

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

(Long, Long Ago. P. M.)

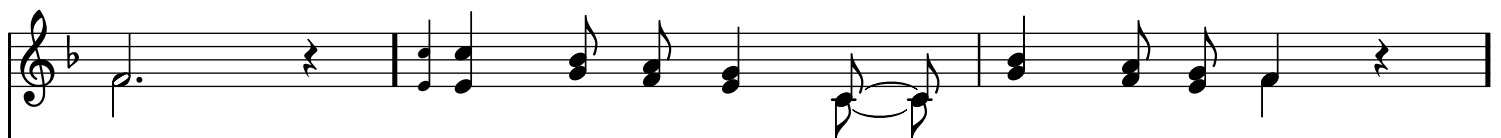
Thomas H. Bayly



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|---|----------------------------------|
| 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 troub-led 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 Sa-tan's spoil?	You may be blest, may be
Why are ye hope - less - ly sad and for - lorn?	You may be blest, may be
Tho' af - ter death there comes judg - ment too,	You may be blest, may be
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,
blest.	Je - sus the bur - den did bear on the tree,
blest.	Christ bore God's judg - ment, poor sin - ners to save,
blest.	Away with all fear, a - way with all doubt,



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





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."

