

Then Row.

- 1 The boat is trim'd with sail and oar,
And all prepared to leave the shore;
When off we'll go with wind and tide,
Across the sunny waves to glide.

CHO.—Then row, row, row;
Over the beautiful waves we go,
Then row, row, row,
So merrily, merrily O!

- 2 By headland bold and winding bay,
That look so lovely far away,
How pleasantly we'll sail along,
And listen to the boatman's song.

- 3 Though tempests rage and billows,
God reigns supreme o'er sea and shore,
And shields by His almighty hand,
From danger both by sea and land.

