

Troublesome Waters

Iris DeMent

Troublesome waters, much blacker than night,
Are hiding from view, the harbour's bright light.
Tossed on the turmoil of life's troubled sea,
I cried to my Saviour: "Have mercy on me." Then gently I'm feeling the touch of his hand,
Guiding my boat in safely to land.
Leading the way to heaven's bright shore,
Where troublesome waters I'm fearing no more. Troublesome waters around me do roll.
They're rocking my boat and wrecking my soul.
Loved ones are drifting and living in sin:
The treacherous whirlpools are pulling them in. Then gently I'm feeling the touch of his hand,
Guiding my boat in safely to land.
Leading the way to heaven's bright shore,
Where troublesome waters I'm fearing no more. When troublesome waters are rolling so high,
I lift up my voice and to heaven, I cry:
"Lord, I am trusting. Give guidance to me,
"And steady my boat on life's troubled sea." Then gently I'm feeling the touch of his hand,
Guiding my boat in safely to land.
Leading the way to heaven's bright shore,
Where troublesome waters I'm fearing no more.

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