Tenderness

1. If on the quiet sea T'ward heav'n we calmly sail,
   With grateful hearts, O God, to Thee, We'll own the favoring gale.

2. But should the surges rise, And rest delay to come,
   Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm, Which drives us nearer home.

3. Soon shall our doubts and fears All yield to Thy control;
   Thy tender mercies shall illumine The midnight of the soul.

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