



The Captain of the Waterwitch.

Words by FREDERIC E. WEATHERLY.

Music by BERTHOLD TOURS.

VOICE.

PIANO.

p

1. She's the cap-tain of the
lifts her eyes with

Wa-ter-witch, And a ve-ry good cap-tain too, And she's trim and neat from her
sweet sur-prise, "The mate that sails with me Must hon-our and o-bey and

hat to her feet, And her eyes are blue—true blue. And when-ev-er we meet up-
nev-er say me nay, On land or on the sea!" "Then I'll be your mate, sweet-

f *dim.* *p* *mf*

f *dim.* *p* *mf*

cres.

- on the shore Or sail - ing a - cross the bay, I cry "Boat a - hoy!"
- heart," say I, (And she gives me her pret - ty hand) "For I want no more on

cres.

f *dim.* *mf*

like a true sail-or-boy, And this is what I say: "O make me your bo'-sun or your
land or..... shore Than to live at your com - mand!" So I beg..... to state, she's

f *dim.* *mf*

dim. *mf*

mate, say I, And let me sail with you, For you are the cap-tain of the
made me mate, And to - ge - ther we sail the blue, For she is the cap-tain of the

dim. *mf*

f

Wa - ter-witch, And a ve - ry good cap - tain too!"
Wa - ter-witch, And I - am all the crew.

f *p*

1st time. *2nd time.*

2. Then she

f