

# The Haven of Rest

"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." — Matthew 11:28

Henry Lake Gilmour 1889

George D. Moore 1889

1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So bur - dened with  
 2. I yield - ed my - self to His ten - der em - brace, In faith tak - ing  
 3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has been the OLD  
 4. How pre - cious the thought that we all may re - cline, Like John, the be -  
 5. O come to the Sav - ior; He pa - tient - ly waits To save by His

sin and dis - tressed, Till I heard a sweet voice say - ing, "Make me your choice;"  
 hold of the Word, My fet - ters fell off, and I an - chored my soul;  
 STO - RY so blest, Of Je - sus, who'll save who - so - ev - er will have  
 - lov - ed and blest, On Je - sus' strong arm, where no tem - pest can harm,—  
 pow - er di - vine; Come, an - chor your soul in the "Ha - ven of rest,"

*D.S.*— o'er the wild storm - y deep;

## *Fine Chorus*

And I en - tered the "Ha - ven of Rest!"  
 The "Ha - ven of Rest" is my Lord.  
 A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest." I've an - chored my soul in the  
 Se - cure in the "Ha - ven of Rest."  
 And say, "My Be - lov - ed is mine."

In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

*D.S. al Fine*

"Ha - ven of Rest," I'll sail the wide seas no more; The tem - pest may sweep