

Listen to the Blessed Invitation

Words: Eliza Hewitt, 1888.

Music: William Kirkpatrick.

Listen to the blessed invitation,
Sweeter than the notes of angel song,
Chiming softly with a heav'nly cadence,
Calling to the passing throng.

Refrain

Him that cometh unto Me.
Him that cometh unto Me,
Him that cometh unto Me,
I will not ever cast out.

Weary toiler, sad and heavy laden,
Joyfully the great salvation see;
Close beside thee stands the Burden Bearer,
Strong to bear thy load and thee.

Refrain

Come, ye thirsty, to the living waters,
Hungry, come and on His bounty feed;
Not thy fitness is the plea to bring Him,
But thy pressing utmost need.

Refrain

"Him that cometh," blind or maimed or sinful,
Coming for His healing touch divine,
For the cleansing of the blood so precious,
Prove anew this gracious line.

Refrain

Coming humbly, daily to this Savior,
Breathing all the heart to Him in prayer;
Coming some day to the heav'nly mansions,
He will give thee welcome there.

Refrain