

Weary Of Earth

LANGRAN

1. Wea - ry of earth, and lad - en with my sin, I look at
2. It is the voice of Je - sus that I hear; His are the
3. 'Twas He who found me on the death - ly wild, And made me
4. Oh, great Ab - solv - er, grant my soul may wear The low - li'st
5. Yea, Thou wilt an - swer for me, right - eous Lord; Thine all the

heav'n and long to en - ter in, But there no e - vil
hands stretched out to draw me near, And His the blood that
heir of heav'n, the Fa - ther's child, And day by day, where
garb of pen - i - tence and prayer, That in the Fa - ther's
mer - its, mine the great re - ward; Thine the sharp thorns, and

thing may find a home, And yet I hear a Voice that bids me "come."
can for all a - tone, And set me fault - less there be - fore the throne.
by my soul may live, Gives me His grace of par - don, and will give.
courts my glo - rious dress May be the gar - ment of Thy right - eous - ness.
mine the gold - en crown; Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down.