Tossed Upon Life's Raging Billow

Words: G. W. Bethune
Music: H. Smart

1. Toss'd up - on life's rag - ing bil - low, Sweet it is, O Lord, to know
   Thou hast press'd a sail - or's pil - low, And canst feel a sail - or's woe:
   Never slum - b'ring, nev - er sleep - ing, Tho' the night be dark and drear,
   Thou the faith - ful watch art keep - ing, "All is well!" Thy con - stant cheer.

2. And tho' loud the wind is howl - ing. Fierce tho' flash the light - nings red.
   Tho' the storm - clouds dark are scowl - ing O'er the sail - or's anx - ious head.
   Thou canst calm the rag - ing o - cean, All its noise and tu - mult still.
   Hush the bil - low's wild com - mo - tion, At the bid - ding of Thy will.

3. Thus our hearts the hope will cher - ish, While to heav'n we lift our eyes,
   Thou wilt save us ere we per - ish, Thou wilt hear our faint - est cries.
   And, tho' mast and sail be riv - en, Life's short voy - age soon is o'er.
   Safely moor'd in heav'n's wide ha - ven, Storms and tem - pests vex no more.

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