

## 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