Tossed Upon Life’s Raging Billow

1. Tossed upon life’s raging billow, Sweet it is, O Lord, to know,
   Thou didst press a sailor’s pillow, And canst feel a sailor’s woe.
   Never slumbering, never sleeping, Tho’ the night be dark and drear,
   Thou the faithful watch art keeping, “All, all’s well,” Thy constant cheer.

2. And tho’ loud the wind is howling, Fierce tho’ flash the lightnings red;
   Darkly tho’ the storm-cloud’s scowling O’er the sailor’s anxious head;
   Thou wilt calm the raging ocean, All its noise and tumult still,
   Hush the tempest’s wild commotion, At the bidding of Thy will.

3. Thus my heart the hope will cherish, While to thee I lift mine eye;
   Thou wilt save me ere I perish, Thou wilt hear the sailor’s cry,
   And thou’st mast and sail be riven, Life’s short voyage will soon be o’er;
   Safely moored in heav’n’s wide haven, Storm and tempest vex no more.