

# Heaven's Harbor

A. V. Wark, 1895

Edwin Othello Excell

♩ = 98

1. In youth's glad hour, when all is light, There seems no cloud, there seems no  
2. In man - hood's prime when cares of life Bear on our bark with cease - less  
3. The years speed on, our bark grows old, The bil - lows would its form en-

night; Our bark of life doth smooth-ly glide, So soft - ly flows the peace-ful  
strife, Tossed to and fro, no star to guide, Our bark is drift - ing with the  
- fold; 'Neath load of sin 'tis sink - ing fast, A wreck up-on the shore be

tide. Hark, hark, a voice comes o'er the sea, In lov - ing tones it  
tide. Hark, hark, that voice a - gain I hear, A - bove the storm rings  
cast. Hark, hark, that voice once more I hear, "O come to Me, you

speaks to thee; It tells of rocks and dan - gerous shoals, And  
sweet and clear, "O soul, fear not," I hear it say; "Trust  
need not fear; Trust not to self, leave all to Me, I'll

*Refrain*

speaks of wrecked and ru - ined souls.  
 thou in Me, I am the Way.” Cast an-chor ere it be too late; The  
 guide thy bark thro’ life’s rough sea.”

e - cho comes from Hea - ven’s gate, “O soul, de - lay not, heed the call, Christ

is the har-bor safe for all, Yes, safe for all.”