

Safe Harbor

Jan Pinborough*

Michael F. Moody

Thoughtfully as if spoken ♩ = 69-76

mp

1. I feel the

5

(1.) morn-ing breeze ca - ress my brow, While stand-ing on the shore at break of day. A ship be-
 (2.) she be bound, this one I love? Oh will she not re - turn at set of sun? Now like a
 (3.) can - not see, she tra-vels on As swift-ly as she did with-in my view. Her mast is
 (4.) sight there lies an - oth - er shore. She is not gone, but from our eyes a - lone. Now oth - er

9

side me spreads her shining sails, In ma-jes - ty be - gins to move a - way.
 small, white cloud she hangs a - far; Then past the bright hor - i - zon, she is gone. God of the
 tall, her hull is just as stong. Her load she bears as sure - ly on the blue.
 eyes are wet to see her come, And oth - er arms outstretched, re-ceive her home.

mf *slower*

13

1. 3.

heav'ns Lord of the deep, Give her safe harbor; Grant us thy peace.

mp *a tempo*

18

2. Oh, where could
 3. But though I deep, Safe is the har-bor, E - ter - nal thy peace.
 4. Be - yond my

rall. *p*

*Based on "The Ship" by Henry Van Dyke