

COME, all souls by sin afflicted,  
Bowed with fruitless sorrow down;  
By the broken law convicted,  
Through the Cross behold the crown.  
Look to Jesus—  
Mercy flows through Him alone.

2 Sweet as home to exiles weary;  
Light to newly-opened eyes;  
Flowing springs in deserts dreary,  
Is the life that Christ supplies;  
All who taste it  
Shall to life immortal rise.

3 Blessèd are the eyes that see Him;  
Blest the ears that hear His voice:  
Blessèd are the souls that trust Him,  
And in Him alone rejoice;  
His commandments  
Then become their happy choice.

*Joseph Swain, 1761-96*