

Hymn Lyrics

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When through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming

1. When through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming,
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,
Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman to cherish,
We fly to our Maker, "Save, Lord, or we perish."

2. O Jesus, once rocked on the breast of the billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from Thy pillow,
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his anguish, "Save, Lord, or we perish."

3. And O! when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When sin in our hearts his wild warfare is waging,
Then send down Thy grace Thy redeemed to cherish
Rebuke the destroyer; "Save, Lord, or we perish."

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