

The Harbor Bell

John Henry Yates, 1891

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$\text{♩} = 90$

1. Our life is like a storm-y sea Swept by the gales of sin and grief, While on the
2. O 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; O guide us

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

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

Refrain

trem - bling soul re - jice.
- assur - ing har - bor bell. This way, this way, O heart op - pressed, So long by storm and tem-pest
vit - ing har - bor bell.
to the port of peace.

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