

9. SONG OF THE SAILOR'S WIFE.

Far out, blue Ocean! o'er thy wave,  
A growing sail I see.  
O joy! it brings my true-love home,  
My true-love home to me.

No more, when winter's midnight storms  
Rush furious o'er thy deep,  
Shall I, in trembling tears and prayers,  
My sleepless vigil keep.

No more, when summer's sunny winds  
Stoop down to kiss thy face,  
In disappointed hope shall I  
This beacon cliff-top pace.

My fears this day are laid in grave,  
My joy, like breaking morn,  
Doth ever brighter grow as still  
Yon sail is nearer borne.

Kind Ocean, speed yon ship along  
With all your winds and tide;  
Till one that now doth tread her deck,  
Shall tread earth by my side.