

Come unto Me, When Shadows Darkly Gather

Cathrine Esling, 1839.

Thomas Rinehart, 1860.

Come unto Me, when shadows darkly gather,
When the sad heart is weary and distressed;
Seeking for comfort from your heavenly Father,
Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.

Ye who have mourned when the spring flowers 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 spirit-wreaths are crowned,

Large are the mansions in thy 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.

There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed;
Come unto Me, all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.