

The Storm

Con moto.

1. The tem- pest ra- ges

wild and high, the waves lift up their voice and cry Fierce an- swers to the an- gry sky

7

12 *a piacere.* *a tempo lmo.*

Mi- se- re- re Do- mi- ne. Thro' the black night and driv- ing rain, A ship is strug- gling,

17 *slentando* *a piacere.*

all in vain To live up- on the storm- y main. Mi- se- re- re Do- mi- ne, Mi- se- re- re

Fine *un poco meno mosso.*

Do- mi- ne. 4. The morn- ning shone, all clear and gay, On a

Pausa lunga.

a piacere.

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

f

Do- mi- ne, Glo- ri- a Ti- bi Do- mi- ne _____