Lord, Soothe My Anxious, Troubled Soul

Doh is Bb · 4/4 Tune: ALL SAINTS, NEW

| s - | m - - f s - d' - | d' - - t t - d' - |
Lord, soothe my anxious, troubled soul, And

| r' - m' - f' - m' - | r' - - - - - r' - |
bid its doubting cease, Speak

| m' - - r' d' - t - | t - - l l - l - |
to the crested waves that roll, To

| s - d' - t - - d' | d' - - - - - d' - |
sink in quiet peace; And

| d' - d' - t - t - | l - - l l - l - |
bring me to a place of rest, A

| s - s - s - s - | s - - - - - f - |
haven calm and still, Where

| m - - f s - d' - | d' - - t t - d' - |
every soul by sin distressed, May

| m' - r' - d' - t - | d' - - - - - |
dwell secure from ill.

The other verses

2 Ah! Thou wert once, my Blessed Lord,
By surging waters pressed,
But Thou didst speak th' almighty word
And laidst them still at rest;
And 'gainst Thy soul the wrath of sin
Its tempest fury cast,
But Thou didst stand, serene within,
Till all the storm had passed.

3 O Christ, the hiding-place of those
Who face the blinding blast,
And battle with a myriad woes
That sweep in fury past;
Be Thou my comfort and defence,
While storm fiends wildly cry, —
My star of hope when night is dense,
And dangers round me lie.

Tune ALL SAINTS, NEW by Henry Stephen Cutler (1825–1902); words by Traditional Greek; translated by John Brownlie (1857–1925). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.