



The Moon shone  
calmly bright

John L. Watton  
(1809-1886)

# The Moon shone calmly bright

J. L. Hatton

Moderato ♩ = 104

S *p* The moon shone calm - ly bright Up - on the slum - b'ring scene, *mf* Ten

A *p* The moon shone calm - ly bright Up - on the slum - b'ring scene, *mf* Ten

T *p* The moon shone calm - ly bright Up - on the slum - b'ring scene, *mf* Ten

B *p* The moon shone calm - ly bright Up - on the slum - b'ring scene, *mf* Ten

S<sup>5</sup> thou - sand stars shone out that night, A - round their plac - id queen; *f* A

A thou - sand stars shone out that night, A - round their plac - id queen; *f* A

T<sup>8</sup> thou - sand stars shone out, A - round their plac - id queen; *f* A

B thou - sand stars shone out that night, A - round their plac - id queen; *f* A

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9

S ship hath left the shore, — Where shall that good ship be, Ere

A ship hath left the shore, — Where shall that good ship be, Ere

T ship hath left the shore, — Where shall that good ship be, Ere

B ship hath left the shore, — Where shall that good ship be, — Ere

13

*poco più lento*

S fill the moon one bright horn more?— Deep—

A fill the moon one bright horn more?— Deep in the boom - ing

T fill the moon one bright horn more?— Deep in the boom - ing

B fill the moon one bright horn more?— Deep in the boom - ing sea, —

17

S — in the boom - ing sea, in the boom - ing sea.

A sea, deep, deep in the boom - ing sea.

T sea, deep, deep in the boom - ing sea.

B — the boom - ing, boom - ing sea.

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*Tempo Imo*

S *f* "What fear?— the breeze to - night Can scarce a rip - ple wake, And

A *f* "What fear?— the breeze to - night Can scarce a rip - ple wake, And

T *f* "What fear?— the breeze to - night Can scarce a rip - ple wake, And

B *f* "What fear?— the breeze to - night Can scarce a rip - ple wake, And

25 S *p* slow moves our ship with her wings of white, Like a swan o'er a moon - lit lake!" Ah!

A *p* slow moves our ship with her wings of white, Like a swan o'er a moon - lit lake!" Ah!

T *p* slow moves our ship with her wings of white, Like a swan o'er a moon - lit lake!" Ah!

B *p* slow moves our ship with her wings of white, Like a swan o'er a moon - lit lake!" Ah!

29 S *cresc.* lit - tle dreamt they then \_\_\_\_\_ The change so soon to be, And a -

A *cresc.* lit - tle dreamt they then \_\_\_\_\_ The change so soon to be, And a -

T *cresc.* lit - tle dreamt they then \_\_\_\_\_ The change so soon to be, And a -

B *cresc.* lit - tle dreamt they then \_\_\_\_\_ The change so soon to be, And a -

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33 *poco più lento*

S rose the songs of those jo - vial men deep —

A rose the songs of those jo - vial men On the deep and boom - ing

T rose the songs of those jo - vial men On the deep and boom - ing

B rose the songs of those jo - vial men On the deep and boom - ing sea, —

37

S — and boom - ing sea, on the boom - ing sea!

A sea, the deep — and boom - ing sea!

T sea, the deep — and boom - ing sea!

B — the deep — and boom - ing sea!

41 *Tempo Imo*

S 'Tis morn— but such a morn May barque ne'er brave a - gain, Through

A 'Tis morn— but such a morn May barque ne'er brave a - gain, Through

T 'Tis morn— but such a morn May barque ne'er brave a - gain, Through

B 'Tis morn— but such a morn May barque ne'er brave a - gain, Through

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*Tempo Imo*

46 *accel.* *agitato* *pp*

S vault - ing bil - lows— tem - pest - torn, Toils the reel - ing ship in vain! The

A vault - ing bil - lows— tem - pest - torn, Toils the reel - ing ship in vain! The

T vault - ing bil - lows— tem - pest - torn, Toils the reel - ing ship in vain! The

B vault - ing bil - lows— tem - pest - torn, Toils the reel - ing ship in vain! The

50

S waves are hushed and blue, But where— oh! where is she, The

A waves are hushed and blue, But where— oh! where is she, The

T waves are hushed and blue, But where— oh! where is she, The

B waves are hushed and blue, But where— oh! where is she, \_\_\_\_\_ The

*poco più lento*

54 *p*

S good ship with her gal - lant crew? Deep—

A good ship with her gal - lant crew? *p* Deep— in the boom - ing

T good ship with her gal - lant crew? *p* Deep— in the boom - ing

B good ship with her gal - lant crew? *p* Deep— in the boom - ing sea, \_\_\_\_\_

# The Moon shone calmly bright

58

S  
— in the boom - ing sea, in the boom - ing sea!

A  
sea, deep, deep in the boom - ing sea!

T  
sea, deep, deep in the boom - ing sea!

B  
— the boom - ing, boom - ing sea!

Novello, Ewer and Co.  
(1860-1885)

**John Liptrot Hatton** (1809-1886) was born in Liverpool. He received a rudimentary music education as a child, but was essentially a self-taught musician. He held several appointments as organist in Liverpool and appeared as an actor on the Liverpool stage. He relocated to London in 1832 as a member of Macready's company at Drury Lane and began to establish himself as a composer. His first operetta, "Queen of the Thames", was successful in 1844; he then went to Vienna and brought out his opera "Pascal Bruno." He wrote several songs on his return to England and appeared at the Hereford festival as a singer. He also undertook piano concert tours at this time. From 1848 to 1850 he was in America, giving public and private concerts in New York City. Notably, in 1848, he shared the stage in Pittsburgh, PA with Stephen C. Foster. Returning to England, he became conductor of the Glee and Madrigal Union and director of music at the Princess's Theatre, London. He wrote operas, cantatas, incidental music, anthems, cathedral pieces, and many songs. His part-songs were regarded as some of the best of the genre. Hatton's daughter, Frances J. Hatton, emigrated to Canada in 1869, where she became a respected composer and the singing instructor at the Hellmuth Ladies College in London, Ontario.

The moon shone calmly bright  
Upon the slumb'ring scene,  
Ten thousand stars shone out that night,  
Around their placid queen;  
A ship hath left the shore,—  
Where shall that good ship be,  
Ere fill the moon one bright horn more?—  
Deep— deep in the booming sea.

*“Hark!— heard ye not, but now,  
A wild unearthly cry,”  
They ask with troubled breast and brow  
And startled ear and eye—  
“Was't the water-spirit's shriek?  
What may the boding be?”  
And a moment blanch'd the brownest cheek,  
On the deep and booming sea.*

“What fear?— the breeze to-night  
Can scarce a ripple wake,  
And slow moves our ship with her wings of white,  
Like a swan o'er a moonlit lake!”  
Ah! little dreamt they then  
The change so soon to be,  
And arose the songs of those jovial men  
On the deep and booming sea!

'Tis morn— but such a morn  
May barque ne'er brave again,  
Through vaulting billows— tempest-torn,  
Toils the reeling ship in vain!  
The waves are hushed and blue,  
But where— oh! where is she,  
The good ship with her gallant crew?  
Deep— down in the booming sea!

John Imlah (1799-1846)

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