

Gone! all gone! and I see no more:
 I would weep, if I could, that the dream is o'er.
 Sad and solemn though it be
 Yet it was company to me,
 But a voice breaks in on my misery,
 "Break o'er the sea."

DAWN.

Break o'er the sea! Break on the night!
 Ever blessed and holy light;
 Shed but one ray, but one joyous beam
 Wherever the eastern waters gleam—
 But one small ray, for the night is dark,
 And the ocean waits for the first bright spark;
 Others are longing too for thee,
 Break o'er the sea! Break o'er the sea!

Oh dawn! oh rosy fingered dawn!
 Come up and herald another morn,
 Come, till the dark mists fly away;
 Come, till the night gives place to day;
 Come where the deep black waters boom;
 Come through the veil of the sullen gloom;
 All things are longing, oh light, for thee,
 Break o'er the sea! Break o'er the sea!

Oh day! oh happy happy day!
 Chase the gloomy shadows away.
 Though Nature's slumbers seem calm and deep
 There are those on earth who cannot sleep—
 Those who in toil alone are blest—
 Those who in labour alone find rest.
 Hearts that are breaking have need of thee;
 Break o'er the sea! Break o'er the sea!