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,
   With grateful hearts, O God, to Thee, We’ll own the fav’ring gale.
   Blest be the sorrow, Kind the storm, Which drives us nearer home.

2. But should the surges rise, And rest de-lay to come,
   Thy tender mercies shall illumine The midnight of the soul.
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3. Soon shall our doubts and fears All yield to Thy control:
   With grateful hearts, O God, to Thee, We’ll own the fav’ring gale.
   Thy tender mercies shall illumine The midnight of the soul.

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