

55 Why 'Neath the Load of Your Sins Do Ye Toil?

(Long, Long Ago. P. M.)

Thomas H. Bayly



1. Why neath the load of your sins do ye toil? Christ giveth rest, giveth rest.
2. Why go ye on-ward, so wear - y and worn? Christ giveth rest, giveth rest.
3. Why are ye troubled when death comes in view? Christ giveth rest, giveth rest.
4. Mon - ey or price ye have no need to bring, Christ giveth rest, giveth rest.



Why be in sla - ver - y, why Satan's spoil? You may be blest, may be blest:
Why are ye hope - less - ly sad and for - lorn? You may be blest, may be blest.
Tho' af - ter death there comes judg - ment too, You may be blest, may be blest.
Why to your rags and your pov - er - ty cling? Come and be blest, and be blest.



Christ now in - vites you sweet rest to re - ceive, Heav - y's your bur - den, but
Je - sus the bur - den did bear on the tree, He was af - flict - ed for
Christ bore God's judgment, poor sin - ners to save, He gained the vic - t'ry o'er
Away with all fear, a - way with all doubt, Hear His own words, which



He can re - lieve; If but this mo - ment in
sin - ners like thee; If you there Christ as your
death and the grave; Oh, now be - lieve Him, and
none can re - fute, "Whoe'er comes to Me, I'll in



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Him you be - lieve,
Sub - sti - tute see,
life you shall have,
no wise cast out;

You shall have rest, shall have rest.
You shall have rest, shall have rest.
You shall have rest, shall have rest.
I'll give him rest, give him rest."

