

# The Haven of Rest

Henry Lake Gilmour, 1890

George D. Moore

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

- tressed, Till I heard a sweet voice, say - ing, "Make Me your choice"; And I  
Word, My fet - ters fell off, and I an - chored my soul; The  
blest, Of Je - sus, Who'll save who - so - ev - er will have A  
blest, On Je - sus' strong arm, where no tem - pest can harm, Se-  
- vine; Come, an - chor your soul in the "Ha - ven of Rest," And

*Refrain*

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

sail the wide seas no more; The tem - pest may sweep o - ver wild, storm - y, deep, In

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