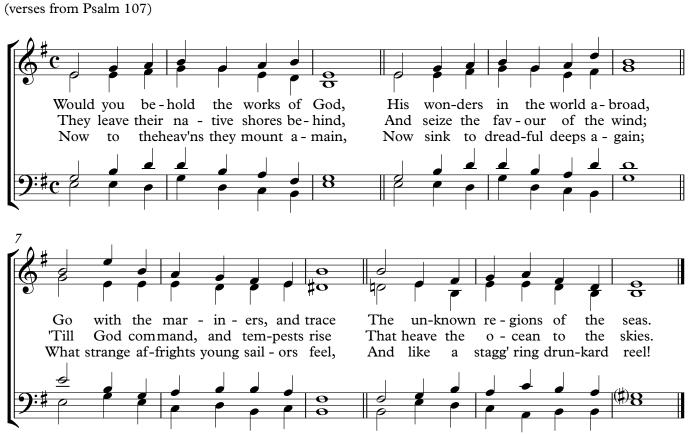
## Footdee





- 4. When land is far, and death is nigh,Lost to all hope, to God they cry;His mercy hears the loud address,And sends salvation in distress.
- 5. He bids the wind their wrath assuage,The furious waves forget their rage;'Tis calm, and sailors smile to seeThe haven where they wished to be.
- 6. O may the sons of men recordThe wondrous goodnesss of the Lord!Let them their private offrings bring,And in the church his glory sing.

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