

SOME LOVE TO ROAM O'ER THE DARK SEA FOAM.

Ballad.

THE POETRY BY

Charles Mackay,

THE MUSIC COMPOSED AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO
HON. MRS. GARDINER.

OF ROCHESTER, N. Y.

BY HENRY RUSSELL.

Allegretto.

2. The deer we mark through the for - est dark, And the prowl - - ing wolf we track, And for
 1. Some love to roam o'er the dark sea foam, Where the shrill winds whistle free, But a

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right good cheer, in the wild woods here, Oh! why should a hunter lack;
 chosen band, in a mountain land, And a life in the woods for me;

And the prowl - - ing wolf we track, And for right good cheer, in the wild woods here, Oh!
 When the shrill winds whistle free; But a chosen band, in a mountain land, And a

why should a hunter lack; For with steady aim, at the bounding game, And hearts that fear no
 life in the woods for me; When morning beams o'er the mountain streams, Oh! mer - - - rily forth we

foe, To the darksome glade, in the for - est shade, Oh! mer - - - rily forth we go. To the
 go, To follow the stag to his slip - pery crag, And to chase the bounding roe. To

darksome glade, in the for - est shade, Oh! mer - - - rily forth we go Ho! ho! ho! ho! &c.
 follow the stag to his slip - pery crag, And to chase the bounding roe. Ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!

ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!

ho! ho! Ho! Ho! Ho! Some

V.S.

love to roam o'er the dark sea foam, When the shrill winds whistle free; But a

chosen band, in a mountain land, And a life in the woods for me; And a . . .

life in the woods for me, And a life in the woods for me. *ad lib.* *tempo.*