

# LEAP O'ER THE WAVES,

## Song of the Buccaneer.

*Written, partly Composed and*

*DEDICATED TO HIS FRIEND*

**THOS STRATFORD DAMER ESQ.**

BY

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## LEAP O'ER THE WAVES.

J. H. HEWITT.

*Con Spirito.*

waves, o'er the waves, o'er the waves. Plough, plough, plough, plough thro' the sea, For

Cres.

thou art all my pride, My bonny white-wing'd bride; Thy grace, thy bound, thy

speed for me, Thy grace, thy bound, thy speed . . . for me, thy

speed, thy speed for me, for me. On, on, on with thy

black flag floating high, While fork-ed lightnings rend the sky, While fork-ed

lightnings rend the sky, While lightnings, while lightnings, fork - - ed lightnings,



While forked lightnings rend the sky..

*CON ESPRESSIONE.*

We buccaneers are al - ways gay, We

laugh at rolling wave, at rol - ling wave; We love the tempest's

stave, When shrill winds toss the feathery spray.

We love the tempest's stave, when shrill winds toss the feathery spray.

There's magic, there's magic in the cannon's roar, When trembling foes heave

to, And bring their teeth to view; When ev'-ry seem is red And

smokes with gore, When ev'-ry seem is red, and smokes with gore.

D. C. DAL SIGNO.