COME YE SINNERS

Words by Joseph Hart Music by Matthew Smith



4. Let not conscience make you linger, nor of fitness fondly dream.
All the fitness He requires is to feel your need of Him.
This He gives you, this He gives you, 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

5. Lo! The Incarnate God, ascended; pleads the merit of His blood. Venture on Him; venture wholly, Let no other trust intrude. None but Jesus, none but Jesus Can do helpless sinners good.

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