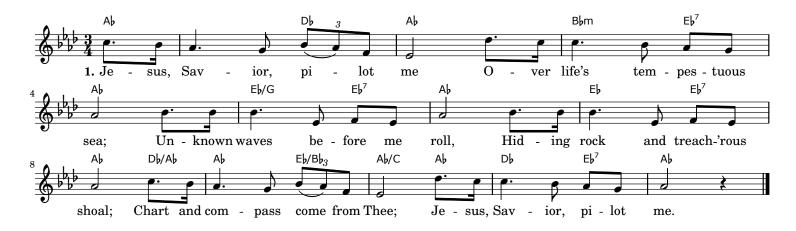
Longings — For Christ's Leading



- 2. As a mother stills her child, Thou canst hush the ocean wild; Boist'rous waves obey Thy will When Thou say'st to them, "Be still." Wondrous Sov'reign of the sea, Jesus, Savior, pilot me.
- 3. Though death's valley I may pass, Still Thy grace will fear surpass; In Thy presence I will rest, And, while leaning on Thy breast, I will hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pilot thee."