

“ART THOU WEARY?”

ART thou weary, art thou languid;
Art thou sore distress?

“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.

Hath He diadem as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
Yea, a crown in very surety—
But of thorns.

If I find Him, if I follow,
What my portion here?
Many a sorrow, many a labour;
Many a tear.