

THE TRAVELLER. 7 & 6.

F# minor.

1. Come, all you wea-ry trav'lers; Come, let us join and sing, The ev - er - last - ing prais - es Of Je - sus Christ, our King;
 2. At first when Je - sus found us, He called us un - to him, And point - ed out the dan - ger Of fall - ing in - to sin;

3. But by our dis - o - be - dience, With sor - row we con - fess, We've had too long to wan - der In a dark wil - der - ness
 4. Gra - cious foretastes of heav - en Give life, and health, and peace, Re - vive our drooping spi - rits, And faith and love in - crease;

We've had a te - dious journey, And tiresome, it is true; But see how ma - ny dan - gers The Lord has brought us through.
 The world, the flesh, and Sa - tan, Will prove a fa - tal snare, Un - less we do re - sist them, By faith and fer - vent prayer.

Where we might soon have faint - ed, In that enchanted ground, But Je - sus in - ter - pos - ed, And plea - sant fruits were found.
 Con - fess - ing Christ, our mas - ter, O - bey - ing his com - mand, We has - ten on our jour - ney, Un - to the pro - mised land.