
OUT OF THE DEEPS

OUT of the deeps, O Lord, out of the deeps,
To thee I cry.
The raging waters thunder o'er my head,
And blot the sky.

Even the sands beneath my stumbling feet
Shift to and fro.
My struggling heart keeps not its rhythmic beat,
It labors so.

The stinging salty spray is in my eyes,
I can not see,
Even the Rock to which I cling, O Lord
Leans down to me!

The futile moon peers furtively from out
The scowling sky;
Even the homeless wailing winds are not
So lone as I.

There is no hope for me now, but to watch
For Death's dark barge
To bear me to some haven of the soul
Beyond life's marge.

There shall I seek, and haply I may find,
And draw to me
The loved whose going cast me thus adrift
On life's rough sea.