

It Is I

Frederick Crafts, 1880.

Robert Lowry.

The storm in all its fury
Swept dark Gennesaret;
They cried in vain for succor,
Till hope's lone star had set;
Then Christ came on the waters
In answer to their cry,
And spake in tones of comfort,
"Fear not, for it is I.
Fear not, for it is I."

And life has days of darkness,
When thick the storm-clouds lower.
When waves dash fiercely round thee,
And threaten to devour;
But still thou need'st not falter,
There's One forever nigh,
Who speaks above the tempest,
"Fear not, for it is I.
Fear not, for it is I."

He walks the waves beside thee,
No storm can drive Him thence;
He bids the waters bear thee,
His arm is thy defense;
His face shines on the billows,
Let all thy terror fly;
Fear not to trust in Jesus,
He beckons, "It is I,"
He beckons, "It is I."