Oh trees! oh silent and sullen trees
I come on the wings of the cool sea breeze—
The wind that, where the pine trees soar,
Seems like the voice of the ocean's roar.
When the night covered your leaf-crowned brow
Ye longed for the light that is coming now;
Wake up, that I may revel awhile
In the pride of the forest monarch's smile—
The ripple that brings ye back to me
Waves of the sea! Waves of the sea!

Oh rills! oh merry merry rills!
Snatch my first gleams from the wooded hills;
Carry me on as ye swiftly flow
Down to the valleys that lie below;
Chatter and scold at the laughing brink,
Sprinkle the bird as he comes to drink,
Whirl down rock and pebble and sand,
But carry me on to the meadow land,
Ye sisters of those who are dear to me,
Waves of the sea! Waves of the sea!

Oh flowers! oh simple meadow flowers,
Marking with sweets the passing hours!
Open your buds to the morning's love,
To the light that is given by Him above.
Oh daisy! lift up thy modest eye
To meet the rays that look down from the sky:
Oh queen of the wild flowers! oh buttercup
I am gilding thy gold—look up, look up—
Methinks that I see as I sweep o'er the lea
Waves of the sea! Waves of the sea