

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

