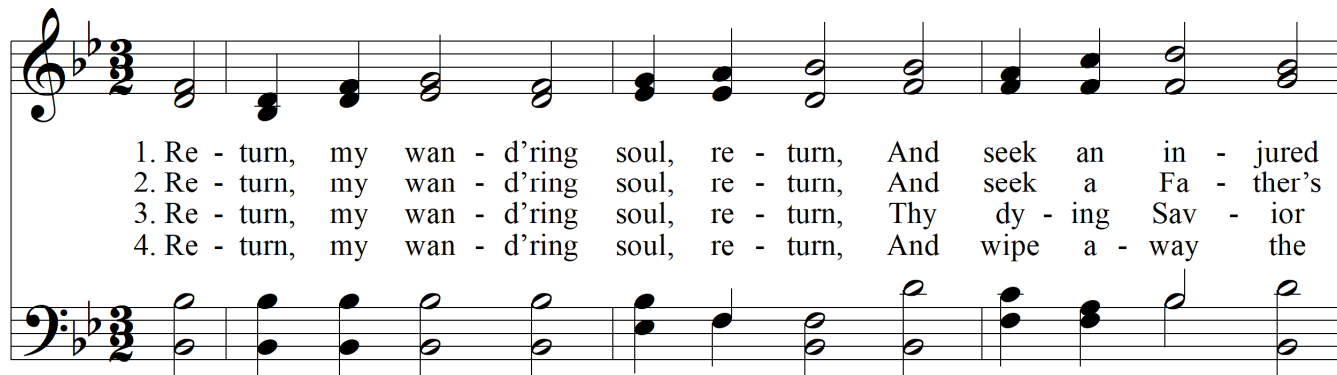
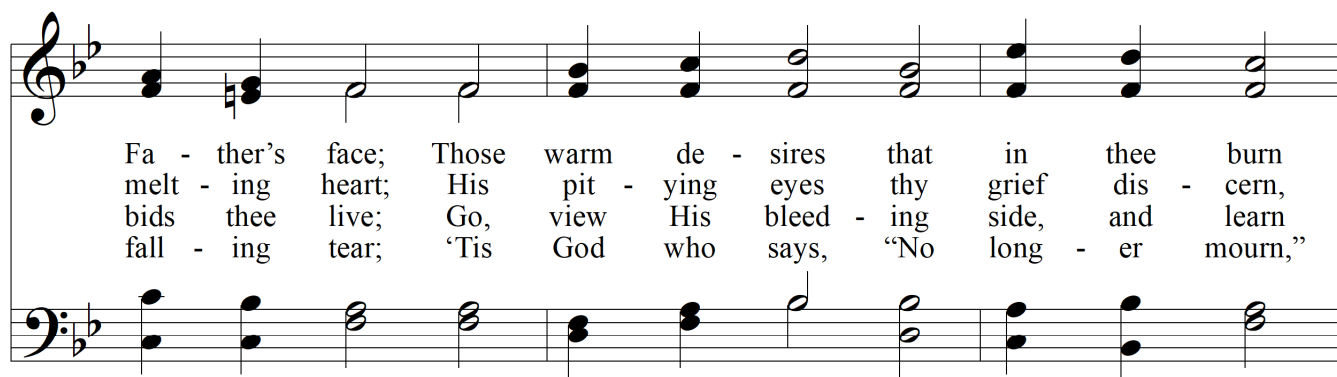


Return, My Wandering Soul, Return

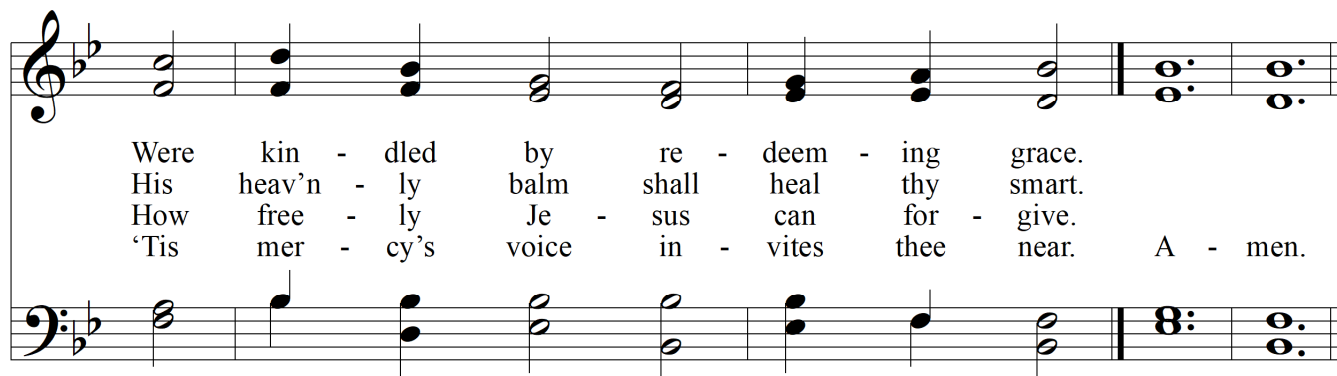
HEBRON L. M.



1. Re - turn, my wan - d'ring soul, re - turn, And seek an in - jured
2. Re - turn, my wan - d'ring soul, re - turn, And seek a Fa - ther's
3. Re - turn, my wan - d'ring soul, re - turn, Thy dy - ing Sav - ior
4. Re - turn, my wan - d'ring soul, re - turn, And wipe a - way the



Fa - ther's face; Those warm de - sires that in thee burn
melt - ing heart; His pit - ying eyes thy grief dis - cern,
bids thee live; Go, view His bleed - ing side, and learn
fall - ing tear; 'Tis God who says, "No long - er mourn,"



Were kin - dled by re - deem - ing grace.
His heav'n - ly balm shall heal thy smart.
How free - ly Je - sus can for - give.
'Tis mer - cy's voice in - vites thee near. A - men.