

My Pilot (Frost)

Henry Weston Frost, 1902

George Coles Stebbins, 1913

♩=111

1. When I put out to sea, In - to e - ter - ni - ty, My
2. Tho' dark - ness shroud the deep, And bil - lows toss and leap, I
3. And if, per - chance, dread fear Shall draw a mo - ment near, As
4. The dark - ness o - ver - past, I'll reach my port at last, And
5. And so I wait on shore, My gaze fixed on be - fore, A-

Pi - lot will be there; His hand will hold the helm— Lest storms should o - ver -
shall not be a - fraid; My Pi - lot knows the way A - cross the sea's high -
storms a - round me roar; A - bove the night wind's sigh, I'll hear my Pi - lot
rest in ha - ven calm; Brought safe - ly, sweet - ly through, I'll thank my Pi - lot
- cross the dark - 'ning wave, My Pi - lot of the sea Will one day call for

- whelm— Till I shall reach the realm Where lies my ha - ven fair.
- way, Thro' night, to that glad day Where light will ne - ver fade.
cry: "Fear not, for I am nigh," And I shall fear no more.
true, And oft my thanks re - new, In praise and tri - umph psalm.
me— Then I shall rea - dy be, And trust His power to save!