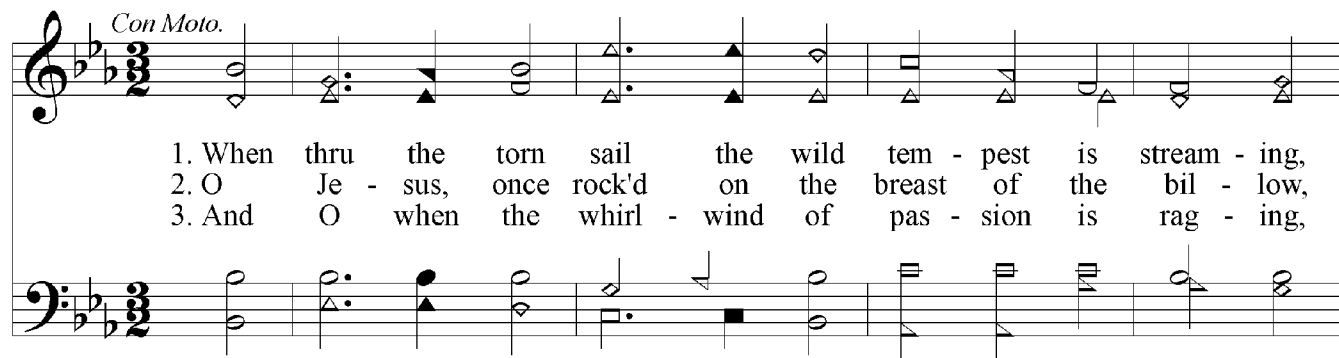


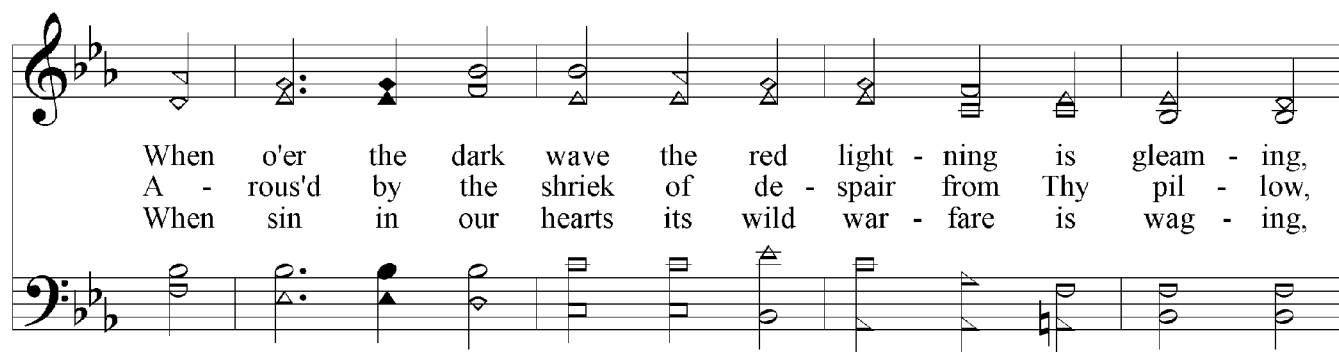
When Through The Torn Sail

HALFORD 12s.

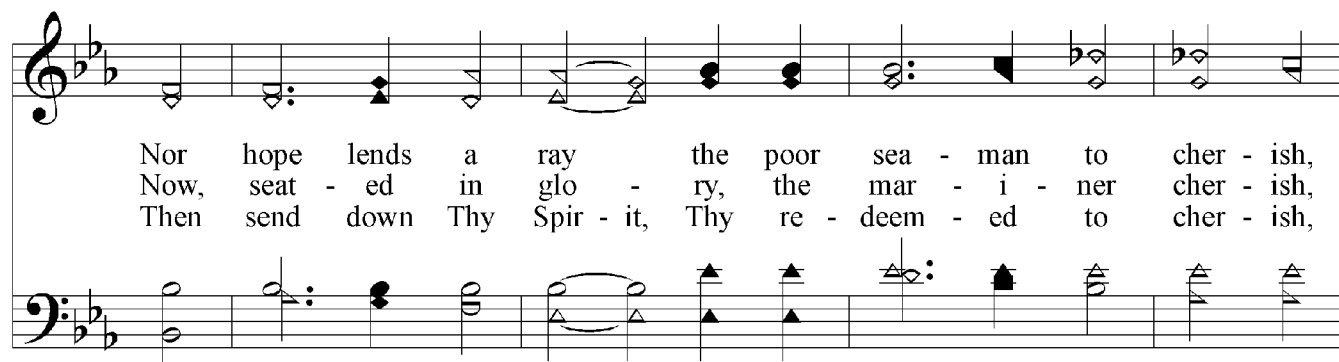
Con Moto.



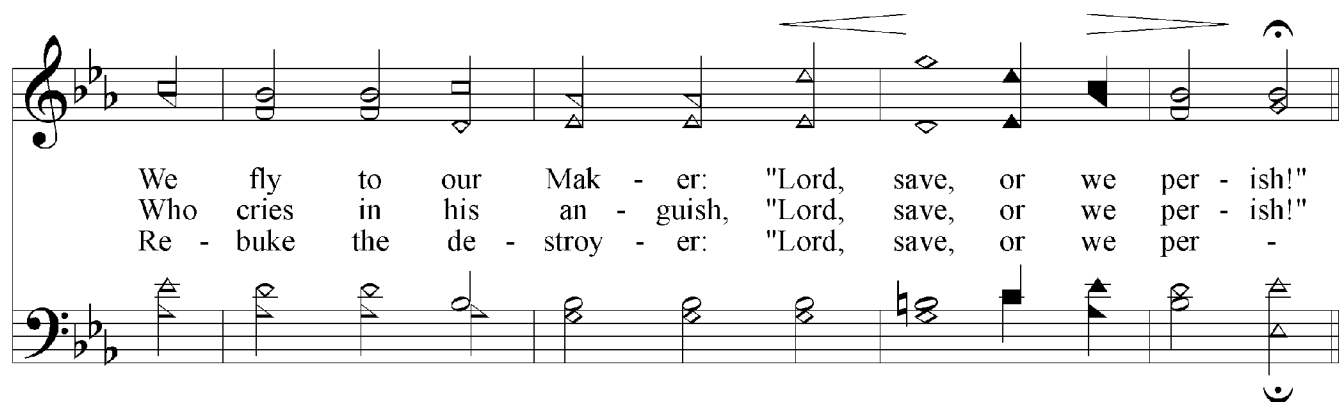
1. When thru the torn sail the wild tem - pest is stream - ing,
2. O Je - sus, once rock'd on the breast of the bil - low,
3. And O when the whirl - wind of pas - sion is rag - ing,



When o'er the dark wave the red light - ning is gleam - ing,
A - rous'd by the shriek of de - spair from Thy pil - low,
When sin in our hearts its wild war - fare is wag - ing,



Nor hope lends a ray the poor sea - man to cher - ish,
Now, seat - ed in glo - ry, the mar - i - ner cher - ish,
Then send down Thy Spir - it, Thy re - deem - ed to cher - ish,



We fly to our Mak - er: "Lord, save, or we per - ish!"
Who cries in his an - guish, "Lord, save, or we per - ish!"
Re - buke the de - stroy - er: "Lord, save, or we per -