

# A CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

Thomas Moore.

Maurice Arnold.

*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 breath 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*