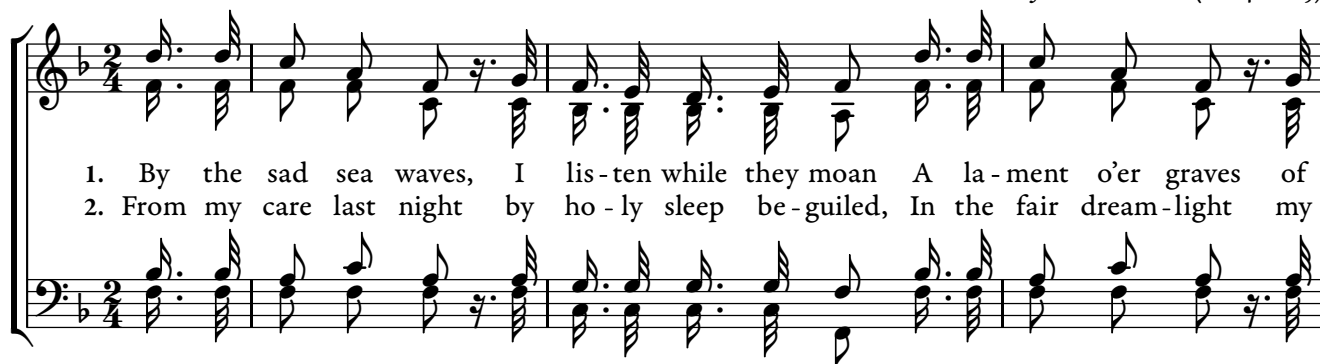


BY THE SAD SEA WAVES

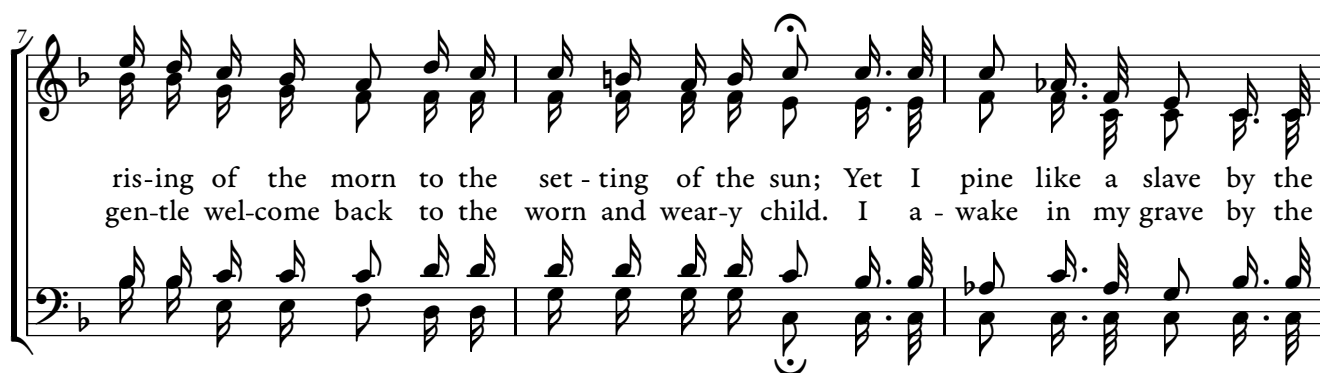
Sir Julius Benedict (1804-1885)




1. By the sad sea waves, I lis-ten while they moan A la-ment o'er graves of
2. From my care last night by ho-ly sleep be-guiled, In the fair dream-light my



hope and plea-sure gone. I was young, I was fair, I had once not a care, From the
home up-on me smiled. Oh, how sweet 'mid the dew, Ev-'ry flow'r that I knew, Breathed a



ris-ing of the morn to the set-ting of the sun; Yet I pine like a slave by the
gen-tle wel-come back to the worn and wear-y child. I a-wake in my grave by the



sad sea wave. Come a-gain, bright days of hope and plea-sure gone, Come a-
sad sea wave. Come a-gain, dear dream so peace-ful-ly that smiled, Come a-



gain, bright days, Come a-gain, come a-gain.
gain, dear dream, Come a-gain, come a-gain.