

The Voice of the Waves

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Descriptive Ballad

Words & Music by
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Moderato

The musical score is written for piano in 6/8 time. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 6/8 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The first measure of the treble staff is marked with a forte 'f' dynamic. The bass staff features a melodic line with eighth notes and rests. The second system starts at measure 4, indicated by a '4' above the treble staff. The treble staff continues with a melodic line, and the bass staff features a melodic line with eighth notes and rests. The third system starts at measure 8, indicated by an '8' above the treble staff. The treble staff features a melodic line with eighth notes and rests, and the bass staff features a melodic line with eighth notes and rests. The score includes various musical notations such as beams, slurs, and dynamic markings like 'f' and 'p'. A trill is marked with 'tr' in the treble staff at measure 10, and an octave trill is marked with '8va--tr' at measure 11. The score ends with a final chord in the treble staff and a final note in the bass staff.

13

1. Roll - ing, still roll - ing with lil - y white crests, And flash - ing in sun - light, the
2. Leap - ing, still leap - ing to - ward the blue sky, Em - brac - ing and dy - ing to

13

p

16

bil - lows leap on; Scream - ing, the sea - birds, fly up from their nests, And
each oth - er's arms; Danc - ing and kiss - ing the winds that pass by, As -

16

19

bathe their light wings in the rays of the sun. Spar - kling like dia - monds, the
sail - ing the lone rock in grim shroud - ed forms. Still the wild cho - rus is

19

p

22

spray melts in air, And deep sound-ing mur - murs are heard eve - ry - where. 'Tis the
heard far a - way, The groan of the break - ers, the kiss of the spray.

25

song of the waves as they leap to the shore, And mourn-ful-ly sing ev-er-more, ev-er-more,

29

Ev - er - more!

Animato

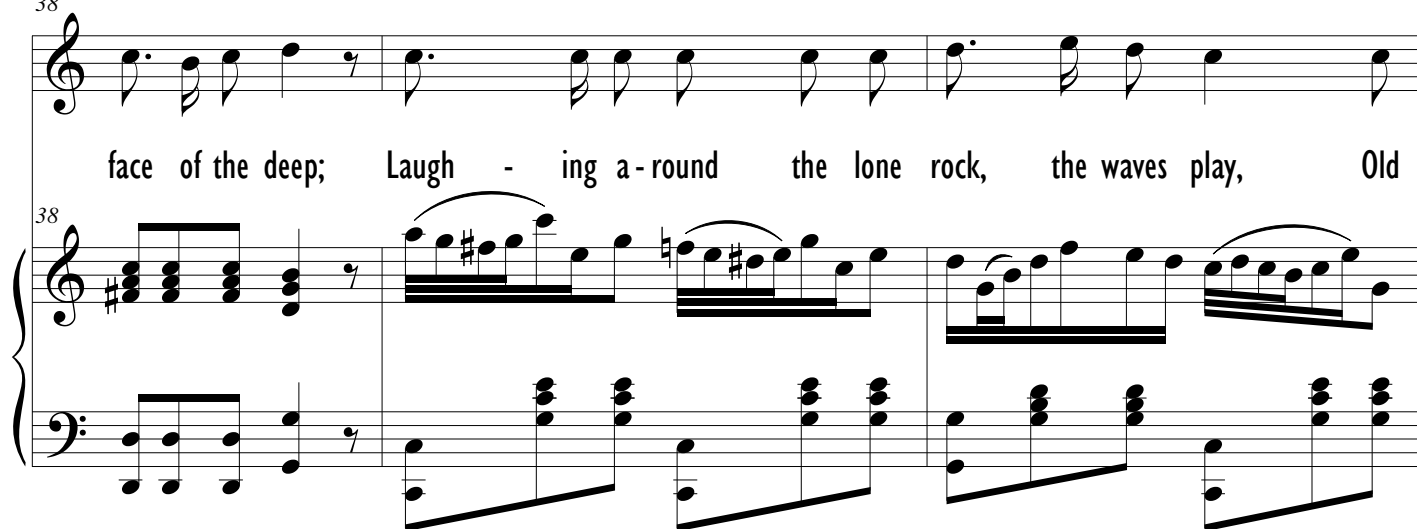
35

3. Sigh - ing, still sigh - ing, the wind dies a - way, And scarce - ly a breath fans the



38

face of the deep; Laugh - ing a - round the lone rock, the waves play, Old



41

rall.

o - cean then, wea - ried, goes gen - tly to sleep. Whis - per-ing lov - ing - ly,



44

up the bright sand, The bil-lows, like sis-ters, creep slow hand in hand; Still

dolce

47

rall.

mur-mur-ing soft, as they kiss the white shore, The song of the sea ev-er-more, ev-er-more.

rall.

51

a tempo

Ev-er-more!_

s f