

Come hither all ye weary souls

John Massey

This edition by Edmund Gooch
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Text: Isaac Watts

INVITATION L.M.

Come hi-ther all ye wea - ry souls, Ye hea - vy la - den sin - ners come,
 They shall find rest that learn of me: I'm of a meek and low - ly mind;
 Bless'd is the man whose shoul - ders take My yoke, and bear it with de - light;
 Je - sus, we come at thy com - mand, With faith, and hope, and hum - ble zeal,

Come hi-ther all ye wea - ry souls, Ye hea - vy la - den sin - ners come,
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6 # 6 5 5 6 6 5 3

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I'll give you rest from all your toils, And raise you to my heav'n - ly home.
 But pas-sion ra - ges like the sea, And pride is rest - less as the wind.
 My yoke is ea - sy to his neck, My grace shall make the bur - den light.
 Re - sign our spi - rits to thy hand, To mould and guide us at thy will.

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6 5 # # 8 7 # # 5 6 6 5 6 6 5

Notes: The original order of staves is Tenor - Alto - Air - Bass, with the Alto and Tenor parts printed in the treble clef an octave above sounding pitch. Bracketed cautionary accidentals in this edition are editorial. Only the first verse of the text is given in the source: the remaining three verses have been added editorially.