Come To Me
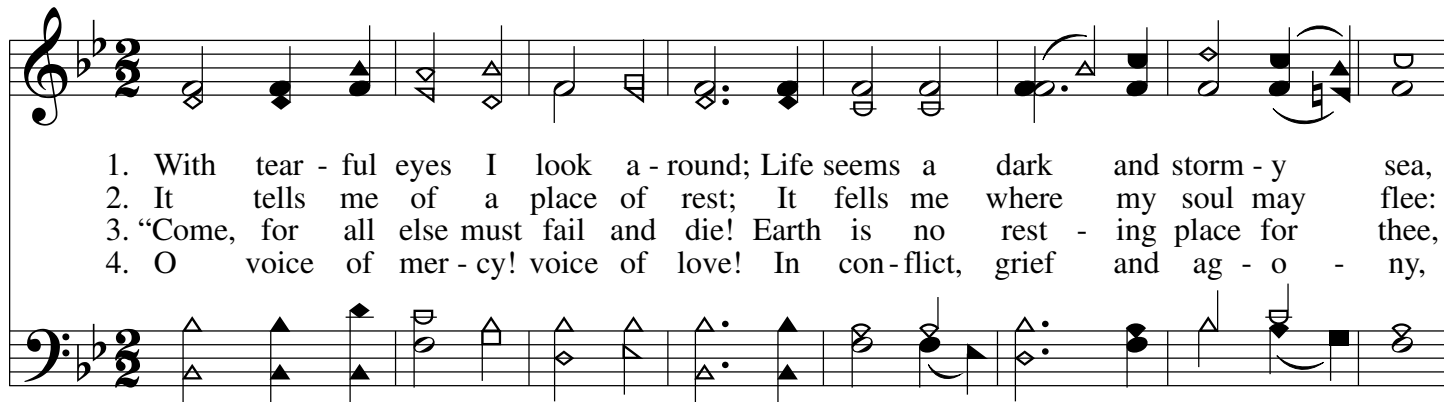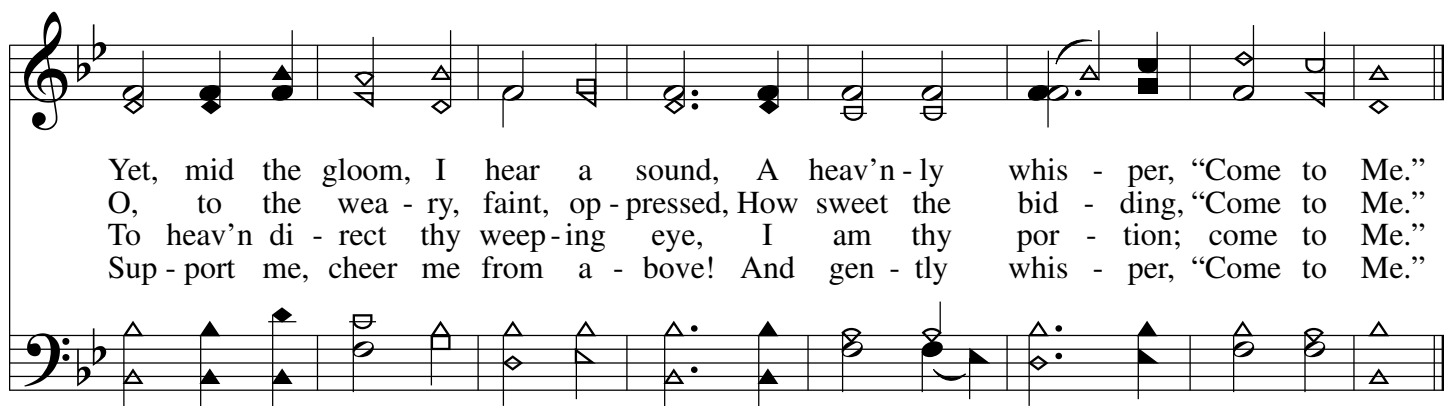
Bb/F - SOL

1. With tear - ful eyes I look a - round; Life seems a   dark   and storm - y   sea,
2. It   tells me of a place of rest; It fells me where   my soul may   flee:
3. "Come, for all else must fail and die! Earth is no   rest - ing place for   thee,
4. O   voice of mer - cy! voice of love! In con - flict, grief   and ag - o - ny,

Yet, mid the gloom, I hear a sound, A heav'n - ly   whis - per, "Come to Me."
O,   to the wea - ry, faint, op - pressed, How sweet the   bid - ding, "Come to Me."
To heav'n di - rect thy weep - ing eye, I   am thy   por - tion; come to Me."
Sup - port me, cheer me from a - bove! And gen - tly   whis - per, "Come to Me."