

The Haven of Rest.

H. L. Gilmour.

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George D. Moore.

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, And, faith tak - ing
 3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has been the old
 4. Oh, come to the Sav - ior, He pa - tient - ly waits, To save by His

sin and dis - tress, Till I heard a sweet voice saying, "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
 pow - er di - vine; Come, an - chor your soul in the ha - ven of rest,

D. S.—The tem - pest may sweep 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. I've an - chored my
 A home 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.

soul in the ha - ven of rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more;