

Tenderness

1. If on the quiet sea T'ward heav'n we calm - ly sail,
2. But should the surges rise, And rest de - lay to come,
3. Soon shall our doubts and fears All yield to Thy con - trol;

With grate - ful hearts, O God, to Thee, We'll own the fav - 'ring gale.
Blest be the sor - row, kind the storm, Which drives us near - er home.
Thy ten - der mer - cies shall il - lume The mid - night of the soul.