

# VERNON.

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Lucius Chapin

1. Come, O Thou trav - el - er un-known, Whom still I hold, but can-not see;  
 My com-pa-ny be - fore is gone, And I am left a-lone with Thee. With Thee all night I mean to stay, And wres-tle till the break of day.

2. I need not tell Thee who I am, my mis-er - y and sin de - clare;  
 Thy-self hast called me by my name, Look on Thy hands and read it there. But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou? Tell me Thy name and tell me now.

3. In vain Thou strug-glest to get free, I nev-er will give up my hold;  
 Art Thou the Man that died for me? The se-cret of Thy love un - fold. Wres-ting, I will not let Thee go, Till I Thy name, Thy na - ture know.