

Doubts and fears began to gather:
Was the voice I heard
But the moaning of the night-wind
Shaped into a word?

Was the form that faintly quivered
On my straining sight,
But a vagrant fancy painted
On the pall of night?

As I doubted thus, I tottered,
Sinking in the wave,
Crying out in fear and anguish,
"Save me, Master, save!"

And the Master stood beside me,
While His voice I hear:
"Faithless one, why doubt and falter?
I am ever near."

Whether raged the sea I know not,
But I sank no more,
Walking with Him firm and fearless,
Till I reached the shore.

Now I go where'er He bids me,
Be it land or sea,
Safe with Him, and thinking only
Of His love to me.
