

Life's Rudder

"NEPTUNE, mighty god of ocean!
Thine the pow'r for good or ill;
Thou canst save or thou canst sink me,
I the plaything of thy will.
Should I live to steer my vessel,
Or to hope soon bid adieu,
Still, no matter what may happen,
I shall keep my rudder true!"

Thus, these words were bravely spoken
By the pilot at the mast,
While the ship was wildly tossing,
Like a feather on the blast.
But this happened, I must tell you,
Many hundred years ago;
Still, like stars, those words are shining,
Guiding mariners below!