

The Storm of Storms.

The Storm of storms, foretold by Thee,
O Lord! seems very near;
Already roars the restless Sea,
And many fail for fear.

I see Thee, Saviour, in the boat,
Asleep at eventide;
In spirit, I'm with Thee afloat,
Near to Thy Blessed Side.

In that great storm, O King of Grace,
How absolutely calm!
In all Thy features I can trace
God's Own Most Holy Lamb!

O take my body for Thy boat,
And let Thy pillow be
A heart that loves Thee as it ought,
Made clean and soft for Thee!

And may that faith that works by love
Work mightily in me,
Unawed tho' waves like mountains move,
And winds howl horribly!

This feeble, faulty boat of mine
Is all unworthy Thee;
O love-creating Grace Divine,
To sail with such as me!

Give me the love that casts out fear,
And hates all empty form;
Delights to know that Thou art near,
Alike in calm or storm.

Fierce winds may blow, wild waves may roll,
They cannot injure me,
Since Thou, great Captain of my soul,
Art in the boat with me!

If from this boat I should depart,
Or changed this boat should be,
The new boat and the perfect heart
Shall ever be for Thee.