Pull away merrily

BOAT-SONG

J. H. Tenney
(1840-1918)

Pull away merrily—over the waters! Tug to your oars for the wood-tangled shore; We’re

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Pull away merrily

off and a-float with earth's loveliest daughters, Worth all the argosies wave ever bore.

Pull away gallantly—Pull with a swoop, boys; and pull for the shore:

Pull for the shore, boys, bend to the oar!

Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, bend to the oar!
Pull away merrily


Pull for the shore, boys, bend to the oar!

Pull away merrily— pull away valiantly— Mer - ri - ly, bend to the oar!

O, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, bend to the oar!

Pull away gallantly— pull away valiantly— Mer - ri - ly, bend to the oar!

Pull away cheerily!— land is before us— Green groves are flinging their balm to the spray; The

Pull away cheerily!— land is before us— Green groves are flinging their balm to the spray; The
Pull away merrily

sky, like the spirit of love, bending o'er us, Lights her bright torches to show us the way.

Pull away merrily—Pull with a nerve, boys; together give way:

Pull to the lay, boys, pull to the lay!

Merri-ly, merri-ly, merri-ly, merri-ly, merri-ly, pull to the lay!
Pull away merrily

Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, pull to the lay!

Pull with a nerve, boys, pull to the lay!

O, merrily, merrily, pull to the lay!

Pull away merrily—pull away waringly—Merrily, pull to the lay!

Pull away merrily—pull away waringly—Merrily, pull to the lay!

Pull away merrily—pull away waringly—Merrily, pull to the lay!

Pull away merrily—light winds are blowing, Crisp-ing the rip-ples that dance at our side; The

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Pull away merrily—light winds are blowing, Crisp-ing the rip-ples that dance at our side; The
Pull away merrily

Pull away merrily—Pull with a will, boys, and sing as we glide,

Pull away merrily—Pull with a will, boys, and sing as we glide,

Pull away merrily—Pull with a will, boys, and sing as we glide,

Pull away merrily—Pull with a will, boys, and sing as we glide,

Pull with a will, boys, over the tide!

Pull with a will, boys, over the tide!


John Harrison Tenney (1840-1918) was born in Rowley, Massachusetts. His father was a choir director and his mother was the leading soprano in her husband’s choir. He was named after President William Henry Harrison, being born just after the presidential campaign of “Tippecanoe and Tyler, too.” By age 8, his parents had taught him to sight-read music and attended singing school and developed a pastime of composing tunes to well-known hymn texts. He studied his father’s books and taught himself the principles of harmony. He subscribed to the periodical “The Musical Pioneer”, consumed its contents, and began submitting items to the paper—many accepted for publication. He became a deacon and organist in the Congregational Church in Linebrook, Massachusetts. He edited or was associate editor of over 30 books, and contributed to hundreds more. He was a prolific composer of music for Sunday schools, churches, singing schools and choral societies.
Pull away merrily—over the waters!
  Tug to your oars for the wood-tangled shore;
We’re off and afloat with earth’s loveliest daughters,
  Worth all the argosies wave ever bore.
Pull away gallantly—pull away valiantly—
  Pull with a swoop, boys; and pull for the shore:
    Merrily, merrily, bend to the oar!

Pull away cheerily!—land is before us—
  Green groves are flinging their balm to the spray;
The sky, like the spirit of love, bending o’er us,
  Lights her bright torches to show us the way.
Pull away charily—pull away warily—
  Pull with a nerve, boys; together give way:
    Merrily, merrily, pull to the lay!

Pull away heartily—light winds are blowing,
  Crisping the ripples that dance at our side;
The moon bathes in silver the path we are going,
  Night is arrayed in her robes like a bride.
Pull away readily—pull away steadily—
  Pull with a will, boys, and sing as we glide
    Merrily, merrily, over the tide!

George Pope Morris (1802–1864)

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