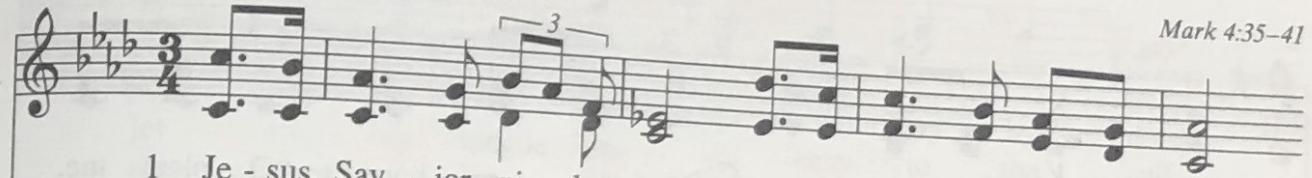


# Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me

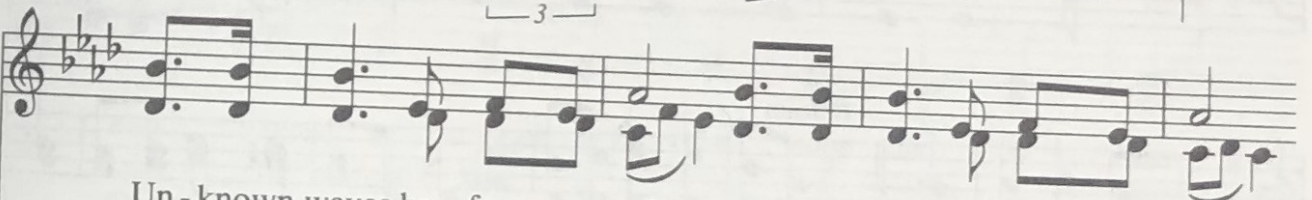
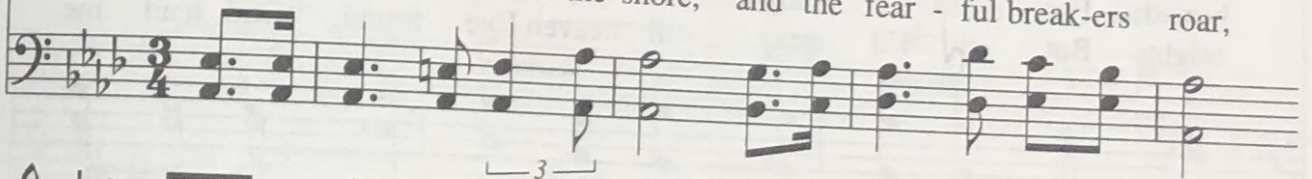
Edward Hopper, 1871; alt.

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Mark 4:35-41



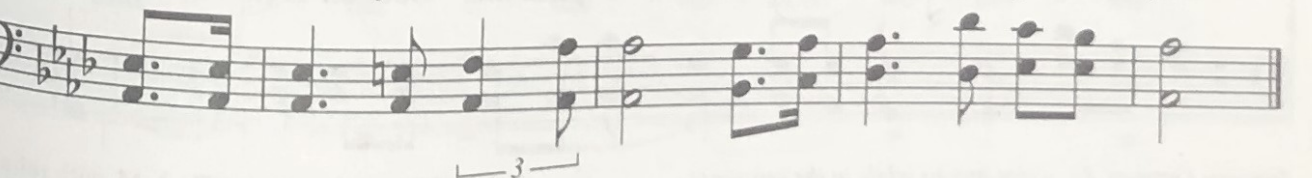
1 Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me o - ver life's tem - pes - tuous sea;  
2 As a moth - er stills her child, you can hush the o - cean wild;  
3 When at last I near the shore, and the fear - ful break - ers roar,



Un - known waves be - fore me roll, hid - ing rock and treach - erous shoal;  
Bois - terous waves o - bey your will when you say to them, "Be still."  
Keep - ing me from peace - ful rest, then, while lean - ing on your breast,



Chart and com - pass ev - er be; Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.  
Won - drous Sov - ereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.  
May I hear your words so true, "Fear not, I will pi - lot you."



Inspired by the many sailors in his congregation in New York City, Edward Hopper wrote these lines. They were first sung for an anniversary service of the American Seamen's Friend Society at Broadway Tabernacle (Congregational).

Tune: PILOT 7.7.7.7.7.  
John E. Gould, 1871