

O Comfort to the Dreary
Josiah Conder, 1836.
Samuel Wesley, 1864.

O comfort to the dreary!
O joy to the oppressed!
"Come unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest."
O come in all your weakness!
Ye sons of guilt and woe;
And learn of Him with meekness,
Who stooped for us so low.

Ye slaves of servile error,
Wearied with fruitless pains,
Whose faith is doubt and terror,
Believe, and lose your chains.
Renounce the superstition
To Christ's light yoke preferred;
And turn from vain tradition
To His redeeming word.

Ye who the world have courted,
And suffered from its spite;
Ye who with sin have sported,
And felt its serpent-bite;
Come, learn, your follies quitting,
That this world's gain is loss;
To His mild rule submitting,
Who bore for you the cross.

O come, and make the trial!
His service is release;
If hard the self-denial,
Its fruit is joy and peace.
His grace, your souls defending,
Shall nerve you for the strife:
Peace all your steps attending;
The prize, immortal life.