WITH TEARFUL EYES I LOOK AROUND



- 2. It tells me of a place of rest, it tells me where my soul may flee: oh! to the weary, faint, oppressed, how sweet the bidding, "Come to me!"
- 3. When the poor heart with anguish learns that earthly props resigned must be, and from each broken cistern turns, it hears the accents, "Come to me!"
- 4. When against sin I strive in vain, and cannot from its yoke get free, sinking beneath the heavy chain, the words arrest me, "Come to me!"
- 5. When nature shudders, loath to part from all I love, enjoy, and see; when a faint chill steals o'er my heart, a sweet voice utters, "Come to me!"
- 6. "Come, for all else must fail and die; earth is no resting-place for thee; heavenward direct thy weeping eye; I am thy portion; Come to me!"
- 7. O voice of mercy, voice of love! In conflict, grief, and agony, support me, cheer me from above, and gently whisper, "Come to me!"

Words: Hugh White. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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