The Storm

Adelaide Procter (1825-1864)  
John Hullah (1812-1884)

Con moto.

1. The tem-pest ra-ges
2. The thun-ders roar, the
3. Warm cur-tain’d was the

wild and high, The waves lift up their voice and cry Fierce an-swers to the an-gry sky___
lit-tle bed, Soft pil-low’d was the lit-tle head, The storm will wake the child, they said

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Mi-se-re-re Do-mi-ne. Thro' the black night and driv-ing rain, A ship is strug-gl ing,
Mi-se-re-re Do-mi-ne. The storm - y voi - ces of the main, The moan-ing wind and
Mi-se-re-re Do-mi-ne. Cow'ring a - mong his pil - lows white, He prays, his dim eyes

colla voce.

all in vain To live up - on the storm - y main.
pelt - ing rain, Beat on the nurs-ry win-dow pane.
wild with fright, Fa - ther, save those at sea to - night! Mi-se-re-re Do-mi-ne, Mi-se-re-re

slentando.

4. The morn - ing shone, all clear and gay, On a

Dow n the bright and gleam - ing day.
ship at anchor in the bay, And on a little child at play!
Pausa lunga. a placere.

Domine, Gloria Tibi Domine

Pausa lunga.