

METRE 8 Charles Wesley

VERNON 6 lines 8s

Chapin

1. Come, O thou trav-el - er un-known, Whom still I hold but can - not see; } With thee all night I mean to stay, And wres-tle till the break of day.
My com-pa - ny be - fore is gone, And I am left a-lone with thee: }

2. In vain thou strug-glest to get free, I nev-er will un-loose my hold; } Wrest-ling I will not let thee go, Till I thy name, thy na-ture know.
Art thou the man that died for me? The se-cret of thy love un - fold; }

3. Yield to me now, for I am weak, But con-fi - dent in self - des - pair; } Speak, or thou nev-er hence shalt move, And tell me if thy name be Love.
Speak to my heart, in bless-ings speak—Be conquered by my in - stant pray'r; }