# Jesus, Refuge of the Weary 331

1. Jesus, refuge of the weary,  
   blessed redeemer, whom we love,  
   fountain in life's desert dreary,  
   Savior from the world above:  
   often have your eyes, offended,  
   gazed upon the sinner's fall;  
   yet upon the cross extended,  
   you have borne the pain of all.
2. Do we pass that cross unheeding,  
   breathing no repentant vow,  
   though we see you wounded, bleeding,  
   see your thorn-encircled brow?  
   Yet your sinless death has brought us  
   life eternal, peace and rest;  
   only what your grace has taught us  
   calms the sinner's deep distress.
3. Jesus, may our hearts be burning  
   with more fervent love for you;  
   may our eyes be ever turning  
   to behold your cross anew;  
   till in glory, parted never  
   from the blessed Savior's side,  
   graven in our hearts forever,  
   dwell the cross, the Crucified.

TEXT: Girolamo Savonarola (1452-1498). Tr. Jane F. Wilde (1826-1896), alt.

TUNE: Herrnhut (c. 1735); J. Thommen (1745); C. Gregor Choralbuch (1784)

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