

1859

Come O'er The Moonlit Sea

D.F.E. (Daniel François Esprit) Auber

Charles Jefferys

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bold - ness, that er - ror is o'er, I've wit - nessed thy cold - ness, and prize thee no more.
 sor - rowed the heart that was thine, I'll re - turn to thee bor - rowed, the one I thought mine.

p

COME O'ER THE MOONLIT SEA.

Poetry by Charles Jefferys.

Auber.

2nd Cabaret

Allegretto non Tanto.

f

Primo.

1. O, come o'er the moon - lit sea, Where the
 2. All is still, save the ech - oed song, Of I -

8va *Loco.*

p

COME O'ER THE MOONLIT SEA, Continued.

waves are bright-ly glow - ing, The winds have sunk to their even - ing rest, And the tide is gent - ly
tal - ia's dark-eyed daugh - ters, Or the dis - tant sound of the boat - man's oar, As it dips in spark - ling

flow - ing,
wa - ters,
Secondo.
Yes I'll roam o'er the moon-lit sea, For the waves are bright - ly glow - ing, The
All is still save the ech - oed song Of I - tal - ia's dark - eyed daugh - ters, Or the

Thy bark is in the
Though bright the morn may
winds are sunk to their eve - ning rest, And the tide is gent - ly flow - ing, My
dis - tant sound of the boat - man's oar, As it dips in spark - ling wa - ters, Though

bay, love, It on - ly waits for me, It's sails will throw Their
 beam, love, A - long the smil - ing sea, O, dear - er still Are

bark is in the bay, love, It's silk - en sails will throw, love, Their
 bright the morn may beam, love, O, dear - er far than morn, love, Are

shad - ows o'er the sea..... I'll come o'er the moon-lit sea, The waves are bright - ly
 moon - lit waves to me.....

shad - ows o'er the sea,..... O, come o'er the moon-lit sea, The waves are bright - ly
 moon - lit waves to me.....

glow - ing, The winds have sunk to their even - ing rest, The tide is gent - ly flow - ing, The tide is gently
 glow - ing, The winds have sunk to their even - ing rest, The tide is gent - ly flow - ing, The tide is gently

COME O'ER THE MOONLIT SEA, Concluded.

flowing, is gent - ly flowing, The tide is gently flow - ing, is gent - ly flowing.

flowing, is gent - ly flowing, The tide is gently flow - ing, is gent - ly flowing.

Adagio. *A Tempo.* *Ad lib.*

O, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST.

Poetry by Robert Burns.

Mendelssohn.

Soprano 1o.

1. O wert thou in the
2. Or were I in the

Soprano 2o.

1. O wert thou in the

Andante.
p

cauld blast, On yonder lea, On yonder lea, My plaidie to the an - gry airt . . . I'd
wildest waste, Sae black and bare, Sae black and bare, The des - ert were a par - a - dise, If

cauld blast, On yonder lea, On yonder lea, My plaidie to the an - gry airt . . . I'd