

THE SKY-SHIP.

Words by Frank Dempster Sherman.

MARGARET RUTHVEN LANG, OP. 9. No 3.

Allegretto. *mp*

In the soft wind that blows, you
cloud-ship of the sky Spreads a white sail and throws A sha-dow where I
lie. And with my dream is blent A breath of spice and gums,
Out of the O-ri-ent, Be-tray-ing whence she comes.

pp

Fin *

Un-to a land re - mote, — To fill its rich ba - zaars, — Sails this A - ra - bian

boat, A - mid the isl - and stars. — — — — — And in you har - bor

calm, Of Heaven's o - cean blue; — — — — — Emp - ties her freight of balm: The

twi - light's fragrant dew! — — — — —