Come In, O Come!

Words: Rev. Hanley C. G. Moule, 1890
Music: Atkinson

1. Come in, O come! The door stands open now; I knew Thy voice; Lord Jesus, it was Thou; The sun has set long
2. Alas, ill-ordered shews the dreary room; The household stuff lies heaped amidst the gloom; The table empty
3. Yet welcome, and to-night; this doleful scene is e'en it self my cause to hail Thee in; This dark confusion
4. I seek no more to alter things, or mend, Before the coming of so great a Friend; All were at best un worth thy of Thee as Thou art; To chase the gloom, the
5. Come, not to find, but make this troubled heart dwell ing since; the storms begin; 'Tis time for Thee, my Savior; O come in! stands, the couch undress'd; Ah, what a welcome for the Eternal Guest! e'en at once demands Thine own bright presence, Lord, and ord'ring hands. seemly; and 'were ill Beyond all else to keep Thee waiting still terror, and the sin, Come, all Thy self, yea come, Lord Jesus, in!