

O where is He that trod the sea O where

Oh, where is He that trod the sea?  
 Oh, where is He that spake,  
 And demons from their victims flee,  
 The dead their slumber break?  
 The palsied rise in freedom strong,  
 The dumb men talk and sing,  
 And from blind eyes, benighted long  
 Bright beams of morning spring.

O where is He that trod the sea,  
 O where is He that spake,  
 And piercing words of liberty  
 The deaf ears open shake;  
 And mildest words arrest the haste  
 Of fever's deadly fire,  
 And strong ones heal the weak who waste  
 Their life in sad desire?

O where is He that trod the sea,  
 O where is He that spake,  
 And dark waves rolling heavily  
 A glassy smoothness take;  
 And lepers, whose own flesh has been  
 A solitary grave,  
 See with amaze that they are clean,  
 And cry, "'Tis He can save"?

Oh, where is He that trod the sea?  
 'Tis only He can save;  
 To thousands hung'ring wearily  
 A wondrous meal He gave:  
 The Word, who all the worlds had made,  
 To His own creatures spake;  
 'Twas springtide when He blest the bread,  
 And harvest when He brake.

Oh, where is He that trod the sea?  
 My soul, the Lord is here!  
 Let all thy fears be hush'd in thee,  
 He thine to know Him near:  
 Thy utmost needs He'll satisfy:  
 Art thou diseased or dumb,  
 Or dost thou in thy hunger cry?  
 "I come," saith Christ, "I come!"

Meter:8 6 8 6 D (D.C.M.)

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