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THE TEMPEST,

BALLAD

Poetry by

James T. Fields, Esq.

MUSIC COMPOSED AND RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

TO

CAPT. C. H. E. JUDKINS,

(OF THE STEAMER HIBERNIA)

BY

NATHAN BARKER.

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THE TEMPEST.

BALLAD.

Poetry by JAMES T. FIELDS Esq.

Music by NATHAN BARKER.

ALLEGRO
MODERATO.

Tremolo. *p* *ff*

ff *p* *cres:*

cres: *ff*

2d. VERSE. *u* So we shuddered there in silence,— For the

The first system of music features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The vocal line begins with a whole note rest, followed by a series of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex bass line in the left hand.

We were crowded in the cabin, Not a

stout - est held his breath, While the an - gry sea was

The second system continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line has a similar rhythmic pattern to the first system. The piano accompaniment maintains its eighth-note texture, with some melodic movement in the bass line.

soul would dare to sleep,— It was midnight on the

roaring, And the break - ers talked with death. And as

The third system shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a *ritard.* marking. The vocal line has a few longer notes, including a half note.

waters, And a storm was on the deep. 'Tis a

thus we sat in darkness, Each one busy in his

The fourth system concludes the page. The piano accompaniment features a *p* dynamic marking, followed by *cres* and *cen* markings, and ends with a *do.* marking. The vocal line has a few longer notes, including a half note.

fear - - ful thing in winter To be shattered by the

prayers,— “We are lost!” the captain shouted, As he⁵
 blast, And to hear the rattling trumpet Thunder,

staggered down the stairs. “We are lost!” the captain
 “Cut a - way the mast!” And to hear the rattling

shouted, As he staggered down the stairs.
ad lib:
 trumpet Thunder, “Cut a - way the mast!”

Repeat to *u* for 2d. verse.

3d. VERSE.

But his little daughter whispered, As she took his i - cy

p

hand, "Is n't God upon the o - cean, Just the

same as on the land?" Then we kissed the little

ritard.

maiden, And we spoke in better *ad lib:* cheer, And we

a tempo.
ad lib:

anchored safe in harbor When the morn was shin - ing

clear. And we anchored safe in harbor When the

ad lib: morn was shin - - - - - ing clear.

ad lib: