

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

(P. M.)

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

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

blest: Christ now in-vites you sweet rest to re-ceive, Heav-
 blest. Je-sus the bur-den did bear on the tree, He
 blest. Christ bore God's judgment, poor sin-ners to save, He
 blest. A-way with all fear, a-way with all doubt,

y's your bur-den, but He can re-lieve, If but this mo-ment in Him you
 was af-lict-ed for sin-ners like thee; If you there Christ as your Sub-
 gained the vic-t'ry o'er death and the grave, O, now be-lieve Him, and life you
 Hear His own words, which none can re-fute,—"Who-e'er comes to Me, I'll in

