

## Art thou weary, art thou languid

Art thou weary, art thou languid,  
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.

Is there diadem, as monarch,  
that his brow adorns?  
Yes, 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.

If I still hold closely to him,  
what hath he at last?  
Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,  
Jordan passed.

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!

Words: John Mason Neale, 1862  
Music: Stephanos  
Meter: 85 83