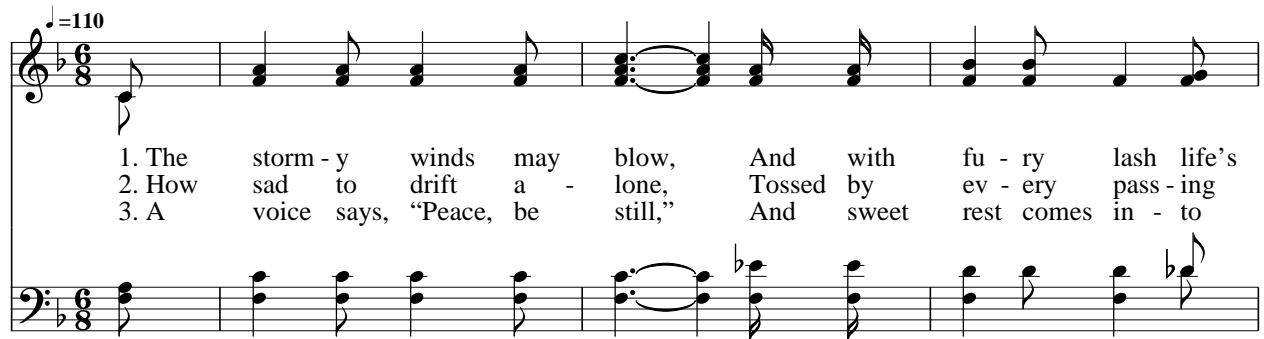


Does Thy Savior Pilot Thee?

William T. Hadley, 1896

$\text{♩} = 110$

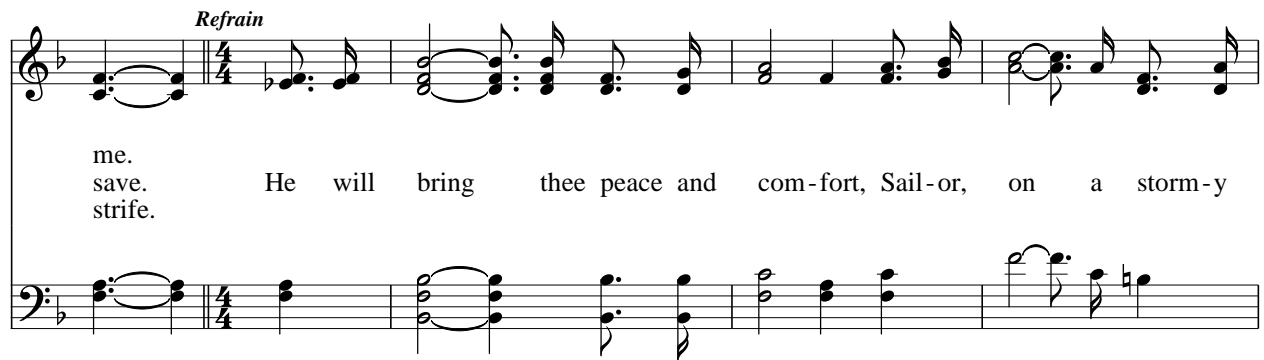


1. The storm - y winds may blow, And with fu - ry lash life's
2. How sad to drift a - lone, Tossed by ev - ery pass - ing
3. A voice says, "Peace, be still," And sweet rest comes in - to

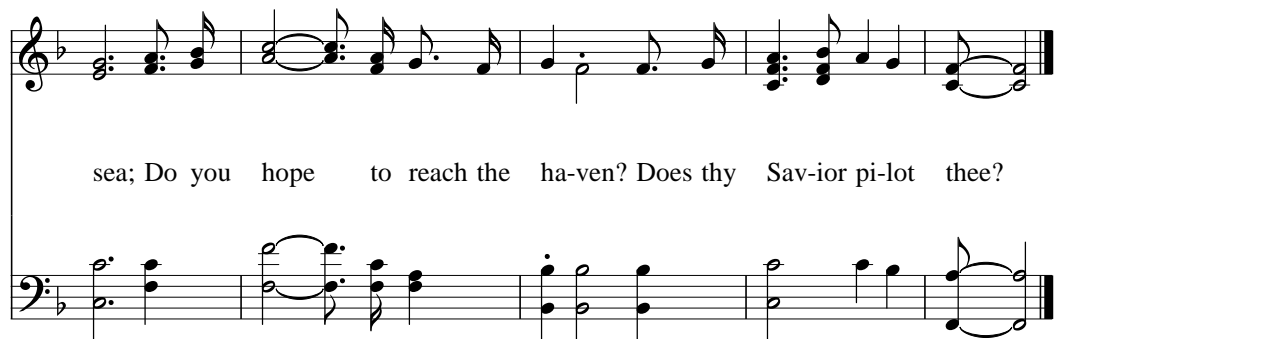


sea; There's peace with-in my soul to - night. For my Sav - ior dwells with
wave! There is a pi - lot, sin sick soul; Christ a - lone thy bark can
life; No long - er left to fight a - lone, He will guide thee through the

Refrain



me.
save. He will bring thee peace and com-fort, Sail-or, on a storm-y
strife.



sea; Do you hope to reach the ha-ven? Does thy Sav-ior pi-lot thee?