

Floating With The Tide - song lyrics

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FLOATING WITH THE TIDE.

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Words and Music by W. C. Robey.

In this life there's many changes, that's a truth we're oftentimes told;
Where we see the surface glitter, seldom do we find pure gold;
Life is like the mighty ocean, where the current speeds its way;
Man is like a stately vessel, sailing on from day to day;
See the pale and worn-out vet'ran, pinched with hanger, old and lame;
Fought And bled for dear "old glory," won himself undying fame;
When he asked them for a pension, they remarked, "the world is wide;
Go! we've nothing left to give you; float on with the tide."

Chorus.

Old and young, weak and strong, remember the world is wide:
Man's but a boat on the river of life, floating along with the tide.

Gaze upon the anxious mother, how she looks with calm despair;
Well she knows her youngest darling needs a mother's love and care;
In this vale of tears and sorrow, thorns amidst her flowers have grown;
Though the battle be unequal, she must brave the fight alone;
She can bear the heavy burden, sorrow oft gives way to Joy;
But the fevered hands of sickness wind themselves around her boy;
Death steps in and claims her darling, golden gates are open wide;
She would fain recall her treasure, floating with the tide.- Chorus.

See the workman at his labor, watch the sturdy hand of toil;
Late and early see him toiling, like a slave on freedom's soil;
He has labored since his boyhood-summer's heat and winter's cold;
Though he built his master's fortune, yet he spurns him now he's old;
"I have served you long and faithful, I have worked thro' peace and strife;
Age will not prevent me working to support my aged wife. '
Though his brain is still unclouded, though his skill has oft been tried,
He, like other faithful workmen, floats on with the tide.- Chorus.