

Come, O Thou Traveller Unknown

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Charles Wesley, 1742

CANDLER, LMD

Traditional Scottish Melody



12. The Sun of righ - teous-ness_ on me_ Hath rose_ with heal - ing in_ his wings, With -
13. Con - ten-ted now_ u - pon_ my thigh_ I halt, till life's short jour - ney end; All_
14. Lame as I am, I take_ the prey, Hell, earth, and sin, with ease_ o'er-come; I_



ered my na - ture's strength;_ from thee_ My soul_ its life_ and suc - cour brings; My_
help-less-ness, all weak - ness, I_ On thee_ a-lone_ for strength_ de - pend, Nor_
leap for joy, pur - sue_ my way, And as_ a bound - ing hart_ fly home, Through



help is all_ laid up a - bove;_ Thy na - ture and_ thy name_ is Love. My_
have I power_ from thee_ to move;_ Thy na - ture and_ thy name_ is Love. Nor_
all e - ter - ni - ty to prove_ Thy na - ture and_ thy name_ is Love. Through



help is all_ laid up_ a - bove;_ Thy na - ture and_ thy name_ is Love.
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