

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE

Epes Sargent (1813-1880)

Henry Russell (1813-1900)

1. A life on the o - cean wave, A home on the roll - ing deep, Where the
 2. Once more on the deck I stand Of my own swift - glid - ing craft, Set
 3. The land is no long - er in view, The clouds have be - gun to frown, But

scat - tered wa - ters rave, And the winds their rev - els keep:
 sail! fare - well to the land, The gale fol - lows far a - baft.
 with a stout ves - sel and crew We'll say, "Let the storm come down!"

FINE

mp
 Like an ea - gle caged I pine On this dull, un - chang - ing
 We shoot thro' the spark - ling foam, Like an o - cean bird set
 And the song of our heart shall be, While the winds and the wa - ters

Sing first verse in D.C.

12
 shore; Oh! give me the flash - ing brine, The spray and the tem - pest roar!
 free; Like the o - cean bird, our home We'll find far out on the sea!
 rave, A life on the heav - ing sea, A home on the bound - ing wave!