



Could we stay where death was hov'ring?
 Could we rest on such a shore?
 No, the awful truth discov'ring,
 we could linger there no more:
 we forsake it;
 leaving all we loved before.

3. Though the shore we hope to land on only by report is known, yet we freely all abandon, led by that report alone; and with Jesus through the trackless deep move on.

4. Led by that, we brave the ocean; led by that, the storms defy; calm amidst tumultuous motion, knowing that our Lord is nigh: waves obey him, and the storms before him fly.

5. Rendered safe by his protection, we shall pass the wat'ry waste; trusting to his wise direction, we shall gain the port at last; and with wonder, think on toils and dangers past.

6. O! what pleasures there await us!
There the tempests cease to roar:
there it is that those who hate us
can molest our peace no more:
trouble ceases
on that tranquil, happy shore.

Words: Thomas Kelly. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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