



Jamie's on the Stormy Sea

**Bernard Covert
(1805-1882)**

S
A
T
B

Ere the twi - light bat was flit - ting, In the sun - set at her knit - ting

5
S
A
T
B

Sang a lone - ly maid - en, sit - ting Un - der - neath her thresh - old tree;

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9

S And ere day - light died be - fore us, And the ves - per stars shone o'er us,

A And ere day - light died be - fore us, And the ves - per stars shone o'er us,

T And ere day - light died be - fore us, And the ves - per stars shone o'er us,

B And ere day - light died be - fore us, And the ves - per stars shone o'er us,

13

S Fit - ful rose her ten - der cho - rus, "Ja - mie's on the storm - y sea."

A Fit - ful rose her ten - der cho - rus, "Ja - mie's on the storm - y sea."

T Fit - ful rose her ten - der cho - rus, "Ja - mie's on the storm - y sea."

B Fit - ful rose her ten - der cho - rus, "Ja - mie's on the storm - y sea."

17

S Warm - ly shone the sun - set glow - ing, Sweet - ly breath'd the young flow'rs blow - ing;

A Warm - ly shone the sun - set glow - ing, Sweet - ly breath'd the young flow'rs blow - ing;

T Warm - ly shone the sun - set glow - ing, Sweet - ly breath'd the young flow'rs blow - ing;

B Warm - ly shone the sun - set glow - ing, Sweet - ly breath'd the young flow'rs blow - ing;

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20

S Earth, with beau - ty o - ver - flow - ing, Seemed the home of love to be;

A Earth, with beau - ty o - ver - flow - ing, Seemed the home of love to be;

T Earth, with beau - ty o - ver - flow - ing, Seemed the home of love to be;

B Earth, with beau - ty o - ver - flow - ing, Seemed the home of love to be;

24

S As those an - gel tones as - cend - ing, With the scene and sea - son blend - ing,

A As those an - gel tones as - cend - ing, With the scene and sea - son blend - ing,

T As those an - gel tones as - cend - ing, With the scene and sea - son blend - ing,

B As those an - gel tones as - cend - ing, With the scene and sea - son blend - ing,

28

S Ev - er had the same low end - ing,— “Ja - mie’s on the storm - y sea.”

A Ev - er had the same low end - ing,— “Ja - mie’s on the storm - y sea.”

T Ev - er had the same low end - ing,— “Ja - mie’s on the storm - y sea.”

B Ev - er had the same low end - ing,— “Ja - mie’s on the storm - y sea.”

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32

S Cur - few bells re - mote - ly ring - ing, Min - gled with that sweet voice sing - ing,

A Cur - few bells re - mote - ly ring - ing, Min - gled with that sweet voice sing - ing,

T Cur - few bells re - mote - ly ring - ing, Min - gled with that sweet voice sing - ing,

B Cur - few bells re - mote - ly ring - ing, Min - gled with that sweet voice sing - ing,

36

S And the last red ray seemed cling - ing Lin - g'ring - ly to tow'r and tree:

A And the last red ray seemed cling - ing Lin - g'ring - ly to tow'r and tree:

T And the last red ray seemed cling - ing Lin - g'ring - ly to tow'r and tree:

B And the last red ray seemed cling - ing Lin - g'ring - ly to tow'r and tree:

40

S Near - er as I came and near - er, Fin - er rose the notes and clear - er;

A Near - er as I came and near - er, Fin - er rose the notes and clear - er;

T Near - er as I came and near - er, Fin - er rose the notes and clear - er;

B Near - er as I came and near - er, Fin - er rose the notes and clear - er;

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44

S Oh! 'twas heav'n it - self to hear her,— “Ja - mie's on the storm - y sea.”

A Oh! 'twas heav'n it - self to hear her,— “Ja - mie's on the storm - y sea.”

T Oh! 'twas heav'n it - self to hear her,— “Ja - mie's on the storm - y sea.”

B Oh! 'twas heav'n it - self to hear her,— “Ja - mie's on the storm - y sea.”

48

S Blow ye west winds! bland - ly hov - er O'er the bark that bears my lov - er;

A Blow ye west winds! bland - ly hov - er O'er the bark that bears my lov - er;

T Blow ye west winds! bland - ly hov - er O'er the bark that bears my lov - er;

B Blow ye west winds! bland - ly hov - er O'er the bark that bears my lov - er;

52

S Gent - ly blow, and bear him o - ver To his own dear home and me;

A Gent - ly blow, and bear him o - ver To his own dear home and me;

T Gent - ly blow, and bear him o - ver To his own dear home and me;

B Gent - ly blow, and bear him o - ver To his own dear home and me;

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56

S For when light - winds bend the wil - low, Sleep for - sakes my lone - ly pil - low,

A For when light - winds bend the wil - low, Sleep for - sakes my lone - ly pil - low,

T For when light - winds bend the wil - low, Sleep for - sakes my lone - ly pil - low,

B For when light - winds bend the wil - low, Sleep for - sakes my lone - ly pil - low,

60

S Think - ing of the foam - ing bil - low— “Ja - mie’s on the storm - y sea.”

A Think - ing of the foam - ing bil - low— “Ja - mie’s on the storm - y sea.”

T Think - ing of the foam - ing bil - low— “Ja - mie’s on the storm - y sea.”

B Think - ing of the foam - ing bil - low— “Ja - mie’s on the storm - y sea.”

64

S How could I but list, but lin - ger, To the song, and near the sing - er,

A How could I but list, but lin - ger, To the song, and near the sing - er,

T How could I but list, but lin - ger, To the song, and near the sing - er,

B How could I but list, but lin - ger, To the song, and near the sing - er,

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68

S Sweet - ly woo - ing heav'n to bring her Ja - mie from the storm - y sea;

A Sweet - ly woo - ing heav'n to bring her Ja - mie from the storm - y sea;

T Sweet - ly woo - ing heav'n to bring her Ja - mie from the storm - y sea;

B Sweet - ly woo - ing heav'n to bring her Ja - mie from the storm - y sea;

72

S And while yet her lips did name me, Forth I sprang, my heart o'er - came me—

A And while yet her lips did name me, Forth I sprang, my heart o'er - came me—

T And while yet her lips did name me, Forth I sprang, my heart o'er - came me—

B And while yet her lips did name me, Forth I sprang, my heart o'er - came me—

76

S "Grieve no more, sweet, I am Ja - mie, Home re - turned to love and thee!"

A "Grieve no more, sweet, I am Ja - mie, Home re - turned to love and thee!"

T "Grieve no more, sweet, I am Ja - mie, Home re - turned to love and thee!"

B "Grieve no more, sweet, I am Ja - mie, Home re - turned to love and thee!"

Bernard Covert (c. 1805-c. 1885) was born in New York and grew up near Franklin, New York. He lived in Albany and became a well known singer and composer giving solo concerts with temperance music as his specialty. He also became acclaimed for his “temperance duo” with singer and composer Ossian Dodge. His career eventually led him to settle in Brooklyn. He appeared with many other popular singers of the time including Joseph P. Webster. He also travelled with Horace Greeley singing political songs at Greeley’s events. Many of his compositions were performed by the Hutchinson Family Singers, one of the popular musical troupes of the mid-century. His best-known pieces were “The Sword of Bunker Hill” and “Jamie’s on the Stormy Sea.” He remained a popular and successful performer until his death. He died in Newburg, New York.

Ere the twilight bat was flitting,
In the sunset at her knitting
Sang a lonely maiden, sitting
Underneath her threshold tree;
And ere daylight died before us,
And the vesper stars shone o’er us,
Fitful rose her tender chorus,
“Jamie’s on the stormy sea.”

Warmly shone the sunset glowing,
Sweetly breathed the young flowers blowing;
Earth, with beauty overflowing,
Seemed the home of love to be;
As those angel tones ascending,
With the scene and season blending,
Ever had the same low ending,—
“Jamie’s on the stormy sea.”

Curfew bells remotely ringing,
Mingled with that sweet voice singing,
And the last red ray seemed clinging
Lingeringly to tower and tree:
Nearer as I came and nearer,
Finer rose the notes and clearer;
Oh! ’twas heaven itself to hear her,—
“Jamie’s on the stormy sea.”

Blow ye west winds! blandly hover
O’er the bark that bears my lover;
Gently blow, and bear him over
To his own dear home and me;
For when light-winds bend the willow,
Sleep forsakes my lonely pillow,
Thinking of the foaming billow—
“Jamie’s on the stormy sea.”

How could I but list, but linger,
To the song, and near the singer,
Sweetly wooing heaven to bring her
Jamie from the stormy sea;
And while yet her lips did name me,
Forth I sprang, my heart o’ercame me—
“Grieve no more, sweet, I am Jamie,
Home returned to love and thee!”

David Macbeth Moir (1798-1851)

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