

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Heaven-Bound Mariner

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What vessel are you sailing in? Pray tell to me its name.
Our vessel is the Ark of God, and Christ our Captain's name.

CHO: Then hoist your sail to catch the gale, each sailor ply his oar.
The night begins to wear away, we soon shall reach the shore.

And what's the port you're sailing to, declare to me straightway.
The new Jerusalem's the port, in realms of endless day.

Our compass is the Sacred Word, our anchor, blooming Hope.
The love of God the main topsail, and faith our cable rope.

And are you not afraid some storm, your bark will overwhelm?
We do not fear, the Lord is here, our Father's at the helm.

We've looked astern, through many a storm, the Lord has brought us through.
We're looking now ahead, and lo, the land appears in view.

The sun is up; the clouds are gone, the heavens above are clear
A city bright appears in sight, we soon shall round the pier.

And when we all are landed safe, on that bright Canaan land,
Our song shall be, we're home at last, we've reached our journey's end.

LAST CHO:

There's no more gale for to hoist your sail, no need to ply your oar
The night has finally wore away, and we have reached the shore.

- arr. WJ Kirkpatrick, 1891

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