

# 3. Come O'er the Sea

For Men's Chorus and Piano

**Thomas Moore**from *The Minstrelsy of Ireland* (1897)**Arr. Bruce Trinkley**

**Piano**

**Andante con moto**  $\text{♩} = 66$

5

**p very intensely**

Come o'er the sea, maid-en, with me, Mine through sun - shine, storm and snows!

**p very intensely**

Come o'er the sea, maid-en, with me, Mine through sun - shine, storm and snows!

5

**sempre legato**

9 *mp* cresc. poco a poco 13  
 Sea-sons may roll, but the soul burns the same wher - e'er it goes. Let  
*mp* cresc. poco a poco  
 Sea-sons may roll, but the soul burns the same wher - e'er it goes. Let  
*mp* cresc. poco a poco  
 Sea-sons may roll, but the true soul burns the same wher - e'er it goes. Let  
*mp* cresc. poco a poco  
 Sea-sons may roll, but the true soul \_\_\_\_\_ burns the same wher - e'er it goes. Let  
9  
*mp* cresc. poco a poco  
sub. rit.  
sub. *mp*  
 for - tune frown, so we love and part not. Tis life where thou art, tis death where thou art not. Then  
*sub. mp*  
 for - tune frown, so we love and part not. Tis life where thou art, tis death where thou art not. Then  
*sub. mp*  
 for - tune frown, so we love and part not. Tis life where thou art, tis death where thou art not. Then  
*sub. mp*  
13  
*ff*  
*mp*

*a tempo*

17

8 come o'er the sea, maid-en, with me, wher-ev-er the wild wind blows.

8 come o'er the sea, maid-en, with me, wher-ev-er the wild wind blows.

come o'er the sea, maid-en, with me, come wher-ev-er the wild wind blows.

come o'er the sea, maid-en, with me, come wher-ev-er the wild wind blows.

*a tempo*

17

8

21 *p*

Sea - sons may roll, but the true soul burns the same wher - e'er it goes. \_\_\_\_\_

*p*

21

Sea - sons may roll, but the true soul burns the same wher - e'er it

*p*

25

goes.

25

29 *p*

Was not the sea made for the free, land for courts and chains a - lone?

*p*

Was not the sea made for the free, land for courts and chains a - lone?

29

*p*

*mp cresc. poco a poco**ff*

Here we are slaves, on the waves, love and li - ber - ty's all our own. No

*mp cresc. poco a poco**ff*

Here we are slaves, on the waves, love and li - ber - ty's all our own. No

*mp cresc. poco a poco**ff*

Here we are slaves, but on the waves, love and li - ber - ty's all our own. No

*mp cresc. poco a poco**ff*

Here we are slaves, but on the waves, love and li - ber - ty's all our own. No

33

*mp cresc. poco a poco**sub. rit.*  
*sub. mp*

eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us, all earth for - got, and all hea - ven a - round us; Then

*sub. mp*

eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us, all earth for - got, and all hea - ven a - round us; Then

*sub. mp*

eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us, all earth for - got, and all hea - ven a - round us; Then

*sub. mp*

eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us, all earth for - got, and all hea - ven a - round us; Then

*sub. rit.**ff**mp*

41 *a tempo*

41 *a tempo*

come come o'er the sea, maid-en with me, through sun - shine, storm and snows;  
come come o'er the sea, maid-en with me, through sun - shine, storm and snows;  
come o'er the sea, maid-en with me, mine through sun - shine, storm and snows;  
come o'er the sea, maid-en with me, mine through sun - shine, storm and snows;

41 *a tempo*

sea-sons may roll, but the true soul burns the same wher - e'er it goes.

45 *p* *poco rit.*

sea-sons may roll, but the true soul burns the same wher-e'er it goes.

45 *p* *poco rit.*