

A CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

Thomas Moore.

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A la Barcarolle.

SOPRANO
ALTO

1. Faint - ly as tolls the eve - ning chime . . . Our
2. Why should we yet our sail un - furl? . . . There

TENOR
BASS

1. Faint - - ly as tolls the chime, Our
2. Why should we our sail un - furl? There is

Moderato.

voi - ces keep tune and our oars keep time; . . . Soon as the
is not a breath the blue wave to curl; . . . But when the

voi - ces and our oars keep time; Soon . . .
not a breath the wave to curl; But when the

woods on shore look dim, . . . We'll sing at St.
wind blows off the shore, . . . Oh, sweet - ly we'll

as the woods look dim, We'll sing our
wind blows off the shore, Oh, we'll rest

cres.

Ann's our part - ing hymn. . . Row, broth-ers, row, . . . the
rest our wea - ry oar. . . Blow, breez - es, blow, . . . the

part - - - ing hymn. . . 1, 2. Row, . . . broth - ers,
our wea - ry oar. . .

mf

streams run fast, . . . The rap - ids are near and the day - light's
row, . . . row, . . . row, . . . row, the day - light's

mf

1 2 *rall.* . . . *pp*
past. past, the day - light's past.
day - - - light's past.

rall. *pp*
past. past, the day - light's past. . .

1 2 *rall.* *pp*