Come, Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy

"I have come to call sinners to repentance." (Luke 5:32)

Joseph Hart

William L. Victory

1. Come, ye sinners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
2. Let not conscience make you linger, Nor of fitness fondly dream;
3. Agonizing in the garden, Lo, your Saviour prostrate lies!
4. Saints and angels, joined in concert, Sing the praises of the Lamb,

Jesus ready stands to save you, Full of pity, love, and pow'r;
All the fitness He requires is to feel your need of Him;
On the blood-y tree behold Him! Hear Him cry before He dies:
While the blissful seats of heaven Sweetly echo with His name;

He is able, He is able, He is willing—doubt no more.
This He gives you, this He gives you, 'Tis the Saviour's rising beam.
"It is finished, it is finished!" Sinners, will not this suffice?
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Sinners here may do the same.