"Come Hither, All Ye Weary Souls

Doh is G · 4/4 Tune: OLD HUNDREDTH

| d - - - d - t, - | l, - s, - d - r - |
"Come hither, all ye weary

| m - - - m - - - | m - m - r - d - |
souls, "Ye heavy laden

| f - m - r - - - | d - - - r - m - |
sinners, come, "I'll give you

| r - d - l, - t, - | d - - - s - - - |
rest from all your toils, "And

| m - d - r - f - | m - r - d - - - |
raise you to my heavenly home.

The other verses

2 "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.

3 "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."

4 Jesus, we come at thy command,
With faith and hope and humble zeal
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

Tune OLD HUNDREDTH by Louis Bourgeois (1510–1560); words by Isaac Watts (1674–1748). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.