

With Tearful Eyes I Look Around

Charlotte Elliott, 1841.

W. A. Wrigley, 1885.

With tearful eyes I look around;  
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;  
Yet, midst the gloom, I hear a sound,  
A heavenly whisper, "Come to Me."

It tells me of a place of rest;  
It tells me where my soul may flee:  
O to the weary, faint, oppressed,  
How sweet the bidding, "Come to Me."

When the poor heart with anguish learns  
That earthly props resigned must be,  
And from each broken cistern turns,  
It hears the accents, "Come to Me."

When against sin I strive in vain,  
And cannot from its yoke get free,  
Sinking beneath the heavy chain,  
The words arrest me, "Come to Me."

When nature shudders, loath to part  
From all I love, enjoy, and see;  
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,  
A sweet voice utters, "Come to Me."

"Come, for all else must fall and die;  
Earth is no resting-place for thee;  
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye,  
I am thy portion; come to Me."

O voice of mercy! voice of love!  
In conflict, grief, and agony,  
Support me, cheer me from above,  
And gently whisper, "Come to Me."