

Come to Me, All Ye Who Labour

anonymous

1. "Come to me, all ye who labour;
come, and I will give you rest."
Such, dear Lord, thine invitation
to each soul to be thy guest
and we answer with deep longing,
while our sinfulness we see,
"Jesus, Lord, I am not worthy,
yet in pity come to me."
2. Here upon this altar lowly
is the food you make your home,
while we hail thee, Lord and Master,
reigning from thy heav'nly home;
life without thee would be lonely,
so our hearts still cry to thee:
"Jesus, Lord, I am not worthy,
yet in pity come to me."
3. All is joy when thou art near us,
earth can never bliss impart
like the peace and heav'nly sweetness
of thy visit to each heart;
all unfelt are grief and sorrow,
as with trust we cry to thee:
"Jesus, Lord, I am not worthy,
yet in pity come to me."

Inspiration: Matthew 11: 28.
Lyrics: 87.87 D; anonymous.