



But the Sav-iour's power to know, Sanc - ti - fy - ing ev - ery loss.
 Love in-scribed up - on them all— This is hap - pi - ness to me.
 Might I not with rea - son fear I should prove a cast - a - way?
 Tri - als bring me to His feet, Lay me low, and keep me there.




249

If Through Unruffled Seas



Selvin. S.M.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY (1740-1778)
 Alt. by others



Arr. by LOWELL MASON (1792-1872)



1. If through un - ruf - fled seas Calm - ly toward heaven we sail,
 2. But should the surg - es rise, And rest de - lay to come,
 3. Soon shall our doubts and fears All yield to Thy con - trol;
 4. Teach us in ev - ery state, To make Thy will our own,

With grate-ful hearts, O God, to Thee, We'll own the fa - voring gale,
 Blest be the sor - row, kind the storm, Which drives us near - er home,
 Thy ten - der mer - cies shall il - lume The mid - night of the soul,
 And when the joys of sense de - part, To live by faith a - lone,

With grate-ful hearts, O God, to Thee, We'll own the fa - voring gale.
 Blest be the sor - row, kind the storm, Which drives us near - er home.
 Thy ten - der mer - cies shall il - lume The mid - night of the soul.
 And when the joys of sense de - part, To live by faith a - lone.

