



1. O Zi-on, af-flic-ted with wave-up-on wave; Whom no man can com-fort, whom no man can save; With dark-ness surrounded, by ter-ror dis-may'd,

2. Loud roar-ing the bil-lows, now nigh o-verwhelm, But skill-ful's the Pi-lot that sits at the helm; His wis-dom conducts thee, his pow'r thee defends,

3. "O fear-ful! O faith-less!" in mer-cy he cries, "My pro-mise, my truth, are they light in thine eyes? Still, still I am with thee, my promise shall stand;

4. "Then trust me, and fear not, thy life is se-cure; My wis-dom is per-fect, su-preme is my pow'r; In love I cor-rect thee, thy soul to re-fine;



In toil-ing and row-ing thy strength is de-cay'd.

In safe-ty and qui-et the war-fare he ends.

Thro' tempest and toss-ing I'll bring thee to land.

To make thee at length in my like-ness to shine."