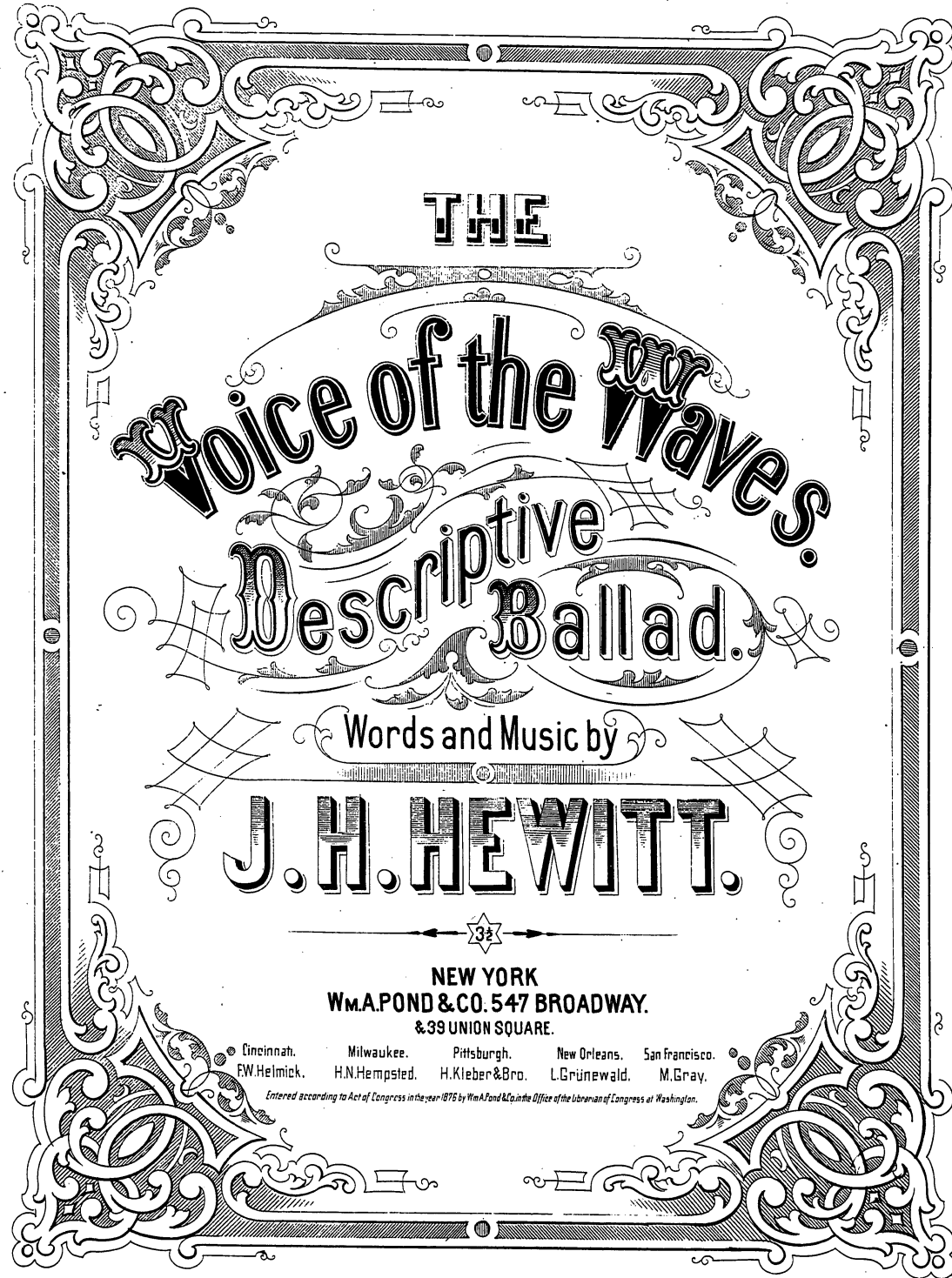


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THE

Voice of the Waves
Descriptive
Ballad.

Words and Music by

J. H. HEWITT.



NEW YORK
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THE VOICE OF THE WAVES.

DESCRIPTIVE BALLAD.

Words and music by J.H. HEWITT.

Moderato.

Piano.

f

p

cres.

8 *tr.*

8 *tr.*

1. Roll - ing, still roll - ing with
2. Leap - ing, still leap - ing to

p

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in 6/8 time, marked 'Moderato'. The piano part features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The melody starts with a forte (*f*) dynamic and includes a trill marked '8 tr.' in the third measure. The piano part continues with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The piano part includes a crescendo (*cres.*) in the third measure and a trill marked '8 tr.' in the fourth measure. The piano part concludes with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The voice part enters in the fourth measure with two verses of lyrics: '1. Roll - ing, still roll - ing with' and '2. Leap - ing, still leap - ing to'. The piano part continues with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic.

li - - ly-white crests, And flash - ing in sunlight, the bil - lows leap on;
ward the blue sky, Em - brac - ing and dy - ing in each oth - er's arms;

Screaming, the sea-birds fly up from their nests, And bathe their light wings in the
Danc - ing and kiss - ing the winds that pass by, As - sail - - ing the lone rock in

rays of the sun. Spark - ling like diamonds, the spray melts in air, And
grim shrouded forms. Still the wild cho - rus is heard far a - way, The

deep sound - ing murmurs are heard ev - 'ry - where. *cres.* 'Tis the song of the waves as they
groan of the break - ers, the hiss of the spray. *cres.* 'Tis the song of the waves as they &c

rall. *dim.*

leap - to the shore, And mournful-ly sing ev-er-more, ev-ermore. Ev - er -

rall. *dim.*

more!.....

dim.

Animato.

3. Sighing, still sigh-ing, the wind dies a-way, And scarce-ly a breath fans the

p *cres.*

face of the deep; Laugh - ing a-round the lone rock, the waves play, Old

rall.
o - - cean then, wearied, goes gen-ly to sleep. Whisper-ing lov-ing-ly,
rall. *p*

up the bright sand, The billows, like sis-ters, creep slow hand in hand; Still
cres. *dolce.*

rall.
mur-mur-ing soft, as they kiss the white shore, The song of the sea - ever -
rall.

dim.
more, evermore. Ev - er - - more!
dim. *sf* *dim.*