

1838

## Pirate's Serenade

John Thomson

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No. 10. W. to do. 10



Moore del.

T. Moore's Lithog. Boston.

**THE PIRATE'S SERENADE,**

*Sung with great applause by*

**Mr. Horncastle,**

*Composed by*

**J. THOMSON.**

*of*

**EDINBURGH.**

**BOSTON.**

Published by HENRY PRENTISS, No 33 Court St.  
Opposite the new Court House.



THE PIRATE'S SERENADE.

**VOICE.** *CON SPIRITO.* My Boat's by the tow'r, My Barque's in the bay; And

**PIANO**

**FORTE.**

both must be gone, ere the dawning of day. The moon's in her shroud, but to

guide thee a - far, On the deck of the dar-ing's a love lighted star, Then

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wake la-dy wake I am waiting for thee And this night or nev-er my

*fz*

Bride thou shalt be. Then wake la - - dy wake I am

*pp*

waiting for thee And this night or nev-er my Bride thou shalt be.

*fz*

For -

give my rough mood unac - custom'd to sue, I woo not perhaps as your

land lovers woo, My voice has been tuned to the notes of the gun, That

star - tle the deep, when the combat's be - gun And heavy and hard is the

grasp of that hand, Whose glove has been ev - er the guard of our band. Then

wake la - - dy wake I am waiting for thee And this night or nev - er my  
Bride thou shalt be.

3.

Oh Islands there are on the face of the deep,  
Where the leaves never change, and the skies never weep,  
And there if thou wilt, our love bower shall be  
When we leave for the green wood our home on the sea.  
And there thou shalt sing of the deeds that were done  
When we loos'd the last blast and the last battle won  
Then wake &c.

A little faster. 4.

Oh haste lady haste for the fair breezes blow,  
And my ocean bird poises her pinions of snow,  
Now fast to the lattice these silken cords twine,  
They are meet for such feet and such fingers as thine  
The signal my mates—ho hurrah! for the sea!  
This night and for ever my Bride thou shalt be.  
The signal &c.