The Dreamland Sea..

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MICHAEL. KEGRIZE.

Swaying. (♩. = 72.) *rit.* *mp*

1. Ev - 'ry night I'm con - tent - ed when my bed - time comes at last;
2. Here they come! Foam - y - crest - ed bil - lows, swell - ing ev - er near;

p *rit.* *mp*

While the world the night is veil - ing, Through the dark - ness, nev - er fail - ing, Off I go a - sail - ing, sail - ing—
From the mists of Dream-land swing - ing, Half for - got - ten fra-grance bring - ing, Of a thou - sand pleas - ures sing - ing

cres. *cres.*

Oh! so fast! Oh yes!..... I sail each night The Dream-land Sea, And all its shoals I know:..... Its
In my ear! Oh yes!..... They sing to me of isl - ands fair Where things I love best dwell;..... Of

mf *mf*

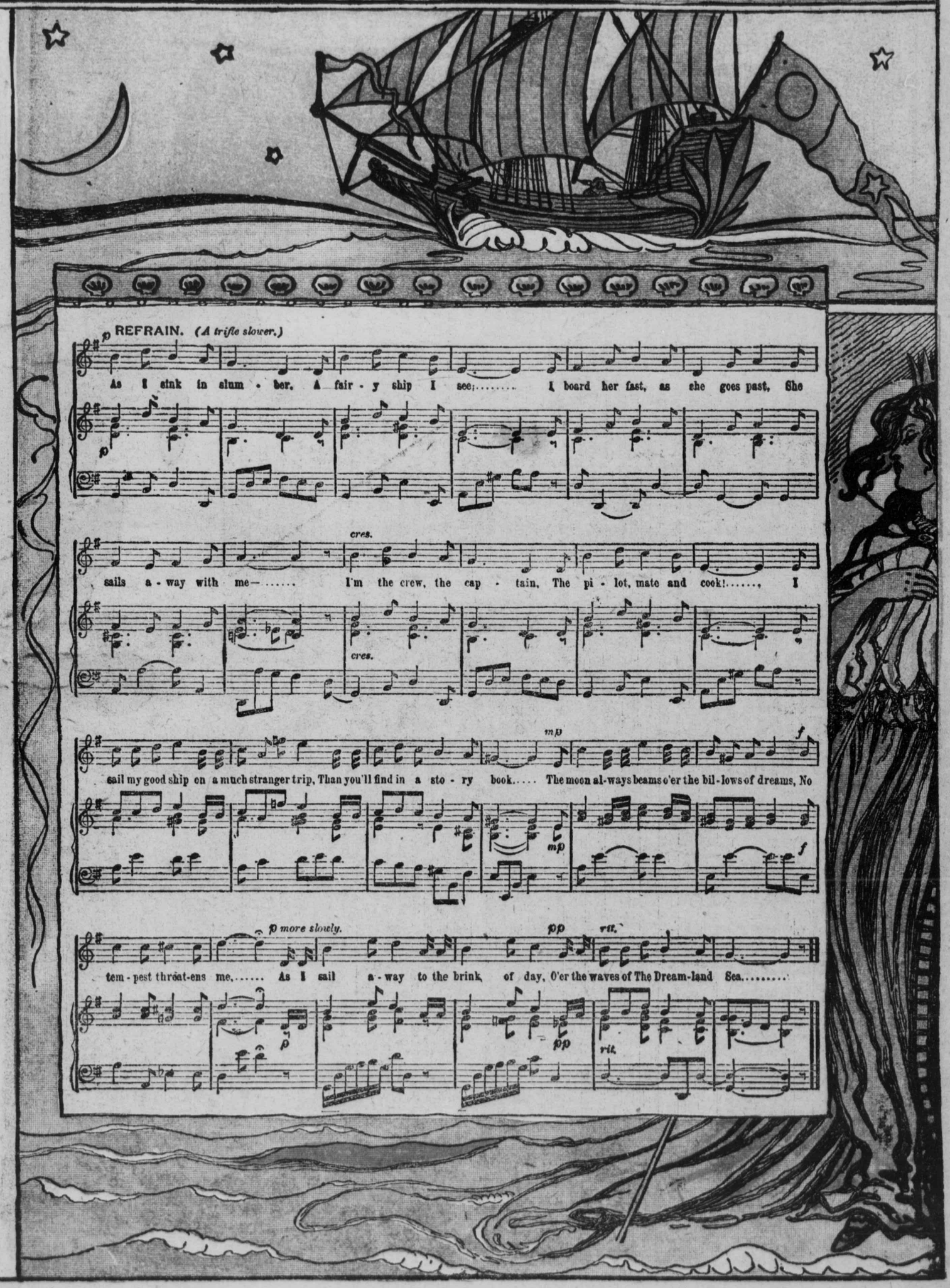
reefs can nev - er fright - en me; Like balm its breez - es blow..... I've much more fun than boys have done In
knights and princ - es liv - ing there, I know each he - ro well..... A prin - cess waits for me to - night, She's

p *mf* *p* *mf*

all the books I've read,..... So that is why I'm glad when I Am told to run off to bed.....
sent the ship for me—..... We're off! the stars my path - way light— I'm sail - ing The Dream-land Sea.....

cres. *rit.* *cres.* *rit.*

Walter Bobbett



p REFRAIN. *(A trifle slower.)*

As I sink in slum - ber, A fair - y ship I see;..... I board her fast, as she goes past, She

p

sails a - way with me—..... I'm the crew, the cap - tain, The pi - lot, mate and cook!....., I

cres. *cres.*

sail my good ship on a much stranger trip, Than you'll find in a sto - ry book..... The moon al - ways beams o'er the bil - lows of dreams, No

mp *f* *mp* *f*

tem - pest throat - ens me,..... As I sail a - way to the brink of day, O'er the waves of The Dream-land Sea.....

p more slowly. *pp* *rit.* *p* *pp* *rit.*