

O Lord, Be with Us When We Sail
Edward Dayman, 1865.
Scottish Psalter, 1615.

O Lord, be with us when we sail
Upon the lonely deep,
Our guard, when on the silent deck
The midnight watch we keep.

We need not fear, though all around
'Mid rising winds we hear
The multitude of waters surge;
For Thou, O God, art near.

The calm, the breeze, the gale, the storm,
That pass from land to land,
All, all are Thine, are held within
The hollow of Thy hand.

If duty calls from threatened strife
To guard our native shore,
And shot and shell are answering
The booming cannon's roar,

Be Thou the mainguard of our host,
Till war and dangers cease;
Defend the right, put up the sword,
And through the world make peace.

Across this troubled tide of life
Thyself our pilot be,
Until we reach that better land,
The land that knows no sea.

To Thee the Father, Thee the Son,
Whom earth and sky adore,
And Spirit moving on the deep,
Be praise forevermore.