

MUSICAL

BOUQUET



ARRIVAL AT NEW YORK.

FAR UPON THE SEA.

Henry Russell

FAR, FAR UPON THE SEA!

COMPOSED BY HENRY RUSSELL, FOR HIS NEW & POPULAR ENTERTAINMENT "THE EMIGRANT'S PROGRESS"—WORDS BY CHAS. MACKAY, LL.D.

VIVACE
CON
SPIRITO.

(C: C)

Scherzando.

PED.

rall:

No 363 & 364. Musical Bouquet.

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con spirito.

Far, far up...on the sea, the good ship speed-ing free, Up-

on the deck we ga.....ther young and old;..... And

view the flap..ping sail, Swell ing out be fore the gale, Full and

a piacere.

round with ... out a wrin.....kle or a - fold, Or

watch the waves that glide, By the ves....sels state...ly side, Or the

leggiero.

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wild sea birds that fol... low thro' the air; Or we

f

ad lib.:

ga... ther in a ring. And with cheer.. ful voi... ces sing. Oh!

colla voce.

marcato. *ad lib.:*

gai... ly goes the ship when the wind blows fair. Far, far up... on the sea, the

ad lib.:

good ship speed.. ing free We watch the sea birds fol... low thro' the

air.... Or we ga... ther in a ring. And with cheer.. ful voi... ces sing. Oh!

gai . ly goes the ship when the wind blows fair.

Scherzando.

rall:

Far far up....on the sea With the sun...shine on our lee, We

talk of plea.....sant days when we were young;..... And re.....

mem...ber though we roam, The sweet me.....lo.....dies of home, The

a piacere.

songs of happy child-hood which we sung. And though we quit her shore, To re-
 turn to it no more; Sound the glories that Britan-nia yet shall hear; That
 Britons rule the waves, And ne-ver shall be slaves, Oh! gai-ly goes the ship when the
 wind blows fair, Far, far up-on the sea, With the
 sun..shine on our lee, Sound the glo-ries that Bri-tan-nia yet shall

hear.... That Britons rule the waves, And ne ver shall be slaves, Oh!

gai...lly goes the ship when the wind blows fair.

Scherzando.

rall:

Far, far upon the sea
Whate'er our country be,
The thought of it shall cheer us as we go,
And Scotland's sons shall join,
In the song of Auld lang Syne,
With voice by memory softened, clear and low
And the men of Erin's Isle,
Battling sorrow with a smile,
Shall sing "St: Patrick's morning," void of care,
And thus we pass the day,
As we journey on the way.
Oh! gaily goes the ship when the wind blows fair:
Far, far upon the sea,
Whateer our country be,
We'll sing our native music, void of care,
And thus we pass the day,
As we journey on our way.
Oh! gaily goes the ship when the wind blows fair.