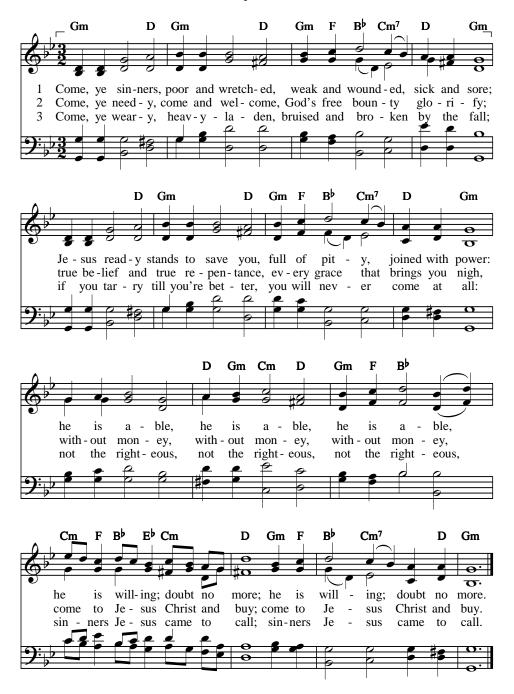
#

Come, ye sinners



Text: Joseph Hart, 1759, alt. Tune: William Owen, 1852

Come, ye sinners

- 4 Let not conscience make you linger, nor of fitness fondly dream; all the fitness he requireth is to feel your need of him; this he gives you, this he gives you, this he gives you; 'tis the Spirit's rising beam; 'tis the Spirit's rising beam.
- 5 Lo! th'incarnate God, ascended, pleads the merit of his blood; venture on him, venture wholly, let no other trust intrude: none but Jesus, none but Jesus, none but Jesus can do helpless sinners good; can do helpless sinners good.