

I FEEL THE WINDS OF GOD

KINGSFOLD 8686D

English and Irish traditional melody

arranged by Ralph Vaughan Williams 1872-1958

1 I feel the winds of God to-day; to-day my sail I lift,

though hea-vy oft with drench-ing spray and torn with ma-ny a rift;

if hope but light the wa-ter's crest, and Christ my bark will use,

I'll seek the seas at his be-hest, and brave an-o-ther cruise.

2 It is the wind of God that dries
my vain regretful tears,
until with braver thoughts shall rise
the purer, brighter years;
if cast on shores of selfish ease
or pleasure I should be,
Lord, let me feel thy freshening breeze,
and I'll put back to sea.

3 If ever I forget thy love
and how that love was shown,
lift high the blood-red flag above;
it bears thy name alone.
Great pilot of my onward way,
thou wilt not let me drift.
I feel the winds of God today;
today my sail I lift.