

I took a walk down to the harbour,  
I even watched a ship come in,  
With all the lights upon the water shimmering.  
These empty streets once thronged  
With people before the houses had all gone,  
And fathers rose to queue for work before the dawn.

And every meal upon the table bore  
Testimony to their days spent working  
Hard upon a ship from far away.

Tell me the old, old story of Jesus and His love  
And will your anchor hold you in the flood.

Upon the church steps stood a preacher,  
He cried redemption to the docks,  
And all his words fell just like honey on a rock.

And hearts made stony by those hard times,  
And steelyed eyes and windswept face,  
Were softened by his stories of amazing grace.

From two and three to many thousands,  
Revival fell upon the land,  
The tiger lay before the lion and the lamb.

Now I came looking for adventure,  
And it's adventure I have found  
Since first I placed my feet upon this holy ground.

And I will never be a sailor,  
But maybe if I take my stand  
Perhaps we'll see revival fall upon our land.

I took a walk down to the harbour,  
I even watched a ship come in,  
With all the lights upon the water shimmering,

But I have an anchor, that keeps my soul  
Steadfast and sure while those billows roll.

Fastened to the rock which cannot move,  
Grounded firm and deep in the Saviour's blood.