

Seascape

Walt Whitman

William Horne

I

Andante

Voice

Soothe! soothe! soothe!

Piano

p *legato pedal*

7

Close on its wave soothes the wave be - hind,

13

And a - gain a - no - ther be - hind em-brac-ing and lap - ping, ev - ery one

17

close, But my love soothes not me, soothes not

f

23

me, not me. Low hangs the moon, it rose late

mp

29

It is lag-ging. O I think it is hea-vy with love.

poco cresc.

34

O mad - ly the sea push-es the sea push-es up-on the land, With love, with love.

cresc. poco a poco

sub mp

Red. * Red. simile Red.

39

O night! O night! do I not see my

39

p

* *Leo* * *Leo* * *simile*

44

love fluttering out a-mong the break-ers? What is that lit-tle black thing

44

cresc. poco a poco

49

I see there in the white?

49

5

9

12

* *Leo* * *Leo* *

51 *poco piu mosso*

Loud! loud! loud! Loud I call to you my love!

51

f

56

High and clear I shout my voice a - bove the waves, Sure - ly

8va

mf

60

Poco a poco meno mosso -

Sure - ly you must know who is here, is here, You must know who I

64

Tempo I

am, my love. Low hang-ing

70

ad libitum

moon! What is that dus-ky spot in your brown

75 *a tempo*

yel-low? O it is the shape, the shape of my

75 *pp*

Red. *

78 mate, the shape of my mate, my mate.

78 *8va*

Red. * *Red.* *

81 O moon,

81 *8va*

Red. * *Red.* *

86 do not keep her from me an - y long - er.

86

Red. * *Red.* * *Red.* *