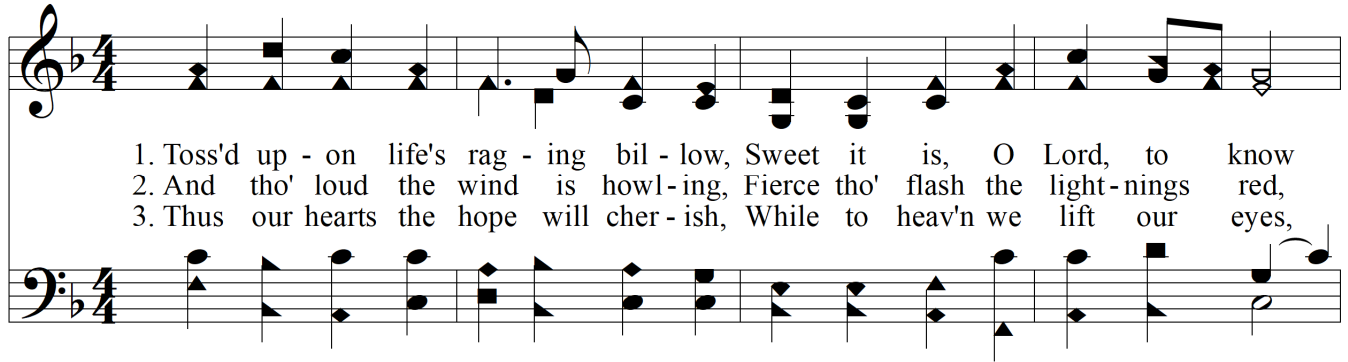
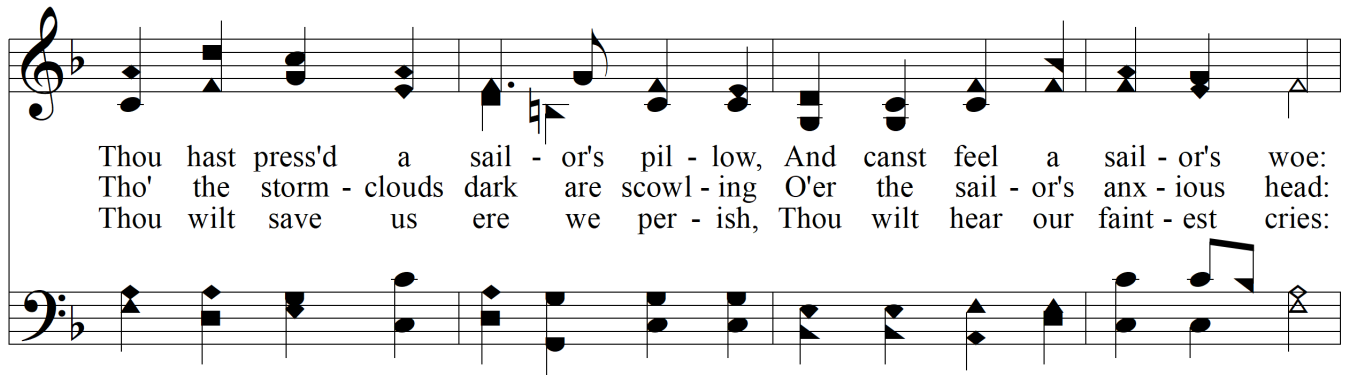


# Tossed Upon Life's Raging Billow

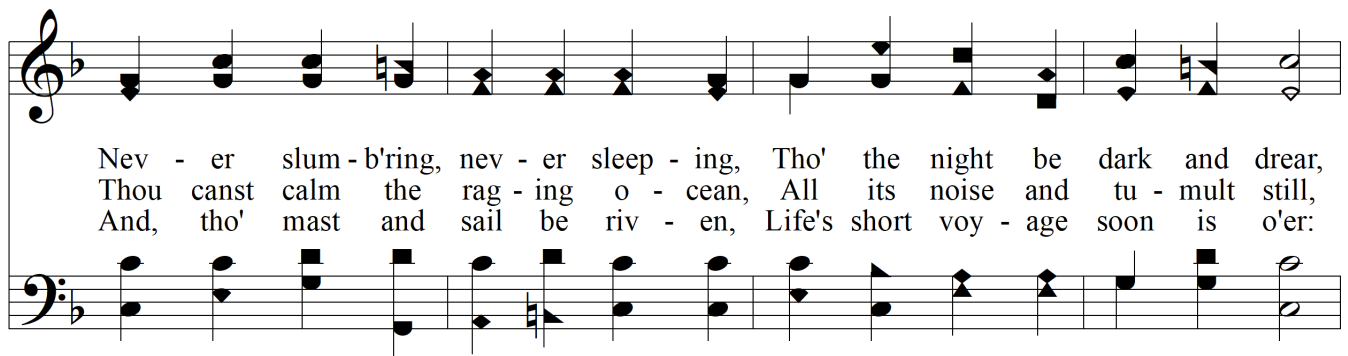
ADMASTON 8s & 7s, D.



1. Toss'd up - on life's rag - ing bil - low, Sweet it is, O Lord, to know  
2. And tho' loud the wind is howl - ing, Fierce tho' flash the light - nings red,  
3. Thus our hearts the hope will cher - ish, While to heav'n we lift our eyes,



Thou hast press'd a sail - or's pil - low, And canst feel a sail - or's woe:  
Tho' the storm - clouds dark are scowl - ing O'er the sail - or's anx - ious head:  
Thou wilt save us ere we per - ish, Thou wilt hear our faint - est cries:



Nev - er slum - b'ring, nev - er sleep - ing, Tho' the night be dark and drear,  
Thou canst calm the rag - ing o - cean, All its noise and tu - mult still,  
And, tho' mast and sail be riv - en, Life's short voy - age soon is o'er:



Thou the faith - ful watch art keep - ing, "All is well!" Thy con - stant cheer.  
Hush the bil - low's wild com - mo - tion, At the bid - ding of Thy will.  
Safe - ly moor'd in heav'n's wide ha - ven, Storms and tem - pests vex no more.