O HEART BOWED DOWN WITH SORROW

1. O heart bowed down with sorrow! O eyes that long for sight!
2. Divinest consolation Doth Christ the Healer give;
3. His peace is like a river, His love is like a song;

There's gladness in believing; In Jesus there is light.
Art thou in condemnation? Believe, repent and live.
His yoke's a burden never, 'Tis easy all day long.

Chorus

Come, O, come, unto Me, come unto Me, all

Come, O, come, that all ye that labor,

and Come, O, come, are heavy laden, and

WORDS AND MUSIC BY F. E. BELDEN
I will give you rest, take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls.