

His now I Leave your arms my Love  
 To the Sea must go  
 O now I Leave your arms my Love  
 For bitter is my woe  
 They all the one that care for me  
 or my Leansons heart would cheer

The sea runs high the wind blows on as though the  
 Cordage it both his and Night with solemn pace  
 Moves on and dark clouds doth the ~~sun~~ <sup>sun</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> sky

And sleep my weary Eye has found  
 and dark uneasy thought arise  
 John

70

65  
 73  
~~39~~  
 42

~~81~~  
~~84~~  
~~87~~  
 50 87 84  
 82-76 72-84  
 68 50  
 81-86 89-87

60  
 71  
~~36~~  
 77  
 59 95  
 400

The sky is changed, and such a change Night  
 and Storm and darkness ye are wondrous strong  
 Yet Lovely in your strength as is the Light of day  
 of a Dark eye in woman  
 far along, from cloud to cloud  
 The rattling Thunder roars  
 Leaps the blue Lightning Not from  
 one lone cloud, but every cloud sends forth  
 an awful roar, and this is Night  
 Most glorious night. Thou wert not made  
 for slumber Let me be a share in the  
 Tempest and of thee thy face delight and of the

<sup>1st</sup>  
 Curs is a goodly heritage  
 a Land of fruits and flowers  
 We tremble at no Tyrant power  
 We fear no hostile power

<sup>2d</sup>  
 And yet this happy Land of ours  
 Is ravaged by a foe a  
 With more than human Tyrant power  
 To Lay our country Low

<sup>3d</sup>  
 The sun in all his glorious course  
 has seen no happier clime  
 in all his circuit of the Globe  
 since the first start of time

~~111111~~