

Beautiful sea !
It is on thee
I would for ever live.
Free from the care,
Landsmen all share
When for money their lives they will give !
The wild waves are rushing,
O'er the ships flushing,
Heedless of decks white as snow,
Onward ! and onward they go !
 With their flaky froth of foam !

Fierce, raging sea !
Thou art to me
Emblem of man's unrest,
Pangs, bitterness
Loss, weariness,
He endures on the world's busy breast.
Ever whirling and twirling,
In its mad vortex swirling,
 Till he sinks to his death.