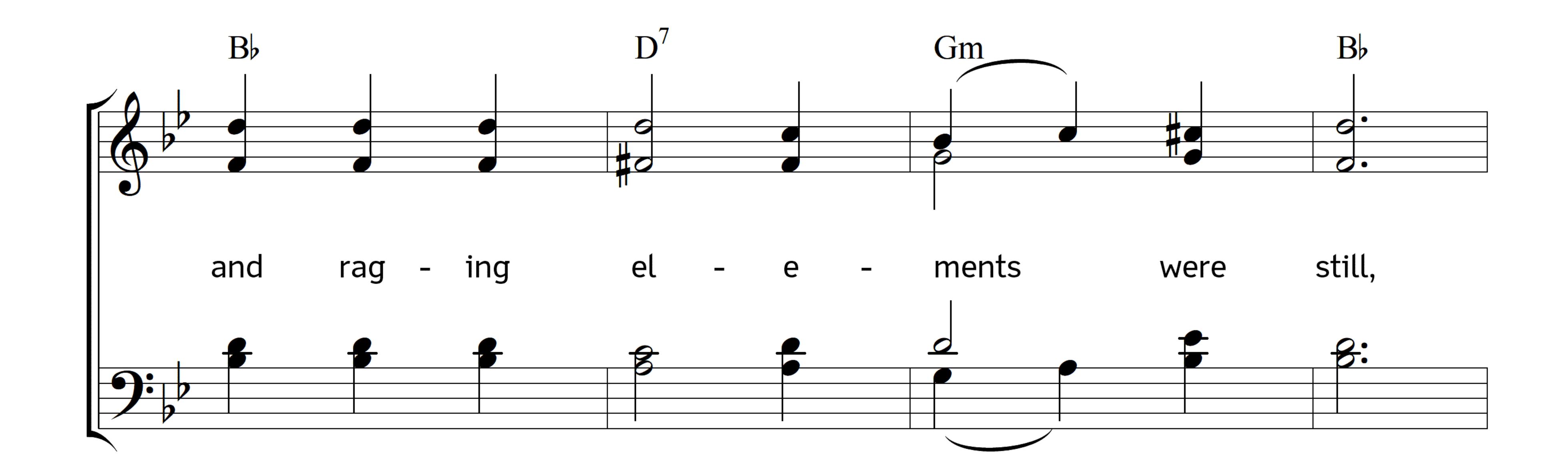
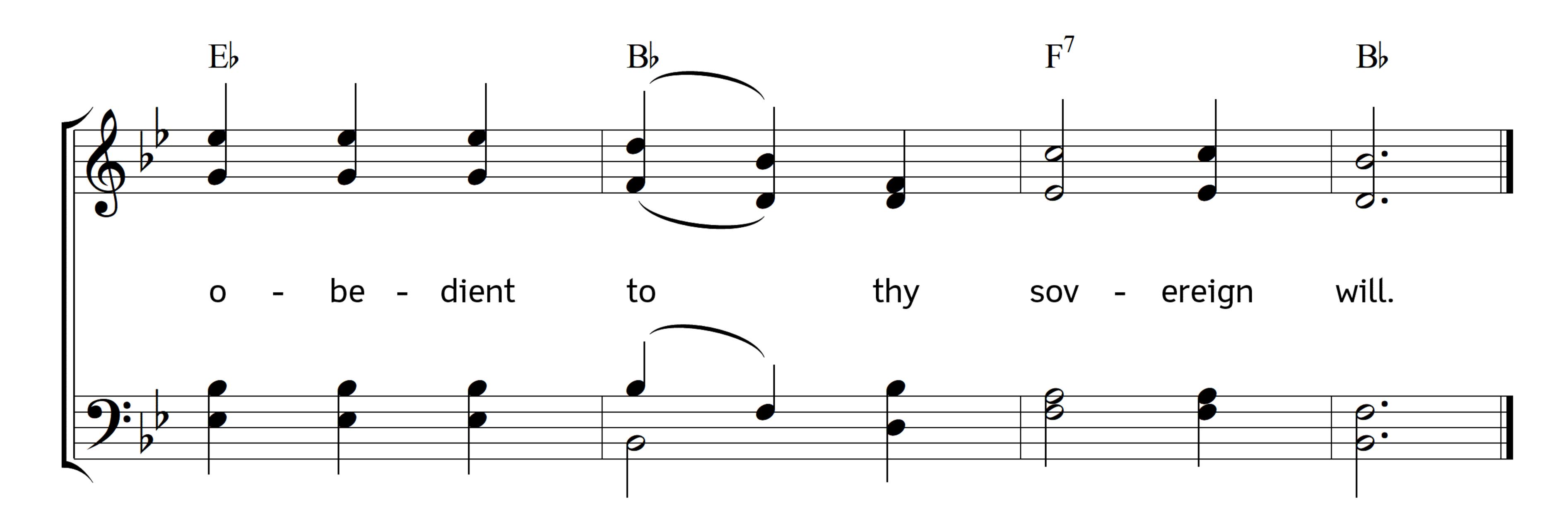
CHRIST IN THE STORM







- 2. So on life's restless, heaving wave, when night and storm my sky o'ercast, oft hast thou come to cheer and save, hast changed my fear to joy at last.

 Thy voice hath bid the tumult cease, and soothed my throbbing heart to peace.
- 4. I heed not danger, toil, nor pain, care not how hard the storm may beat, if in my heart thy peace may reign, and faith and patience keep their seat; if strength divine may nerve my soul, and love my every thought control.

- 3. But ah! too soon my fears return, and dark mistrust disturbs anew: what smothered fires within yet burn! my days of peace, alas, how few! These heart-throes, shall they ne'er be past? These strives, shall they for ever last?
- 5. O may that voice that quelled the sea, and laid the surging waves to rest, speak in my spirits, set me free from passions that disturb my breast.

 Jesus, I yield me to thy will, and wait to hear thy "Peace, be still!"

Words: Ray Palmer. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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