

Come, O thou Traveler unknown

Text: Charles Wesley, 1742

Music: American folk melody, 1805

VERNON 88.88.88

arr. Kenan Schaeferkofer, 2018



1 Come, O thou Trav - el - er un-known, whom still, I hold, but can - not see!
2 I need not tell thee who I am, my mis - er - y and sin de - clare.
My com - pa - ny be - fore is gone, and I am left a - lone with thee.
Thy - self has called me by my name, look on thy hands and read it there.
With thee all night I mean to stay, and wres - tle till the break of day.
But who, I ask thee, who art thou? Tell me thy name and tell me now.

3 In vain thou strugglest to get free;
I never will unloose my hold.
Art thou the Man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold.
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
till I thy name, thy nature know.

4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell,
to know it now resolved I am.
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
till I thy name, thy nature know.

5 'Tis all in vain to hold thy tongue
or touch the hollow of my thigh.
Though every sinew is unstrung,
out of my arms thou shalt not fly.
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
till I thy name, thy nature know.

6 What though my shrinking flesh complain
and murmur to contend so long,
I rise superior to my pain;
when I am weak then I am strong,
and when my all of strength shall fail
I shall with the God-man prevail.

7 My strength is gone, my nature dies,
I sink beneath thy weighty hand,
faint to revive, and fall to rise.
I fall, and yet by faith I stand,
I stand and will not let thee go,
till I thy name, thy nature know.

8 Yield to me now - for I am weak
but confident in self-despair!
Speak to my heart, in blessing speak,
be conquered by my instant prayer.
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
and tell me if thy name is Love.

9 'Tis Love! 'tis Love! thou diedst for me,
I hear thy whisper in my heart.
The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
pure, universal Love thou art.
To me, to all, thy mercies move -
thy nature, and thy name is Love.

10 My prayer hath power with God;
the grace unspeakable I now receive!
Through faith I see thee face to face,
I see thee face to face, and live!
In vain I have not wept and strove -
thy nature, and thy name is Love.

11 Contented now upon my thigh
I halt, till life's short journey end.
All helplessness, all weakness I
on thee alone for strength depend,
nor have I power from thee to move.
Thy nature, and thy name is Love!