

Not always rough the ocean,
The billows sometimes sleep,
And Heaven smiles benignly
On the bosom of the deep;
And here and there are dotted
Fair isles of summer green,
Beneath the swelling waters
Are gems no eye hath seen.

While thus on life's great ocean,
Far out from any shore,
I'll dream of scenes of home-land,
Of halcyon days of yore;
Through memory's golden vision,
In dreamland's fancy realm,
I'll live again those pleasures,
With hand upon the helm.

Some morn my bark so gallant,
Will ply the seas no more,
But peaceful lie at anchor
On some far-distant shore;
There, soft will blow the breezes,
Serene the sunny glow,
In this I am confiding—
My Pilot tells me so.