

Olney Hymns, Book 1, Hymn # 87

John Newton

8,6,8,6

Peter walking upon the water.

Mt 14:28-31

A Word from JESUS calms the sea,
The stormy wind controls;
And gives repose and liberty
To tempest-tossed souls.

To Peter on the waves he came,
And gave him instant peace;
Thus he to me revealed his name,
And bid my sorrows cease.

Then filled with wonder, joy and love,
Peter's request was mine;
LORD, call me down, I long to prove
That I am wholly thine.

Unmoved at all I have to meet
On life's tempestuous sea;
Hard, shall be easy; bitter, sweet,
So I may follow thee.

He heard and smiled, and bid me try,
I eagerly obeyed;
But when from him I turned my eye,
How was my soul dismayed!

The storm increased on every side,
I felt my spirit shrink;
And soon, with Peter, loud I cried,
LORD, save me, or I sink."

Kindly he caught me by the hand,
And said, "Why dost thou fear?
Since thou art come at my command,
And I am always near.

Upon my promise rest thy hope,
And keep my love in view;
I stand engaged to hold thee up,
And guide thee safely through."

Constrained by their LORD to embark,
And venture, without him, to sea;
The season tempestuous and dark,
How grieved the disciples must be!
But though he remained on the shore,
He spent the night for them in prayer;
They still were as safe as before,
And equally under his care.

They strove, though in vain, for a while,
The force of the waves to withstand;
But when they were wearied with toil,
They saw their dear Savior at hand:
They gladly received him on board,
His presence their spirits revived;
The sea became calm at his word,
And soon at their port they arrived.

We, like the disciples, are tossed
By storms, on a perilous deep;
But cannot be possibly lost,
For Jesus has charge of the ship:
Though billows and winds are enraged,
And threaten to make us their sport;
This pilot his word has engaged
To bring us, in safety, to port.

If sometimes we struggle alone,
And he is withdrawn from our view;
It makes us more willing to own,
We nothing, without him, can do:
Then Satan our hopes would assail,
But JESUS is still within call;
And when our poor efforts quite fail,
He comes in good time and does all.

Yet, Lord, we are ready to shrink.
Unless we thy presence perceive;
O save us (we cry) or we sink,
We would, but we cannot believe
The night has been long and severe,
The winds and the seas are still high;
Dear Savior, this moment appear,
And say to our souls, "It is I!"