

# Come, O Thou traveller unknown

Samuel S. Wesley, 1810-1876

Colchester  
88.88.88

Come, O thou Traveler unknown,  
Whom still I hold, but cannot see!  
My company before is gone,  
And I am left alone with Thee;  
With Thee all night I mean to stay,  
And wrestle till the break of day.

Yield to me now, for I am weak,  
But confident in self-despair;  
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,  
Be conquered by my instant prayer;  
Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,  
And tell me if Thy Name is Love.

I need not tell Thee who I am,  
My misery and sin declare;  
Thyself hast called me by my name,  
Look on Thy hands, and read it there;  
But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou?  
Tell me Thy name, and tell me now.

'Tis Love! 'tis Love! Thou diedst for me!  
I hear Thy whisper in my heart;  
The morning breaks, the shadows flee,  
Pure, universal love Thou art;  
To me, to all, Thy bowels move;  
Thy nature and Thy Name is Love.

In vain Thou strugglest to get free,  
I never will unloose my hold!  
Art Thou the Man that died for me?  
The secret of Thy love unfold;  
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,  
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

Charles Wesley