Ah, My Heart

1. Ah, my heart is heavy laden, Weary and oppressed!
2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my Guide?
3. Is there diadem, as monarch, That His brow adorns?
4. If I find Him, if I follow, What's my portion here?
5. If I still hold closely to Him, What have I at last?
6. If I ask Him to receive me, Will He say me nay?

"Come to Me," saith One, "and coming, Be at rest!"
"In His feet and hands are wound prints, And His side."
"Yes, a crown in very surety, But of thorns!"
"Many a sorrow, many a conflict, Many a tear."
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended, Jordan past!"
"Not till earth and not till heaven Pass away!"

Chorus

"Come to Me," saith One, "and coming, Be at rest!"
"In His feet and hands are wound prints, And His side."
"Yes, a crown in very surety, But of thorns!"
"Many a sorrow, many a conflict, Many a tear."
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended, Jordan past!"
"Not till earth and not till heaven Pass away!"

Words: Tr. By M. Neale
Music: P. P. Bliss