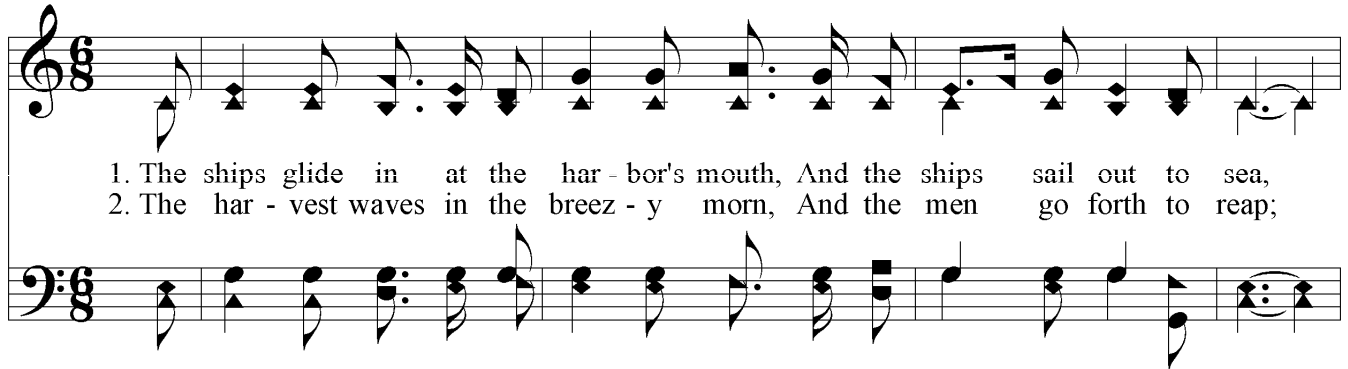
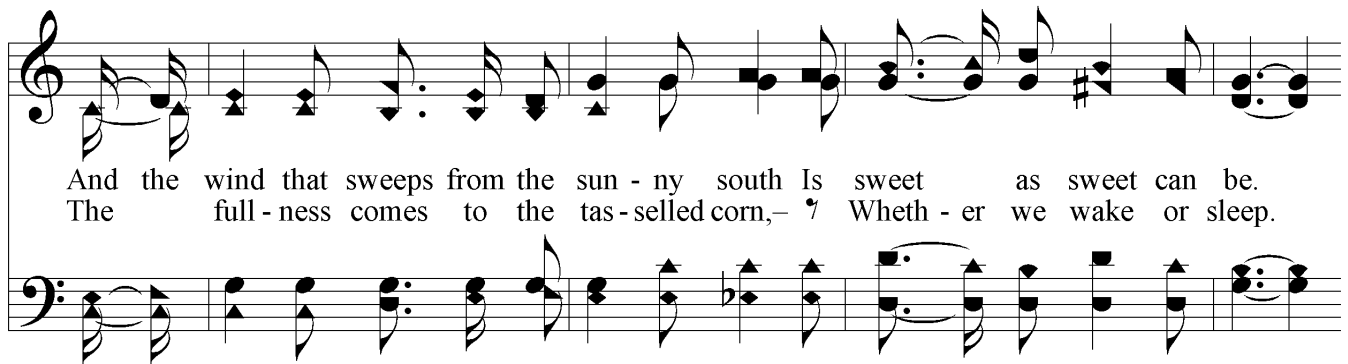


# The Ships Glide in at the Harbor's Mouth

DEO GRATIAS



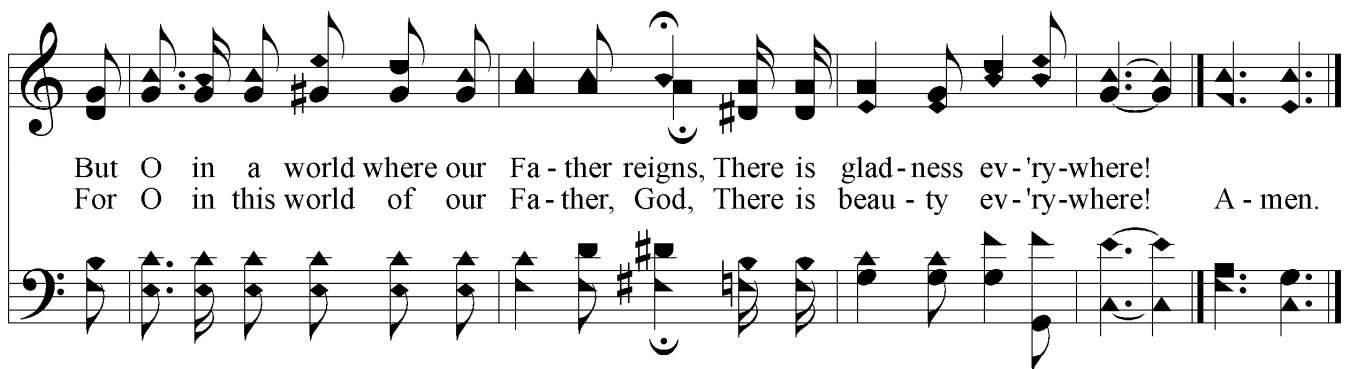
1. The ships glide in at the har - bor's mouth, And the ships sail out to sea,  
2. The har - vest waves in the breez - y morn, And the men go forth to reap;



And the wind that sweeps from the sun - ny south Is sweet as sweet can be.  
The full - ness comes to the tas - selled corn, - 7 Wheth - er we wake or sleep.



There's a world of toil and a world of pains, And a world of trou - ble and care,  
And far on the hills by feet un - trod There are blos - soms that scent the air,



But O in a world where our Fa - ther reigns, There is glad - ness ev - 'ry - where!  
For O in this world of our Fa - ther, God, There is beau - ty ev - 'ry - where! A - men.