

## Weary of wandering from my God

Weary of wandering from my God,  
and now made willing to return  
I hear and bow me to the rod  
for thee, not without hope, I mourn:  
I have an Advocate above  
a Friend before the throne of love.

O Jesus, full of truth and grace  
more full of grace than I of sin  
yet once again I seek thy face:  
open thine arms and take me in  
and freely my backslidings heal  
and love the faithless sinner still.

Thou knowest the way to bring me back  
my fallen spirit to restore  
O for thy truth and mercy's sake,  
forgive, and bid me sin no more:  
the ruins of my soul repair  
and make my heart a house of prayer.

Ah, give me, Lord, the tender heart,  
that trembles at the approach of sin;  
a godly fear of sin impart,  
implant and root it deep within,  
that I may dread thy gracious power,  
and never dare offend thee more.

Words: Charles Wesley, 1749

Music: St. Catherine

Meter: 88 88 88