

Pilot Me

Lelia Naylor Morris, 1905

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$\text{♩} = 83$

1. On the o - cean of life we are sail - ing, For the Ca - naan a -
2. For He knows where the dan - gers are lurk - ing, Where the rocks and the
3. Soon the ha - ven our bark will be near - ing, The Je - ru - sa - lem

- bove we are bound; We are cer - tain the port to be gain - ing, Since the
hid - den reefs lie; We are safe tho' the bil - lows are break - ing, And the
gold - en and fair; Soon the lights of the ci - ty ap - pear - ing, Soon the

Refrain

hea - ven - ly Pi - lot we've found.
hun - gry waves dash mount - ains high. Pi - lot me, pi - lot me;
home of the ran - somed we'll share. O Sav - ior, pi - lot, pi - lot me;

Take the helm in Thine own hand, Bring my sink - ing bark to land; Pi - lot me,
Pi - lot me, pi - lot me,

pi - lot me; Pi - lot me.
Sav - ior, pi - lot me, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot ev - en me.