

Come unto Him

Thoughtfully ♩ = 80-92

Words by Theodore E. Curtis

Music by Hugh W. Dougall

1. I wan - der through the still of night,
2. When I am filled with strong de - sire
3. It mat - ters not what may be - fall,

When sol - i - tude is ev - 'ry - where—
And ask a boon of Him, I see
What threat - 'ning hand hangs o - ver me;

A - lone, be - neath the star - ry light,
No mir - a - cle of liv - ing fire,
He is my ram - part through it all,

And yet I know that God is there.
But what I ask flows in - to me.
My ref - uge from mine en - e - my.



I kneel up - on the grass and pray;
 And when the tem - pest rag - es high
 Come un - to Him all ye de - pressed,

An an - swer comes with - out a voice.
 I feel no arm a - round me thrust,
 Ye err - ing souls whose eyes are dim,

It takes my bur - den all a - way
 But ev - 'ry storm goes roll - ing by
 Ye wea - ry ones who long for rest.

And makes my ach - ing heart re - joice.
 When I re - pose in Him my trust.
 Come un - to Him! Come un - to Him!

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