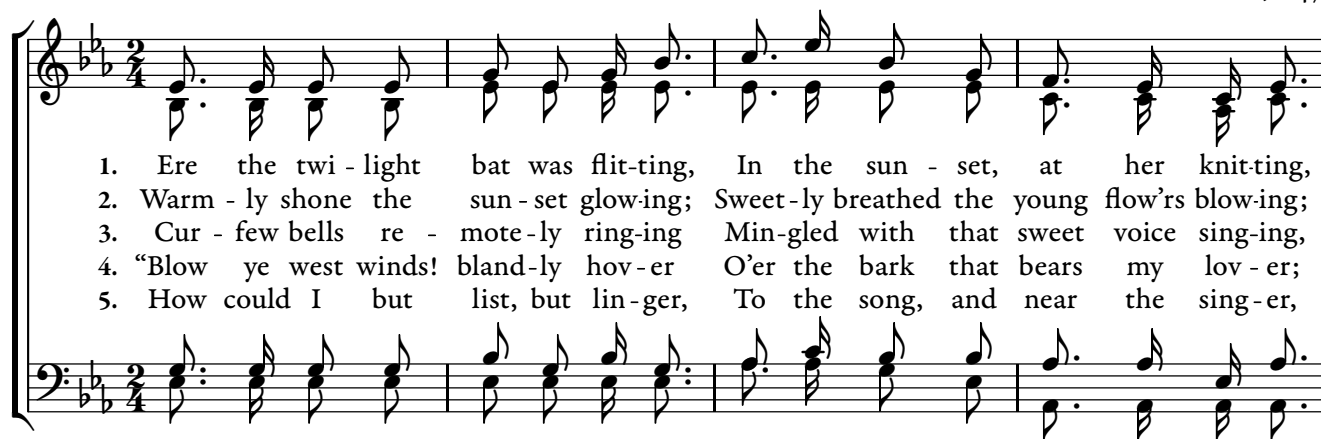


# JAMIE'S ON THE STORMY SEA

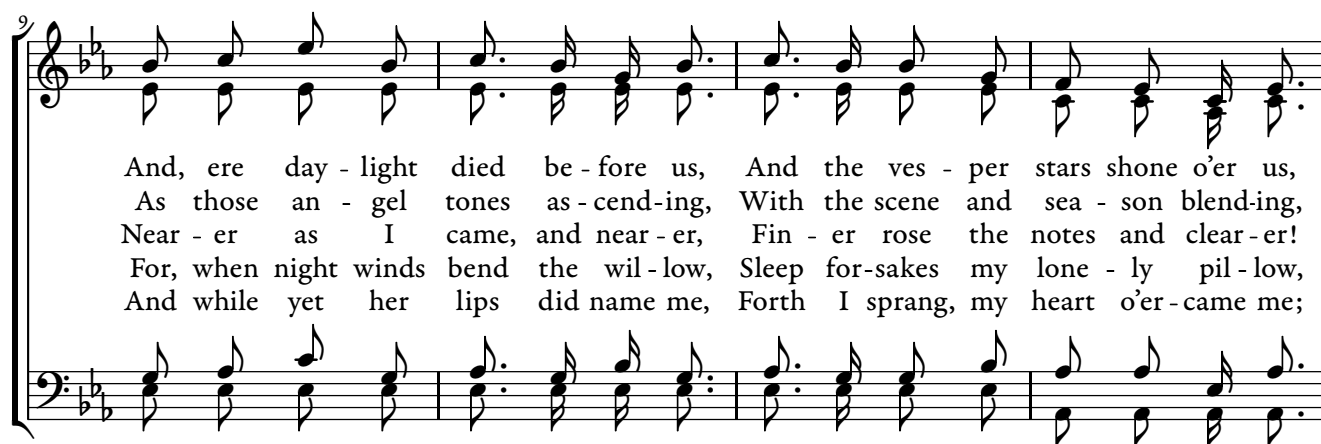
Bernard Covert, 1847



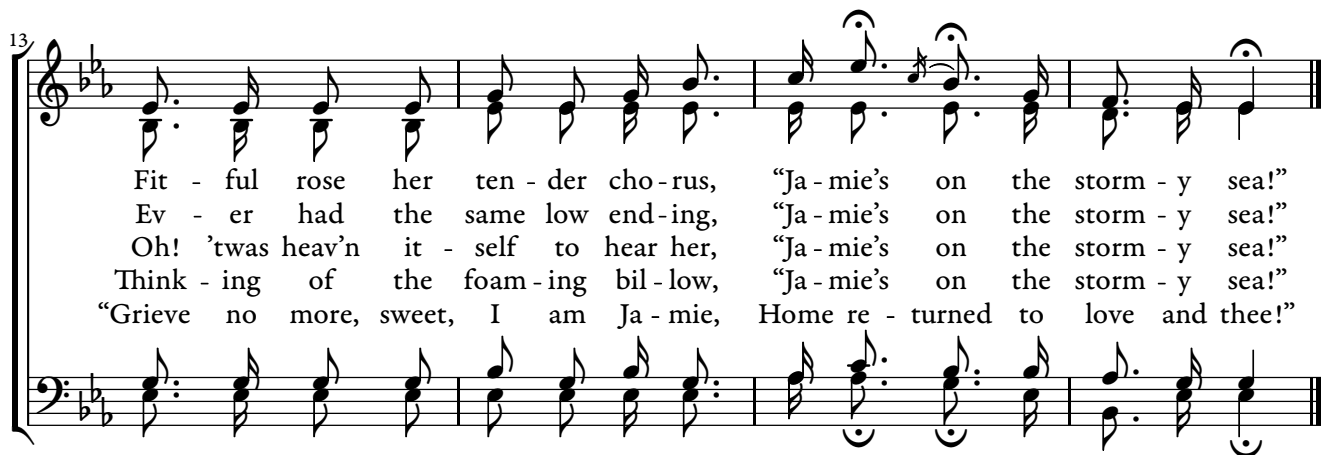
1. Ere the twi - light bat was flit-ting, In the sun - set, at her knit-ting,  
 2. Warm - ly shone the sun - set glow-ing; Sweet-ly breathed the young flow'rs blow-ing;  
 3. Cur - few bells re - mote-ly ring-ing Min-gled with that sweet voice sing-ing,  
 4. "Blow ye west winds! bland-ly hov-er O'er the bark that bears my lov - er;  
 5. How could I but list, but lin-ger, To the song, and near the sing-er,



Sang a lone - ly maid - en, sit - ting Un - der-neath her thes - hold tree;  
 Earth with beau - ty o - ver - flow-ing, Seemed the home of love to be.  
 And the last red ray seemed cling-ing, Lin - g'ring - ly to tower and tree;  
 Gent - ly blow, and bear him o - ver To his own dear home and me;  
 Sweet - ly woo - ing heav'n to bring her Ja - mie from the storm - y sea;



And, ere day - light died be - fore us, And the ves - per stars shone o'er us,  
 As those an - gel tones as - cend-ing, With the scene and sea - son blend-ing,  
 Near - er as I came, and near - er, Fin - er rose the notes and clear - er!  
 For, when night winds bend the wil - low, Sleep for-sakes my lone - ly pil - low,  
 And while yet her lips did name me, Forth I sprang, my heart o'er - came me;



Fit - ful rose her ten - der cho - rus, "Ja - mie's on the storm - y sea!"  
 Ev - er had the same low end-ing, "Ja - mie's on the storm - y sea!"  
 Oh! 'twas heav'n it - self to hear her, "Ja - mie's on the storm - y sea!"  
 Think - ing of the foam - ing bil - low, "Ja - mie's on the storm - y sea!"  
 "Grieve no more, sweet, I am Ja - mie, Home re - turned to love and thee!"