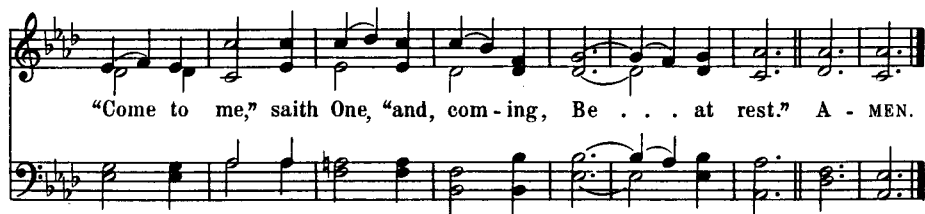


# THE FREE OFFER OF THE GOSPEL



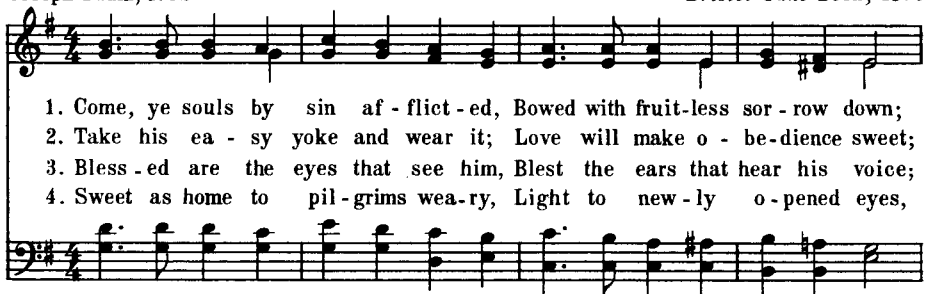
"Come to me," saith One, "and, com-ing, Be . . . at rest." A - MEN.

*Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy la-  
den . . . Take my yoke upon you . . . Matt. 11:28, 29*

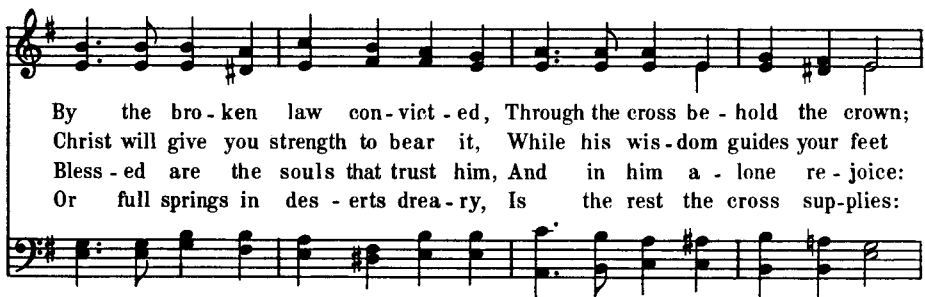
390

ST. AUSTIN 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.  
Arr. from a Gregorian chant for the  
*Bristol Tune Book, 1876*

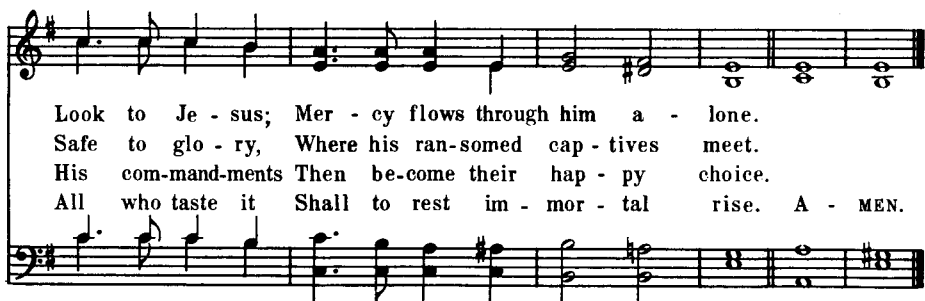
Joseph Swain, 1792



1. Come, ye souls by sin af-flict-ed, Bowed with fruit-less sor-row down;  
2. Take his ea-sy yoke and wear it; Love will make o-be-dience sweet;  
3. Bless-ed are the eyes that see him, Blest the ears that hear his voice;  
4. Sweet as home to pil-grims wea-ry, Light to new-ly o-pened eyes,



By the bro-ken law con-vict-ed, Through the cross be-hold the crown;  
Christ will give you strength to bear it, While his wis-dom guides your feet  
Bless-ed are the souls that trust him, And in him a-lone re-joice:  
Or full springs in des-erts drea-ry, Is the rest the cross sup-plies:



Look to Je-sus; Mer-cy flows through him a-lone.  
Safe to glo-ry, Where his ran-somed cap-tives meet.  
His com-mand-ments Then be-come their hap-py choice.  
All who taste it Shall to rest im-mor-tal rise. A - MEN.