If, On A Quiet Sea

"Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul." – Heb. 6:19

1. If, on a quiet sea, Tow'rd heav'n we calmly sail,
   Soon shall our doubts and fears All yield to Thy control:
   With grateful hearts, O God, to Thee, We'll own the favoring gale.
   Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm, Which drives us nearer home.

2. But should the surges rise, And rest delay to come,
   With grateful hearts, O God, to Thee, We'll own the favoring gale.
   Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm, Which drives us nearer home.

3. Soon shall our doubts and fears All yield to Thy control:
   Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm, Which drives us nearer home.

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