

August 2019

# The Sailor's Hymn

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## Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "The Sailor's Hymn" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 1012.  
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# The Sailor's Hymn



COMPOSED by two **Sailors**; Cast away on a Desert Island, in the South Sea

**Y**OU sons of the main that sail over the flood  
Whose sins large as mountains have reach'd  
up to God,

Remember the short voyage of life will soon end,  
So now brother sailors make Jesus your friend.

Look astern on your life—see your way mark'd  
with sin,

Look a-head see what danger your soul it is in,  
And the hard rocks of death beat fast on your keel;  
Then your vessel and cargo will sink into hell.

Lay by your old compass it will do you no good,  
It will never direct you the right way to God,  
Mind your helm, brother sailor, & don't fall asleep,  
Watch & pray, night & day, lest you sink in the deep.

Spring your luff, brother sailors, the breeze is now  
fair, (you'll clear,

Trim your sails to the windward less torments  
Your guiding star Jesus keep full in your view,  
And you'll weather all dangers—he he will guide  
you safe through.

Denounce your old captian, the devil straightway,  
Or the crew that you sail with will lead you astray,  
Desert the black colours cross on to the red,  
Where Jesus is captain to conquest he'll lead.

Your standard's unfurl'd that waves through the air,  
And volunteers are coming, from far off and near,  
Now's your time brother sailors, no longer delay,  
Embark now with Jesus, good wages he'll pay.

The bounty he will give you when your voyage does  
begin, (from sin  
He will forgive your transgressions, & cleanse you  
Good usage he will give you while you sail on  
your way,

And shortly you will anchor in heaven's board bay,  
Your tarpauling jackets no longer you will wear,  
But robes dipt in heaven all clean white and fair;  
And a crown on your head that will appear like the  
And from glory to glory eternal will run. (sun,

In the harbour of glory for ever you will ride,  
Free from all dangers and sins wrapp'd with tide,  
Waves of death seem to roll but the the tempest  
is o'er. (more.

And the hoarse breath of Boreas dismast thee n

J Catnach, Printer, 12, Monmouth-court,  
Bloomsbury