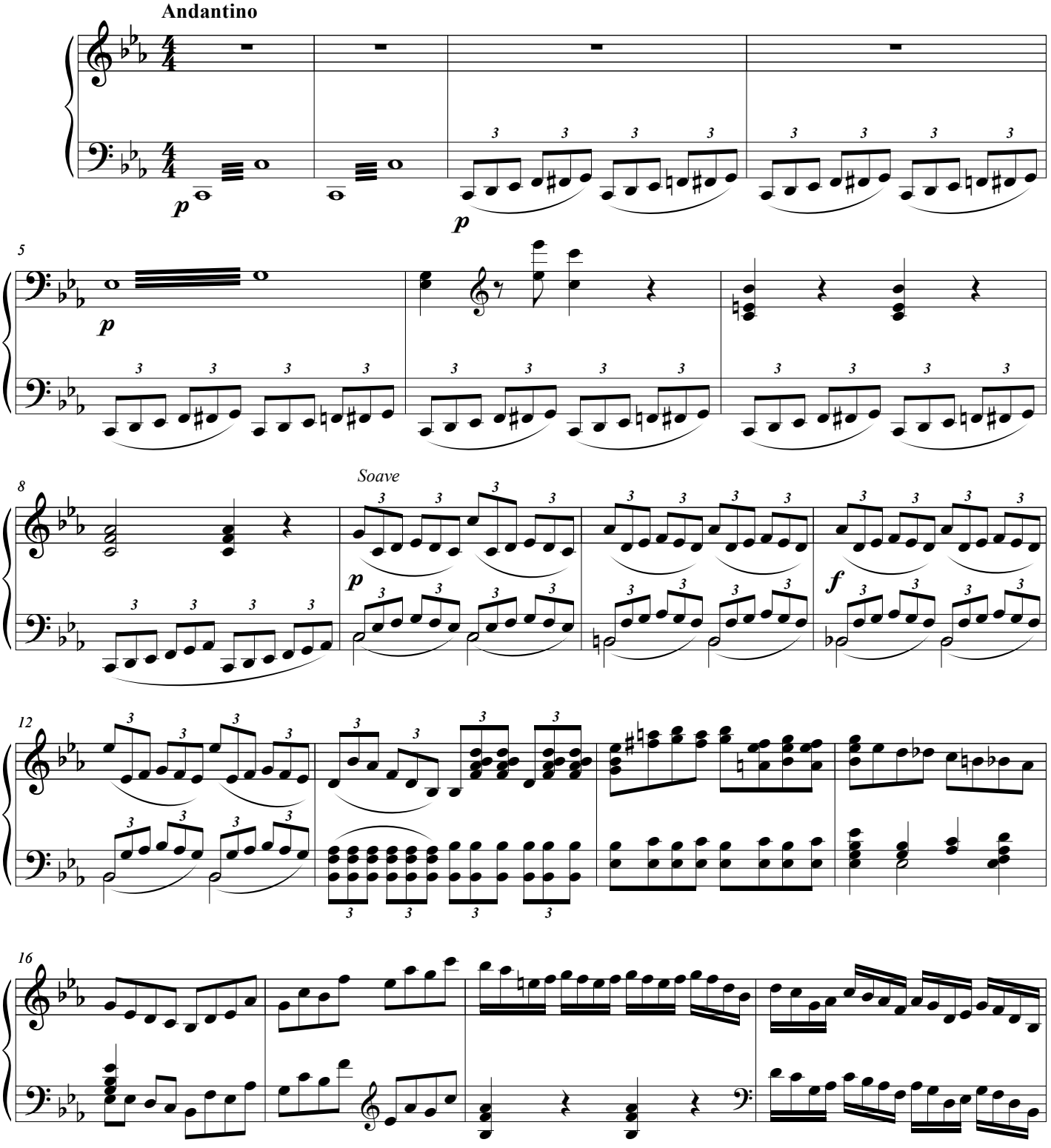
The Ship on Fire

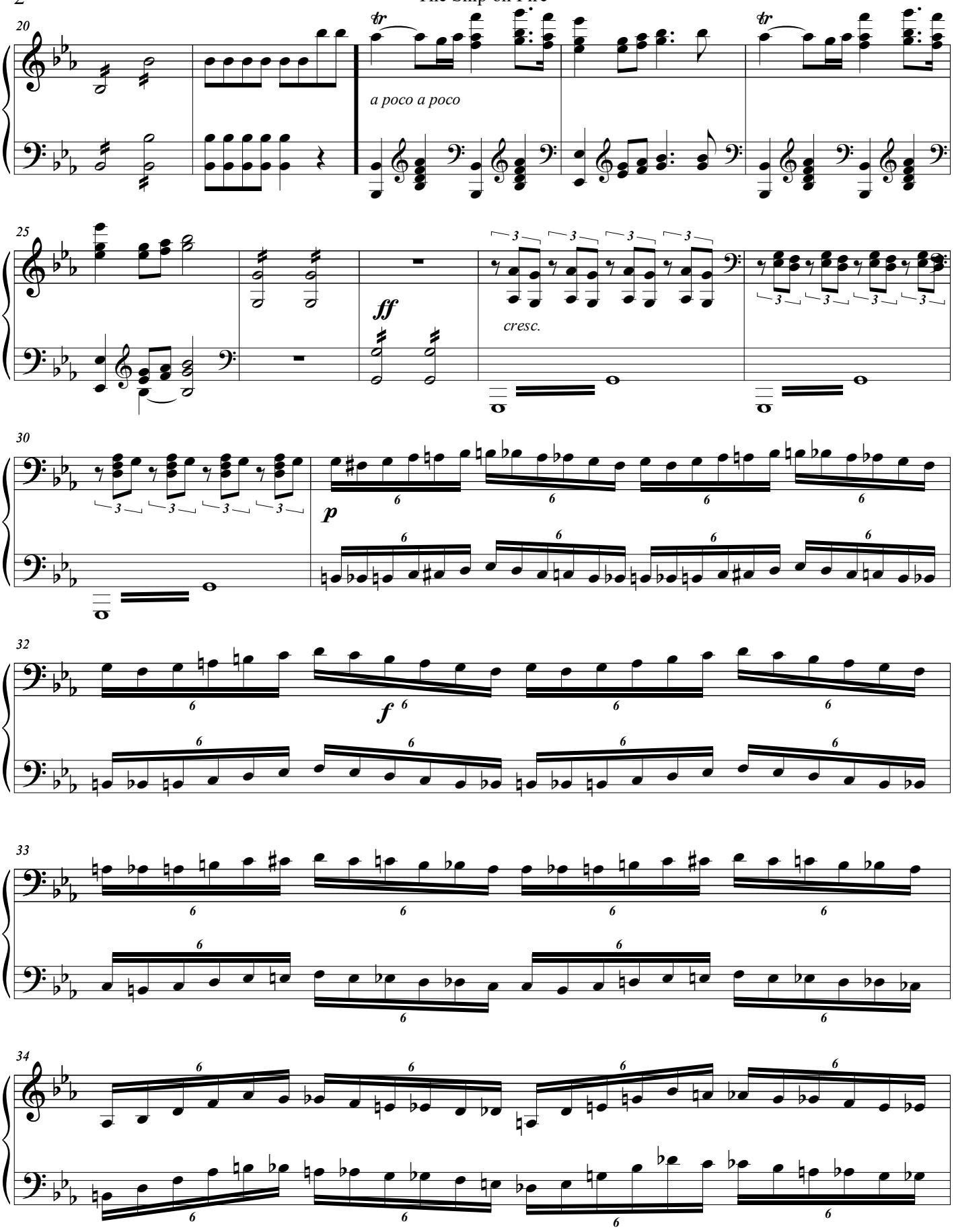
Words by
Charles Mackay

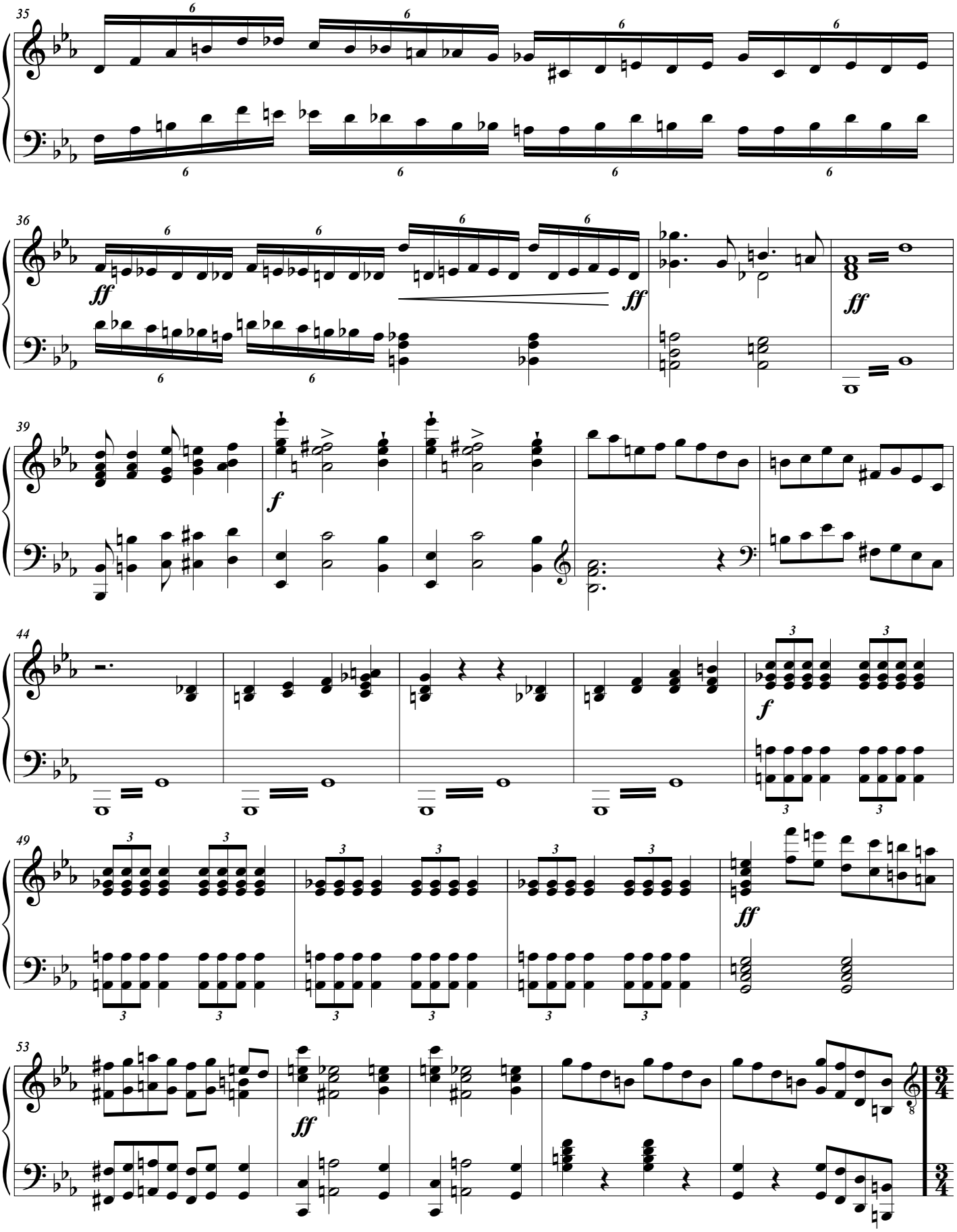
Art Song

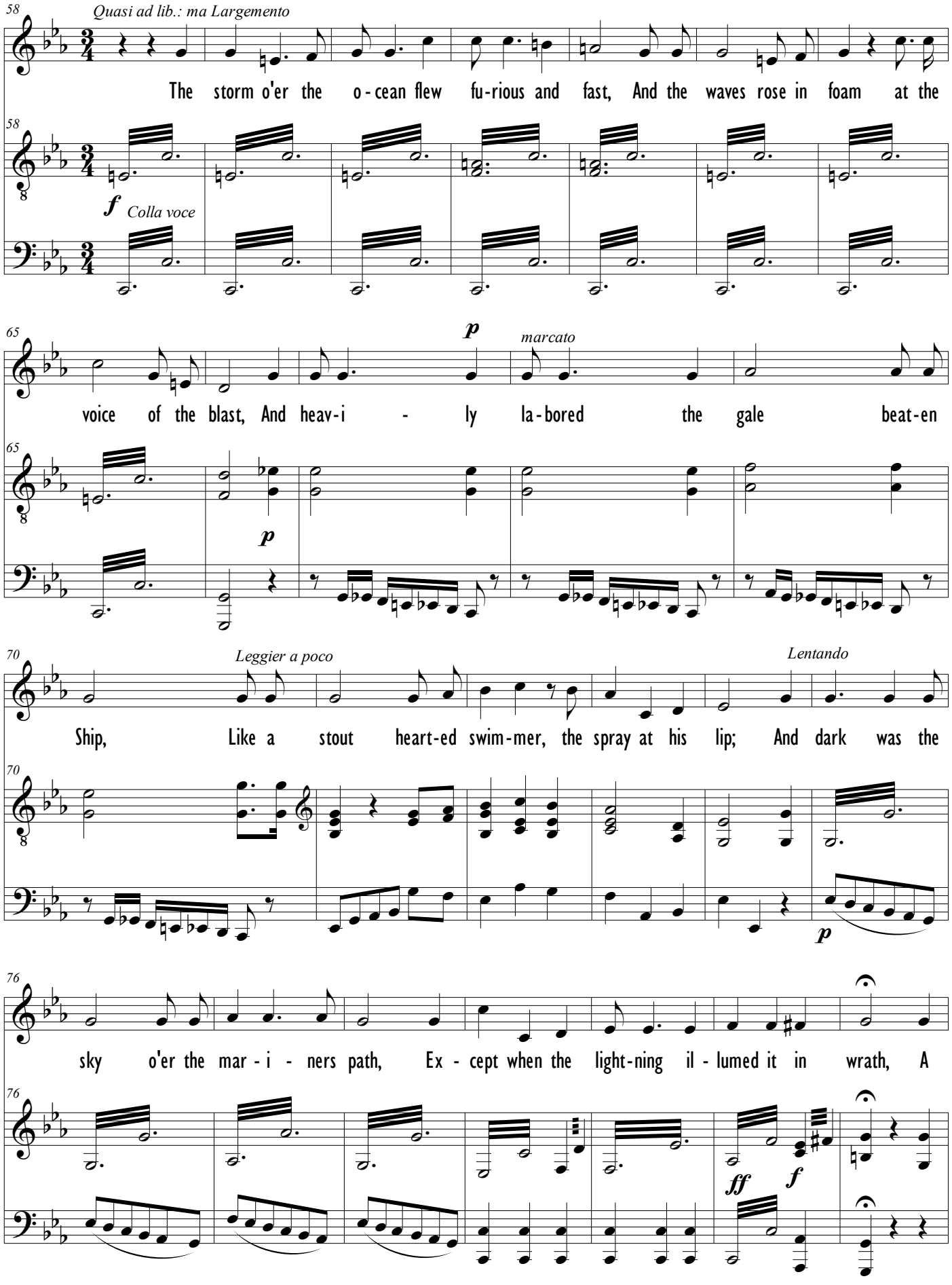
Music by
Henry Russell

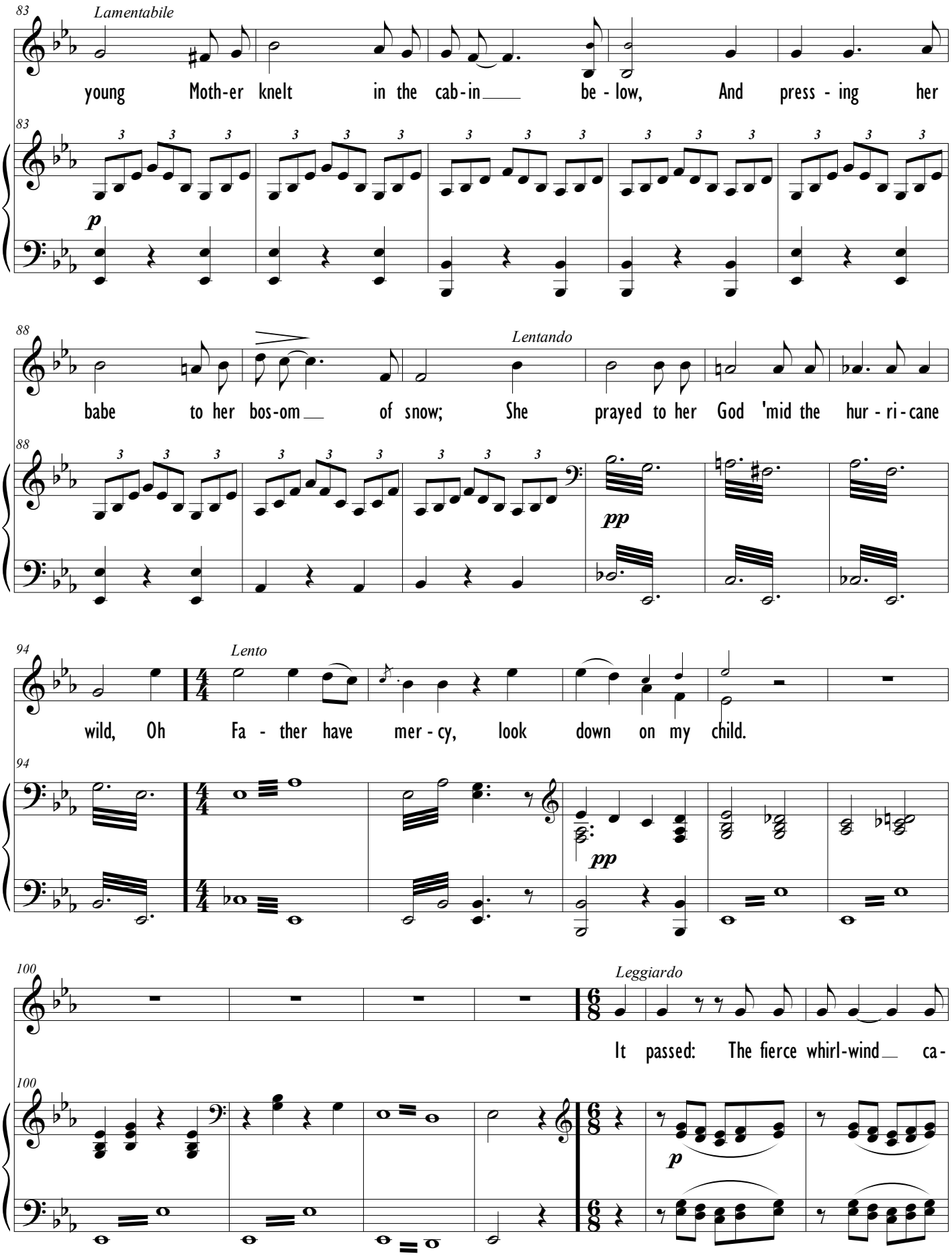


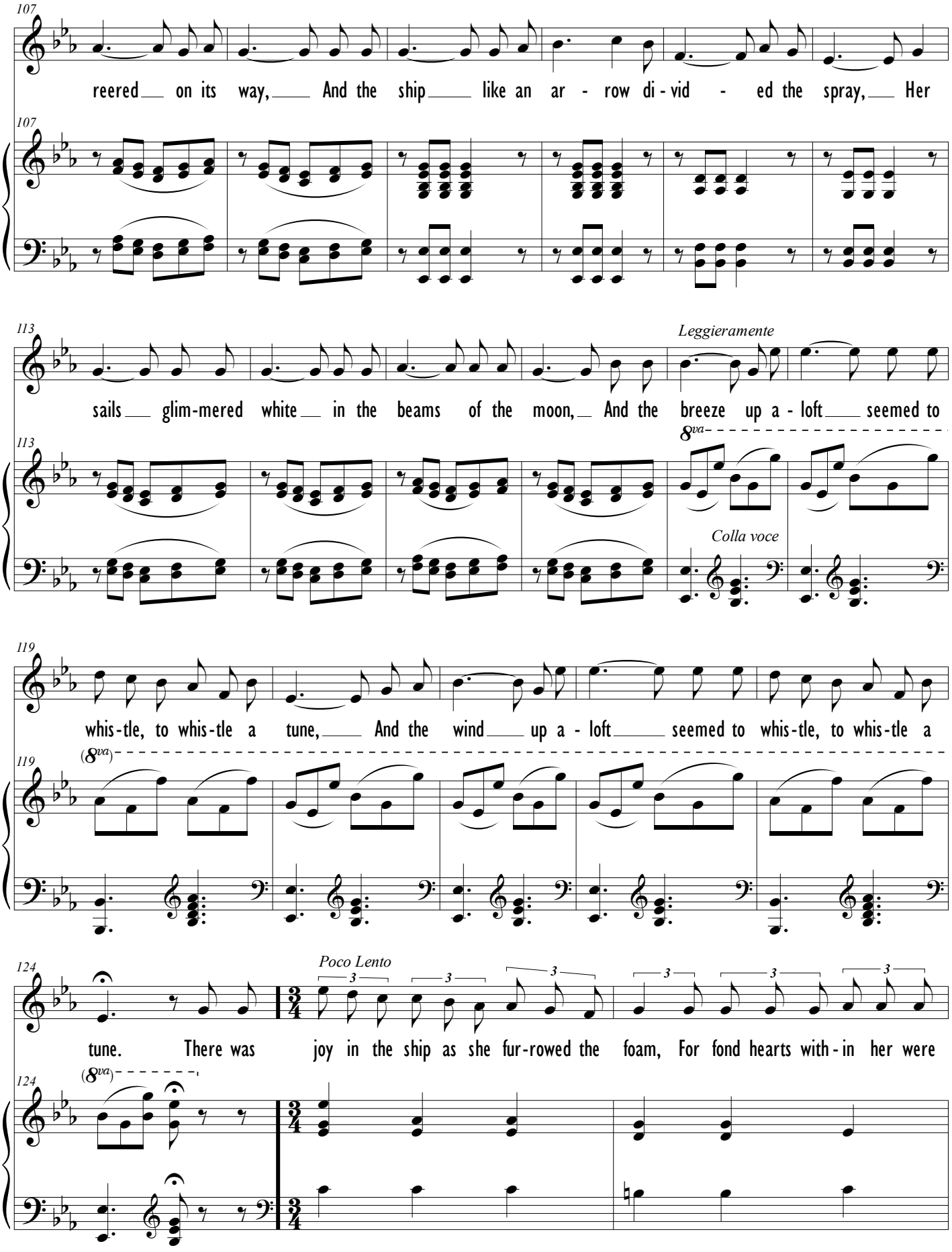
circa 1840
Edited by Robert A. Hudson
5/8/2020

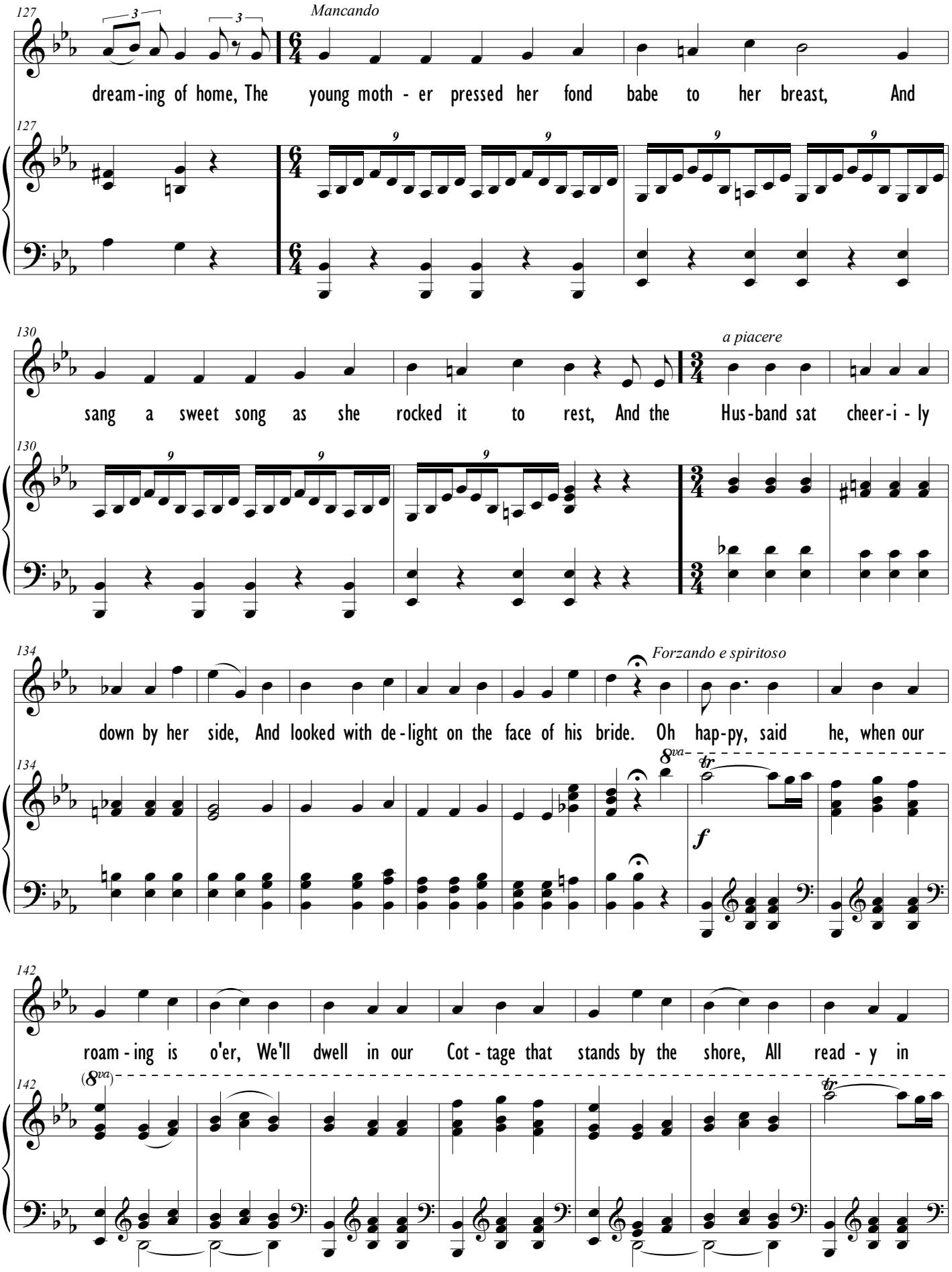

20
tr
tr
a poco a poco
25
ff
cresc.
30
p
32
f
33
34

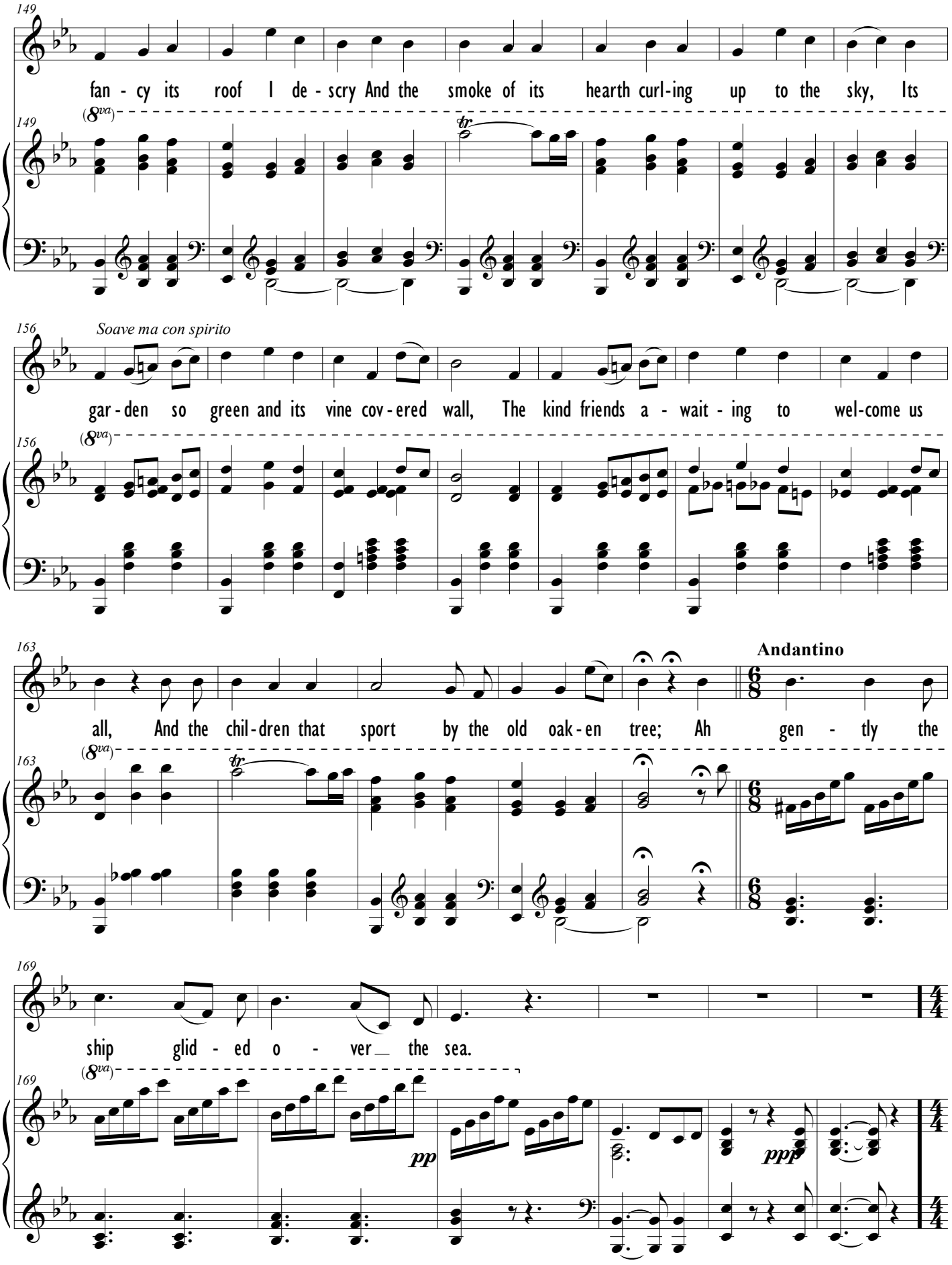

35
36
ff
ff
ff
39
f
44
f
49
ff
53
ff

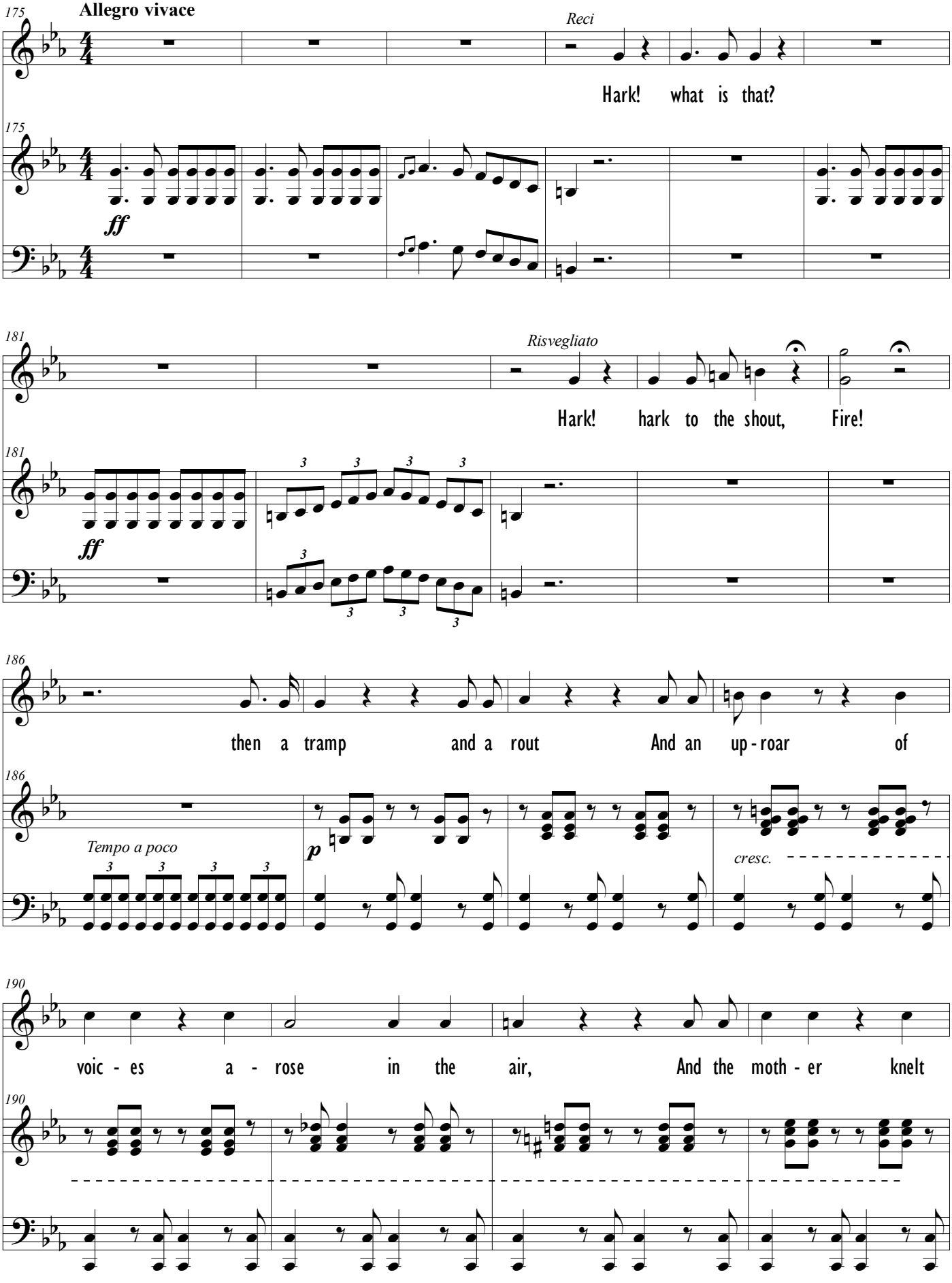

58
Quasi ad lib.: ma Largemento
The storm o'er the o - cean flew fu-rious and fast, And the waves rose in foam at the
f
Colla voce
65
p
marcato
voice of the blast, And heav-i - ly la-bored the gale beat-en
p
70
Leggier a poco
Lentando
Ship, Like a stout heart-ed swim-mer, the spray at his lip; And dark was the
p
76
sky o'er the mar - i - ners path, Ex - cept when the light-ning il - lumed it in wrath, A
ff
f

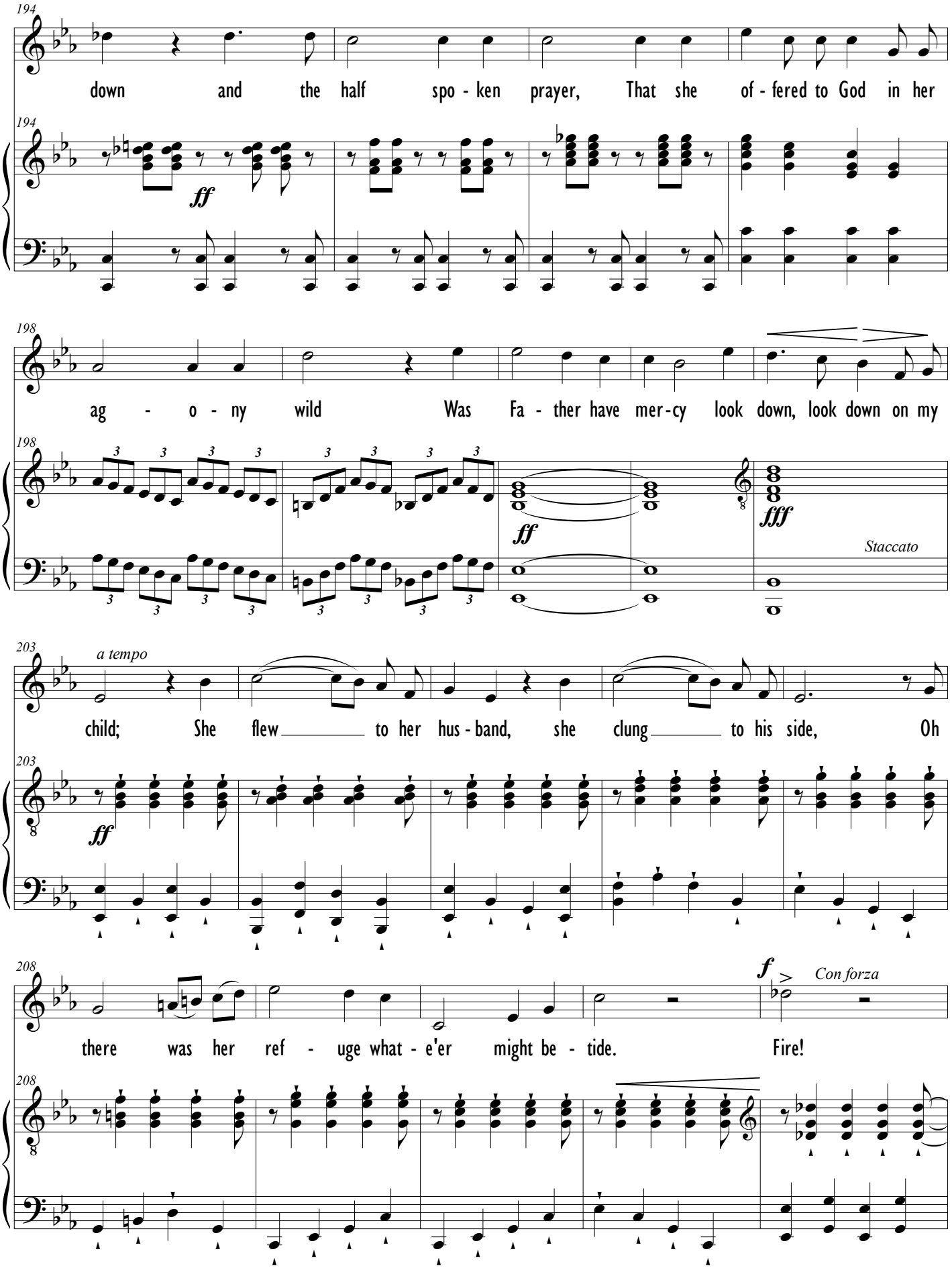

83
Lamentabile
young Moth-er knelt in the cab-in be - low, And press - ing her
p
88
Lentando
babe to her bos-om of snow; She prayed to her God 'mid the hur - ri - cane
pp
94
Lento
wild, Oh Fa - ther have mer - cy, look down on my child.
pp
100
Leggiardo
It passed: The fierce whirl-wind ca-
p

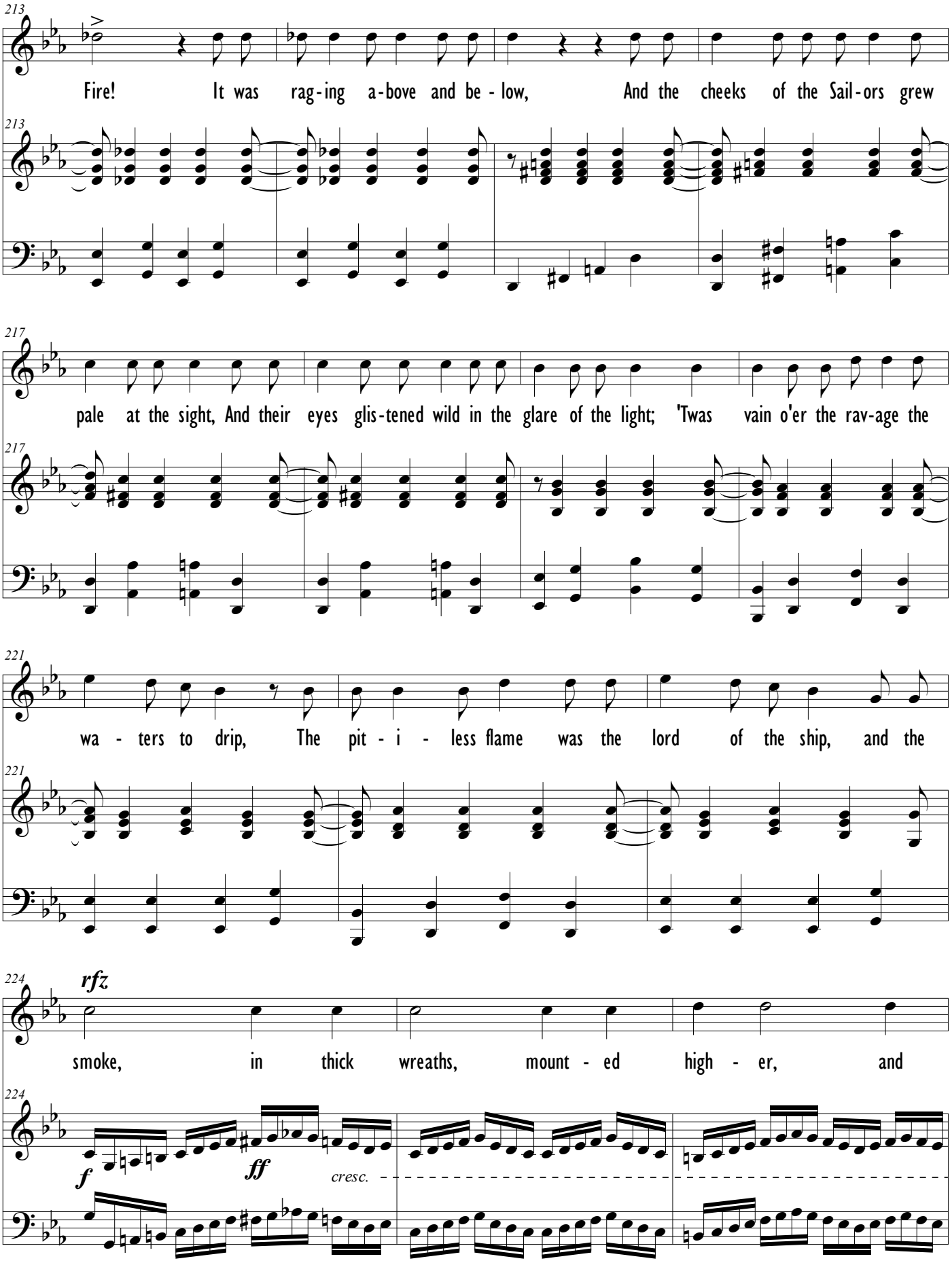

107
reered on its way, And the ship like an ar - row di - vid - ed the spray, Her
113
Leggieramente
sails glim-mered white in the beams of the moon, And the breeze up a - loft seemed to
8va
Colla voce
119
whis-tle, to whis-tle a tune, And the wind up a - loft seemed to whis-tle, to whis-tle a
(8va)
124
Poco Lento
3
tune. There was joy in the ship as she fur-rowed the foam, For fond hearts with - in her were
(8va)

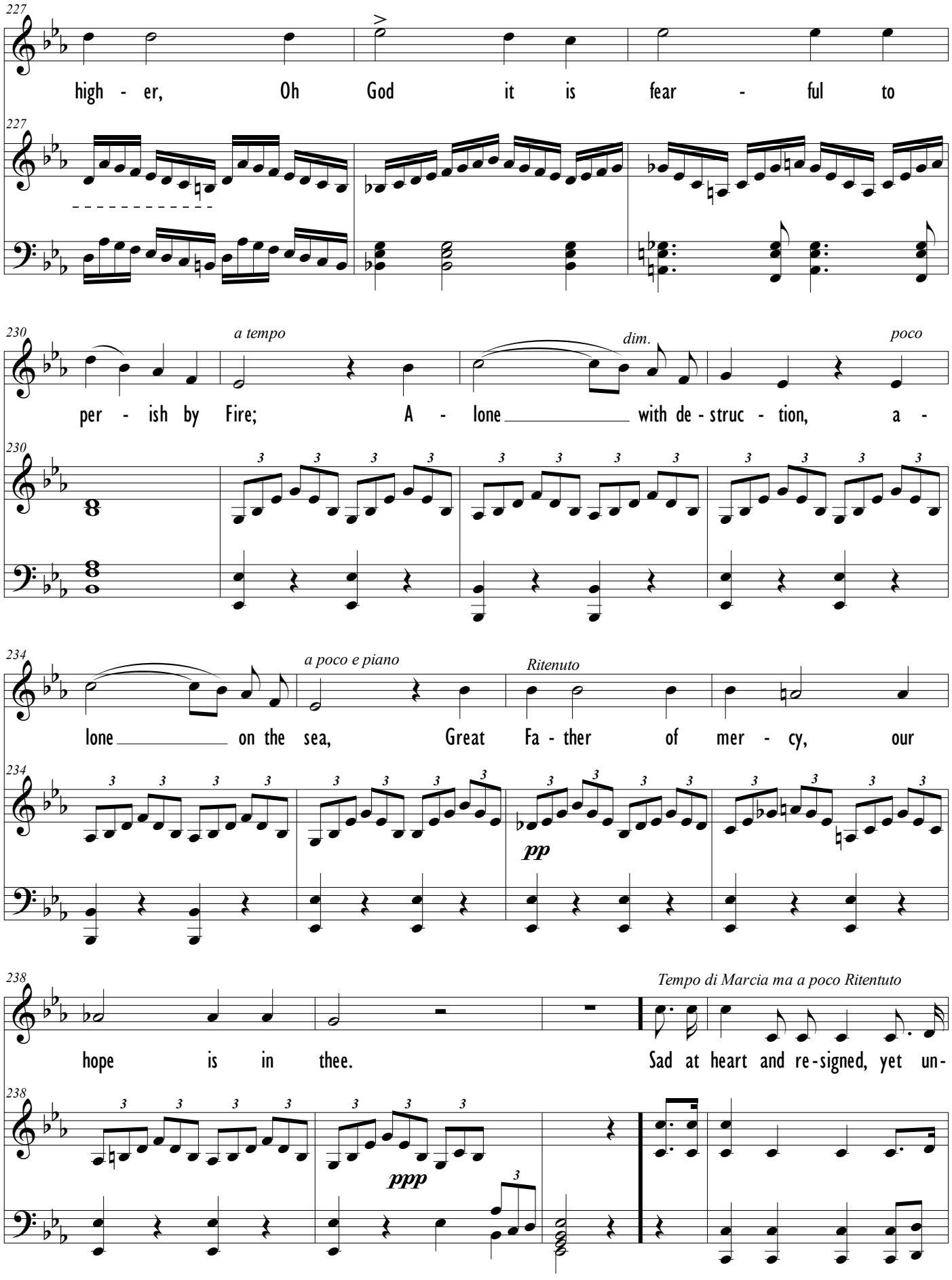

127
Mancando
dream-ing of home, The young moth - er pressed her fond babe to her breast, And
130
a piacere
sang a sweet song as she rocked it to rest, And the Hus-band sat cheer-i - ly
134
Forzando e spiritoso
down by her side, And looked with de-light on the face of his bride. Oh hap-py, said he, when our
8va
tr
f
142
roam - ing is o'er, We'll dwell in our Cot - tage that stands by the shore, All read - y in
(8va)
tr

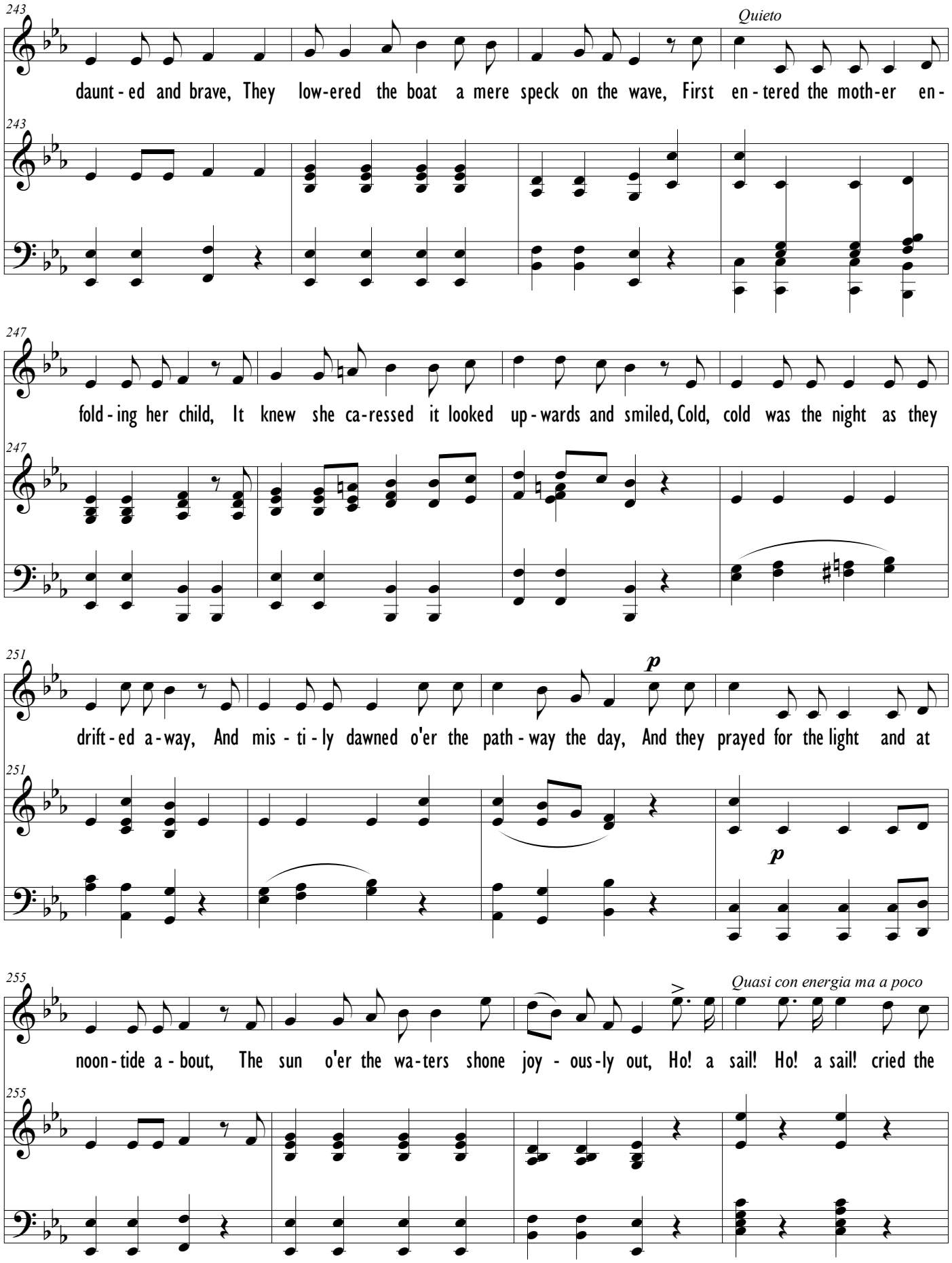

149
fan - cy its roof I de - scry And the smoke of its hearth curl-ing up to the sky, Its
(8va)
156
Soave ma con spirito
gar - den so green and its vine cov - ered wall, The kind friends a - wait - ing to wel-come us
(8va)
163
all, And the chil - dren that sport by the old oak - en tree; Ah
Andantino
gen - tly the
(8va)
169
ship glid - ed o - ver the sea.
(8va)
pp
ppp

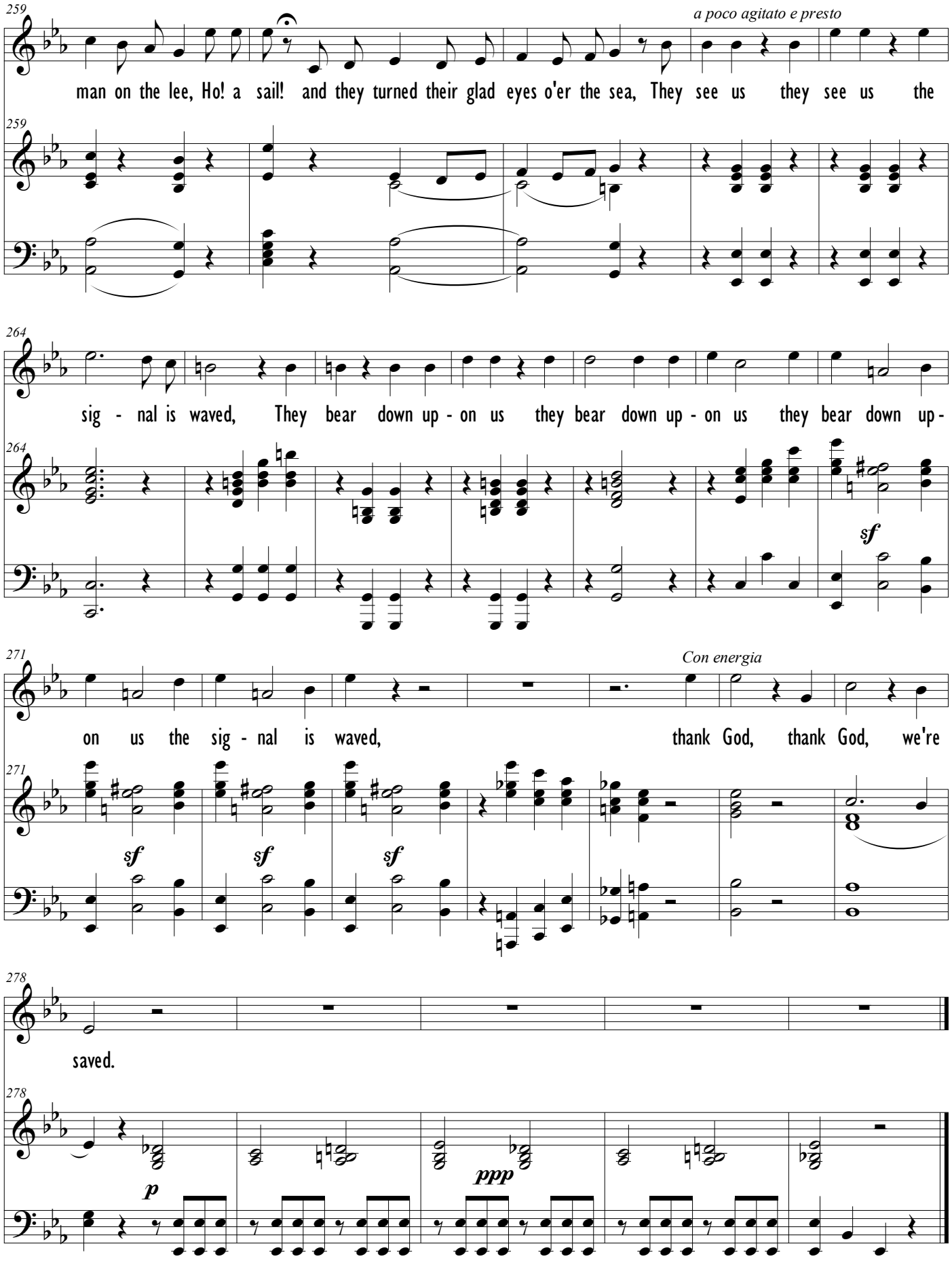

175
Allegro vivace
Reci
Hark! what is that?
ff
181
Risvegliato
Hark! hark to the shout, Fire!
ff
186
then a tramp and a rout And an up-roar of
Tempo a poco
p
cresc.
190
voic - es a - rose in the air, And the moth - er knelt


194
down and the half spo - ken prayer, That she of - fered to God in her
ff
198
ag - o - ny wild Was Fa - ther have mer-cy look down, look down on my
ff
fff
Staccato
203
a tempo
child; She flew to her hus - band, she clung to his side, Oh
ff
208
there was her ref - uge what - e'er might be - tide. Fire!
f
Con forza


213
Fire! It was rag-ing a-bove and be-low, And the cheeks of the Sail-ors grew
217
pale at the sight, And their eyes glis-tened wild in the glare of the light; 'Twas vain o'er the rav-age the
221
wa-ters to drip, The pit-i-less flame was the lord of the ship, and the
224
rfz
smoke, in thick wreaths, mount-ed high-er, and
f
ff
cresc.


227
high - er, Oh God it is fear - ful to
227
230
a tempo
dim.
poco
per - ish by Fire; A - lone with de - struc - tion, a -
230
234
a poco e piano
Ritenuto
lone on the sea, Great Fa - ther of mer - cy, our
234
pp
238
Tempo di Marcia ma a poco Ritentuto
hope is in thee. Sad at heart and re-signed, yet un-
238
ppp


243
Quieto
daunt - ed and brave, They low-ered the boat a mere speck on the wave, First en - tered the moth-er en -
247
fold - ing her child, It knew she ca-ressed it looked up - wards and smiled, Cold, cold was the night as they
251
p
drift - ed a - way, And mis - ti - ly dawned o'er the path - way the day, And they prayed for the light and at
p
255
Quasi con energia ma a poco
noon - tide a - bout, The sun o'er the wa-ters shone joy - ous-ly out, Ho! a sail! Ho! a sail! cried the


259
a poco agitato e presto
man on the lee, Ho! a sail! and they turned their glad eyes o'er the sea, They see us they see us the
264
sig - nal is waved, They bear down up - on us they bear down up - on us they bear down up -
sf
271
Con energia
on us the sig - nal is waved, thank God, thank God, we're
sf
sf
sf
278
saved.
p
ppp