

# 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 migh-ty 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)

*Parts Source:* The Latter Day Saints Psalmody, 1889 (no. 166)