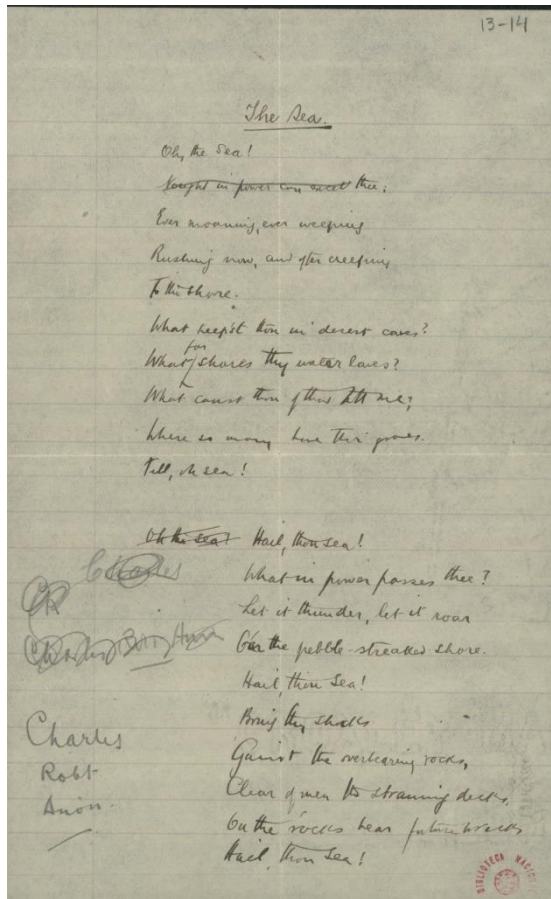


BNP/E3, 13 - 14^r

Transcrição



The Sea.

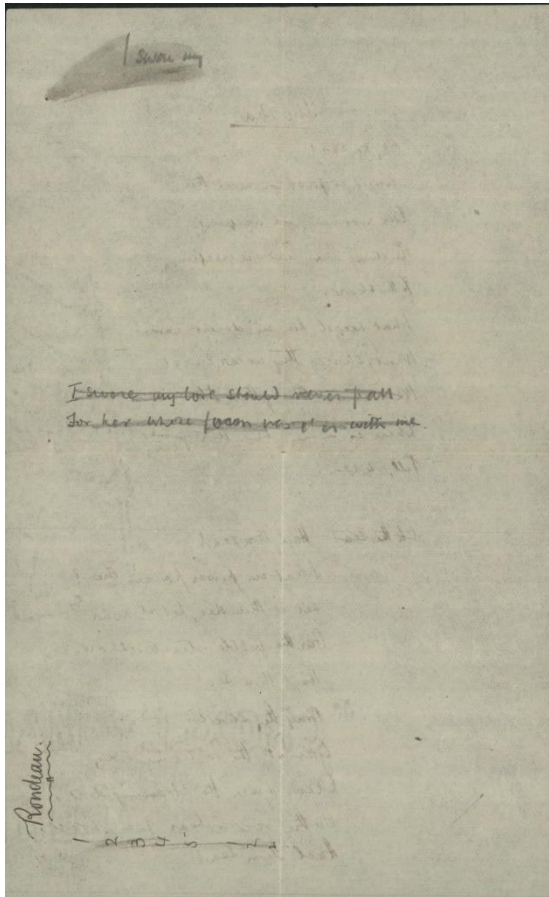
Oh, the sea!
~~Nought in power can excel thee;~~
Ever moaning, ever weeping
Rushing now, and after creeping
To the shore.
What keep'st thou in desert caves?
What far shores thy water laves?
What canst thou of that tell me?
Where so many have their graves.
Tell, oh sea!

~~Oh the sea!~~ Hail, thou sea!
What in power passes thee?
Let it thunder, let it roar
O'er the pebble-streaked shore.
Hail, thou sea!
Bring thy shocks
'Gainst the overbearing rocks,
Clear of men the straining decks,
On the rocks hear future wrecks
Hail, thou Sea!

Charles
~~Ch~~
~~Charles Robt Anon~~
Charles Robert Anon.

BNP/E3, 13 - 14^v

Transcrição



I swore my {...}

~~I swore my love should never pall
For her whose love was e'er with me.~~

Rondeau.

1 {...}
2 {...}
3 {...}
4 {...}
5 {...}

1 {...}
2 {...}
2 {...}

DIREITOS ASSOCIADOS

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