He Maketh The Storm A Calm

1. He mak-eth the storm a calm, The winds there-of are still,
   He speak-eth and they are hush'd, All things o-bey His will.

2. He calm-eth the storm-tossed soul, He bids its doubt-ings cease,
   Tho' wild-ly the bil-locs roll, His word brings to thee peace.

3. He mak-eth the storm a calm, He still-eth the trou-bled sea,
   No tem-pest can us o'er-whelm, Our ref-uge He will be.

Chorus

He calm-eth the trou-bled heart, When waves of sor-row rise,

He bid-deth our griefs de-part, He dries our tear-ful eyes.