

# Come hither, all ye weary souls

Isaac Watts

Watts' 'Hymns', Book 1, HYMN 127

"Come hither, all ye weary souls,  
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come;  
I'll give you rest from all your toils,  
And raise you to my heav'nly home.

"They shall find rest that learn of me;  
I'm 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.

From the 1840 Manchester Hymnal, #80

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But passion rages like the sea,  
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Blessed 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.

Then, Lord, we humbly venture near,  
By unbelief and guilt opprest;  
Henceforth thine easy yoke we'll bear,  
And seek in Thee the promised rest.