

O Heavy Burdened, Weary One

Richard W. Adams, 2009

Cleland Boyd McAfee, 1903

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1. O hea-ry bur-den-ed, wea-ry one, Weighed down by sin and shame, Come
2. For con-dem-na-tion does not wait, But His for-give-ness sweet, If
3. There is a rest for hum-ble souls, In ev-er-last-ing arms, A

with your tired, down-trod-den soul, Help-less, or blind and lame; No mat-ter what op-
on-ly we con-fess the past, And lay it at His feet. He lifts the hea-ry
re-fuge from the tears and pain And all the world's a-larms. For God Him-self has

- press-es, Come, doubt-er, taste and see, That God a-lone pos-ses-ses
mill-stone, Fet-ters of ma-ny years, And in the o-cean casts them,
spok-en: If you would be made whole, Christ of-fers to the brok-en

Pow-er to set you free.
So sink-ing all our fears.
Balm for the sin-sick soul.