

Come, Oh Come, with Thy Broken Heart  
Words: Fanny Crosby, 1875. Music: Ira Sankey.

Come, oh come, with thy broken heart,  
Weary and worn with care;  
Come and kneel at the open door,  
Jesus is waiting there;  
Waiting to heal thy wounded soul,  
Waiting to give thee rest;  
Why wilt thou walk where shadows fall?  
Come to His loving breast!

Firmly cling to the blessed cross,  
There shall thy refuge be;  
Wash thee now in the crimson fount,  
Flowing so pure for thee;  
List to the gentle warning voice!  
List to the earnest call!  
Leave at the cross thy burden now:  
Jesus will bear it all.

Come and taste of the precious feast,  
Feast of eternal love;  
Think of joys that forever bloom,  
Bright in the life above:  
Come with a trusting heart to God,  
Come and be saved by grace;  
Come, for He longs to clasp thee now,  
Close in His dear embrace.