



# **The sea-king**

**Luther Orlando Emerson  
(1820-1915)**

# The sea-king

L. O. Emerson

**Maestoso**

S  
Come sing, Come sing, of the great Sea - King, And the fame that now hangs

A  
Come sing, Come sing, of the great Sea - King, And the fame that now hangs

T  
Come sing, Come sing, of the great Sea - King, And the fame that now hangs

B  
Come sing, Come sing, of the great Sea - King, And the fame that now hangs

S  
o'er him, Who once did sweep o'er the van - quish'd deep, And

A  
o'er him, Who once did sweep o'er the van - quish'd deep, And

T  
o'er him, Who once did sweep o'er the van - quish'd deep, And

B  
o'er him, Who once did sweep o'er the van - quish'd deep, And

# The sea-king

7

S  
drove the world be - fore him! His deck was a throne, on the o - cean lone, And the

A  
drove the world be - fore him! His deck was a throne, And the

T  
8  
drove the world be - fore him!

B  
drove the world be - fore him!

11

S  
sea was his park of pleas - ure, Where he scat - ter'd in fear the

A  
sea was his park of pleas - ure, Where he scat - ter'd in fear the

T  
8  
Where he scat - ter'd in fear the

B  
Where he scat - ter'd in fear the

14

S  
hu - man deer, And rest - ed, when he had lei - sure! Come, *ff*

A  
hu - man deer, And rest - ed, when he had lei - sure! Come, *ff*

T  
8  
hu - man deer, And rest - ed, when he had lei - sure! Come, *ff*

B  
hu - man deer, And rest - ed, when he had lei - sure! Come, *ff*

## The sea-king

17

S shout and sing Of the great Sea - King, And ride in the track he rode in! He

A shout and sing Of the great Sea - King, And ride in the track he rode in! He

T shout and sing Of the great Sea - King, And ride in the track he rode in! He

B shout and sing Of the great Sea - King, And ride in the track he rode in! He

21

S sits at the head Of the might - y dead, On the red right hand of

A sits at the head Of the might - y dead, On the red right hand of

T sits at the head Of the might - y dead, On the red right hand of

B sits at the head Of the might - y dead, On the red right hand of

24

*Slowly*

S O - din! On the red right hand of O - din!

A O - din! On the red right hand of O - din!

T O - din! On the red right hand of O - din!

B O - din! On the red right hand of O - din!

# The sea-king

Tempo 1

S He sprang, from birth, like a God on earth, And soar'd on his vic - tor

A He sprang, from birth, like a God on earth, And soar'd on his vic - tor

T He sprang, from birth, like a God on earth, And soar'd on his vic - tor

B He sprang, from birth, like a God on earth, And soar'd on his vic - tor

30 S pin - ions, And he tra - vers'd the sea, as the ea - gles flee, When they

A pin - ions, And he tra - vers'd the sea, as the ea - gles flee, When they

T pin - ions, And he tra - vers'd the sea, as the ea - gles flee, When they

B pin - ions, And he tra - vers'd the sea, as the ea - gles flee, When they

33 S gaze on their blue do - min - ions. His whole earth life was a con - quer - ing strife, And he

A gaze on their blue do - min - ions. His whole earth strife, And he

T gaze on their blue do - min - ions.

B gaze on their blue do - min - ions.

## The sea-king

37

S lived till his beard grew hoar - y, And he died at last, by his

A lived till his beard grew hoar - y, And he died at last, by his

T And he died at last, by his

B And he died at last, by his

40

S blood - red mast, And now— he is lost in glo - ry! So,—

A blood - red mast, And now— he is lost in glo - ry! So,—

T blood - red mast, And now— he is lost in glo - ry! So,—

B blood - red mast, And now— he is lost in glo - ry! So,—

43

S shout and sing, Of the great Sea - King, And ride in the track he rode in! He

A shout and sing, Of the great Sea - King, And ride in the track he rode in! He

T shout and sing, Of the great Sea - King, And ride in the track he rode in! He

B shout and sing, Of the great Sea - King, And ride in the track he rode in! He

# The sea-king

47

S sits at the head Of the might - y dead, On the red right hand of

A sits at the head Of the might - y dead, On the red right hand of

T sits at the head Of the might - y dead, On the red right hand of

B sits at the head Of the might - y dead, On the red right hand of

## *Slowly*

50

S O - din! On the red right hand of O - din!

A O - din! On the red right hand of O - din!

T O - din! On the red right hand of O - din!

B O - din! On the red right hand of O - din!

Chicago Music Co.  
(1899)

**Luther Orlando Emerson** was born in Parsonsfield, Maine. He originally planned to be a doctor, attending Parsonsfield Seminary and Effingham Academy. Changing his direction, he studied under the well-known music teacher Isaac Woodbury. He moved to Salem, Massachusetts, where he taught for several years. He moved to Boston as organist and musical director at the Bulfinch Street Church. He was organist and musical director in various churches in Massachusetts, and directed of about 300 musical festivals and conventions. He also became associated with the publishing house Oliver Ditson & Company in Boston. He compiled several collections of church music, and authored a number of training manuals and compilations for choirs. He died in Hyde Park, Massachusetts.

Come sing, Come sing, of the great Sea-King,  
And the fame that now hangs o'er him,  
Who once did sweep o'er the vanquish'd deep,  
And drove the world before him!  
His deck was a throne, on the ocean lone,  
And the sea was his park of pleasure,  
Where he scattered in fear the human deer,  
And rested,— when he had leisure!  
Come,— shout and sing  
Of the great Sea-King,  
And ride in the track he rode in!  
He sits at the head  
Of the mighty dead,  
On the red right hand of Odin!

He sprang, from birth, like a God on earth,  
And soared on his victor pinions,  
And he traversed the sea, as the eagles flee,  
When they gaze on their blue dominions.  
His whole earth life was a conquering strife,  
And he lived till his beard grew hoary,  
And he died at last, by his blood-red mast,  
And now— he is lost in glory!  
So,— shout and sing,  
Of the great Sea-King,  
And ride in the track he rode in!  
He sits at the head  
Of the mighty dead,  
On the red right hand of Odin!

Bryan Waller Procter (1787-1874)  
(under pseud. Barry Cornwall)

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