

WHOM should we love like Thee,  
Our God, our Guide, our King,  
The tower to which we flee,  
The rock to which we cling?  
O for a worthy tongue to show  
The countless mercies that we owe.

2 The storm upon us fell,  
The floods around us rose;  
The depths of death and hell  
Seemed on our souls to close;  
To God we cried in strong despair,  
He heard, and came to help our prayer.

3 He came, the King of kings,  
He cleaved the darkened sky;  
And on the tempest's wings  
Rode glorious down from high;  
The earth before her Maker shook,  
The mountains quaked at His rebuke.

4 Above the storm He stood,  
And awed it to repose;  
He drew us from the flood,  
And scattered all our foes;  
He set us in a spacious place,  
And there upholds us by His grace.

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