The Haven of Rest

Words: Henry L. Gilmour, 1890
Music: George D. Moore

My soul in sad exile was out on life's sea, So burdened with sin, and distressed, Then I heard a sweet voice saying, "Make me your choice." And I entered the Haven of Rest. 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, stormy deep, In Jesus I'm safe evermore.