The Ships Glide in at the Harbor’s Mouth

DEO GRATIAS

1. The ships glide in at the harbor’s mouth, And the ships sail out to sea,
   And the wind that sweeps from the sunny south Is sweet as sweet can be.
   There’s a world of toil and a world of pains, And a world of trouble and care,
   But O in a world where our Father reigns, There is gladness ev’rywhere!

2. The harvest waves in the breezy morn, And the men go forth to reap;
   The fullness comes to the tasseled corn,— Whether we wake or sleep.
   And far on the hills by feet untrod There are blossoms that scent the air,
   For O in this world of our Father, God, There is beauty ev’rywhere! Amen.

Words: Margaret E. Sangster, 1893
Music: A. B. Ponsonby, 1913