The Calling Of The Sea

Words by
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& GEO.GRAFF Jr.

Music by
ERNEST R. BALL

Moderato con moto

Trouble, sure there's no such word In all the Emerald Isle, There's
Trouble, sure it's but a fear, That seldom does come true, It's

p a tempo

never trouble could resist The charming of a smile. The
just like some one in a dream, That can't catch up with you. There's

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water's silver with the fish, And golden are the sands,
no use worryin' at all, For this is what I've heard: "Of

Neptune holds his fortune for The lads with willing hands;
all the trouble in the world, The half has never occurred."

The birds that circle 'round our boat, The
We're on the Isle we love the best, Each

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wild waves dash-ing high, Are tell-ing of the fair-y folk And
day, put out to sea, Pull at the oars and set the nets, It's

how their luck is nigh. We're sea-men, ev'-ry one of us, And
time for you and me. It's in our blood, bred in our bone, And

hap-py we should be, That we are here to an-swer To the
some day we will find. We'll nev-er be un-hap-py, Till we've

calling of the sea.
left it all be-hind.
REFRAIN  Con moto

It's a part of our lives, It's our love and our home, And to-

morrow we may leave it, In foreign lands to roam... "It

may be for years, And it may be for ever...\n
we'll always hear, The calling of the sea!