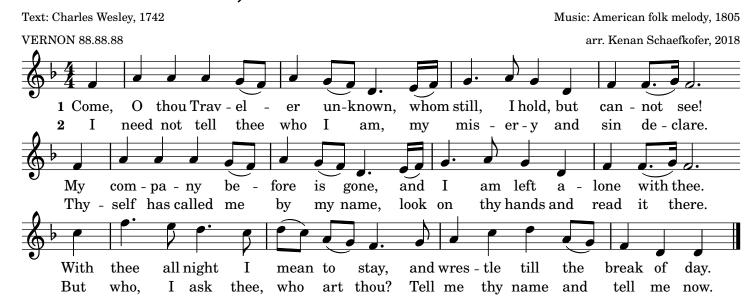
## Come, O thou Traveler unknown



- 3 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.
- 4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal thy new, unutterable name? Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell, to know it now resolved I am. Wrestling, I will not let thee go, till I thy name, thy nature know.
- 5 'Tis all in vain to hold thy tongue or touch the hollow of my thigh. Though every sinew is unstrung, out of my arms thou shalt not fly. Wrestling, I will not let thee go, till I thy name, thy nature know.

- and murmur to contend so long, I rise superior to my pain; when I am weak then I am strong, and when my all of strength shall fail I shall with the God-man prevail.
- 7 My strength is gone, my nature dies, I sink beneath thy weighty hand, faint to revive, and fall to rise. I fall, and yet by faith AI stand, I stand and will not let thee go, till I thy name, thy nature know.
- 8 Yield to me now for I am weak but confident in self-despair! Speak to my heart, in blessing speak, be conquered by my instant prayer. Speak, or thou never hence shalt move, and tell me if thy name is Love.
- 6 What though my shrinking flesh complain 9 '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 mercies move thy nature, and thy name is Love.
  - 10 My prayer hath power with God; the grace unspeakable I now receive! Through faith I see thee face to face, I see thee face to face, and live! In vain I have not wept and strove thy nature, and thy name is Love.
  - 11 Contented now upon my thigh I halt, till life's short journey end. All helplessness, all weakness I on thee alone for strength depend, nor have I power from thee to move. Thy nature, and thy name is Love!