Art thou weary art thou languid

Art thou weary, art thou troubled,
Art thou sore distressed?
"Come to Me," saith One, "and, coming,
Be at rest."

Hath He marks to lead me to Him
If He be my Guide?
"In His feet and hands
are wound-prints,
And His side."

Hath He diadem, as Monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."

If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

Is this all He hath to give me
In my life below?
Joy unspeakable and glorious
Thou shalt know.

All thy sins shall be forgiven,
All things work for good;
Thou shalt Bread of Life from heaven
Have for food.

From the fountains of salvation
Thou shalt water draw:
Sweet shall be thy meditation
In God's Law.

If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed."

Festal palms and crown of glory,
Robes in blood washed white,
God in Christ His people's temple
There no light.

If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away."

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, Yes."

---Alternative verses---
Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed?
"Come to Me," saith One, "and, coming,
Be at rest."

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Author:John Mason Neale
1818 - 1866John Mason Neale
1818 - 1866
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Meter:8 5 8 3

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Author: Henry Williams Baker
1821 - 1877

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