Art Thou Weary, Art Thou Languid?

Soprano Descant

1. Art thou weary, art thou languid, Art thou sore distressed?
2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my Guide?
3. Hath He diadem, as monarch, That His brow adorns?
4. If I still hold closely to Him, What hath He at last?
5. If I ask Him to receive me, Will He say me nay?

6. Finding, following, sure to bless.

“Come to Me,” saith One, “and coming, Be at rest.”
In His feet and hands are wound prints And His side.
Yes, a crown in very surety, But of thorns.
Sorrow vanquished, labor ended, Jordan passed.
Not till earth and not till Heaven Pass a way.

Saints, Answer, Yes!