

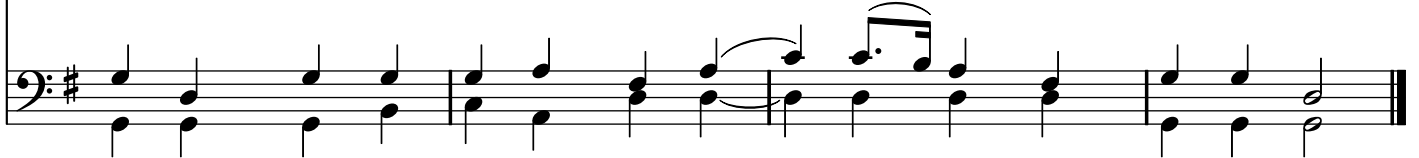
Come, Said Jesus



1. Come, said Je - sus' sa - cred voice, Come, and Make my paths your choice;
2. Thou, who home-less, sole, for - lorn, Long hast born the proud world's scorn,
3. Ye who tossed on beds of pain, Seek for ease, but seek in vain,
4. Sin - ners, come, for here is found Balm that flows from ev - 'ry wound—



I will guide you to your home, Wea - ry pil - grim, hith - er come.
Long hast roamed the bar - ren waste, Wea - ry pil - grim, hith - er haste.
Ye whose swoll'n and sleep - less eyes Watch to see the morn - ing rise.
Peace that ev - er shall en - dure, Rest e - ter - nal, sa - cred, sure.



Text: Anna Lætitia Barbauld (1743–1825), ca. 1792

Music: ? (old tune)

Source: *Relief Society Song Book*, 1919—no. 63