Come, Heavy-Laden And Weary

HAVEN

2. Dark-ly the shad-ows are fall-ing, Wild-ly the storm-bil-lows roll;
3. Come while His ar-ms are ex-tend-ed, Come while He waits to for-give;

Come to the dear, lov-ing Sav-i-or, 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-i-or, 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-i-or 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.

Words: Fanny J. Crosby
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