

F# Minor. James Grant, 1784.

John G. McCurry, 1855.

1. O, Zi - on, af - flict - ed with wave up-on wave, Whom no man can com - fort, whom no man can save;

2. Loud roar - ing, the bil - lows now nigh o-ver - whelm, But skill - ful's the pi - lot who sits at the helm;

3. O fear - ful! O faith - less! in mer - cy he cries; My prom - ise, my truth, are they light in thine eyes?

With dark - ness sur - round - ed, by ter - rors dis - may'd, In toil - ing and row - ing thy strength is de - cay'd.

His wis - dom con - ducts thee, his pow'r thee de - fends, In safe - ty and qui - et thy war - fare he ends.

Still, still I am with thee, my prom - ise shall stand; Thro' tem - pest and toss - ing I'll bring thee to land.