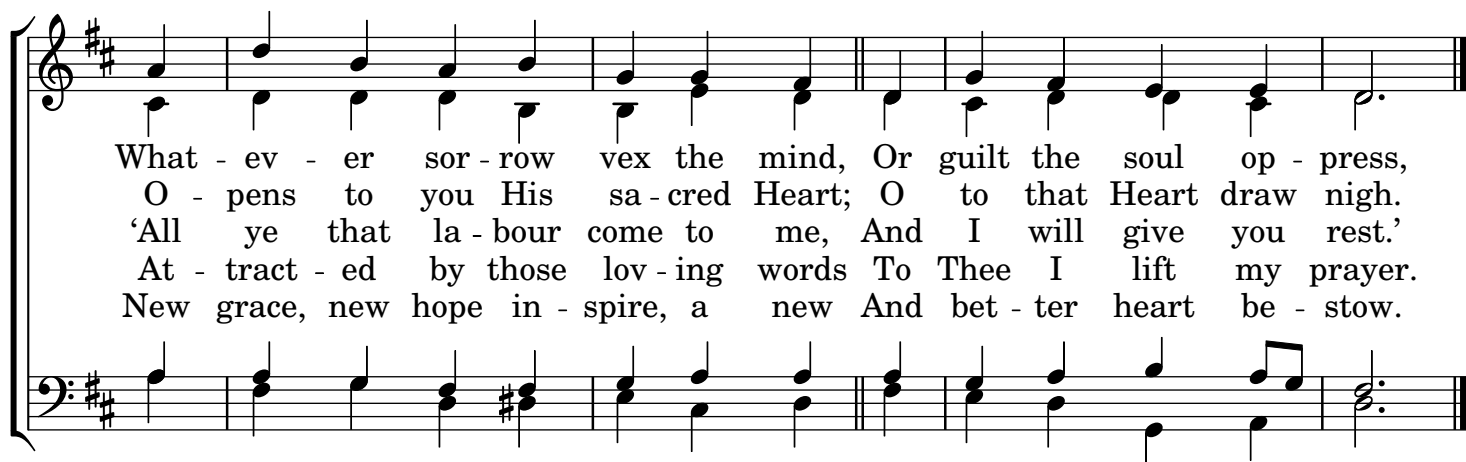


1. All ye who seek a com-fort sure In trou-ble and dis-tress,
 2. Je-sus, who gave him-self for you Up-on the Cross to die,
 3. Ye hear how kind-ly he in-vites; Ye hear his words so blest
 4. O Je-sus, joy of Saints on high, Thou hope of sin-ners here,
 5. Wash Thou my wounds in that dear Blood Which forth from Thee doth flow;



What-ev-er sor-row vex the mind, Or guilt the soul op-press,
 O-pens to you His sa-cred Heart; O to that Heart draw nigh.
 'All ye that la-bour come to me, And I will give you rest.'
 At-tract-ed by those lov-ing words To Thee I lift my prayer.
 New grace, new hope in-spire, a new And bet-ter heart be-stow.

Quicumque certum quaeritis, 18th cent.
 tr. Edward Caswall, alt. *The English Hymnal*