

Charles Wesley
(1707-88)

Come, O Thou Traveller unknown

S. S. Wesley
(1810-76)

Peniel

1. Come, O thou Tra - vel - ler un - known, whom still I hold, but can-not see; My com - pa -
2. I need not tell thee who I am, my mi - se - ry or sin de - clare; Thy-self hast
3. In vain thou strug-glest to get free; I ne-ver will un-loose my hold. Art thou the

ny be - fore is gone, and I am left a lone with thee; With thee all night I mean to
called me by my name; look on my hands, and read it there! But who, I ask thee, who art
man that died for me? The sec-ret of thy love un - fold: Wrest - ling, I will not let thee

stay, and wrest - le till the break of day. 4. Yield to me now, for I am
thou? Tell me thy name, and tell me now. 5. 'Tis love! 'tis love! thou diedst for
go, till I thy name, thy na - ture know. 6. I know thee, Sa - viour, who thou

weak, but con - fi dent in self-des - pair; Speak to my heart, in bles-sings speak, be con-quered
me! I hear thy whis-per in my heart! The mor-ning breaks, the sha - dows flee; pure un - i -
art, Je - sus, the fee - ble sin-ner's friend; Nor wilt thou with the night de - part, But stay and

by my in - stant prayer. Speak, or thou ne-ver hence shall move, and tell me if thy name is Love?
ver - sal Love thou art: To me, to all, thy mer - cies move; thy na - ture and thy name is Love.
love me to the end: Thy mer-cies ne-ver shall re - move; thy na - ture and thy name is Love.