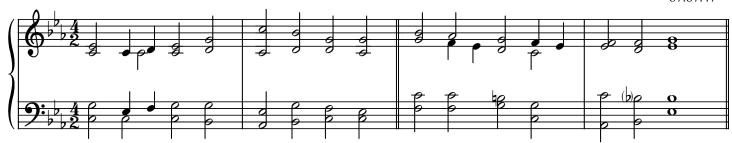
Cyril V. Taylor, 1907
Libera Nos 87.87.47







Come, ye souls by sin afflicted, Bowed with fruitless sorrow down; By the broken law convicted, Through the cross behold the crown; Look to Jesus; mercy flows through Him alone.

Take His easy yoke and wear it; Love will make obedience sweet; Christ will give you strength to bear it, While His wisdom guides your feet Safe to glory, where His ransomed captives meet. Blessèd are the eyes that see Him, Blest the ears that hear His voice; Blessèd are the souls that trust Him, And in Him alone rejoice; His commandments then become their happy choice.

Sweet as home to pilgrims weary, Light to newly opened eyes, Or full springs in deserts dreary, Is the rest the cross supplies; All who taste it shall to rest immortal rise.

Joseph Swain