



 Tho' the storm and tossing billow seem the only presence near,
 Christ is nearer, on a pillow sleeping by thee – wherefore fear?

3. Wakes the storm? – it is to try thee!
Sleeps the Christ? – 't is for thy sake!
Let thy heart but feel him nigh thee,
lift thy voice – and he'll awake:

4. he'll awake, and wind and ocean soon shall bow before his will, all thy weary heart's emotion hushed before his 'Peace, be still.'

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