

Come, O Thou Traveler Unknown

Charles Wesley, 1742.

Dimitri Bortniansky, 1825.

Come, O thou traveler unknown,

Whom still I hold, but cannot see!

My company before is gone,

And I am left alone with Thee;

With Thee all night I mean to stay,

And wrestle till the break of day.

I need not tell Thee who I am,

My misery and sin declare;

Thyself hast called me by my name,

Look on Thy hands, and read it there;

But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou?

Tell me Thy name, and tell me now.

In vain Thou strugglest to get free,

I never will unloose my hold!

Art Thou the man that died for me?

The secret of Thy love unfold;

Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,

Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

Wilt Thou not yet to me reveal

Thy new, unutterable name?

Tell me, I still beseech Thee, tell;

To know it now resolved I am;

Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,

Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

'Tis all in vain to hold Thy tongue

Or touch the hollow of my thigh;

Though every sinew be unstrung,

Out of my arms Thou shalt not fly;

Wrestling I will not let Thee go

Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

What though my shrinking flesh complain,

And murmur to contend so long?

I rise superior to my pain,

When I am weak, then I am strong

And when my all of strength shall fail,

I shall with the God-man prevail.

My strength is gone, my nature dies,

I sink beneath Thy weighty hand,

Faint to revive, and fall to rise;

I fall, and yet by faith I stand;

I stand and will not let Thee go

Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

Yield to me now, for I am weak,

But confident in self-despair;

Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,

Be conquered by my instant prayer;

Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,

And tell me if Thy name is Love.

'Tis Love! 'tis Love! Thou diedst for me!

I hear Thy whisper in my heart;

The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
Pure, universal love Thou art;
To me, to all, Thy bowels move;
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

My prayer hath power with God; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive;
Through faith I see Thee face to face,
I see Thee face to face, and live!
In vain I have not wept and strove;
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

I know Thee, Savior, who Thou art.
Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend;
Nor will Thou with the night depart.
But stay and love me to the end,
Thy mercies never shall remove;
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

The Sun of righteousness on me
Hath rose with healing in His wings,
Withered my nature's strength; from Thee
My soul its life and succor brings;
My help is all laid up above;
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

Contented now upon my thigh
I halt, till life's short journey end;
All helplessness, all weakness I
On Thee alone for strength depend;
Nor have I power from Thee to move:
Thy nature, and Thy name is Love.

Lame as I am, I take the prey,
Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'ercome;
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
And as a bounding hart fly home,
Through all eternity to prove
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.