

H Y M N

"The Voyage of Life."

✻ By ✻

The Rev. JAMES POTTINGER, Glebe.
Congregational Minister of Neating and Tingwall, 1854-95.

AS I sail on the Sea of Life
And Storms encompass me
With Rocks and Quicksands all around
Jesus remember me.

I dread the shores of unbelief
To leeward they do lie,
The current of corruption strong,
I must to Jesus fly.

When tempests toss my crazy bark
On Ocean's angry foam
It makes me look with eager eyes
And wish that I was Home.

When Sinai's thunders loudly roar
As if they rent the sky
It fills my soul with gloomy fears
To Jesus I must fly.

Sometimes my night is long and dark
I know not where to go
How near to danger I may be
Is more than I can know.

Sometimes my Soul doth get becalmed
And motionless I lie,
I get no nearer then to God
Or fitter for the Sky.

These sudden and deceitful calms
They always frighten me
As harbingers of sudden storms—
Jesus I look to Thee.

At other times my Sky is clear
My Sun it shines so bright,
Propitious breezes fill my Sail
And all with me is right.

Jesus is Captain to my Soul
He'll guide me with His eye,
His presence now is sweet to me,
What will it be on high?

He navigates my precious Soul
Across the stormy sea,
My latitude I always know
When I see Calvary.

The breeze is fair, my sea is smooth
Blow, Heavenly breezes, blow,
Wait me along, ye gales of peace,
While I am here below.

The breezes of redeeming love,
Oh, they are sweet to me!
I breathe a pure and healthy air
In sight of Calvary.

Methinks I see the Heavenly hills
Their summits are so high,
The breeze is fair, my cordage good,
No cloud is on my Sky.

To sail beneath a cloudless sky
With Heaven in my view
Is sweeter than my tongue can tell
My Soul revived anew.

With wonder lest I look astern
What dangers I have passed,
I look ahead with hope and joy,
I shall be saved at last.

Jesus is Pilot to my Soul
I hope He'll with me stay,
If He withdraws His presence now
I'd be a castaway.

But He will not forsake me now
So near the Eternal Shore
I wish to put my trust in Him
And never grieve Him more.

And when I cross the stream of Death
The last I have to do,
Oh! let my Sky be clear and bright
And Heaven in my view.

Abundant entrance into Port
Beneath a cloudless Sky,
Oh Jesus, Thou wilt take the Helm
It is my earnest cry.

And when my bark is safely moored
How happy I shall be,
To find myself where Jesus is
Through all Eternity.