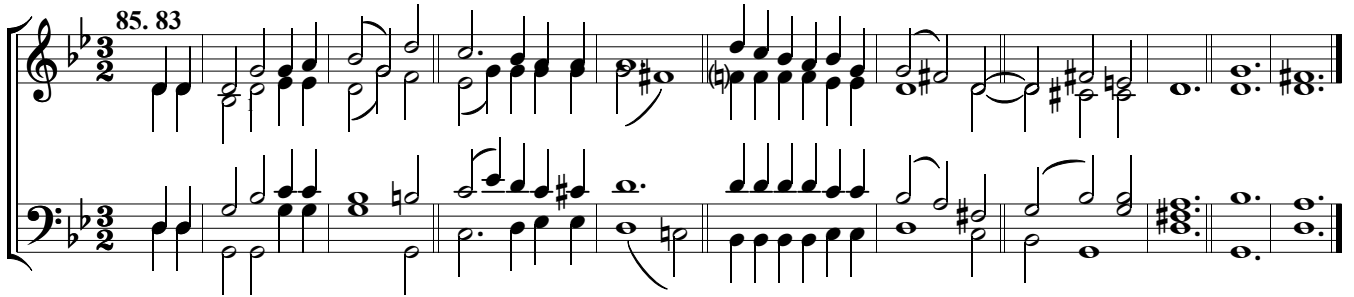


John Mason Neale
(1818-66)

Art thou weary, art thou languid

Joseph Barnby
(1838-96)



1 Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distress'd?
"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 Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That his brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorn."

4 If I find him, if I follow,
What his guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to him,
What hath he at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labour 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.'"