The Haven of Rest

Words: Henry L. Gilmour, 1890
Music: George D. Moore, 1890

1. My soul in sad exile was out on life's sea, So burdened with sin, and distressed, Then I heard a sweet voice saying "Make Me your hold of the word, My fetters fell off, and I anchored my story so blessed, Of Jesus Who'll save who-so-ever will pow-er di-vine; Come, anchor your soul in the Haven of choice," And I entered the Haven of Rest.
soul: The Haven of Rest is my Lord. I've anchored my soul have a home in the Haven of Rest. Rest, And say, "My Be-loved is mine."

2. I yielded myself to His tender embrace, And faith taking

3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has been the old

4. Oh, come to the Savior, He patiently waits To save by His

in the Haven of Rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more; The tem-pest may sweep o'er the wide, storm-y deep, In Jesus I'm safe ev-er-more.