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# OUR HOME'S ON THE DANCING WAVE

Written, Composed & Inscribed to

## Lieut. Winfield Scott Bell

OF THE U.S. REVENUE SERVICE,

BY

## John H. Hewitt.

Gillingham.



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OUR HOME'S ON THE DANCING-WAVE.

J. H. HEWITT.

**Allegro non troppo.**

PIANO

Marcato.      *sf*      *sf*

*h.*      8.

Dim.      *p*

3118

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Our home's on the dancing wave... That laughs as we cleave it through: We  
 The smuggler's craft heaves in sight,... She's hug - ging the mis - ty shore,... To  
*p*  
 love the wild storm-king's stave... And e - cho his wild hal - loo!... There's a  
 creep un - der shade of night,... With steady and muf - fled oar..... To  
 wreck ly-ing on our lee,... And perishing souls are a - board; Right  
 quarters all hands now fly, .... For ac - tion the deck is clear'd,... Her  
 bravely we skim o'er the sea,... The welcome relief to af - ford.... Up  
 sails shi - ver in the wind's eye,... The dark rakish craft is now near'd.... Now,  
*mf*

helm, my boys she wears away, Right merrily o'er the wave; Her prow now cleaves the  
 man the guns! the match prepare, Hark! thundering e - cho roars! That mu - sic makes the

Refrain.

diamond sea, The shrieking crew to save... Ho!... for the heaving sea, A  
 smuggler stare, The contraband craft is ours!... *hr*

*Cres.*                                   *Il basso marcato.*

life on the mountain waves for me, Ho!... for the heaving sea, A life on the waves for  
*hr*   *sf*

me.... *hr*                                   *sf*

Webb.