

On The Sea

Dudley Buck, 1839-1909
arr. Laurel Hunt Pedersen

When the cloud-wrack is

6
torn By the gust, and up - borne By winds in their might, In the

11
storm, in the night, The

15
bil - lows have power; The bil - lows, The bil -

19
- lows, The bil - - lows, The bil - lows have

23

pow - er! Des - pite the dread hour, Des - pite the dread

28

hour, Ah then, ah then, my— dear-est, my dear-est think

33

I of thee, think I of thee, think I of thee, In the storm, in the

38

night. On the sea. When no star we des -

42

cry— Thro' the mist, yet so nigh— The waves phan-tom

46

light, In the storm in the night

50

Flash-es up through the gloom; Flash-es up, flash-es

54

up, flash - es up flash - es

58

up through the gloom! Though near be our

62

doom, Though near be our doom, Still then Still

66

then, then my dear-est, my dear-est think I of thee, think

71

I of thee, think I of thee, In the storm, in the night. On the sea.

76

O Fa-ther, Fa-ther om-ni-po-tent, migh-ty to save!

82

Thou art the com- pass which guides the lone bark; Rul-er, sub-

87

du-er of wind and of wave, Thou art the bea- con which

92

gleams through the dark. Then sai - lor, as on through the dark - ness then

97

steer - est, Thy safe - ty, and hers' who to thee is the dear - est, Doth

102

rest in His keep - ing, He'll guide to the shore Who rul - eth and

107

reign - eth thy God ev - er more, in the storm, in the night.

112

On the sea. On the sea.