

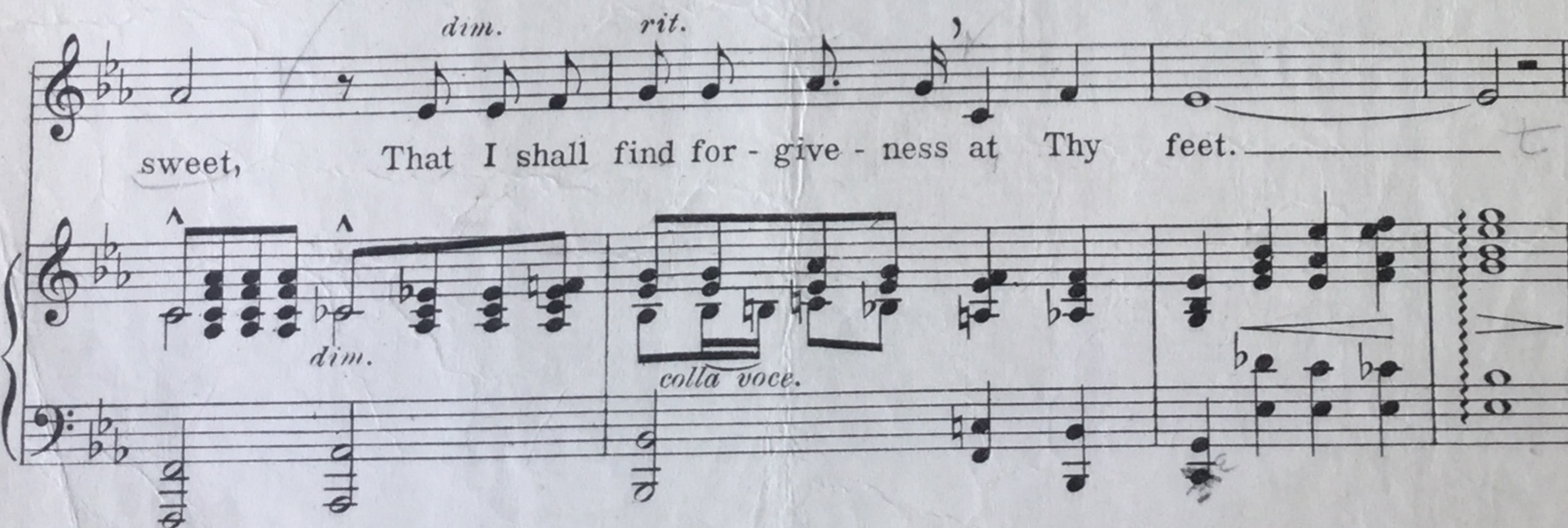
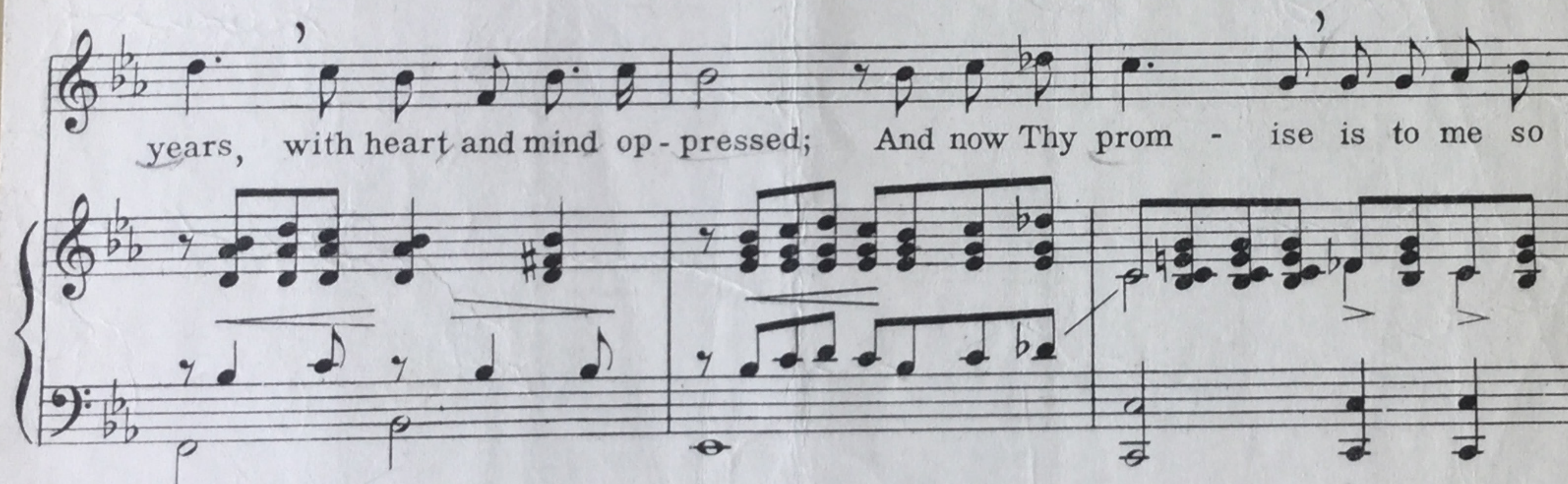
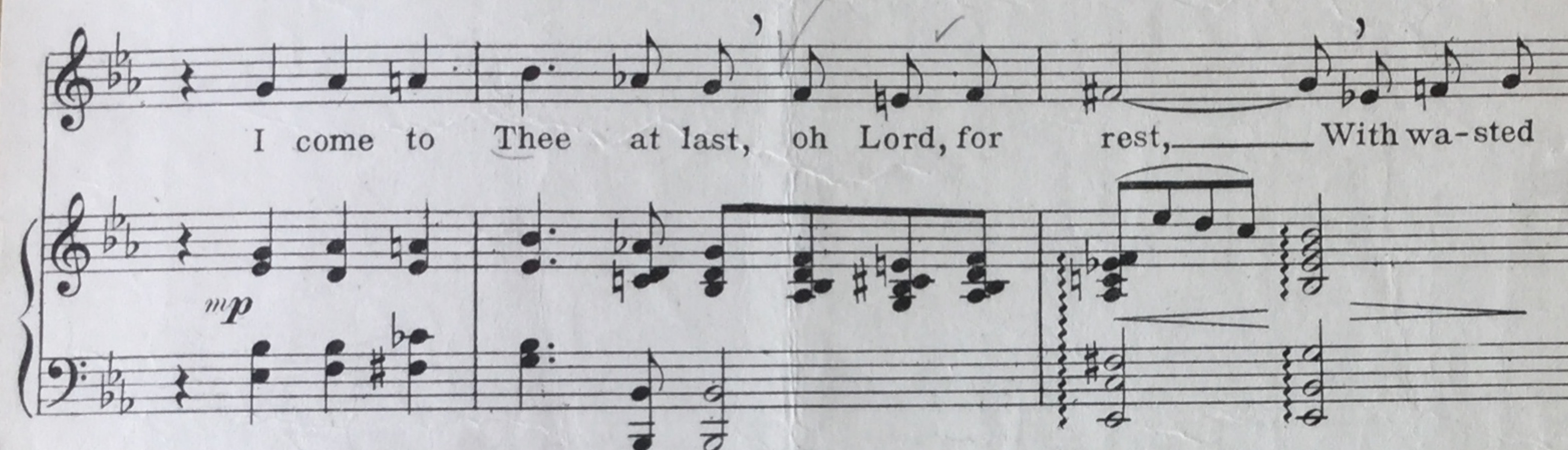
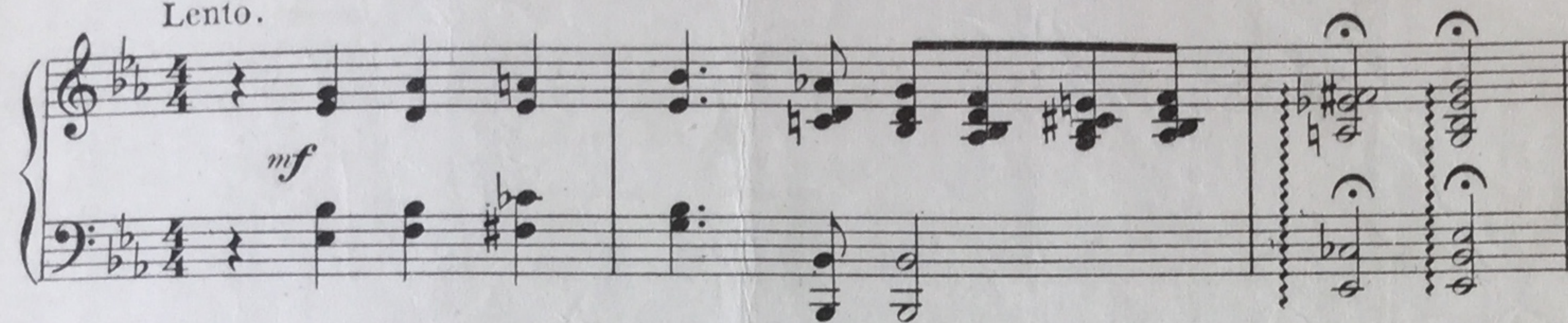


I Come To Thee.

Lyric by
GEO. GRAFF Jr.

Music by
CARO ROMA.

Lento.



dim. *rit.*

sweet, That I shall find for - give - ness at Thy feet.

dim. *colla voce.*

5473

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I Come To Thee.

I come to Thee at last, oh Lord, for rest,
With wasted years, with heart and mind oppressed;
And now Thy promise is to me so sweet,
That I shall find forgiveness at Thy feet.

My day that seemed to break so bright and clear,
Brought only darkness, now the night draws near;
The evening hours alone are left to me,
Such as they are, I consecrate to Thee.

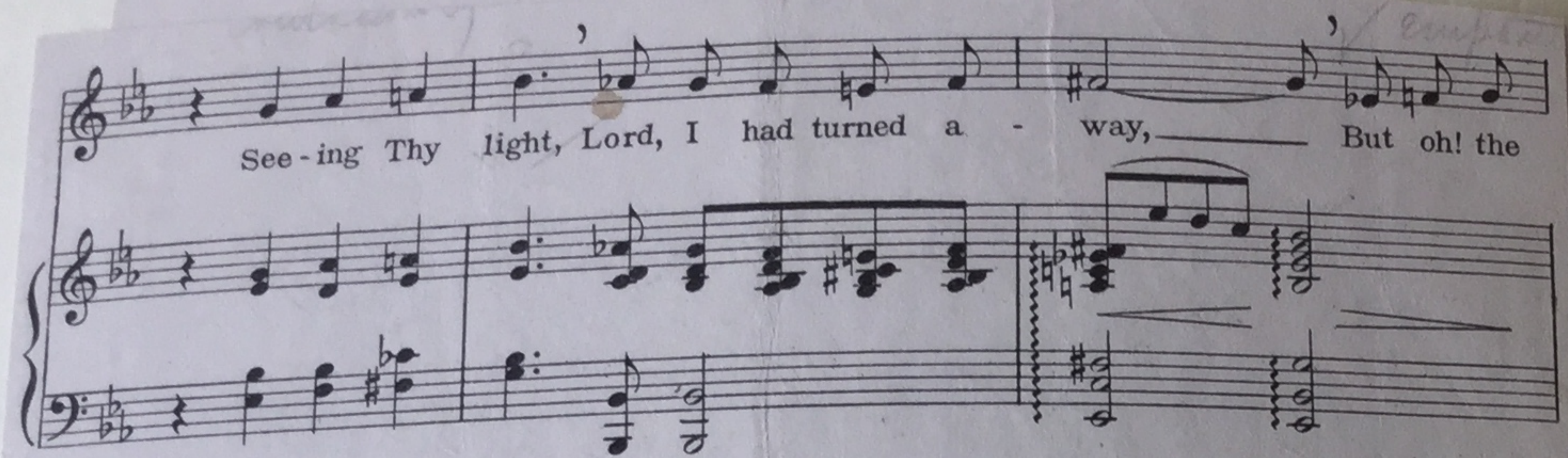
Seeing Thy light, Lord, I had turned away,
But oh! the need I have of Thee to-day!
With contrite heart, lowly on bended knee
Begging forgiveness, Lord, I come to Thee.

George Graff Jr.

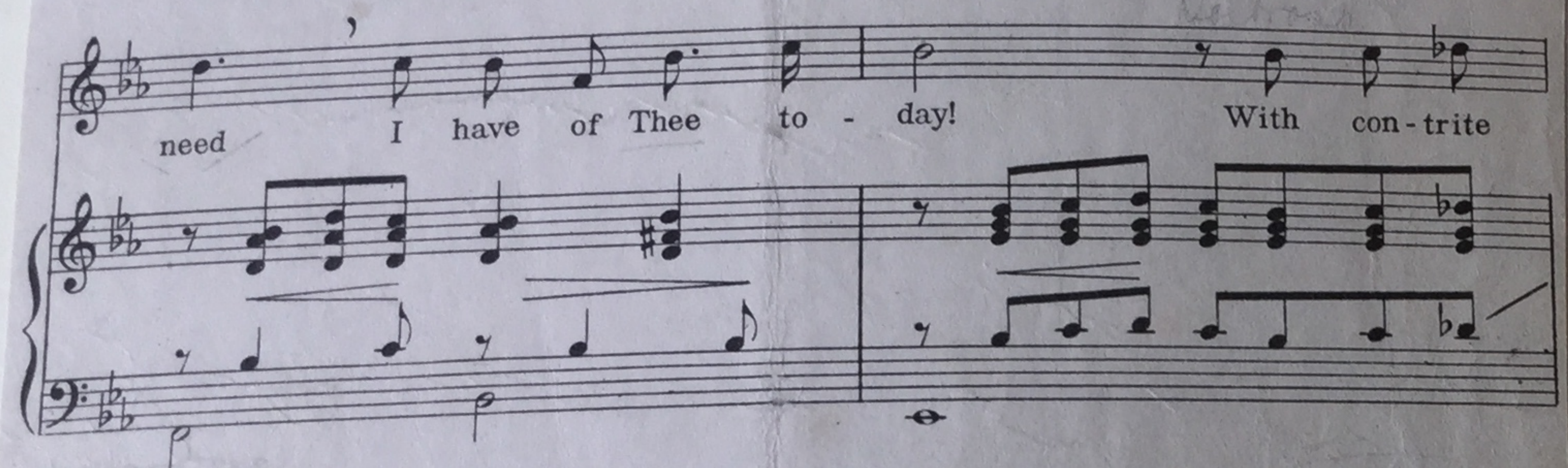
My day that seemed to break so bright and clear, Brought on - ly
dark - ness, now the night draws near; The eve - ning
hours a - lone are left to me, Such as they
are, I con - se - crate to Thee.

mp *doloroso,* *ten.*
mp *dim.* *rit.*

See - ing Thy light, Lord, I had turned a - way, But oh! the

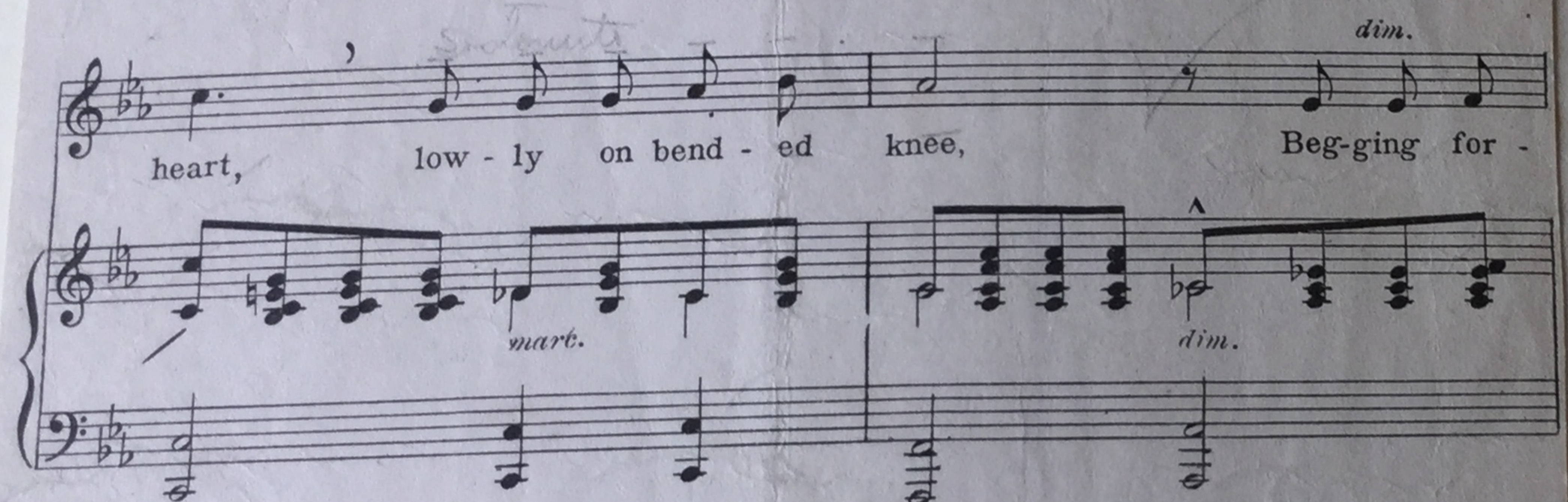


need I have of Thee to - day! With con - trite



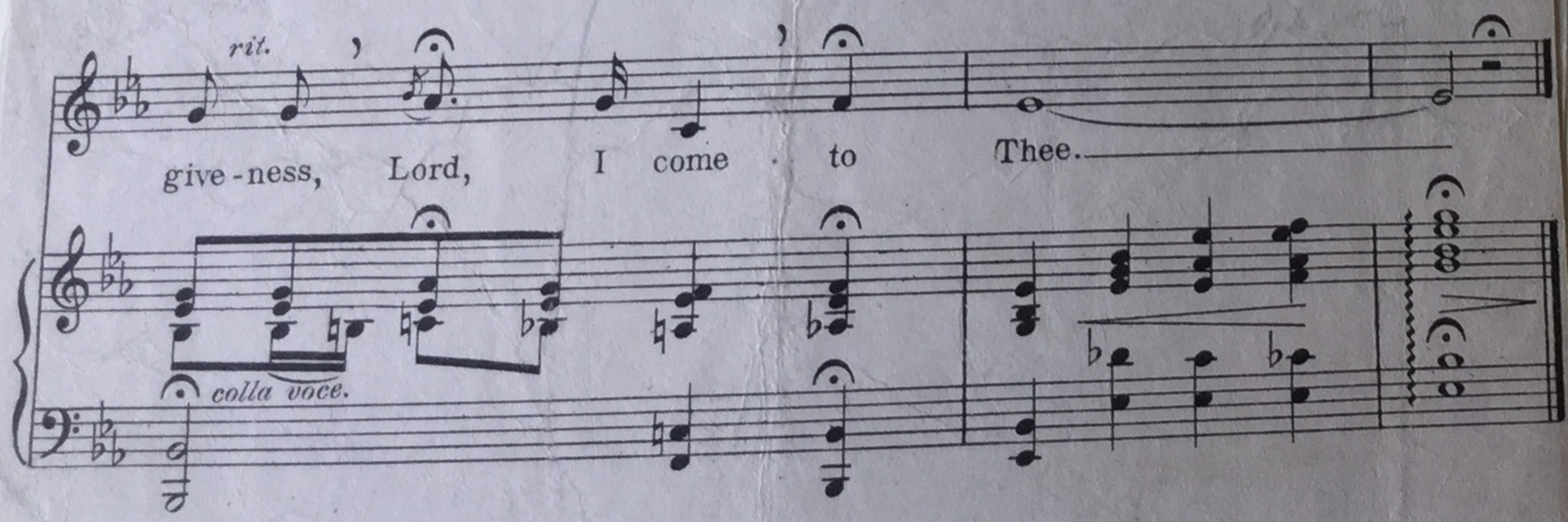
heart, low - ly on bend - ed knee, Beg - ging for -

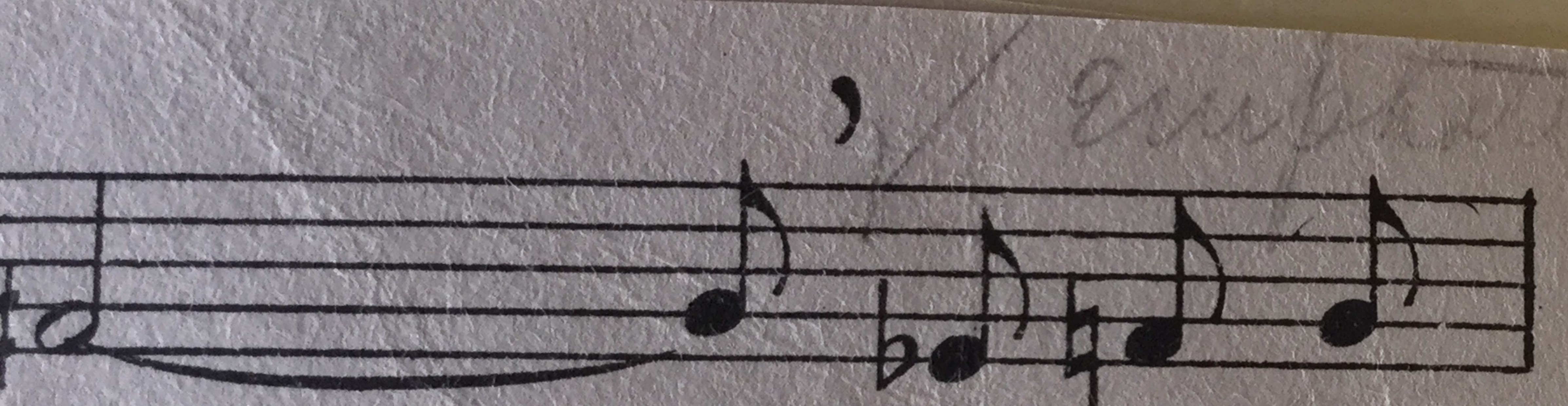
marc. *dim.*



give - ness, Lord, I come to Thee.

rit. *colla voce.*





way, _____ But oh! the

