

Looking Back

LOUISA GRAY

ARTHUR SULLIVAN

1. I heard a voice long years a - go, A voice so wondrous sweet and low, That
 2. But ere our sum - mer pass'd a-way, That gen - tle voice was hush'd for aye; I

trem - bling tears un - bid - den rose From the depths of love's re - pose. . . . It
 watch'd my love's last smile and knew, How well the angel's lov'd her too. . . . Then

float - ed thro' my dreams at night, And made the dark - est day seem
 si - lent but with blind - ing tears, I gath - er'd all the love of

bright, It whis - per'd to my heart, "My love," And nest - ling there for - got to
 years And laid it with my dreams of old, . . . Where all I lov'd slept white and

rall. *Un poco piu lento e con molto tenerezza*

rove. . . cold. . . O my love, I lov'd her so, My love that lov'd me

years a - go, . . . O . . . my love, . . . O . . . my love, . . .

tres largement

O my love, I lov'd her so, My love . . . that lov'd me years a - go.

cres. *f* *colla voce*

Haul on the Bowlin'

(A SHORT-HAUL CHANTEY-SONG)

SOLO

CHORUS

1. Haul on the bow-lin', Our bul - ly ship's a - roll - in'! Haul on the bow-lin', the bow-lin', haul!
2. Haul on the bow-lin', Our cap-tain he's a - growl-in'! Haul on the bow-lin', the bow-lin', haul!
3. Haul on the bow-lin', O Kit - ty, you're my darl-in'! Haul on the bow-lin', the bow-lin', haul!