

# Come, O thou Traveler unknown

Text: Charles Wesley, 1742

VERNON 88.88.88

Music: American folk melody, 1805

arr. Kenan Schaeffkofer, 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 struggelest 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 AI 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!