The Billows Swell the Winds Are High

Doh is Eb · 4/4 Tune: MELCOMBE

| s - | s - f - m - r - | d - l - s - s - |
The billows swell the winds are high, Clouds

| d' - t - l - s - | s - fe - s - m - |
overcast my wintry sky; Out

| m - f - s - m - | r - m - f - f - |
of the depths to thee I call, My

| m - r - s - f - | m - r - d - |
fears are great, my strength is small.

The other verses

2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me through the storm;
Defend me from each threat'ning ill,
Control the waves, say, "Peace, be still!"

3 Amidst the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hope on thee;
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.

4 Dangers of every shape and name
Attend the follow'rs of the Lamb,
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
And leave it to return no more.

5 Though tempest-tossed and half a wreck,
My Savior through the floods I seek;
Let neither winds nor stormy main,
Force back my shattered bark again.

Tune MELCOMBE by Samuel Webbe (1740–1816); words by William Cowper (1731–1800). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.