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1847

The Mother Who Hath a child at Sea

Henry Russell

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THE MOTHER WHO HATH A CHILD AT SEA.

"She sees her boy with lank, drench'd hair,
Clinging on to the wreck, with a cry of despair!"

Lith. of O.W. Lewis 136 Nassau St. N.Y.

"She presses her brow! she sinks and kneels
Whilst the blast howls on and the thunder peals"

A BALLAD.

As sung with great applause by

MISS ELLEN LEWIS.

The music composed and respectfully dedicated to his friend.

JOHN HENRY SHARPE ESQ.r

BY

HENRY RUSSELL.

NEW-YORK.
Published by ATWILL, 201 Broadway.

Price 50 cts Nett.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1838 by J.F. Atwill, in the Clerk's Office of the district court of the Southern district of New York.

"The Mother who hath a Child at Sea".

The Music by Henry Russell.

With much Expression and Feeling.

p

There's an eye that looks on the swell_ing cloud,

p

Folding the moon in a fun'ral shroud, That watches the stars

dying one by one, 'Till the whole of heav'ns calm light hath

gone, There's an ear that lists to the his___sing surge, As the

mourner turns to the Anthem___ dirge, That eye! that ear! oh,

whose can they be, But a Mother's who hath a child at sea!

There's a cheek that is getting ash_____y white, As the

p

tokens of storm come on with the night, There's a form thats fix'd on the

lat---tice pane, To mark how the gloom gathers o'er the

main, While the yeast-------y bil---lows lash the shore, With

loft--ier sweep and hoars---er roar, That cheek, that form, oh!

p

whose can they be, But a Mother's, who hath a child at Sea.

She pres___ses her brow, she sinks and kneels, Whil'st the

blast howls on and the thunder peals, She breathes not a word for her

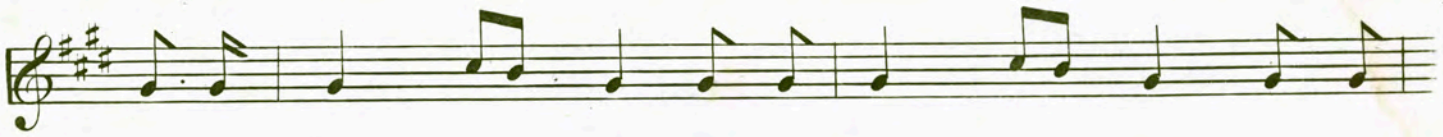
pas___sion___ate prayer, Is too fer____vent and deep for her lips to

bear, It is pour'd in the long con_vul_____ sive sigh, In the

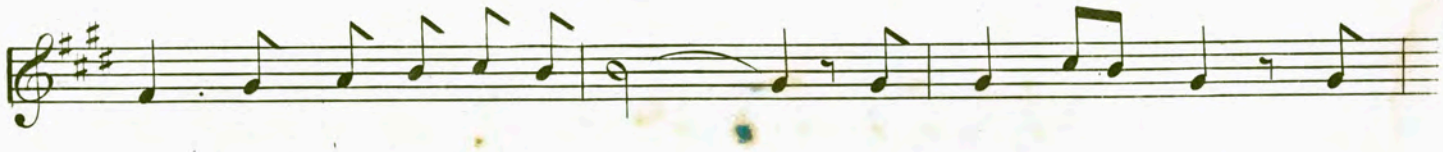
straining glance of an up -- turn'd eye, And a ho_____lier offer____ing

p

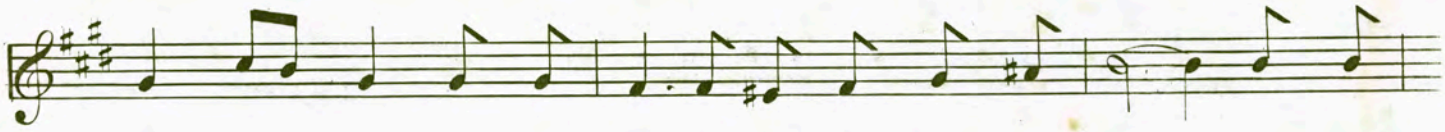
can____not be, Than a Mother's who hath a Child at Sea.



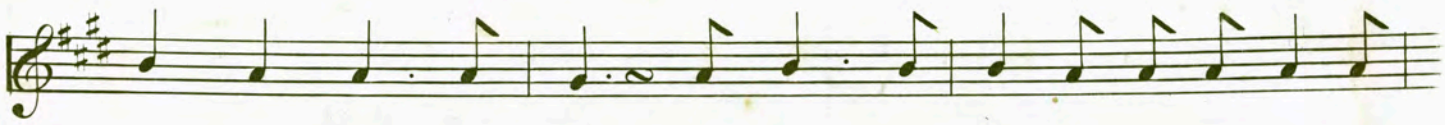
Oh I love the winds when they spurn con---troul, For they



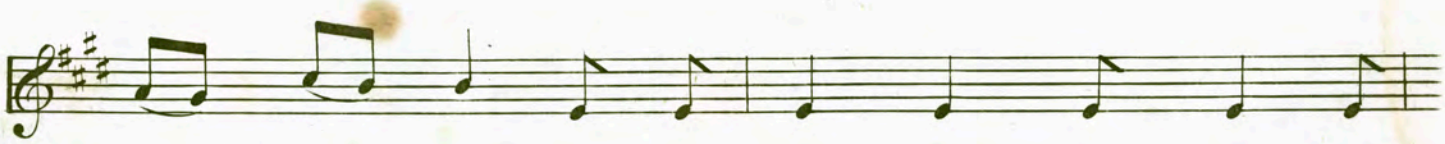
suit my own bond hating soul,——— I like to hear them



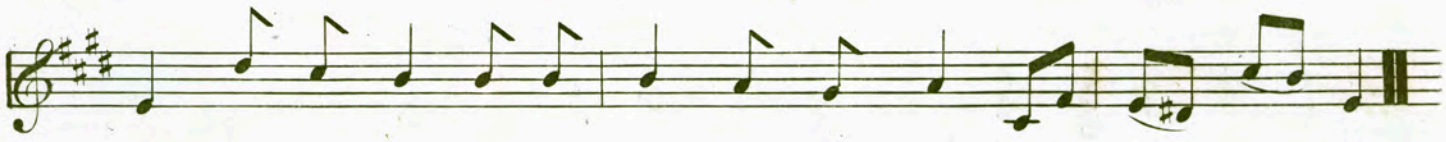
sweeping past, Like the eagle's pinions free and fast, But a



pang will rise with sad al-- loy, To soften my spir-it and



sink my joy, When I think how dis-----mal their



voi--ces must be, To a Moth--er who hath a Child at Sea