

## On Life's Ocean

Shall glide my bark forever  
    Along the shores of time,  
Where bloom the meadow lilies  
    And brooklets ever chime;  
Through nooks serene and shady,  
    By isles of verdant hue,  
Mid dreams of realms of fancy  
    Beyond the nimbus blue?

No! Let me ply the ocean,  
    Far on its ebbing tides,  
And stem the raging billows  
    Where one no longer glides;  
To the breeze my sails unfurling,  
    To my oars I'll ever bend,  
Brave to meet the dangers  
    The fates may choose to send.

Mid foam of surging billows,  
    Or waves of mountain height,  
Or thunder's roar, deaf-rending,  
    Or winter's fiercest blight,  
When night of gloom and somber  
    Is brooding o'er the sea,  
Some ray of hope, still gleaming,  
    Will kindly shine for me.