

Come, O thou Traveler unknown

Text: Charles Wesley, 1742

Music: American folk melody, 1805

VERNON 88.88.88

arr. Kenan Schaeferkofer, 2018

The musical score is written for a single melodic line on a treble clef staff in 4/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is simple and folk-like, with a range of one octave. The lyrics are written below the staff, with line numbers 1 and 2 indicating different verses. The score is divided into three systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system contains the first two lines of the first verse. The second system contains the next two lines of the first verse. The third system contains the final two lines of the first verse. The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style, with a range of one octave. The lyrics are written below the staff, with line numbers 1 and 2 indicating different verses. The score is divided into three systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system contains the first two lines of the first verse. The second system contains the next two lines of the first verse. The third system contains the final two lines of the first verse.

1 Come, O thou Trav - el - er un-known, whom still, I hold, but can - not see!
2 I need not tell thee who I am, my mis - er - y and sin de - clare.

My com - pa - ny be - fore is gone, and I am left a - lone with thee.
Thy - self has called me by my name, look on thy hands and read it there.

With thee all night I mean to stay, and wres - tle till the break of day.
But who, I ask thee, who art thou? Tell me thy name and tell me now.

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.

6 What though my shrinking flesh complain
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 I 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.

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!