## Wildly Life's Billows Are Beating









Wildly life's billows 'round my soul are beating Fierce is the tempest, dangerous is the sea, Driven by terror, I come to Thee, pleading, "Father in heaven, O hear Thou my plea!"

In Thy great mercy, help me, I emplore Thee; Long have I struggled, but to no avail; My strength is spent - I cast myself before Thee, "Help me, my Father, without Thee I fail".

Into the calmness of Thy harbor guide me; Instill a peace and trust within my soul; Amid life's tempest stay Thou o'er beside me, Bring me at last to my heavenly goal.

Trans. by Rev Peter Kowalchuk