

No. 2a

RECIT. (Mrs Cripps & Boatswain's Mate)

Mrs. Cripps (Recit.)

But tell me who's the youth whose falt'ring feet With dif- fi - cul- ty bear him on his course?

PIANO

3

Boatswain

Mrs. Cripps.

That is the smartest lad in all the fleet: Ralph Rackstraw Ralph! That name! Remorse, remorse!

No. 3

SCENA (Ralph & Chorus)

5

Ralph.

The

PIANO

p

10

night - in-gale Sigh'd_ for the moon's bright ray, And

14

told his tale_ in his own me - lo - dious way. He sang, "Ah, well-a-

f *dim.*

19

Chorus (Tenors) *pp* Ralph

(Basses) day!" He sang, "Ah, well - a - day!" The low - ly vale__ For the

p

24

moun - tain vain - ly sighed, To his hum - ble wail The

tr

28

Chorus *pp*

e - cho-ing hills re - plied. They sang, "Ah, well-a - day!" They

f *dim.* *p*

33 **Ralph**

sang, "Ah, well - a - day!" I know the va - lue of a kind - ly cho - rus, But

37

cho - rus - es yield lit - tle con - so - la - tion When we have pain, and sor - row too, be-

f dim.

40 **Mrs. Cripps**

fore us! I love, and love, a - las, a - bove my sta - tion! He

p

43 **Chorus (unison)**

loves, and loves a lass a - bove his sta - tion. Yes, yes the lass is much above his sta - tion.

attacca.