Fear Was Within the Tossing Bark

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: ST. FLAVIAN

| d - | d - t, - d - m - | r - r - d - d - |
Fear was within the tossing bark, When

| f - m - d - r - | m - - - - - m - |
stormy winds grew loud; And

| m - f - s - m - | d - r - m - m - |
waves came rolling high and dark, And

| r - d - d - t, - | d - - - - - |
the tall mast was bowed.

The other verses

2 But the wind ceased, — it ceased, — a word
Passed through the gloomy sky;
The troubled billows knew their Lord,
And sank beneath his eye.

3 And slumber settled on the deep,
And silence on the blast;
They sank as flowers that fold to sleep
When sultry day is past.

4 O Thou that in its wildest hour
Didst rule the tempest's mood,
Send now thy Spirit forth in power
O'er our dark souls to brood!

5 Thou that didst bow the billows' pride,
Thy mandate to fulfil,
Speak, speak to passion's raging tide,
Speak, and say, "Peace, be still!"

Melody from the Open Hymnal Project (public domain), edited by Brian J. Dumont; tune ST. FLAVIAN (From Day's Psalter, 1563); words by Felicia Hemans (1793–1835). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.