

O Ye That Are Weary

(Matthew 11:28)

Lyrics by Francis Bottome (1823-1894), alt.

Music by Andrew Moore

Peacefully ♩ = 80

1. O ye that are wea - ry and lad - en of soul,
2. Oh, cease from your an - guish, ye toil - ers for life,
3. Then come to the Sav - iour, ye wea - ry and worn,
4. My rest, bless - ed Sav - iour! oh, sweet rest at last,

Now come to the foun - tain that mak - eth you whole;
For vain is your la - bour and fruit - less your strife;
Your bur - dens and sor - rows for you He hath borne;
Like calm on the o - cean when tem - pest is past:

There is peace in be - liev - ing, there's rest in His name,
No — hope can they bring you, no joy to your heart;
No — an - guish that pierc - eth but pierced Him be - fore,
The morn - ing light break - eth in joy from a - bove,

There's heal - ing for all in the blood of the Lamb.
For none but the Sav - iour can rest - ing im - part.
No thorn is so sharp as the crown which He wore.
And light - eth my soul with His rain - bow of love!