

The Ships Glide in at the Harbor's Mouth

Margaret Elizabeth Munson Sangster, 1893

Grace Wilbur Conant, 1913

♩ = 95



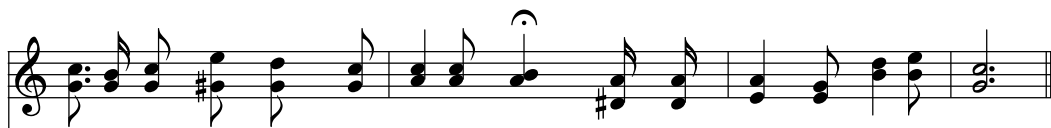
1. The ships glide in at the har - bor's mouth, And the ships sail out to sea; And the
2. The har - vest waves in the breez-y morn, And the men go forth to reap; Th - e



wind that sweeps from the sun-ny south Is sweet as sweet can be. There's a
full - ness comes to the tas - seled corn, Whe - ther we wake or sleep. A - nd



wor - ld of toil and a world of pain, And a wo - rld of trou - ble and care, But
far on the hills b - y feet un - trod There are blos - soms that sce - nt the air, For



O in a world where our Fa - ther reigns, There is glad - ness ev - ery - where!
O in this world of our Fa - ther, God, There is beau - ty ev - ery - where!

