Baritone

Piano

Too long, too long have I a ruler — been

The whip that

ru 2 - ler been The whip that
drives men from despair——

Stifling myself to give them air——

Their captain their king, what does that mean?

I’m but the caulk that plugs the

——
hull A make-shift lode-stone, stray

star-beam Then bind me

To the heedless mast

While hon-eyed death the sirens sing
As all will from my mind they
wring At last I shall be free, at
last!