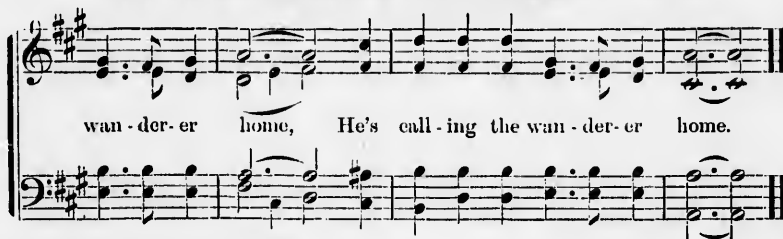


# THE WANDERER'S WELCOME—Continued.



From Christian Life Songs.

## 334

- 1 Behold! behold the Lamb of God,  
Who takes away our guilt;  
Behold, th' atoning, precious blood  
That for (that for) our sins he spilt.
- 2 O sinners, now to Christ draw near,  
Invited by his word;  
The chief of sinners need not fear;  
Behold (behold) the Lamb of God!
- 3 Backsliders, too, the Saviour calls,  
And washes in his blood:  
Arise, return from grievous falls;  
Behold (behold) the Lamb of God.
- 4 In every state, and time, and place,  
Naught plead but Jesus' blood;  
However wretched be your case,  
Behold (behold) the Lamb of God.

—HOSKINS.

## 335

- 1 Come, sinner, to the Gospel feast;  
Oh, come without delay;  
For there is room in Jesus' breast  
For all (for all) who will obey.
- 2 There's room in God's eternal love  
To save thy precious soul;  
Room in the Spirit's grace above  
To heal (to heal) and make thee whole.
- 3 There's room within the Church, re-  
deemed  
With blood of Christ divine;  
Room in the white-robed throng, con-  
vened,  
For that (for that) dear soul of thine.
- 4 There's room in heav'n among the choir,  
And harps and crowns of gold,  
And glorious palms of victory there,  
And joys (and joys) that ne'er were  
told.
- 5 There's room around thy Father's board  
For thee and thousands more:  
Oh, come and welcome to the Lord;  
Yea, come (yea, come) this very hour.

—HUNTINGDON'S COL.

## 336

- 1 The Saviour calls; let every ear  
Attend the heavenly sound;  
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear;  
Hope smiles (hope smiles) reviving  
round.
- 2 For every thirsty, longing heart,  
Here streams of bounty flow;  
And life, and health, and bliss impart,  
To banish (banish) mortal woe.
- 3 Ye sinners, come; 'tis mercy's voice;  
That gracious voice obey;  
'Tis Jesus calls to heavenly joys;  
And can (and can) you yet delay?
- 4 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts;  
To thee let sinners fly,  
And take the bliss thy love imparts,  
And drink, (and drink), and never  
die.

—STEELE.

## 337

- 1 Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor,  
Behold a royal feast,  
Where mercy spreads her bounteous  
store  
For every (every) humble guest.
- 2 There Jesus stands with open arms;  
He calls—he bids you come:  
Tho' guilt restrains, and fear alarms,  
Behold (behold) there yet is room.
- 3 Oh, come, and with his children taste  
The blessings of his love;  
While hope expects the sweet repast  
Of nobler (nobler) joys above.
- 4 There, with united heart and voice,  
Before th' eternal throne,  
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,  
In songs (in songs) on earth unknown.
- 5 And yet ten thousand thousand more  
Are welcome still to come!  
Ye longing souls, the grace adore,  
And enter (enter) while there's room.

—STEELE.