

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE,

Song

Written by

EPES SARGENT ESQ^R

Composed by

HENRY RUSSELL.

Ent. Sta. Hall,

Pr 2/-

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CORNER OF WOOD STREET.



"LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE."

"A life on the Ocean Wave!"

The man who wrote it was green;
He never has been to sea,
And a storm he has never seen.

He never has been aroused
From the morning's gentle doze
By the sound of splashing water,
As if fell from the horrid hose!

He never has heard a man.
Scrubbing right over his head,
With a noise sufficient to rouse
From the grave the slumbering dead.

He has never seen a fat woman
Growing thinner day by day,
And leaning over the vessel's side;
Throwing herself away;

While people look carelessly on,
Though in tears the woman may be,
And unfeeling say it is nothing at all,
Only the roll of the sea.

And O! he has never been sea-sick,
And crept into bed in his coat,
While every motion increased his throes,
And his feelings were all in his throat.

That man may have sailed in a boat,
In some puddle or on a sound;
But if he has been to sea and wrote
Such a song, he deserves to be drowned.

—N. Y. *Spirit of the Times*.

the following Quartette was most beautifully and effectively sung, to a finely performed organ accompaniment:—

"THE PILGRIM FATHERS."

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches toss'd;
And the heavy night hung dark,
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their barque
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll o' the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;
Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea,
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free!
The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
This was their welcome home!

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine!
Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstained what there they found,
Freedom to worship God!

FINALE.—CHORUS—"NATIONAL ANTHEM."

God save Victoria,
God bless our noble Queen,
Long may she reign.
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen.

Oh Lord our God arise,
Scatter her enemies,
And make them fall:
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On thee our hopes we fix,
God save the Queen.

The choicest gifts in store,
On her be pleased to pour.
God save our Queen.
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing, with heart and voice,
God save the Queen.

Far from our fatherland,
Nobly we'll fall or stand,
For England's Queen.
In town or forest, free
Britons unconquered, we
Sing with true loyalty,
God save the Queen.

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

Composed by H. Russell.

gva

IL TEMPO
VIVACE

gva

p *pp* *loco*

A life on the ocean wave! A home on the rolling deep! Where the scattered waters

rave, And the winds their revels keep!

gva *Spiritoso* *A*

Quasi p

home on the roll...ing deep! Where the scat...ter'd wa...ters rave, And the

loco

winds their re...vels keep! Like an ea...gle cag'd I pine On this

ff

dull unchang...ing shore Oh give me the flash...ing brine The

f *Cres*

Cad.^a ad lib:

spray and the tem...pests roar..... A life on the o...cean wave A

gva. *ff*

home on the roll...ing deep! Where the scat-ter'd waters rave, And the

gva

winds their re...vels keep! the winds, the winds, the winds their re...vels

gva

ff

pp leggiero

keep! the winds, the winds, the winds their re...vels keep!.....

gva

gva

f *dim* *p* *pp* *loco*

Once more on the deck I stand Of my own swift gli-ding craft Set sail! farewell to the

land The gale follows fair a--baft. *Spiritoso* Of my
Quasi p

own swift gli...ding craft Set sail! farewell to the land The gale follows fair a-
loco

--baft We shoot thro the sparkling foam Like an o...cean bird set free Like the
ff

o...cean bird our home We'll find far out on the sea..... A life on the o...cean
Cad^a ad lib:
ff *gva*

wave! A home on the roll...ing deep! Where the scat-ter'd wa-ters rave, And the
ova

winds their re...vels keep! the winds, the winds, the winds their revels keep! The
ova

ff

winds, the winds, the winds their re-vels keep!.....
ova

loco

dim. p pp 3

The land is no longer in view
The clouds have begun to frown
But with a stout vessel and crew
We'll say let the storm come down
And the song of our hearts shall be
While the winds and waters rave
A life on the heaving sea
A home on the bounding wave
A life on the ocean wave
A home on the rolling deep
Where the scatterd waters rave
And the winds their revels keep.

