

The Harbor Bell

John H. Yates

"We were nearing a dangerous coast, and night was drawing near; suddenly a heavy fog settled down upon us; no lights had been sighted, the pilot seemed anxious and troubled, not knowing how soon we might be dashed to pieces on the hidden rocks along the shore; The whistle was blown loud and long, but no response was heard; the Captain ordered the engines to be stopped and for some time we drifted about on the waves; Suddenly the pilot cried, -- Hark! and far away in the distance, we heard the welcome tones of the Harbor bell, which seemed to say, This way, -- This way, -- Again the engines were started, and, guided by the welcome sound, we entered the port in safety."

Ira D. Sankey

The musical score is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of a melody line (treble clef) and a bass line (bass clef). The melody line includes measure numbers 1 through 11. The lyrics are written below the melody line, with some words aligned under the bass line for better readability.

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 temp - ted 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 hea - vy 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 - 'ry
 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

12 mel. 13 14 15 16

voice; It tells the lost that hope is near, And bids the trem-bling soul re-joice.
 swell; "Come un - to me," "Come un - to me," Rings out th'as - sur - ing Har-bor bell.
 tell; To bliss-ful port, o'er storm - y sea, Calls heav'ns in - vit - ing Har-bor bell.
 cease, To Him who bought us with His blood, And brought us to the Port of Peace.

17 mel. 18 19 20 21

This way, this way, O heart op - press'd So long by storm and tem - pest driv'n;

22 23 24 25 26

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