HELP, LORD, OR WE PERISH!



2. O Jesus! once tossed on the breast of the billow, aroused by the shriek of despair from thy pillow, now seated in glory the mariner cherish, who cries in his danger: "Help, Lord, or we perish!"

3. And oh! when the whirlwind of passion is raging, when hell in our hearts his wild warfare is waging, arise in thy strength, thy redeemed to cherish; rebuke the destroyer: "Help, Lord, or we perish!"

Words: Reginald Heber. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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