

THE CALL OF THE SEA.

I who live on the prairie land
Hear the siren song of the sea;
It creates longing in my heart,
And I wonder what's wrong with me

Perhaps tis the distance great
From Eastern to Western sky
Or perhaps tis the gulls that come in spring
From where do they come or fly ?

It may be that in some age bygone
In another life than this,
That I knew the crashing wave on shore,
And listened to it with bliss.

Oh yes in some other clime than ours
This earth unknown among the stars,
I watched the pounding waves on rock
Heard the moan of the sea o'er the bars.

The toll of a bell far out on the sea

I who live on the prairie land
Can hear the ^{seren} song of the sea
It creates a longing in my heart
And I wonder what's wrong with me.

Perhaps 'tis the distance great
From eastern to western sky
Or perhaps 'tis the gulls that come in spring
From where do they come or fly?

It may be that in some age bygone
In another life than this
That I knew the crashing wave on shore
And listened to it with bliss

Oh yes in some other clime than ours
This earth unknown yet known so well
I watched the pounding waves on rock
And heard the toll of a bell.

A bell far out on a stormy sea
As a frigate stood in to shore
Bearing a loved one known and lost
The bell tolled three and then no more.

I wake in the night at the roar of the wind
 As it blows over the prairie sea
 'Cross thousands of acres of virgin land
 And the message it carries to me

Is the selfsame message of centuries past
 By the selfsame wind over the wave
 And the roaring sea still brings you to me
 Altho centuries asleep in your grave

In the sailing wind I hear the song
 We sang so long ago
 And my spirit with yours unites again
 In the bliss we used to know

Oh thanks to the wind that blows over the sea
 And raises prairie dust in the air

My faith grows stronger with every breeze
 And comfort is found in prayer.

$$\begin{array}{r} 91716 \\ 12 \overline{) 91716} \\ \underline{12} \\ 71 \\ \underline{72} \\ 16 \\ \underline{16} \\ 0 \end{array}$$

$$12 \times 160 = 1920$$

Some where in another clime than this
We trod through life together
And whether the wind blew soft or rough
We laughed and loved the weather