

Dark clouds were spreading o'er the sky,
A storm was in the air,
The wind blew cold about her brow,
And in her streaming hair.

Already she could hear the waves,
Dash with a sudden roar,
Upon the tall black rocks that stood
Like barriers on the shore.

And then a passing shade of fear,
The child's fair forehead crossed,
Lest in the storm she knew was near,
Her father should be lost.

'Twas but a moment, then she raised
To Heaven her dark blue eye,
And calmly gazed upon the waves,
And at the threatening sky.

"My Father read the other night,
"From God's own holy page,
"That it is *He* who rules the waves,
"And stills the tempest's rage."

"Then though my Father's far at sea,
"I need not feel alarm,
"For I will pray the God above,
"To keep him safe from harm."

She knelt her down upon the sand,
And lisped a simple prayer,
That He who holds the winds would take
Her father in His care.

Full many a bark was lost that night,
Loud was the tempest's roar,
But God preserved that Father's life,
And brought him safe to shore.

And when he clasped his child again,
She whispered in his ear,
"I prayed to God to keep you safe,
"And so I did not fear."