

# 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

*mf*      *sfp*      *f*      *sfp*      *f*

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

*f*      *dim*

23

un poco meno mosso.

Do - mi-ne.

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

*slentando*

**p**

Pausa  
lunga. a placere.

29

ship at an - chor in the bay, And on a lit-tle child at play!\_ Glo - ri - a Ti - bi

Pausa  
lunga. a placere.

35

Do - mi-ne, Glo - ri - a Ti - bi Do\_ mi - ne

*f*

*ff*