

Christ in the Storm

Manie Payne Ferguson, 1904

Leander Lycurgus Pickett

$\text{♩} = 100$

1. Gal - i - lee's wa - ters are rag - ing, On them a ves - sel is tossed;
 2. O - ver the noise of the tem - pest, O - ver the dash of the wave,
 3. Won - der - ful Je - sus, I need Thee, Out in the storm and the strife,
 4. When I am toil - ing in row - ing, Al - most en - gulfed in the sea,
 5. Wa - ters un - known are a - wait - ing Tra - vel - ers leav - ing earth's shore;

Sea - men in ter - ror are call - ing, "Car - est Thou not, we are lost?"
 Rings the sweet voice of the Sav - ior; See, He is might - y to save;
 Oft it has seemed I was sink - ing, Tossed on the o - cean of life;
 Make of the bil - lows a path - way, Come thro' the dark - ness to me;
 Back to this side of the riv - er, Pas - sen - gers come ne - ver - more;

Sweet - ly a - sleep on a pil - low, Mak - er and Sav - ior He lay;
 Calmed in a mo - ment the bil - lows, Hushed in an in - stant to sleep,
 Speak to the winds and the wa - ters, Each Thy be - hest must ful - fill;
 Fail - ures and ter - rors will van - ish, Soon as I know Thou art nigh;
 O when that chill tide is bring - ing Boat - men to bear me a - way,

Wild with dis - may they a - wake Him, "Mas - ter, we per - ish," they say.
 Stilled is the roar of the wild winds, Stea - died their boat on the deep.
 Speak to my heart in the tem - pest, Whis - per - ing soft - ly, "Be still."
 Say to my soul in the dan - ger, "Be not a - fraid, it is I."
 Gal - i - lee's Con - qu'ror, be with me; Pi - lot me o - ver, I pray.



Speak thro' the storm when the bil-lows run high, Say to my soul, "Do not fear, it is I";



Speak thro' the storm when the bil-lows run high, Say to my soul, "Do not fear, it is I."

