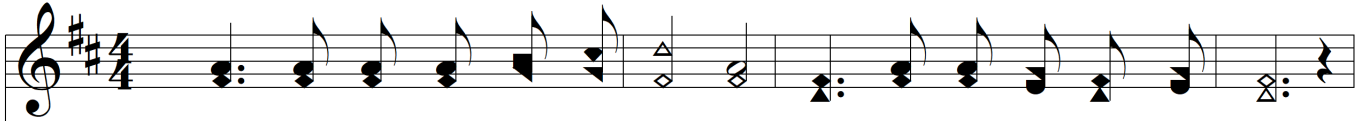
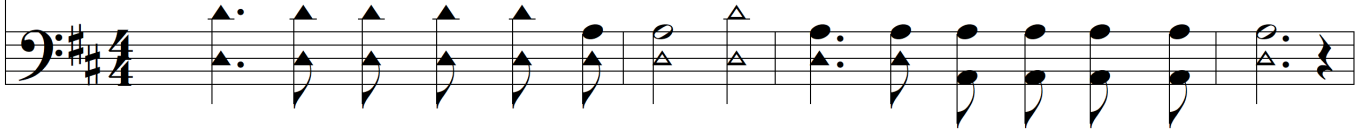


# Tossed Upon Life's Raging Billow

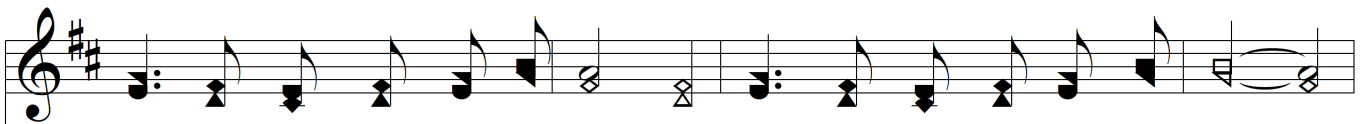
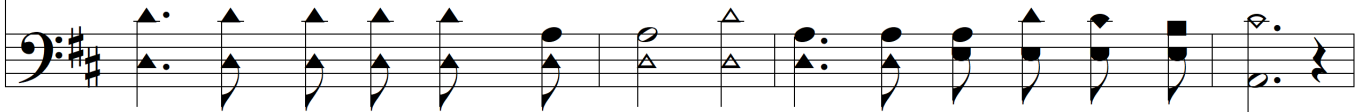
PILGRIM



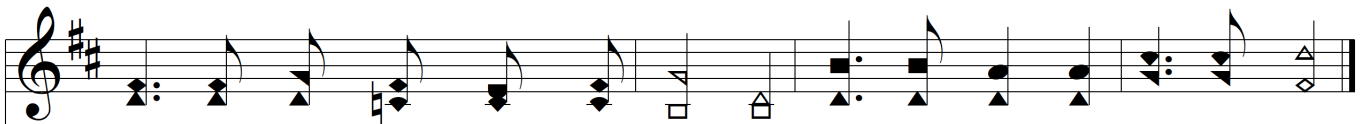
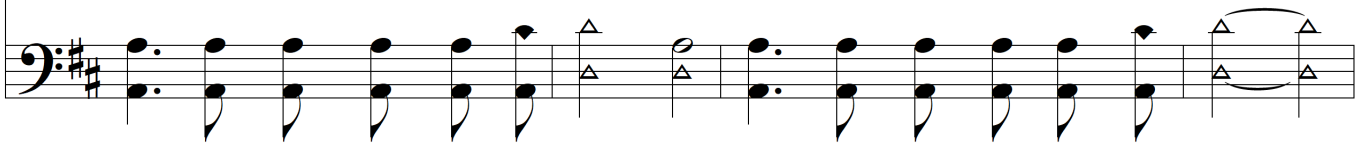
1. Tossed up - on life's rag - ing bil - low, Sweet it is, O Lord, to know,  
2. And tho' loud the wind is howl - ing, Fierce tho' flash the light - nings red;  
3. Thus my heart the hope will cher - ish, While to thee I lift mine eye;



Thou didst press a sail - or's pil - low, And canst feel a sail - or's woe.  
Dark - ly tho' the storm - cloud's scowl - ing, O'er the sail - or's anx - ious head;  
Thou wilt save me ere I per - ish, Thou wilt hear the sail - or's cry,



Nev - er slum - b'ring, nev - er sleep - ing, Tho' the night be dark and drear,  
Thou canst calm the rag - ing o - cean, All its noise and tu - mult still,  
And tho' mast and sail be riv - en, Life's short voy - age will soon be o'er;



Thou the faith - ful watch art keep - ing, "All, all's well," Thy con - stant cheer.  
Hush the tem - pest's wild com - mo - tion, At the bid - ding of Thy will.  
Safe - ly moored in heav'n's wide ha - ven, Storm and tem - pest vex no more.

