

1838

Pirate's Serenade

John Thomson

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Hand Made from the Original
69
Eighth Edition.



T. Moore's Lithog. Boston

THE PIRATE'S SERENADE,

Sung with great applause by

Mr. Bonncastle,

Composed by

J. THOMSON.

of

EDINBURGH.

No. 25. 7s. 11d.

BOSTON.

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

THE PIRATE'S SERENADE.

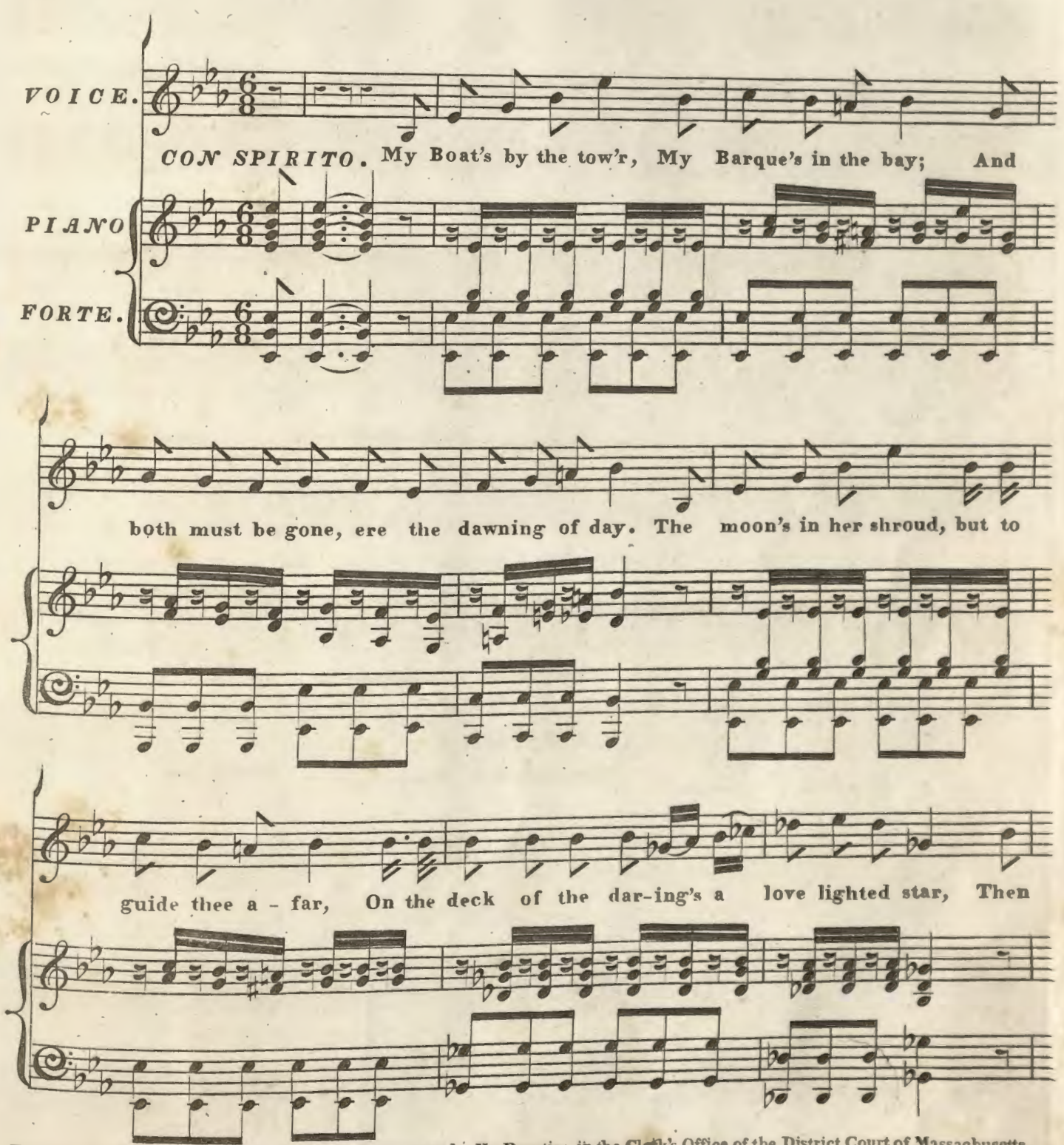
VOICE. *CON SPIRITO.* My Boat's by the tow'r, My Barque's in the bay; And

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



The musical score is written on three systems. Each system has three staves: a single staff for the voice and a grand staff (treble and bass clef) for the piano and forte accompaniment. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are written below the voice staff. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment, while the forte part has a more rhythmic, accented pattern.

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

fz

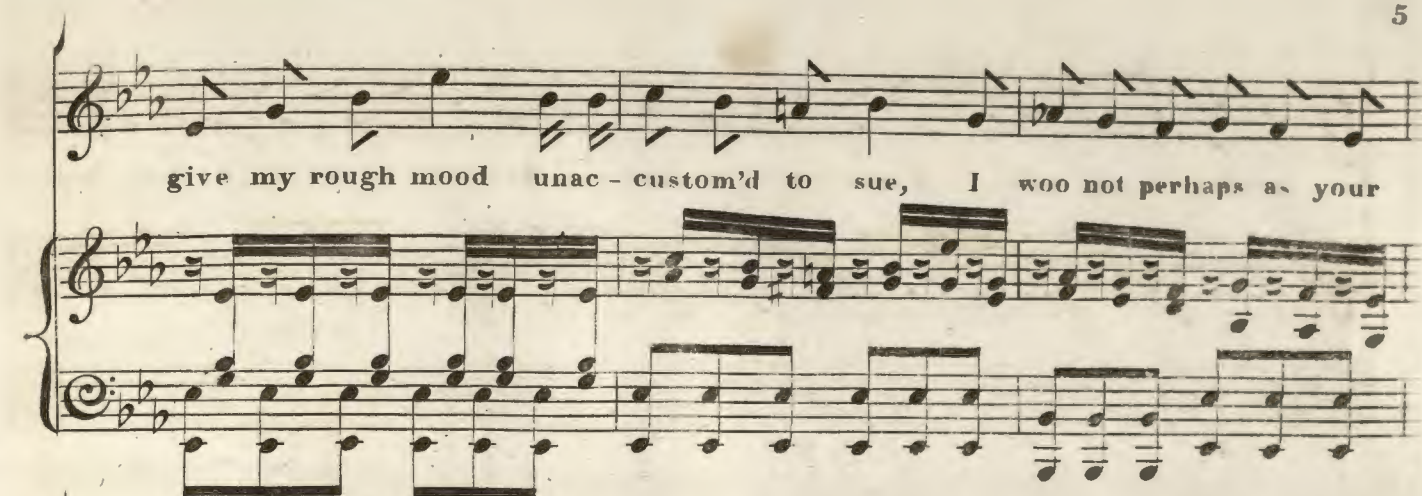
Bride thou shalt be. Then wake la - - dy wake I am

pp

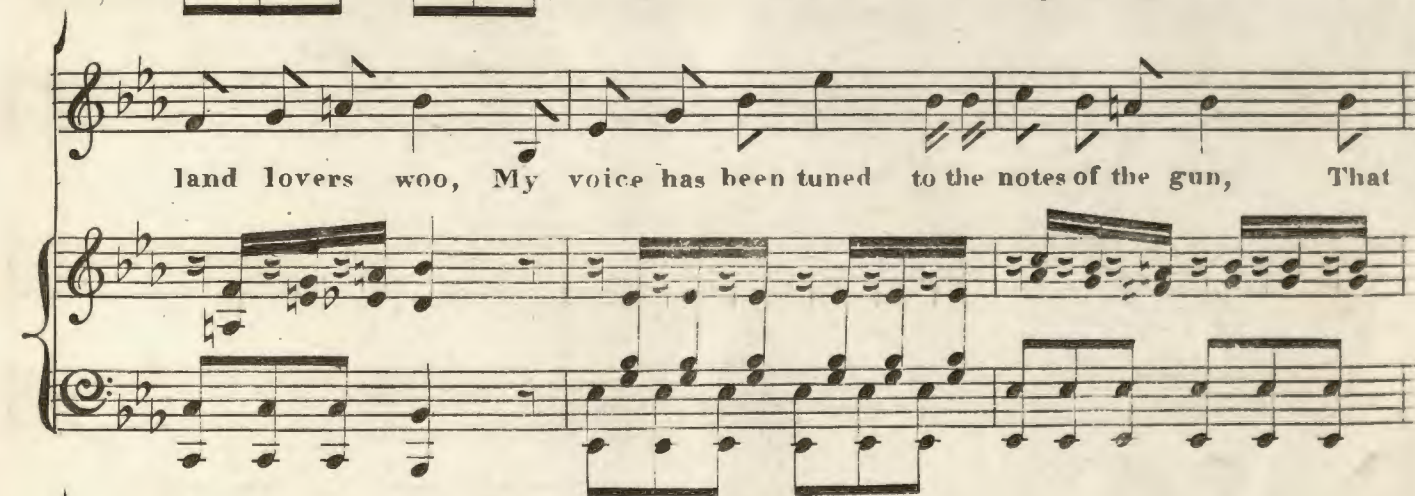
waiting for thee And this night or nev - er my Bride thou shalt be.

fz

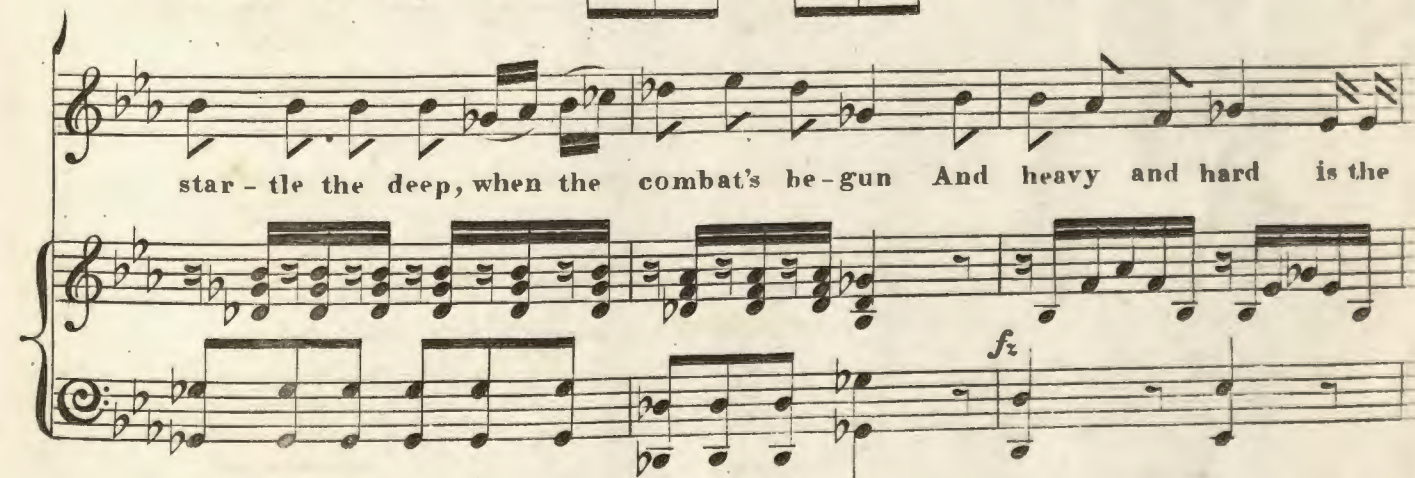
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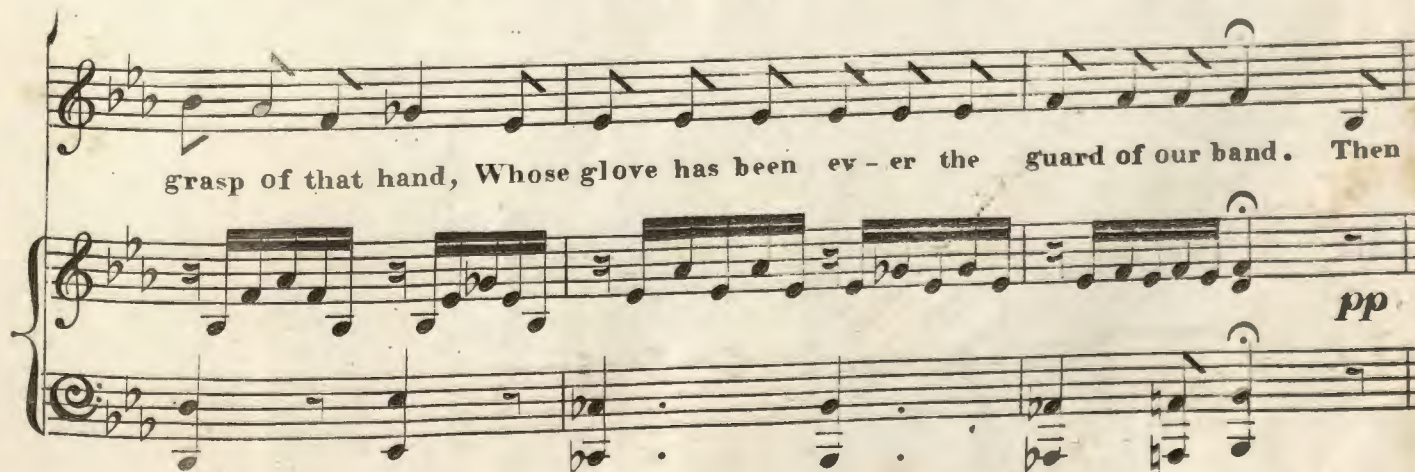
give my rough mood unac - custom'd to sue, I woo not perhaps as your



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.

