

“COME.”

OH word, of words the sweetest!
Oh word, in which there lie
All promise, all fulfilment,
And end of mystery!
Sorrowing or rejoicing,
With doubt or terror nigh,
I hear the “Come!” of Jesus,
And to His cross I fly.

Sometimes so far I've wandered,
So lost I seem to be,
That faintly, like an echo,
I hear the “Come to Me.”
“Where art Thou, O Beloved?”
Bewildered, sad, I cry;
Then, following that sweet summons,
Till at His feet I lie.

“COME.”

Oh soul! why shouldst thou wander
From such a loving Friend?
Cling closer—closer to Him,
Stay with Him to the end.
Alas! I am so helpless,
So very full of sin,
Forever I am wandering
And coming back again.

Oh, each time draw me nearer,
That soon the “Come!” may be
Naught but a gentle whisper
To one close, close to Thee;
Then, over sea or mountain,
Far from or near my home,
I’ll take Thy hand and follow,
At that sweet whispered “Come!”

Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden,
and I will give you rest.

Take My yoke upon you and learn of Me; for I am
meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto
your souls.

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