

Come Oh Come  
Mary Johnson, 1887.  
James McGranahan.

O word of words the sweetest,  
Oh words, in which there lie  
All promise, all fulfillment,  
And end of mystery;  
Lamenting or rejoicing,  
With doubt or terror nigh,  
I hear the "Come!" of Jesus,  
And to His cross I fly.

Refrain

Come, oh come to Me,  
Come, oh come to Me,  
Weary, heavy laden,  
Come, oh come to Me,  
Come, oh come to Me,  
Come, oh come to Me,  
Weary, heavy laden,  
Come, oh come to Me.

O soul! why shouldst thou wander  
From such a loving Friend?  
Cling closer, closer to Him,  
Stay with Him to the end.  
Alas! I am so helpless,  
So very full of sin,  
For I am ever wand'ring,  
And coming back again.

Refrain

O, each time draw me nearer,  
That soon the "Come" may be  
Naught but a gentle whisper,  
To one close, close to Thee;  
Then, over sea and mountain,  
Far from or near my home,  
I'll take Thy hand and follow,  
At that sweet whisper "Come!"

Refrain