


Come, O Thou Traveler Unknown

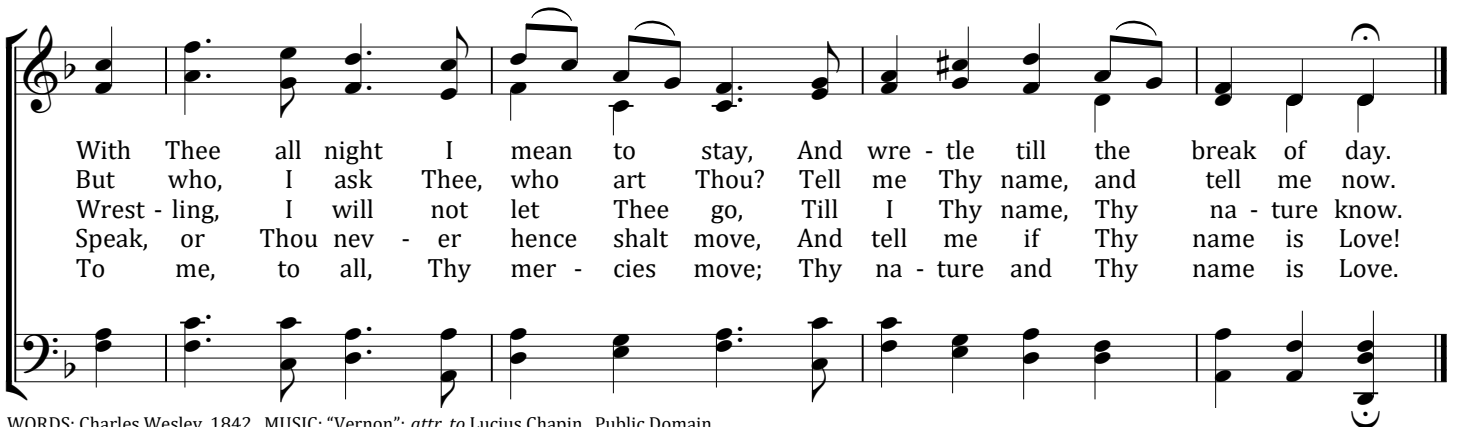
*There wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day.... And he said, I will not let thee go, except thou bless me. Gen. 32:24-30
The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force. Mt. 11:12*



1. Come, O Thou Trav - el - er un - known, Whom still I hold, but can - not see;
2. I need not tell Thee who I am, My mis - er - y and sin de - clare;
3. In vain Thou strug - glest to get free; I nev - er will un - loose my hold.
4. Yield to me now, for I am weak, But con - fi - dent in self - de - spair;
5. 'Tis Love, 'tis Love! Thou diedst for me! I hear Thy whis - per in my heart!



My com - pa - ny be - fore is gone, And I am left a - lone with Thee;
Thy - self hast called me by my name; Look on Thy hands, and read it there!
Art thou the Man that died for me? The se - cret of Thy love un - fold:
Speak to my heart, in bless - ings speak, Be con - quered by my in - stant prayer.
The morn - ing breaks, the shad - ows flee; Pure u - ni - ver - sal Love thou art:



With Thee all night I mean to stay, And wre - tle till the break of day.
But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou? Tell me Thy name, and tell me now.
Wrest - ling, I will not let Thee go, Till I Thy name, Thy na - ture know.
Speak, or Thou nev - er hence shalt move, And tell me if Thy name is Love!
To me, to all, Thy mer - cies move; Thy na - ture and Thy name is Love.

WORDS: Charles Wesley, 1842. MUSIC: "Vernon"; *attr.* to Lucius Chapin. Public Domain.