Tossed Upon Life's Raging Billow

ADMASTON 8s & 7s, D.

1. Toss'd up-on life's raging billow, Sweet it is, O Lord, to know
2. And tho' loud the wind is howling, Fierce tho' flash the lightnings red,
3. Thus our hearts the hope will cherish, While to heav'n we lift our eyes,

Thou hast press'd a sailor's pillow, And canst feel a sailor's woe:
Tho' the storm-clouds dark are scowling O'er the sailor's anxious head:
Thou wilt save us ere we perish, Thou wilt hear our faintest cries:

Never slumbering, never sleeping, Tho' the night be dark and drear,
Thou canst calm the raging ocean, All its noise and tumult still,
And, tho' mast and sail be riven, Life's short voyage soon is o'er:

Thou the faithful watch art keeping, "All is well!" Thy constant cheer.
Hush the billow's wild commotion, At the bidding of Thy will.
Safe ly moored in heav'n's wide haven, Storms and tempests vex no more.