

By Faith Alone

E/G# - MI

1. If, thru un - ruf - fled seas, Cam - ly t'ward heav'n we sail,
2. But should the surg - es rise, And rest de - lay to come,
3. Soon shall our doubts and fears All yield to Thy con - trol;
4. Teach us in ev - 'ry state, To make Thy will our own,

With grate - ful hearts, O God, to Thee, We'll own the fa - v'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.
And when the joys of sense de - part, To live by faith a - lone.

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