

Come

Mary Abigail Rankin Johnson, 1878

James McGranahan

♩=100

Voices in Unison

1. O word of words the sweet-est, Oh words, in which there lie All prom-ise, all ful-
2. O soul! why shouldst thou wan-der From such a lov-ing friend? Cling clos-er, clos-er
3. O, each time draw me near-er, That soon the "Come" may be Naught but a gen-tle

- fill-ment, And end of mys-ter-y; La-ment-ing or re-joic-ing, With doubt or ter-ror
to Him, Stay with Him to the end. A-las! I am so help-less, So ver-y full of
whis-per, To one close, close to Thee; Then, o-ver sea and mount-ain, Far from or near my

Refrain
nigh, I hear the "Come!" of Je-sus, And to His cross I fly. Come, oh come to
sin, For I am ev-er wand-'ring, And com-ing back a-gain.
home, I'll take Thy hand and fol-low, At that sweet whis-per "Come!" Come, come, come,

Me, Come, oh come to Me, Wear-y, heav-y la-den, Come, oh come to Me,
come, come, come, come, come, Come, come, Me, Oh

Come, oh come to Me, Come, oh come to Me, Wear-y, heav-y la-den,
come, come, come, come, come Come, come, come, come, come,

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Come, oh come to Me.