

O Maker of the Sea and Sky

Henry Burton, 1905.

E. Pieraccini.

O Maker of the sea and sky,
Whose word the stormy winds fulfill,
On the wide ocean Thou art nigh,
Bidding these hearts of ours be still.

What if Thy footsteps are not known?
We know Thy way is in the sea;
We trace the shadow of Thy throne,
Constant amid inconstancy.

Thou bidd'st the north or south wind blow;
The lonely sea bird is Thy care;
And in the clouds which come and go,
We see Thy chariots everywhere.

The sun that lights the homeland dear
Spreads the new morning o'er the deep;
And in the dark Thy stars appear,
Keeping their watches while we sleep.

And so, secure from all alarms,
Thy seas beneath, Thy skies above,
Clasped in the everlasting arms,
We rest in Thine unslumbering love.