CHARLES CHARNE



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SAILING HOME.

(Ballad.)

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY

SUNG BY

CHAS. OSBORNE.

WILTON SMART

1.

'Twas a beautiful day, and the quay-side at Melbourne Was crowded with Colonists, eager to say "God speed!" to the ship that was taking to England Those who'd not seen her for many a day—
Their dear native land far away!
The crew were all Britons, brave, jolly, and true,
The Skipper a gallant old mariner too;
The vessel was taut as a vessel could be;
The passengers anxious to stand out to sea.

Chorus.—Over the sea like a bird she skimmed,
Back from the Land of Gold.

Pulses were beating, and eyes were dimmed,
Thinking of friends of old.

Soon they would stand in their Fatherland,
Never again to roam;
But little they thought that their ship so taut
Would founder while sailing home.

9

The anchor was weighed, and the ship left the harbour, Their friends on the quay-side had raised the last cheer; Long weeks sped away, with the fairest of weather, Till they the grim Bay of Biscay drew near—That wild waste of waters so drear!

At midnight, the storm which was gathering fast, Crashed like a thunder-bolt on them at last; The vessel was hurled on the rocks in the gale, And hardly a soul lived to tell the sad tale.

CHORUS.--Over the sea, &c.

3.

'Twas a pitiful sight on the fair Hoe at Plymouth!
A vast crowd of people were lining the shore,
The rumour had spread that a vessel was "missing,"
Women and children were weeping full sore,
For lov'd ones they'd see-never more.
But ah! who shall venture the grief to pourtray
Of the widows and orphans who stood there that day?
The wild waters hide the doomed vessel from view,
And more of her sad fate the world never knew.

CHORUS.—Over the sea, &c.