



Litho. of Endicott, 359 Broadway, N.Y.

THE SEA BIRD.

Written and Composed

by

JOHN H. HEWITT.

Baltimore, Published by Geo. Willig, Jun^r

THE SEA BIRD,
A
Descriptive Song
Written & Composed
BY
JOHN H. HEWITT.

BALTIMORE Published and Sold by GEO. WILLIG JR.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in 6/8 time, marked *ff* (fortissimo). The introduction consists of two staves: the right hand plays a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand plays a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes. The first system of the song features the vocal melody on a single staff and the piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics are: "There's a storm on the blast, and the bil — lows run high While the". The second system continues the song with the lyrics: "hissing spray mocks the sea bird's cry, mocks the sea — bird's cry There's a". The piano accompaniment throughout the song consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand and chords or single notes in the right hand.

Entered according to act of Congress in the Year 1834 by Geo. Willig Jr in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Maryland.

storm on the blast, and the lightnings they leap, Like

fi-er-y shafts from the clouds to the deep, Like fi-er-y shafts from the clouds to the deep.

Dolce
The

Piu lento.
sea birds a-loft in the thunder-charged cloud, Shrieking the

A Tempo.

dirge of the sail—or a—loud; And now he is shooting the

f

A Tempo. *cres.*

dark ether through, To answer the helmsman's hoarse halloo halloo halloo hal-

f

Dim.

loo! halloo halloo halloo!

p *Dim.* *f*

Lento.

Ah! man—y a form Shall that wild bird

Lento.

Sea bird

mark, With a death grasp clinging to yonder bark, to yon — der bark; And

man — y a prayer shall he lin — ger to catch, As it breathes from the lips of the

Retard.
sinking wretch, As it breathes from the lips of the sinking wretch!

Retard. *p*

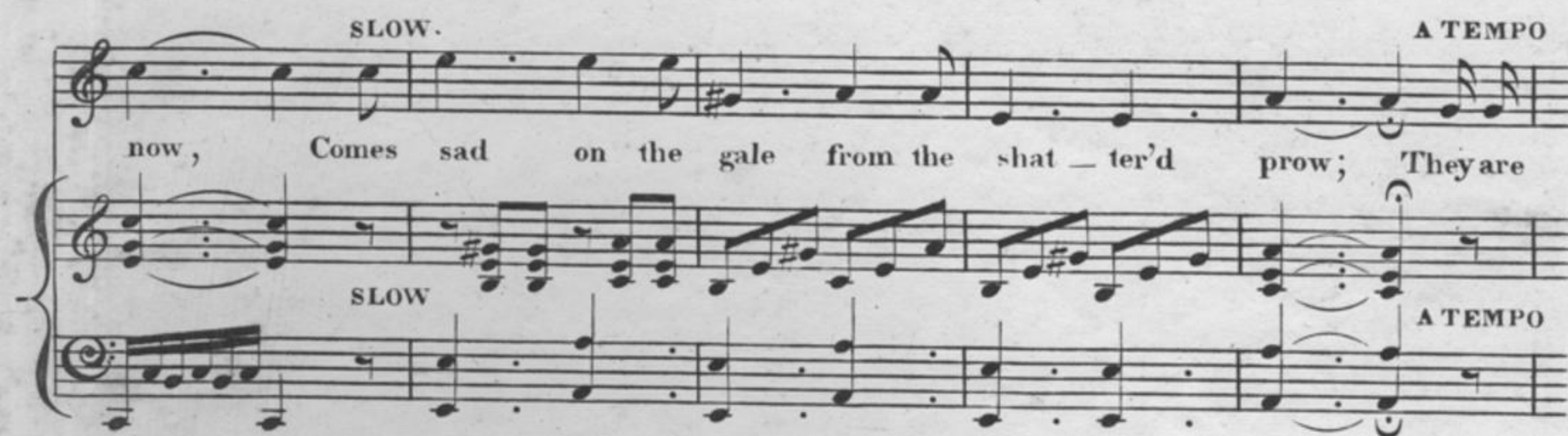
Allegro.
The proud ship has struck! And a wild cry

ff Allegro.

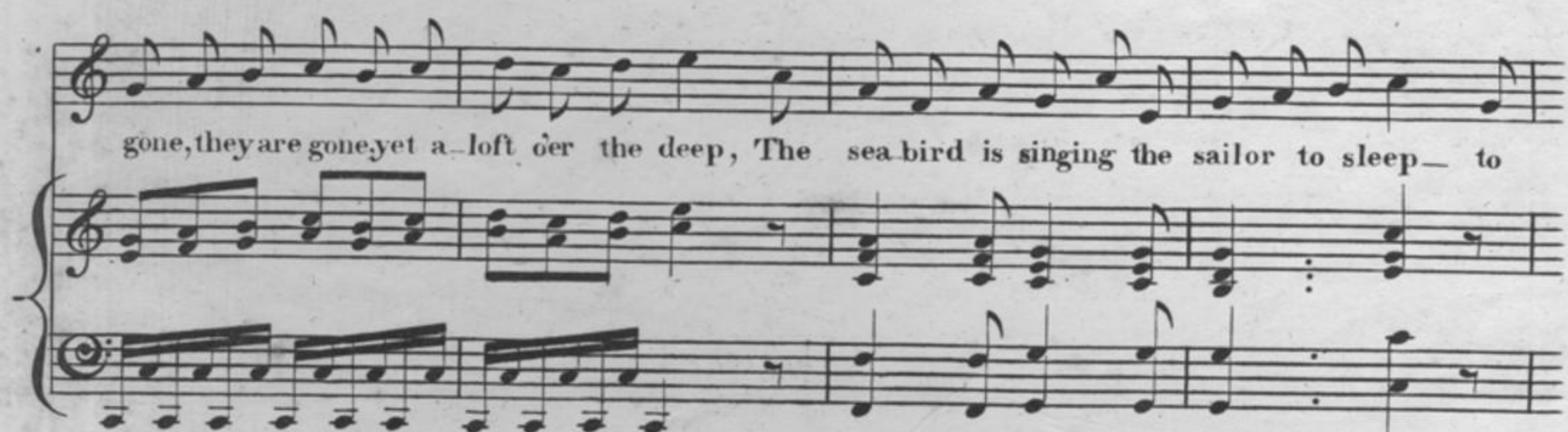
SLOW. A TEMPO

now, Comes sad on the gale from the shat - ter'd prow; They are

SLOW A TEMPO



gone, they are gone, yet a - loft o'er the deep, The sea bird is singing the sailor to sleep - to



p Dim. *pp*

sleep, to sleep, to sleep — to sleep, to sleep, to sleep —

Dim. *p* *pp*



Ralentando. Piu lento.

ppp



Sea bird.