

The Gallant Ship

William W. Phelps

The gal - lant ship is un - der - way - to bear me off to sea. And
I go but not to plough the main to ease a rest - less mind. Nor
I go be - cause my mas - ter calls; He's made my du - ty plain. No
I go de - vot - ed to His cause and to His will re - signed. His

yon - der float the stream - ers gay that say she waits for me. The
do I toil on bat - tles' plain, the vic - tor's wreath to twine. 'Tis
dan - ger can the heart a - ppall when Je - sus stoops to reign. My
pres - ence will sup - ply the loss of all I leave be - hind. And

sea - men dip their rea - dy oar, As eb - bing waves oft tell Thy
not for trea - sures that are hid in moun - tain or in dell! 'Tis
sun, my shield, for ev - er nigh; He will my fears dis - pel. This
now the ves - sel's side we've made, the sails their bos - oms swell. Thy

14

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bear me swift - ly from the shore, my na - tive land, fare well!
not for joys like these I bid, my na - tive land, fare well!
hope sup - ports me when I sigh, my na - tive land, fare well.
beau - ties in the dis - tance fade, my na - tive land, fare well!
I well!
I well!
I well!