

# Come Unto Him

Text: Theodore E. Curtis  
Music: Melinda Allred

♩ = 65

Piano

*mp* *mf*

6

TB

*p* I wan-der through the still of night, when so-li-

8<sup>va</sup>-----

Pno.

*p*

13

SA

*p* I kneel up-

TB

tude is ev'-ry where. A-lone be - neath the star - ry night, And yet I know that God is there.

Pno.

13

## Come Unto Him

19

SA  
on the grass and pray. An ans- wer comes with- out a voice. It takes my bur - den all a-

Pno.

*mf* *p*

24

SA  
way, and makes my ach - ing heart re - joice. \_\_\_\_\_ *p* filled strong de-

TB  
*mf* When I am filled with strong de-

Pno.

*mf*

29

SA  
sire. boon I see no mi - ra - cle \_\_\_\_\_ of fire, \_\_\_\_\_ but what I

TB  
sire and ask a boon of Him, I see no mi - ra - cle of liv - ing fire, but what I

Pno.

*mf*

Come Unto Him

34

SA ask flows in - to me. And when the tem - pest rag - es high, I feel no arm a - round me

TB ask flows in - to me.

Pno.

39

SA thrust, but ev' - ry storm goes roll - ing by when I re - pose in Him my trust.

TB storm goes roll - ing by when I re - pose in Him my trust.

Pno.

44

SA *mf* It mat - ters not what may be - fall, what threat' - ning hand hangs o - ver me. He is my

TB

Pno.

Come Unto Him

SA *49* *rit.* *f a tempo*  
ram - part through it all, my re-fuge from mine e - ne - my. Come un - to Him, all ye de-

TB

Pno. *49* *rit.* *a tempo* *f*

SA *54* *mp*  
pressed. Ye er-ring souls whose eyes are dim, ye wea-ry ones who long for rest, come un - to

TB

Pno. *54* *mp*

SA *59* *p*  
Him. Come un - to Him.

TB

Pno. *59* *mp*

Come Unto Him

64 *mf*

SA \* With-in my heart He makes no sound, but I can feel His pre - sence there. He is a

TB

64 *mf*

Pno.

69

SA strength for - ev - er mine, and I am in His con - stant care. So while the world may mock and

TB

69

Pno.

74 *mf* *p*

SA scorn, I know that one day I will see my name en - gra - ven on His hands so I will

TB

74 *rit.* *mf* *p*

Pno.

6

# Come Unto Him

SA *mf*  
 trust e - ter - nal - ly. It mat-ters not what may be - fall, what threat'-ning

TB

Pno. *mf*

SA *building intensity rit.*  
 hand hangs o - ver me. He is my ram - part through it all, my re-fuge from mine e - ne -

TB

Pno. *rit.*

SA *f a tempo mf*  
 my. Come un - to Him, all ye de - pressed. Ye er - ring souls whose eyes are dim, ye wea - ry

TB

Pno. *a tempo f mf*

# Come Unto Him

94

SA  
ones who long for rest, come un - to Him! Come un - to Him! He of - fers hope. He of - fers

TB

Pno.

94

SA  
life. His end - less love is free - ly giv'n. He is the one who gave His life,

TB

Pno.

99

SA  
and bids us come, come un - to Him.

TB

Pno.

104

SA

TB

Pno.

8va - , a tempo

pp mp rit. pp

"Come unto me,  
all ye that labour and are heavy laden,  
and I will give you rest."

Matthew 11:28