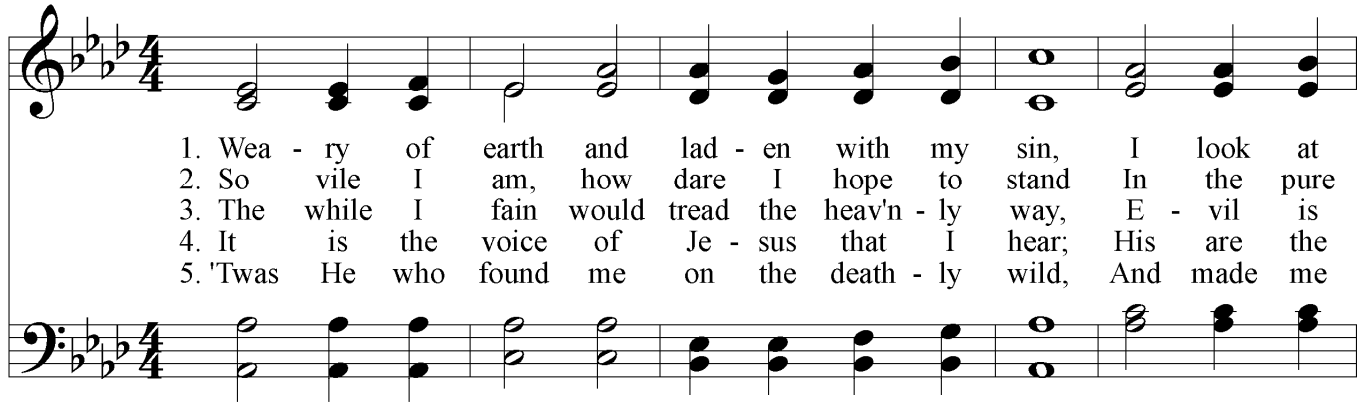
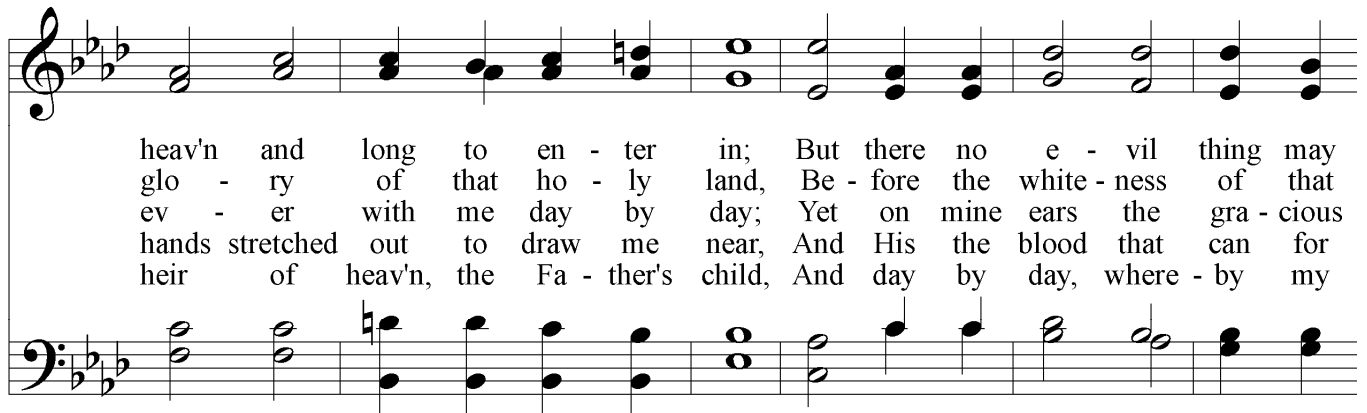


Weary Of Earth And Laden With My Sin



1. Wea - ry of earth and lad - en with my sin, I look at
2. So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand In the pure
3. The while I fain would tread the heav'n - ly way, E - vil is
4. It is the voice of Je - sus that I hear; His are the
5. 'Twas He who found me on the death - ly wild, And made me



heav'n and long to en - ter in; But there no e - vil thing may
glo - ry of that ho - ly land, Be - fore the white - ness of that
ev - er with me day by day; Yet on mine ears the gra - cious
hands stretched out to draw me near, And His the blood that can for
heir of heav'n, the Fa - ther's child, And day by day, where - by my



find a home, And yet I hear a voice that bids me come.
throne ap - pear? Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.
tid - ings fall, "Re - pent, con - fess, thou shalt be loosed from all."
all a - tone, And set me fault - less there be - fore the throne.
soul may live, Gives me His grace of par - don, and will give.