

J. Malley

THE FISHER BOY MERRILY LIVES.
A SONG.

Sung with great applause by
MRS. SEGUIN.



E.W. Bevier's Lithographic Press.

The Music Composed and dedicated as a mark of respect to
EDWARD BERTIE RANGER, ESQUIRE.

BY

HENRY RUSSELL.

Price 50 cts. nett.

BOSTON.

Published by OAKES & SWAN, 3 1/2 Tremont Row.

Henry Russell

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THE FISHER BOY MERRILY LIVES .

Words by Eliza Cook.

Music by Henry Russell.

Quasi
Allegro.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of five systems of staves. The first system is a piano introduction in G major, 3/4 time, marked 'Quasi Allegro'. It features a melody with triplets and a bass line with chords. The second system continues the piano introduction, marked 'cres.' and '8va.' for the right hand. The third system continues the piano introduction, marked '1/r' for the right hand. The fourth system is the vocal entry, with the lyrics 'Merrily, merrily, merrily, oh! The nets are spread out to the sun; Oh!'. The fifth system is the piano accompaniment for the vocal line, featuring a melody with triplets and a bass line with chords.

Merrily, merrily, merrily, oh! The nets are spread out to the sun; Oh!

Merrily oh! the fisher boy sings, Right glad that his labour's done. Oh!

Merrily, merrily, merrily, oh! The nets are spread out to the sun; Oh!

Merrily oh! the fisher boy sings, Right glad that his labour's done.

Happy and gay, with his boat in the bay, The storm and the danger for-got; The

wealthy and great might re--pine at their state, And envy the fisher boy's

lot. . . . Oh! Merrily, merrily, merrily, oh! The burden thus he

pp

gives; Oh! Cherrily oh! the blast may blow, The fisher boy merrily

lives. la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

pp

la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la .

ritard.

8va.

Legere

pp

Merrily, merrily, merrily, oh! He sleeps till the morning breaks; Oh!

Merrily oh! at the sea gull's scream, The fisher boy quickly a-wakes. Oh.

Merrily, merrily, merrily, oh! He sleeps till the morning breaks; Oh! merrily oh! at the sea-gull's

scream; the fisher boy quickly a-wakes. Down on the strand he is plying his hand, His

shouting is heard a - gain; The clouds are dark, but he springs to his bark With

same light hearted strain; Oh! Merrily, merrily, merrily, oh! The

