

A Sea Shanty

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rit.

Now each wave sur - ges high and the
a tempo

4
wind ra - ges by and the boat feels as frail as a twig! Skill and cour - age un-wind as the

8
shore slips be-hind and the storm clouds loom up wild and
rit. big.
1, 2, 3, 4. 5.

2. So now where is the one
who can brighten the sun
and inspire us to find strength within?
He took time out to pray
and sent us on our way,
and our day has turned darker than sin.

3. Will he walk on the waves
to save us from our graves -
surely we are worth more than mere prayer?
Or perhaps he might say
that if we thought to pray
then his presence would steady us there.

4. We'd get out of the boat,
let our feet learn to float,
and we'd walk as though cushioned on air.
Look to him and all's well,
but our fear of the swell
sets us wallowing deep in despair.

5. He gives strength to our arm,
and awareness of calm,
then we find ourselves safe on the deck,
with the sails set to soar,
'til we're safely ashore
having weathered another near wreck.