

When He tells us we may cast at His feet every  
care,

What a balm for the weary ! O how sweet to be  
there !

3 'Tis the blessed hour of prayer, when the tempted  
and tried

To the Saviour who loves them their sorrow con-  
fide ;

With a sympathizing heart He removes every care ;  
What a balm for the weary ! O how sweet to be  
there !

4 At the blessed hour of prayer, trusting Him we  
believe

That the blessing we're needing we'll surely receive,  
In the fulness of this trust we shall lose every care ;  
What a balm for the weary ! O how sweet to be  
there !

8.

*Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 10.*

O SOUL in the far away country,  
Aweary and famished, and sad,  
'There's rest in the home of thy Father,  
His welcome will make thy heart glad,

CHO.—Come, come prodigal come,  
And wander no longer afar from home ;  
Come, come, prodigal come,  
A welcome awaits in thy Father's home.

2 Arise ! and come back to thy Father,  
He'll meet thee while yet on the way ;  
Assured of his tender compassion,  
O why wilt thou longer delay.

3 Although thou hast sinned against heaven,  
And weak and unworthy may be ;  
He offers thee full restoration,  
And pardon abundant and free.

9.

*Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 11.*

W HEN the Lord from heav'n appears,  
When are banished all our fears,