The Haven of Rest

"He bringeth them unto their desired haven." (Ps. 107:30)

HENRY L. GILMOUR

1. My soul in sad exile was out on life's sea, So burdened with sin and distress'd, Till I heard a sweet voice saying, "Make Me your choice," hold of the Word, My fetters fell off, and I anchored my soul: sto - ry so clear, Of Je - sus, who'll save who so - ev - er will have pow - er di - vine; Come, an - chor your soul in the haven of rest,

And I entered the haven of rest. The haven of rest is my Lord. I've anchored my soul in the haven of rest, I'll sail the wild seas no more; The tempest may sweep o'er the wild storm - y deep, In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

GEORGE D. MOORE