

(Maker. 6. 6. 6. 6. 6. 6. 6. 3.)

J. M. Wigner

R. C. Maker

1. Come to the Sav - iour now! He gen - tly call - eth thee;
 2. Come to the Sav - iour now! Gaze on that cleans-ing tide -
 3. Come to the Sav - iour now! He suf - fered there for thee;

In true re - pent - ance bow, Be - fore Him bend the knee;
 Wa - ter and blood that flow Forth from His wound-ed side.
 And in His mer - its thou Hast an un - fail - ing plea;

He waiteth to be - stow Sal - va - tion, peace and love, True joy on
 Hark to the suf - f'ring One: "Tis finished!" now He cries; Re - demption's
 No vain ex - cu - ses frame, For feel-ings do not stay; None who to

earth be - low, A home in heaven a - bove. Come, come, come.
 work is done, Then bows His head and dies. Come, come, come.
 Je - sus came Were ev - er sent a - way. Come, come, come.