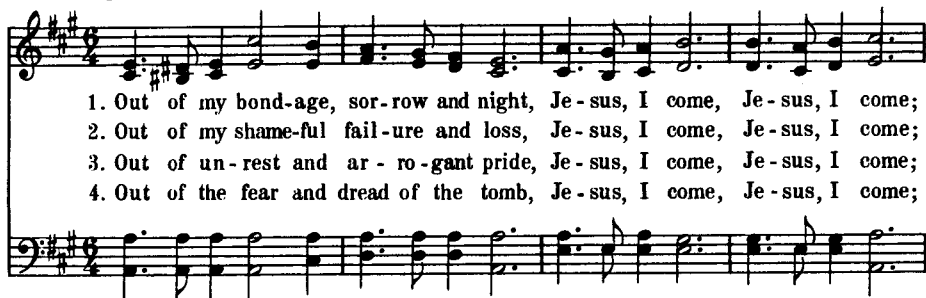


Jesus, I Come

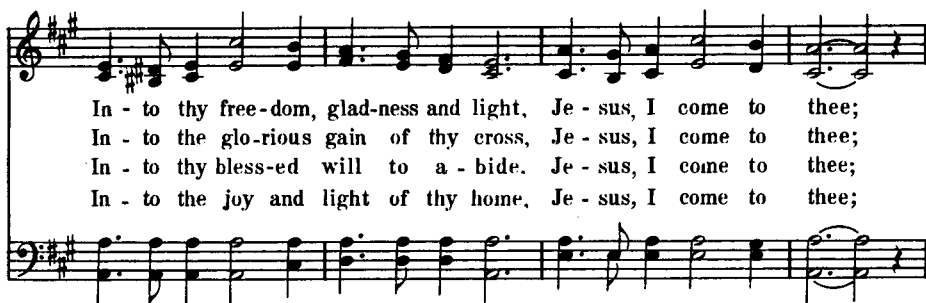
He hath sent me to bind up the brokenhearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound. Isa. 61:1

W. T. Sleeper, c. 1840-1920

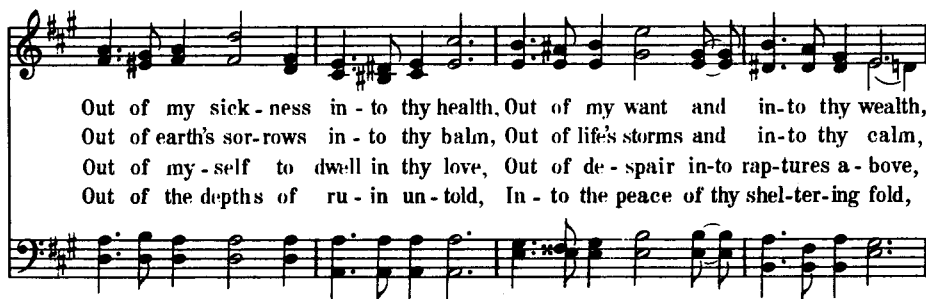
George C. Stebbins, 1846-1945



1. Out of my bond-age, sor-row and night, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
 2. Out of my shame-ful fail-ure and loss, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
 3. Out of un-rest and ar-ro-gant pride, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
 4. Out of the fear and dread of the tomb, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;



In-to thy free-dom, glad-ness and light, Je-sus, I come to thee;
 In-to the glo-rious gain of thy cross, Je-sus, I come to thee;
 In-to thy bless-ed will to a-bide. Je-sus, I come to thee;
 In-to the joy and light of thy home, Je-sus, I come to thee;



Out of my sick-ness in-to thy health, Out of my want and in-to thy wealth,
 Out of earth's sor-rows in-to thy balm, Out of life's storms and in-to thy calm,
 Out of my-self to dwell in thy love, Out of de-spair in-to rap-tures a-bove,
 Out of the depths of ru-in un-told, In-to the peace of thy shel-ter-ing fold,



Out of my sin and in-to thy-self, Je-sus, I come to thee.
 Out of dis-tress to ju-bi-lant psalm, Je-sus, I come to thee.
 Up-ward for aye on wings like a dove, Je-sus, I come to thee.
 Ev-er thy glo-rious face to be-hold, Je-sus, I come to thee. A-MEN.