1. Roll on, thou mighty ocean! And, as thy billows flow, bear mes-sen-ger of mercy To every land below. A-rise, ye gales, and wait them Safe to the destined shore. That man may sit in darkness, And death's black shado-w, no more ev-er they may be. Thou be from me who love them, Still let them be with thee.

2. O thou ex-tra-ordi-nary Ra-ther, Who holdest in thine arm The tem-pests of the ocean, I pro-tect them from all harm! Thy presence, Lord, be with them, Where-