

Where Will I Dock My Boat Tonight?

Where will I dock my boat tonight, trouble all around; been tossed about with many thoughts, and almost going down.

The tossing waves upon my soul, threaten my weary mind; I wonder where I'll find relief before I'm out of time.

While the billows round me roll, my vessel tossed about; I need to find a harbor safe, to anchor my soul tonight.

The thoughts that toss within my heart, questions that come and go; things of past and future dreams, upon my mind do roll.

Many little thoughts come in, like waves to rock my boat; then a big one rolling in, almost dumps my float.

Will the rolling downcast thoughts which want to capsize me; ever cease the endless rolling, rolling down on me?

Hark then I see! A shining light! Beaming through the fog. I perceive that hope is near, if I can just hang on!

I see the Lighthouse's gleaming light, shining out to me; is the Captain also there, with His eyes on me?

There is no comfort in this sea, of billowing thoughts and doubt; surely somewhere there's a place these rolling thoughts to rout.

The rolling waves all buffet, I wonder if can be; that there's a loving God out there, who really cares for me?

I've read the Promise in His Word, and know it standeth true; I remember in the past, I've felt its power too.

My faith looks up, the light I see, shining through the night; my heart grasps hope, because I see, a beacon's, beckoning light.

I pull once more upon the oars, the cold spray stings my face; I dip and pull, and pull again, and hope to gain a place.

The rocks of danger loom about, doubts and fears assail; I dip and pull and pull again, and press on through the gale.

His shining beam still sweeps across, the darkness of the sea; calling many troubled souls to come find rest in Me.

At last, the waters grow more calm, I breathe a blessed sigh; I realize I have made it to, the quiet waters by.

My heart in thankfulness cries out: "Oh, Lord, I love you so! You rescued me from rocks and waves that almost crushed my soul!"

My heart is quiet, the sea is calm, my thoughts at rest again; for I know,
at last I'm safe, within His love again.

I'll stay right here and dock my boat, beside the wharf of faith; no need to
wander the storm-tossed sea, in search of a resting place.

It took an effort; belief in Him; a pull on the oars of faith; to find relief in
the Master's love knowing He'd a place.

I'll dock my boat right here tonight, and trust in His shelter and care; no
storm can swallow up my boat, in the Captain's harbor there.

His beam continues to sweep its light, out over the thundering sea; many
boats are coming in, anchoring in by me.

Our little boats all anchored now, beside our brothers be; we share our
struggles, how we faired, out on the storm-tossed sea.

Our little boats, rise and fall, in the moorings side by side; as each one's
light from his heart doth glow, driving away the night.

The light that shines from the harbor's boats, removes the shadows
round; bringing comfort, peace and rest, to those who almost drowned.

Soon we find, we were not alone, others were struggling too; seeking to
find a place to dock, their boats the same as you.

What a place of peace and rest, my mind needs nothing more; within the
Captain's harbor home, my wanderings all are ore.

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