1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem- pes-tu - ous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. 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.
Bois-trous waves o - bey thy will When thou say' st to them, "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace - ful rest, Then, while leaning on thy breast,

Chart and com - pass came from thee; Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
Won-drous Sov' reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
May I hear thee say to me, "Fear not; I will pi - lot thee."

Text: Edward Hopper, 1818–1888
Music: John Edgar Gould, 1822–1875
Mark 4:39–41
Psalm 48:14