

A SONG OF THE REDEEMER.

(A HYMN)

WHO is it that walks on the waves of the sea,
And stilleth the turbulent breaker
Of sorrow's tempestuous, deep Galilee—
But Jesus, our Saviour and Maker.

Who is it that ferries the pilgrim footsore,
Across Jordan's dark, rolling river
Of death—and lands him safe on Heaven's bright
shore,—
But Jesus, the Master forever.

Who is it, while hanging on Calvary's mount,
In the last throes of death a-groaning,—
Sheddeth freely for all the life-giving fount
Of His blood, for man's lost estate, atoning.

Who, nailed to the tree, bows His head, groans, and
dies,
And is borne away to death's prison,
But after three days doth ascend to the skies—
Our crucified Saviour arisen.

'Tis Jesus of Nazereth, now passing by,
Who hailleth of sin the red streamer,
And whispers to you and to me, "Crucify
Not again thy Lord and Redeemer."