

SM 1999

The Calling Of The Sea

Words by
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Music by
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Moderato con moto

mf

rit.

l.h.

The piano introduction is in 6/8 time, marked 'Moderato con moto'. It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass line consists of quarter notes G2, A2, and B2. The piece concludes with a 'rit.' (ritardando) and a final chord in the right hand.

Troub - le, sure there's no such word In all the Em - er - ald Isle, — There's
Troub - le, sure it's but a fear, That sel - dom does — come true, — It's

p a tempo

The first system of the song features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in 6/8 time and begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment is in 6/8 time and features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The piece concludes with a 'p a tempo' (piano) marking.

nev - er troub - le could re - sist The charm - ing of a smile. — The
just like some one in a dream, That can't catch up with you. — There's

The second system of the song features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in 6/8 time and begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment is in 6/8 time and features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The piece concludes with a final chord in the right hand.

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wa - ter's sil - ver with the fish, And gold - en are the sands, — And
no use wor - ry - in' at all, For this is what I've heard: — "Of

Nep - tune holds his for - tune for The lads with will - ing hands. —
all the troub - le in the world, The half has ne'er oc - curred."

The birds that cir - cle 'round our boat, The
We're on the Isle we love the best, Each

wild waves dash - ing high, — Are tell - ing of the fair - y folk And
 day, put out to sea, — Pull at the oars and set the nets, It's

how their luck is nigh. — We're sea-men, ev - 'ry one of us, And
 life for you and me. — It's in our blood, bred in our bone, And

hap - py we should be, — That we are here to an - swer To — the
 some day we will find. — We'll nev - er be un - hap - py, Till — we've

call - ing of the sea. —
 left it all be - hind. —

REFRAIN *Con moto*

rit.
It's a part of our lives, It's our love and our home, And to -

l.h.
p *rit.* *a tempo*

rit. * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* *simile*

poco rit.
mor - row we may leave it, In for - eign lands to roam. "It

poco rit.

a tempo
may be for years, And it may be for - ev - er?" But

a tempo

ten. *rit.*
we'll al - ways hear, The call - ing of the sea!

ten. *rit.* *l.h.*

rit. * *rit.* * *rit.* *