Come, Said Jesus’ Sacred Voice

Words: A. L. Barbauld, abr., 1825
Music: Jay Deavereaux

1. Come, said Jesus’ sacred voice, Come, and make my paths your choice; I will guide you to your home, Weary pilgrim, hither come!
2. Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn, Long hast roam’d the barren waste, Weary wanderer, hither haste.
3. Ye who, toss’d on beds of pain, Seek for ease, but seek in vain; Ye, by fiercer anguish torn, In remorse for guilt who mourn:
4. Hither come! for here is found Balm that flows for every wound; Peace that ever shall endure. Rest eternal, sacred, sure.