“Come”

1. Oh word of words, the sweet-est, Oh word, in which there lie
   All promise, all fulfill-ment, And end of mys-ter-y;
   La-ment-ing, or re-joic-ing, With doubt or ter-ror nigh,
   I hear the "Come" of Je-sus, And to His cross I fly.

2. Oh soul! why shouldst thou wan-der From such a lov-ing Friend?
   Cling clos-er, clos-er to Him, Stay with Him to the end,
   A-la-s! I am so help-less, So ver-y full of sin,
   For I am ev-er wan-dring, And com-ing back a-gain.

3. Oh, each time draw me near-er, That soon the "Come" may be
   Naught but a gen-tle whis-iper, To one close, close to Thee;
   Then, o-ver sea and moun-tain, Far from, or near my home,
   I'll take Thy hand and fol-low, At that sweet whis-iper "Come!"

Words: Mrs. James Gibson Johnson
Music: James McGranahan
“Come”

Chorus

Come, oh, come to me, Come, oh, come to me,

Come, come, come, come, come, come, come, Come, come,

Weary, heavy laden, Come, oh, come to me,

Oh,

Come, oh, come to me, Come, oh, come to me,

Come, come, come, come, Come, come, come, come,

Weary, heavy laden, Come, oh, come to me.

Rit...