

# QUITO. L.M.

Arr. from Horsley

1. Yes, 'tis a rough and thorn - y road That leads us to the saints' a - bode; But when our

2. And what is all we suf - fer now, Or all we can en - dure be - low, To that bright

3. Then let us walk, with - out com - plaint, The thorn - y road, and nev - er faint: Though now by

Fa - ther's house we gain, 'Twill make a - mends for all our pain, 'Twill make a - mends for all our pain.

day when Christ shall come, And take His wea - ry pil - grims home? And take His wea - ry pil - grims home?

wea - ri - ness op - prest, The end is ev - er - last - ing rest, The end is ev - er - last - ing rest.