

O Troubled Sea of Galilee

Lewis Wilson, 1912.

A. A. Wild, 1894.

O troubled sea of Galilee,  
When run thy billows high,  
And through thy dreaded storms I see  
That pain and death are nigh;  
O when thy threatening clouds appear  
And floods impending chill,  
Through surge and tempest may I hear  
A voice say, "Peace, be still."

O storied sea of Galilee,  
Through all the changing years,  
Thy stress is type of storms to be  
And sign of rising fears;  
Thy tempests drive our hopes across  
The floods of human ill;  
The conquest o'er all pain and loss  
Is in thy "Peace, be still."

Thou vaster sea than Galilee,  
Where may I look for peace?  
What wondrous power commanding thee  
Can cause thy winds to cease?  
Praise God! that o'er all surging tides  
There broods His sovereign will;  
That in each inmost soul abides  
His conquering "Peace, be still."