



# The Gallant Ship

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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 the strea - mers gay, 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.

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