

In the still-dark early moments of morning I woke with this song whispering in my mind..... so I attempted to sing it – only to discover that I had forgotten many of the words. So, I looked it up.....

William Sleeper wrote this a hundred and twenty some years ago and, as just a kid, I sang it with the saints of those days. Today, many years later, with a little more wisdom and fervor I sing it again [in my mind]. You can't sing it because you probably don't know the tune, but you should take the time to read it and see if it speaks to you like it does to me. It often amazes me how much people of hundreds of years ago knew about the things of God. Millions, perhaps BILLIONS, of things have changed – radically changed – but consider these words. Has ANYTHING changed?

JESUS I COME TO THEE

**Out of my bondage, sorrow, and night,
Jesus, I come, Jesus, I come;
Into Thy freedom, gladness, and light,
Jesus, I come to Thee;
Out of my sickness, into Thy health,
Out of my want and into Thy wealth,
Out of my sin and into Thyself,
Jesus, I come to Thee.**

**Out of my shameful failure and loss,
Jesus, I come, Jesus, I come;
Into the glorious gain of Thy cross,
Jesus, I come to Thee.
Out of earth's sorrows into Thy balm,
Out of life's storms and into Thy calm,
Out of distress to jubilant psalm,
Jesus, I come to Thee.**

**Out of unrest and arrogant pride,
Jesus, I come, Jesus, I come;
Into Thy blessed will to abide,
Jesus, I come to Thee.
Out of myself to dwell in Thy love,
Out of despair into raptures above,
Upward for aye on wings like a dove,
Jesus, I come to Thee.**

**Out of the fear and dread of the tomb,
Jesus, I come, Jesus, I come;
Into the joy and light of Thy throne,
Jesus, I come to Thee.**

**Out of the depths of ruin untold,
Into the peace of Thy sheltering fold,
Ever Thy glorious face to behold,
Jesus, I come to Thee.**

.....AND so we come.....today.