

The Gallant Ship Is under Way

1. The gal - lant ship is un - der way, To bear me off to sea,
 2. I go but not to plough the main To ease a rest - less mind,
 3. I go to break the fow - ler's snare, To ga - ther Is - rael home;
 4. I go an er - ring child of dust, Ten thou - sand foes, a - mong;
 5. I go de - vo - ted to his cause, And to his will re - signed;
 6. I go be - cause my mas - ter calls; He's made my du - ty plain—

And yon - der float - ing strea - mers play, That say she waits for me.
 Nor do I toil on bat - tle's plain The vic - tor's wreath to twine.
 I go the name of Christ to bear In lands and isles un - known.
 Yet on His mighty arm I trust That makes the fee - ble strong—
 His pre - sence will sup - ply the loss Of all I leave be - hind.
 No dan - ger can the heart ap - pal When Je - sus stoops to reign!

The sea - men dip their rea - dy oar, As eb - bing waves oft tell—
 'Tis not for treas - ures that are hid In moun - tain or in dell!
 And when my pil - grim feet shall tread On land where dark - ness dwells,
 My sun, my shield for - e - ver nigh, He will my fears dis - pel:
 His pro - mise cheers the sink - ing heart, And lights the dark - est cell,
 And now the ves - sel's side we've made, The sails their bo - soms swell;

They bear me swift - ly from the shore: My na - tive land, fare - well.
 'Tis not for joys like these I bid My na - tive land, fare - well.
 Where light and truth have long since fled My na - tive land, fare - well.
 This hope sup - ports me when I sigh— My na - tive land, fare - well.
 To ex - iled pil - grims grace im - parts— My na - tive land, fare - well.
 Thy beau - ties in the dis - tance fade— My na - tive land, fare - well.

Text: William Wines Phelps (1792–1872), 1835

Music: Unknown, 1844

Tune Name: Farewell

Melody and Lyrics Source: A Collection of Sacred Hymns, 1844 (no. 3)

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