

Come, Oh Come, with Thy Broken Heart-Ira Sankey

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.