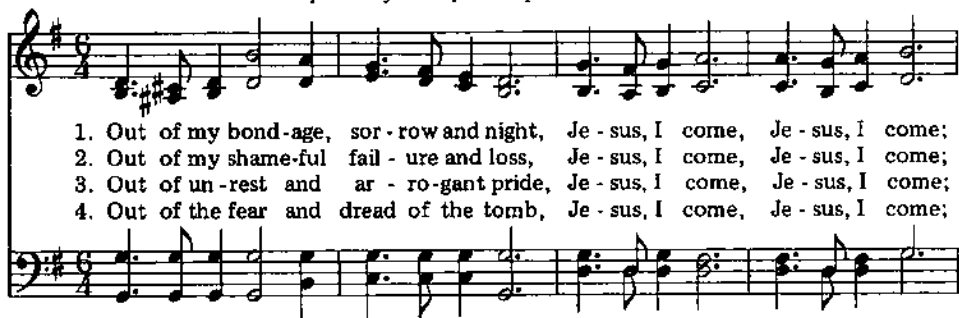
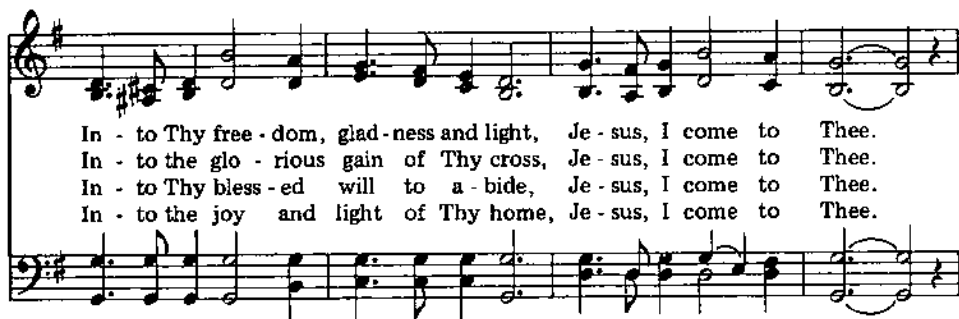


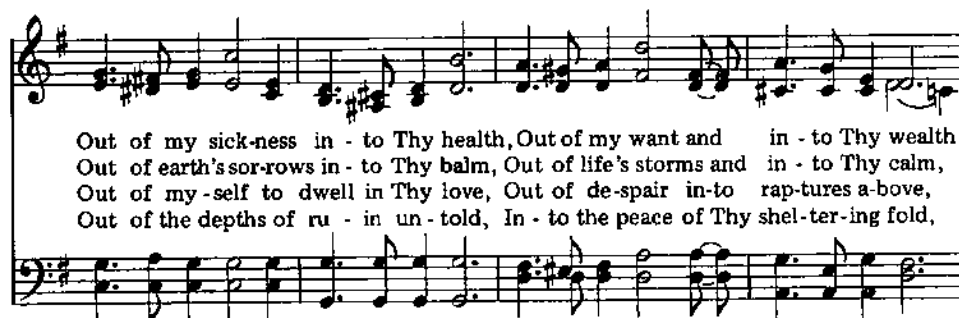
336 Jesus, I Come

He has sent Me . . . to proclaim freedom for the captives. Isa. 61:1


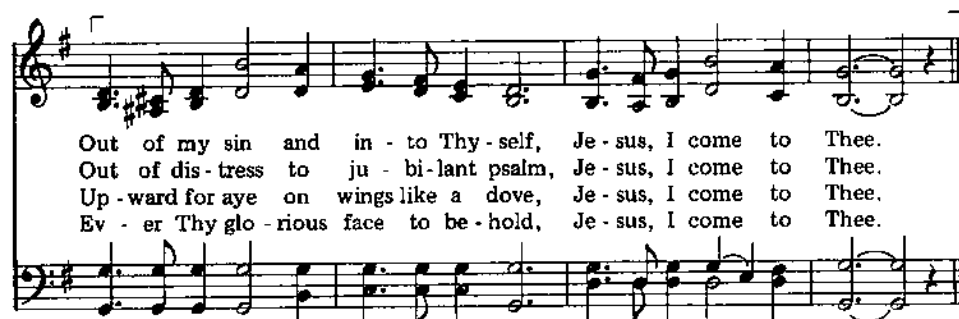
1. Out of my bond-age, sor-row and night, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
 2. Out of my shame-ful fail-ure and loss, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
 3. Out of un-rest and ar-ro-gant pride, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
 4. Out of the fear and dread of the tomb, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;



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.