

WAKEFIELD. L.M.

453

Wm. Caldwell



1. Come, wea-ry souls, with sin dis-tressed, Come, and ac-cept the prom-ised rest; The Sav-iour's gra-cious call o-bey, And cast your gloom-y fears a-way.



2. Op - prest with sin, a pain-ful load, O, come and spread your woes a-broad: Di-vine com-pas-sion, might-y love, Will all the pain - ful load re-move.



3. Here mer-cy's bound-less o-cean flows, To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes; Par-don, and life, and end-less peace; How rich the gift! how free the grace!

