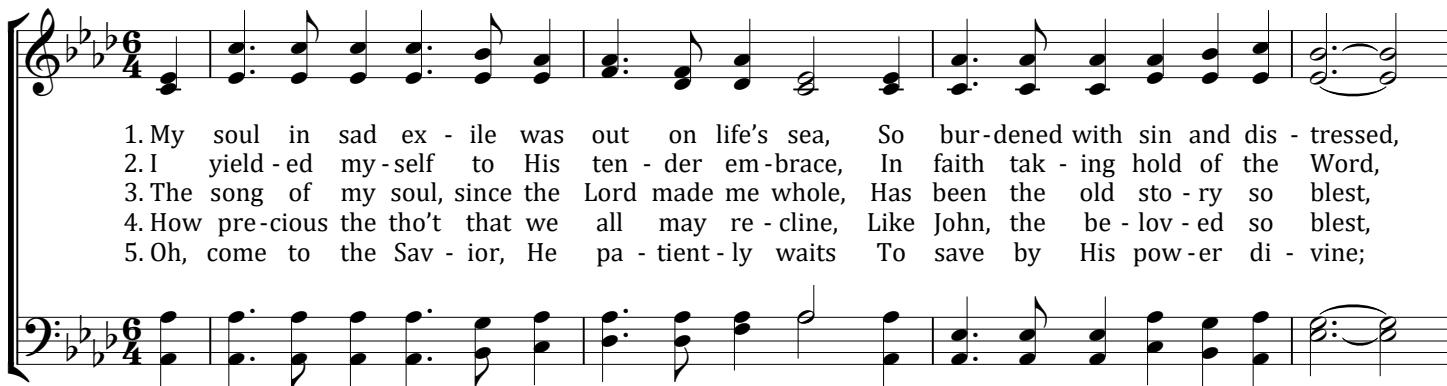


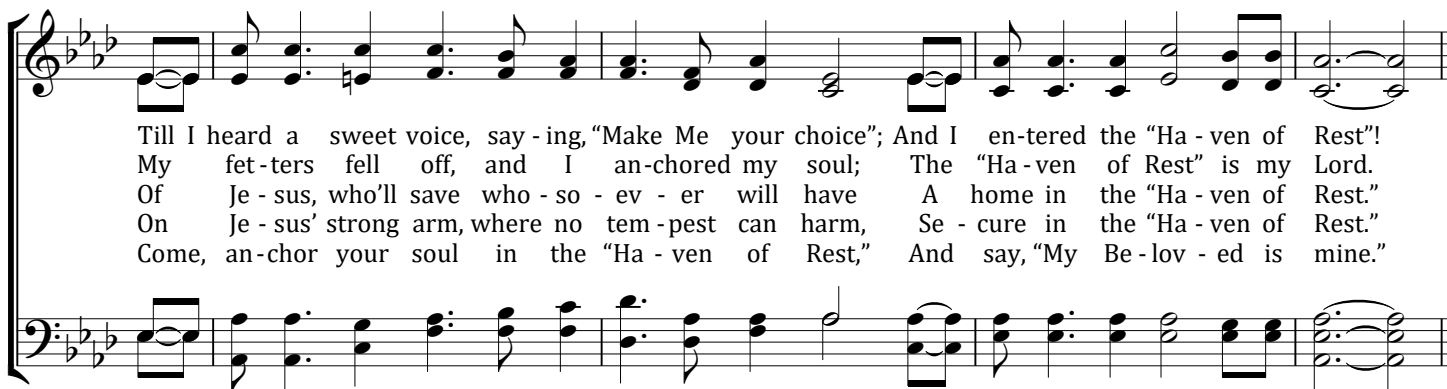
# The Haven of Rest

*He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still.*

*Then are they glad because they be quiet; so he bringeth them unto their desired haven. Psa. 107:29-30*

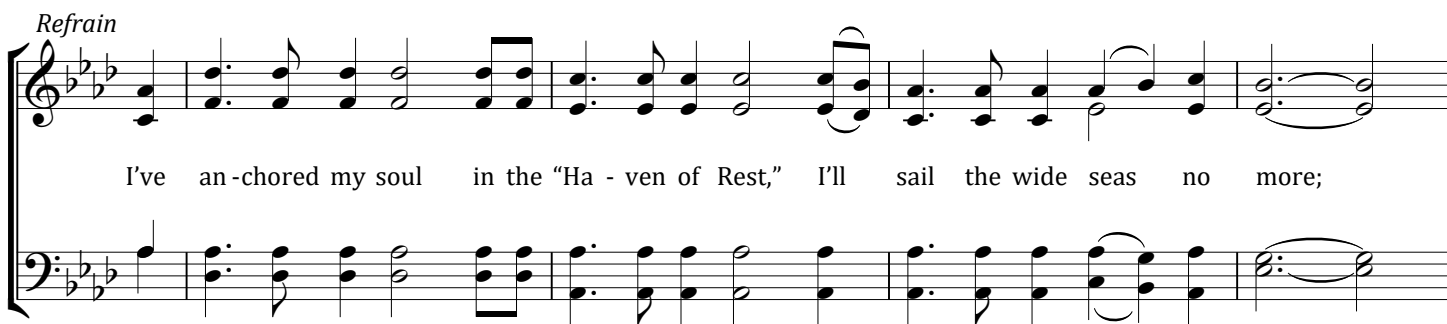


1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So bur - dened with sin and dis - tressed,  
2. I yield - ed my - self to His ten - der em - brace, In faith tak - ing hold of the Word,  
3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has been the old sto - ry so blest,  
4. How pre - cious the tho't that we all may re - cline, Like John, the be - lov - ed so blest,  
5. Oh, come to the Sav - ior, He pa - tient - ly waits To save by His pow - er di - vine;

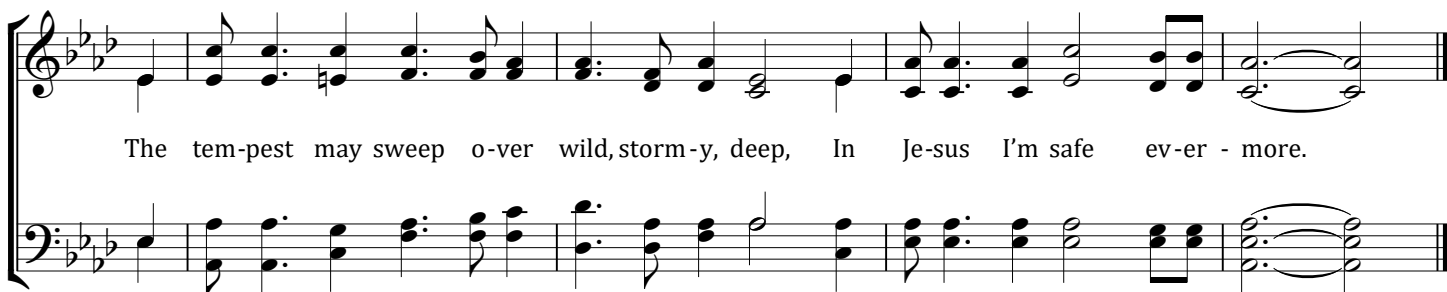


Till I heard a sweet voice, say - ing, "Make Me your choice"; And I en - tered the "Ha - ven of Rest"!  
My fet - ters fell off, and I an - chored my soul; The "Ha - ven of Rest" is my Lord.  
Of Je - sus, who'll save who - so - ev - er will have A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest."  
On Je - sus' strong arm, where no tem - pest can harm, Se - cure in the "Ha - ven of Rest."  
Come, an - chor your soul in the "Ha - ven of Rest," And say, "My Be - lov - ed is mine."

*Refrain*



I've an - chored my soul in the "Ha - ven of Rest," I'll sail the wide seas no more;



The tem - pest may sweep o - ver wild, storm - y, deep, In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.