

BALLAD OF THE TEMPEST

for S.A.T.B. voices and piano*

Words by
JAMES T. FIELDS
(1817-1881)

Music by
RUTH MORRIS GRAY

Vigorously ($\text{J} = \text{ca. } 138\text{-}144$)

SOPRANO ALTO

TENOR BASS

3

6 *mp* 7

We were crowd - ed in a

mp

8

cab - in, not a soul would dare to sleep, not a soul

10 *mp*

— would dare to sleep. It was mid - night on the

mp

12

wa - ters, and a storm was on the deep, and a storm

14

— was on the deep. 'Tis a

mp

16

fear - ful thing in win - ter to be shat-

18

- tered by the blast, to be shat - tered by the blast. And to

20

cresc.

hear the rat - tling trum - pet thun - der, cut -

cresc.

22

a - way the mast. Cut a - way the mast.

24

27

So we

30

shud - dered there in si - lence, for the stout -

32

- est held his breath, for the stout - est held his breath. While the

34

hungry sea was roar - ing, and the break-

36 *mp*

- ers talked of death, and the break - ers talked of

38 *mp* 39

death. And thus we sat in

40

dark - ness, each one bus - y with his prayers, each one bus - *mp*

42 *mp* *cresc.*

- y with his prayers. "We are lost," the cap - tain *mp* *cresc.*

44 *f*

shout - ed as he stag - gered down the stairs. *f*

46 *mp* 47

Then his lit - tle daugh - ter

48

whis - pered as she took his i - cy hand.

50

"Is - n't God up - on the
cresc.

52

o - cean, just the same as on the land?"
f

54

57

60

47

p 61

So we kissed that lit - tle

62

maid - en and we spake in bet - ter cheer, and we spake

64

in bet - ter cheer. And we an - chored safe in
p cresc.

66

har - bor as the morn was shin - ing clear.

Then his lit - tle daugh - ter

whis - pered as she took his i - cy hand.

"Is - n't God up - on the

o - cean, just the same as on the land?"

Just the same as

on the land.

ff

ff