

Come Hither, All Ye Weary Souls

Words: Isaac Watts, 1707.

Music: F. W. Williams, 1851.

Come hither, all ye weary souls,  
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come;  
Ill give you rest from all your toils,  
And raise you to My heavnly home.

They shall find rest that learn of Me;  
Im of a meek and lowly mind;  
But passion rages like the sea,  
And pride is restless as the wind.

Blest is the man whose shoulders take  
My yoke, and bear it with delight;  
My yoke is easy to his neck,  
My grace shall make the burden light.

Jesus, we come at Thy command;  
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,  
Resign our spirits to Thy hand,  
To mold and guide us at Thy will.