

Aletheia, If, On A Quiet Sea

If, on a quiet sea towards heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, oh God to thee
we'll own the favoring gale.

Soon shall our doubts and fears all yield to thy control.
Thy tender mercies shall illumine the midnight of the soul.

When I'm under thy sweet control
I know I'll sail swiftly into the unknown.
Singing praises all along the way,
For when the winds rage, Jesus you still remain my God.

But should the surges rise, and rest delay to come,
Blest be the tempest and kind the storm,
which drives us nearer home.

Teach us in every state to make thy will our own.
And when the joys of sense depart, to live by faith alone.