To my friend E. W. Chipman.

King of the Waves.

Arr. by CHAS MILLER.

Words and Music by LEON COPELAND.

Intro. 

Allegro. (fast.)

Sailors toast.

Here's to the sail-ors brave who face the waves on the storm cast seas.

Tempo di Valse.

Wild heaves the sea and the waves toss high,

Night's o'er the sea and the storms still on,

Break-ers mount to the ver- y sky,

Dark-ness deepens no sign of dawn,

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And on the waves rides the sailor's pride,
Wild wails the wind and its angry cry,

Ship of his heart through the raging tide,
Pierce the heart, brings tears to the eye.

Lightnings may gleam o'er the foaming sea,
King of the waves art thou still found true.

Yet at his post he is found to be,
Where is thy love for the wat'ry blue?
King of the waves, Tempest he braves.
Faint is thy heart, Palid thy brow.

He is the king of the raging sea.
Yet thou art king for aye and now.

Crown him with laurels, Crown him with laurels,

King of the sea, King of the sea,
Glo - ries and hon - ors. Glo - ries and hon - ors.

Glo - ries and hon - ors, Glo - ries and hon - ors.

Be un - to thee, King of the sea.

List' to the tempest dread roar - ing, Lighthin&red gleamon the sky.

True to the flag she flies,

Yet he is true.
Fear has no place in his heart, —
Brave-ry, mas-ter-y there.

Though he may die yet doth he cry, I'm king of the wa-ter-y sphere!

Si- lent the sea or tur-bu-lent be, He's king of the might-y waves.

Si- lent the sea or tur-bu-lent be, He is king of the might-y waves.