

## *Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me*

January 2012 - Hymn of the Month



This hymn, also known as "The Sailor's Hymn," has been a favorite of many Christians for over a hundred years. The timeless simple analogy of life as a sea voyage is easy for all to relate to. The text was written by Edward Hopper and published in 1871, the most familiar version set to music composed by John Edgar Gould.

Edward Hopper was born in New York City in 1816 or 1818 and ordained a Presbyterian minister in 1842. He pastored for a time at the *Church of the Land and the Sea* in New York City, where he met and ministered to sailors from around the world. This experience undoubtedly gave him perspective for the setting of the poem.

John Edgar Gould was born in Bangor, Maine in 1821 or 1822 and managed music stores in New York City and Philadelphia. He was a music conductor and composer and compiled several books of sacred and secular songs. He composed the music for "Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me" while suffering from illness. Shortly thereafter he sailed to Africa, hoping to improve his health. He died there four years later (1875).

There were reportedly six verses written, although only three are commonly sung today.

Jesus, Savior, pilot me  
Over life's tempestuous sea;  
Unknown waves before me roll,  
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal.  
Chart and compass came from thee:  
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

While the Apostles' fragile bark  
Struggled with the billows dark,  
On the stormy Galilee,  
Thou didst walk upon the sea;  
And when they beheld Thy form,  
Safe they glided through the storm.

Though the sea be smooth and bright,  
Sparkling with the stars of night,  
And my ship's path be ablaze  
With the light of halcyon days,  
Still I know my need of Thee;  
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

When the darkling heavens frown,  
And the wrathful winds come down,  
And the fierce waves, tossed on high,  
Lash themselves against the sky,  
Jesus, Savior, pilot me,  
Over life's tempestuous sea.

As a mother stills her child,  
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;  
Boisterous waves obey Thy will



When Thou sayest to them, "Be still!"  
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,  
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

When at last I near the shore,  
And the fearful breakers roar  
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,  
Then, while leaning on thy breast,  
May I hear Thee say to me,  
"Fear not: I will pilot thee."



Information in this article came from:

<http://www.cyberhymnal.org/htm/j/s/jspilotm.htm>

[http://bereanbibleheritage.org/extraordinary/gould\\_john.php](http://bereanbibleheritage.org/extraordinary/gould_john.php)