

Weary of Wandering from My God

Charles Wesley, 1749.

Dimitri Bortniansky, 1825.

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 know'st 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.

The stone to flesh again convert,  
The veil of sin again remove;  
Sprinkle Thy blood upon my heart,  
And melt it by Thy dying love;  
This rebel heart by love subdue,  
And make it soft, and make it new.

Give to mine eyes refreshing tears,  
And kindle my relentings now;  
Fill my whole soul with filial fears,  
To Thy sweet yoke my spirit bow;  
Bend by Thy grace, O bend or break,  
The iron sinew in my neck!

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 to offend Thee more.