

# Come This Way

David H. King, 1897

Winfield Scott Weeden

♩ = 100

1. As I drift up-on life's bil-lows, Long-ing for the light of day; I can  
2. And me-thinks I hear my mo-ther, Call-ing from the o-ther shore, With a  
3. Hark! I hear the voice of Je-sus, Waft-ed from a heav'n-ly land; I can  
4. Oh! the bliss, the joy of meet-ing Loved ones in that might-y throng; Join-ing

♩ = 100

*Refrain*

al-most hear from Heav-en, Loved ones sing-ing, "Come this way."  
voice so sweet and ten-der, Far a-bove the bil-lows' roar: Come this  
al-most see His glo-ry, And the beckon-ing of His hand.  
with them in their sing-ing, Of the ev-er-last-ing song.

♩ = 100

♩ = 100

way, come this way, Here is light, and joy, and peace; Come this  
Come this way, come this way,

♩ = 100

way, come this way, And your sor-rows all shall cease.  
Come this way, come this way,

♩ = 100