

209. FIERCE AND WILD THE STORM IS RAGING

OKO MALOG BRODA

1. Fierce and wild the storm is rag - ing Round a help - less bark, (help-less bark)

On to doom 'tis swift - ly driv - ing, O'er the wa - ters dark! (waters dark)

Joy, be - hold the Sav - ior, Joy the mes - sage hear,

Joy, O joy, be - hold the Sav - ior, Joy, O joy, the mes - sage hear:

"I'll stand by un - til the morn - ing, I've come to save you, do not fear. Yes,

I'll stand by un - til the morn - ing, I've come to save you, do not fear! (O do not fear!)

2. Weary, helpless, hopeless seamen Fainting on the deck,
With what joy they hail their Savior, As He hails their wreck! Joy, O joy...
3. On a wild and stormy ocean, Sinking 'neath the wave,
Souls that perish heed the message, Christ has come to save! Joy, O joy...
4. Daring death thy soul to rescue, He in love has come,
Leave the wreck and in Him trusting, Thou shalt reach thy home! Joy, O joy...