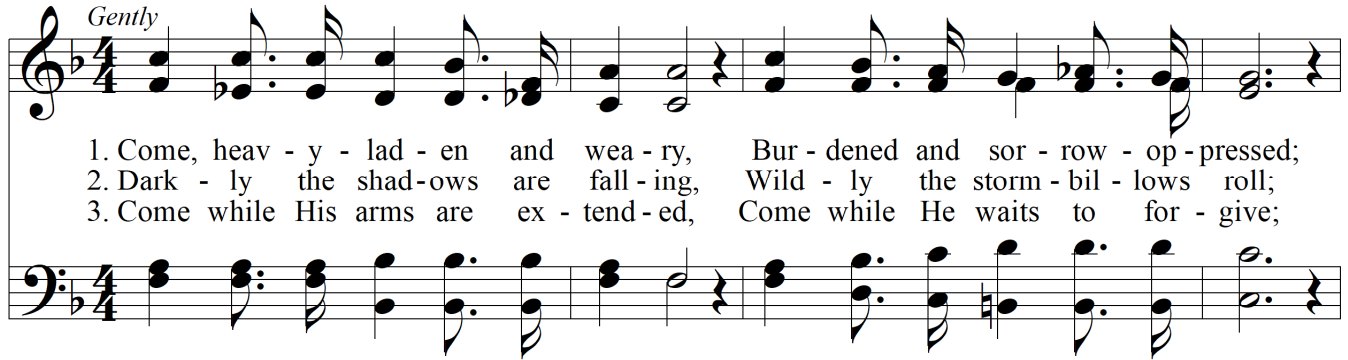


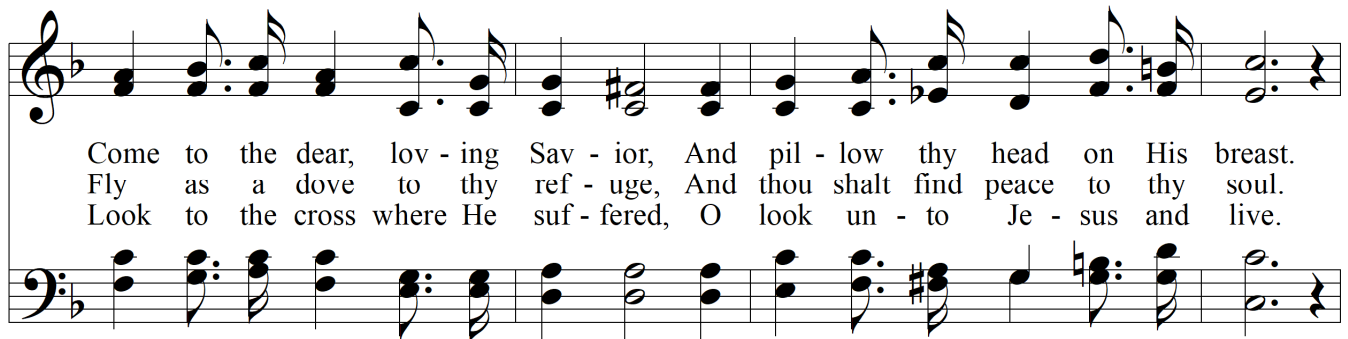
# Come, Heavy-Laden And Weary

HAVEN

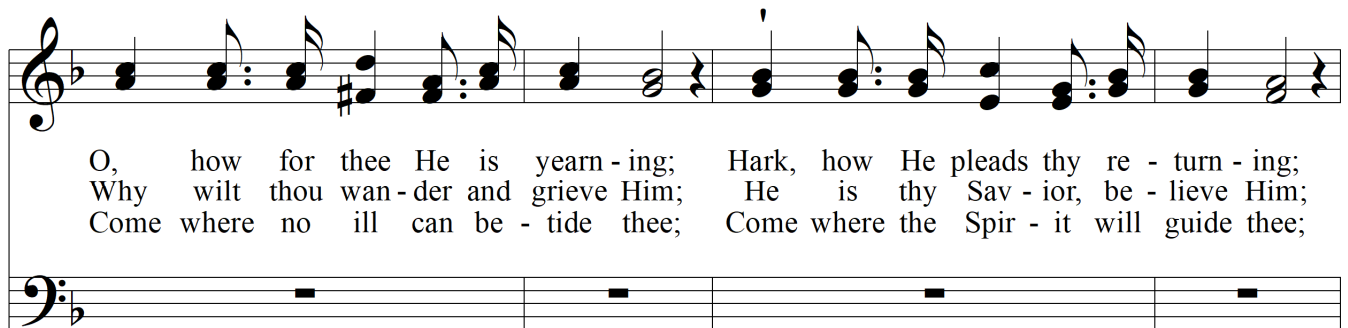
*Gently*



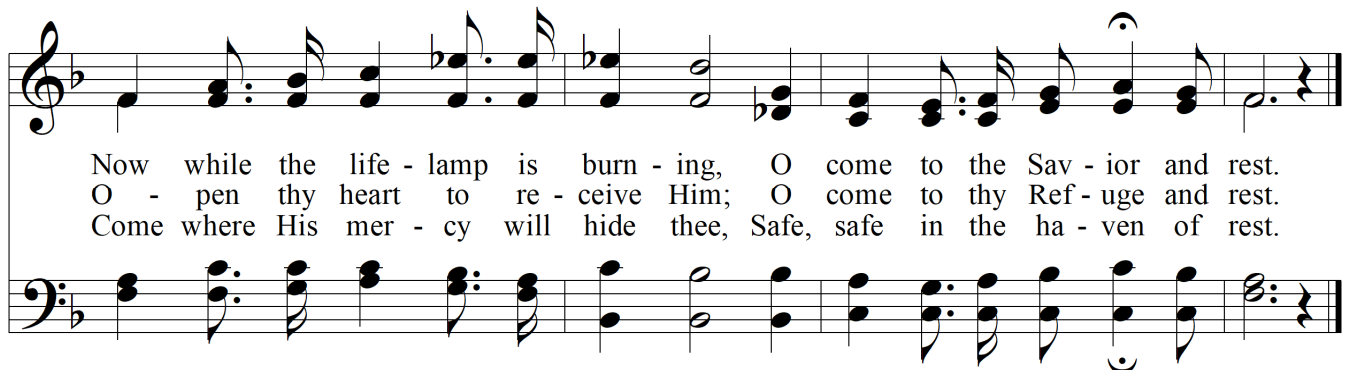
1. Come, heav - y - lad - en and wea - ry, Bur - dened and sor - row - op - pressed;  
2. Dark - ly the shad - ows are fall - ing, Wild - ly the storm - bil - lows roll;  
3. Come while His arms are ex - tend - ed, Come while He waits to for - give;



Come to the dear, lov - ing Sav - ior, And pil - low thy head on His breast.  
Fly as a dove to thy ref - uge, And thou shalt find peace to thy soul.  
Look to the cross where He suf - fered, O look un - to Je - sus and live.



O, how for thee He is yearn - ing; Hark, how He pleads thy re - turn - ing;  
Why wilt thou wan - der and grieve Him; He is thy Sav - ior, be - lieve Him;  
Come where no ill can be - tide thee; Come where the Spir - it will guide thee;



Now while the life - lamp is burn - ing, O come to the Sav - ior and rest.  
O - pen thy heart to re - ceive Him; O come to thy Ref - uge and rest.  
Come where His mer - cy will hide thee, Safe, safe in the ha - ven of rest.