The Evergreen Shore

William Hunter (1811–1877)

William Batchelder Bradbury, 1861

\[ J = 97 \]

1. We are joy-ous-ly voy-ag-ing o-ver the main, Bound for the ev-er-green shore, Whose in-hab-i-tants ne-ver of sick-ness com-plain, And ne-ver see death an-y more.

2. We have no-thing to fear from the wind and the wave, Un-der our Sav-i-or’s com-mand; And our hearts in the midst of the dan-gers are brave; For Je-sus will bring us to land.

3. Both the winds and the waves our Com-man-der con-trols; No-thing can baf-fle His skill; And His voice when the thun-der-ing hurri-cane rolls, Can make the loud tem-pest be still. Then let the hur-ri-cane roar, It will the soon-er be o’er;

4. In the thick mur-ky night, when the stars and the moon Send not a glim-mer-ing-ray, Then the light of His coun-te-nance, - bright-er than noon, Will drive all our ter-ror a-way. Then the hur-ri-cane rolls, It will the soon-er be o’er;

5. Let the high heav-ing bil-low and moun-tain-ous wave, Fear-ful-ly o-ver-head break; There is One by our side that can com-fort and save; There’s drive all our ter-ror a-way. Then the hur-ri-cane rolls, It will the soon-er be o’er;

6. Let the ves-sel be wrecked on the rock, or the shoal, Sink to be seen ne-ver more; He will bear, none the less, ev-ery pas-sen-ger soul, Safe, to the ev-er-green shore.

We will wea-ther the blast, And will land at last, Safe on the ev-er-green shore.