

All ye who seek comfort sure  
in trouble and distress,  
whatever sorrow vex the mind,  
or guilt the soul oppress:

Jesus, Who gave Himself for you  
upon the cross to die,  
opens to you His Sacred Heart;  
oh, to that heart draw nigh.

Ye hear how kindly He invites;  
ye hear His words so blest:  
'all ye that labour come to Me,  
and I will give you rest.'

Jesus, Thou joy of saints on high,  
Thou hope of sinners here,  
attracted by those loving words  
to Thee I lift my prayer.

Wash Thou my wounds in that dear blood,  
which forth from Thee doth flow;  
new grace, new hope inspire, a new  
and better heart bestow.