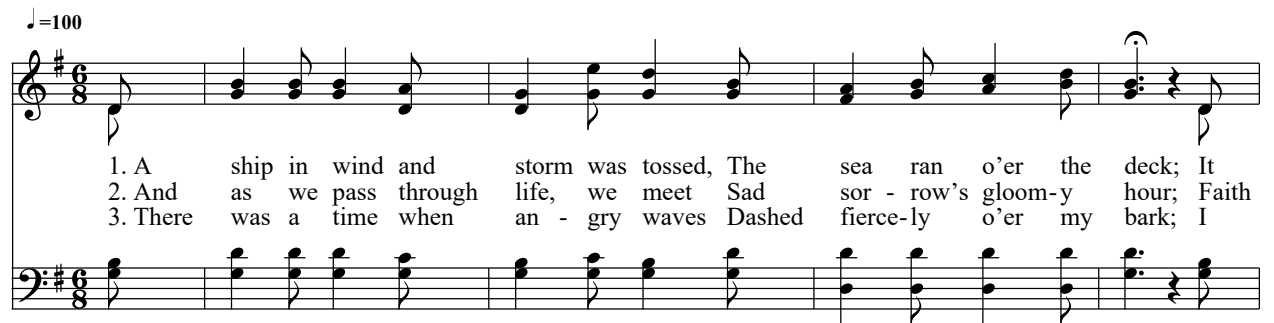


Father Is at the Wheel

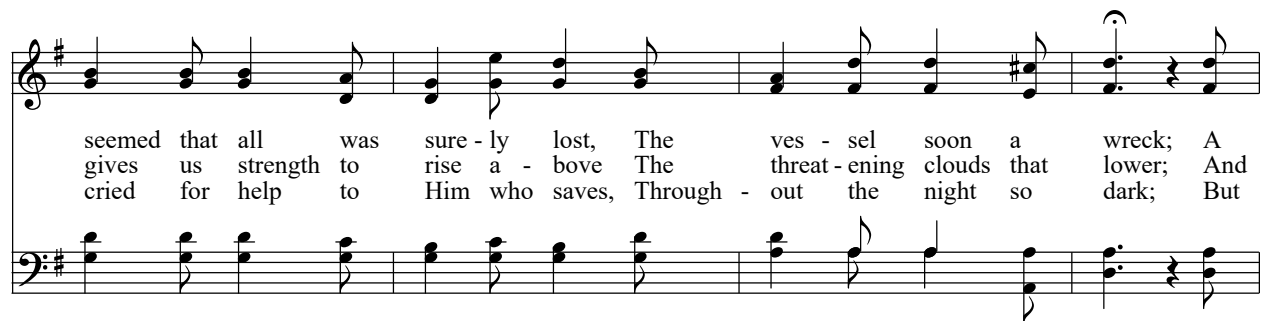
J. W. Stockton, 1876

J. W. Stockton

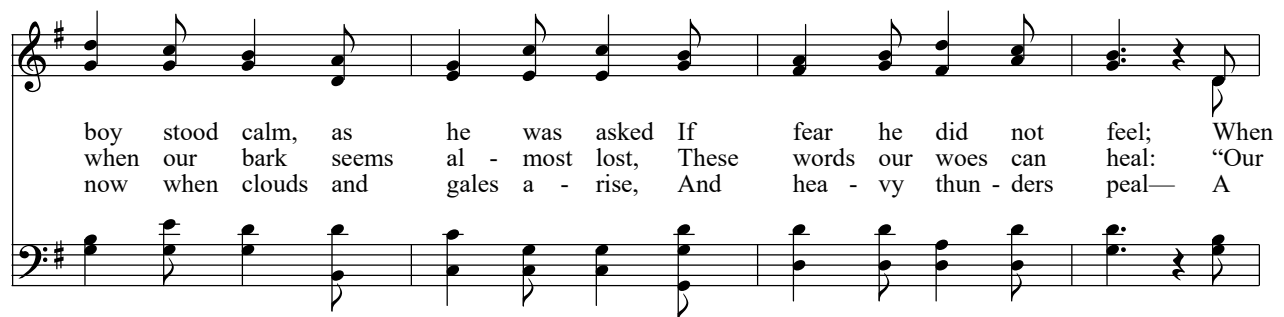
$\text{♩} = 100$



1. A ship in wind and storm was tossed, The sea ran o'er the deck; It
2. And as we pass through life, we meet Sad sor-row's gloom-y hour; Faith
3. There was a time when an-gry waves Dashed fierce-ly o'er my bark; I



seemed that all was sure-ly lost, The ves-sel soon a wreck; A
gives us strength to rise a-bove The threat-ening clouds that lower; And
cried for help to Him who saves, Through-out the night so dark; But

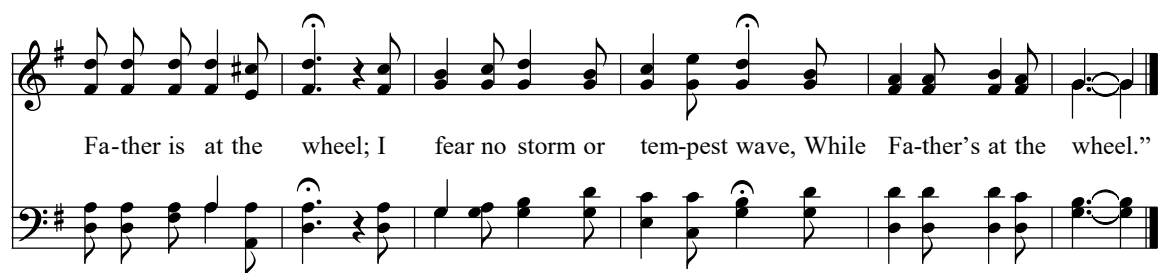


boy stood calm, as he was asked If fear he did not feel; When
when our bark seems al-most lost, These words our woes can heal: "Our
now when clouds and gales a-rise, And hea-vy thun-ders peal— A

Refrain



straight-way came the an-swer bold, "My Fa-ther's at the wheel."
ship is safe, though tem-pest tossed, While Fa-ther's at the wheel." Fa-ther is at the wheel,
calm per-vades my trust-ing heart, While Fa-ther's at the wheel.



Fa-ther is at the wheel; I fear no storm or tem-pest wave, While Fa-ther's at the wheel."