

*Edwin Street*

# Our way across the Sea

*adapted to the French Air*

## "La Suisse au bord du Lac"

*Arranged for One or Two Voices, and dedicated to*

**MISS OLIVIA DONALDSON.**

*Baltimore Published by John Cole, 123 Market Street.*

**ANDANTE**

**First Voice SOPRANO.**

Home, fare thee well! The oceans storm is

**Second Voice TENOR.**

Home, fare thee well! The oceans storm is

**First Voice SOPRANO.**

o'er; The weary pen - - - non woos the seaward wind;

**Second Voice TENOR.**

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Fast speeds the bark, - And now the less'ning shore sinks in the

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wave, with those we leave behind. Fare, fare thee well! Land of the

wave, with those we leave behind. Fare, fare thee well!

free; No tongue can tell the love I bear to thee.

Land of the free; No tongue can tell the love I bear to thee.

Fare, fare thee well! Land of the free; No tongue can  
 tell the love I bear to thee .

Fare, fare thee well! Land of the free; No tongue can  
 tell the love I bear to thee .

2

We wreath no bowl to drink a gay good bye,  
 For tears would fall unbidden in the wine,  
 And while reflected was the mournful eye  
 The sparkling surface e'en would cease to shine .

Then fare, fare well;  
 Once more, once more,  
 The oceans swell

Now hides my native shore .

3

See where yon star its Diamond light displays, -  
 Now seen now hid behind the swelling sail, -  
 Hope rides in gladness on its streaming rays,  
 And bids us on, and bribes the fav'ring gale .

Then Hope we bend  
 In joy to thee;  
 And careless wend

Our way across the sea .



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