

'Tis I; be not afraid.

THO' tossed with winds and faint with fear,
Above the tempest, wild and drear,
Hark! hark! my Saviour's voice I hear,
" 'Tis I; be not afraid."

CHO.—'Tis I, 'Tis I, 'Tis I, be not afraid,
'Tis I, 'Tis I, 'Tis I, be not afraid.

2 'Tis I who washed thy spirit white;
'Tis I who gave thy blind eyes sight;
'Tis I thy Lord, thy Life, thy Light,
'Tis I, be not afraid.

3 These raging winds, this surging sea,
Bear not a breath of wrath to thee;
That storm has all been spent on me,
'Tis I, be not afraid.

4 When on the other side thy feet
Shall rest, midst thousand welcomes sweet,
One well known voice thy heart shall greet,
'Tis I, be not afraid.

