

Dear Savior, Stretch Thy Loving Arms

Clifford Smyth, 1910

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1. Dear Sav - ior, stretch Thy lov - ing arms A - bove the storm-y sea, Where, tossed 'mid
2. O as Thou didst on Gal - i - lee The wa - ters calm at will, When tor - rents
3. Be Thou my pi - lot thru the mists And storms that dark - ly rise, As o'er life's
4. No hand but Thine can safe - ly guide The wear - ied mar - in - er; No love but

dark and an - gry waves, The mar - in - er calls to Thee. Up - on that fierce and
raised by e - vil breath The sink - ing - ship did fill: So now in my storm
vast and dan - gerous sea My frail bark - light - ly flies. With Thee my soul se -
Thine can sol - ace bring, O Christ, dear - Com - for - ter! Now trust - ing in Thy

an - gry main My poor weak bark doth ride, O what am I 'mid
sha - ken soul A - wake with strength di - vine, And whis - per "peace" to
- cure - ly rests From e - vil's blight re - stored; And isles of green and
ten - der care We fear no dark un - rest, Life's storms are passed; our

such strong foes With - out Thee by my side?
war - ring winds, And let Thy glor - y shine.
fra - grant seas Bring peace and sweet re - ward.
trou - bled souls Lie pil - lowed on Thy breast.