

Come, Ye Sinners, Poor And Wretched
by Charles Wesley

1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore:
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity joined with power;
He is able,
He is willing; doubt no more.

2 Come, ye needy, come, and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 Lo! the incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood:
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.