

1. Roll on, thou mighty o - cean! And, as thy bil-lows flow, Bear mes-sen-gers of
 2. O thou e - ter - nal Ru - ler, Who holdest in thine arm The tem-pests of the

mer - cy To ev - 'ry land be - low. A - rise, ye gales, and waft them Safe
 o - cean, Pro-protect them from all harm! Thy presence, Lord, be with them, Wher-

to the destined shore; That man may sit in darkness, And death's black shade, no more.
 ev - er they may be; Tho' far from us who love them, Still let them be with thee.