



THE LIGHT CANOE.

Baltimore, Published by G. Willig Jr.

BOUGHT OF
S.H. PARKER
107
WASHINGTON ST
BOSTON

THE LIGHT CANOE

Written by

R. H. PRATT ESQ.,

Composed and Inscribed to

THE MISSES AMANDA & ELLEN SKINNER

BY

J. H. Hewitt.

BALTIMORE Published and Sold by GEO. WILLIG J^r

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system shows the piano introduction in 6/8 time, with a treble and bass staff. The second system begins with the vocal melody in the treble staff, accompanied by the piano in the bass staff. The lyrics 'I'll come to thee when the moon is full, And' are written below the vocal staff. The third system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment, with the lyrics 'floats in ether bright; I'll come to thee when the sportive fay Is rev'ling in de_'. The score is written in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time.

Entered according to the act of Congress in the year 1835 by George Willig J^r in the Clerk's office of the District court of Md

light. I'll come to thee, ere the morning sun, Has quaff'd the maiden dew;

I'll come to thee o'er the silv'ry tide, And in my light ca—noe, And in my light ca—

noe.

ad lib.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'light.' The lyrics are: 'light. I'll come to thee, ere the morning sun, Has quaff'd the maiden dew; I'll come to thee o'er the silv'ry tide, And in my light ca—noe, And in my light ca—noe.' The score includes a piano introduction and a vocal melody with piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano part features a flowing, arpeggiated accompaniment. The score ends with a double bar line.

2
I'll come to thee though the lightnings glare,
And startling thunders roar —
I'll come to thee though the foaming tide
Should lash the pebly shore;
I'll come to thee with a throbbing heart —
Unerring — faithful — true —
I'll come to thee, and all danger scorn,
Come in my light canoe.

3
I'll come to thee at the sacred hour,
That hour we love so well —
I'll come to thee 'neath the shady grove,
Where last I bade farewell.
I'll come to thee with hope beating high,
And heart that guilt ne'er knew;
I'll come to claim thy promis'd vow,
Come in my light canoe!