

# Sappho

SOPRANO

ALTO

TENOR

BASS

When the fierce north wind, with his air - y for - ces,

5 *Alto*

Rears up the Bal - tic to a foam - ing fu - ry,

9 *Sop.*

And the red light - ning with a storm of hail, comes,

13 *Bass*

And the red light ning with a storm of hail, comes,

17

And the red light-ning with a storm of hail, comes, Rush - ing a - main down.

How the poor sailors stand amazed and tremble,  
 While the hoarse thunder, like a bloody trumpet,  
 Roars a loud onset to the gaping waters  
 Quick to devour them.  
 Such shall the noise be, and the wild disorder  
 (If things eternal may be like these earthly),  
 Such the dire terror when the great Archangel  
 Shakes the creation;

Stop here, my fancy: (all away, ye horrid  
 Doleful ideas!) come, arise to Jesus,  
 How He sits God-like! and the saints around Him  
 Throned, yet adoring!  
 O may I sit there when He comes triumphant,  
 Dooming the nations! then ascend to glory,  
 While our Hosannas all along the passage  
 Shout the Redeemer.