The Distant Shore

Allegro comodo

W. S. Gilbert

Arthur Sullivan

Voice

Piano

mai-den sat at her door, And sighed as she looked at the sea: "I've a

dear, dear love on a dis-tant shore A-dy-ing for news of me, I've a

Cres:

dear, dear love on a dis-tant shore A-dy-ing for news of me." And the
Wind was listening near, And saw that the maid was fair, So the kind Wind whispered a hope in her ear, As he played with her bright brown hair "Be of good cheer, sweet heart, I fly to that distant shore, Thy lover I'll tell thou lovest him well,
E- ver and e- ver- more."

The maiden dried her eyes And a

smile shone o- ver her face, For she saw bright hope in the chan- ging skies As the

Wind flew off a- pace, She saw bright hope in the
changing skies As the wind flew of a pace. And she bade the kind Wind good

speed, "Hurry, oh Wind," said she, "Oh, say that I love him in-

deed and indeed." And the Wind cried over the sea.

"Be of good cheer, dear heart, I fly to that distant shore, Thy

lover I'll tell thou lovest him well, Ever and evermore.

The Wind tore over the wave,

Scattering ocean spray, But a lack! the lover he
flew to save, He met on his home-ward way. And his good ship sank in the gale, An ev'ry soul be-
side, And the Wind came sob-bing to tell the tale, And the mai-den drooped and died. Be of good cheer, poor heart, At
rest on a distant shore, Where thou and thy love walk hand in hand

E- ver and e- ver more.
Be of good cheer, dear heart, At

Cres: ritard al fine
rest on a distant shore, Where thou and thy love walk hand in hand

Cres: ritard al fine

Cres: ritard al fine

E- ver and e- ver more!