Sailing into Port
Words and Music: Philip Bliss, 1871.

Sailor, though the darkness gathers,
Though the cold waves surge and moan,
Trust thy bark to God's great mercy,
Falter not; sail on, sail on.

Refrain

Sailing into port, what matter,
Drooping sail or shattered mast?
Glory, glory fills the harbor,
There we'll anchor safe at last.

Sailor, though with streamers flying,
Yonder proud ship mounts the foam,
And with bands of music playing,
Gains the port and welcome home.

Refrain

Sailor, though the lightning flashes,
Though thy sails be rent and torn,
Peace shall come on Hope's bright pinions,
And deliverance with the morn.

Refrain