It is sweet to think when stormy tempests blow
And angry billows threaten to overwhelm
That God is all omnipotent in power
The barge may reel, but God is at the helm
And though the thunder's roll and lightnings play
Yet let not gloomy thoughts at all possess
The darkest night oft brings the brightest day
And harshful hearts a glorious sunrise hail

There's not a sorrow, not a grief or pang
Which He who holds the thunder in his hand
Cannot arrest, or sanctify to man.
All, all must yield to his divine command.

Though tossed upon the ocean's stormiest tide
Whose angry billows threaten to overwhelm
Through all our little barges may safely glide—
Cheer up, faint not—the Lord is at the helm.

Written by my dear Anne Matins and
Promised, A. 1849, during a time of grief.
Mental distress and apprehension.

E.B.