

3. Far, far, upon the sea,  
What e'er our country be,  
The thought of it will cheer us as we go.  
And Scotland's sons shall join,  
In the song of Auld Lang Syne,  
With voice by memory softened, clear and low,  
And the men of Erin's Isle,  
Bathing sorrow with a smile,  
Shall sing St. Patrick's morning, void of care,  
And thus we pass the day,  
As we journey on our way,  
Oh! gaily goes the ship when the wind blows fair,  
Far, far upon the sea,  
What e'er our country be,  
We'll sing our native music, void of care,  
And thus we pass the day,  
As we journey on our way,  
Oh! gaily goes the ship when the wind blows fair.

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### SHELLS OF OCEAN.

1. One summer eve with pensive thought,  
I wandered on the sea-beat shore,  
Where oft in heedless infant sport,  
I gathered shells in days before;  
I gathered shells in days before,  
The splashing waves like music fell,  
Responsive to my fancy wild,  
A dream came o'er me like a spell,  
I thought I was again a child,  
A dream came o'er me like a spell,  
I thought I was again, again a child.
2. I stood upon the pebly strand,  
To cull the toys that round me lay,  
But as I took them in my hand,  
I threw them one by one away,  
I threw them one by one away,