

# Come To Me

B♭



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 tells 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."

