

COME

Come! Come to me all you whose backs are bowed
By cruel oppression in the world's employ.
Whose souls are burdened by a cumbrous crowd
Of sins and woes, of pleasures without joy
That aimlessly you haul down tangled ways
With no relief, nor hope of haven blessed
At journey's end to comfort toilsome days –
O come to me, and I will give you rest.

Be yoked with me and neath my yoke, find peace
And learn from me to follow a straight road.
In gentleness I'll walk beside and ease
Your labour; as we draw our heavy load
My shoulders will the greatest burden bear.
Together we will plough God's fertile field.
Who shares this work with me will surely share
At harvest time the fruitful harvest's yield.

--M. J. Stearman
Henley Baptist Church Member