

Dark Is the Night
Fanny Crosby, 1868.
Theodore Perkins.

Dark is the night, and cold the wind is blowing,
Nearer and nearer comes the breakers' roar;
Where shall I go, or whither fly for refuge?
Hide me, my Father, till the storm is o'er.

Refrain

With His loving hand to guide, let the clouds above me roll,
And the billows in their fury dash around me.
I can brave the wildest storm, with His glory in my soul,
I can sing amidst the tempest Praise the Lord!

Dark is the night, but cheering is the promise,
He will go with me o'er the troubled wave;
Safe He will lead me through the pathless waters,
Jesus, the mighty One, and strong to save.

Refrain

Dark is the night, but lo! the day is breaking,
Onward my bark, unfurl thy every sail,
Now at the helm I see my Father standing,
Soon will my anchor drop within the veil.

Refrain