

The Sermon

Ahab

The ribs and terrors in the whale
Arched over me a dismal doom
While all God's sun-lit waves rolled by
And lift me deepening down to doom

I saw the opening maw of hell
With endless pains and sorrows there
Elich none but they that feel can tell
Oh I was plunging to despair

In black distress
I called my God
When I could scarce believe him mine
He bowed his ears to my complaint
No more the whale did me confine

With speed he flew to my relief
As on a radiant dolphin borne
Awful, yet bright, as lightning shone
The face of my deliverer God

My song forever shall record
That terrible, that joyful hour
I give the glory to my God
His all the mercy and the power