

Weary Souls, That Wander Wide
Charles Wesley, 1747.
Henri Malan, 1834.

Weary souls, who wander wide
From the central point of bliss,
Turn to Jesus crucified,
Fly to those dear wounds of His:
Sink into the purple flood;
Rise into the life of God.

Find in Christ the way of peace,
Peace unspeakable, unknown;
By His pain He gives you ease,
Life by His expiring groan:
Rise, exalted by His fall,
Find in Christ your all in all.

O believe the record true,
God to you His Son hath given;
Ye may now be happy, too,
Find on earth the life of Heaven:
Live the life of Heaven above,
All the life of glorious love.

This the universal bliss,
Bliss for every soul designed;
God's primeval promise this,
God's great gift to all mankind:
Blest in Christ this moment be,
Blest to all eternity!