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## The Tempest

"He shall give His angels charge  
Over thee in all thy ways."  
Though the thunders roam at large,  
Though the lightning round me plays,  
Like a child I lay my head  
In sweet sleep upon my bed.

Though the terror come so close,  
It shall leave no power to smite;  
It shall deepen my repose,  
Turn the darkness into light,  
Touch of angel hands is sweet;  
Not a stone shall hurt my feet.

All by waves and billows go  
To press me down  
Intense so strong I know  
I'll never let me drown.  
O my God, how good thy will  
I'll nestle and be still.

—Alice Freeman Palmer

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