

513--Art Thou Weary, Art Thou Troubled
by John M. Neale, 1818-1866

1. Art thou weary, art thou troubled,
Art thou sore distressed?
"Come to Me," saith One, "and, coming,
Be at rest."
2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him
If He be my Guide?
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."
3. Hath He diadem, as Monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."
4. If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."
5. If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed."
6. If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away."
7. Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, Yes."

Text: Matt. 11:28

Author: John M. Neale, 1862, cento, alt.

Composer: Henry W. Baker, 1868

Tune: "Stephanos"