



Boatman's Morning Song

**Jas. M. North
(1835-?)**

Boatman's Morning Song

Jas. M. North

S The mists of the morn - ing are roll - ing a - way, The

A The mists of the morn - ing are roll - ing a - way, The

T The mists of the morn - ing are roll - ing a - way, The

B The mists of the morn - ing are roll - ing a - way, The

5 S stars quick - ly fade at the com - ing of day, The

A stars quick - ly fade at the com - ing of day, The

T stars quick - ly fade at the com - ing of day, The

B stars quick - ly fade at the com - ing of day, The

9 S foam of the bil - lows al - read - y I see, And

A foam of the bil - lows al - read - y I see, And

T foam of the bil - lows al - read - y I see, And

B foam of the bil - lows al - read - y I see, And



Boatman's Morning Song

13

S there floats my lit - tle barque wait - ing for me. We

A there floats my lit - tle barque wait - ing for me. We

T there floats my lit - tle barque wait - ing for me. We

B there floats my lit - tle barque wait - ing for me. We

17

S row all the day in the cur - rent a - long, Our

A row all the day in the cur - rent a - long, Our

T row all the day in the cur - rent a - long, Our

B row all the day in the cur - rent a - long, Our

21

S voi - ces u - nit - ing in load swell - ing song. No

A voi - ces u - nit - ing in load swell - ing song. No

T voi - ces u - nit - ing in load swell - ing song. No

B voi - ces u - nit - ing in load swell - ing song. No

Boatman's Morning Song

25

S thought of the toil or the tu - mult of day Can

A thought of the toil or the tu - mult of day Can

T thought of the toil or the tu - mult of day Can

B thought of the toil or the tu - mult of day Can

29

S ruf - fle our bo - soms, or lure us a - way.

A ruf - fle our bo - soms, or lure us a - way.

T ruf - fle our bo - soms, or lure us a - way.

B ruf - fle our bo - soms, or lure us a - way.

33

S The moun - tain tops dim - ly are seen through the mist, The

A The moun - tain tops dim - ly are seen through the mist, The

T The moun - tain tops dim - ly are seen through the mist, The

B The moun - tain tops dim - ly are seen through the mist, The

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38

S beach, smooth and sand - y, by wave - lets is kissed, The

A beach, smooth and sand - y, by wave - lets is kissed, The

T beach, smooth and sand - y, by wave - lets is _____ kissed, The

B beach, smooth and sand - y, by wave - lets is kissed, The

42

S sky, broad and spread - ing, with crim - son and blue, _____ The _____

A sky, broad and spread - ing, with crim - son and blue, _____ The _____

T sky, broad and spread - ing, with crim - son and blue, _____ The _____

B sky, broad and spread - ing, with crim - son and blue, The

46

S o - cean that bears on its breast ev - 'ry hue. My

A o - cean that bears on its breast ev - 'ry hue. My

T o - cean that bears on its breast ev - 'ry hue. My

B o - cean that bears on its breast ev - 'ry hue. My

Boatman's Morning Song

50

S heart is en - tranced in - to beau - ty's high realm, No

A heart is en - tranced in - to beau - ty's high realm, No

T heart is en - tranced in - to beau - ty's high realm, No

B heart is en - tranced in - to beau - ty's high realm, No

54

S care of the earth can its peace o - ver - whelm; The

A care of the earth can its peace o - ver - whelm; The

T care of the earth can its peace o - ver - whelm; The

B care of the earth can its peace o - ver - whelm; The

58

S star of the West sends its last lin - g'ring ray, I

A star of the West sends its last lin - g'ring ray, I

T star of the West sends its last lin - g'ring ray, I

B star of the West sends its last lin - g'ring ray, I

Boatman's Morning Song

62

S hail my sweet home, as the light fades a - way.

A hail my sweet home, as the light fades a - way.

T hail my sweet home, as the light fades a - way.

B hail my sweet home, as the light fades a - way.

S. Brainard's Sons
(1873)

James M. North (1835-?) was born in England and emigrated to the U. S. when he was about 6 years old. He trained in music and became a music teacher on the East Coast. He moved to St. Louis, Missouri, where he taught music in the public schools and was an active conductor. He was well known as a soloist and operated a private studio. He authored a number of vocal method books and volumes of vocalises. He also composed a number of songs and part-songs.

The mists of the morning are rolling away,
The stars quickly fade at the coming of day,
The foam of the billows already I see,
And there floats my little barque waiting for me.
We row all the day in the current along,
Our voices uniting in load swelling song.
No thought of the toil or the tumult of day
Can ruffle our bosoms, or lure us away.

The mountain tops dimly are seen through the mist,
The beach, smooth and sandy, by wavelets is kissed,
The sky, broad and spreading, with crimson and blue,
The ocean that bears on its breast every hue.
My heart is entranced into beauty's high realm,
No care of the earth can its peace overwhelm;
The star of the West sends its last lingering ray,
I hail my sweet home, as the light fades away.

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