

Jesus, Refuge of the Weary
Girolamo Savonarola(1452-1498)
Johann Thommen, 1745.

Jesus, refuge of the weary,
Object of the spirit's love,
Fountain in life's desert dreary,
Savior from the world above.
O how oft Thine eyes, offended,
Gaze upon the sinner's fall;
Yet upon the cross extended,
Thou didst bear the pain of all.

Do we pass that cross unheeding,
Breathing no repentant vow,
Though we see Thee wounded, bleeding,
See Thy thorn encircled brow?
Yet Thy sinless death hath brought us
Life eternal, peace, and rest;
Only what Thy grace hath taught us
Calms the sinner's stormy breast.

Jesus, may our hearts be burning
With more fervent love for Thee;
May our eyes be ever turning
To Thy cross of agony;
Till in glory, parted never
From the blessed Savior's side,
Graven in our hearts forever,
Dwell the cross, the Crucified.