

The Mariner

1. Soft blew the air, and smooth flow'd the tide, And blue the heav'n's in its mirror smiled; The
 2. Eve yields to night, the breeze of wintry gales, In one vast head the seas and shores repose, He
 3. Oh! what avails the seaman's toiling care? The straining cords are burst, the mast are riv'n, Sad

white sail trembling and ex-panding wide, The bus-y sail-or at the an-chor toil'd. The
 turns his ach-ing eyes, his spir-its fail, The chill tear falls, sad to the deck he goes, The
 sounds of ter-ror groan a-long the air, Then from a-far, the bark on rock was driv'n; Fierce

last dread moment comes, the sail-or youth Hides the big drop and smiles a-mid his pain;
 storm of midnight swells, the sails are furled, Deep sounds the lead, but sounds a-las in vain,
 o'er the wreck, the whelming wa-ters passed, The help-less crew sunk in the roar-ing main.

Soothes his sad bride and vows e-ter-nal truth, "Fare-well, fare-well, fare-well,
 Then o'er the waves, the wretch-ed bark is hurled, "Fare-well, fare-well, fare-well,
 Hen-ry's faint ac-cents trem-bled in the blast, "Fare-well, fare-well, fare-well,

ad lib.

well," he crys, "we soon shall meet again."
 well," he crys, "we ne'er shall meet again." *mf*
 well, my love, we ne'er shall meet again."

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