







Thou to Whom the sick and dying Ever came, nor came in vain, Still with healing word replying To the wearied cry of pain; Hear us, Jesus, as we meet Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

Still the weary, sick and dying Need a brother's, sister's care, On Thy higher help relying May we now their burden share, Bringing all our offerings meet Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat. So may sickness, sin and sadness To Thy healing virtue yield, Till the sick and sad, in gladness, Rescued, ransomed, cleansèd, healed, One in Thee together meet, Pardoned at Thy judgment-seat.

Godfrey Thring