## Fierce was the wild billow





Fierce was the billow wild, dark was the night; Oars labored heavily, foam glimmered white. Trembled the mariners; peril was nigh: Then said the God of God, Peace: it is I.

Ridge of the mountain wave, lower thy crest; Wail of the tempest wind, be thou at rest. Sorrow can never be, darkness must fly, Where saith the Light of light, Peace: it is I.

Jesus, Deliverer, near to us be; Soothe thou my voyaging over life's sea; Thou, when the storm of death roars, sweeping by, Whisper, O Truth of truth, Peace: it is I.

Anatolius

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