

Waiting.

Words by MATTHIAS BARR.

Music by HAMILTON CLARKE, Mus.B., Oxon.

PIANO.

Moderato.

Far a - way from mer - ry Eng - land, In a strange and dis - tant land, All a - lone, and bronzed and

beard - ed, Toils a man, with axe in hand : And he smiles a - mid his la - bour, As the day dies in the

west ; For he sees, as in a vi - sion, White sail on the o - cean's breast, And a form he loves the

best, And a form..... he loves the best.....

dim - in - u - en - do.

Più allegro.
mf
 "Blow, O winds," he cries, "and waft her To her new and hap-py

home! Speed, O sail, and bring my true love O'er the wild and heaving foam!"

f *rall.*

tempo mo.
pp
 Lit-tle reck's the bu-sy toil-er That the maid-en of his dream Sleeps—the

red sands for her pil-low, Where the whirl-ing sea-fowl scream, And the wild waves flash and

Agitato.
f
trem. *cres.*

ff *rall. e dim.* *in - u - en - do.* *pp*
 gleam, And the wild waves flash and gleam!.....

Andante.