

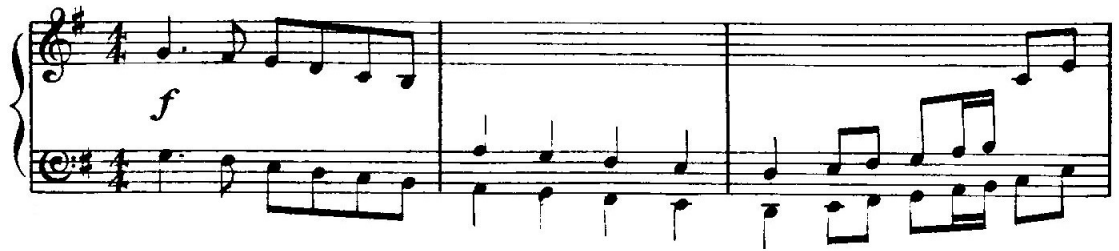
PULL.

Haustum longum, haustum fortem, et haustum omnes simul.

Letters from High Latitudes.

Words by JAMES RHOADES.

Music by LOUIS N. PARKER.



Now let the or - gan with deep breathing bel - lows,

The vocal melody for the first line of lyrics is written on a single staff. The piano accompaniment is written on two staves, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand playing a bass line. The lyrics are: "Now let the or - gan with deep breathing bel - lows,"

Pant out in thun - der a wel - come to all, Sons of one Mo - ther and

The vocal melody for the second line of lyrics is written on a single staff. The piano accompaniment is written on two staves, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand playing a bass line. The lyrics are: "Pant out in thun - der a wel - come to all, Sons of one Mo - ther and"

gallant good fel - lows, Sworn to her ser - vice and come to her call;

The vocal melody for the third line of lyrics is written on a single staff. The piano accompaniment is written on two staves, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand playing a bass line. The lyrics are: "gallant good fel - lows, Sworn to her ser - vice and come to her call;"

smoothly.

f

Grey and bald - head - ed, mous - ta - chioed and sha - ven

In - to her thirs - ty heart... drop.. like the rain,

p

All of.. one mind..... whereon one... thought is gra - ven,

Twelve score u - ni - ting to shout.. the re - frain—

CHORUS.

Pull all to-ge-ther and pull with a will! There's life and there's lift in the

old boat still! Pull all to-ge-ther and pull with a will! There's

life and there's lift in the old boat still! Pull!

Words may be whispered not strictly veracious,

Foes leaguo - ge - ther her flag to de - cry; Here is the cure that will

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The lyrics are "Foes leaguo - ge - ther her flag to de - cry; Here is the cure that will". The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

prove ef - fi - ca - cious String up the lyre. . . and live down the lie!

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "prove ef - fi - ca - cious String up the lyre. . . and live down the lie!". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line.

Seems she to.. sei - tle down low... in the wa - ter,

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "Seems she to.. sei - tle down low... in the wa - ter,". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line.

Blown by foul wea - ther on.. shal - lows and flats,

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "Blown by foul wea - ther on.. shal - lows and flats,". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line.

Stabbd in the hull... where a... hid - den reef... caught her,

There's but one tar... for her tim - ber, and that's —

CHORUS.

ff Pull all to - ge - ther and pull with a will! There's life and there's lift in the old boat still!

Pull all to - ge - ther and pull with a will! There's life and there's lift in the old boat still!

ff Pull!

O the dear days when in paths problemat - tic Roam-ing with Eu -clid we paused at the Pons,

Stumbled in.. Greek as we clomb to the At.tic, Triumphed or...faill'd in our

Prose and our Cons, Dar'd the high head - .. er, or... fought with the

For - .. wards, Learnd all and loved... all that makes for a

man! She that did this for us shall she... drift..

shore - -wards? Not if.. we.. know.. it, or help.. her we

CHORUS.
can — Pull all to - ge - - ther and pull with a will! There's

life and there's lift in the old boat still! Pull all to - ge - - ther and

pull with a will! There's life and there's lift in the old boat still! Pull!

PULL!

Now let the organ with deep-breathing bellows,
Pant out in thunder a welcome to all,
Sons of one Mother, and gallant good fellows,
Sworn to her service and come to her call;
Grey and bald-headed, moustachioed and shaven
Into her thirsty heart drop like the rain,
All of one mind, whereon one thought is graven,
Twelve score uniting to shout the refrain –

Pull all together, and pull with a will!
There's life and there's lift in the old boat still!
Pull!

Words may be whispered not strictly veracious,
Foes league together her flag to decry;
Here is the cure that will prove efficacious –
String up the lyre, and live down the lie!
Seems she to settle low down in the water,
Blown by foul weather on shallows and flats,
Stabbed in the hull where a hidden reef caught her,
There's but one tar for her timber, and that's –

Pull all together, and pull with a will!
There's life and there's lift in the old boat still!
Pull!

On the dear days when in paths problematic
Roaming with Euclid we paused at the Pons,
Stumbled in Greek, as we clomb to the Attic,
Triumphed or failed in our Prose and our Cons,
Dared the high header, or fought with the Forwards,
Learned all and loved all that makes for a man!
She that did this for us – shall she drift shorewards?
Not if we know it, or help her we can!

Pull all together, and pull with a will!
There's life and there's lift in the old boat still!
Pull!

Words by James Rhoades (1841-1923).
Score by Louis Napoleon Parker (1852-1944).