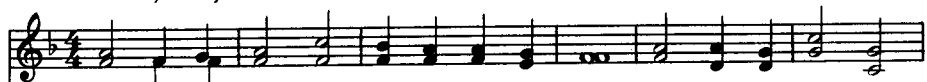


Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden. . . Matt. 11:28


Samuel J. Stone, 1866; text of 1868

LANGRAN 10. 10. 10. 10.


James Langran, 1862



1. Wea-ry of earth, and la-den with my sin, I look at heav'n and
 2. So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand In the pure glo-ry
 3. The while I fain would tread the heav'n-ly way, E-vil is ev-er
 4. It is the voice of Je-sus that I hear; His are the hands stretched



long to en-ter in; But there no e-vil thing may find a home;
 of that ho-ly land? Be-fore the white-ness of that throne ap-pear?
 with me day by day; Yet on mine ears the gra-cious ti-dings fall,
 out to draw me near, And his the blood that can for all a-tone



And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."
 Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.
 "Re-pent, con-fess, thou shalt be loosed from all."
 And set me fault-less there be-fore the throne. A-MEN.

5. O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
 The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
 That in the Father's courts my glorious dress
 May be the garment of thy righteousness.
6. Yea, thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord;
 Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
 Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown;
 Mine the life won, and thine the life laid down.