

TENDERLY

hear thy dashing oar. Quickly glide o'er the path-less sea, For

AD LIB!

dear is thy freight to love and me; Quick-ly glide o'er the

SOTTO VOCE

path-less sea, For dear is thy freight to love and me.

SECOND VERSE.

She comes, she comes, through the swelling tide,
 Her keel grates on the strand,
 The waves before her course divide, } *repeat.*
 Her bold crew spring to land.
 Safe from the storm and the raging main, } *repeat.*
 I clasp thee once more to my heart again.

THIRD VERSE.

Thy locks are wet with the ocean's foam
 But our hearth burns bright and clear
 The loved and the loving shall welcome } *repeat.*
 thee home,
 And prepare thy rustic cheer.
 Yes! thou art safe, and I heed no more, } *repeat.*
 The rising wind, and the tempest's roar