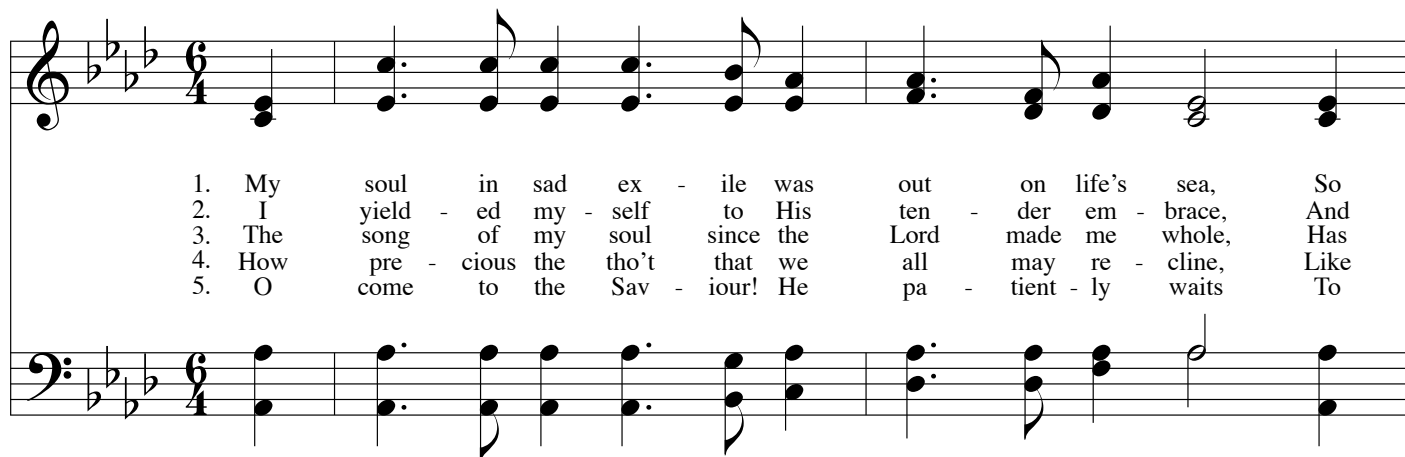


## THE HAVEN OF REST

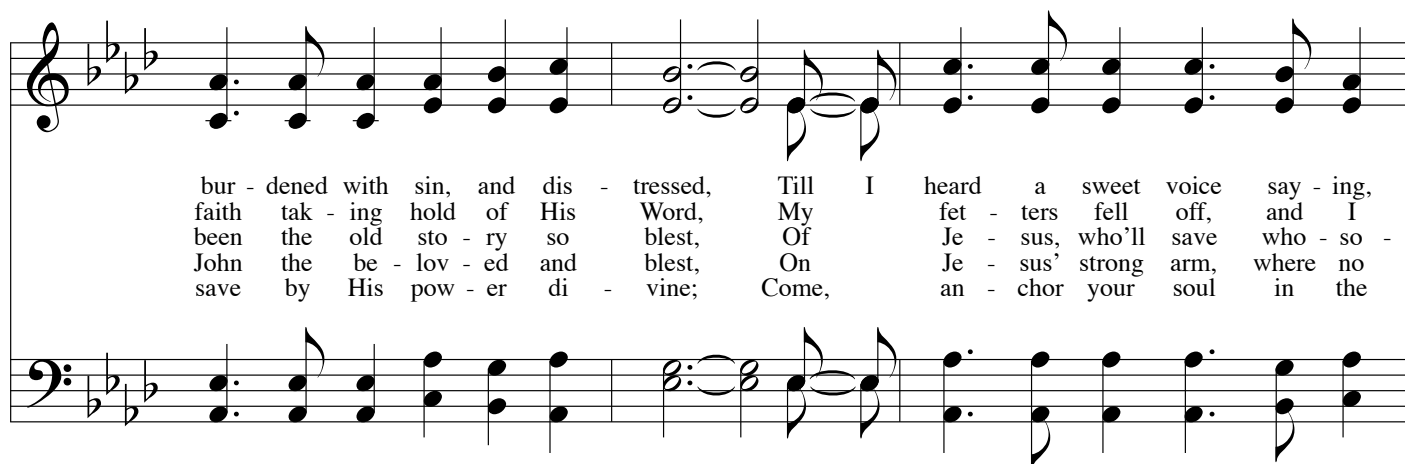
"...The Lord shall give thee rest from thy sorrows..." (Isaiah 14:3).

H. L. Gilmour

Geo. D. Moore



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, And  
 3. The song of my soul since the Lord made me whole, Has  
 4. How pre - cious the tho't that we all may re - cline, Like  
 5. O come to the Sav - iour! He pa - tient - ly waits To



bur - dened with sin, and dis - tressed, Till I heard a sweet voice say - ing,  
 faith tak - ing hold of His Word, My fet - ters fell off, and I  
 been the old sto - ry so blest, Of Je - sus, who'll save who - so -  
 John the be - lov - ed and blest, On Je - sus' strong arm, where no  
 save by His pow - er di - vine; Come, an - chor your soul in the



"Make Me your choice;" And I en - tered the "Ha - ven of Rest!"  
 an - chored my soul: The "Ha - ven of Rest" is my Lord.  
 ev - er will have A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"  
 tem - pest can harm,— Se - cure in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"  
 "Ha - ven of Rest," And say, "My Be - lov - ed is mine."

THE HAVEN OF REST (2)

Chorus



I've an - chored my soul in the "Ha - ven of Rest," I

sail the wide seas no more; The tem - pest may sweep o'er the

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