1834

Stormy Petrel

Sigismund Neukomm

Charles Bradlee

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THE STORMY PETREL,
Or Song,
The Poetry by
Barry Cornwall Esq.
The Music by the
CHEVALIER SICISMOND NEUKOMM

A thousand miles from Land are we,
Tossing about on the roaring Sea;
Tossing about on the roaring Sea;
From

The Stormy Petrel is described as the smallest of palmated fowls, and is found over the whole Atlantic Ocean, at all distances from land, and in all weathers. These birds are particularly numerous near vessels before gales, and are in fact, a warning of the approaching tempest. Nevertheless from this circumstance they have been considered by the superstitious as agents of witchcraft &c. They are known to sailors by the name of "Mother Carey's Chickens."
bellow to bounding billow cast, Like flercy snow on the stormy blast, The

Sails are scatter'd abroad, like weeds; The Sails are scatter'd abroad, like weeds; The

strong masts shake, the strong masts shake like

quiv'ring reeds, like quiv'ring reeds; The masts shake like quiv'ring

|!
mighty cables and iron chains, The hull which all earthly strength disdains,

They strain and they crack,

They crack, they crack, they crack, they crack.
and hearts like stone, and hearts like stone, Their natural, hard, proud strength disown, Their natural, hard, proud strength, their strength disown.

Up and down! up and
down! From the base of the wave to the billow's crown, And amidst the flashing and

feathery foam, the stormy Pet-rel finds a home, a home, A

home, if such a place may be, for her who lives on the wide wide Sea,

On the craggy ice, in the frozen air, And on-ly
seeketh her rocky lair, to warm her young, to

warm, to warm her young, and to teach them spring at once, at once o'er the

waves on their stormy wing, on their stormy wing, And to

teach them spring o'er the waves... on their stormy
Out flying the blast and the driving rain,

O'er the deep! O'er the deep!
Where the whale, and the shark, and the
driver

sword-fish sleep, Out flying the blast and the driving rain,

The Petrel telleth her tale in rain, She telleth her tale in
vain, in vain. She tell-eth her tale in vain: For the Mariner curseth the

warning bird, That bringeth him news of the Storms unheard.

Ah thus doth the Prophet of good, of good or ill, Meet

hate, meet hate from the creature he serveth, he serveth still: Yet he
If Pe - tre!

Once more o'er the waves on thy

stormy wing!

So, So.

Pw - trell spiring once more o'er the waves on thy

dry

Peace, singing once more o'er the waves, Springing once more on thy stormy wing!

a pianissimo

new

valse

yet
waves on thy stormy wing, on thy stormy wing,
So, Petrel! spring once more, once more on thy stormy wing, on thy stormy wing.