

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

