

- 3a Most Holy Spirit, who didst brood Upon the chaos dark and rude, And bid its angry tumult cease, And give, for wild confusion, peace: O hear us when we cry to Thee For those in peril on the sea.
- 4 O Trinity of love and pow'r, Our people shield in danger's hour; From rock and tempest, fire and foe, Protect them wheresoe'er they go; Thus evermore shall rise to Thee Glad praise from air and land and sea.

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