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 as Pro: December 4, 1837
 Recd at the Department 16th Novr. 1838.

HARK! BROTHERS! HARK!
 A
Regatta Song & Chorus
 Written by
J. M. WILLIS
 Music Composed & Dedicated
 TO THE
Boat Clubs of the United States
 BY
JOHN M. HEWITT.

Price 50 Cts.

PHILADELPHIA,

John F. Nunns No 70 South Third Street.

E. Gillman & Co.

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HARK, BROTHERS HARK!

Composed by J.H. Hewitt.

Moderato.

SOLO.

CHORUS.

Hark, broth-ers, hark! the even-ing gun, (Pull a-way stea-di-ly

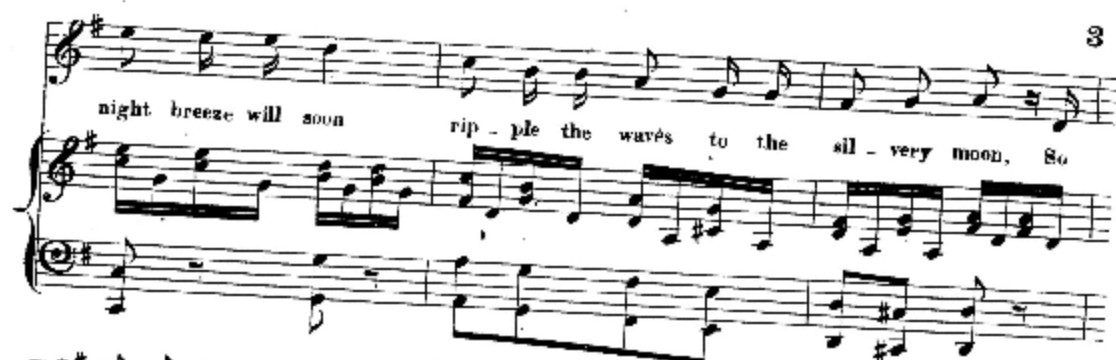
SOLO.

all pull cheer-i-ly.) Booms from the land at set of sun,

CHORUS.

SOLO.

(Pull a-way rea-di-ly all pull mer-ri-ly.) Bend to your oars, for the

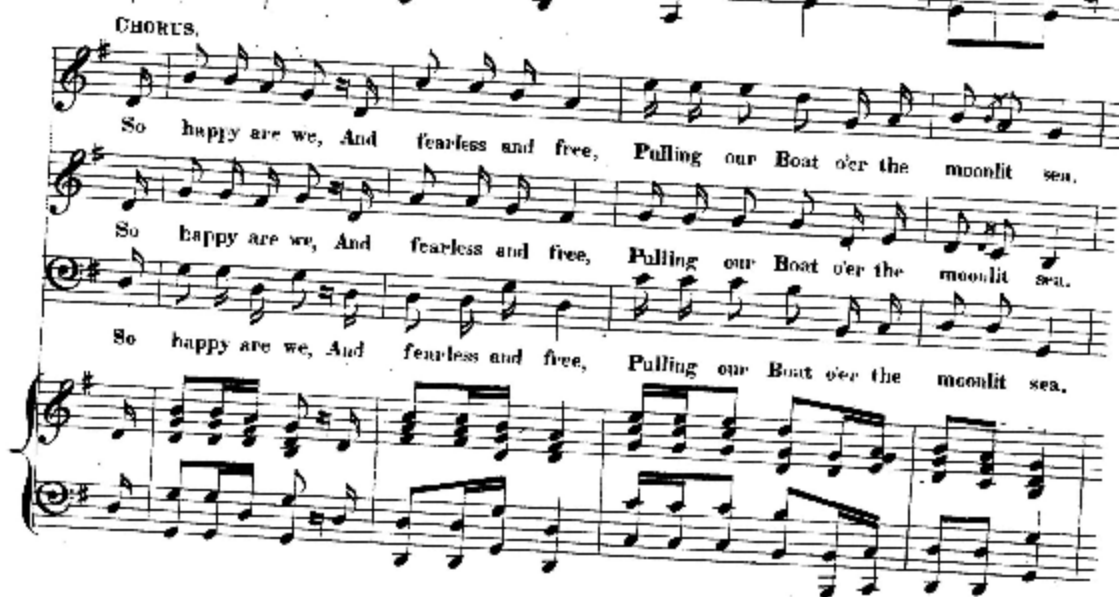


night breeze will soon rip - ple the waves to the sil - very moon, So



hap - py are we, And fearless and free, Pulling our Boat o'er the moonlit sea.

CHORUS.



So happy are we, And fearless and free, Pulling our Boat o'er the moonlit sea.
So happy are we, And fearless and free, Pulling our Boat o'er the moonlit sea.
So happy are we, And fearless and free, Pulling our Boat o'er the moonlit sea.



CHORUS.

Pull away, boys, with main and might, (all pull readily - pull, mates cheerily)

p

SOLO.

CHORUS.

Looks that we love are here to night, (Pull, brothers, steadily - all pull merrily)

p

SOLO.

Our boat, like a sea-bird, skims swiftly a-long, To the dip of our oars and the chime of our song. So

p

hearty we be, And jovial and free, Pulling a-way o'er the dark blue sea.

CHORUS.

5

So hearty we be, And jo-vial and free, Pulling a-way o'er the dark blue sea.

So hearty we be, And jo-vial and free, Pulling a-way o'er the dark blue sea.

So hearty we be, And jo-vial and free, Pulling a-way o'er the dark blue sea.

3.

Ladies at best hold lundsmen cheap,
 (Pull, lads, readily - all pull merrily)
 Beauty's smiles are for sons of the deep;
 (Pull, boys, steadily - all pull cheerily)
 And beautiful eyes - let them say what they will,
 Beam ever brightest on blue-jackets still;
 So happy and free,
 And gleesome are we,
 Pulling our boat o'er the tranquil sea.

4.

Merrily, when we reach the shore,
 (Pull away readily - all pull cheerily)
 A can we'll drain to the lads of the oar;
 (Pull, boys, steadily - all pull merrily)
 And frolic and fun shall be ours, till we
 Are bounding again o'er the dark blue sea;
 So happy are we,
 And fearless and free,
 Pulling our boat o'er the moon-lit sea.