

SONGS & GLEES
 OF THE
Barker Family
 of the
OLD BAY STATE
 COMPOSED AND ARRANGED BY
NATHAN BARKER.

1	<i>The greeting glee</i>	QUAR. ^{with} 38.	2	<i>Sweet Alice or Ben Bott.</i> SOLO & CHO. ^{with} 25.	
3	<i>Welcome to Jenny Lind.</i>	SOLO & CHO. 25.	4	<i>Mariner's glee.</i>	GLEE 25.
5	<i>The Student's glee.</i>	QUAR. 25.	6	<i>The dandy's strap.</i>	SONG 25.
7	<i>The bag of gold.</i>	SOLO & CHO. 25.	8	<i>Maid of Thirty five.</i>	COMIC SONG 25.
9	<i>Old Fellows' glee.</i>	QUAR. 25.	10	<i>The parting glee.</i>	QUAR. 25.

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THE MARINERS' GLEE.

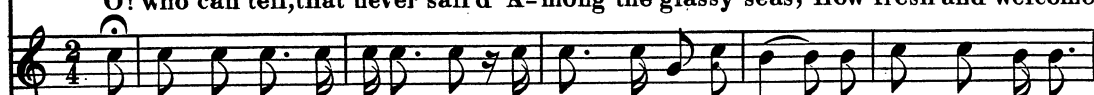
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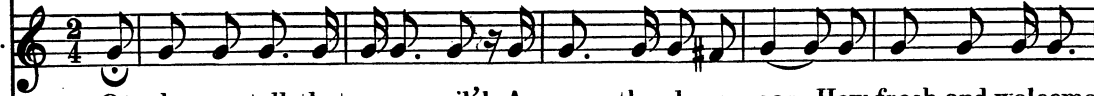
QUARTETTE.


Poetry by J. T. FIELDS Esq.

Music by N. BARKER.

ALTO. 

TENOR. 

BARITONE. 

BASS. 

O! who can tell, that never sail'd A-mong the glassy seas, How fresh and welcome


breaks the morn That ushers in a breeze. "Fair wind!" "Fair wind!" a-low, a-loft, All


breaks the morn That ushers in a breeze. "Fair wind!" "Fair wind!" a-low, a-loft, All


hands delight to cry, . . . As leaping thro' the parted waves The good ship makes re-ply.


hands delight to cry, . . . As leaping thro' the parted waves The good ship makes re-ply.

While fore and aft, all staunch and tight, She spreads her canvass wide, The Captain walks his

While fore and aft, all staunch and tight, She spreads her canvass wide, The Captain walks his

realm, the deck, With more than monarch's pride. For well he knows the sea-bird's wings, So

realm, the deck, With more than monarch's pride. For well he knows the sea-bird's wings, So

swift and sure to day, Will waft him many a league to night In triumph on his way.

swift and sure to day, Will waft him many a league to night In triumph on his way.

Then welcome to the rushing blast That stirs the waters now, Ye white plum'd heralds

Then welcome to the rushing blast That stirs the waters now, Ye white plum'd heralds

of the deep, Make music round her prow! Good sea-room in the roar-ing gale, Let

of the deep, Make music round her prow! Good sea-room in the roar-ing gale, Let

stormy trumpets blow; But chain ten thousand fathoms down The sluggish calm be-low!

stormy trumpets blow; But chain ten thousand fathoms down The sluggish calm be-low!