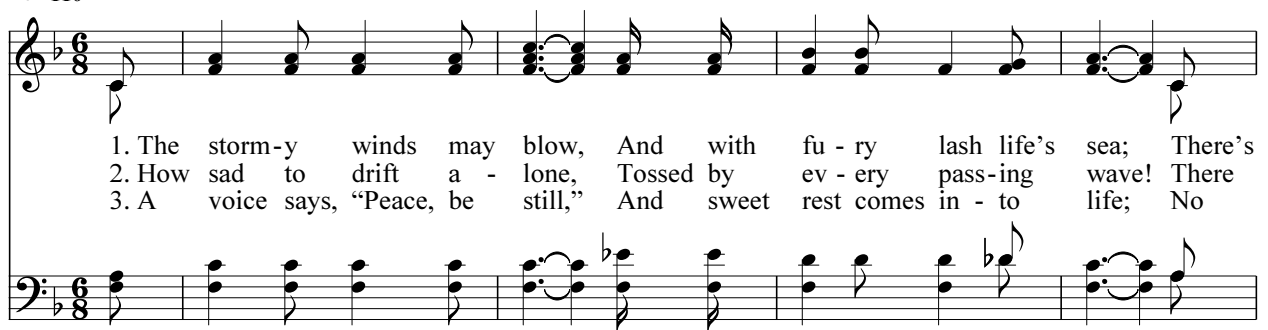


Does Thy Savior Pilot Thee?

William T. Hadley, 1896

William T. Hadley

$\text{♩} = 110$



1. The storm-y winds may blow, And with fu - ry lash life's sea; There's
2. How sad to drift a - lone, Tossed by ev - ery pass-ing wave! There
3. A voice says, "Peace, be still," And sweet rest comes in - to life; No

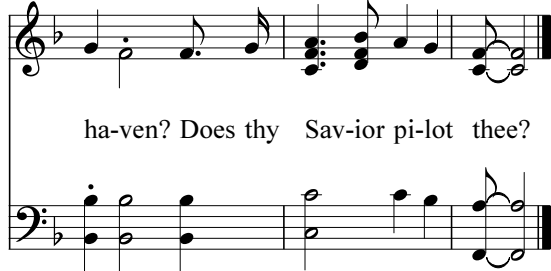
Refrain



peace with-in my soul to - night. For my Sav - ior dwells with me.
is a pi - lot, sin sick soul; Christ a - lone thy bark can save. He will
long - er left to fight a - lone, He will guide thee through the strife.



bring thee peace and com-fort, Sail-or, on a storm-y sea; Do you hope to reach the



ha-ven? Does thy Sav-ior pi-lot thee?