

Look a-stern on your life see
Your way mark'd with sin ;
Look a-head see what torments
You'll soon founder in ;
The hard rock of death will
Soon beat out your keel ;
Your vessel and cargo
Will all sink to hell.

Lay by your old compass,
'Twill do you no good,
It ne'er will direct you
The right way to God ;
Mind your helm brother sailor
And don't fall asleep,
Pray and watch night and day lest
You sink in the deep.

Spring aloft brother sailor
The breeze now is fair ;
Trim your sails to the wind and
Those torments you'll clear ;
Your leading star Jesus
Keep full in your view,
And you'll weather the dangers,
He'll guide you safe through.

Remember th' old captain
The devil straightway,
The crew that you sail'd with