

Fierce Was The Storm Of Wind

Fierce was the storm of wind,
The surging waves ran high,
Failed the disciples hearts with fear,
Tho Thou, their Lord, wast nigh.

But at the stern rebuke,
Of Thy almighty word,
The wind was hushed, the billows ceased,
And owned Thee God and Lord.

So now, when depths of sin,
Our souls with terrors fill,
Arise, and be our Helper, Lord,
And speak Thy Peace, be still.

When deaths dark sea we cross,
Be with us in Thy power,
Nor let the water floods prevail
In that dread trial hour.

And, when amid the sighs,
Which speak Thine Advent near,
The roaring of the sea and waves
Fills faithless hearts with fear;

May we all undismayed
The raging tempests see,
Lift up our head and hail with joy
Thy great Epiphany.