



## THE SEA! THE SEA!

The sea, the sea, the open sea!  
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!  
Without a mark, without a bound,  
It runneth earth's wide regions round,  
It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies,  
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea, I'm on the sea!  
I am where I would ever be,  
With the blue above, and the blue below,  
And silence where'er I go—  
If a storm should come and awake the deep,  
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I love, oh, how I love to ride  
On the fierce, the foaming, bursting tide:  
When ev'ry mad wave drowns the moon,  
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune;  
And tells how goeth the world below,  
And why the sou'-west blast doth blow;

I never was on the dull tame shore,  
But I lov'd the great sea more and more,  
And backward flew to her billowy breast,  
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;  
And a mother she was and is to me,  
For I was born on the open sea.

The waves were white, and red the morn,  
In the noisy hour when I was born,  
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise roll'd,  
And the dolphins bar'd their backs of gold;  
And never was heard such an outcry wild  
As welcom'd to life the ocean child.

I have liv'd since then in calm and strife,  
Full fifty summers a rover's life,  
With wealth to spend, and power to range,  
But never have sought or sighed for change,  
And Death, whenever it comes to me,  
Shall come on the wide unbounded sea!



## SPENCER

### *The Rover.*

Those words were composed by Spencer the rover,  
Who travelled most parts of Great Britain all over,  
He being reduced which caused great confusion  
That was the reason a rambling he went.

In Yorkshire near Rotherham he began on his ramble,  
Being weary of travelling he sat down to rest,  
At the foot of yon mountain runs a clear fountain,  
With bread and with water himself did refresh.

It tasted more fresh than gold ne'er wasted,  
Sweeter than honey and gave more content,  
For the thoughts of his babies lamenting for father,  
Brought tears to his eyes caused him to lament.

The night being approaching to the woods he resorted,  
With woodbine and ivy his bed for to make,  
He dreamed about sighing, lamenting and crying  
Come home to your children and rambling forsake.

On the fifth of November I have reason to remember,  
When first I arrived to my family and wife,  
She stood so surprised to see me arrived  
To see such a stranger once more in her sight.

My children flocked round me with their prit prating story,  
With their prit prating story to drive dull care away;  
So we unite together like ants we will have her,  
Like bees in one hive contented we'll be.

Now I am placed in my cottage contented,  
With primroses and woodbines hanging around my door  
As happy as they they that have plenty of riches  
Content I'll stay and go rambling no more.

