

Dear Savior, Stretch Thy Loving Arms  
Clifford Smyth, 1910.  
Julian Smyth.

Dear Savior, stretch Thy loving arms  
Above the stormy sea,  
Where, tossed 'mid dark and angry waves,  
The mariner calls to Thee.  
Upon that fierce and angry main  
My poor weak bark doth ride,  
O what am I 'mid such strong foes  
Without Thee by my side?

O as Thou didst on Galilee  
The waters calm at will,  
When torrents raised by evil breath  
The sinking ship did fill:  
So now in my storm shaken soul  
Awake with strength divine,  
And whisper peace' to warring winds,  
And let Thy glory shine.

Be Thou my Pilot through the mists  
And storms that darkly rise,  
As o'er life's vast and dangerous sea  
My frail bark lightly flies.  
With Thee my soul securely rests  
From evil's blight restored;  
And isles of green and fragrant seas  
Bring peace and sweet reward.