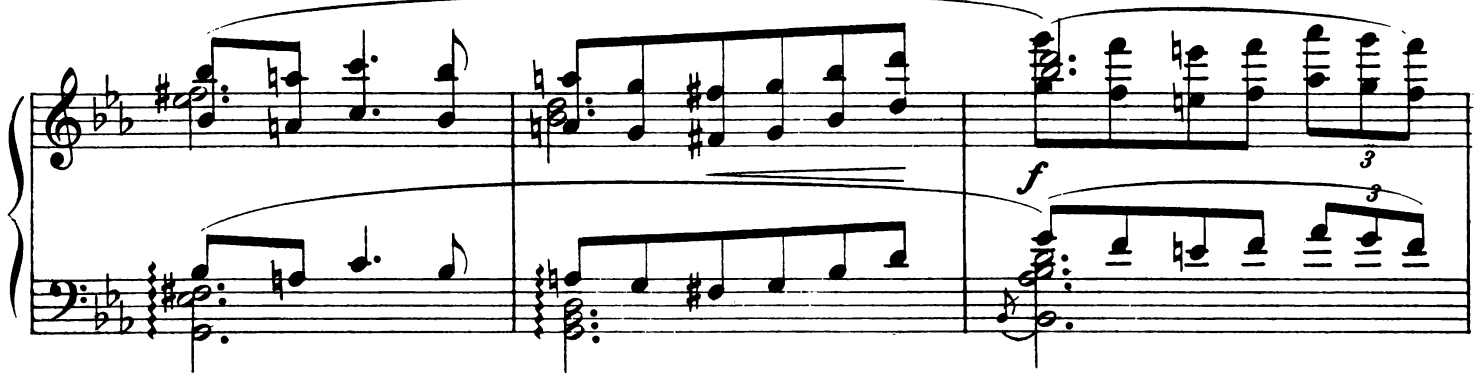
We will hear some word of the final meaning, As we



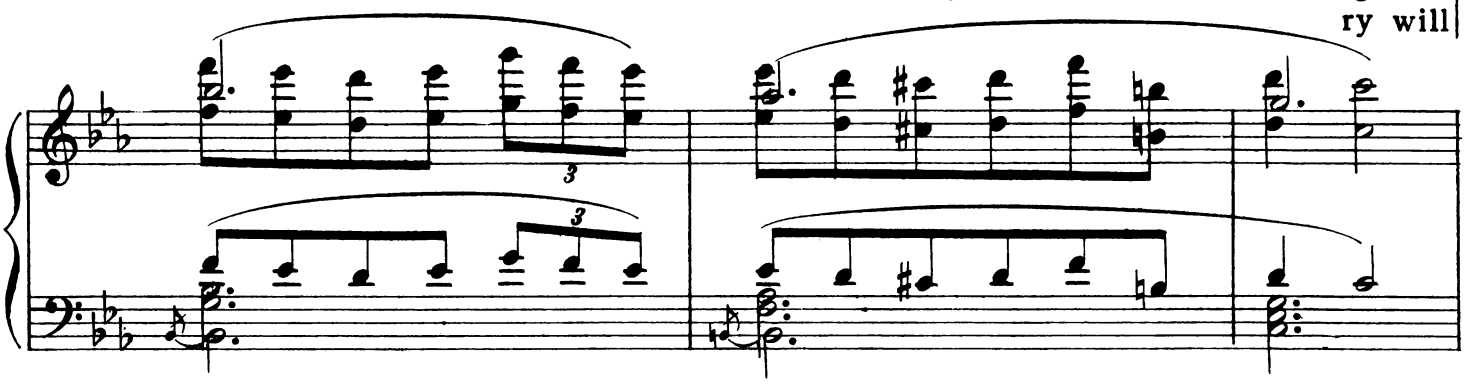
meet at last by the love-loud wind blown trees, Hushed with the wonder of



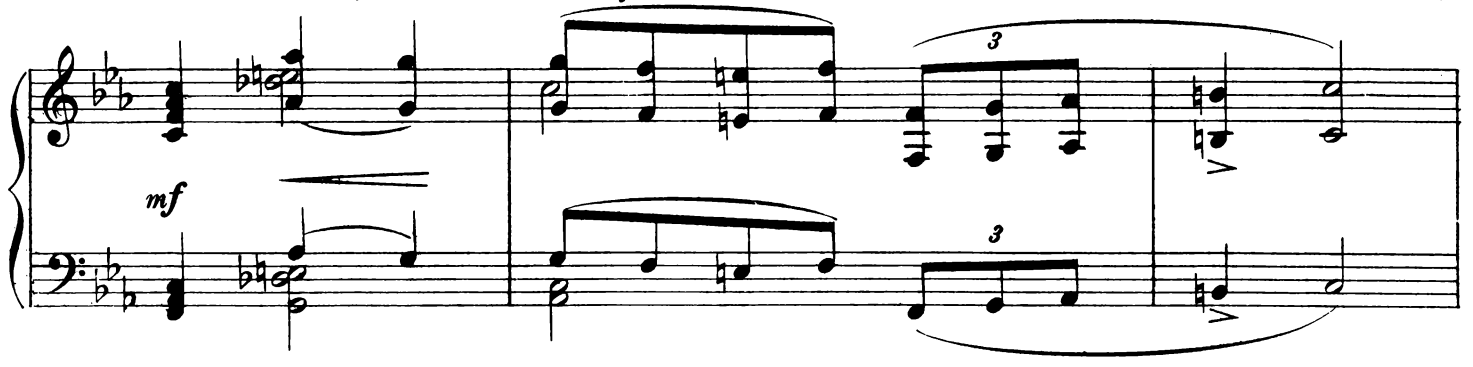
life, and leaning, Over the marching seas. Ah,



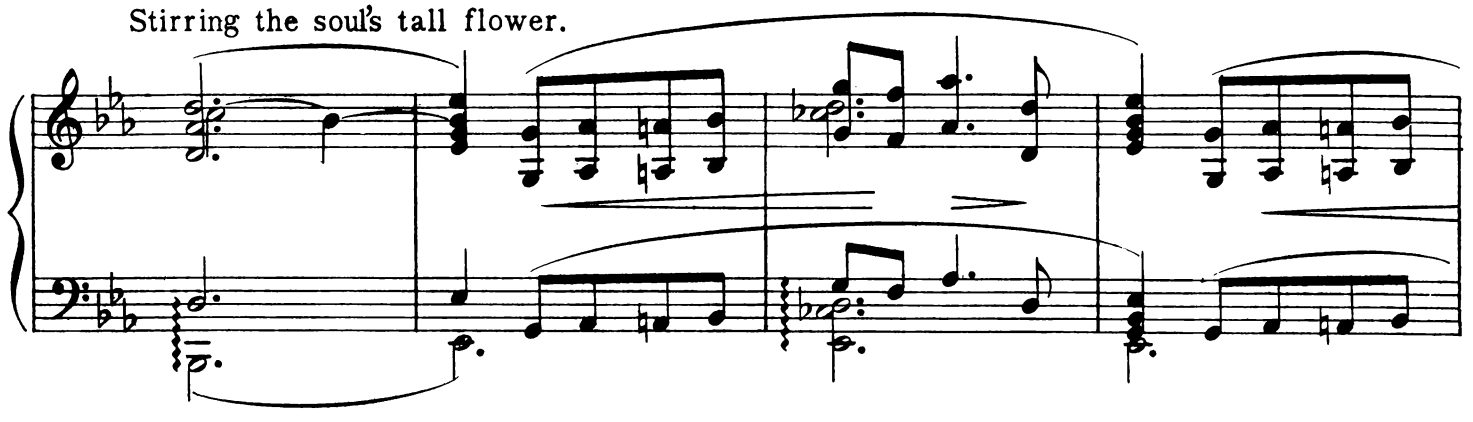
strangely then will the heart be shaken, For something starry will

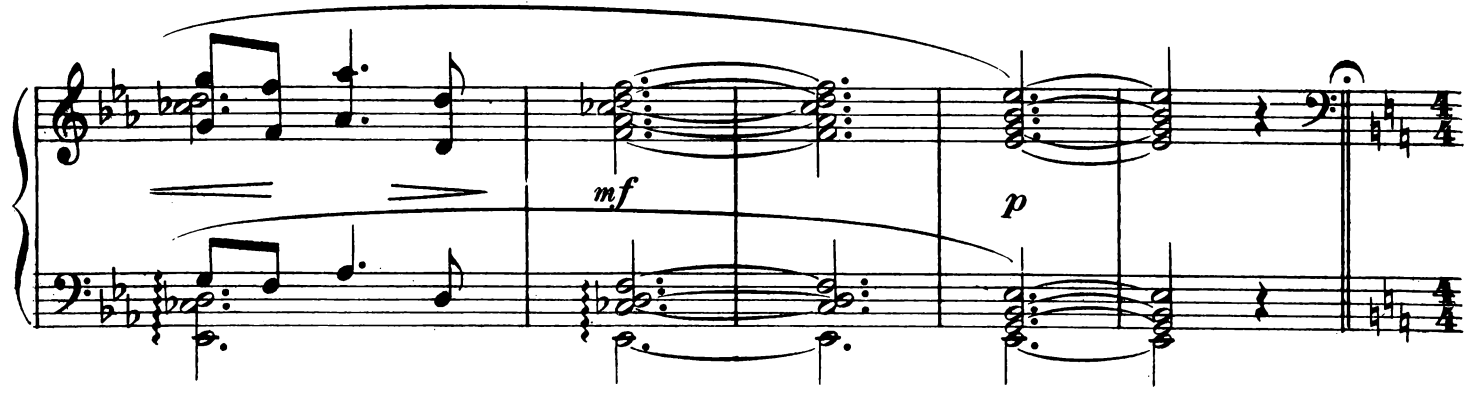


touch the hour; And the mystic wind of the worlds will waken,



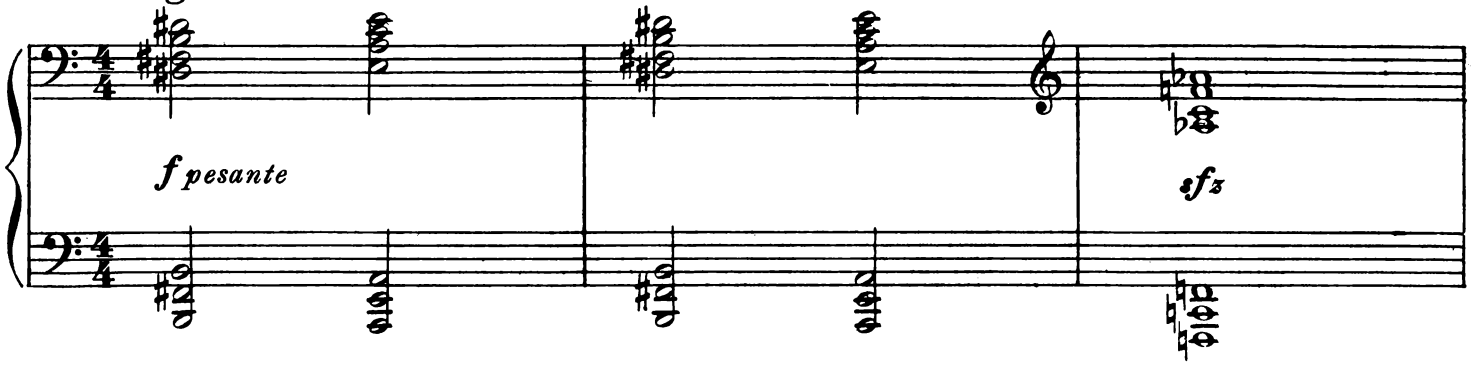
Stirring the soul's tall flower.



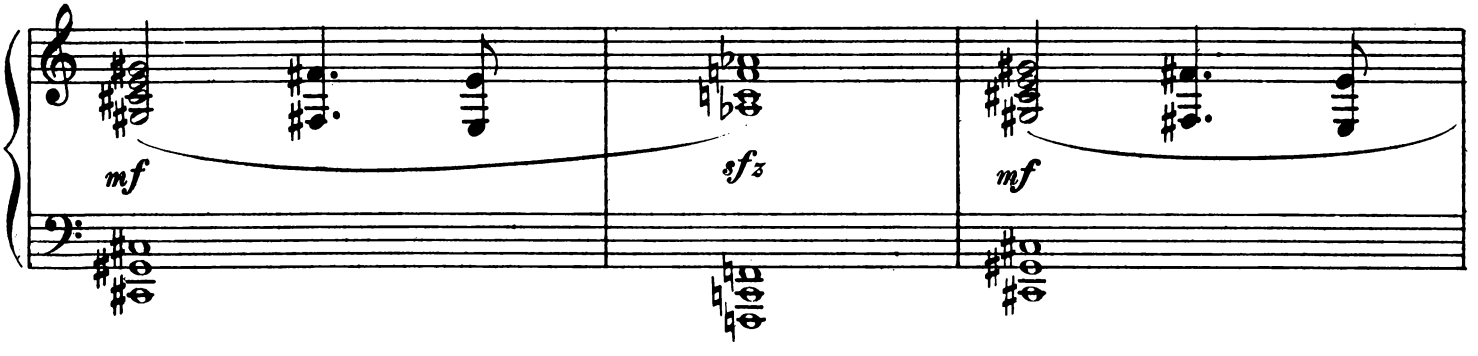


As we go star - stilled in the mystic garden, All the prose of this

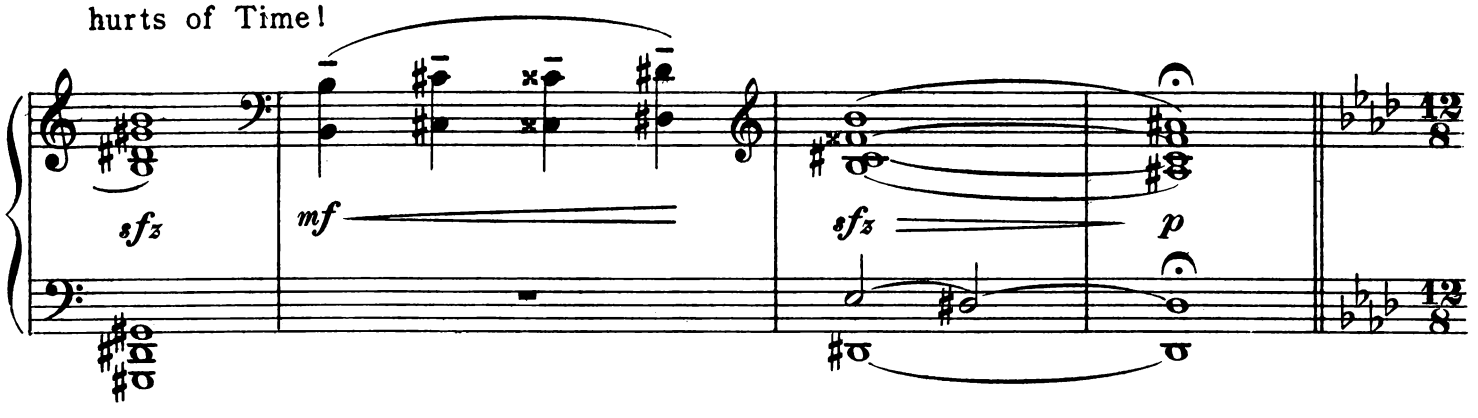
Adagio



life run there to rhyme, How eagerly will the poor heart pardon All of these

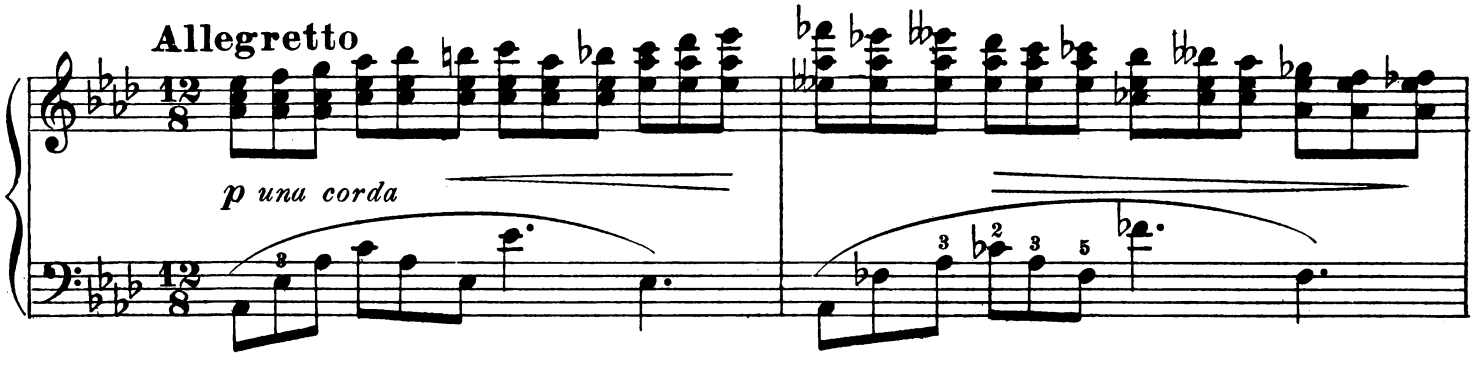


hurts of Time!

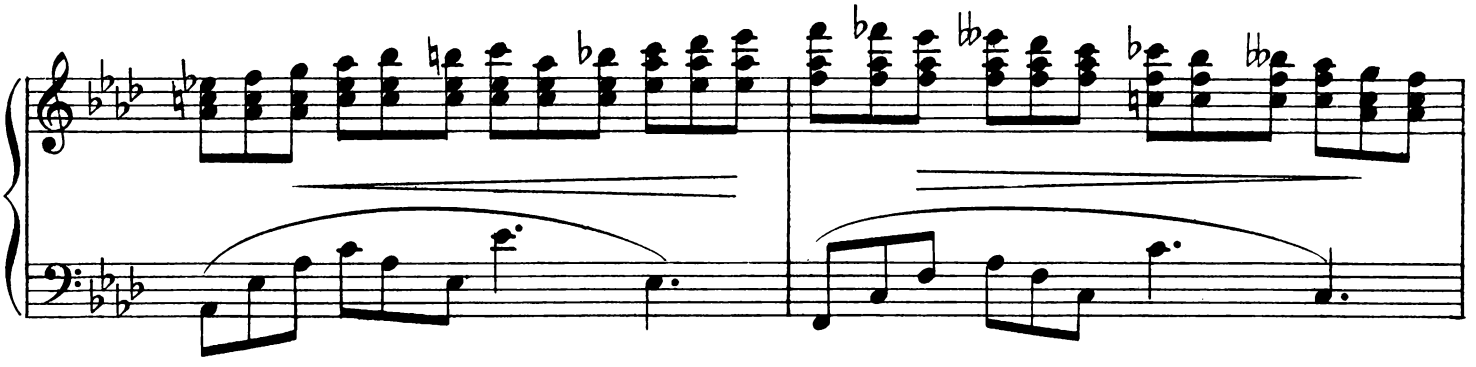


For 'twill all come back— the wasted splendor,

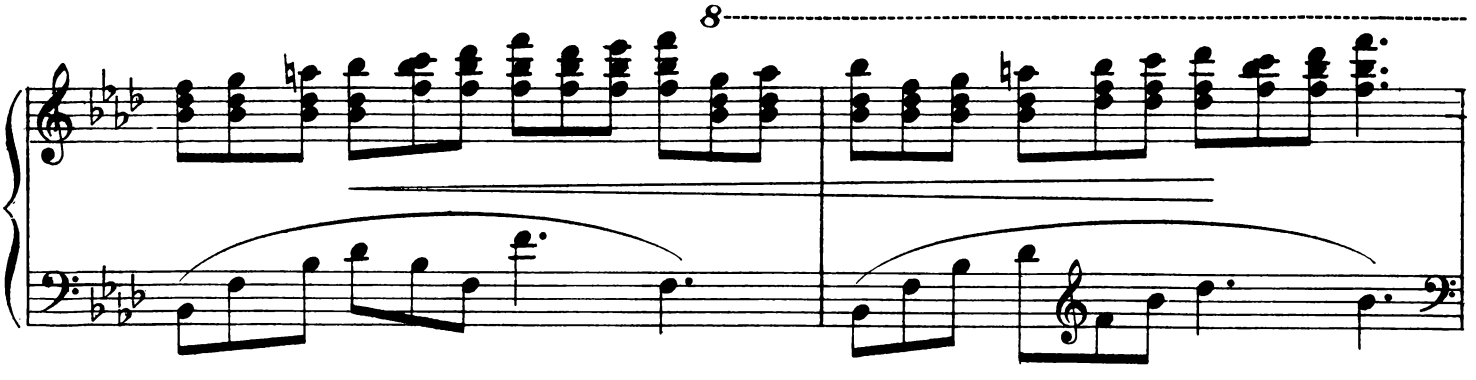
Allegretto



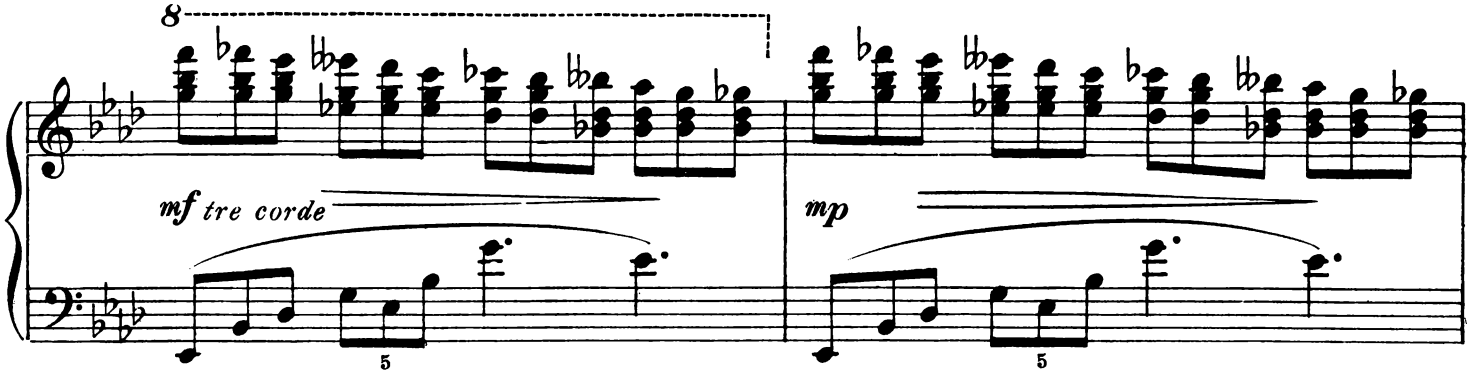
The heart's lost youth like a breaking flower, The dauntless dare,



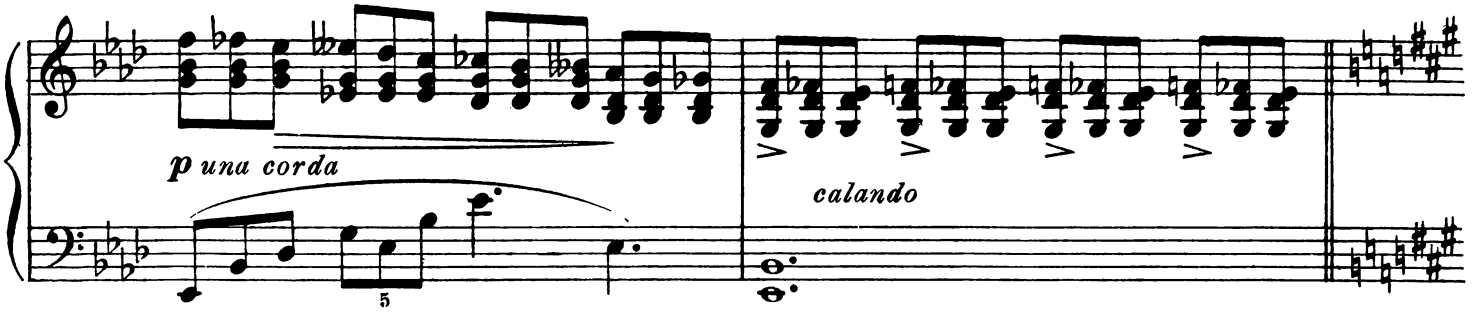
and the wistful, tender Touch of the April hour. In that



wondrous hour of our souls dream-driven, In that high, white hour, O my

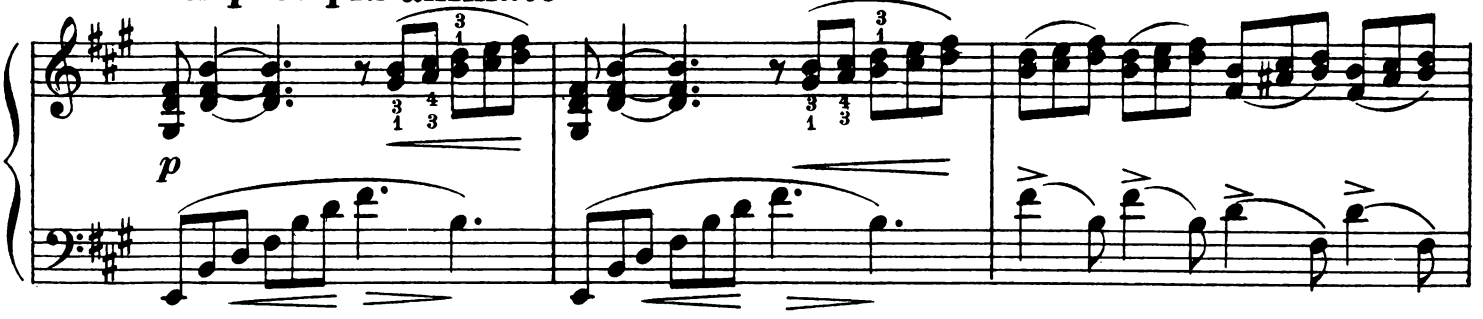


wild sea-bride, The tears and the years will all be forgiven, And

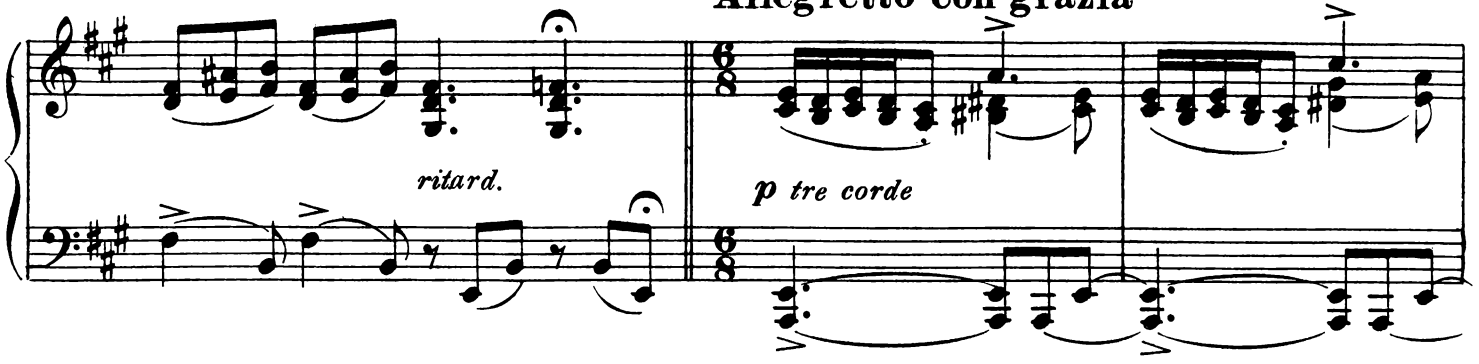


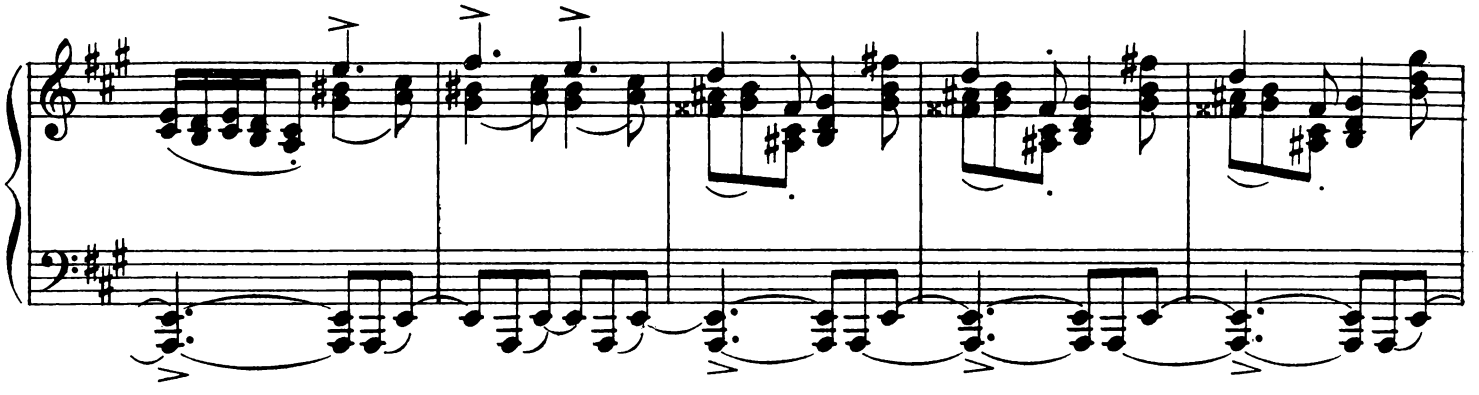
all be justified.

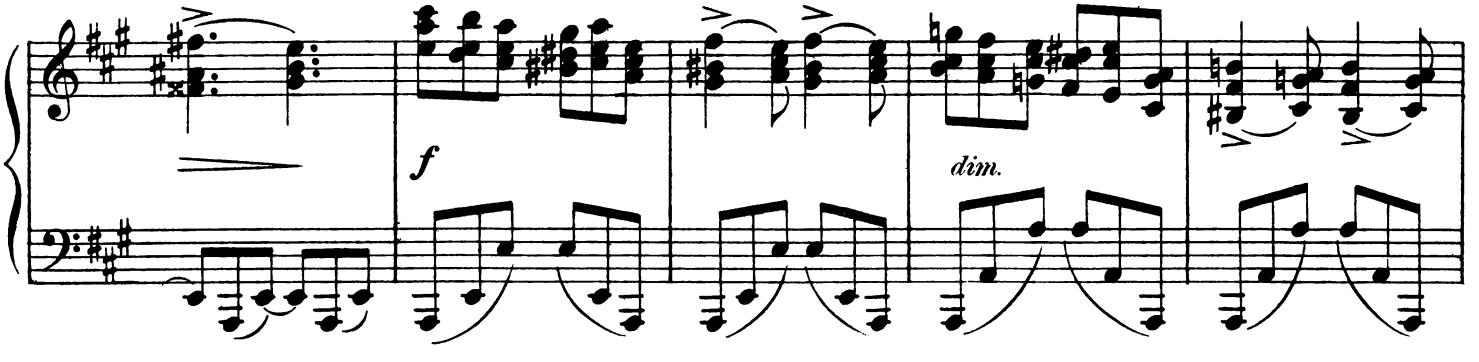
Un poco più animato

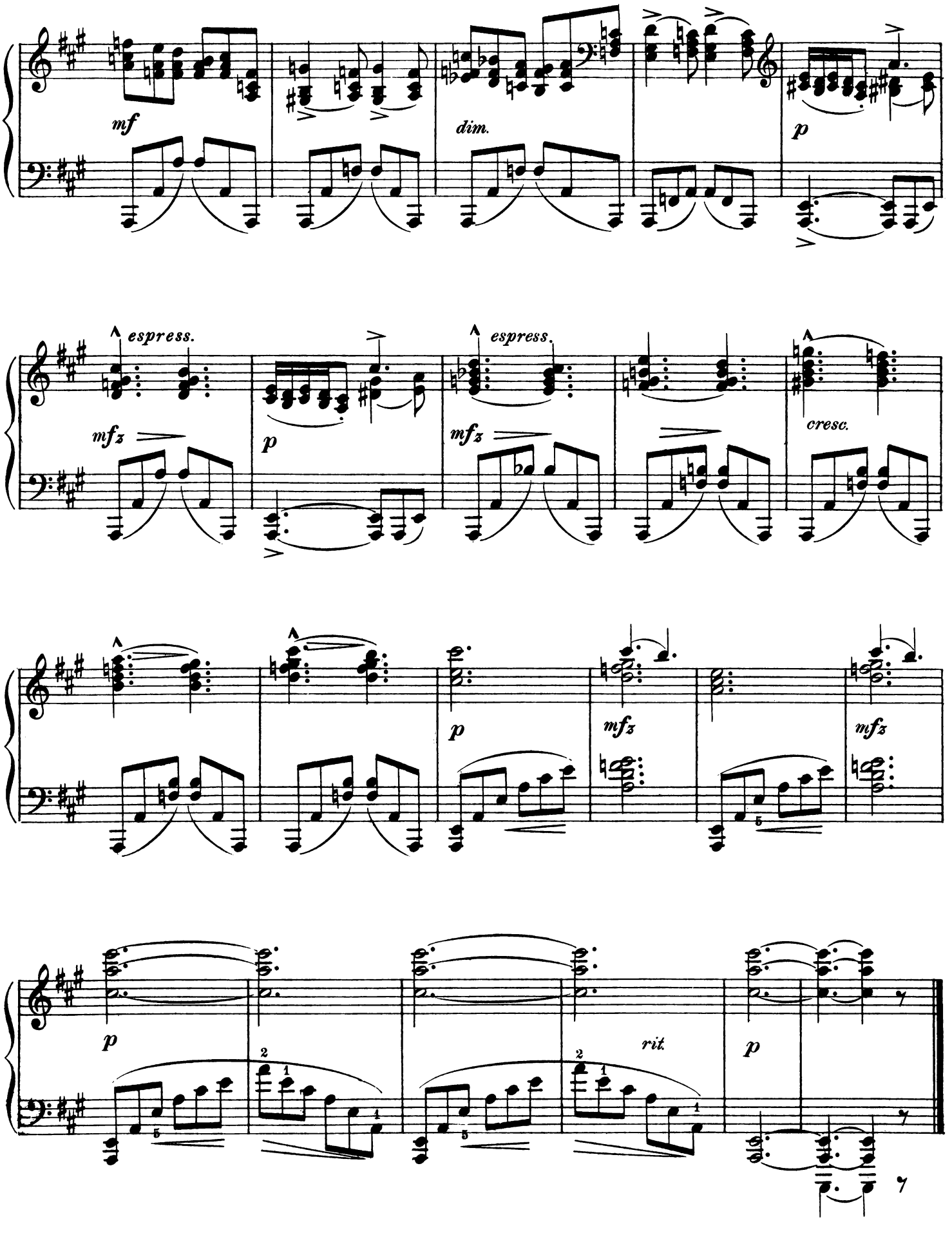


Allegretto con grazia





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