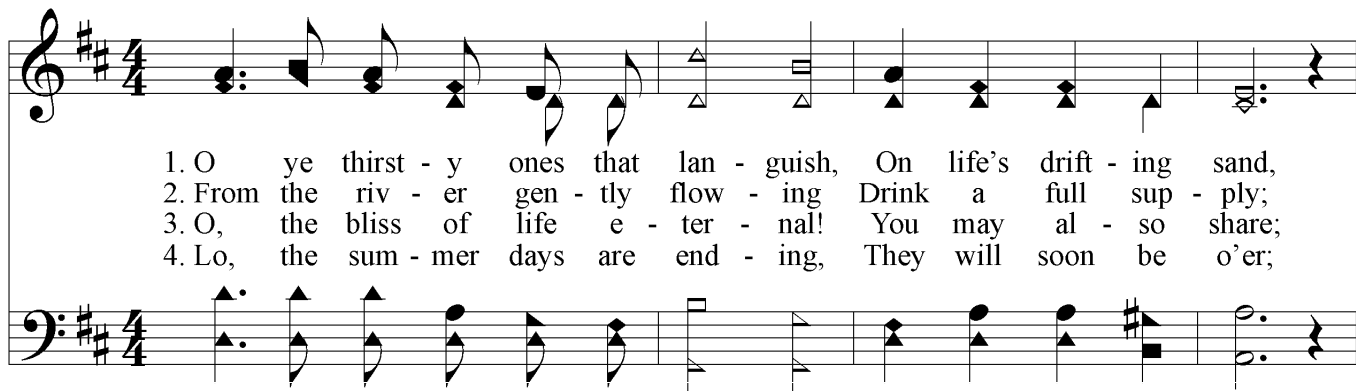# Whosoever Will May Come

1. O ye thirst - y ones that lan - guish, On life's drift - ing sand,
2. From the riv - er gen - tly flow - ing Drink a full sup - ply;
3. O, the bliss of life e - ter - nal! You may al - so share;
4. Lo, the sum - mer days are end - ing, They will soon be o'er;

'Tis the Sav - ior bend - ing o'er you, Reach - ing out His toil - worn hand.
Free to all its bless - ed wa - ters, Where - fore will ye faint and die?
Come to Je - sus, and be - liev - ing, En - ter thru the gate of prayer.
While the Spir - it still is plead - ing, Grieve your dear - est Friend no more.

Chorus

Why will ye wan - der, Far a - way from home?

To the lov - ing arms of mer - cy Who - so - ev - er will may come.

Words by Fanny J. Crosby
Music by Stephen Collins Foster