



2. 'Tis well if some thou lov'st are left (as only pilgrims and strangers here), rough seas to cross alone – yet Lord, not lonely, for thou art ever near. 'Tis well that other fragile barks have entered where every storm is o'er: soon shall we too, in that fair haven centred, rest, and go out no more.

3. Then keep us, blessèd Saviour, all-unfearing, all-peaceful in thy care; mindful that day by day the goal is nearing, constant in praise and prayer. The waves are high; above them shelters ever the timid, trembling dove; our hearts repose in that which faileth never, almighty, changeless love.

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