

A VOICE FROM THE WAVES

Duett,

an answer to the Popular Duett

“WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING?”

Written by

Richard Ryan,

Composed by

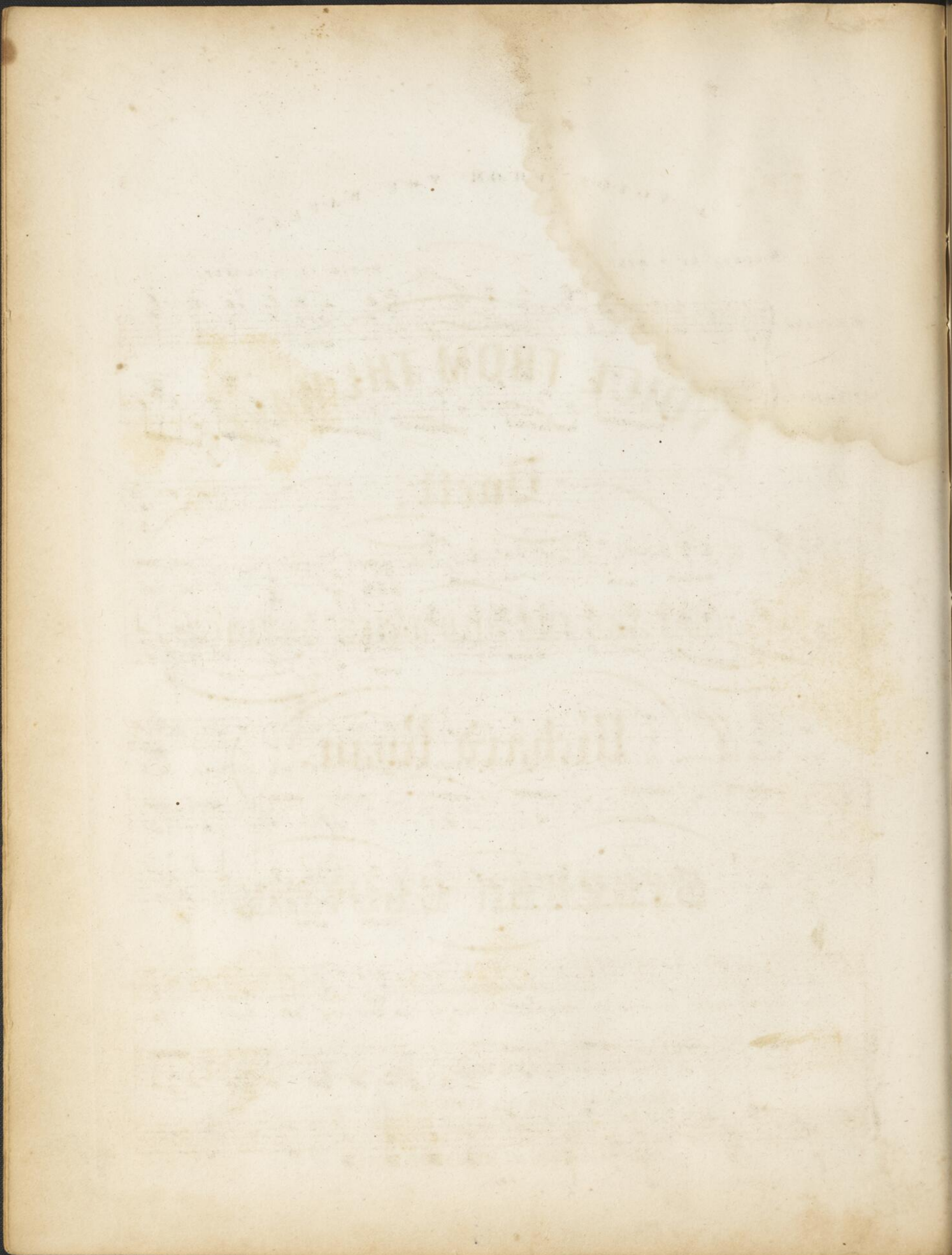
STEPHEN GLOVER,

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Just Published WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING.



"A VOICE FROM THE WAVES."

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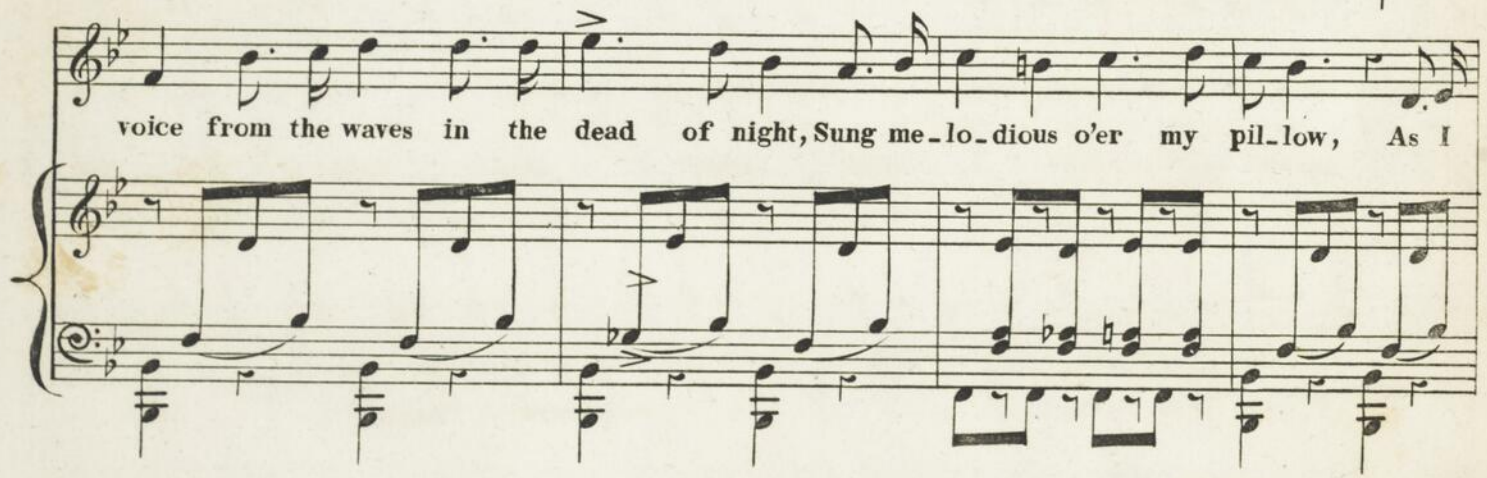
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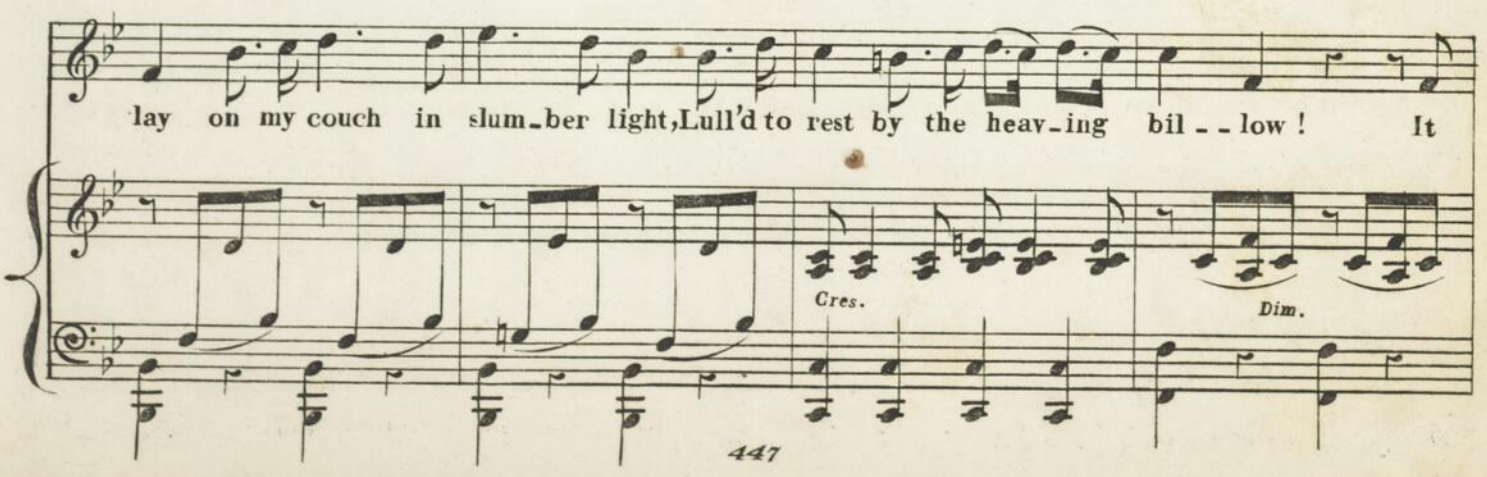
MODERATO
CON
ESPRESSIONE.



voice from the waves in the dead of night, Sung me-lo-dious o'er my pil-low, As I



lay on my couch in slum-ber light, Lull'd to rest by the heav-ing bil-low ! It



spoke not of hu - man hopes and fears, That o'er - cloud time's hours fly - ing, But it

p

told of the dead of for - mer years That in o - cean's bed were ly - - ing! A

Cres.

Cres.

voice from the waves in the dead of night Sung me - lo - dious o'er my pil - low, As I

p

Del.

lay on my couch in slum - ber light, Lull'd to rest by the heav - ing bil - low! Lull'd to

||

||

||

||

rest Lull'd to rest by the heav - ing the heav - ing bil - low ! And thus it

And thus it

f

sung, And thus it sung, The voice the voice from the waves. And thus it

sung, And thus it sung, The voice the voice from the waves. And thus it

p

sung, And thus it sung, And thus — thus it sung —

sung, And thus it sung, And thus — thus it sung — "I

p

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come from the deep, I come from the deep, Where the sea flow-er gent - ly un-

clo - ses, Where fie - - ry youth hath a dream - less sleep, And the warrior in calmness re-

-po - ses. Where the pa - rent and child lie side by side, Doom'd by des - ti - ny ne'er to

Cres.

se - - ver;— Where the hus - - band fond, and his new - made bride, In death's em-

p *Con espress.*

Dim. *p*

Cres. 7

- brace are clasp'd for ev - er! Each wave rolls o - ver the bu - rial place Of earth's

Cres. *f* *p* *pp*

Cres.

children in count - less num - bers, Of ev' - ry hue, and clime, and

Cres.

Dim.

race Where no tem - pest can break their slum - bers - Of ev' - ry

Dim.

Rall.

hue, and clime, and race Where no tem - pest can break their

Rall.

A tempo.

The voice was hush'd, the vi - sion fled, But my heart felt a pang of

A tempo.

slum - bers." The voice was hush'd, the vi - sion fled, But my heart felt a pang of

A tempo.

p *Sempre staccato.*

Cres.

sor - row, Till the day - star o'er me, her bright beams shed, Com - menc - ing a glo - rious

Cres.

sor - row, Till the day - star o'er thee, her bright beams shed, Com - menc - ing a glo - rious

Dol.

mor - row! Till the day - star o'er me, her bright beams shed, Com - menc - ing a glo - rious

Dol.

mor - row! Till the day - star o'er thee, her bright beams shed, Com -

mor - - - row, Com - menc - - ing com - menc - - ing a glo - rious, a glo - rious
- menc - ing a glo - rious mor - - - row, com - menc - - ing a glo - rious, a glo - rious

Cres. *f* *Cres.* *f*

Cres. *mf*

p *Piu lento.* *Dim.* *Ritard.*
mor - row. The voice was hush'd, - the vis - ion fled, The voice was hush'd, - the vision
p *Dim.* *Ritard.*
mor - row. The voice was hush'd, - the vis - ion fled, The voice was hush'd, - the vision

Piu lento. *p* *Dim.* *Ritard.*

fled .
fled .

mf *Ped.* *Decres.* *p*

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