Come Unto Me When Shadows Gather

HENLEY

1. Come unto me when shadows darkly gather, When the sad
   heart is wearily and distressing, Seeking for comfort from your
   heavy Father, Come unto me, and I will give you rest

2. Ye who have mourned when the spring flow'rs were taken; When the ripe
   fruit fell richly to the ground; When the loved slept in brighter
   homes to waken, Where their pale brows with spiritual wreaths are crowned.

3. Large are the mansions in your Father's dwelling, Glad are the
   homes that sorrows never dim; Sweet are the harps in holy
   music swelling, Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.

4. There, like an Eden, blossoming in gladness, Bloom the fair
   flow'rs the earth too rudely pressed: Come unto me, all ye who
   droop in sadness, Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

Words by Catherine H. Esling
Music by Lowell Mason

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