



The Robe of Noah

W. Irving Hartshorn
(1832-1913)

Webster Irving Hartshorn (1832-1913) was born in Lunenburg, Vermont. The family moved to Clinton, Wisconsin before the Civil War after the railroads were established. He became a successful merchant and respected citizen. He served as Post Master and was active in community affairs. He was also active as a musician, especially at the Congregational Church. His compositions are mostly hymns and part songs for singing schools and musical conventions. He died in Clinton. Some songbooks add an "e" to the end of his surname.

The Robe of Noah

W. Irving Hartshorn

S
There was a lone - ly ark _____ That sailed o'er wa - ters dark; _____

A
There was a lone - ly ark _____ That sailed o'er wa - ters dark; _____

T
There was a lone - ly ark _____ That sailed o'er wa - ters dark; _____

B
There was a lone - ly ark _____ That sailed o'er wa - ters dark; _____

5
S
And wide _____ a - round _____ Not one tall tree was seen, _____ No

A
And wide a - round _____ Not one tall tree was seen, _____ No

T
And wide a - round _____ Not one tall tree was seen, _____ No

B
And wide a - round _____ Not one tall tree was seen, _____ No



The Robe of Noah

9

S flow'rs, nor leaf of green, All, all were drown'd.

A flow'rs, nor leaf of green, All, all were drown'd.

T flow'rs, nor leaf of green, All, all were drown'd.

B flow'rs, nor leaf of green, All, all were drown'd.

S Then a soft wing was spread, And o'er the bil - lows dread

A Then a soft wing was spread, And o'er the bil - lows dread

T Then a soft wing was spread, And o'er the bil - lows dread

B Then a soft wing was spread, And o'er the bil - lows dread

17

S A meek dove flew; But on that shore - less tide, No

A A meek dove flew; But on that shore - less tide, No

T A meek dove flew; But on that shore - less tide, No

B A meek dove flew; But on that shore - less tide, No

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S liv - ing thing she spied To cheer her view. _____

A liv - ing thing she spied To cheer her view. _____

T liv - ing thing she spied To cheer her view. _____

B liv - ing thing she spied To cheer her view. _____

25

S There was no chirp - ing sound, _____ O'er that wide wa - t'ry sound, _____

A There was no chirp - ing sound, _____ O'er that wide wa - t'ry sound, _____

T There was no chirp - ing sound, _____ O'er that wide wa - t'ry sound, _____

B There was no chirp - ing sound, _____ O'er that wide wa - t'ry sound, _____

30

S To soothe her woe; _____ But cold the surg - es spread _____ Their

A To soothe her woe; _____ But cold the surg - es spread _____ Their

T To soothe her woe; _____ But cold the surg - es spread _____ Their

B To soothe her woe; _____ But cold the surg - es spread _____ Their

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34

S cov - 'ring o'er the dead, Now sunk be - low.

A cov - 'ring o'er the dead, Now sunk be - low.

T cov - 'ring o'er the dead, Now sunk be - low.

B cov - 'ring o'er the dead, Now sunk be - low.

38

S So to the ark she fled With wear - y, droop - ing head,

A So to the ark she fled With wear - y, droop - ing head,

T So to the ark she fled With wear - y, droop - ing head,

B So to the ark she fled With wear - y, droop - ing head,

43

S To seek for rest; Christ is that ark, my love, Thou

A To seek for rest; Christ is that ark, my love, Thou

T To seek for rest; Christ is that ark, my love, Thou

B To seek for rest; Christ is that ark, my love, Thou

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47

S
art the timid dove, Fly to his breast.

A
art the timid dove, Fly to his breast.

T
art the timid dove, Fly to his breast.

B
art the timid dove, Fly to his breast.

Mason Bros.
(1860)

There was a lonely ark
That sailed o'er waters dark;
And wide around
Not one tall tree was seen,
No flowers, nor leaf of green,
All, all were drowned.

Then a soft wing was spread,
And o'er the billows dread
A meek dove flew;
But on that shoreless tide,
No living thing she spied
To cheer her view.

There was no chirping sound,
O'er that wide watery sound,
To soothe her woe;
But cold the surges spread
Their covering o'er the dead,
Now sunk below.

So to the ark she fled
With weary, drooping head,
To seek for rest;
Christ is that ark, my love,
Thou art the timid dove,
Fly to his breast.

Lydia Huntley Sigourney (1791-1865)

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