There's A Promise

Words: Unknown
Music: William A. May

There's a promise, O how precious!
For the stained soul to know,
Pouring o'er his guilt and vile
ness, Cleansing with its crimson pressed,
Lifting all life's weary burdens From the worn and troubled sea,
Sounding sweet above the tumult, Bid
ning doubt and fear to flow.
"Thou' your sins they be as scar
let, I will make them white as snow,
breast." "Come to Me, all ye that labo
or, And I'll surely give you rest.
"I in per-fect peace will keep Thee, If Thou'll stay Thy mind on me,
Tho' your sins they be as scar
let, I will make them white as snow."
Come to Me, all ye that labo
or, And I'll surely give you rest.
I in per-fect peace will keep Thee, If Thou'll stay Thy mind on me.