The Sailors Message - song lyrics

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THE SAILORS MESSAGE.
By George Robertson of the U. S. S. Ranger.

Far from home and loving faces, sad the sailor keeps his post;
On the forecastle deck he traces forms of those who love him most;
Winds, oh, hear in accents tender, far away across the sea,
This the message he would send her, kiss the little ones for me.

If, perchance, the sailor ponders, some great storm should lay him low,
Then from out the wreck's bad plunder let my dying accents go.
Whisper winds and say I blessed them, let my last fond message be
That in fancy I caressed them, kiss the little ones for me.

need ye not the coming thunders that brings the cold and watery foe,
You would trace no line of sorrow in the watery billow's glow.
Rolling waves, oh how beguiling, see my darlings in their glee;
Oh, 'twas heaven sent them smiling, kiss the little ones for me.

Oh, ye winds do softly bear it, gently waft it over the sea;
It will comfort them to hear it, Kiss the little ones for me.
Oh, ye winds do softly bear it, gently waft it over the sea;
It will comfort them to hear it, kiss the little ones for me.