

It Is I

Frederick A. Crafts, 1880

Robert Lowry

♩=100

1. The storm in all its fu - ry Swept dark Gen - nes - a - ret; They
2. And life has days of dark - ness, When thick the storm - clouds lower. When
3. He walks the waves be - side thee, No storm can drive Him thence; He

cried in vain for suc - cor, Till hope's lone star had set; Then Christ came on the
waves dash fierce - ly round thee, And threat - en to de - vour; But still thou need'st not
bids the wa - ters bear thee, His arm is thy de - fense; His face shines on the

wa - ters In an - swer to their cry, And spake in tones of com - fort, "Fear
fal - ter, There's One for - ev - er nigh, Who speaks a - bove the tem - pest, "Fear
bil - lows, Let all thy ter - ror fly; Fear not to trust in Je - sus, He

not, for it is I. Fear not, for it is I."
not, for it is I. Fear not, for it is I."
beck-ons, "It is I," He beck-ons, "It is I."