

Sailing Home through the Storm.

Words by CHARLES JOHNS.

Music by FRANCIS EDWARD GLADSTONE.

VOICE. 

PIANO. 

1. Homeward the fish - er - man steers his bark, With shore - ward belly - ing sail ; For the
 lit - tle cares he for the ris - ing sea, And lit - tle he heeds the blast ; No! he
 3. Loud - er and strong - er blows the wind, And high - er runs the sea ; But he



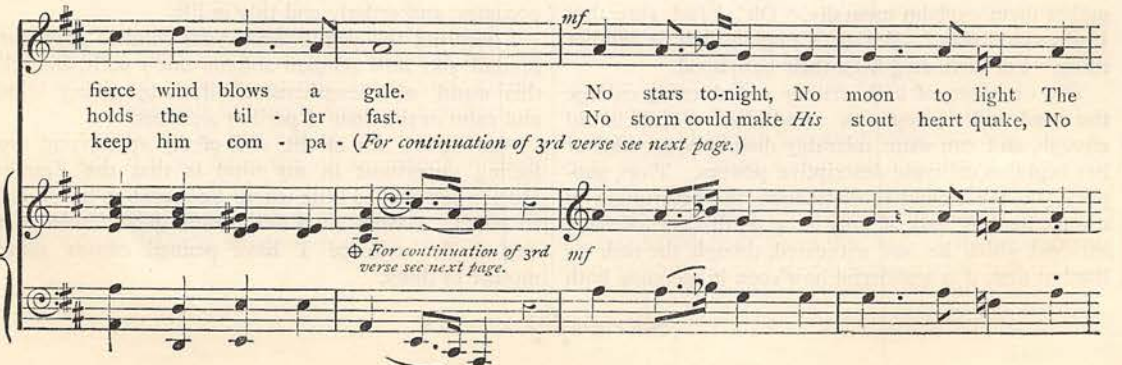
p waves run high, and the night is dark, And the fierce wind blows a gale,..... the
 thinks of his wife and chil - dren three, While he holds the til - ler fast,..... he
 heeds not the waves that seethe be - hind, Or that keep him com - pa - ny,..... that

cres. *f*



fierce wind blows a gale. No stars to-night, No moon to light The
 holds the til - ler fast. No storm could make His stout heart quake, No
 keep him com - pa - (For continuation of 3rd verse see next page.)

mf



fish - er to his home, — No! the sky is black, As the toss - ing smack Speeds swift - ly o - ver the dan - ger make him quail; But well he knows The fears of those At home when storms pre -

foam, Speeds swift - ly o - ver the foam. - - vail, At home when storms pre - vail. - ny. The shore in sight! A

⊕ 3rd verse continued. *meno mosso.*

light! a light! An o - pen cot - tage door! "Is that you, dear?" "Yes,

cres. *accel. p* *cres. tempo primo.*

lass, I'm here! Thank God! Thank God, once more! Thank God! I'm here once more!"

f *sf* *sf* *rall. ff* *a tempo.*