

# Dear Savior Stretch Thy Loving Arms

Clifford Smyth

Julian Kennedy Smyth (1856-1921)

1. Dear Sav - ior, stretch Thy lov - ing arms A - bove the storm - y sea,  
 2. O as Thou didst on Gal - i - lee The wa - ters calm at will,  
 3. Be Thou my Pi - lot thru the mists And storms that dark - ly rise,  
 4. No hand but Thine can safe - ly guide The wear - ied mar - in - er;

Where, tossed 'mid dark and an - gry waves, The mar - in - er calls to  
 When tor - rents raised by e - vil breath The sink - ing - ship did  
 As o'er life's vast and dan - gerous sea My frail bark - light-ly  
 No love but Thine can sol - ace bring, O Christ, dear - Com-for-

Thee. Up - on that fierce and an - gry main My poor weak  
 fill: So now in my storm sha - ken soul A - wake with  
 flies. With Thee my soul se - cure-ly rests From e - vil's  
 - ter! Now trust - ing in Thy ten - der care We fear no

bark doth ride, O what am I 'mid such strong  
 strength di - vine, And whis - per 'peace' to war - ring  
 blight re - stored; And isles of green and fra - grant  
 dark un - rest, Life's storms are passed; our trou - bled

foes With - out Thee by my side?  
 winds, And let Thy glor - y shine.  
 seas Bring peace and sweet re - ward.  
 souls Lie pil - lowed on Thy breast.