

SAVED FROM THE STORM

Frederic Weatherly (1848–1929)

Odoardo Barri (1844–1920)

1. It was a Bret-on vil-lage, That lay by the sea, She was a fish-er - maid - en,

Ma-riner stout was he; Fare-well true heart, for we must part, The winds are call-ing down the

sea, But for me thou'lt pray in the chap-el gray, Na-vi-tas Sal-va, Do-mi-ne, Na-vi-tas Sal-va,

Do - mi-ne. 2. It was a night of ter-ror, Wild, wild was the sea! He in the storm is

drift-ing, Watch-ing in prayer is she, Watch-ing in prayer is she, Sweet heart! sweet heart! And

31 must we part? No boat can live in such a sea, But still she cries with stream-ing eyes,

36 *f* Na-vi-tas Sal-va, Do - mi-ne, Na-vi-tas Sal-va, Do - mi - ne! 3. Bright was the Bret-on

42 vil-lage, Bright, bright was the sea, She was a fish-er - maid-en, Ma-rin-er stout was

48 *a tempo* *mf* he, 'Twas Heav'n a - bove that saved me, love! and brought me back from the storm to thee, In the

53 *f* *a tempo* chapel gray We'll kneel and pray, *f* *a tempo* Glori - a ti-bi, Do-mi - ne, Glori - a ti-bi, ti - bi, Do - mine!