The Storm

Adelaide Procter
(1825-1864)

John Hullah
(1812-1884)

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
light-nings glare, Vain is it now to strive or dare; A cry goes up of great des-pair
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-gling,
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

a placere.
all in vain To live up - on the storm - y main.
pelt - ing rain, Beat on the nurs-ry win-dow pane.

Mi-se-re-re Do-mi-ne, Mi-se-re-re

a tempo 1mo.

un poco meno mosso.
4. The morn - ing shone, all clear and gay, On a
ship at anchor in the bay. And on a little child at play!

*Domine, Gloria Tibi*