











Can a bark, like mine, so shattered, ever reach yon friendly shore?
 Tempest-tossed so long, and battered, can it stand one conflict more?
 Should another storm assail, mast and planks and all must fail.

4. Jesus is the Lord, who hears me when the tempest roars around; he it is whose presence cheers me, when I hear the dreadful sound; trusting to his grace and pow'r, need I fear the darkest hour?

3. So they would, but One that's greater than the storms and waves is here; he it is, whose name is sweeter far than music to my ear; he preserves my shattered bark, he makes light when all is dark.

5. What though every plank is starting, waves are running mountain high, thunders rolling, lightnings darting, and no saving hand seems nigh?

Let me still no danger fear,

Jesus, though unseen, is near.