1. Saw ye my Saviour? Heard ye the glad sound?
2. Mourn-er, it calls you,— “Come to my bosom,
3. Sin-ner, it calls you,— “Come to this fountain,

Felt ye the power of the Word? ’Twas the
Love wipes your tears all away, And will
Cleanse the foul senses within; ’Tis the

Truth that made us free, And was found by you and me In the
lift the shade of gloom, And for you make radiant room Midst the
Spirit that makes pure, That exalts thee, and will cure All thy

life and the love of our Lord.
glories of one endless day.”
sorrow and sickness and sin.”

4. Strongest deliverer, friend of the friendless,

Life of all being divine: Thou the Christ, and not the creed; Thou the

Truth in thought and deed; Thou the water, the bread, and the wine.