

The Harbor Bell

Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Mt. 11:28

1. Our life is like a storm-y sea Swept by the gales of sin and grief, While on the
2. Oh, let us now the call o - bey, And steer our bark for yon - der shore, Where still that
3. O tempt-ed one, look up, be strong; The prom-ise of the Lord is sure, That they shall
4. Come, gra-cious Lord, and in Thy love Con-duct us o'er life's storm-y wave; Oh, guide us

wind-ward and the lee Hang heav - y clouds of un - be - lief; But o'er the deep a call we hear,
voice di - rects the way, In plead-ing tones for - ev - er - more; A thou-sand life wrecks strew the sea;
sing the vic-tor's song, Who faith - ful to the end en - dure; God's Ho - ly Spir - it comes to thee,
to the home a - bove; The bliss - ful home be-yond the grave; There, safe from rock, and storm, and flood,

Like har-bor bell's in - vit - ing voice; It tells the lost that hope is near, And bids the
They're go - ing down at eve - ry swell; "Come un - to Me, come un - to Me," Rings out th'as -
Of His a - bid - ing love to tell; To bliss - ful port, o'er storm - y sea, Calls Heav'n's in -
Our song of praise shall nev - er cease, To Him who bought us with His blood, And brought us

Refrain

trem-bling soul re-joice.
sur - ing har-bor bell. This way, this way, O heart op-pressed, So long by storm and tem-pest driv'n;
vit - ing har-bor bell.
to the port of peace.

This way, this way, lo, here is rest, Rings out the har - bor bell of Heav'n.