

STORMS ARE ON THE OCEAN

G

G I'm going **C** away to **G** leave you, love

I'm going **D** away for **G** awhile.

But I'll **C** return to **G** you some time

If I go ten **D** thousand **G** miles.

Chorus:

The **C** storms are on **G** the ocean

The heavens may **D** cease to **G** be.

This **C** world may lose its **G** motion, love

If I prove **D** false to **G** thee

Oh, who will dress your pretty little feet
And who will glove your hand
Oh, who will kiss your rosy red cheek
When I'm in a far off land

Oh, Poppa will dress my pretty little feet
And Momma will glove my hand
You can kiss my rosy red cheeks
When you return again

Chorus:

Oh, have you seen those mournful doves
Flying from pine to pine.
A-mourning for their own true love
Just like I mourn for mine.

I'll never go back on the ocean, love
I'll never go back on the sea
I'll never go back from the blue-eyed girl
Till she goes back on me.

Chorus:

Tag This world may lose its motion, love
If I prove false to thee