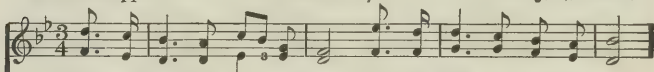


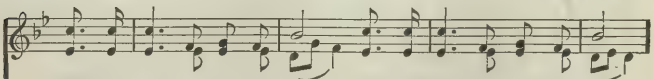
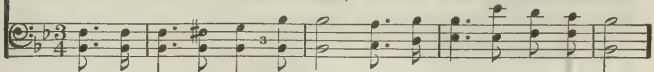
Edward Hopper.

Pilot. 6. 7.

J. E. Gould.



1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pes-tuous sea:
 2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst 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 rocks and treach'rous shoal;
 Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
 'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean-ing on Thy breast,



Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.



Chart and compass come from Thee, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee." A-MEN.

