

Come, Great Deliverer, Come


Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1877

William Howard Doane


$\text{♩} = 105$




1. O hear my cry, be gra - cious now to me, Come, great De-liver-er,
2. I have no place, no shel - ter from the night, Come, great De-liver-er,
3. My path is lone, and wear - y are my feet, Come, great De-liver-er,
4. Thou wilt not spurn con - tri - tion's brok - en sigh, Come, great De-liver-er,



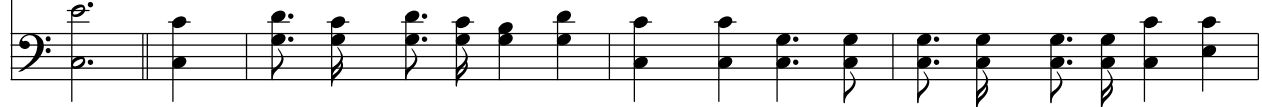
come; My soul bowed down is long - ing now for Thee, Come, great De-liver-er,
come; One look from Thee would give me life and light, Come, great De-liver-er,
come; Mine eyes look up Thy lov - ing smile to meet, Come, great De-liver-er,
come. Re - gard my prayer, and hear my hum - ble cry, Come, great De-liver-er,



Refrain



come.
come.
come. I've wan - dered far a - way o'er mount - ains cold, I've wan - dered far a - way from
come.



home; O take me now, and bring me to Thy fold, Come, great De-liver-er, come.

