

# 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  
 2. I yield - ed my - self to His ten - der em - brace, In  
 3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has  
 4. How pre - cious the thought that we all may re - cline, Like  
 5. O come to the Sav - ior; He pa - tient - ly waits To

1. bur - dened with sin and dis - tressed, Till I heard a sweet voice  
 2. faith tak - ing hold of the Word, My fet - ters fell off,  
 3. been the OLD STO - RY so blest, Of Je - sus, who'll save  
 4. John, the be - lov - ed and blest, On Je - sus' strong arm,  
 5. save by His pow - er di - vine; Come, an - chor your soul

*D.S.*— The tem - pest may sweep

*Fine*

1. say - ing, "Make me your choice;" And I en - tered the "Ha - ven of Rest!"  
 2. and I an - chored my soul; The "Ha - ven of Rest" is my Lord.  
 3. who - so - ev - er will have A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest."  
 4. where no tem - pest can harm,— Se - cure in the "Ha - ven of Rest."  
 5. in the "Ha - ven of rest," And say, "My Be - lov - ed is mine."

o'er the wild storm - y deep; In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

*Chorus*

*D.S. al Fine*

I've an - chored my soul in the "Ha - ven of Rest," I'll sail the wide seas no more;