

The Gallant Ship Is Under Way

William W. Phelps (LDS)

quoted here from the 1835 Kirtland Hymnal

1. The gallant ship is under way,
To bear me off to sea,
And yonder float the streamers gay,
That say she waits for me.
The seamen dip their ready oar,
As ebbing waves oft tell -
They bear me swiftly from the shore:
My native land farewell.

2. I go but not to plough the main
To ease a restless mind,
Nor do I toil on battle's plain
The victor's wreath to twine.
'Tis not for treasures that are hid
In mountain or in dell!
'Tis not for joys like these I bid
My native land farewell.

3. I go to break the fowler's snare,
To gather Israel home:
I go the name of Christ to bear
In lands and isles unknown.
And when my pilgrim feet shall tread
On land where darkness dwells,
Where light and truth have long since fled
My native land farewell.

4. I go an erring child of dust,
Ten thousand foes among;
Yet on His mighty arm I trust
That makes the feeble strong -
My sun, my shield, forever nigh
He will my fears dispel:
This hope supports me when I sigh -
My native land farewell.

5. I go devoted to his cause,
And to his will resign'd;
His presence will supply the loss
Of all I leave behind.
His promise cheers the sinking heart,
And lights the darkest cell,
To exil'd pilgrims grace imparts -
My native land farewell.

6. I go because my master calls;
He's made my duty plain -
No danger can the heart appal
When Jesus stoops to reign!
And now the vessel's side we've made;
The sails their bosoms swell:
Thy beauties in the distance fade -
My native land farewell.