

SAILING.

Words by EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER. (*Written for The Little Corporal.*) Music by GEO. F. ROOT.

1. O mer - ry is the green - wood, When sum - mer days are
 2. Be - fore the dusk - y mount - ain is ro - sy with the
 3. Yo - ho! a - cross the har - bor, With stead - y course we

long, And birds a - mong the branch - es Fill all the air with
 day, I loose my boat from an - chor, And gai - ly float a
 go, Till all the waves are shin - ing With morn - ing's pur - ple

song: But moor'd be - neath the sha - dow, My boat is rock - ing
 way: Her sails, as white as sea - birds, Swell out the breeze to
 glow: O mer - ry is the green - wood, But fair - er far to

light; The wind is soft - ly blow - ing, The waves are curl - ing
 feel, And swift - ly part the wa - ters, A - round her shin - ing
 me, The track - less fields of wa - ter, The mead - ows of the

white! Yo - ho! yo - ho! The waves are curl - ing white!
 keel! Yo - ho! yo - ho! A - round her shin - ing keel!
 sail! Yo - ho! yo - ho! The mead - ows of the sail!