

148
121

SHIP A HOY!

A Ballad.

Written by

Thomas Moore Esq.

(Arranged by)

P. K. MORAN.

NEW YORK Published by DUBOIS & STODART No. 167 Broadway.

Entered according to act of Congress the fourth day of August 1829 by Dubois & Stodart New York.

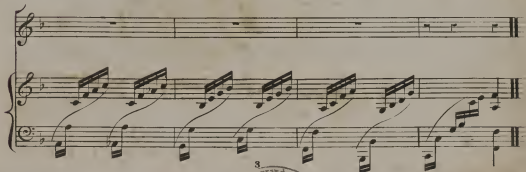
ARPA.

or

IN ROWING TIME.

PIANO

FORTE.



When o'er the si - lent seas a lone, For days and nights we've cheerless gone, Oh!

they who've felt it know how sweet, Some sun - ny morn a sail to meet, Some

sun - ny morn a sail to meet.

ad lib. Sparkling on deck is ev - 'ry eye "Ship a - hoy! Ship a - hoy!" our joy - ful cry, When *a tempo*

ad lib. an - sw'ring back we faint - ly hear "Ship a - hoy! Ship a - hoy what cheer! what cheer!" Now *a tempo*

sails a - back we near - er come, Kind words are said of friends and home. But

soon, too soon, we part in pain, To sail o'er si - lent seas a - gain, To

ad lib:
sail o'er si - lent seas a - gain.

2

When o'er the ocean's dreary plain,
 With toil her destin'd port to gain,
 Our gallant ship has near'd the strand,
 We claim our own, our native land,
 Sweet is the seaman's joyous shout,
 "Land ahead! land ahead! look out! look out!"
 Arons'd on deck we gaily fly,
 "Land ahead! land ahead!" with joy we cry,
 Yon beacon's light directs our way,
 While grateful vows to Heav'n we pay,
 And soon our long lost joys renew,
 And bid the hoistr'ous main adieu.

My dear Sir

Mr. Chapman

Esq.

New York

Dear Sir

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst.

and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,

Wm. W. Chapman

Secretary