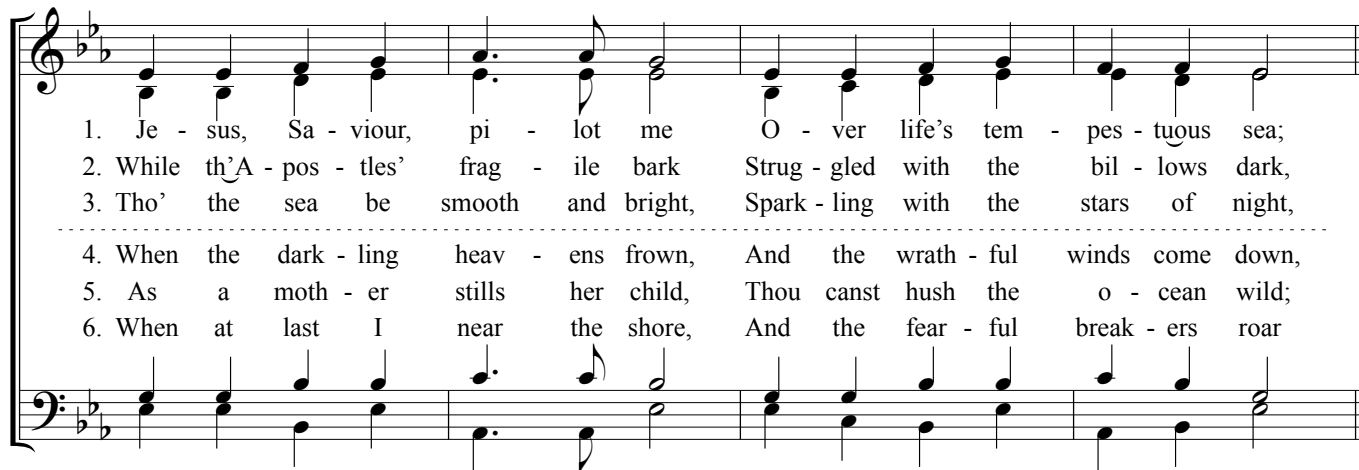


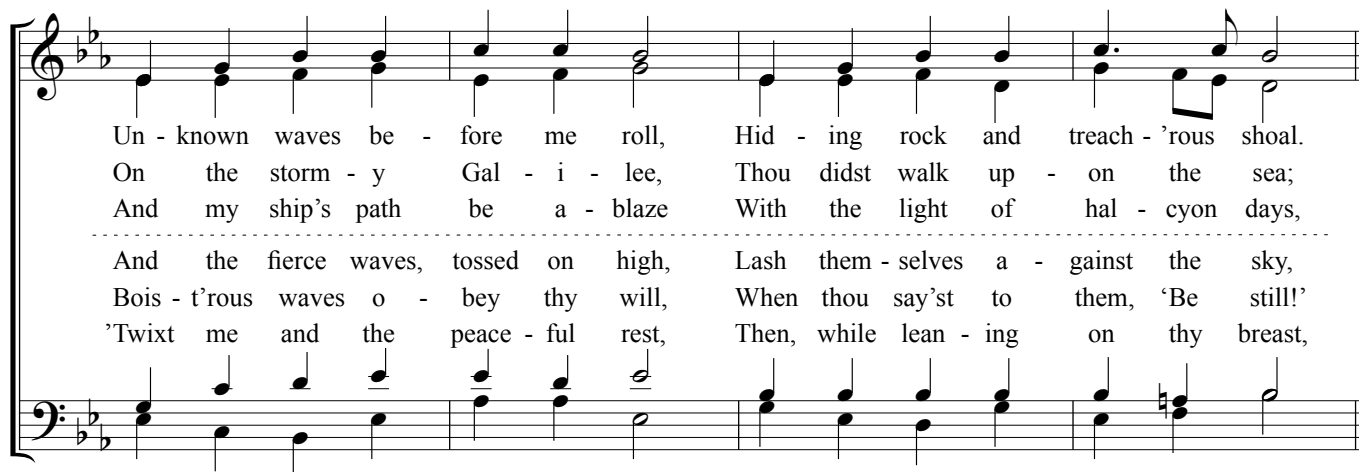
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me

Redbeard



1. Je - sus, Sa - viour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pes - tuous sea;
2. While th'A - pos - tles' frag - ile bark Strug - gled with the bil - lows dark,
3. Tho' the sea be smooth and bright, Spark - ling with the stars of night,

4. When the dark - ling heav - ens frown, And the wrath - ful winds come down,
5. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
6. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break - ers roar



Un - known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach - 'rous shoal.
On the storm - y Gal - i - lee, Thou didst walk up - on the sea;
And my ship's path be a - blaze With the light of hal - cyon days,

And the fierce waves, tossed on high, Lash them - selves a - gainst the sky,
Bois - t'rous waves o - bey thy will, When thou say'st to them, 'Be still!'
'Twixt me and the peace - ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on thy breast,

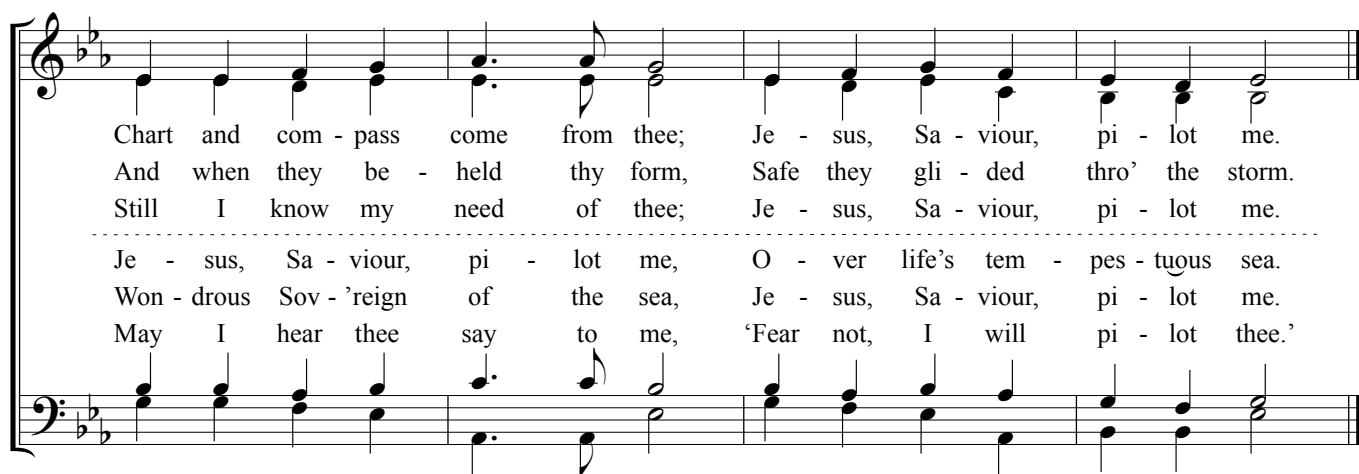


Chart and com - pass come from thee; Je - sus, Sa - viour, pi - lot me.
And when they be - held thy form, Safe they gli - ded thro' the storm.
Still I know my need of thee; Je - sus, Sa - viour, pi - lot me.

Je - sus, Sa - viour, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem - pes - tuous sea.
Won - drous Sov - 'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sa - viour, pi - lot me.
May I hear thee say to me, 'Fear not, I will pi - lot thee.'

TEXT: Edward Hopper (1818–88), 1871

TUNE: *Redhead*, Richard Redhead (1830–1901), 1853