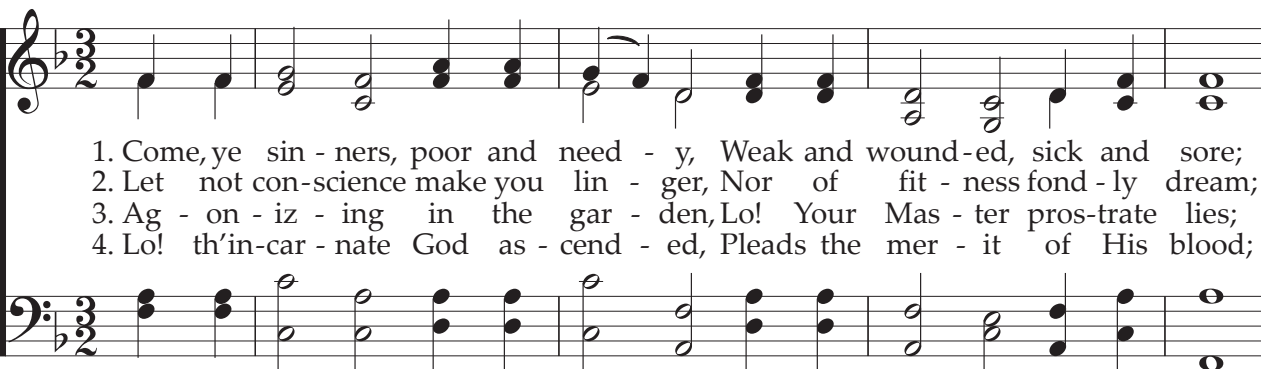
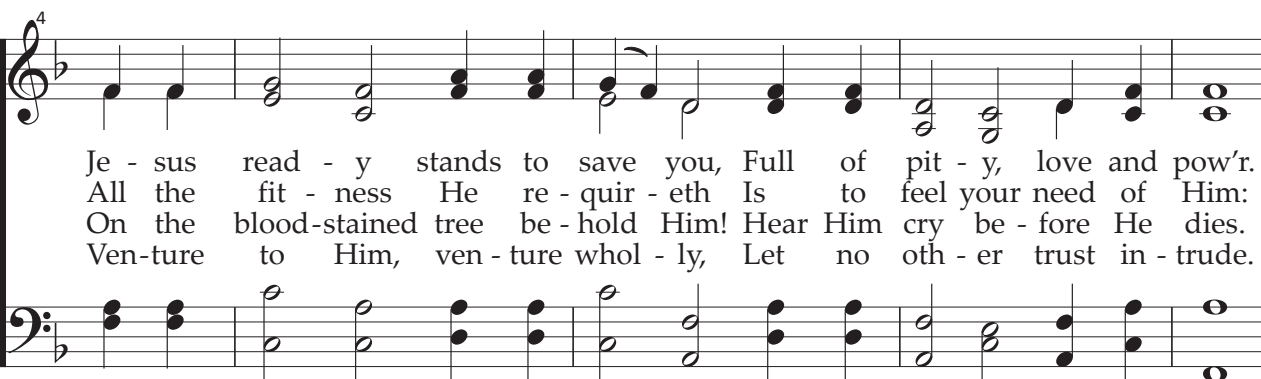


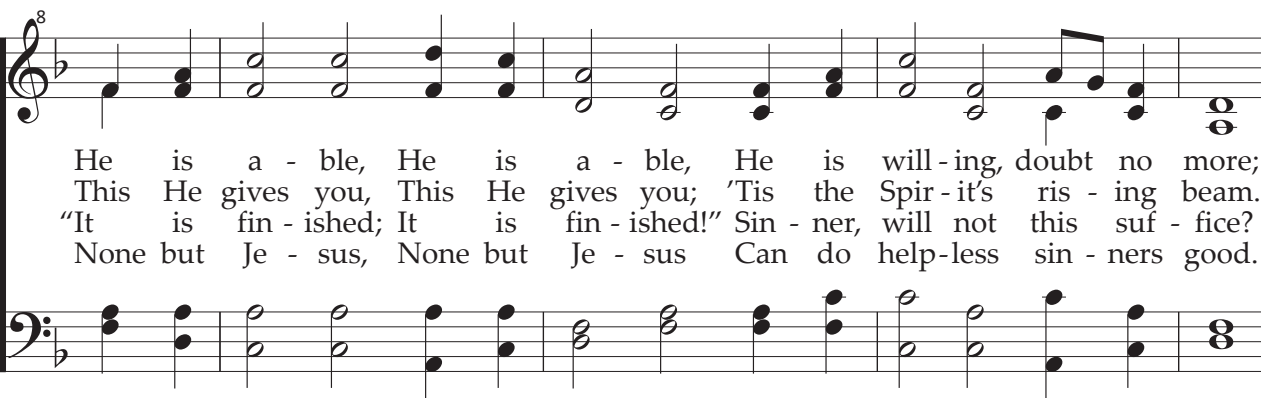
Come, Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy



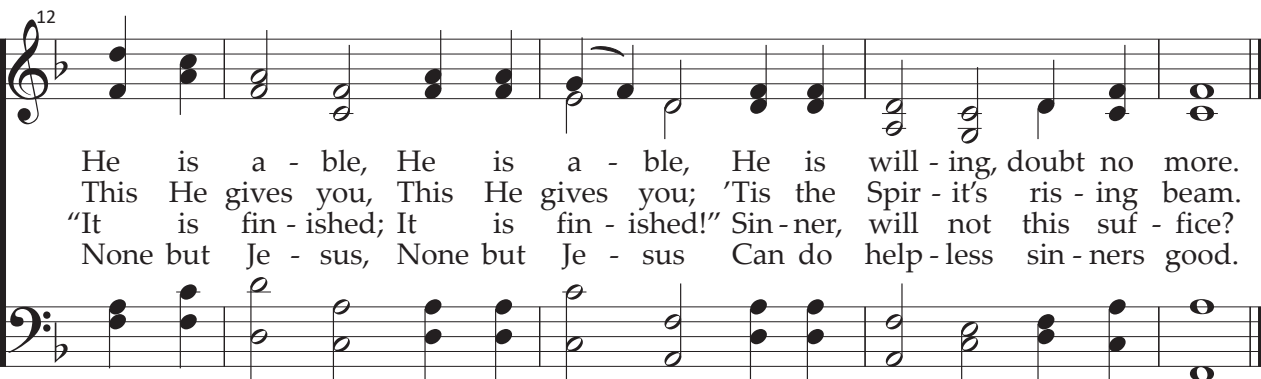
1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore;
 2. Let not con-science make you lin - ger, Nor of fit - ness fond - ly dream;
 3. Ag - on - iz - ing in the gar - den, Lo! Your Mas - ter pros-trate lies;
 4. Lo! th'in-car - nate God as - cend - ed, Pleads the mer - it of His blood;



Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r.
 All the fit - ness He re - quir - eth Is to feel your need of Him:
 On the blood-stained tree be - hold Him! Hear Him cry be - fore He dies.
 Ven-ture to Him, ven - ture whol - ly, Let no oth - er trust in - trude.



He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is will - ing, doubt no more;
 This He gives you, This He gives you; 'Tis the Spir - it's ris - ing beam.
 "It is fin - ished; It is fin - ished!" Sin - ner, will not this suf - fice?
 None but Je - sus, None but Je - sus Can do help-less sin - ners good.



He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is will - ing, doubt no more.
 This He gives you, This He gives you; 'Tis the Spir - it's ris - ing beam.
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