

1859

## Sea Shell

William Jarvis Wetmore

C.F. Wetmore

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The views expressed in this paper are solely those of the author.

TO  
Mrs. Isabella S. Chapman.

# Sea Shell

A  
Greek superstition

Poetry by

C. F. WETMORE

MUSIC BY

Wm. J. WETMORE, M.D.



BOSTON

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# THE SEA SHELL.

W. WESTMORE, N.Y.

A handwritten musical score for the song "The Sea Shell" by W. Westmore. The score is written on ten staves, organized into five systems of two staves each. The notation includes treble clefs, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 4/4 time signature. The music features a variety of note values, including quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, as well as rests and dynamic markings. The handwriting is in dark ink on aged, slightly yellowed paper. The score is a single melodic line, likely for a voice or a simple instrument.

# THE SEA SHELL.

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W. J. WETMORE, M.D.

There is a superstition among the Greeks that the Deities live in shells on the shore of the Red Sea.

Moderato.

Come a-way to the sea that is

sparkling clear, To the wave of ce-ru-le-an blue,.... Where mu-sic is murmur'd from

lips that are near, From shells of an emer-ald hue! There

Fairies are sweep-ing their fanci-ful lyres, And dancing in deep coral caves, Till

Beauty re-lax-es the strength of the wires, A - way then they float o'er the waves, A -

3. There Beau-ty is weaving her way then they float o'er the waves! *sva.* 2. And the shore of the sea is *loca.*

el - o - quent wreaths, In shadows of love-lighted bow'rs;.... And o - ver each gar-land of vo-cal with song, With accents of mel-o-dy sweet, Until ech-o resumes his *sva.*

am - a - ranth breathes, While Plea - sure is trip - ping on flow'rs.  
 shell to pro - long The mag - ic of mu - si - cal feet.

*loco.* *grva.*

Then a - way to the sea where the De - i - ties dwell, To the wave of ce - ru - le - an  
 There Cu - pid resides in his amorous shell, Whose lyre ne'er in Te - os was

*M* *loco.* *f* *p*

blue,..... And list on the shore to the mel - lowest shell, Its song shall be mine, love, to  
 mute, Till hap - ly the god learn'd his witcheries well, The mag - ic of bow and of

you,..... Its song shall be mine, love, to you!.....  
 lute,.... The mag - ic of bow and of lute....

*grva.* *M*

Department of New England

W. P. Chamberlain

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