







Natures voice the roaring billows,
Rich in melody and deep;
Whispers to the restless pillow:
Lullaby's that rock to sleep.
Meanewhile stars their night watch keeping,
All is calm, serene around:
Save old ocean's steps retreating,
After each successive bound.

CHORUS.

Some even upon the ocean sleep, Rock'd by the cradle rool of the deep; While God protects them all and each: Safely as on the Rehoboth Beach. When perchance the north wind blowing, And the white waves dancing by;
Clouds are o'er the green sea throwing:
Shades that deepen as they fly.
Yet the while is heard the music,
Of the deep toned billow's roar:
As in forms they rise majestic,
Leaping, bounding to the shore.

CHORUS.

Greeting with shouts the merry throng,
Chase the bright waves as they roll along.
Laving as far as eye can reach:
All the bright shore of Rehoboth Beach.

Yet at morn the scene is grandest,
When the rising king of day,
Dons his royal robe the brightest:
Bids the paler orbs away.
Who in modesty retiring,
Seem to seek their wonted rest,
E'en until the day declining:
Lights the golden sunset west.

CHORUS

Then with the twilight hours along, Float the sweet strains of music and song; While with a greeting all and each: Welcome you here to Rehoboth Beach.

