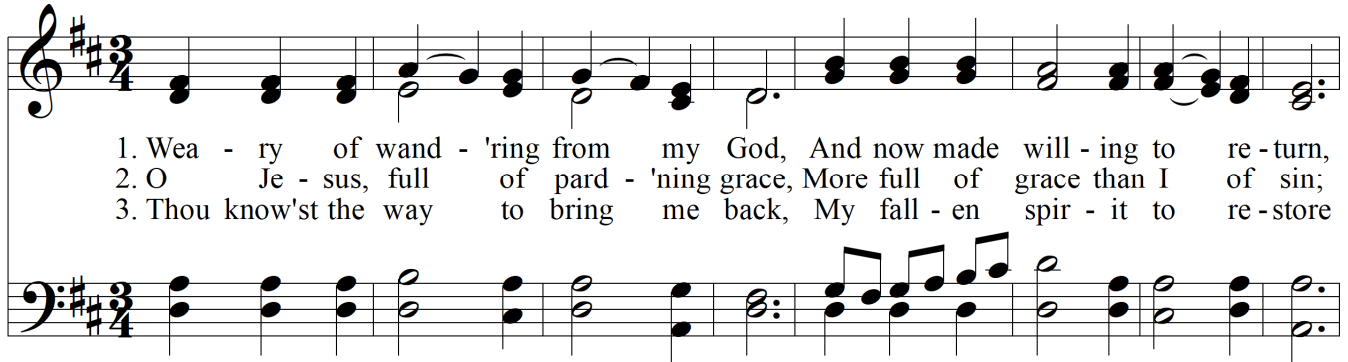
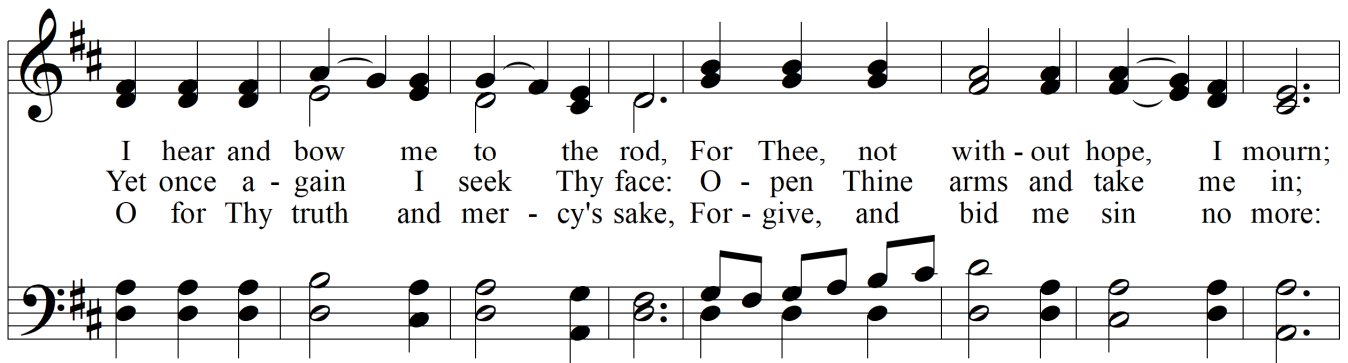


Weary Of Wandering From My God

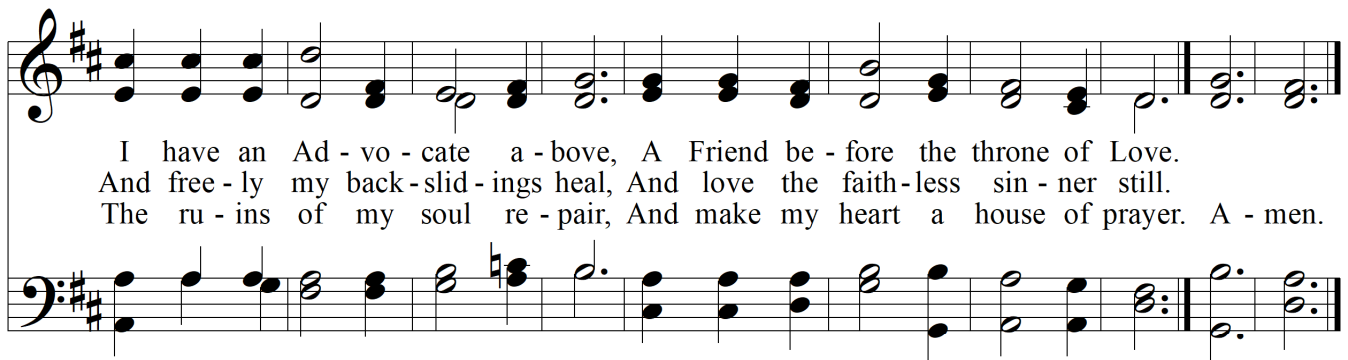
WAVERTREE 8s, Six lines.



1. Wea - ry of wand - 'ring from my God, And now made will - ing to re - turn,
2. O Je - sus, full of pard - 'ning grace, More full of grace than I of sin;
3. Thou know'st the way to bring me back, My fall - en spir - it to re - store



I hear and bow me to the rod, For Thee, not with - out hope, I mourn;
Yet once a - gain I seek Thy face: O - pen Thine arms and take me in;
O for Thy truth and mer - cy's sake, For - give, and bid me sin no more:



I have an Ad - vo - cate a - bove, A Friend be - fore the throne of Love.
And free - ly my back - slid - ings heal, And love the faith - less sin - ner still.
The ru - ins of my soul re - pair, And make my heart a house of prayer. A - men.