

From the "Dust of Gold"  
Dohnavur Fellowship

India, October 1937

Heart that is weary because of the way  
Facing the wind and the sting of the spray,  
*Come unto Me and I will refresh you.*

Heart that has tasted of travail and toil,  
Burdened for souls when the foe would despoil,  
*Come unto Me and I will refresh you.*

Heart that is frozen- a handful of snow,  
Heart that is faded- a sky without glow,  
*Come unto Me and I will refresh you.*

Heart that is weary, O come unto Me,  
Fear not, whatever the trouble may be,  
*Come unto Me and I will refresh you.*

*Amy Carmichael*

