

The Haven of Rest



My soul in sad exile was out on life's sea,
So burdened with sin, and distressed,
Till I heard a sweet voice saying, "Make Me your choice,"
And I entered the haven of rest.

REFRAIN

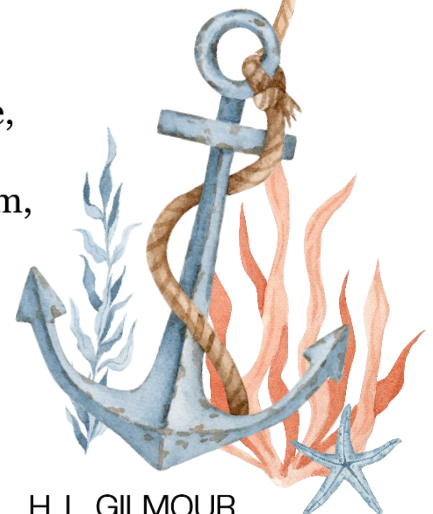
I've anchored my soul in the haven of rest,
I'll sail the wide seas no more;
The tempest may sweep o'er the wild stormy deep,
In Jesus I'm safe evermore.

I yielded myself to His tender embrace,
And faith taking hold of the word,
My fetters fell off, and I anchored my soul:
The haven of rest is my Lord. [REFRAIN]

The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole,
Has been the old story so blessed,
Of Jesus who'll save whosoever will have
A home in the haven of rest. [REFRAIN]

How precious the thought that we all may recline,
Like John, the beloved and blessed,
On Jesus' strong arm, where no tempest can harm,
Secure in the haven of rest. [REFRAIN]

Oh, come to the Savior, He patiently waits
To save by His power divine;
Come, anchor your soul in the haven of rest,
And say, "My Beloved is mine." [REFRAIN]



H. L. GILMOUR

