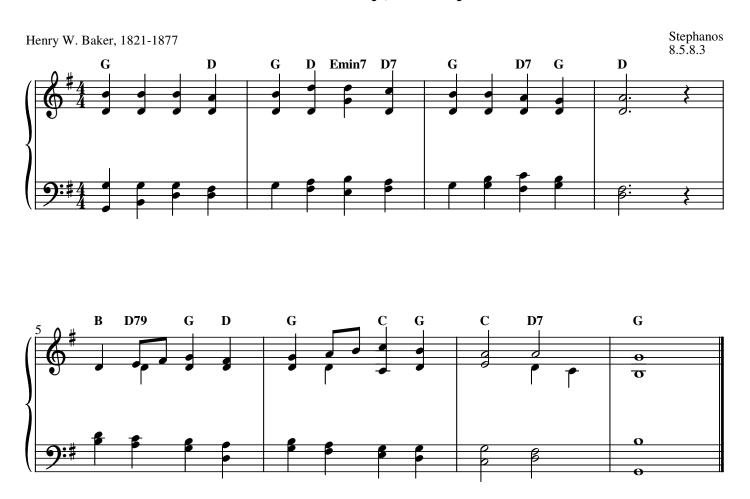
Art ThouWeary, Heavy Laden



Art thou weary, art thou languid, Art thou sore distressed? "Come to Me," saith One, "and coming, Be at rest."

Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my Guide? In His feet and hands are wound prints And His side. If I still hold closely to Him, What hath He at last? Sorrow vanquished, labor ended, Jordan passed.

If I ask Him to receive me, Will He say me nay? Not till earth and not till Heaven Pass away.

John M. Neale

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