

# 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  
2. O let us now the call o - bey, And steer our bark for yon - der  
3. O tempt-ed one, look up, be strong; The prom-ise of the Lord is  
4. Come, gra - cious Lord, and in Thy love Con - duct us o'er life's storm-y

grief, While on the wind-ward and the lee Hang heav - y clouds of un - be-  
shore, Where still that voice di - rects the way, In plead-ing tones for-ev - er-  
sure, That they shall sing the vic - tor's song, Who faith - ful to the end en-  
wave; O guide us to the home a - bove, The bliss - ful home be - yond the

- lief; But o'er the deep a call we hear, Like har - bor bell's in - vit - ing  
- more; A thou-sand life wrecks strew the sea; They're go - ing down at ev - ery  
- dure; God's Ho - ly Spir - it comes to thee, Of His a - bid - ing love to  
grave; There safe from rock, and storm, and flood, Our song of praise shall nev - er

voice; It tells the lost that hope is near, And bids the trem-bling soul re-  
swell; "Come un - to Me, come un - to Me," Rings out th' assur-ing har - bor  
tell; To bliss-ful port, o'er storm-y sea, Calls Heav'n's in - vit - ing har - bor  
cease, To Him Who bought us with His blood, And brought us to the port of

*Refrain*

- joice.  
bell.  
bell.  
peace.

This way, this way, O heart op - pressed, So long by storm and tem-pest



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

