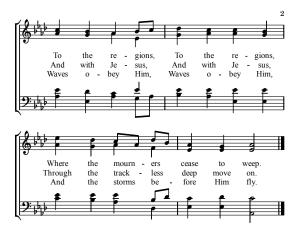
(STANFORD. 8.7.8.7.8.7)

Thomas Kelly (1769-1854)

Anonyme





- 4. Rendered safe by His protection, We shall pass the watery waste, Trusting to His wise direction We shall gain the port at last; And with wonder, And with wonder Think on toils and dangers past.
- 5. Oh, what pleasures there await us! There the tempests cease to roar: There it is that those who hate us Can molest our peace no more: Trouble ceases, Trouble ceases, On that tranquil, happy shore.