

# Storms Are On The Ocean

ASB Richard Shindell

<sup>D</sup> I'm going away to leave you, love  
<sup>G</sup>  
<sup>A</sup> I'm going away for a while  
<sup>D</sup>  
<sup>D</sup> But I'll return to you sometime  
<sup>G</sup>  
<sup>A</sup> If I go ten thousand miles  
<sup>D</sup>

## **Chorus**

<sup>G</sup> The storms are on the ocean  
<sup>D</sup>  
<sup>G</sup> And the heavens may cease to be  
<sup>A</sup>  
<sup>D</sup> This world may lose its motion, love  
<sup>D</sup>  
<sup>A</sup> If I prove false to thee  
<sup>D</sup>

Oh who will dress your pretty little feet  
And who will glove your hands  
And who will kiss your rosy cheek  
When I'm in a faraway land

## **Chorus**

Oh Poppa will dress my pretty little feet  
And Momma will glove my hand  
And you will kiss my rosy cheek  
When you re turn a gain

## **Chorus**

Oh have you seen those mournful doves  
Flying from pine to pine  
Mourning for their own true love  
Just like I mourn for mine

## **Chorus Repeated x 2**

