Come, O Thou Traveller Unknown

WRESTLING JACOB, 88.88.88

Charles Wesley, 1742

1. COME, O thou Traveller unknown, Whom still I hold, but cannot see!
   My company before is gone, And I am left alone with thee;
   With thee all night I mean to stay, And wrest until the break of day.

2. I need not tell thee who I am, My misery and sin declare;
   Thyself hast called me by my name, Look on thy hands, and read it there;
   But who, I ask thee, who art Thou? Tell me 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 unknown?
   Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell; To know it now resolved I am;

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;
   Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell; To know it now resolved I am;

Samuel Sebastian Wesley, 1872