

# 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.  
have I power\_ from thee\_ to move;\_ Thy na - ture and\_ thy name\_ is Love.  
all e - ter - ni - ty\_ to prove\_ Thy na - ture and\_ thy name\_ is Love.